

## HOW MY WIFE BECAME MY MOMMY

As Reported To Sue Erickson © 2019 Sue Erickson

My wife slid off of me without my having an orgasm. She lay beside me with a quizzical expression as I went partially limp. "You know," she said, "how tired I am of your passivity."

We had been playing a bondage game with myself spread eagled on my back with bands on my wrists and ankles tethered to the bed frame. I thought she liked this. I hadn't put my thoughts together when she talked again.

"I see how my sweet obedient husband is too much so." She paused. "Um, yes. I see. We all know you have the emotional age of a two year old." She paused. "No answer, huh?"

I hated the way she ended sentences with a question and especially with that 'huh?' word.

She said. "We'll have to go all the way and keep my poor, helpless, two-year-old husband in diapers. That is - in and using diapers full time. Huh?"

I blushed. I thought *what had that "have to" phrase been all about?*

She got up letting me watch all of her hot spots and went out of the room. She returned in a one piece dress. "Let's knock off all the talk about your chasing a job. Hasn't worked. So let's stop fooling ourselves." She held up a big flannel cotton sheet and folded it up. "Lift your butt."

I didn't lift my butt. Job chasing would never work after I had complained about the employer which had been the cause of my being fired from my last job.

She pinched my ear and tugged at it.

That hurt. I lifted my butt.

She slid the pad of cloth under me and pulled the two corners on the back side up around my hips. Or tried to. She had folded it too small. She removed it, refolded it, and tried again. This time the back corners came up around my hips and the front came up between my legs.

That seemed weird at first before I liked how that felt. I liked that a lot.

She went out and returned with a partially used tube of diaper cream she had for skin rash, and baby powder. She applied both to me down there including the cream on the underside of the tip of what she now called my "special toy". She pinned all that in place and smiled at her handiwork. She went out and returned with two white kitchen trash bags and clear tape. She made that plastic into waterproof pants.

She used padlocks connecting my wrist bands to each other and the same to my ankle bands. "OK, little one, wet your diaper. Might be better to dribble into it than a heavy flood that could leak. Down on the floor, and crawl into the small bedroom."

I crawled in there. She gave me a boost on my padded butt onto the bed. She looped a tow chain for the car around the bed frame and locked it with the same lock between my ankle bands. "Nighty; night. I'm going to search adults in diapers on the internet." She turned out the light as she departed.

I wet. The warm damp diaper felt good. I wet more. I rolled over and had a fabulous orgasm in my warm wet diaper. I did that again in the middle of the night, and had another in the morning. Warm wet diapers have advantages.

In the morning, my wife grinned at me. "Oh my poor helpless husband with your wrists locked together and your ankles chained to the bedframe." She put her hand around the plastic bulge in my front and massaged it. "Now that I have you here, let me tell you how tired I am of your passivity. Especially in bed. With you in diapers, I can get on with what I want to do, and you can enjoy everything you can do in your diaper. I watched your last orgasm. Enjoyed yourself, huh?"

That 'huh' word again. This time that made me angry.

She changed me using another bed sheet, and spoon fed me a bowl of oatmeal flavored with maple syrup. She pushed a funnel between my lips and gave me a cup of water flavored with pink lemonade. "Honey bunch; I am going shopping for diapers and baby things for you." She went out and returned hours later as I enjoyed wetting and warming my diaper, and having orgasms in it. She said. "From now on all you can say will be the baby talk of a one year old. Unless I say otherwise."

She lengthened the chain from the bed frame to my ankles, and pushed me around until I became bent over the mattress edge with my knees on the floor. She tied my wrist bands to the bedframe on the opposite side.

"Let's practice, shall we?" She didn't wait. "Say 'yeth, mommy'. Say that."

"I don't like this."

"Oh, poor little one in diapers. You have no choice. Let's try again. "Say 'yeth, mommy'."

"No."

"Oh, poor little one in wet diapers. Only two and half year olds use the 'no' word. Let's try again. "Say 'yeth, mommy'."

"You can't make me."

She giggled. "Oh? See this paddle I bought, and glued sand paper on it? You either say 'yeth, mommy', or Mommy will give you a paddling you won't forget."

I glared.

She pulled that makeshift plastic pants and the wet diapers down a little, had a hand on my back as if holding me in place, and swung that paddle. Whack.

That stung. "Ouch."

Whack. Whack.

"Please stop."

"Not until you obey." Whack."

I thought I had better. "Yeth, mommy."

"That hurt?"

"Yeth, mommy."

"See; you're getting it. Say that again."

"Yeth, mommy."

She rubbed a soothing lotion on my stinging butt. "That's better now, isn't it?"

"Yeth, mommy."

"Mommies keep their babies in diapers." She pulled my diapers and makeshift plastic panties back up and in place.

"Yeth, Mommy."

"Mommy has you in diapers."

"Yeth, Mommy."

