

BRENDA

© 2021 By Sue Erickson

Chapter 1 - She Made Me

“Now let’s get this straight,” Brenda told me. “I have you in diapers and you will be staying in diapers because I say so. If you want any more sex, you will do as I say. Got that?”

I didn’t have much choice being strapped down to a bed in the basement of her parents’ home. Both of her parents would be overseas until after the start of her freshman year at college.

She had put me out with something in a soda pop, and now held me down and in a diaper. “You can’t talk as I have an adult sized pacifier in your mouth. Yes?”

She continued. “Someday we can talk about why I am in complete control. For right now we will practice your saying ‘yeth, Mommy’. I am keeping you as my little one year old in diapers, and that is about the only thing a one year old can say. Ready?”

She removed the pacifier.

I protested. “I don’t like this.”

She said. “Well. That’s not really your choice. Is it? Thay ‘yeth, Mommy.”

I glared at her.

She said. “Mommies keep their babies in diapers.”

I scowled. “I’m not your little baby.”

She made a soft gentle smile. “You are now.” She went around a corner out of my sight and returned with a bottle which had an adult sized nipple. She pinched my nose in a gentle way. When I opened my mouth to breath she had that nipple in my mouth. I swallowed rapidly keeping up with the flow before something in there knocked me out again.

I had became groggy when I came to. When my eyes could focus I saw her smiling at me.

She said. “You get it now. That I have complete control. You are now my one year old baby in diapers. Yes?”

I tried talking, but she had a pacifier in my mouth again.

She lightly pinched my cheek as she held a paddle in her other hand. One side had been covered with sandpaper. "Let's try this again. Thay yeth Mommy."

I thought I had better. "Yeth, Mommy."

She said. "Good. Mommy has you in diapers."

"Yeth, Mommy."

"You must be Mommy's little baby."

"Yeth, Mommy."

Her hand went down to the plastic bulge over my warm wet diapers. "My; my; no fly in your plastic panties."

If she said so. "Yeth, Mommy."

"You must be Mommy's little baby girl."

I stalled.

"Oh no. You want a paddling right now? Thay yeth Mommy with no fly in your panties you must be my little girl. Thay yeth, Mommy."

"Yeth Mommy."

"Mommy will have to dress you like a little girl." She scowled at me.

Again I thought I had better. "Yeth, Mommy."

"Little baby girls have looser skirts so Mommy can easily check their diapers."

"Yeth, Mommy."

Her hand squeezed the bulging plastic around the warm damp diapers. "Damp; but not wet. Your diaper doesn't need changing yet."

"Yeth, Mommy."

"You are going to be a good little baby and keep dribbling in your warm diaper?"

As if I could do anything else. "Yeth, Mommy." I dribbled.

She bent over my face and kissed me before she departed.

After I had been locked in my crib and Mommy had gone out the door, I rolled over on my pillow and had a nice orgasm in my warm wet diaper.