

# Laura

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## Chapter 9 - The Examination

I remained strapped to that exam table with my ankles held overhead when the Doctor had a squeezable tube where I could see it. "This will feel cold. It's a lubricant and a topical analgesic before we take a rectal sample." She smeared that ointment around my rectum which felt increasingly colder over several minutes before I barely felt her push that tube in. She attached things to it. Between my legs I could see her pulling on a plunger. I felt things move within me, but no pain. When she showed me that gadget she had taken enough to nearly equal a regular BM.

The Doctor cleaned my butt. The two of them inspected and talked about the skin that had been enclosed in the damp and wet diapers. "She's OK. I'll wipe on a little diaper rash creme as a preventive." Which she did.

With my feet and legs still in the air she inserted a catheter in me collecting a few ounces of urine.

Laura flipped my penis around. "Is this red spot important? Is she masturbating too much in her wet diaper several times a day? I've been using diaper creme on it, but it's color isn't like the rest of her special toy."

Dr. Patricia took my penis in her fingers again while gently twisting and manipulated it as she examined it. "Yes, she is rubbing it a lot. Use creme frequently."

What else did they expect me to do after giving me erotic books and confining me so much of the time in that crib. But that pacifier kept me from asking.

"Put her diaper back on her."

Laura did that and pulled my plastic baby pants back in place. Evaporation from exposure to the open air had made cold what had been my warm damp diapers.

"Laura, open your blouse and bra." Dr. Patricia gave her a breast exam complete with squeezing a little milk out. I forgot all my troubles as I watched in fascination. Laura blushed slightly and the Doctor smiled with a 'gotcha' kind of expression. They used a breast pump on both sides capturing a few ounces. "You

were a lesbian once, or a bi-sexual. Yes? Do you want to suckle her yourself if you keep her? Would you want to grow her breasts?"

Laura blush deepened. She tilted her head a little as she thought. "Yes, I would like my little girl to blossom that way. A reciprocal adult nursing relationship interests me."

Dr. Patricia went out and returned with a tube which she squeezed and spread the ointment on my breasts as she massaged them. She squeezed my breasts firmly, or maybe a little more than that. "We'll give you hormonal pads to use inside a trainer bra. I'll provide reliable resources on inducing breast growth and lactation instead of mixing the bad with the good information from the internet. But for that she has to agree. Yes? I'll get a warming blanket and then we'll bring her feet down."

I was scared and surprised all at once about breast growth and any new agreement.

When they left the door open the medical office seemed to be in a former house. They brought my legs down, unstrapped me, and had me standing on the floor when they put me back in that romper. The Doctor pinned a nice soft warm blanket on me. They sat me in a chair, strapped me in it, and swivelled it around pushing my knees under the small table.

"We'll let you suck a bottle during your tests, but only if you promise not to yell. Yes?"

I nodded. I was hungry and very thirsty.

They removed the pacifier, left my wrists in shackles, and gave me a bottle with something delicious in it. It was refilled a few times during the tests.

The psychological tests took several hours. My diaper warmed up again from my body heat trapped by the plastic panties. I enjoyed wetting and warming my diaper several times.

Laura checked on me occasionally during those tests. "I am sorry you were hurt by the handcuffs and had to be controlled so tightly. But I'm not strong enough to gently handle my little baby any other way. At least not that I can figure out short of jujitsu and knocking you unconscious. I called Dr. Patricia when I became suspicious of something and she insisted I bring you in first thing. That's what Dommy Mommies do for their little ones."

I couldn't think fast enough to make a protest balanced with what the Doctor had said about testing. I was already wondering what she would find out.

When I was finished with the tests the Doctor and Laura gently but firmly put

handcuffs on my wrists. They attached those to my belt. They released me from that chair and led me into an office with a couch. Laura sat on the couch, and had me lay sideways with my head in her lap facing away from her. She fed me from a bottle. The contents were thicker and more like food which reminded me I was hungry. When the bottle was emptied Laura pushed that pacifier in my mouth and used straps around my head holding it in place. She massaged my back as we waited.

