

AUBURN

© 2021 By Sue Erickson

Chapter 24 - Controlled

Julie announced at breakfast that my four girl friends were taking complete charge of me. They would exclusively change my diapers and feed me.

They handcuffed my wrists to a strap under the chair seat. Thus restrained they put bands on my ankles with a bar. The bar precluded my walking. I could toddle on my knees when they let me out of a crib/cage they had ordered that had been waiting for them to pick up. They put pink padded mittens on my hands, and connected those with another bar. Those mittens precluded my using my fingers as the shorter bar precluded my using my hands.

I enjoyed the warm feeling of wetting my diaper, and having ten to twelve orgasms a day.

They took to calling me their little girl as my plastic panties didn't have a fly. They used a plastic tube to push thirty pills of medications and hormones into my bottom after every bowel movement. Those hormones grew my breasts to an A Cup bra size, and started my lactation. My breasts grew to a B Cup, and they enjoyed playing with everybody breast feeding everyone else.

Our operating a restaurant on the Interstate highway suffered as business fell precipitously when the traffic dried up. We sold fuel on a self-pump and credit card basis only with no personal contact. No repair services. Our mechanics were not coming down from the reservation higher in elevation to us no matter what. Complete breakdowns had to be towed 87 miles west to Winslow or 43 miles east to Gallop. The restaurant made carry out meals hand delivered to cars by staff in protective polypropylene clothing the staff made. They bought protective gloves, face masks, and plexiglass face shields. Wearing those quickly became hot. The staff rotated that duty every twenty minutes.

My Mommies told the restaurant managers that a study had been and would be keeping me at home. The managers were delighted to run things the way they wanted unhindered by me. They could, and did, sign my name as well as I did on business license and bank matters. My handwriting had always been terrible.

A major drought hit the Southwest United States. The managers closed the entire gas station and restaurant for lack of water. The State Police let them put up a temporary sign the service center had to be closed. The authorities added signs at Winslow and Gallop that there was no service and no rest stops for the 130 miles between those two towns.

First Winslow and then Gallop closed their service stations except for their own

local customers. The distance for no automotive service grew to 324 miles between Flagstaff and Albuquerque.

My four mommies bought a pump like gadget that would give me an orgasm anytime they wanted to. Mostly they had sex with me for their pleasure. They bought a fancy vibrator for themselves. That produced so much juice in them they took to wearing diapers part time themselves.

They had mittens on my hands, me out of my crib-cage, and over a lap. All of them played with a hand around my heavy damp bottom. Each took turns calling me their little baby girl.

A knock sounded at the front door.

They let a woman enter who wore a white medical coat. They called her Doctor Yvonne. She wanted fluid samples from me of blood, urine, stool, saliva, milk, and semen which they all cooperated in taking from me as they had me strapped down on my back.

Yvonne said, "as their little one year old baby girl, the only thing you can say is 'yeth, mommy'. I know you will protest, which isn't saying 'yeth, mommy' so I bought a little remedy of electric shock. Let's try, shall we? When I remove your pacifier, say 'yeth, mommy. Ready?'"

She hesitated a minute or so while I thought that over.

I didn't like the idea of any pain. When they removed my pacifier I thought I had better say, "yeth, mommy."

Yvonne said, "good girl." After a short pause she said, "toddle over here, little girl."

I did. She had me over her lap as she massaged the bulge of damp warmth inside my plastic panties. She said. "You like wetting your diapers, don't you."

I said. "Yeth, mommy."

She said. "Good. We will be keeping you in diapers and restraints for our own purposes. Your mommies will be taking you north for the drought. You will be visiting me. Piddle a little more while we think about changing you."

Which they did. They applied a chastity device and a catheter to me down there. They used a chain between my ankles instead of the bar, and put a bar between the mittens on my hands.

The Chapter Chief provided an elderly station wagon. Fortunately, the air conditioning worked.

My mommies strapped me in the center of the back seat, and had a pacifier in my mouth held with a strap around my head.

Fort Defiance, Arizona, had a location next to the tribal capital named Window Rock. After a drive of about fifty minutes, we stopped at a house in Fort Defiance. It appeared like most of the nearby houses, but on a second glance, it seemed a little

wider in front.

Dr. Yvonne came out and took me inside by my arm. The house had been made much deeper front to back. She said. "You will do what I say. Understand?"

I said. "Yeth, mommy."

She said, "I want to give you electric shock treatment for assurance you will do what I say."

My mommies intervened. Julia said. "Oh no you don't. Our little girl does what we say."

Dr. Yvonne glared.

Julia said. "We have been checking around. You are not a medical doctor as you hold yourself out to be. You are a fake and a fraud." My other Mommies nodded they agreed.

Terri and Ruth grabbed Yvonne's wrists. Linda put bands around those wrists, and connected those with a bar.

Yvonne screamed. "No. No. No."

