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Laura

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Chapter 1 - The Invitation

After a sorely disappointing Christmas, and being bored most of the time, I was thinking about what would be more interesting. An entry on CraigsList Personals in Misc Romance intrigued me about experimenting with BDSM. The posting said she was a Dominatrix available for entry level play by the inexperienced. I thought about it for a week before anxiously calling on the phone.

A soft musical woman's voice answered. "Hello."

"CraigsList said a code of 169. Is this the correct number?"

Her voice was even sweeter, if possible. "Oh, yes it is. Are you calling from your own phone? I only do business with people when I know who they are. I see a name and number on my phone. Is that you?"

I felt sweaty with a dryness in my throat. "Yes."

"Are you a novice? Don't be shy about it. I want to provide you with a good experience. Go ahead and tell me."

"Yes I am. Never did anything like this before."

"Oh, good. Many first timers are interested because they are bored. Is that you? Are you bored and wanting something a little more exciting?"

I was pegged. "How should I prepare?"

"Well, the first thing about a good candidate for a wonderful roll playing experience as a sub is they are willing to be just that, submissive. The more the better. So, I wont negotiate. You either arrive at 8pm Friday after next, or I wont do this for you. Yes?"

I could feel myself tingling with fear and excitement. "Yes, ma'am. What am I to call you?"

"Laura. You arrive alone. I'm only set up for singles. This only works if you are by yourself. I want you to have a really good time, so tell no one. Two full days of fun just for you. You'll need an address. No?"

She gave me her address, and what casual clothes to wear. "GPS makes

mistakes for here, so buy one of those book maps. Turn off your cell phone and remove the battery before entering or crossing the Baltimore Beltway just for the right feelings at your arrival. Bye now. See you Friday after next.”

For the next ten days I could think of nothing else. I frequently had an orgasm at least twice a day as my fantasies went wild and crazy. I didn't tell anyone as I alternated between being too scared of any ridicule and joyful erotic fantasies.

The address was inside the Baltimore Beltway, and of course the Friday evening traffic was terrible. My anxieties spiked multiple times with one such incident almost causing a traffic accident. My feelings cycled between fear, anger, and excited anticipation. I became lost twice as the twilight faded while I tried following the map.

The house was a cute Cape Cod on a hillside a little above the street. I couldn't see much in the dusk besides the bushes out front were large, and the ones on the sides blocked the view into the backyard. As instructed I drove up the sloping driveway and parked on the flat beside a tall fence in front of a detached garage. I knocked at the kitchen side door.

The woman who opened the door was a little older than myself and maybe in her young or mid thirties. She was about my height and with a smile to die for. “Oh, hi, I'm Laura. You're late. Was the traffic bad?” She stepped aside for letting me in. “Have a seat at the table.”

The kitchen table of a natural maple wood top and white legs had three matching chairs. I sat at one.

“Hot tea or iced tea?”

“Iced.”

She had attractive auburn hair down to her jaw line with the ends curled in. “Good; that's better.”

I watched her as she busied herself at the counter facing away from me. More accurately, I watched her body as her light blue hi-lo dress swept to and fro revealing her curves.

When she turned with two glasses in her hand she paused as she picked up spoons. The bulge of her bust was just as perfect as her hips had been. She smiled at me as she came to the table and put the glasses down. “Payment, please.”

I put the envelope of cash on the table which she put in a nearby drawer. She smiled again, but she didn't count the cash.

“Your following instructions is a good sign. Yes? Now, for our program for the weekend. I'm not telling you. To make this work best you will need to be completely submissive. That's what you want to try, yes? Being completely submissive means you do what I say, and wear what I put you in. OK?”

I could feel my skin tingling and my erection growing. I nodded wondering what would happen and what bizarre things she would use on me. I felt an urge to run away, but a stronger desire to be with her kept me there.

“Good. Sign this. Let’s finish our tea.”

My head was in a whirl of excitement as I signed.

When we were finished with our tea she slid her hand under mine. Her hand felt soft, warm, and comforting. She lifted my hand as she stood up and I stood up with her.

She led the way into the living room which was pleasantly furnished with overstuffed chairs, side tables, lamps, art work of outdoor scenes, and a sofa. She continued to the stairs. She pushed on my hand for me to go up first, and she followed. “To the right.”

