

## Laura

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### Chapter 10 - New Directions

Laura was packing up for leaving the Doctor's office when she put the pacifier against my lips. "You promised cooperation." I let her push it into my mouth. She ran a strap around my head for holding it in place, and put that blindfold back on me. They led me outside, put me in the car, and held me in place with a seat belt and those two shoulder straps. After a few blocks Laura removed the blindfold. "I couldn't let you identify Dr. Patricia or her office. Not just yet."

After traveling only about a dozen blocks we arrived at Laura's house. She held my arm firmly as she took me in and put me in a kitchen chair. Her eyes expressed her anger as we just sat there.

I shook my head and tried talking around that pacifier. Finally she got the hint and removed the pacifier. "Your breasts must hurt. Let's suckle upstairs, or you go pump. Besides, we have to start over somewhere."

Her face lost some of that anger becoming only stern. "How is your diaper?"

"Warm, wet, and holding. I can't tell if it leaks here."

She looked around my butt at the chair seat. "I don't want a leaky diaper wetting my bed. You hold your ankles up and I'll change you here." She picked up that bag of things she had assembled that morning and laid its contents out on the table. Her face had relaxed a little more. She removed the handcuffs which released my wrists from that belt.

"But first." She strapped me at the waist in the chair. She removed her blouse and bra, and breast fed me as she leaned into me as I sat there. I used my hands gently kneading her breasts helping with the flow.

She was putting on her bra when I interrupted. "Leave it off. I enjoy watching. You have me strapped in."

She thought about that for a moment before putting her bra back down on top of her blouse on the table. "Enjoy the view."

She made deli meat and cheese sandwiches for both of us with coffee for her and dilute fruit juice for me. She did let me feed myself and drink from a glass.

Watching her bare breasts and the butt of her slacks gave me an erection that grew and went down a few times. When limp I added hot fluid to my diaper.

When she cleaned up the dishes and packed the bag away she stood in front of my with her hands on her hips. "Enjoy a last view for awhile. I have to work, so you are going into your crib. Enjoy your wet hot diaper, read, take a nap, have all orgasms you can, and we'll talk. Leaks on the crib sheets don't do much with the plastic mattress cover underneath. OK?"

As if I had a choice. I did all that, and my orgasm was very good indeed. I had two.

I was sitting up in my crib with a book as I leaked a little when Laura came in. "Oh, wet spots. Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Twice."

"OK. On your back and this time you hold your ankles with your hands."

That worked as she removed my soaking wet diaper. But instead of rash creme and powder she rubbed baby oil on my butt and limp penis.

"The oil makes that spot sting."

"Oh, sorry." She manipulated my penis. "You have been rubbing it." She played with it as she examined it before putting creme on that spot and a new dry diaper on me. She pulled the plastic pants in place.

She had me stand up on the floor as she replaced the sheets. Even the bottom of my T-shirt was wet from the leaks which went onto the laundry pile with the sheet, romper, and skirt. "Come, little one." She did not put the shackles back on my wrists.

I followed her into her bedroom in just my dry diaper, plastic pants, and ankle chain.

"Lay down." She laid down with me and we faced each other. "We have to be serious, but first." She removed her blouse and bra again and we did a brief breast feeding. She rolled me on my back and pulled my diapers down just enough for her to manipulate me into an erection. She stood up, removed the rest of her clothes, stroked herself, and wrapped her wet self around my erection. We rolled over and went all the way.

As we lay there afterwards she touched my nose with her finger. "That was good. Yes? Now let's pull your baby bottom back in place." Which she did.

"Dr. Patricia and I had a long chat while you were taking those tests. One thing we have to have is a special word or phrase for when we have to talk as adults. That is just part of having clear signals for knowing when we are in our roles, and when we are intimate adult partners. With me?"

"I think so."

She put a hand on one of my flat breasts and twirled a nipple in her fingers. "Yes, I'd like you to have full breasts. How are you with that?"

There was a long silence. "How would I know?"

“It’s not as permanent as gender change surgery, and besides we enjoy playing with the original toys. Enlarged breasts can be surgically removed. Let’s try again. What if we buy you a wardrobe of dresses and blouses with bras and inserts, sandals, lipstick, and earrings? Grow and style your hair, too. How would that be?”

“That’s OK, I think, but what I really want to do is to learn how to give you fabulous orgasms. But you’d have to be willing to tell me your experiences, and coach me. Those books don’t say.”

Her face expressed her surprise. “You would?”

“I love looking at your body. Maybe I could learn how to give you a massage. That way I could look and you might enjoy it.”

“Mmmm. I have to think and get used to that idea. How about those women’s clothes?”

“Let’s do the laundry, look on the internet, and maybe walk around the block this evening.”

She touched my nose again. “Good thinking, little Mindy.”

I touched her on her nose. “That name is growing on me.”

She put a baby style body suit on me instead of a T-shirt, and snapped it closed around my bottom.

I held out my wrists a certain way which she chained.

She took my measurements with my diapers on. We put all those wet things in the laundry, and then we went looking on the Internet.

That evening after dinner my romper and skirt came out of the clothes drier all nice and warm. She removed all of my chains, dressed me, and handcuffed us together at the wrists. We walked around several blocks outside, but nobody came close enough to notice us, or talk with them.

At bed time we made love. As she was putting my baby clothes back on me she liberally treated that sore spot with diaper rash creme. She also put my special part in that chastity tube so I wouldn’t rub it during the night.

Then we got to the hard part. Did we sleep together, or did she lock me back in the crib?

My suggestion of a breast feeding at 1 or 2 in the morning resolved that question of we would sleep together. But she added more diaper cloth to protect her mattress, and she chained my ankles and chained those to the bedframe.

I suckled her briefly and then we fell asleep holding hands as I fantasized about having enlarged and lactating breasts.