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Laura

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Chapter 4 - Necessary Business

Laura had me stand up with my diaper sagging from the weight of that lump. She removed that dress leaving me in just the toddler uniform of a T-shirt, diapers, and the bulging plastic pants. She helped me down to the floor on my hands and knees, and had me roll onto my back on that changing mat. Rolling kept me from sitting and squishing that mess. As I rolled I could feel that lump sag to one side. She again fastened my ankles overhead and my wrists beyond my head. The smell was awful when she pulled my plastic panties up to my ankles.

“Yes, I’m going to change your messy diapers too, and you may be wondering why. That will give you something to think about.” She unpinned my diaper and carried it away. I heard her washing it out. She returned with hot wet rags and cool alcohol wipes which she used cleaning my bottom.

Fresh multiple layers of diapers were spread under me. She put something between the layers, and wiped K-Y jelly on my anus before inserting four pills again. She applied creme where she said any pinkness suggested the beginning of a skin rash. She was attentive with the creme to the underside of my penis where I had rubbed it erotically against my wet diaper. She powdered my bottom and all of that before pulling the diapers up between my legs, around my hips, and pinning it tightly in place. They were warm from the drier which felt comforting. The plastic pants were pulled over all of that. She removed the bands with that bar between my ankles, and released my ankles from that overhead structure.

“I’ll let you walk and have the use of your hands if you promise to leave your diapers alone. Promise? Say it baby girl style of ‘yeth Mommy’.”

“Yeth, Mommy.”

She smiled which pleased me. “Good little girl.” She left the bands on my wrists and ankles but this time with plenty of chain. Other than the weight I did have my hands and fingers free. “Here’s a book to read. Go first to page 120 for the story of Maud. That was written over twenty years ago as a woman who actively sought play

time with partners acting as babies.” She handed me Women On Top by Nancy Friday. “There is another story by Johana about diapering her husband at page 130. And another from a woman imagining keeping her sex partner in chains. I couldn’t stop thinking about what being the dominant woman in those stories would be like, and the more I fantasized, the more excited I became. I studied the BDSM world and placed that advertisement as a Dominatrix. You’re not the first response, but you’re the first true single without any attachments. I run my own business which made being in control an acquired taste. Now I yearn for it. Read all of that book during the time in your crib.”

Walking felt funny with the plastic bulge between my thighs. I almost tripped on the chain between my ankles, and learned that chain required walking carefully, or better, shuffling along.

She followed me upstairs and put me into that crib. She locked the chain between my ankles to a chain from the crib, and locked the side of the crib closed with handcuffs. “Wet my little one as you read, and have a good orgasm in your diaper. Your next bottle won’t have any sleep potion in it.”

The book was fascinating. I enjoyed my orgasm in my diaper.

When she returned later that morning she ordered me on my back and clipped my wrists and ankles spread out. She slid her hand down inside my warm wet diaper and used that gel bringing me off sooner than I thought was possible. She pulled my damp diaper and plastic pants back in place. She unclipped me, unlocked me from the crib frame, unlocked the chain between my wrists, and had me stand up. She had a royal blue romper which she pulled over my head onto me and snapped it together around my bottom. I remained enthralled with her bust as she rechaind my wrists.

Down stairs in the kitchen she strapped me into that ‘baby chair’. As she put a bib on me as she mentioned she was thinking of letting me feed myself. But she didn’t as she clipped my wrists to the chair. She made a thick soup of almost a stew which she spoon fed me including spills on the bib. She had me sucking a nipple on a tube from a bottle held up by the stand. She had tea and made cheese sandwiches for herself.

She took me upstairs, removed that romper, and had me back in my crib. She gave me a three ring binder of BDSM stories, and another of diaper wearing erotic stories. She gave me a big bottle to suck if I became hungry or thirsty which I did before falling asleep.

