Babysitter Jenn: A Baby for the Sitter

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Chapter 1

Babysitter Jenn: A Baby for the Sitter - Chapter 1

As soon as Claire saw the enormous bassinet, she knew that Jenn had been worth every penny. She was almost giddy as she walked over to it, grinning down at her troublemaker of a son lying in it, dressed in a darling dress that framed the thick diaper he had on perfectly. He looked up at her, terror in his eyes as he sucked on a pacifier, a frilly pink bonnet on his head that perfectly matched his new bassinet.

“He insisted that only babies need babysitters.” Jenn explained calmly. “Once he realized none of his pants would fit over his diaper, well” she chuckled. “What else was I supposed to do?” Claire reached down and patted her son’s thigh.

“With the state of your underwear, diapers were bound to come sooner or later.” She cooed. He whimpered into the pacifier.

“Oh, don’t worry.” Jenn said brightly. “Once I got the little sweetheart dressed, we cleaned out his undies.” She grinned as the boy glared up at her. “You love your diapers and frillies so much more than those ugly Fortnite and Minecraft undies, don’t you?” He tried to say something that sounded truly venomous, but the pacifier reduced it to muffled nonsense. “Poor dear’s been whining all evening.” Jenn said sympathetically. “Took me forever to feed him his mashed

peas and carrots."

"Yes, he's never been one for veggies." Claire said, admiring the photos Jenn showed her of her son in just a diaper and bib. Even through the green and orange splatters, she could read it. "Aw, you are Mommy's Diaper Princess, aren't you?" The boy tried to speak around the pacifier, but it was nothing but infantile mumbles. "He can still talk, can't he?"

"Of course he can. The pacifier just makes it tough." Jenn reached in and pulled the pacifier out.

"Mommy!" The boy blurted out. "Save baby from the meanie babysitter!" He gasped. Clearly that was not what he had meant to say.

"Had to modify his vocabulary to make it closer to how a baby girl should talk." Jenn explained matter-of-factly. "Tell mommy about these." She patted his diaper. "Uh-oh, soggy baby!" The boy growled.

"Baby loves diapers." He said emphatically. "Baby loves diapers. Baby. Loves. Diapers." He growled again in frustration.

"Mommy knows you do, precious." She said, her voice sugary sweet like he was an actual infant. "And do you want to be Mommy's baby boy or baby girl?" Jenn smirked as the boy fought the hypnotic suggestions she had implanted in him. He knew what he was about to say, no matter how much he tried to change it.

"Baby is." His face turned red from the effort.

“C’mon, you know this. Are you a baby boy or a baby girl? Do you have a dinky in your diaper or not?”

“Baby girl!” The boy finally blurted out, his face making it quite clear how upset he was. Tears filled his eyes and Jenn returned the pacifier to his mouth, his fate sealed.

Chapter 2

Babysitter Jenn: Mommy's Little Prince(ss) - Chapter 2

“I can barely get him to wear pants most days! How on earth did you get Jimmy to wear a dress?” Jenn smiled proudly as Jimmy’s mom stared at her son in a full-blown Snow White outfit.

“Well, I’ve been refining my technique for a while.” She smiled as Jimmy began to twirl around. “I let him play video games for a couple hours and then tell him to take a break to get a snack. When he comes back, the dress is out and, no matter how much he tries to deny it, he can’t resist putting it on.”

“She tricked me!” Jimmy insisted, but his mom could see him playing with the skirt even as he glared at Jenn indignantly.

“All I did was ask him if he wanted to go back to his video game or put on his dress and he practically jumped out of his clothes.” Jimmy glared at her again. “Even the wig he put on himself.” Jenn grinned as Jimmy’s mom looked at him curiously.

“If you hate it so much, why are you still in it?”

“I asked him if he wanted to take it off and he kept saying no.”

“Because of what you did!” Jimmy protested, but his mom would hear none of it.

“Jimmy, do you want to put on your old clothes or keep your dress on?” She could see Jimmy trying to fight it, but suddenly, the words burst out of him so forcefully, he bounced in the shoes he wore.

“Oh, mommy! I want to wear dresses! I don’t want to wear pants! I want to be a princess!” He clearly hated himself for saying it, but he could not stop himself, no matter how he tried. Despite his clear unhappiness about his outburst, his mom smiled.

“That can certainly be arranged. I think we’ll skip your Little League game this Saturday and go to that new boutique downtown. Next time Jenn comes to babysit, you can do a fashion show for her!”

“Give him another chance, Mrs. Gray.” Jenn said. She could not deny to herself that she was eager to see if Jimmy could break her hypnosis. No boy ever had.

“Do you want to put on jeans or go out to dinner in your Snow White outfit?” Jimmy’s squeal of delight at the idea of being seen out and about in his dress sealed his fate. Jenn silently congratulated herself. Yet another satisfied mom and her schedule was full of other boys to sissify.