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Laura

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Chapter 2 - Next Morning

The next time I woke up there was daylight sneaking in around the window curtains. I was annoyed at being strapped down. I thought maybe I should be angry, and was wondering if the calming medicine was blocking that feeling. I also needed to go, so I did a little, and the new wet heat in my diaper felt good.

The door opened and in she came. "Good morning my little one. Are you hot?" She kissed my forehead again. "Your temperature is fine." She pulled the bed covers down, and put a hand on the plastic bulge down there. "Oh my, you did a good job, didn't you? Let's see if I can help you."

She pulled the plastic pants and diapers down a little in front, reached in, and used the gel in bringing me off again. "There, that's better, isn't it?" She cleaned up the sticky mess, and pulled the diapers and plastic pants back in place. "Now, let's get you standing up so you can void fully. I need to know how long a good diaper lasts on you, and whether you need changing now, or can wait for later. OK?"

I watched her bust as she reached across me and unclipped the band from the bed frame on my wrist furthest from her. She used both of her hands controlling that wrist as she brought it over me and chained it to the band on my other wrist. There was only a little chain between the locks at those bands with most of the chain hanging loose. That movement rolled me partially on my side pointing my eyes right at her crotch which I enjoyed fantasizing about what was under her clothes.

She pulled the bed covers completely off of me, and unclipped the ankle bands from the bedframe. She unclipped the wrist band still held to the bedframe, and tugged me up so I was sitting on the edge of the bed. She pulled me up until I was standing.

"Now pee, little one, completely." She went out of the room.

That bar between my ankle bands precluded my walking much. I did have a strong hot flow into my diaper now that I was standing.

She came back in and wrapped a hand around the bulge. "Nice and hot and heavy. That's what little babies do for their Mommies. You can enjoy it for awhile."

How did she know I enjoyed making my diaper wetter and warmer?

She wrapped something of nylon strapping under my arms, around my torso, and over my shoulders that became a harness. It was from a pet shop for a large dog.

“Not safe for you to walk. Down on all fours.”

When I was down on my hands and knees she clipped a leash to the neck part of the harness. “Come along, little one.” She tugged.

I couldn’t really crawl with that bar on those ankle bands. I was more of an inch worm.

She let me take the time.

The wall to wall carpeting was thick and nice on my knees.

At the stairs she coached me to go down backwards.

When I had inch wormed into the kitchen she pulled a chair out from the table which she helped me up and into it. She clipped straps from the chair to my harness, ankle bands, and wrist bands. “We wouldn’t want my little baby to hurt herself falling out, would we?”

Herself?

She slid the chair around so my knees were under the table.

I tried raising my hands thinking I was going to feed myself. But that chain and those straps at my wrists kept my hands from coming up that much. My diaper seemed soaking wet to me, but there was nothing I could do about any leaking.

Her voice was cheerful. “Open wide.”

I shook my head for no.

“You’ll learn little girl to do what Mommy says. That’s right. We’ll play that I’m raising you as my little baby girl. I’ll explain more about that later. But, for now.” She wrapped an arm around my head holding me still. Her fingers gently pinched my nose. When I opened my mouth to breathe she put that pacifier in and used elastic straps around my head to hold it in place. “Babies should be seen; not heard. Yes?”

She made a breakfast of an omelet, bacon, and toast. She set a place at the corner of the table next to me, brought over the breakfast, and sat there as she ate a little. “Um, good. Little babies can’t chew, can they?”

She removed the pacifier and put her lips to mine. She injected the chewed food into my mouth. It did taste good even though I was annoyed with all this.

“Oh stop. This is enough.”

“That’s not a very submissive thing to say is it, little baby? You are mine now and will do what I say. Or do you need a good domination punishment? An over my knees spanking won’t be enough, so electric shock will be added. Do you need that now?”

I recoiled at the thought.

She put another mouthful of food in my mouth.

As I thought about how humiliating that method of feeding was she brought over a stand such as they use in hospitals. She made a bottle of fluids with fruit juice, water, and several measured doses of powders. The bottle was attached to the stand, with a tube to a nipple which went into my mouth, and was strapped in place. It was delicious as I sucked it down.

I wondered if this was regular Dom and Sub playfulness, or should I protest?

She poured herself a glass of orange juice and enjoyed her breakfast. She rinsed her dish, cup, and utensils before putting those into the dishwasher. She checked how empty the bottle was. "Keeping sucking little one. When its done we'll do your first change in the living room. Babies don't know about any modesty, do they? So, we'll start now changing you where ever it is convenient for Mommy."