Dr. Patricia came in handing Laura a brown flat envelope. Dr. Pat put her hands on her knees and bent over to my face in Laura's lap. "Did you know you have deep, serious, chronic depression? Preliminary tests are that you are headed for being an alcoholic. We'll know in a few days from the genetic part of the blood tests. Yes, you were already passive and a good prospect for being very submissive. Laura can keep you."

I felt calmer knowing that which surprised me.

Not a word was said until the Doctor spoke again. "Both of you have a choice to continue or not. Laura's is fairly simple. Little one's is more complicated. You will need to sign a better permission and authorization which is a legal guardianship. Before you decide to stay your choice is to forego whatever else you may have been planning for yourself and your life."

I hadn't been planning anything, but that pacifier kept me from talking as I dribbled in my diaper.

Laura interrupted. "I was surprised when she didn't like sports. Not at all."

"The tests said that too. You will need to find her clothes concealing her diaper bulge for being out in the public. If she is too self conscious she will be afraid of their reactions when they do not have any. Search the internet as I'm certain you have been. An AA meeting for transgenders, and a church that is open and affirming are two possible places for her to socialize. That has to be in a suitable way for a diapered submissive. Otherwise, socializing will be too dangerous for her suppressed anger under all that depression. She was already headed for becoming suicidal."

This was heavy duty serious stuff. I rolled my head where I could see Laura's face.

She appeared pensive. "Cameras showed her spending hours lying face down on her pillow and humping which means she has an extensive collection of sexual fantasies."

I blushed at what Laura had said.

"I'm sure she does. Whether each of you decides to continue is your individual choice. But you don't have a choice. Not really." The Doctor used her hands bringing

my head back around to face her. "These test results are so strong that if you do not stay with Laura that I will call the police for having you committed. That is my professional responsibility. Your diapers and shackles just make that easier to call them. I'll hand them the results of these tests and tell them you are suicidal. Once you're in that system it will be months before you are released, or maybe never. You are so emotionally dependent and clingy you could readily self institutionalize yourself."

That frightened me.

"Laura doesn't have much of a choice either. She either keeps you, or she runs a very serious risk that those people would find out what was going on and arrest her."

Laura turned her attention from Dr. Patricia to me. "You liked the sex; no doubt about that. You never asked questions or objected when you could have which alerted me for having you tested. Now we are here. Are you staying with your Dommy Mommy, or are you going to an institution?" She unstrapped that pacifier and removed it.

"But with that pacifier in my mouth how was I to object? Or even ask a question?"

"You would have found a way. Toss your head around. Squirm within the limits of the restraints. Make noises around the pacifier. You would have communicated your strong displeasure one way or another. But you didn't have a strong displeasure."

The room became very silent.

I interrupted the silence. "I'll stay with you." I surprised myself with my saying that faster than I thought about in. "But I get to ask. You two had a long talk. How about you Laura?"

She pinched my cheek. "I like roll playing with you as my little baby girl."

I felt annoyed. "You mean as your little sex toy?"

"That too. But you liked the sex. Yes? Were you angry with that thought just now?"

"Uh, yes. A little."

"Only a little? What a suppressed reaction my little one. You have to tell me these things for me to take care of you. Even the parts you don't want to say."

Dr. Patricia interrupted. "But changing messy diapers? C'mon now. Is it worth it?"

Laura squinted and drew up her mouth on one side. “That’s what, three or five minutes a day out of fourteen hundred or so of being in control. I have come to love being in total control.”

Dr. Patricia insisted I sign a new permission, and she made me take the time to read it. For that we needed a new name for me.

I enjoyed wetting and warming my diaper as we talked. After nearly an hour of a tedious and tense discussion Laura suggested “Mindy” as my new name, and I agreed. Doctor Patricia thought that was a good name. It went on that form in quotes as a nickname.