

Laura

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Chapter 6 - Second Morning

In the morning Laura opened my crib, and strapped my wrists down beside my head before removing my soaking wet diaper. She brought me off. A thick layer of several cloth diapers went on me, were pinned tightly in place, and my plastic pants brought over all of that.

After smiling and playing the game of the happy baby girl I thought I could violate the rules. "Mommy, may I talk?"

"Sure, honey."

"Those stories interested me. Is that romper and skirt good enough for walking around out in public?"

"You mean discretely so they wouldn't be offended by knowing you are in thick diapers?"

"Yeth, Mommy."

"Let's try in the back yard first. It has a high fence. My hunch is we would have to do more. OK?"

"Yeth, pleath. Have you thought of a baby name for me?"

"No. Have an idea?"

"Mommies pick their baby's names."

"But as a game you might not like a name. Emily is a name that has fallen out of favor which you might dislike so much as to make the game un-fun."

I thought about Emily. "I like the 'y' sound of the ending, but not the rest."

"I met a waitress in a restaurant recently with a name her mother made up for her that crosses genders, and has that same ending sound. What would you think of Mikey?"

She had released me and had both of us sitting up side by side with our feet over the edge of the mattress. I put my head against her shoulder and sucked a thumb. But my arm muscles got in the way and required work to hold that position.

She pushed me away. "Watch this." She folded her arm and easily put her thumb in her mouth. She put her fingers on her shoulder.

When I tried that I couldn't even get my finger tips to my shoulder. "What a difference. How come, Mommy?"

She put her arm next to mine and folded them together. "Your masculine arm muscles are bigger than my feminine ones. My bone joints are more flexible than yours, too. Makes quite a difference. Here." She slipped a pair of her fingers into my mouth. "Back to playing as the little baby. Can you crawl on the floor for the game? Or do I have to handcuff you and put that bar between your ankles?"

"I'll crawl. You want me to return to only using a few words?"

"Yes. I like that. Now down on the floor and crawl to the kitchen. Sit against a wall as if you couldn't get up in a chair on your own until I'm can come down."

Which I did.

She wore a flimsy blouse over her bra which had me fantasizing what was underneath.

She had me sit in the baby chair and strapped me in with my hands held at my lap. She pushed a pacifier at my mouth which I took without being forced, or tied in place.

Breakfast started with oatmeal which she spoon fed me and did that mouth to mouth feeding trick again. She used that big bottle hung from the stand for me to suck fluids as she worked in the kitchen. She had a computer playing popular songs and hymns for Sunday morning.

She turned to me. "I wouldn't want you to be bored and feel you didn't get your money's worth. So let's fantasize what you would be like if you had a gender change operation. What if you were my little girl." She stood a half dozen feet from me as she put her hands on her hips, and cupped her fingers around her bust. "That's what my little girl would be like, except I enjoy your over sized clitoris. Let's keep that. Yes?"

I had several feelings which settled into relief I would retain my oversized clitoris that was growing from watching her.

She returned to the stove and removed something from the frying pan. She looked at me over her shoulder. "Think about what you would be like if you were a teenage girl in a nice dress. Would you want long hair?" She returned her attention to the stove. "I could put on a strip tease for you. Or you could fantasize about that." She turned back around towards me and tilted her head. "That's why my little baby has to be restrained from time to time. Right?"

She brought over a breakfast of bacon, a western omelet, toast, and juice. She swallowed some, spoon feed me, and injected some from her mouth into mine. Her physical movement kept me enthralled with her bust and even her butt. "To'ja' you would have fun. Didn't I?"

I nodded.

When she was done with breakfast she had me on that bottle on the stand with a tube again. "Keep sucking, sweetie. I want you to enjoy your warm wet diaper as much as possible."

She went out and returned with that romper and skirt. She put that bar on my ankles before removing that fitting from my mouth and releasing me from the chair. She didn't have to explain releasing my wrists, putting that romper on me, and rechaining my wrists. That bar came off my ankles and she had me step into that skirt.

She stepped back. "No, not good enough, but we can practice. Yes?" She slipped the pacifier into my mouth.

She handcuffed her left wrist to my right, led me through the laundry room, and out into the back yard.

With the high fence no one could see us as we walked around. I squinted against the bright morning sunlight. We walked around back there, but she also practiced various ways of checking my diaper as if we were elsewhere. She ran a hand up my skirt from both the front and the back. She sat and had me bend over her knee. She took the time with a hand up inside the romper as she kneaded my plastic pants.

"OK, my little baby. Back inside for more toddler training." She unlocked the handcuffs from her wrist, but put the loose end on my other wrist holding my hands close together.

In that room with the big television she had me sit in a chair. She completely strapped me in place at my ankles, wrists, and chest.

She put her hand around my jaw. "You've been so cooperative just like a true submissive. It's time for you to know what punishment can be for misbehavior. Watch this."

She started a video of a woman leading a second woman into a room. The second woman was chained at the ankles and wrists. Those were not gentle bands, but cuffs that could hurt. Her neck was in a pet collar and also had a choke collar for training a large dog. A pacifier was in her mouth and tied in place around her head.

The dress had buttons up the sleeves and across the shoulders. It came off with out removing the chains. Underneath she was in plastic pants, and those were over a disposable diaper. There was no bra over her cute little titties. She struggled to not be put on a special padded table, but she lost that struggle when she went on it face down. She was attached to that table with black bands around her midriff and thighs. Her handcuffed hands were tied in place over her head, and more bands went around her arms.

The camera closeup showed tears rolling down her face.

A voice came on. "Cry away you little ungrateful wretch. You know how deserving you are, and you did what you did anyway. I've had it. From now on you do what you are told, or else you'll get more pain."

A band went over her mouth including the pacifier. Her plastic panties came down as did the disposable. Wires were connected to the bands. A few smacks were administered to her exposed butt, and then she was twitching and yanking with each

swat.

Laura spoke softly. "Those are electric shocks. She may cry for hours from the pain. Maybe days."

I was throwing my head around vigorously and trying to talk around that pacifier.

Laura removed the pacifier. "What, honey?"

"Please turn it off. It's awful."

"You'll do what I say little one?"

"Yeth, Mommy."

"You sure?"

"Yeth Mommy. Please, please."

"What if I told you that video is all an act as entertainment for the hard core BDSM crowd. That it may not even be true?"

"But you can punish me?"

"Any way I like. That's the other way little babies learn."

"Mommy, is that all an act? Or is she an Adult Baby Diaper Lover the same as in that book?"

"Untrustworthy source my little one. Who knows what those people were doing. But you get the point, don't you, that Mommy is in charge."

"Yeth, Mommy. Can I go to my crib now?"

"I thought I said you could only say ba-ba and ma-ma. Did you notice how you changed how you talk to call the diapers your diapers and the crib your crib? But let's go back to having fun with a movie as you wet and enjoy your diaper. OK?"

She brought in that stand, hooked up a full bottle of juice, put the sucking nipple into my mouth, and tied it in place.

The bottle had a super delicious mixture. She put the classic movie High Noon in the machine. When parts of the movie were boring I fantasized about the blond Roman slave in chains from the Caucasian Mountains. That fantasy grew a nice erection concealed in the bulk of my diaper.

What could she do next that would be new and different?