

Laura

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Chapter 3 - Pleasure

I watched her bust and butt as she walked around her bedroom of feminine soft colors. There was a sewing machine, a tall narrow bureau, a wider one of a normal height, and a French provincial dressing table with a mirror. She sat at her dressing table on the matching bench where she slowly removed her blouse.

She rubbed her shoulders, her arms, and her midriff below her bra. She glanced at me with a smile as she moved a hand up her back. She unfastened the loops from the hooks at the back of her bra which fell away.

She swivelled herself partially around in my direction as she looked at herself sideways in the mirror. Her nipples and areolas were neither pale nor dark. As she watched herself in the mirror her hands and fingers massaged and explored her breasts while I was an enthralled audience.

She kept at it before turning back to the mirror and leaning into it as she rubbed her face with a little creme. She rubbed her forehead and eyebrows.

But my eyes remained glued on the sight from the side of her nearest breast and the shape of her nipple.

She stood up and grinned at me. She didn't have to ask if I was enjoying what she was doing. Her hands went to her waist in slow and enticing motion as she unbuttoned her slacks. She dropped them to the floor, and she stepped out of them leaving her in just her white panties.

Those came down too, and a finger went into her slit.

My throbbing erection was pushing against that chastity device she had on me.

She grinned. "Told you this would be fun. But you have to be controlled for the maximum benefit." Her finger was moving up and down in there as her other hand squeezed a little K-Y jelly out of a tube which she worked in there too.

As she walked closer to me I couldn't take my eyes off what she was doing.

She turned sideways to me giving me a view of her butt from the side making me eager to see her crotch again. "You stay put, you here?"

As if I could do anything else with that tether holding me to the headboard.

A hand went to a breast which she gently squeezed producing a drop of milk.

“Mommies need their babies, just as little babies need their Mommies. Right? I’ve been preparing for having fun with you.”

She let me see her even closer as she came to the bed, rolled me on my side, and lay down beside me. She cupped her hand around the bulge in my plastic pants. “You’re good for the moment.”

She squirmed closer, removed the pacifier, and planted her lips on mine and pushed her tongue into my mouth. She kept that up as she rolled on top of me. Her thrusting hips rubbed her genitals against my plastic covered bulge.

She rolled off and shifted her position higher. She guided a nipple to my mouth, and I sucked without being told.

Sucking wasn’t as interesting as I thought it would be.

She moved herself and my head to her other breast.

I could feel her hand doing something between us down there.

She slid my plastic panties and diapers down a little, removed the catheter, that chastity device, and without much effort brought me fully erect. She rolled me on my back, lay on top, and brought her wet self down around my erect self. She controlled the action before rolling us over with me on top.

I was thrusting in her as she brought her legs up around me, and then I had a good orgasm. Not as mind blowing as that first time she brought me off, but enjoyable none the less.

We lay there for several minutes before she spoke. “You get it now, don’t you? We’re going to have a wonderful time. I have work I must do now in my business, so let’s get you safely back in your crib for a bottle and a nap.”

She pulled my diapers and plastic pants back up. She unclipped the tether and led me on all fours back into the other bedroom. “Up into your crib.” She helped me up and locked the middle of that chain between my wrists to the top of that harness. “Little baby can have more freedom when I’m comfortable you will leave your diapers and plastic pants alone. Little babies cause their Mommies trouble wetting and messing their cribs and playpens after taking their diapers off until they learn not to do that.” She raised that gate, but used a pair of handcuffs locking it in place. My guess was the built in lock didn’t work the way it was supposed to.

She left me there and returned in a few minutes with her clothes back on. She passed a bottle between the bars. “Suck that down and have a good nap.”

Which I did.

When I woke up I was certain she had spiked that bottle. I sat up and wet. The heat felt even better without that chastity device between me and my diaper.

There was a doll and a teddy bear in the crib with me, and both were in disposable diapers. Fending off boredom I lay face down on my pillow and rubbed my penis against my hot wet diaper. I worked up a fantasy about visiting a slave market in the Roman empire and purchasing a blond in chains from the Caucus Mountains. I

fantasized having a pre-purchase test of sex and taking her home in fetters.

Instead of that slave girl Laura came in with bounce, energy, and fun in her voice. "How's my baby girl? Come here on your knees."

When I waddled to the cage door she reached in with a hand around the plastic bulge over my warm wet diaper.

"Very good. Little baby needs some clothes, so come with me."

She unlocked the side, and I inch wormed following her into her bedroom. She stood me up and removed the harness. After unlocking my wrist bands she removed my t-shirt, but left my fingers bound in those mittens. She measured me especially my torso with a tailor's cloth tape measure. "Good." She held up a blue and white plaid one piece shirtdress which she held over me. She guided my hands up the sleeves as she drew it down around me, and buttoned it in back. She fiddled with it settling it on me, and had a hand checking the front and back of the bulges in my plastic pants. "Good; the skirt is loose enough to check you. Let's see how good my little girl looks in this."

She turned me towards the mirror. It had a cute Peter Pan little collar. The skirt only came half way down my thighs. My baby bulges and glossy plastic pants would only be out of sight when I was standing.

She came around me and held my jaw in her hand. "You behave and you can crawl all around the house. All the doors have keyed locks so you wont embarrass yourself going out doors. Little girls are better behaved than little boys, so you be all the good little girl you can be. Go explore and enjoy wetting your diaper."

How did she know I had discovered the joy of wetting my diaper, but I didn't ask. I'd already seen the top floor. I went down the stairs backwards as before and inch wormed around. The first floor had a kitchen, a dining room, the living room, another bathroom, and two more rooms. That bar between my ankles annoyed me. One of those rooms was an office with several computers all going.

She caught up with me in her office. "Sit on the floor against a wall as I check a few things."

I did while realizing that she smiled whenever she glanced at my bulging glossy bottom.

"I run a computer security business with a partner. She's lesbian and thinks I am too." She chuckled. "Hah. Little does she know."

I had wet again before she was through.

"Come here on your knees and watch this."

On the screen was a video of my diaper change in the living room which embarrassed me at first, and then I got it. It never mentioned my name or where we were. I was enjoying a warm wet diaper as I watched, and a change was just part of the scene. I realized I had better watch for more cameras all over the house.

"Come little one. You can waddle on your knees."

That bar between my ankles was less than helpful. I returned to inch worming.

She was sitting on the living room sofa and patted it for me to come up on it. She held up a bottle and had me lay down sideways on the sofa with my head in her lap. As I sucked that bottle wondering how fast I would go to sleep she unbuttoned her blouse. I continued to enjoy the sight of her uncovered. She had me suckle her again.

Suddenly I knew I needed to sit on the potty. I sat up and stood up, but remembered no words were allowed. The bar at my ankles prevented my jumping in place. Instead I moved my butt back and forth.

“Over my lap little one. I know what you mean, and it is time. Now, over my lap or else.”

I leaned over and rested my chest on her thighs. She had a hand on my butt when I felt things move within me.

I could feel the weight of what I had produced tug at my diaper. I wet too.

Her hand was wrapped around the lump. She was playing with it inside my diaper. “Babies do that. Puddles on the floor would be bad enough, but this is why a diaper is absolutely essential. Let’s do your first messy change?” But first she kept massaging my lump for a few minutes.