

Laura

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Chapter 11 - Wardrobe

A few days later there were several deliveries to the front door downstairs. Laura had been out most of the day in her business. She had continued keeping me diapered all the time. When she would be out she chained my ankles to that crib and locked it closed. In her absence I enjoyed frequent sex in the warm wet diaper. Otherwise attempts at complaining about the boredom only received threats of a long over due domination punishment. She did bring me books to read. When she would be out for several hours or all day she gave me several bottles for keeping any hunger at bay. That also gave me more fluids for keeping my diaper warm, comforting, and enjoyable.

I never tired of looking at her body, and the more bare the better.

Late that afternoon she came into the room where I was chained and confined in my crib which she now called my nursery. She removed her blouse and bra. "Enjoy the show." She unlocked the crib, came in herself, and lay next to me as she breast fed me.

"Now you will become my little baby girl Mindy. You'll have more freedom, but only so long as you behave. Is that a yes? Will you promise?"

"Yeth, Mommy."

"Good." She put her bra and blouse back on. She removed the chains at my wrists and stripped me down to just my toddler uniform of t-shirt, diapers, and plastic pants. Plus, of course, my ankle chain. She unlocked that chain from the crib frame and led me into her bedroom where there were several boxes. She put her hand on one of the larger shipping containers. "This is the new you, Mindy, of your new wardrobe."

The first thing she put on me was a bra my size with prosthetic breast inserts. I saw myself sideways in her mirror. "Mommy; I like the way I look with breasts."

She put her head next to mine so we were watching the mirror the same way. "Goodie. Those are B sized cups in case you are wondering. Let's see what you think of how those look in a blouse and skirt."

She put a blazing white woman's blouse on me and buttoned it up in back. She had me sit on the edge of her bed as she put a royal blue pleated skirt around my chained ankles. She had me stand up, and then pulled it all the way up.

"Oh, I forgot." She unbuttoned the blouse, pulled it up a little, and put a black band around my waist which clicked with a built in lock. "Dr. Patricia wrote a

prescription for this. It has a GPS tracker so I know where you are at all times. It alerts me if you open an exterior door without my permission. Alerts are flashed if you remove it.”

As I silently fumed about that she pulled the blouse back down and re-buttoned it.

“Hold still.” She removed the chain at my ankles. “See; play along and things get better. Sit on the floor. Mommies love brushing their little girl’s hair.” Which she did as I sat on the floor in front of her sitting in a chair. “I almost quiver with anticipation with your growing longer hair.”

She leaned over me and applied a lipstick on me. She had me stand up where we could both look in the mirror at the same time. She showed me how to roll my lips evening out the lipstick.

I liked the subtle color of the lipstick. It wasn’t too much.

She leaned into my ear. “This is important, and a real question.” She put her hands on my blouse, around my artificial breasts, and squeezed them slightly. “How do you like your new bust?”

I pushed her hands away and did that myself. They felt almost natural. “I think so. Let me get used to this. OK?”

“Sure.” She tested all of the other outfits on me. I found out that women’s sizes have quirks and may frequently require adjusting. She marked some of them with tailor’s chalk for alterations.

After she put new sandals on my feet she took me downstairs. Going down those stairs without the weight or the complications of a chain at my ankles seemed weird.

She tilted her head and smiled at me. “Let’s go for a walk outside. We’ll hold hands.”

“Protect me, Mommy. This is all so new. Handcuff us together.” I ran up the stairs and returned with the ‘cuffs.

“Mindy you are my little girl now. Mommies understand. Let’s hook a leash to your belt where your blouse buttons together in back. That’s what Mommies do to keep their little ones from darting off into trouble. OK?”

We did.

Most of the time after that she let me feed myself. But she retained full Mommy rights to restrain me and feed me anytime she felt like it.

A few days later we went to a beauty salon she liked. They trimmed the ragged ends of my hair just a little. While they washed it they tinted it with a little auburn. They coached us on how to train my hair as it grew.

Out in the car I put a hand on Laura’s forearm. “Do they know about my diapers?”

"I didn't tell them. Why do you ask?"

"Amazing. They just accepted me so easily."

Laura tilted her head as one end of her mouth came up. "Paying customer."

She looked at me in a discerning way. "Your ears need to be pierced. You stand out without it."

We went to a big department store on a day when they advertised piercing ears. A younger sales rep deferred us to an older rep who frowned at me. But she did the piercing in the fitting rooms using ice to chill my ears first, and gave me a few pain pills. Afterwards we were all standing there in the fitting rooms as I was wondering what was wrong. I was standing where I could see myself in the mirror. My bust was good enough, but my hips were too straight up and down. I whispered all that in Laura's ear.

She came straight out with a question of the store clerk. "Where can we buy artificial hips for a costume party?"

The rep didn't even pause. "There's a party shop on the lower level of the mall."

I did look better with wider more feminine hips. Laura said they were no more trouble for changing me than if I had been in a second pair of plastic pants.

Back home stripped down to just my toddler attire during a breast feeding I tried getting a finger into Laura's genital slit. But she pushed me away.

We were lying there side by side afterwards as I was envious of her breasts moving as she breathed. "Mommy, I'm ready for breasts. Real breasts we can play with."

"You sure, sweetie pie?"

"Yeth, Mommy." I wasn't all that sure, but it seemed like a good idea right then.