

Petticoat Discipline Quarterly's

Dummy Discipline Digest

Oink!
Oink!

Mommy
'NOSE'
Best!

Presenting a selection of
the very best letters on the
subject of baby discipline
for spoilt and immature
boys and husbands

Featuring

**BABY MATTIE'S
1ST VISIT
WITH
MOMMY
ELLEN**

www.petticoated.com/0119/mattie.0119.html

BABY MATTIE'S 1ST VISIT WITH MOMMY ELLEN - PART 1

(Click photos to enlarge)

Dear Auntie Helga,

This past October I treated myself to a weekend visit with Lady Ellen (or 'Mommy Ellen' in my case) of [Le Femme Charm School](#). This was a big thrill for me as I've only sought out service with a mommy-dom one other time; over 20 years ago, back when I wasn't so much a of 'sissy'. This new session took weeks to plan and given my massive sissybaby collection, it was difficult to decide what to bring! I ended up WAAY over-packing and as a result could barely see out the rear window of my car!

Despite the long commute (Lady Ellen lives over 5 hours away), I had a wonderful experience that was well worth the trip! It turned out to be a blessing that all my stuff caused much of our time early on to be spent having a 'show-and-tell'. This was not only fun but made for a nice ice-breaker that gave us the opportunity to first get acquainted *as adults* while we chatted about our mutual fondness for vintage baby things. In the process, we also discovered that we have quite a bit in common, which of course helped me feel more at ease for what was to come.

Mommy ultimately picked out which toys, outfits, and accessories she'd like to see me in. This was particularly helpful since I'd been so utterly indecisive in prioritizing my *baby things* for the trip. Ironically, my inability to make firm decisions in a way served as the beginning of the regression process, as Mommy now took control and began giving me the most basic of instructions (just as real mothers do). As I finished packing up the spare items that she didn't wish to use, my inner submissive yearned for what she would ask next, when from her seat from across the room she warmly cooed, "*Is Baby Mattie ready to have a diaper put on him?*"

My heart fluttered as I blushed in suspense. Paralyzed, I could only muster enough courage to weakly utter "y-yes" as I sheepishly stood staring down at the floor. It was from here that Mommy truly became my guardian. Stopping me from removing my own clothes, she had me walk over to where she was seated. I watched meekly while her fingers carefully tugged at my belt, unbuckling it and slowly lowering my trousers to the floor. An immediate chuckle rang out as she marveled at the fully *tented*, pink ruffle-butt satin panties that had just been unveiled before her.

Feeling the need to explain myself, I stuttered, "*I... I-I wore my prettiest panties for you Mommy.*"

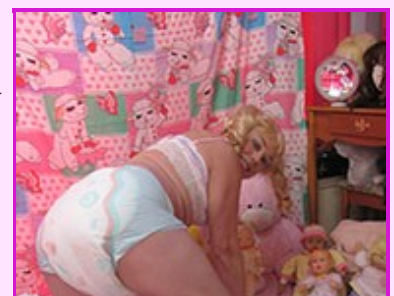


Amused, she flashed a maternal grin and responded, "*Yes I see dear... they're very nice but Mommy thinks that diapers suit you much better!*"

Struggling to remove the rest of my trousers, she directed me to hold onto her shoulders as I raised each foot one at a time so she could slide them through the cuffs of my pant legs. She then stood up and raised my shirt over my head, exposing the silky floral-patterned bralette that I had on underneath. Mommy gave a warm, nurturing smile as she circled her fingertips over my satin-covered nipples. She then took me by the hand and walked me over to the bed, helping me onto the mattress in nothing more than my slippery undergarments.

Sensing anxiousness, she grabbed a pacifier off the nightstand and promptly slide it between my quivering lips. I squeezed my teddy bear tight as she proceeded to pull down the last vestige of clothing to reveal my fully shaven privates; now aching in her direction. Flush with excited embarrassment over the intense intimacy of the moment, I closed my eyes and sucked vigorously on my binkie. To help cut the tension, Mommy began tickling my sides and on the bottom of my feet, causing me to helplessly wriggle my hips as I laughed uncontrollably.