"You must be Mommy's little baby."

"Yeth, Mommy."

I could feel her hand between my thighs as she grabbed the warm heavy bulge in the makeshift plastic panties down there. "My, my, no fly. Isn't that so?"

"Yeth, Mommy."

"Without a fly, you must be Mommy's little baby girl."

That seemed stupid. Plastic pants don't have a fly. I didn't want another paddling. "Yeth, Mommy."

"Mommy will dress you as my little baby girl."

I didn't like this, but thought I had better. "Yeth, Mommy."

"Little baby girls have looser skirts so Mommy can easily check and change their diapers."

"Yeth, Mommy."

Her hand went between my legs again and up against my plastic pants. Her hand squeezed the bulging plastic around the warm damp diapers. "Damp; but not wet. Your diaper doesn't need changing yet."

"Yeth, Mommy."

"You are going to be a good little baby girl and keep dribbling in your warm damp diaper?"

"Yeth, Mommy."

Her other hand reached around my front and squeezed the bulge there of the warm plastic around my damp diapers. "Time for little baby to be in her crib."

"Yeth, Mommy." I dribbled in retaliation.

After she had me tethered to the bed frame and went out the door I rolled over on my pillow and had a nice orgasm in my warm wet diaper.

She returned. "I found your stories and pictures on your computer. Don't deny it."

I blushed.

She grinned. "So, dribble into your diedees like a little one or two year old, and enjoy it."

I did. I have liked a warm damp or wet diaper ever since then.

Two days later she said. "Here is what we are going to do. From now on you will be in diapers. No walking around. You may only toddle on your knees, or crawl on all fours, until I decide otherwise. Your restraints will assure your compliance while the medications take over making you as obedient, docile, and submissive as a little one year old infant baby girl. Actually, you have no choice. Your food has been medicated for the past few days."

I thought *you can't do this to me*. I realized *she already had*.

"I won't tolerate disobedience. No wailing." She fetched that wooden paddle with the flat end covered with sandpaper. "This will quickly redden your bottom, and reduce you to a blubbering, crying, whimpering, little wretch. For more serious offenses I have ordered electric shock equipment which will hurt big time. You get it?" She didn't wait. "Good; now that is settled." She grasped my right wrist and held it firmly as she put a band on it. Then the other wrist. A small wiffle ball went in each hand, and she wrapped my fingers around it with medical tape which kept my fingers curled around that ball. She put my bound hands in oversized pink mittens, held those in place with a built in band at my wrists, and locked both of those bands with small padlocks. "Your hands are as helpless as you are. No feeding yourself."

She applied bands to my ankles with a bar. "Your medications let me do that."

She gently pinched my cheek. "Oh; you are so cute. I'll train you to be docile too. Spread your knees." She wrapped a hand around the plastic bulge over my thick cloth diapers. "See. Dry. You will become warm, damp, and not yet soaked enough to leak. Go ahead piddle and maybe poop. Enjoy it all." She grinned. "Such a helpless little

baby girl in diapers.”

Poop in my diaper did not become erotic for me. I discovered a warm wet diaper would usually bring my private toy quite erect and ready for fun.

She said. “Bring your private toy up and we can play after lunch.” She had me crawl out into the hall, down the stairs, through the living room and dining room, and into the kitchen.

“See. I even found you a baby chair.” She helped me into an adult sized baby style chair where my wrists were held down in my lap by a strap from the rung between the legs. She connected my ankle bands to the chair legs.

I came to hate her spoon and bottle feeding me. There would be nothing to chew after she ran my food through a blender with lots of water. The difference between spoon-fed food and bottle-fed food depended on how much water had been added.

She had me held firmly in place. “Now, remember dearie; baby’s don’t talk to their Doctors. Mommies talk to baby’s Doctors. A special pediatrician will visit.”

She gently pinched my nose. When I opened my mouth to breath, she put a pacifier in my mouth, tied it in place with straps around my head, and left me in that chair as she puttered around the kitchen talking to herself. I found that the pressure on my bottom of sitting in that chair prevented me from wetting my diaper.

A knock at the front door interrupted her. She trotted away. On her return she introduced us. “This is Dr. Korinthia as the pediatrician for my adult baby.”

Her clothes managed to make her look weird. So did her smile. “How is baby skookums today? Let’s check your diaper, shall we?” She slid a hand between my thighs as she wrapped her fingers around my warm, damp bulge. She massaged the bulge which brought up my private toy. “What medications have you been using?”

Mommy provided a list.

“Mmmm. Not bad. Do you like being in control?”

“Oh, yes.”

“Good. Have you selected your baby’s name? Mommies do that. Let’s get her on the floor where I can examine her. Better; on a table. Here; I’ll help.”

When they lifted me out of that chair, I made a warm wet stream into my diaper in retaliation.

