

## Miss Agatha's School for Lost Sissies: Chapter 5

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Squatting alone in the back corner of the gymnasium's equipment room, Matt held his breath and waited through an entire class period for Marsha to return with all the necessary equipment. And while she had yet to tell him what her plan actually was, he knew he was limited in his choice of allies. Camped out behind a metal cart filled with basketballs, he listened to the scattered voices and girly giggling that accompanied the mid-day P.E. class and prayed that Marsha was right about no one coming in.

\*RIIIIIIIING!\*

Mercifully, classes at Miss Agatha's school were only fifty minutes a piece, meaning the current P.E. class only got about 20-30 minutes of actual exercise between visits to the locker room. As the voices of the mid-morning class faded out, he could feel his heart rate finally subside, unaware of how tense he'd been for almost a full hour.

\*CLICK!\*

Hearing the door handle twist open, Matt ducked down low again in case it wasn't his lone ally returning. To his relief, it was indeed Marsha, who quickly closed the door behind her and rushed over to Matt's hiding spot with a large duffle bag in hand. "Took me a while to get something put together but I think this'll be perfect," she said, digging into her bag of goodies and pulling out something big, powder blue, and poofy before tossing the pile of fluff at Matt, "So long as you're wearing this, there's not a person on this entire campus who will believe you don't belong here."

If the pace of Matt's heartbeat wasn't bad enough before, it was practically on the verge of imploding as he unfurled what appeared to be a fluffy sissy outfit. "Y-Yeah, no. I'm not wearing this shit," he said, instinctively dropping the outfit and scooting back from it as if he could be infected with sissy feelings by merely touching it.

"You don't think Kimmy is well aware that you ditched her in the cafeteria by now? Why do you think it took me almost a full class period to steal this crap from the costume shop?" said Marsha, slicing through any logical defense Matt might come up with, "Congrats, Matty-kins, you single-handedly got the school put on lockdown. So try not to get caught unless you wanna see the selection of outfits the teachers in charge of discipline here have for you."

Recognizing that he was low on options, Matt glared down at the bunched-up party dress positioned directly in front of him on the floor. He didn't want to do this. He REALLY didn't want to do this. However, for the sake of Jesse's masculinity as well as his own, he was left with little alternative. "How do I put it on?" he asked, unable to look Marsha in the eye as he spoke.

"Good girl. I made sure to pick something out that slips over your head so you shouldn't need any help," said Marsha sarcastically, reaching into her bag again as Matt solemnly retrieved his fateful attire. Now that she had him on board, it was time to bring out the far riskier

clothing item she had picked out for him, "As for how to get you into the front office, the solution couldn't be easier." She suppressed a hardy chuckle as her fingers clasped onto a soft, plastic rectangle and pulled it out for Matt to see.

It took less than a second for Matt to verbalize his displeasure. "No. Nuh-uh! No fucking way!" he shouted, losing his temper slightly as he gazed at the unfolded diaper in Marsha's hand. The dress was already bad enough. He wasn't going to let some girl he just met turn him into one of those losers he'd seen playing baby in one of the classrooms.

"Shhhhhh! Keep your voice down," said Marsha, glancing over her shoulder at the door and keeping an ear out for anyone who may have been in earshot of Matt's outburst. After about ten seconds, she let out a sigh before returning her attention aggressively toward Matt, "Alright, Matt, listen up and listen well. YOU will not get ME in trouble, do I make myself clear? I'm putting my neck on the line to help you when I could just as easily turn you in to score some quick brownie points. So unless you've got a better idea of how to get into that office, it's time to diaper up, badge boy."

Grimacing, Matt angrily snatched the diaper from Marsha's hand. He knew he had no room to argue but that didn't mean he had to be happy about any of this. "Just turn around," he scoffed as he began to unbutton his jeans.

Marsha made a big point of covering her eyes with both hands and spinning around on her back heel. While she couldn't deny she wanted to watch his sissy transformation, she wasn't about to risk having him change his mind by being voyeuristic. Besides, she'd have plenty to ogle at once he'd gussied himself up. "Lemme know when you're all done," she said, her chipper tone only adding to the dread that filled Matt's manly soul.

Meanwhile, Matt took his time stripping himself as he fought against the hyper-masculine portion of his brain that was screaming at him to stop what he was doing and run. He remained headstrong, though, and resigned himself to his fate as he stared at the dress in his hands whilst completely nude. "Welp here goes nothing," he muttered to himself as he lifted the sky-blue outfit over his head as if it were his own personal storm cloud and allowed the weight of the dress to descend around him. It was shockingly snug despite how much heavier it was than his usual wardrobe. He fought through the vicious layers of taffeta and lace that dragged across his body sensually, his head eventually emerging from the other side of the outfit. He couldn't will himself to look at his body as his arms slid into the puffy sleeve, leaving him to imagine how ridiculous he must've looked to be a grown man with short-trimmed hair wearing a frilly dress as if he were one of the students.