She then whispered in my ear, "*I want you smelling nice and sweet like a real baby*", as she reached for the magnolia-petals-scented baby powder from out of my pink diaper bag. My senses were entranced by the girlish fragrance as she showered my naked loins in a powdery plume, massaging the excess remains into my stomach and down along my thighs. Thoroughly overwhelmed by her *babying*, I closed my eyes in ecstasy, only to hear the tell-tale rustling of plastic which beckoned the unfolding of a fresh, disposable diaper. She instructed me scoot my bottom up so she could feed the thick padding under me and then *ploshed* another helping of powder onto the soft, quilted lining of the diaper's crotch.



I opened my eyes again and watched with bated breath as she raised the front edge of the diaper straight up, holding it before me like a tidal wave just about to break. In an instant the crinkly mass came rushing down to swaddle my most *intimate* of areas as Mommy smoothed it out around my pelvis and down along the sides of my hips. She then unfastened the side tapes and pressed them firmly into place on diaper's landing area, producing a snug, emasculating fit. I started to rise but she quickly pushed me back down, waving a forbidding index finger in my face. She then pulled out a 2nd diaper and repeated the process, leaving me with very bulky padding between my bare legs and waist.



After being '*christened*' with my first diapering (and a few more tickles to boot), Mommy had me stand with my arms raised up while she slipped a flouncy organza full-petticoat-slip over my head. She followed it with a pretty white *Candy-Land*-themed baby dress that had oodles of ruffles with candy-colored accents and lacy trim, and a big pink heart sewn right into the chest. She turned me around to zip up the back, taking extra special care to tie the attached sashes into a big pretty bow just above the rear '*peek-a-boo*' opening, which is where the skirt scallops up to showcase the frills from my exposed rhumba diaper panty. As a finishing touch, Mommy puffed up my sleeves up to ensure that I looked especially soppo.



In preparation for the make-up portion of my makeover, Mommy walked me over to her pink-themed boudoir and seated me in a raised salon chair which faced a large vanity mirror. "*This is for your safety; Mommy doesn't want baby to fall!*" she coddled as she affixed the reins of my baby harness to the seat's chair-back. Once firmly secured and with little ability to lean forward, she took off my glasses; effectively blurring everything I saw in the mirror. She then proudly proclaimed, "*I'm going to make you look like a real 'Toddlers & Tiaras' beauty pageant contestant!*"

For the next 30 minutes Mommy's talents as a make-up artist were on full display. I felt like a patient in surgery, barely able to make out the various instruments, creams, and cosmetics being applied to my face as she continually primped and pruned me. Each time she returned from retrieving a new item, she always came back into focus with a tender smile so warm that it melted my masculinity down into a ball of sweetness and made me long to be tightly cuddled in her bosom for a everlasting maternal embrace. I was utterly smitten as the '*Mommy/Baby bond*' was clearly having a profound effect on me.

Only after she was completely satisfied with her work was I released from my baby bondage and allowed to walk up close to the vanity mirror so I could finally see myself clearly. I was astonished that I didn't recognize my own reflection, and instead saw an adorable little sweetheart standing before me. Mesmerized and unable to pull myself away, I became locked into the stare of my own sparkling eyes as I pouted my lips and admired my doll-like face.

Afterward, Mommy regressed me even further by insisting that that I now only speak and behave like a little girl for her. This set the tone for the extensive photo-shoot that would follow, and you shall see that the resulting photos are a bit different from my usual fare. In particular, Mommy prefers her sissybabies to look '*happy*' and for them to smile for the camera. This was new for me because, as you know, I'm typically seen pouting and/or looking surprised and ashamed while I wallow in the misery of enforced petticoat punishment.

In the end, her encouragement to make me into a '*happy little girl*' turned out to be rather easy. I was hypnotized by the omnipresence of her nurturing demeanor, as the warm, maternal glow from her smiling face made it impossible for me not to smile right back!