They quickly had me on a pad on the floor. My wrists were linked to chains holding my hands out from my head. My ankles were held apart by that bar.

Dr. Korinthia had a guy’s voice although dressed like a woman doctor. She massaged my warm damp bulge raising a stiff erection. “Good girl. Let’s see what your special toy is doing.” She pulled my makeshift plastic panties down a little and unpinned the warm wet diaper on one side. She brought me off and collected the results. She took urine, stool, saliva, and blood samples. “We’ll see how strong the medications are in the blood. Have you decided whether you like being in control?”

“Oh yes,” my wife said. “Everything but a smelly dirty diaper.”

Dr. Korinthia grinned as she repinned my diapers. They had new adult sized plastic panties which they drew up my legs and over my wet diapers. “Oh we have something to help with that.” They went out of my sight for several minutes. “Good; That’s decided.” She chuckled as she massaged the bulge in my plastic panties. “My, my, no fly. You must be Mommy’s little baby girl.”

I had tired of their referring to the lack of a fly. Plastic panties don’t have those.

She held up two black looking things. “These are your butt plug. Mommy will pump your rectum 3 or 4 times a day perhaps at your diaper changes.” She held up a hypodermic needle. “This will put you out as a light general anesthetic. Inserting the inner plug can be painful.” She showed me the thin outer one. The wide inner one would slide in the first one with a heavy layer of lubricant.

She gave me a shot in my arm. I went out in seconds.

When I came to they had my wet diaper off of me and a fresh dry thick cloth one under me.

Dr. Korinthia installed a chastity device with a ring behind my balls, and a curving clear plastic tube locked to it. “With this you can have orgasms in your head, but can’t raise an erection. This keeps you pointed at the center of your diaper preventing any squirting and leaking at the hem of your plastic panties. Mommy will decide when you can have an erection. That is, after you are completely subdued by the medications.” She slid a catheter in me and cut it to the length of the clear plastic tube. She held up a rubber bulb. “We will fill your bladder with muscle relaxant. The catheter comes out when you have lost all control.”

She admired the bulge in my plastic pants. “Now for your new name. That and a registration number will be tattooed inside your diaper area. What have you selected?”

My wife said. “Susan, called Susie.”

“Oh, Susie is such a nice cute name for a submissive little girl.” She pinched my cheek. “If you escape, that registration number will be discovered by the police or a hospital. In short, don’t even think about it. Your Mommy has complete control of you the same as a little toddler.” She removed my pacifier. “Say ‘yeth, Mommy’.”

I said. “I don’t like this.”

The Doctor said. “Ah, well, you have no choice. Let’s try again, and if you won’t, I’ll give you an electric shock treatment. Those are very painful. Ready? Say ‘yeth, Mommy’.” Both she and Mommy glared at me.

I thought I had better. “Yeth, Mommy.”

“Good girl.” She held up a plastic tube and showed Mommy how to insert it into the butt plug. She connected a pump. “The collection bag can take quite a lot. Keep pumping until it turns watery.” That tube came out and she held up another. “Read the list of medications. We insert those. The wateryness in there helps dissolve those for better absorption.”

They did. They put in thirty pills, slid the tube into me, and used a clear plastic rod pushing all that in.

“Good little baby girl.” The catheter leaked a little which dribbled down the inside of my thighs into my new thick cloth diaper spread under my butt. They lifted my legs and used diaper cream on me down there followed by baby powder. “The powder has a fragrance for mommies.” They pinned my new diaper tightly in place and drew my new plastic panties over that thickness.

The Doctor repeated what Mommy had already said. “The bar on your ankles means you can only crawl or toddle on your knees. The bar on your wrists keeps you from doing anything, such as feeding yourself. You are completely helpless and dependent on your Mommy for everything. Say ‘yeth, Mommy’.” She glared at me.

That glare told me I had better. “Yeth, Mommy.”

“Good little girl. Up on your knees and toddle to Mommy.” When I arrived in front of her I gazed up at her face.

“Very good little Susie. Lick Mommy’s bellybutton.”

I did as she unbuttoned her blouse. She removed her blouse and bra. We lay down side by side and I suckled.

“You can teach her clit licking and cock sucking in the fullness of time. A bassinet will arrive shortly.”

Mommy put on her bra and blouse, and me in a baby style pink dress with several petticoats that barely covered my plastic bulge between my legs. She pinched my nose for me to open my mouth for her to put that pacifier back in.

“Are you expressing any milk?”

“Not yet, but I plan to.”

“Good. You will like the hormones that generates in you.”

Another car arrived outside, and two people entered. I thought one of them could be a boy under her wig and inside her baby dress. A chain dangled from under her skirt to her ankle chain and kept it up off of the floor. I found out later that kept her from tripping over her ankle chain. The other one asked. “May I see the documentation; her permission.”

Mommy removed a folded up set of papers from her handbag. I had forgotten about signing that. Or perhaps she had signed for me.

