

Miss Agatha's School for Lost Sissies: Chapter 7

By: CrissieBaby

The pavement crackled beneath the wheels of the pink and white stroller as Marsha strolled along the walking path adjacent to the school. To Matt's surprise, the classic music that had been playing inside the school had followed them outside as well, mixing pleasantly with the soft breeze and the scent of fresh-cut grass. Unfortunately, being outside did not mean they were in the clear. They were still well within the boundaries of the massive walls surrounding the school. From his perspective, it felt akin to being let out into a prison yard, something he wished he wasn't familiar with.

Speaking of Matt's perspective, the walls of the school were just about the only thing he could see while lying on his back in the center of the stroller's cushy basket with his knees scrunched up so that his whole body was contained by the infantile carrier. He'd long left feeling mortified behind after getting "helped" into the stroller by Marsha. He wasn't even certain that the words existed to describe the unparalleled levels of shame and humiliation he felt. He was supposed to be a professional. A detective. A Goddess-damned adult!

"Holy crap, I almost can't believe we pulled that off," said Marsha, snapping Matt out of his rage-filled headspace. She leaned into the stroller, allowing Matt to see her head for the first time since leaving the school doors. "Just try to lay low for a bit. There are guards and admins watching so I can't let you out of the stroller until we're out of sight."

Nodding to Marsha without saying a word, the blush on Matt's face expanded as he allowed himself to be treated like a true-blue sissy baby by someone who had to be close to a decade younger than him. At least he was fairly well hidden in the base of the stroller but it would be a joke to call that a consolation prize. Part of him couldn't help but wonder what was going on around him, curious as to the world that sissies of all genders would inhabit. He'd gotten a pretty good view of the grounds when touring the school with Kimmy but to now be down in the thick of things was an entirely different feeling. However, he also recognized that sneaking a peak would require him to shift into a position that would be more viewable to passersby, encouraging him to stay low in spite of his inquisitive nature.

Instead, Matt switched his focus to the task at hand. Jesse was still out there and it was up to him to find his missing bestie. Snatching the rolled-up papers from their secure spot in his diaper, he unfurled the pages and began reading through the list of names from front to back. There was no Jesse Jennings when he skipped through the pages earlier but perhaps this school was smart enough to use an alias. Luckily for him, each name had a small picture of the student next to it, giving him something to work off of.

Starting with the A's, Matt carefully browsed through the many names and faces at his disposal. There were a few who were close but with how small the pictures were, it was impossible to confirm. As he reached the end of the A names though, one particular face

jumped off the page. It was practically uncanny if you removed the blonde bangs and light make-up. Adding credence was the name that was connected with this tiny image, “Jessy Aran.”

“Dude, just pick someone already!”

Tossing his gaming controller aside, a younger, teenage Jesse was officially fed up with his best friend’s indecisiveness. He and Matt had been staring at the character selection screen of the new Super Smash Bros game for well over five minutes now, which according to Matt’s ADHD-riddled brain may as well have been an eternity.

“Fucking fuck, just gimme a minute,” shot back Matt, refusing to let Jesse rush his selection as he browsed through each of the character options, “Shit, they really put everyone in here now, don’t they...and yet STILL NO WADDLE DEE!”

Rolling his eyes and snickering at Matt’s humorous rage, Jesse laid back against the carpet and closed his eyes. “Just let me know when you choose. It’s not like your ass is winning anyway,” he said, considering himself quite the pro, especially when it came to playing his favorite character who he’d already put into the cue, “But best of luck. No one can beat me when I play Samus.”

“No one can beat me when I play Samus.”

Those words replayed in Matt’s head over and over as he looked at the name “Jessy Aran” on the attendance sheet. “This has to be him,” he whispered to himself, reinvigorated by the massive step forward that his investigation had taken. He was right. Jesse was indeed here and being held hostage by this sadistic institution, confirming his suspicions. Worst of all, these bastards used one of his favorite female characters against him. At least he knew without a doubt that he had the right place. Now all he had to do was find Jesse and get the two of them out of here in one piece.

Unfortunately, if the attendance record was anything to go by, then Jesse had already signed in and out for the day, completing whatever classes he had before noon. This meant that he could literally be anywhere on this campus. Sitting forward, he needed to get Marsha’s attention and let her know that he’d found his man. However, as he did, he was forced to duck down immediately as he spotted perhaps the last face he wanted to see.

“It’s been well over an hour and you still haven’t found him?! He could be anywhere on campus by now. Double security and find him!” shouted Kimmy, who had long since dropped the positive demeanor she’d presented Matt with during his tour. In fact, she looked downright scary when was mad. Pulling the satin sheet out from under his diapered butt, he quickly shielded himself up to his face, keeping only his eyes visible.

