

# Laura

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## Chapter 5 - Fun Time

Laura escorted Diane down the stairs to the front door. They must have stood there talking for at least a quarter of an hour. After that I could hear sounds from the kitchen while I enjoyed the warm feel of wetting my diaper.

I thought about those books and stories. I enjoyed roaming through my erotic visions of diaper wearing more than being restrained although those were interesting too. I wondered what kinds of street clothes would work over diapers out in public.

I was so lost in enjoying my thoughts and what gave me erections I didn't notice any sounds from Laura until she returned.

She had a key in the handcuffs for unlocking the side of the crib. "That woman was a pest being in the way. Yes? Now I ache even more. C'mon; fun time."

We went into her bedroom where I enjoyed watching her body, and more so her removing her blouse and bra. I couldn't tell which breast was the more enlarged with milk.

She lay down and immediately had me sucking her left breast which was closer to the mattress.

That's when I got it I must have been suckling the other breast when her phone had rung. Was she lactating so much as to need me?

She switched me to the other side for awhile before pushing me away.

"Mommy; I want to say something."

She smiled.

"I enjoyed those stories. I like the diapers."

"Good." She buried her tongue in my mouth. "You get to watch." She stood up and removed her pants and underpants. She just stood there letting me soak in the sight of her hairless vulva.

I enjoyed the view very much, but curiously that didn't raise much of an erection.

We were kissing again when she asked me to lick her belly button. When she brought my face up to hers she was pulling my diapers and plastic pants down.

She was on top of me and wrapped her wet self around my erection. She rolled us over and we went all the way.

We lay there dreamily before she pulled my damp diapers and plastic pants back in place.

She put a finger in my mouth. "You may suck a finger anytime you want. Just one of the joys of playing the baby. You enjoyed those stories. Yes?"

I nodded.

"Good. On your back. Let's try something else." She straddled me facing my feet, squirmed down a little, lifted the elastic of my plastic panties, and peed heavily into my diaper. I was startled and then I enjoyed the wet heat.

She cupped a hand around my hot plastic bulge. I could tell by her kneading it that it was heavy and soaking wet. The warm fluid was working its way between my legs with a little around my hips. "You can think about what you like while we have dinner. A little leak on those wooden chairs won't be so bad. OK?"

My eyes scrunched up with sadness. But, I asked myself, why was I so sad about something that was so wonderful and fun.

She kissed me lightly before putting her clothes back on and leading the way down to the kitchen. She wrapped a restraining strap around my belly holding me on the chair, but left my hands free without even wrist bands and a chain.

She announced three choices of carry in pizza, Vietnamese, or Outback. "Come to think of it, little one year olds can't use a knife or a fork yet, so let's do pizza. How about deluxe?"

She let me drink dilute fruit juice from a glass which was delicious as was the pizza.

She threw the litter away and put the dishes in the dishwasher. She went out and returned with the wrist bands and the chain. "OK, little one, back to play time."

I knew what she meant and obediently held my wrists out for her attaching the bands and chain.

She released me from that chair. She had me lay down on the kitchen floor for my change with my hands holding my ankles up in the air. She didn't attach me to anything. The soaking wet diaper went straight to the washer in a nearby laundry room, and she returned with fresh warm diapers from the drier.

This all felt good now. I did my best to smile and murmur like a baby as she powdered me and pinned my diapers in place.

She took me into the bedroom on the main floor. "Sit on the sofa." She put the ankles bands back on me with the bar wordlessly signaling me to stay in place.

"Like sports?"

"No."

“You don’t? Didn’t you go to games in high school and college.”

“I tried but didn’t like it and stopped going.”

She smiled. “Fine by me. I stocked a few we could watch thinking you would like that. Instead, how about Star Wars or Raiders of the Lost Ark. I’m letting you chose. We’ll even have popcorn.”

“Raiders.”

She sat there with me as we watched that movie while eating popcorn. She had my head in her lap as she gave me a bottle. After the movie she opened her blouse and bra for an entertaining view, and a little breast feeding. She selected another movie and we had a second bowl of popcorn. All that salt required lots of fluids.

I had wet several times before the movies were over and she took me upstairs. I went back into that crib with a big bottle for the night, and was chained to the crib frame.

Laura had my diaper down as she checked it and brought me off. She put diaper rash creme on the underside end of my penis. “Before you rub it so much and have a diaper rash my little one.” She pulled that damp diaper back in place, closed the side of the crib, and used handcuffs locking it. “Wet and come all you want.”

Which I enjoyed that night developing that fantasy about the Roman slave girl. But I was also thinking about leaving the next afternoon, and back to work on Monday.

Could I wear a thin disposable diaper under my trousers to work? I knew I would have to try.