“Very well. Such a cute little baby.” She pinched my cheek gently. “During your initial treatment you will be completely submissive and obedient.” She removed the pacifier. “Say ‘yeth Mommy’, or else.”

They frightened me. “Yeth, Mommy.”

“You have Doctor’s orders?”

“Of course.” Mommy handed her a few sheets of paper.

“You’re not wasting any time, are you?”

“Not hardly. Can we get started?”

“Of course. Follow me.” They put the pacifier in my mouth, and tied it in place.

They assembled an adult sized baby bassinet upstairs. Up there the three of them picked me up and secured me to that bassinet.

Dr. Korinthia said. “Your formula is designed for nutrition, medication, and making you thirsty so you have lots for your diaper.” They hung a plastic bag on a stand connected to the bassinet, and had a tube from it to my pacifier. I sucked. They adjusted a valve. I kept sucking small amounts as I dribbled into my damp diaper.

They numbed each of my breasts near the areolas, gave each a shot with a hypodermic needle, and put a trainer bra on me with medicated pads. They gave me shots in my thighs which hurt. They spent hours removing my armpit hairs, my facial hairs, my pubic hairs, and tattooing my new name of Susie and a registration number on the right side of my frontal diaper area. They had my diapers down for all that with a catheter dribbling into a thick cloth pad under me.

Mommy leaned over me. “You understand I have complete control.” She removed the pacifier. “Say ‘yeth, Mommy’.”

“Yeth, Mommy.”

“Good girl.” She put the pacifier in my mouth, tied it in place, and connected it to that tube from the bag of fluid. I sucked down more formula and dribbled on the inside of my thighs which went onto my cold evaporating diaper.

They pumped out my rectum and pushed in another thirty pills.

Mommy examined the new tattoos. “Very good. Your Susie name is official now. Nap time.”

They pinned my cold damp diaper back on me and pulled my plastic pants over it. They gave me a nose full of something putting me out, or to sleep. When I woke up my cold damp diaper had become my warm wet diaper.

They held me on my back in that basinet for three days as they gave me medications. I became numb in various places. I hated Dr. Korinthia.

In the middle of the morning Mommy pinched my cheek but didn’t gentle me. She held up a baby style bottle with an adult sized nipple on it. The contents were off-white. “This continues your bottle feeding routine.” She removed the pacifier, and put the nipple of that bottle in my mouth.

It tasted sweet and delicious.

She reinserted that pacifier, and said. “Good; huh?”

I hated the way she used that ‘huh?’ word as a question, but couldn’t say so with



that feeding pacifier in my mouth.

She massaged my warm wet bulge. "Too bad about that chastity device. We can do something about that a little later."

A nurse came in. "Think she is ready."

"Not quite. I want her to learn being over the laps of others as they have their hand on her bottom from the back for checking her diaper. Humiliation, submission, and that sort of thing."

The nurse said. "We recommend having your new friends do that here at home. More embarrassing and humiliating that way."

"OK. Then I guess we are ready. Have those clothes arrived?"

"Oh, yes." The nurse brought out a collection of onesies, baby dresses, and adult sized baby girl's dresses with short skirts. Mommy chose several.

They added medicated pads to my bra and a chain and a bar to my ankle bands before lifting me out making my numb hurts flair up. Mommy led me downstairs where there were several women waiting in the living room which surprised me.

My wife said. "This is my new baby girl named Susie."

One of the women said. "Come here Susie. I want to check your diaper."

My wife said. "Be a good girl. Go on." She held up that paddle with the sandpaper for all to see.

I blushed.

That woman patted her lap. When I lay across her lap I felt her hand between my thighs, and around the bulge from in back. "Oh, such a little baby. Warm and damp." Mommy gave her a small baby bottle of medicated formula with an adult sized nipple. I sucked it down before being passed to another woman where this became a repetitive process along with such words as "cute", "submissive", "docile", "obedient", and "helpless". One of the women with a round face didn't participate, but I didn't know why.

Mommy put a pacifier in my mouth and strapped it in place with bands around my head. She had me toddle on my knees in a circle before all these women sitting in chairs. Mommy and all of them were part of a special group. They all kept adult babies, and called each other "Aunt". They talked about whether to have a party of parents and their diapered sissies the next weekend or the weekend following. Aunt Betsy would host that party.

Mommy unbuttoned one of the buttons in the back of my dress. She clipped a dog leash to the D ring in the back of my bra. "Crawl around, my little pet."

As I crawled around the women made humiliating comments about my being Mommy's little sex pet. I hated that.

Mommy had me up on my knees as she showed how my skirt could be buttoned a little higher so my bulging plastic panties peeped out at the bottom. And higher

exposed most of my bulging panties to being viewed. "Keep crawling."

I felt the hand of each of the women between my thighs again. They checked the bulge in my diaper with a hand from behind me as they made more humiliating little comments.