Was she thinking of humiliating me with a change outdoors? But with that feeding nipple held in my mouth I couldn't ask.

She went out. I couldn't hear her shoes on the carpeted stairs. But when I heard the noise of things being moved around upstairs, I wondered what that was all about, and imagined I wouldn't like it. I had sucked the bottle all down by the time she returned. "Good girl." She held up a pacifier. "Does my little baby need this to keep quiet?"

I wagged my head for no.

"Good girl. From now on you can only say three things as we play you are a one year old girl or maybe a little less. You can say ba-ba for your bottle when you're hungry. Ma-ma is for Mommy when you're lonely or feeling forlorn. You can cry when you are hurt or in pain. Now, to the living room."

She unclipped me from the chair and helped me down. There was a plastic mat on the carpeted living room floor. Up close that mat was on top of the base of a plastic pipe contraption. It had an upright pole and a short horizontal length three or four feet above me. I wondered what that was for.

On that mat I went on my back, and she clipped my wrists out of my sight over my head. My ankles were raised and the bands clipped to that horizontal pipe above me. That pacifier went into my mouth and was tied in place.

There was a camera mounted high on another stand.

She pulled the plastic pants up to my elevated ankles and unpinned the cloth diaper. "Sorry, little babies don't always want their didees changed when Mommies want to. Let's see what baby has produced for Mommy. Oh, no mess. Not yet. You will produce that as your gift for Mommy. Happy little babies proudly produce that messy stuff for their Mommies, you know."

She pulled that diaper out, removed something I couldn't see, and dropped the wet diaper into a pail. She arranged several squares of cloth into a new one, put that something in between the layers, and slid it under my butt.

"Now that you are mine, totally mine, I also have to take care of you. First your vitamin pill." She spread a little K-Y jelly on my anus and slid a pill into me down there. "Now your calming medicine." She slid in another pill. "A relaxant. This will loosen

your bowels making your diaper quite necessary. And this last one is not well known. It stimulates the production of the fluid in semen for increasing the volume and your enjoyment. Don't know how they do that." She slid that one in.

"Now for something different. A limp penis can flop around and squirt out of the elastic hems at the leg holes. We can't have that, can we? This is sold as a carbonite chastity device, but it is excellent for holding your penis centered on your diaper. This wont hurt."

It did feel funny as she put a plastic ring around my penis and testicles up against my body. She slid a tube over my penis and attached it to that ring. But it didn't hurt.

She slid a catheter into me and cut it to length matching that tube. Hot fluid ran out and down the inside of my thighs into the new diaper under me.

She powdered everything down there. "I put a device in your diaper that will keep your legs from bunching your diapers all together. Little babies don't have the strength in their legs to squeeze their diaper, but you do. That bar on those bands keeping your ankles apart helps, but not enough. This creates a pocket for catching stool. Otherwise the bunched cloth wont hold much, and the smelly stuff will ooze out of your plastic panties onto your inner thighs making a big mess. Then Mommy would have to clean it up."

Was she serious? But she had said no talking, and had that pacifier in my mouth again. I didn't want any of that punishment she had threatened.

She brought the layers of diaper cloth up between my legs, around my hips, and pinned it in place. The plastic pants came down my raised legs and around the cloth diaper. Her finger went under the elastic again checking all the cloth was contained inside which was another statement of her control.

She detached my ankles and wrists from that contraption of plastic pipe, and led me to the stairs. Going up was easier than coming down even with that bar at my ankles.

She led me to the right back into the bedroom. I was stunned. The bed had a large cage around it.

She lowered the side of the cage putting her hand on the mattress. "Baby needs a play pen and a crib. Tying you down unnecessarily isn't good. In here you can be freer and kept out of mischief. Yes?"

Instead of putting me in that play pen, she tugged on my leash leading me out of that bedroom. We went past the top of the stairs and the bathroom, and into a larger bedroom. "Up." She helped me onto the bed where I sat on the edge. She put a wiffle ball in each of my hands closing my fingers around it with medical tape. She pulled pink mittens over my hands and tied them in place to the bands at my wrists. She unlocked that chain from one of my wrist bands and relocked it with the full length of the chain between my wrists. "That's better, isn't it?"

She used that leash to tether me to the headboard. "Just sit baby girl for a little entertainment."

'Now what?' I thought.