Matt wasn't the only one to notice Kimmy's presence. If there was anyone who wanted to get caught less than Matt, it was Marsha. If Kimmy saw her out of school, she'd instantly know that she was cutting class. For once, her troublemaking history and notoriety amongst the staff was to her detriment. Thankfully, there were more than enough people around for her to sink back into the crowd but her path to escape also led her in the opposite direction of her favorite hiding spot. And with increased security on its way, she wouldn't have a ton of alternate routes.

"Marsha?"

All of a sudden, a cold chill ran down Marsha's spine as a voice with a country accent that she was all too familiar with impacted her eardrums. In her attempt to go undetected by Kimmy, she'd inadvertently run into her old troublemaking partner, Shaylene, a small but plucky sissy boi with a big penchant for mischief. "Shay! It's been too long!" she shouted, overhyping her own enthusiasm as she rushed over and gave Shaylene a big hug, "I thought you still had two more months in re-ed."

Returning Marsha's affections, Shaylene responded coyly, "Oh, what? Ya think I can't talk my way out of being restrained? Please. This place ain't built to handle me." At the tail end of her sentence, her eyes moved from Marsha to the stroller standing behind her. "My miraculous escape can wait though. How the everloving frick did you manage to get on the caregiver track?"

Shrugging her shoulders, Marsha knew that when it came to telling lies, it was always best to stay vague. "I worked my magic, as per usual. Yee of little faith," she said, slipping back into the cool girl mask she often wore while still attempting to keep her mind on the mission at hand, "It's really not that big a deal tbh. Pretend it's not even there."

"Oh, that's a no can do," said Shaylene, sprinting around Marsha and over to the edge of the stroller to get a good peak at the little angel, "Oh. My. Gosh! You lucked into such a cutie!"

Going from partially covering his face to completely burying himself, the last thing Matt needed right now was some little brat to tease him like a baby. He hoped his actions would cause Shaylene to abandon her attempt to get a good look at him but tragically, she would not be dissuaded so easily. He grabbed onto the blanket as tight as he could as Shaylene began lifting it off him. In the end, his efforts were futile once a second hand snuck under the sheet and began tickling his tummy.

"There you are!" said Shaylene with a southern, sing-songy twang, lifting her finger under Matt's chin and pinching at his neck much like a doting aunt would. Turning redder than a ripened strawberry, he instinctively pushed her hand away while chortling uncontrollably, unaware of how babyish his actions were. This, unsurprisingly, only made Shaylene's heart grow fonder. She leaned in and planted a wet kiss on his forehead as a "reward" for his adorableness, "That's it. Sorry, Marsha but he's mine now. I'm adopting him."

Marsha shook her head playfully at Shaylene's trademark brash behavior. "Good luck with that. Sorry, Shay but this one's all mine," she said, stepping in between Shaylene and the stroller and grabbing onto the handlebars once again, "Now, if you'll excuse me, I've gotta get

this cutie pie back to the nursery. But I'm super happy you're back! We'll have to hang out and catch up ASAP!"

Sadly, Marsha's attempt at a brief farewell was swiftly halted as Shaylene slapped her hand down on the edge of the basket. "Oooooor you could ditch the boring, old nursery and come hang out now. Megan has the pavilion booked out for her graduation party and everyone who's anyone is gonna be there," she said, sprinkling in the smallest amount of peer pressure as a means of persuasion. And based on the face Marsha was making, her manipulation skills were firing on all cylinders, "C'mon! It'll be a ton of fun! Plus, I know everyone's gonna wanna meet your bundle of joy!"

Torn between playing detective and her desire to party it up with her possé, the nail of Marsha's pointer finger found its way into her mouth. "Um...c-can't you give me and my baby a sec?" she asked, with Shaylene responding in kind by raising her hands innocently and backing away. Once she was out of earshot, Marsha rounded the front of the stroller and leaned in, whispering, "Okay, so I know it sounds crazy but...I think we could go."

"Ahah! Yeah, that's not happening. Dealing with a time-sensitive mission here," stated Matt firmly, wanting this to be as far as this discussion went.

Sadly, Marsha was a tad more adamant than that. "Listen. Right now, I can't get you to my usual hiding spot, so we need to find somewhere else to lay low. Plus, for all we know, your friend could be at the party too. Otherwise, I'll have to take you to the nursery as expected, and trust me...you don't wanna end up there."

Folding his arms and fixing a nasty pout on his face, Matt was not a fan of this plan. Not only was it a massive distraction but the idea of having more sissies cooing at him sounded like the kind of torture reserved only for the deepest layers of hell. Still, at the same time, he couldn't entirely fault Marsha's logic, even if it was just an obvious excuse to go party with her friends. Wanting to avoid the nursery at all costs, he relented in hopes that Marsha truly had his best interests at heart, "Alright but as soon as the heat dies down, we're leaving. Got it?"

Flashing Matt an ear-to-ear grin, Marsha reached into the stroller and ruffled Matt's hair lightly. "Understood," she said, her tone anything but reassuring.

TO BE CONTINUED...