I blushed.

A delivery truck arrived out front. The women all helped bring in a big box and set up a round playpen. It opened in one place where Mommy unlatched the opening and had me crawl in. Once inside, she connected the leash to a fancy device in the bottom. She told me to sit, which I did with my bulging plastic in full view of everyone.

She held the nipple of a bottle in my mouth. She squeezed the bottle pushing formula in my mouth as I sucked it down. That put me out cold.

When I came to all of those women were gone.

Mommy checked my diaper. "Nice, warm, and wet, but not yet soaked and leaking." She released the leash from the bottom of the playpen. "OK, kiddo, crawl out."

As I crawled up the stairs with her holding that leash she said. "Remember; my interest is in my own pleasure. I don't really care all that much in yours."

Crazy. Her comment made my special toy grow and strain against the chastity device down there.

The small bedroom had previously been converted into a nursery for me. The bureau now had little girl things on it of dolls and girly teddy bears. The wooden crib had been removed and replaced with a steel cage. The bassinet had been disassembled.

She tugged on that leash for me to crawl to that cage. "This is your new crib where you can be safely left to enjoy your diaper. Yes, it locks so Mommy can go about her day. Get in, or else." The side swung open completely as two gates.

I did, with her giving me a boost on my thick, warm, wet bottom.

The two gates locked, but were so loose they rattled. Mommy secured the gates at the top and bottom with handcuffs which threaded through the gates and the frame. The top had bars. I could not get out on my own. I shivered at the thought of being confined in here as the house burned down.

She wrapped her hand around my plastic bulge in front. "Warm and wet but not yet soaked. With all that fluid you should be soaked by now. Oh well. Piddle away, little Susie. Enjoy it."

Later she had me on my back and chained in place. She hung a bag of off-white fluid high up on the crib side, pushed a tube from it into my feeding pacifier, and adjusted the valve. When the bag had been emptied she added a cup of yellowish fluid to it. I hadn't sucked much of that down when I passed out.

It had turned dark outside when I woke up. My diaper had been changed, and I could toddle around inside the crib as I wet.

I fell on my pillow face down and had a good orgasm in my warm damp diaper.

I hadn't fully recovered when Mommy flipped on the light. "So. You think you had a good orgasm? Huh? You have no idea. On your back."

I rolled onto my back with my head on my pillow.

She chained me there, pulled my plastic panties down a little, unpinned my warm damp cloth diaper on one side, and removed that chastity device. She had a squeeze tube of something which she spread on my limp special toy. It didn't stay limp for long as she stroked me down there.

I had another orgasm squirting on my lower belly.

She did that again several times until I almost passed out. I could feel the build up of fluid, and then the large volume that came out. "See; you didn't know being such a simpleton. So passive."

She lifted my ankles by a rope and pulley, pulled my plastic panties all the way up my legs to my ankles, and completely unpinned my diaper. That exposed my butt plug to her examination. She pumped me out until the results turned watery, and pushed those thirty pills in down there. "Such a helpless little baby girl." She put me back together, and hooked up a small bottle of formula to a tube to my pacifier. When I had sucked all that down she tested my temperature with her hand on my forehead. "Nighty; night. Wet my little dearie so you can enjoy it."

The next morning she brought me off multiple times that way again, and put me in a fresh dry diaper. When I had sucked the bag of clear formula down, she gave me a baby bottle of off-white stuff. It tasted sweet and delicious, and knocked me out.

A heavy rain outside woke me up. Mommy had replaced an audio system based on a baby's crying which my pacifier prevented me from doing, with a remote sensing device that knew when I moved in my crib-cage. She arrived and put her hand through the bars, and around my warm heavy bulge. "Wet, of course." She changed me, and pushed those pills in me. "Little one; I'm going to let you toddle all over the house this morning. Dribble and explore away. With that heavy rain you won't be going outside."

I quickly discovered all the exterior door locks had been changed requiring a key on the inside as well as the outside. I couldn't escape.

Mommy had me crawl to her bedroom which had been our bedroom.

After she had me sit on the bed, she sat at her dressing table wearing only her bra and panties. She cleaned the skin of her face in a way that emphasized my almost seeing her hot spots which brought my special toy up. She removed her bra while sitting down and massaged her breasts, and removed her panties when she stood up. "Mommy needs little baby's attention."

She removed my pacifier and bra, we kissed, and then she breast-fed me as she massaged my warm damp bulge in my plastic pants. She had me on my back, pulled my plastic pants and diaper down a little, removed that chastity device, and climbed on top wrapping her juicy self around my erect self. She controlled the movement until she decided we would roll over. I humped bringing me to a high volume orgasm. I felt her heart pounding in her chest from her having made a good opportunity for herself.

She spent twenty minutes in her recovery before pulling my diidees and plastic panties back up and in place.

