

## Laura

© 2014 By Sue Erickson

### Chapter 7 - Sunday Evening Surprise

Late that morning she returned me to my crib where she removed the romper. “Remember, only Mommy changes her little one’s diapers. Got it?”

“Yeth, Mommy.”

“Good. Here’s another book that should get your mind going for a good orgasm.”

She handed me Joy Of Sex.

That did get my mind going, and I did have a good orgasm. I found the chapter on bondage fascinating. But I hadn’t finished the book when she came in and took me to the kitchen where she strapped me in that chair. She let me feed myself sandwiches of deli meat and cheese, and drink from a glass.

When we were done and the kitchen was clean again she had her hands around her blouse while gently kneading her breasts. “That was just to remind you of fun. Only two words now my little baby girl. Baby girls are always trying to please their Mommies. Right? Ma-ma and ba-ba for you. How’s your didees?” She unstrapped me; stood me up; and cupped a hand around the plastic bulge between my legs, but didn’t change me.

She took me upstairs and put me in my crib where she strapped me down. She drew my panties and diapers down a little where she used gel and her fingers bringing up an erection. She kept bringing me up almost to an orgasm, but then backed off. This became annoying. When she brought me off the volume was more than ever. She pulled my diapers and plastic panties back in place over the sticky mess. She left me in my warm wet diapers and locked the crib.

I read more of Joy of Sex and fell asleep.

When she woke me up again the light around the window curtain told me this was late afternoon. “But, Mommy, it’s time I go home.”

She scowled. “Didn’t I tell you the only words allowed are ba-ba and ma-ma? Or

did you forget that? Need a spanking?”

That wasn't what I wanted to say.

“Oh, so you're going to pout. Little girls do that, you know, when they are angry. They have temper tantrums. I'll ignore your disobedience this time.”

“But, Mommy, it's late. I have to go home.”

“You are still calling me Mommy, not Laura the Dominatrix. Not only do I think you like your diapers when they are warm and wet, but I bet you don't even like your job?”

No, I didn't like my job, but this seemed to be a trap so I didn't say so.

“So, why go to a job you don't like? Huh? I have your wallet, keys, and cell phone. Your car has been locked in the garage. You like your diapers and the sex. Just sit there and think while I get you a bottle.”

This time she must have drugged it as I became drowsy and fell asleep.

I was groggy when she woke me up. The light outside was fading for the evening. When she unlocked the crib side I thought of escaping, but with those chains at my ankles and wrists that wasn't possible right then. When I pulled my legs I discovered she had fastened a chain from the crib to my ankle chain.

She rolled me on my back, checked me, but didn't change me although my diaper was soaking wet and heavy.

For dinner she brought me adult food run through a blender and spoon fed me there in my crib. She gave me a new bottle with a nipple on it for using myself.

That evening she brought her portable computer to the crib where she showed me blouses and skirts I might wear in public.

She removed my soaking wet diaper, but only put a thin one on me. She removed my t-shirt without ever letting my hands be truly free. She put a collar on me and chained the handcuffs at my wrists to it. She unlocked my ankle chain from the crib and took me into the bathroom when she filled the tub. In I went where she pulled my plastic pants down to my ankles but left that thin diaper in place. She thoroughly bathed me.

“You must be wondering, little one. Bathing you is trouble, but Mommy is just doing her job this time. Little babies, and especially little boys, tease their mothers by peeing when they are being changed or bathed. That thin diaper says none of that.”

I was standing in the tub as it drained when she added thick cloth diapers around that wet one. She brought my plastic panties up around it all. I would soon be in a nice hot damp diaper with the excess water pulled into the drier diapers.

Back in my crib she used diaper rash creme and lots of baby powder as she put me all back together. She put me in a body suit that had buttons on the sleeves and shoulders so she didn't have to unchain my wrists. She fastened the snaps across the bottom, and there was a locking mechanism to keep my hands out of there.

“Good night, my little one. I have a surprise for you in the morning. Enjoy your fantasizing and orgasms.”

How did she know about my fantasizing?