

Falling for a Femme Fatale
Chapter Twelve
Commission – December 2023

"Look at that. It's just me and you now, baby. Just Miss Susannah and little PJ. I bet you're already missing your two mommies, aren't you?"

I stare back at her from my stroller: mutely, of course, thanks to the giant pacifier Amber stuffed in my mouth before she left. I'm trapped here once more, just as I was the very first time I got wheeled into this psychotic lady's house. My hands are done up in my now-familiar mittens, my body confined in my locking nighttime onesie that is bulging with the cool, wet weight of the double diapers swollen between my legs. If only Amber and Victoria had changed me before bringing me here...

Oh, but of course. They'd been far too busy on their way to the airport. Far too busy to do more than haul me out of my crib and force a massive bowl of gruel and a bottle down my throat. "Eh, Susannah will take care of the rest," Amber had laughed airily, wiping my filthy face clean with a fresh wad of tissues. "And besides: knowing her methods, an extra hour in those night diapers will be nothing compared to what she'll dish out while we're away!"

Ugh. I blink, my eyes swerving fearfully off from her bright eyes to the heap of stuff deposited beside me. Amber and Victoria may have been in a rush to catch their plane to the Caribbean for their Christmas break, but despite that they'd somehow had enough time to unload a scarily large amount of supplies for me. Of course, they'd laughed all the while: about their big baby needing equally big diapers, and about there being not enough tissues in the world for their PJ. Meanwhile, all I'd been able to do was sit there watching, suckling, while the plastic packs of diapers thumped down beside me and the pile of tissue boxes grew and I had begun to wonder if it wasn't actually two months, and not two weeks, that I would be trapped in Mrs. White's clutches.

"Well, I know what makes any baby happier!" she announces cordially, and now I'm trundling forward toward her massive rocking chair in the corner. "I'm sure a bit of breakfast will hit the spot, won't it?"

Wait, what? But- but I've already- I let out a pacifier-muffled moan and shake my head, struggling to articulate my objections as she begins unbuckling my restraints. "Auuhh-uhh, ahh-ehh-eee hfhfffeeee eeee..." "Oh, such cute baby babble," she merely chuckles in her matronly voice, and now as I lean forward with a squish onto my soaked diapers, hoping for a brief moment that I might be

able to worm free, she catches my wrists... then tugs them together behind my back with a quick, sharp click of a carabiner closing shut.

"Now, come to Nursie," she encourages, and staggering forward, balance thrown off thanks to my bound hands, I drop heavily forward and come to rest against her overstuffed chair. "Good, good baby," she smiles, and as I glance upward, I am simultaneously shocked and repulsed to see her briskly pulling open her blouse to reveal... a worn, wrinkled, and undeniably heavy-looking breast.

Just for me.

"Drink up, PJ," she orders once she's pulled me across her lap. She leans down and pries the massive pacifier free from my mouth, and now she's pressing her naked breast – together with her overpoweringly floral scent – forcefully against my drool-covered lips. "Go on. Good babies drink when they're told, you know. Because if they don't..."

Shocked as I am, reluctant to comply and yet terrified of disobeying, I open. *Can ladies her age even lactate?*, I'm wondering internally. *Surely not. Surely this is just some kinky power trip of hers. You know, to take the whole baby thing to the next level-*

The sweet, creamy liquid spurting out and coating my hesitant tongue tells me otherwise.

I jerk back, unable to control the reflexive urge of disgust. *No! No way I'm tasting her- her-!* But my hands are locked behind me. Her surprisingly strong arms are pulling me close. And I'm almost choked as Mrs. White forces my head deeper into the stifling mass of her breast. "No fighting, baby. You're going to drink up. You need your milk. You need *so* much milk..."

My poor, already bloated stomach begs to differ. And so I gulp and gag and gulp my way through what feels like an hour: fighting back the growing urge to retch and spew milky, gruelly vomit all over this crazy lady. Part of me wants to do exactly that, I can't deny. But then again... Well, as horribly as she treated me last time just for trying to run out the door, what unholy hell will she unleash on me if I barf on her?!

Did I mention how she's constantly wiping and dabbing and pawing at my face and cheeks the entire time with those infernal tissues of hers? Almost like she wants me to associate that texture and sensation with her. With being babied. With helplessness, and diapers, and the sensation of being utterly controlled and humiliated...

"There, there. Good boy!" She's practically giggling now as I'm finally allowed to sag backward, gulping back my urge to either burp or vomit – I can't tell which. "Now, then. Time to get you settled in for real now!"

And there are the tissues once more. Only this time, they're soaked in a smell that not even her lavender perfume can mask: the sickly scent of chloroform.

I only get out a few pathetic protests before the world spins down into darkness: a darkness accompanied by the low, creaky laughter of my terrifying new nurse.

"There, there. Nice and dry. Nice and full. Nice and thick and crinkly for Nursie..."

Her singsong voice wakes me from the darkness. It's accompanied by the sensation of tight, dry cotton around my waist... the persistent rustle of tissues... and the warm, strangely soft and almost comforting sensation of some garment around my arms and legs.