She said. "Little one; into your most infantile baby girl dress." It had been made with big pink buttons at the shoulders so she could put it on me and take it off of me without releasing my hands and wrists. She buttoned the skirt as high as possible revealing my bulging plastic panties. She chained my ankles without that bar which had kept me from walking upright. "Today we allow you to walk. Go downstairs."

Downstairs she put me in the playpen sitting up with a leash connecting my bra in back to the attachment in the floor of the crib.

She went into the kitchen humming, singing, and talking to herself until interrupted by a knock at the front door.

"Oh, hello, Vivian."

Vivian wore clothing that would be hard to make more revealing. "So this is your big little baby girl. You told me you have one."

Mommy said. "Yes. Completely passive, submissive, docile, and obedient from the medications and restraints. Not yet fully trained."

"A lesbian friend has made her partner into her slave. Can she be bred here?"

"Not hot direct intercourse as I'm not set up for treating STDs. We can do artificial insemination if she is held down so I can enjoy the show."

Two women arrived later. One led the other by a chain who had padded stainless steel bands at her neck, chained wrists, and chained ankles. A gag prevented the second one from speaking. "Lie down." They spread-eagled her in place in the kitchen with chains to her neck, wrists, and waist. They pulled up her skirt, cut off her panties, and stimulated her clit until she became wet down there.

They chained me down on my back, pulled my plastic panties down a little, unpinned one side of my damp diaper, and removed the chastity device. With that preparation, they recovered five orgasms from me which made for a large volume.

That went involuntarily into the submissive woman which made for too much juice. They applied a thick disposable diaper on her for keeping the leakage under control. They put me in that chastity device, that cold damp diaper, and my plastic panties. They strapped me into the baby style chair in the kitchen, and with the pacifier.

When those two departed Vivian made seductive moves especially swaying at her hips. Mommy led Vivian upstairs where they made mattress creaking sounds. I heard the toilet flush twice.

They returned to the kitchen in bathrobes. Mommy put an arm around Vivian's waist and reached inside the bathrobe for a little stimulation. Vivian moaned.

Mommy announced. "Lucky docile baby. You have two Mommies now. They yeth Mommy." She removed the pacifier.

I responded. "Yeth Mommy."

Mommy said. "Good girl. Vivian thinks we can stop the leaking in your crib with a vinyl skirt." They had fun preparing dinner together. After dinner they put me in the crib upstairs, changed my diaper, and chained me flat on my back for the night with a feeding tube from a bag of fluid.

A few days later vinyl skirts arrived by package delivery. They immediately put me in one, and had me in the playpen with a tether to the attachment point. They went shopping and returned with two aluminum bars with flattened ends with a hole in the flat. Those were attached by the locks at the bands on my wrists and ankles. Wiffle balls went into my fingers and with medical tape holding all that together plus pink leather mittens.

Vivian said. "Big infant baby girl can't walk. With those bars you can only crawl on all fours or toddle on your knees. No rust; no bending; and you can be left that way as long as we want. Say yeth Mommy that we have complete control over you."

"Yeth mommy." Which they did. They kept me that way for weeks. I enjoyed the soaking wet diapers inside the vinyl skirts with an orgasm about every two hours.

They changed tactics a few weeks later after keeping me so helpless. They removed those bars and dressed me in a blue pleated skirt and a white blouse decorated with colorful flowers. They put low blue shoes on my feet they called flats. They handcuffed my right wrist to Vivian's left wrist who led me outdoors. We walked around the neighborhood that way. I feared being embarrassed by the handcuffs, but we did not meet anyone else.

At home Vivian led me into the kitchen where my wife waited with a weird grin. They unlocked the handcuffs from Vivian, but handcuffed my wrists together. "Say 'yeth mommy' you will do what we say."

I did. "Yeth mommy."

"Good. You will now be our big girl, except we control you at all times through your diapers." She cocked an eyebrow.

"Yeth, mommy." I wet in retaliation. I wanted to lie down for an orgasm.

She completely removed my blouse and bra. "Nice breast buds." She twirled my nipples. Both of them liked that.

Vivian had a funny garment in her hands. They put that on me as a corset with padding over my breasts. The pop fasteners in it had been replaced with little twists. My masculine arms could not reach that far up my back. Flaps came together in front of the bulge in my plastic pants. Those too had pop snaps, without the locks, but each flap had four reinforcing grommets which they secured with small padlocks. "This prevents your removing your diapers. No matter what, you have to have us change you."

*Ah, I thought, they are controlling me through my diapers.* "Yeth, mommy." I wet as much as I could in retaliation, which wasn't much, and made a lump.

Vivian pointed at my baby chair. "Sit."

I asked. "May I say something?"

Mommy growled. "What?"

"Sitting could squish a lump. You want that?"

Vivian had a hand up the back of my skirt, and found that lump. "Such a little infant baby girl making a gift for your mommies. You did that on purpose, you little imp, didn't you? It is time."

