

Laura

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Chapter 21 - The Gathering

Just as soon as we returned home Laura removed our fabulous jackets, skirts, and blouses we had bought at Nordstrom late that morning. “No, lying down, Mindy, for your change. No messing up your new hair style the first day. Now, bend over the edge of the mattress.”

I barely kept my newly dyed and arranged blond hair out of my face as I lay over the mattress. Laura pulled my costume hips and plastic pants down to my ankles which felt like bondage. She removed that thick disposable wet diaper and put me in two new regular ones after slitting the plastic backing of the inner one.

My breasts hurt and hers must have been by the time we lay down in bed together and suckled each other.

For lunch she put me in a yellow baby-girl style dress. That barely covered the bulge in my plastic pants between my legs when I looked at my front in a mirror. From behind when I bent forward the plastic bulge between my legs was visible.

We attended to business in the office that afternoon. One of her customers needed an emergency delivery, but we sent a taxi instead of risking messing up our appearances.

In the late afternoon we suckled each other again and took a brief nap. We were both antsy during dinner. Finally she changed my diaper again with three disposables for the evening. She sat us down side by side at her dressing table, and refreshed the makeup on our cheeks and our lipstick. She used a little make-up base on my forehead and chin. Then she redressed both of us. We both looked the best ever, but she was right that in the mirror I looked better.

She drove while I navigated to a twenty year old brick motif townhouse in Towson on the north side of the City.

Inside the front door we were greeted by someone in little girl clothes with a name tag reading ‘Madison’. “You both appear so fabulous I have to ask. Which one of you is the submissive?”

Laura and I exchanged a glance before Laura spoke. "That's my partner Mindy."

Madison raised her eyebrows just like a girl as she tilted her head. "Did you bring restraints?"

That's when I noticed her voice was too close to call whether she was a man or a woman in that outfit. Only an experienced fetishist could tell her bottom was padded with a diaper.

I scowled slightly. "I'd really rather not."

"Aw. C'mon." She moved an ankle tinkling her chain. "It's just part of the costume for fun this evening."

Laura put a hand in her purse. "I did. Sorry, Mindy, but that's part of the scene. Give me your wrists like a good little submissive."

I pulled my hands away and twisted myself for being even further out of reach.

Laura glared. "I'll smack you."

I relented with a blush as Laura ratcheted those handcuffs on me.

We went downstairs into a fully finished basement.

I leaned into Laura. "Make your own drink. I wonder how far they might go."

She frowned at me. "Spoil sport."

I spoke in a very low whisper. "OK. You're the real woman. They might knock you out; take you in back; molest you or worse. You so sure?"

She made a mock vampire bite at me as she gave me a half-hearted swat on my diapered butt. "Maybe you're right." She hooked a finger in the chain of my 'cuffs and towed me to the bar.

The bartender was a woman in a gladiator costume with lots of leather. But that motif fit a BDSM scene, but not so much a diaper fetish party. She was shaking a drink mixer, but when she put it down she called out. "Hey, Corinthia." When everyone else was watching the stairs for Corinthia that BDSM bartender shot something from a small squeeze bottle into that shaker.

'Aw oh' I thought. I reached for a pair of glasses for making non-alcoholic drinks for Laura and myself. The gladiator tried shoving me aside, but I shoved back. "I'm mixing my own, thanks." I wondered what might be in the ice. Instead I poured two glasses of tap temperature water. I whispered to Laura. "Go someplace quiet; I need

to talk.”

Laura led the way down the hall. In a room back there were BDSM dungeon fixtures. Her voice expressed her annoyance. “What?”

I explained what I had seen and why I hadn’t used any of the ice from the bar top bucket. “You’d better take the handcuffs off.”

Laura glared at me.

“Serious. You’d better.”

Laura did. When we returned to the main room she went to the refrigerator and added ice to our glasses from the ice maker.

Corinthia made a complete round of the room making familiar comments with the doms and cute demeaning comments about the subs. She felt, grasped, or smacked bulging bottoms and managed a few pinched cheek as well. I overheard her selling medications in an under the counter sort of way. She had breast and lactation supplements plus chastity devices and ways to discourage or enhance erections and orgasms. She didn’t sound quite right to me. As Corinthia was talking to another person near Laura, Laura glanced at me. I shook my head for no, and Laura avoided Corinthia.

Corinthia collected a dom and a sub taking them in back. At that Laura caught my eye and wagged her head for no.

The BDSM gladiator had shackles and leather restraints for sale.