To the right at the top was a nice bedroom with the curtains closed over the windows. Two of the upper walls sloped inward for the Cape Cod style roof.

She took me gently by the shoulders as she turned me around facing her. She unbuttoned and removed my outer shirt making me tingle with excitement.

She pushed me a little guiding me to lie down on the bed. “Hold still. The first letter in BDSM stands for bondage, and we’ll start with that.” As she reached over me I was mesmerized with her bust inside that light dress. She gently wrapped a band around my far wrist, and then my near wrist. Both were clipped to straps from the bedframe.

She briefly massaged the bulge in my pants. “Nice to be interested, yes?”

She leaned over me and kissed my forehead. She moved to the foot of the bed where she removed my shoes and socks. “Good boy. Now for the more interesting part.” She undid my belt, and pulled my trousers and my underpants down my legs and off of me leaving me in just my t-shirt.

My face blushed with her seeing me down there.

“Aw, have a little fun.” She opened a bureau drawer and returned with a small plastic bottle. “This is my own formula with papaverine. You are in my power for pleasuring you. Relax.” She rubbed a gel from that bottle on my partial erection and worked her fingers down there. She gently dragged her finger nails across the corona ridge of my growing erection giving me electric feelings.

I could feel my excitement build. Fluids moved within me. She stopped for a moment and went back to working on my erection. Three times she almost brought me off, but paused each time.

When I came it was like nothing I had ever experienced before. The large volume was a surprise, and my orgasm was fantastic.

As I lay there almost passed out she spoke in a low soft musical voice. “That’s why I have total control. Your pleasure has to be completely dependent on me. Now just relax.”

As if I could do otherwise. As if I would want to do otherwise.

She cleaned up the sticky mess on my belly, put bands on my ankles, and

clipped those to straps from out of my sight. She went to that bureau again and returned with a large square of white cloth. "Oh dear, I made a mistake." She put down that cloth, disconnected those straps from the bed frame, and attached them to a bar above the bed I had not noticed before. She slid that large square of cloth under my butt, except it was several squares laid out on top of each other. Something was added between the layers. She powdered my flaccid penis, my bottom, and that cloth. She brought that cloth up between my legs with the two ends around my hips, and pinned them all together.

I was diapered like a little baby which made me blush again, but not so much as before.

Being careful to only release one ankle at a time she slid plastic pants over my feet and ankles, down my legs, and over the diaper. She slipped a finger under the elastic edges and checked the diaper cloth was all up inside the plastic.

She locked padded bands on my ankles, and those had a short wooden bar between them. Only then did she lower my ankles and strap them to the bed frame.

Her voice continued being almost musical. "Part of the submissive program for you is to wear and use diapers. You agreed when I said you would wear what I put you in, and I have put you in thick cloth diapers for your first experience. Being in diapers makes you as submissive and dependent as a little one year old. Get used to the bulge between your legs."

She went out.

The plastic covered bulge between my thighs felt incredibly weird, but there was nothing I could do about it.

She went downstairs and returned with a bottle which had an adult sized nipple in place of the cap. "Don't even think about resisting. I can hold your nose until you open your mouth to breath if that's what it takes. Now be a good little submissive and let me give you your bottle. I want lots of fluid in you for your first experience having a warm wet wonderful diaper. Open wide."

Which I did.

As she held that nipple into my mouth she didn't squirt. She just let me suck and swallow. It was delicious. "I might as well tell you as your will figure it out soon enough. There are several things added to the dilute fruit juice in the bottle. One of those will make you so docile it is called chemical confinement where it is available in Europe. Another will make you horny so you can enjoy yourself more often in your warm wet diaper. That is, you can enjoy yourself when I let you roll over on your tummy. Interested? Yes?"

She brought the sheet and blanket over me leaving me strapped down on my back and kissed my forehead. "Sweet dreams little one. Enjoy."

I went to sleep shortly after she had given me that entire bottle, and didn't wake up until the middle of the night. Or, at least everything was dark. I needed to go, but of course strapped down I wasn't going anywhere. I tried to pee which didn't work at first. Then a little. Then a little more which put my penis in a warm wet bit of diaper cloth. Then such a full stream I wondered if it would come squirting out under the elastic at

my waist. But she had an extra piece of cloth there to catch everything. The warm pee flowed around my hips with a little between my legs.

I thought I should be angry. Instead, that warm wet diaper felt good as I drifted off to sleep again.