*Time for what?* I asked my self as I shivered in fright, but didn't say out loud.

Mommy pulled on my hair tilting my head back as she had a hand on my back. "You get it, stupid. You do what you are told, and no funny business. You behave. Got that?"

"Yeth, mommy."

"Good" she said. "Upstairs with you." She held both my wrists as Vivian handcuffed me in back. Mommy held the chain on the handcuffs making this into marching me upstairs. They put me face down over the edge of my mattress as they played with that lump in my damp diaper, and made disparaging comments about me.

They chained my ankles, released my wrists from those handcuffs, swiveled and moved me around to where my back lay flat on the mattress. My wrists went into locking bands and those were clipped to straps. They raised my ankles way up and clipped those to straps holding my feet way up there and my butt off the mattress. They unlocked the flaps of that corset, pulled my plastic pants way up, removed my disposable diaper, cleaned my bottom, applied diaper cream, put me in a thick disposable with extra padding and a huge blob of diaper cream, and pinned a thick cloth diaper over that disposable. Down came the plastic pants over all that diapering. The thickness of my diapers made them struggle with the flaps of that corset thing, but they managed. All that thickness at my bottom could make we walk funny. My special toy enjoyed that huge blob of cream. I had multiple orgasms in that.

Vivian leaned over me with a finger on my nose. "You behave now, you hear? That corset has a GPS device built in for knowing where you are at all times." They added a white blouse decorated with colorful flowers, and a blue pleated skirt.

"Yeth, mommy." I did walk funny with all that bulk between my thighs and a chain at my ankles.

Downstairs they surprised me by having me feed myself for lunch with toasted ham and cheese sandwiches, and sweetened iced tea. They surprised me again by telling me they had found a paying job for me. The next day they drove all three of us to a light industrial area with a business called Blue Star.

The owner of Blue Star intimidated me by his gruff demeanor.

My Mommies reminded him that they had told him that I had a low voice.

He answered. "I don't care about that voice. What I do care about is all day phone duty. You told me she wears diapers and can sit without going to the restroom. Is that true?"

Mommy affirmed that. One or both of my Mommies would bring me to work and

pick me up. Or send a taxi if necessary. They had brought a paper bag of sandwiches and chips as snacks and a little ice cooler with several cans of soda pop.

He told me where to sit which I did. Vivian put a broad band around my waist and the back of that chair. She locked it in place.

I felt lucky they didn't chain my ankles, but that could cause noise.

He chuckled at that band. All he wanted me to do would be to answer the phone as "Blue Star", and log in whoever called, and what they said.

All three of them departed.

I wet my diaper.

The calls came from drivers of big tractor trucks with semi-trailers, and customers who wanted a truck to come to them and take cargo.

The log he provided showed where many of his trucks were located. Within a few days, my record keeping had the locations of all of his trucks. He told me he liked that. He provided a list in descending order of which truck and crew to call for the next load.

As this continued, I added more information to the log of calls, such as where each inbound truck had been and what it had carried. He didn't tell me to do that. It seemed natural to me. He told me he liked that.

About ten days or two weeks later they stopped strapping me in that chair, and I had three or so orgasms a day in my damp or wet diaper on the office sofa. I could tell the sound of his pick-up truck when he arrived. He never caught me humping a pillow.

He always locked the door to his office. I wondered about that but never asked. One day he asked me to come into his office. He had a desk, a few chairs, and several tall filing cabinets. He handed me a stack of papers and told me to go back outside and edit it. His grammar and sentence structure could only be described as awful. The stack read as an application to the SBA for a small business loan for buying a refuse trash truck company. He planned on buying a fleet of new trucks replacing the current ones that broke down too frequently. He would have them all painted royal blue.

They approved it. He bought out the company called Uncle Jerry. The number of calls jumped.

He applied for more SBA loans for more tractor-trailer trucks with huge sleeper cabs. His fleet grew.

I asked my Mommies if I could change my own diapers during the day. The poop squishing against my skin caused rashes.

"NO", they emphatically said. They applied more diaper cream down there.

I slowly became better at holding my poop until arriving home in the evening when I would ask for potty training. They always said "no". I would poop when over a lap for a diaper check. They would remove my clothes and that corset thing, change me with my ankles held overhead, chain my ankles, dress me only in a t-shirt above my diapers and plastic pants, and strap me in the mock high chair. In that attire they teased

me about my nipples on my growing breasts which would protrude inside my t-shirt.

Weeks later about ten in the morning several men came through the front door at Blue Star led by a guy in a police uniform. They flashed police IDs at me none of which I understood. They flashed a search warrant, but I resisted and wanted to see it and read it more closely. They wrote out a copy from the log I made of the truck arrivals and departures which seemed tedious to me. They departed all at once.

Near the end of the working day the boss arrived.