Linda wrapped Yvonne's head in an arm and held her nose with the other hand. Julia pushed a silencer into Yvonne's mouth. Julia said. "Enough of that. Put her flat on the floor."

Yvonne struggled to no avail.

They soon had Yvonne's wrists released from the bar with her arms held flat by chains.

Yvonne tried screaming through the silencer, but that didn't work. She kicked with both feet.

Bands on her ankles with more chains reduced her kicking to struggling.

Julia held Yvonne's head to facing Julia. Julia said. "We discovered you don't like your own orgasms. We are going to fix that. Remove all of her clothes."

Which they did using scissors.

I grew a hard erection in my diapers at the sight of her down there in her struggles.

Terri said. "Ah. You have been holding out on us on what is erotic for you. She pulled down my plastic panties and they opened my diaper. It didn't take much time at all for them to produce an orgasm in myself which I did not enjoy all that much.

They added a heavier chain between my wrists, and connected that to a collar they put on me.

Ruth massaged Yvonne down there.

Linda held up a sheet of paper. "Your real Navajo name is Yanaha, which means brave. Let's see how brave you are."

Ruth continued massaging Yvonne/Yanaha down there.

They put a big fancy vibrator into Yanaha with a rectal companion. They had a double thick diaper almost on Yanaha when they inserted a catheter and cut it to a minimum length. Her diaper had become wet from the catheter by the time they had it all taped together and inside plastic pants.

Yanaha continued jerking at her restraints, which didn't work. Neither did her trying to talk around the silencer in her mouth.

Linda had her hand down inside Yanaha's warm wet diaper as Linda stroked Yanaha in there.

Julia brought her face nose to nose with Yanaha. Julia said. "You will learn to love your orgasms. Or else. To assure your compliance with what we say, what we tell you to do, we will give you the electric shock treatment you so freely used on many others. Got that." Julia twirled Yanaha's nipples. "You will be our little sex baby. Got that."

Linda kept stroking Yanaha down there.

My Mommies wrapped the electric shock bands around Yanaha's upper and lower arms, upper and lower legs, midriff, and feet. Linda stopped the stroking right before they turned on the power.

Yanaha continued jerking more than before.

After about a half an hour of electric shocking, which seemed a lot to me, but what would I know, they turned off the power. "You understand now you will do what we say. Yes?"

Yanaha glared.

"First, we are giving you a new name of Yeti. Next, we start your training for your orgasms. Lastly, you understand you will do everything in your diapers. Got that?"

"You, too, Nati, continue doing everything in your diapers. Got that?"

I said, "yeth, Mommy."

Yeti continued glaring.

Terri said. "I think she needs more before she accepts our control."

They turned on the shock power for another quarter of an hour as Yeti yanked at her restraints. Ruth said. "You ready to say 'yeth, Mommy' like a one year old? You had better or else."

Yeti nodded yes.

They removed the silencer, and told her to say "yeth, Mommy", which she did.

“See. That wasn’t so hard. Say it again.”

Yeti said “yeth, Mommy.”

“Crawl over here, say ‘yeth, mommy,’ and lay across my lap for a diaper check.”

All four of my mommies put a hand around Yeti’s warm, wet, bulge between her thighs. “Good little girl.” They put a bar between her ankle bands. “No more walking until we say otherwise. You may crawl or toddle on your knees. Say ‘yeth, Mommy’ that you understand no more walking until we say otherwise.”

“Yeth, Mommy.”

“We will be bottle feeding frequently you so you will have lots to do in your diaper.”

“Yeth, Mommy.”

They passed her around for a little breast feeding, then a bottle laced with medications, and locked her in a crib/cage where she quickly fell asleep.

When they changed her diaper they added medications through her rectum. Not as many as they used on me. They inserted an especially powerful vibrator in her. They gave her a bottle with more medications. She fell asleep.

I had gone to sleep when they sent Yeti away.

A cell phone played music. One of my Mommies answered it. “Hello” She paused. “Oh, hi, Sue-Ann where are you? Do you have your adult baby with you? Yes, come over.” She described how to find the house.

Sue-Ann had named her adult baby as Rickie also called Rickie-poo. He readily wet and pooped in his diapers.

They ordered a pair of adult sized baby basinetts and put both of us on our backs and restrained in them by our wrists and ankles.

Sue-Ann wanted to make Rickie into a girl with massive amounts of hormones, and perhaps surgery removing his balls.

My Mommies were in stereo when they said gleefully “we can do that. Are you sure? That can produce changes you may not want.”

They discussed possible side effects. Eliminating Rickie-poo’s beard stopped that conversation. Sue-Ann wanted all that.

She alienated my Mommies over sharing chores and expenses. She departed in a huff taking Rickie-poo with her.

A hurricane rushed across Texas and New Mexico dropping five inches of rain at our home town in Arizona.

They borrowed another station wagon with better air conditioning for our trip home.