More people arrived. Laura went to a woman in slacks and a blouse.

I went to a person with a guy looking face, and in a baby style dress. “Hi, I’m Mindy. What’s this party all about?”

He opened his mouth, but a tall woman interrupted. “Hey. Let’s do a demo. Come here.”

He gave me an ‘I’m sorry’ expression and went to with her.

I took a sip of ice water wondering whether I dared wet myself.

She put him face down over a padded table exposing his bulging plastic pants to view. She had one hand holding down his upper back with her other hand wrapped around his plastic bulge from behind. “Just damp; not yet.” But she didn’t release him. Several people came by putting a hand around his glossy bulge. Their cute comments had him blushing.

“Oh, my, what a baby.”

“Good thing your Dommy Mommy changed you.”

“Gonna poop for me?”

“What brand?”

When she let him up she was handed a bottle with a nipple. She led him to a sofa, she sat down, and had him resting sideways with his head in her lap. She held that bottle to his mouth.

Someone in a romper over a bulging bottom suggesting being in thick diapers moved into the center of the room. After clapping for everyone’s attention the voice sounded feminine. “Welcome everyone. Entertainment tonight is story telling. Tell us your most erotic fantasies. This is as fiction not as anybody would act out. Mike; you first.”

Mike read a story of a wife challenging her husband on his fantasies. They made a bet he couldn’t stay in diapers for a thirty day vacation from work. They bought a steel crib, restraints, shackles, and other adult nursery equipment. The first few nights went well as he enjoyed frequent orgasms in his damp or wet diapers day and night. Then she brought in her friend from her secret lesbian relationship. Now he had two Mommies, and they kept him in diapers and restrained way past the agreed upon month. Mike called for Skyler.

Skyler was in a red shirtdress with a pleated skirt. That skirt effectively hid any diaper bulge much as mine did. She told most of her story from memory with little looking at the notes in her hand about a fictional participant named Owen. Owen was involuntarily held against his will by his wife and her secret lesbian lover. This story was as if it was an extension of the prior story. This story spent much of its time in the mechanics of changing diapers of the submissive restrained in ever more creative ways. Plus creating new methods of humiliating him.

‘Aw oh’ I thought at Laura’s paying attention to that story.

A woman in a royal blue PVC romper and matching skirt was next, but with a little bulge at the diaper area. “Hi. Welcome.” Her voice sounded genuinely feminine. “The stories are just a conversation starter. We want everyone making a few friends so we can plan another party. Does anyone have a story they just have to tell?”

A guy in a baby style short dress and a bulging bottom held up a hand. His story was about a guy who didn’t have much motivation. He drove a friend of his mother home after dinner in a snow storm. All snowed in she challenged him to why wasn’t he making good grades, or working. Why wasn’t he motivated. She suggested they take this quiet time when the deep snow closed all the roads for a lengthy discussion. From

what he discovered in those discussions he took to wearing diapers. Most of the story was about his working successes while wearing diapers full time. It was such a very good story that I wanted a copy.

The next story was about a dom and a sub visiting a country house on a hill with fabulous views through big windows. The hostess as an accomplished dom. Another guest pair arrived of lesbians. The sub was anchored over a table, wrapped in straps, and given an extensive electric shock punishment session for complete submissiveness. The subdued diapered lesbian slave was involuntarily bred by another diapered slave.

I found all that pleasantly erotic, but not something I wanted to admit. I had doubts about Laura wanting to talk about most of that. But maybe I could use this to push her for saying more about her sexual fantasies another time.

I drifted away from the story telling finding someone in a dress over a bulging butt. His face didn't look all that happy. He did look at me down and up. "Your outfit is fabulous. And your hair and makeup. Are you really a sub?"

"Full time."

"And diapers?"

"Also full time."

"You do your diapers and that makeup all by yourself?"

"No. My Dom usually changes me. We went to a beauty salon this morning and a fashions department of a big name brand store in a shopping mall after that."

"How did you get her to change you?"

"I didn't. She took me."

He gave me the strangest look.

"Seriously. She's around here somewhere. What is your biggest challenge?"

"Clothes and costumes."

"How about making your own? Judging from what I see here there must be a market for well made cross dressing outfits to go over a bulging diaper. Have you ever thought about opening a business?"

We quickly had the attention of several people who needed a way to make money. I saw Laura and waved at her but she was headed for someone else. I sent

one of the people standing around me for her to join us as I explained my idea.

When Laura arrived she scowled at me for half a minute before she got into this new idea, too.