I told him. "The police have been here."

He bolted for the door, but so did the police waiting outside. They caught him in the big parking lot, wrestled him into a hammerlock, handcuffed his wrists behind him, and gave him a Miranda warning. They marched him away to a police patrol car.

I wet my diaper as my reaction to all this, and called both phone numbers I had for Vivian and Mommy. I reached Mommy first. They arrived together so fast they must have seriously broken the speed limits. Vivian called a friend to find out the boss had been charged as the king pin in a massive illegal drug distribution scheme using those big cabs of the tractor-trailer trucks for delivering large amounts of opiate and other illegal drugs while they picked up and dropped off legal freight cargos. He went to jail as no bond had been set, and then to prison for a long sentence.

The phone rang. I logged in the call, and called the police with that information. Mommy, Vivian, and I went through the boss' office that evening before the police returned the next day and did the same. We found his bank website for his business account, user name, and password. We found a big 44 caliber revolver which I kept. Vivian bought a huge red shiny plastic shoulder bag at Salvation Army. I used that for carrying that revolver under fresh clean dry disposable diapers and diapering supplies.

The police returned, and told me to keep two logs now with one for them. They said they would not arrest me as long as I kept providing them that information. Instead, I used my new found authority over the business checking account for buying a photocopier/scanner for making that second copy. They had me in charge of that business. They told me I had better have a new driver's license with my new name and feminine image. Vivian drove me for two visits to the Courthouse for the name change. The judges terrified me. With the court order for my new name in my hand, Mommy drove me to the Department of Motor Vehicles for my new driver's license with my new name and image. It still said "M" for male. I enjoyed wetting my diaper while waiting in all those places.

My Mommies reasserted their control over me by installing a thin steel cable through the office and chaining my ankles to it. They removed the chains for fire safety. The cable remained as an every present threat.

I asked to be called a big girl now that I had hormone induced feminine breasts.

"No" they said. I would remain their hopeless, helpless, obedient, docile, submissive, little baby girl kept that way by their medications in my infant formula, and their control of me by my diapers. They kept up their put-down of me and the baby girl talk. I liked the orgasms on my own in my wet diapers and with their manipulating my special toy. We had mock breast feeding sessions of two of us at the same time on the third. That became not completely mock.



The trucking business declined as customers were arrested for their participation in the drug distributions. A local bribery scandal in the trash collection business sent much more of that business and laid-off truck drivers to Blue Star.

One day I had to poop at the office. That hurt pushing out that butt plug. I called Mommy and Vivian. Vivian arrived, had me hold my ankles by my hands, removed that diaper, cleaned my butt, and put a new diaper on me. She washed that butt plug in the office restroom, and took it home. They never put it in me again.

Mommy lost her job and came to work at Blue Star. She chained my ankles to that cable. She went out front to log in truck arrivals and departures. By her presence she stopped my having any orgasms at the office. I retaliated by pooping in my damp or wet diapers during the day which she had to change. She bottle fed me there too, with their special formulas for my chemical confinement, and made sure I drank lots of fluids. She made marketing visits and signed up numerous new customers for the big tractor-trailer trucks. Vivian had us move the operation to a truck repair facility she found and leased with credits for a purchase. She ran it with an iron fisted authority.

At the end of the work day they handcuffed me. They stripped me of my adult clothes the first thing when we arrived home in the evening leaving me in my toddler t-shirt, wet diaper, and plastic panties. They confined me in the high chair in the kitchen as they prepared dinner. While I remained immobilized in that baby style chair, they applied girly pink bands to my wrists and ankles. I wet in retaliation using all the fluids from during the day and frequently leaked on the chair seat. After dinner they had me crawl on all fours as they made disparaging comments about my cute baby bulging bottom as seen from above and behind me.

After that they changed me, chained one of my ankle bands to the bedframe, and we spent hours kissing, sucking, licking, stimulating, and finally going all the way multiple times. They used a papaverine preparation for bringing my Special Toy up again quickly. After they locked me in my crib-cage for the night, I wet my diaper and had more orgasms during the night.

We became too busy with the business. They unchained me from the cable allowing me, too, to go outside for arriving and departing trucks. For that I stopped pooping during the day as much as I could.

Mommy and Vivian had quite a row one weekend arguing over whether to make mash potatoes from real potatoes or from a mix. That seemed silly to me for them to fight over. They went at it in a big way. After that, they would only speak to each other through me. Other than that diaper thing, restraints, and those medications, that put me in charge. Lust drove them back together.

A fire erupted in a furniture and cabinetry plant in the industrial complex. Vivian and her mechanics ran over there to help. Mommy and I stood outside our office watching as I took her hand. She squeezed back. Words would not have helped. We had made ourselves special again to each other.

I moved the business to a new Blue Star organization with myself in charge. For that Mommy and Vivian called me their omnipotent infant. In diapers, of course.