Next on the docket for Matt was his new undergarments. He cringed as the sound of crinkly plastic echoed in his ears; a noise he'd soon have to get used to. Sighing, he could at least find solace in the fact that Marsha wasn't forcing him to be lotioned and powdered properly, though as far as consolation prizes went, it was pretty paltry. With the diaper sprawled out on the floor, he lowered his crotch onto its plush surface, his face flushing slightly over how soft the padding ended up being. Try as he might, he couldn't remember a time in his life when

he had been diapered, having outgrown the need for incontinence protection long before his memory banks were fully operational. The softness only intensified as he pulled the front of the diaper over his pelvis, smothering his cock in the cloud-like material. He was forced to shift his half-chub to the side, the redness in his face increasing exponentially. What on earth was going on with his body

“Sorry about the diaper, by the way. All the diapers used on campus are sprayed with CrissBaby’s rose-scented diaper aphrodisiac. Try not to have too much fun getting padded up,” said Marsha waiting until she could hear the diaper rustling beneath Matt’s butt before warning him of the diaper’s erotic side effects.

Sniffing the air, Matt confirmed that the heavenly smell of roses was all around him. No wonder he was getting turned on. His tensing shoulders relaxed, no longer fearing that he’d unlocked some new, weird fetish inside himself. Unfortunately, that didn’t make his situation any less arousing with his throbbing buddy existing as proof of that. Rolling his eyes and gnawing on the inside of his bottom lip, he attempted to mentally block out his horniness as he peeled back the diaper tapes and applied them to the landing pad. To his surprise, getting his diaper taped just right proved to be more difficult than anticipated. Every time he adjusted one tape, another became too snug or too loose, forcing him to keep adjusting them.

“Okay, this is too painful to listen to,” said Marsha, turning around despite Matt not granting her permission to. In the back of her mind, she knew what her newfound comrade would look like more or less. That didn’t stop her from busting a gut the moment she laid eyes on him, regardless of how pure her initial intentions were.

Needless to say, Matt was less than pleased. “D-Don’t look!” he stuttered, bunching the diaper and dress around his crotch to maintain his dignity. This inadvertently caused the wealth of fabric and diaper fluff to pool around his little stiffy, coaxing the softest of moans from his lips. He slapped a hand across his mouth but it was already too late.

“Pffffff! Ahahahaha! Looks like someone’s getting into the sissy spirit,” said Marsha mockingly, struggling to get a full sentence out in between her ceaseless cackling. Eventually, she did manage to calm herself down but not before her vicious mockery had brought Matt to the verge of tears, “Okay, okay, I think I got it out of my system.”

Watching silently as Marsha got down on her knees and scooted toward his misshapen diaper, Matt stubbornly backed away. What was he doing?! Two hours ago, he had entered this place as a gruff detective pretending to be a journalist. Now, little was left to distinguish himself from any of the feminized students. He lowered his head into his arms, feeling utterly pathetic.

“Oh, don’t be like that. I may not look the part but I used to be on the caregiver track so I know my way around a diaper,” said Marsha, utilizing what she remembered from her time in class to put the “baby” at ease as she placed a tender hand on Matt’s knee, “Hey, I’m sorry I laughed. Please let me help you.”

The kindness of Marsha’s voice and touch was enough to pull Matt out of his shell. He wasn’t sure what had come over him but he could feel his anxiety slip away with how Marsha

was treating him. "Okay...b-but the diaper stays closed," he said, wanting reassurance that Marsha wasn't going to straight up expose his penis the moment he let her get her hands on his diaper.

"I promise I won't look. Scouts honor," said Marsha, holding up a pair of fingers over her eyebrow.

As a former Boy Scout himself, Matt wholeheartedly accepted Marsha's promise as she laid him back. He mumbled out a small, "thanks," before abruptly turning his head away. He might have needed Marsha to fix his diaper but he could think of a million things he'd rather do than watch himself be diapered by someone else.

Biting her tongue, Marsha did everything in her power to avoid acknowledging the obvious tent in Matt's diaper. It didn't matter if he was under the spell of an aphrodisiac. It was still hilarious. Sadly, there was little she could do to avoid nudging his padded scepter as she flattened his diaper front in preparation to tape it shut, her palm forced to rest atop his shaft while each of the four tapes were sealed on correctly. Normally, she'd spend more time double-checking that everything was snug and secure but considering the strained, near-violet expression on Matt's face, she decided to let him off the hook as quickly as possible. "Alright, we're all set," she said, giving the base of Matt's diaper a light tap.

Sitting up, Matt's blushiness reached heights never before seen as the diaper around his waist filled with air and expanded outward in all directions. He attempted to bring his knees together, only to fall a few inches short. Between that and the way that the flouncy petticoats of his dress fell against the bulky nappy, this was his own, personal slice of hell.

Much to Matt's dismay, his torment was only about to get worse as Marsha reached into the duffle bag yet again, this time pulling out a small, magenta make-up bag and a pair of black Mary Jane shoes. "The dress and diaper will keep anyone from sussing you out at first glance but if you're gonna get into that office, you need to be unrecognizable," she said, countering any protests that Matt might have made before he even had the chance to make them. And given how far he'd come, she knew there was less than a zero percent chance of him backing out at this point, "Don't worry. By the time I'm done, I'll have you looking like the sissiest sissy on campus. Now, pucker up."

TO BE CONTINUED...