It must have been mid afternoon when she woke me up. She felt the bulge at my bottom, but didn’t change me. She removed the wrist bands, had me out of that crib, and guided me into her bedroom where she had me sit on her bed. She pointed a finger at me. “Stay, or else.”

I fantasized at what was under her clothes as she sat at her dressing table

applying skin creme to her face and hands. Her breasts pushed at her blouse as she leaned forward towards the mirror.

She stood up and walked slowly to me as I was mesmerized by her crotch.

She pushed me back onto her bed, chained my ankles to the bed frame, and removed my wrist bands. She laid us both down on our sides facing each other. She kissed my lips, and her tongue went into my mouth. We kissed and petted for awhile when she removed her blouse, gave me a look, and removed her bra. "I want you." She had me suckling her when her phone played the rising strong opening notes of Also Sprach Zarathustra.

"Oh, crap. What does she want?"

I was just as fascinated by her body as before when she retrieved her phone from her purse near her dressing table.

"Hello, Diane." There was a pause. "Now! Is this necessary?" Another pause. "That important. Oh, very well. C'mon over." She terminated the call. "Damned frustrating woman. That's my business partner. Back in your crib."

I was back in that crib in just my toddler uniform with the side locked just barely before chimes sounded for the front door. Laura didn't even take the time to lock my ankle chain to the crib. She darted out and down the stairs.

My erection had gone limp.

I couldn't hear all that much of what they said after a few pleasantries.

I lay on my pillow and fantasized about that chained blond slave in the Roman empire. After visualizing having sex before purchasing her in a big room of women slaves for sale my imagination spent serious time on bringing her home. Sometimes she was nude and sometimes in various outfits. I revisited all those scenes with bringing her home in a short skirt slave dress that allowed feeling her genitals and suckling her breasts. But I always saw her as chained at the wrists and ankles. The fantasy developed into my being in diapers and also fettered. Fantasies don't have to reflect what might have been real.

The volume of Laura's voice went up. "She's not ready." There was more conversation I couldn't hear followed by Laura again. "Oh, well, c'mon."

I couldn't hear them coming up the carpeted stairs, and was frightened when I heard Laura's voice nearby outside the room. "This way. No teasing."

Laura entered first followed by a woman a little shorter and plumper than Laura. Diane had mixed strands of blond and brown hair over her shoulders and wore a tan

pants suit. The jacket made her bust almost disappear.

There wasn't a thing I could do. She would just have to see me in my toddler uniform complete with a hot wet diaper bulging my plastic panties. I felt miserable with being seen.

Diane squinted. "Oh, my. I had no idea you would go this far. Think of the upcoming security review. Why in the world diapers? You aren't changing them are you?"

Laura's face went through a series of looks I couldn't fathom. "She wanted a Dominatrix, and the diapers make her totally submissive and dependent just like a little baby."

"Her?"

"It's just playing the scene. Little girls are sweeter and more pleasing to their Mommies."

"Laura; you are impossible. But you knew that already." Her eyes went serious. "Do you have written permission?"

Laura frowned right back. "Of course." She didn't add 'you idiot', but the unstated accusation hung in the air.

Since there was nothing I could do I did nothing other than blushing. My glossy bulge was quite on display.

Laura's face relaxed. "You want to see the permission?"

"Oh pickle. Of course not." Diane put a hand on a crib bar. "You be careful. Outside income must be disclosed and could bring all of this down. That is, bring all of this down on both of us. Think about that. I thought you were a lesbian. Is this really necessary?"

I quite forgot how I looked as I thought about all that. Laura had explained herself in her own quick way, but what was necessary in all of this for her?

Diane's voice was firm. "I wouldn't let anyone do this to me. Why does he, I mean she, allow you?"

"An orgasm about every three hours helps."

Diane was silent as her face signaled 'I see'.

Laura smiled slightly. "Can you think of a nice play name for my little girl?"

Diane shot her a 'that's enough' look.

Laura frowned. "She signed on for a playful weekend scene. Not to be the object of your scorn. It is time for you to go."