Merry Christmas! Baby Mattie



**This concludes 'Part 1' of my true story. Even more girlish fun and baby games are to come in 'Part 2', which will feature several thrilling humiliations that are in store for poor 'Baby Mattie'.*

(edit: Our sincere gratitude to [Le Femme Charm School](#) for allowing us to share these wonderful images, also be sure to visit [Mattie's Tumblr](#))

BABY MATTIE'S 1ST VISIT WITH MOMMY ELLEN - PART 2

(Click photos to enlarge)

--- Continued from Part 1 ---

In the end, Mommy's encouragement to make me into a *'happy little girl'* turned out to be rather easy. I was hypnotized by the omnipresence of her nurturing demeanor, as the warm, maternal glow from her smiling face made it impossible for me not to smile right back.

Despite this loving dynamic, Mommy also understood that as a true *closet sissy*, I possessed an inner *yearning* for shame and humiliation to help keep my male aggression at bay. This suppressed desire, now deeply embedded within my inner psyche, had been fueled by the fact that I was regularly bullied for many years in my youth, the culminating effect of which helping to infuse a certain submissive quality into my adult sexuality. As such, to this day I find myself rather weak-willed; longing to be dominated and teased as a bashfully effeminate *Momma's boy*.

With this in mind, it turned out that Mommy had *quite* a surprise in store when the doorbell rang during the middle of our Sunday session. She promptly excused herself to go answer it while I waited alone in solitude for several long minutes, struggling in vain to make out the indistinct chatter from the front hall. My difficulty hearing was compounded by the fact that Mommy had turned the radio on to a pre-set children's station just before leaving. I consequently found myself serenaded with the chorus from *"Pop Goes the Weasel"* as the whimsical melody effectively drowned out any discernible words from her mysterious exchange.

Assuming it was likely just the postman dropping off a package, I continued on in my role as a *docile sissybaby*, innocently playing with the various infant toys that were strewn about all around me. To help further pass the time, I decided to prep for our next activity since Mommy had promised to teach me how to change my dollies' diapers. Reaching into one of the smaller vinyl nursery bags, I pulled out a stack of real, plastic-backed, 1990's era baby Pampers. I admired their nursery-themed tape panels as I carefully laid each *sweetly* perfumed diaper out side-by-side. Still pondering which of my dollies should be paired with each diaper, I instinctively began practicing my *girlish lisp*; speaking out loud in a high-pitched voice to my audience of dolls and stuffed animals as if I was their own doting mother.

It was then that Mommy suddenly walked back into the boudoir to find me, still seated with my diapered fanny on the tile floor, warmly cooing at the *'Lucy doll'* which was now snuggly cradled in my arms. Distracted for several moments by the task of combing Lucy's hair, I finally looked up to smile at her only to discover, to my dismay, that there was another person standing right beside her! In the blink of an eye my playful lisp came to a complete and unceremonious halt as they both curiously peered down at me to observe my jaw dropping wide open in disbelief. Cheeks *flushed*, I found myself instantly consumed with profound embarrassment while my masculine self came rushing back into consciousness.

The unexpected visitor turned out to be Mommy's good friend; an older lady in her 60's whom I had no idea would be coming to visit during my session. Mommy immediately had me stand up to *curtsy* for her as she told me I was to address her as *'Aunt Joelle'*.

She then faced her friend to properly introduce me; *"This is Mattie; 'She's' only three years old. Isn't 'SHE' just adorable? She's got lots and lots of toys to show us!"*



My mind raced. *Who exactly was this person and what could she possibly be thinking* as she saw me there, a grown man enveloped in *frothy* petticoats and *crinkly* diapers, pathetically gussied up as a sappy little girl playing with *her* dollies? The crux of my question was partially answered simply from the look on her face. It was obvious that Mommy's friend seemed rather startled herself; uncertain what to make of the ridiculous creature seated before her. At that moment I was certain that I must have looked like a complete *pansy* to her. To make matters worse, there was no point in trying to conceal myself (not that Mommy would allow me to do such a thing) since I had already now been fully exposed without realizing it!

