

Laura

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Chapter 8 - The Doctor

In the morning Laura came into the nursery where I was hungry and waiting, and checked that my ankle chain was locked to the crib frame. “No talking little one; just ba-ba and ma-ma. Understand?”

She crossed her arms and glared at me until I nodded. She unlocked the crib’s side, removed that body suit off of me, had me on my back, and held in place with my ankles tied overhead. While I was bare and helpless she put diaper rash creme on a red spot on the underside of my penis. That chastity device was locked in place.

After changing me and releasing me she put me in a royal blue romper I hadn’t seen before with straps over the shoulders. It had snaps for going under my bottom for holding everything up even when wet and heavy. She adjusted the fit of the shackles at my ankles and wrists with a special key, and put me in a skirt that matched the romper. A belt was added to my waist.

In the kitchen she strapped me in that kitchen chair at my ankles and waist before letting me feed myself. When she had cleaned up all the breakfast dishes she came to me holding a pair of handcuffs.

“Why?” My wrists were already shackled, just with a longer chain.

“No no little one. That’s not a ba-ba or a ma-ma. Give me your wrists.”

I pulled my hands and wrists away from her.

She reached my nearest forearm and slapped that cuff around my wrist with the pivoted ring going all the way around into the ratchet locking mechanism. That method hurt. She tightened it with an audible clicking sound.

I balled up my other hand to hit her, but she was faster, or less confused. That same method hurt my other wrist and she tightened that cuff the same way.

I scowled. “That hurt.”

“You need a good spanking? A strong slap on the face? Or electric shock domination punishment? If you can’t say ba-ba or ma-ma, trying crying like a baby. Mommy is in control as I should be.” She attached those handcuffs to that belt at my waist using both of her hands for added strength. She wrapped an arm around my head holding me still as she pushed a pacifier into my mouth and strapped it in place.

She stood back from me. “Sorry, kiddo, but this is necessary. Today is your first

visit, little one, to your pediatrician. Except this isn't all make believe. I am taking you to a real doctor who works with Doms and Subs. She insisted on a copy of your signed permission, which has already been sent to her. She wants to test you and I want her advice on whether you were dangerously too passive and depressed before you arrived. On whether I have to keep you or throw you out. You are fettered and restrained so you have no choice on this and can't resist or fight back. How you behave this morning is not important. You may feel frightened or angry, but that will pass. I hope you don't have too much of those feelings, but this is something I have to do for you."

For me? But that pacifier prevented my asking or protesting. I was afraid of her retaliation if I thrashed around in protest.

She made up a travel bag of fresh cloth diapers, two disposables, powder, K-Y jelly, rash creme, and a plastic bag for used diapers. She added the harness and that bar for my ankles to the bag. She strapped sandals on my feet. After releasing me from that chair she took me outside and put me into the back seat of her car. I was held in place with the seat belt and a pair of straps over my shoulders. The back seat windows were tinted. I was safely immobilized when she put a blindfold on me. "Doctor's orders."

There were so many turns that I lost track of whether we had driven miles away, or had just gone around in circles in her neighborhood. The car slowed down, made a sharp turn, crossed a driveway ramp, moved a short way, and stopped. A door opened and I felt the car shift for her exiting the car.

My anxieties grew as she left me there unattended. Fear swept through me when the car door opened next to me.

I heard a new voice. "So, this is your submissive as a little baby. Do you have a name for our little girl?"

'Our', but that pacifier prevented my asking or saying anything.

Laura's voice was near by. "Not yet. Need one that feels diminutive enough and just right."

The other voice intruded. "Take her inside before that blindfold comes off." I could feel the shoulder straps and seat belt being released and someone was tugging on me to get out. With hands firmly on both of my arms they guided me as I shuffled my feet avoiding tripping on that ankle chain. They stopped. "Feel the step."

One foot quickly found a step, and my other foot was the first up on it. There was a door sill but not another stair step. They guided me around inside.