Moving toward me, Mommy looked into my worrisome eyes and said, *"Mattie dear; let's change you out of this party frock, shall we? I want Aunt Joelle to see some of the other lovely outfits from your layette!"*

Still in a daze, I felt a tug on my shoulders as Mommy promptly pulled my dress and petticoats up, revealing my bare belly while the rest of my torso remained engulfed in a *flouncy* sea of ruffles, thus effectively obscuring my view of Aunt Joelle. In a final *swish*, the outer babywear came rustling off my head and outstretched arms as Mommy walked over to hang them up among the other pretty dresses on her rolling single-bar garment rack. I now felt *particularly* vulnerable, since I was now left in just my satin sissy training bra and pastel patterned diapers, sans the knee-high pink baby socks and black t-bar school shoes still covering my legs and feet. I *squirmed* under the unflinching eye of Aunt Joelle, and clasped my hands together to cover the front of my diaper (as if this would somehow salvage my last *shred* of dignity).

Mommy returned with a pink high empire-waisted satin babydoll dress in one hand, and a matching lace-trimmed satin bonnet in the other. Taking notice of my guarded position, she sweetly exclaimed, "*Look who's holding on to her dipee! Did Mattie make 'wettums'?*"

In disbelief, I shook my head to say *'no'*. But truth be told I did, in fact, have a *tinkle* earlier while I was playing *'Mommies and Babies'* with my dollies. I had planned to confess this to Mommy, but that was before Aunt Joelle came into the picture. Given that my humiliation was already excruciating enough, I was by no means prepared to admit to such a thing in front of a complete stranger.

Again addressing her friend, Mommy teased, "*You know; Mattie just loves showing off 'her' diapers. I'm sure she'd just love to turn over and raise her bum in the air for you to see her fluffy bottom!*"

Sensing that was my cue, I obliged Mommy's request despite my own inhibitions.

After fussing around and posing in my diapers a while longer, Mommy proceeded to dress me right in front of Aunt Joelle. The two ladies then sat down together, making themselves comfortable on the couch that was positioned right in front of me. Still a bit mortified, I shyly tried to avoid eye contact (much less conversation), but Mommy squashed my reluctance by prompting me to present *'Auntie'* with numerous sissybaby artifacts that I'd brought along with me on my trip.

The first item she prodded me to discuss was a little white box housing my baby pink chastity device. As I opened it to reveal the diabolical contraption, I was encouraged to explain its *'purpose'* for Auntie, and why I might need to be *'locked'* into it later. I also was made to tell her what the *'(s)'* stood for since, at a mere 1 1/2 inches in length, the *'CB-6000(s)'* was specifically designed for those with particularly *less endowed* male members.

I cringed as I began to babble in a lispy baby voice, "*My Mr Sausage...*" [as Mommy liked to call it during diaper changes] "*...is vewy ickle and this special cover keeps him from popping up like a big boy's peepie.*" Wincingly I continued, "*First Baby's dumplings go through here and then Mr Sausage fits in here so's Mommy can lock them all together to keep my ickle boysie bits safe.*"

Mommy beamed with pride as Aunt Joelle smiled back at me. Now visibly amused by my juvenile disposition, she gave a playful *'Oh My!'* gesture as she knowingly nodded her head in approval.

Mommy next dumped out a bag containing all of my pacifiers. There were over a dozen or so laying on the floor before me in various colors, shapes, and sizes. It didn't take long for the women to notice that several, oddly enough, had *penis*-shaped teats on them. I, of course, was immediately asked to explain why such *naughty* items were part of my collection, but before I could reply, Mommy interrupted me as she pulled out a bib she'd previously picked out for me to wear. When she'd first laid eyes on it a day ago, she was unaware that it was double-sided; only knowing that the main side (in *'yellow'*) was embroidered with the words *'Bedwetter In Training'*. But it was now the other side (in *'pink'*) that piqued Mommy's curiosity. She flipped it over and held it up for Aunt Joelle to see that it was clearly marked *'Mummy's Little Cocksucker'*.

Mockingly, Mommy giggled, "*I was very surprised to see 'this' side; I didn't realize Mattie liked such things!*"

Beet red and contrite, I struggled mightily to spit out a reasonable excuse. Taking a moment to compose myself, I explained that the bib, as well as the naughty pacifiers, were meant to serve as *'symbols of shame'* (as if somehow being a grown man dressed up in diapers and babyish frills was not shameful enough!) I added that while I've never actually *'serviced'* a penis, the mere *'threat'* of being forced to do so was together both terrifying and yet strangely arousing (not unlike the



anticipation that comes before a sound spanking).

Before I could finish my rambling, Mommy suddenly *squealed* with excitement over something she had not yet seen. There, off to the side on the floor, was a decidedly different accessory; a costume 'pig snout' to be exact! Mommy was delighted to see it since, as unbeknownst to me until that very moment, she is a connoisseur of piglet-themed memorabilia. She instantly grabbed it and motioned for me to crawl over to her knee-side. Now within the range of her eager fingers, I lifted my head up, allowing Mommy to ceremoniously snap the snout on over my nose. Laughing out loud, she was entirely giddy from its effect, as it was now accentuated by the pair of curled pigtails that spiraled down along my cheeks to frame my girlishly made-up face. Fixated in the moment, Mommy instructed me to 'look cute' as she reached for her camera to snap several impromptu pictures of me. After just a handful of poses, she was unable to contain her excitement as a new photo-op sprang to mind. Dotingly, she warmly asked that I play 'Mommy's Little Piggy' for her. Before long I found myself on hands and knees, wriggling about on the floor while I continuously 'oinked' aloud over and over again for the sole benefit of Mommy's and Aunt Joelle's utter amusement.



As the giggles and snapping of pictures subsided, the two women soon discovered another bag containing my various bondage restraints. I once again crawled over to the couch so Mommy could fasten a pink open-mouth gag around my face. She then added a set of pink padded mittens over my hands which not only had locking cuffs at the wrists, but were also outfitted with an attached set of elastic 'mincing ribbons', each connecting to the pink leather collar that had been securely fastened around my neck. Mommy marveled at the collar, which had a row of steel D-rings, each individually adorned with its own hanging 'twinkle' bell. (There were 5 large bells in all.)

Turning to Aunt Joelle, she declared, "*There's just something so appropriate about sissies needing lots of bells on to adequately announce their presence in a room; don't you think?*" Aunt Joelle slyly nodded her head in agreement.

Mommy then asked *me* what I thought of my pink jingly restraints. I pitifully attempted a reply as drool began to glisten from the corners of my mouth, but in the end, all I could muster was a rather nonsensical moan. Still struggling to communicate, she mockingly replied "*What was that?*" to each of my whimpers, as long, translucent streams of hanging saliva now touched down to slobber my 'Cocksucker' bib.

"*Ohh you poor droolie Baby!*" she fussed.

After the women each had another thorough laugh at my expense, I was eventually offered to be released from my restraints, although I'd have to first appease Mommy's request, as she turned to Aunt Joelle to say, "*I do LOVE a good begging!*" Looking back at me, she added, "*Can Mattie give us a convincing beg to let 'her' out of 'her' baby bondage?*"

And so with my mittened hands held together in prayer, I groaned out a muffled "*Pweeeeth!*" several times from behind my mouth gag.

**This completes 'Part 2'. Part 3' will conclude with the rest of Mattie's story with Mommy Ellen (and Aunt Joelle). Currently you can still read Part 1 in our December Diaper Special, [click here](#).*

(edit: Our sincere gratitude to [Le Femme Charm School](#) for allowing us to share these wonderful images, also be sure to visit [Mattie's Tumblr](#))