When we stopped I could feel finger tips at my head removing the blindfold. We were in a medical exam room with that kind of special table, chairs, a counter with latex gloves, supplies, and a computer. There were clothes hooks on the back of the closed door and a little table.

Laura's facial expression was all business.

The other woman had the long face from a narrow head, projecting feminine chin, and wore a white medical lab coat. The coat had a 'Patricia' embroidered on it in

royal blue. “We’re going to give you a complete medical exam and work up including psychological testing which will take at least all morning. We’ll do our best for keeping the needle for blood samples from hurting. We don’t want you injuring yourself either, so you will be restrained or tethered for safety at least until we know you better.” She reached down inside a lower cabinet and brought out a chain which she locked to my ankle chain. “Take everything off down to the t-shirt, baby pants, and shackles. Oh, yes, leave the pacifier in place.”

Those straps on the romper made sense when Laura unsnapped the flaps at my bottom, unattached the shoulder straps, and pulled it off of me.

Dr. Patricia seemed relaxed working with a chained submissive as if nothing was unusual. I wondered why she was so comfortable? Did she have a submissive of her own? Her hand was between my legs around my diaper bulge. “How long since the last change?”

“Before breakfast.” Laura’s hand went down there too. “Just damp.”

Dr. Patricia smiled a little. “Thank you Laura for calling me. There have been scandals in the BDSM community, and the press goes nuts.” The Doctor turned her attention on me. “We’re going to determine who you are on the inside, and what might be acceptable for you. OK, up on the exam table.” They laid me on my back up there and held me in place with straps. Laura removed the handcuffs leaving my wrists in just the shackles with the longer chain. The Doctor strapped my wrists down along side my head with that chain lying out of sight above me. Her hands were all over me squeezing my arms and legs and pushing in other places. She tapped my tummy and knees making me jump and twitch. She pulled my t-shirt up to my shoulders. Her stethoscope was cold on my skin. She listened as she told me to take in deep breaths. Her hand was around my plastic bulge between my legs again. She lifted the waist hem on my plastic panties, and sniffed for odors. “Bring her ID?”

Laura handed my wallet to the Doctor who wrote down everything on a form on a clipboard. She went out and returned with something on a cart, and measured my blood pressure. She stuck things all over me and attached the wires to that machine. “This is an EKG test.” After running that test her pulling those stickies off briefly hurt for each one. “Basics are good.”

“Any medications in her?”

“No. Just for the first morning I told her there were calming and other medications, but there were not. She behaved very submissively as if she had been medicated. Four vitamin pills went in her rectum for the effect. No more lying after that.”

Dr. Patricia nodded agreement and turned her attention on me. “Were you taking anything before? Other than vitamins that is. Nod yes or wag no.”

I wagged my head for no.

“Hope so because the blood tests will find out, and any lying will be seriously punished. You don’t want that. Do you need to change your answer? Wag no or nod yes again for were you taking anything.”

I wagged my head for no a second time.

“Good girl.” She swabbed the back of my hand nearest her which chilled my skin. In went a needle. She surprised me with her gentle skill as the needle didn’t hurt. She took several blood samples. “Each of these has a different preservative so we can test for everything. That total’s about half a pint, so we’ll give you fluids.”

Dr. Patricia assembled a frame above me, and they did that trick of attaching my shackled ankles up there. Laura pulled my plastic pants up to my ankles and unpinned my damp diaper. She had to pull it off of me because of that device she had between the diapers’ layers.

I couldn’t see the Doctor, and could only hear her voice. “Why?”

Laura smiled. “Makes a pocket in her diapers for any stool. Her legs squeeze everything together. Little babies can’t squeeze their diapers that way.”

“Clever.” Dr. Patricia’s voice sounded happy. She had Laura unlock that chastity device. The Doctor flopped my penis around with her fingers, brought me up, and examined it closely. “She’s been rubbing it, hasn’t she? Rubbing it a lot. Betcha she likes her warm wet diaper and ejaculates in it all she can. Let’s take a sample.” She brought me fully erect and collected a sample of semen.

What else was she thinking?