I pry open my eyes. And yes, what meets them is a sight I would have shrieked at back before all this happened. But, well... it may be a new nursery and a new nurse, but this position I'm in isn't that different from how Amber and Victoria have been treating me all this time.

I'm on that changing table of hers again. And as I crane my heavy, pounding head upward to glance down at what's going on between my legs, I find that my new nurse is in the process of giving me another, unorthodox layer of diapering. My old, soaked night diapers are gone – thank god. But she's replaced them with another... and over that now is a heavy, rubbery, oversized pair of snapping plastic pants, into which she's methodically stuffing pack after pack of those same tissues she loves so much.

Tempo, I read with my disoriented, chloroform-fogged brain. It's a blue plastic pack in those fingers of hers. *Four-ply. Hub. Interesting. Well... guess a few tissues down there can't hurt?*

Rustle, crinkle, pop! Snap. Crinkle, pop! "There, all snug and tight!" she's cooing, and a second glance downward shows that she's just finished snapping the plastic pants shut around their massive, rustling load. Over that she fastens the sleeper whose soft fabric I had felt earlier: a neck-to-toe garment in a nauseatingly girly shade of baby pink. "All set for your first session in Nurse Susannah's nursery! Aww, you're going to be such a *good* sissy baby by the time this is done..."

At the awful words "sissy baby," I squirm in horror – or try to. Once again, the mittens and cuffs are tight, and the gag is massive, and the plug in my ass remains as girthy and uncompromising as ever. So all I can do while she giggles and tweaks my nose is writhe silently and helplessly in place. I may not like the idea of being babied, let alone made into some weird kind of sissy – but at least for right now, there's literally nothing I can do about it. Nothing, that is, beside watch with wide eyes and growing apprehension as she trots her matronly form over to the dresser and picks up some kind of tablet computer. *What on earth is she about to do now...?*

Oh, I find out. As a burst of sound and color flashes into existence above me, and I jerk upward to find that, preoccupied as I was with her dressing me, I've failed to notice the large monitor suspended directly above my head.

"Good baby. Watch your pretty show," Mrs White exhorts with a chuckle, and I gulp around my gag in fresh horror and morbid fascination. Because what the hell is this?! Half-naked women, cavorting across the screen? Giant breasts, flopping and heaving before my eyes? The sultry thump of music, and the low, moaning voices of women urging me to do... something...?

Maybe Mrs. White's nursery isn't so bad after all.

I gaze upward, reluctant to obey yet grateful for anything to take my mind off the predicament I'm in. Images are flashing now, and I can't help but stare. What straight guy *wouldn't* stare upon seeing these beauties? Oh, fuck – *look* at them! These strippers are staring down at me, smiling, taunting me with their unreachable and glorious bodies. Oh, yes, and now they're literally teasing me! "Oh, baby, that's right. You know what you want. You know what you need..."

My poor cock feels about to explode already. No matter that it's trapped three layers deep in cotton and plastic and infantilizing rubber pants. No matter that those layers are already wet from the pee that has dribbled and spurted out from my weakened bladder. It knows a beautiful women when it sees one. And by god, when they talk like that...

I don't even notice the lazy swirl when it emerges behind them, nor the tinkling music that begins to echo and pan through the nursery as if resonating in my very brain. Because again... who cares about that when a brunette with gorgeous tits that looks startlingly like Amber is leaning forward, on the verge of telling me to be a good baby and cum for her?

I don't even know exactly when the plug first hums to life inside me. I feel merely gratitude: deep-

seated, primal satisfaction at the thrilling tingles of pleasure it unleashes within me. It's teasing my prostate, setting my anus clenching and quivering with unholy excitement. And my cock... oh, god! Surrounded by its thick wet padding, goaded on by these sights and sounds, it feels just about fit to burst...

But even so, I can't quite finish.

Minutes pass as my frustration mounts. Now I'm jerking and flailing in my restraints: no longer to escape, but in a desperate, aching need to find relief. The clink and rustle of my exertions melds with the tinkle and thump of the music, and over it all comes the seductive voices of those women. *Good baby. Cum for me. That's right. Right in your pants. Right in your diaper. You know you want to. You know you're going to. Hab, I'm going to make you squirt your sticky load – and you can't do a thing about it, can you? Go on, show me how much you want to cum-*

"Good sissy baby," comes a voice at long last, and rapt as I am in the screen amid my hormone-fueled desperation, I scarcely register that it's coming now from Nurse Susannah beside me. She places one hand at last over my spasming, bucking crotch. And as her firm pressure ignites the smoldering orgasm within me, I squeeze my eyes shut in grateful, submissive bliss. *Oh, god, yes! Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes- Yes, I'm cumming- for you, for all of you, I'm cumming! In my pants- helpless- can't help it-*

That's what my brain is saying. Though admittedly, all that makes it through my gag is a series of wet, gurgling grunts and wheezes.

I haven't even recovered from the glorious thrill of that orgasm when the rustling sound of tissues returns – and with it that same, sickly scent. "Happy early Christmas, PJ," Mrs. White chuckles wryly, with a final pat to my now cum- and piss-soaked diaper. "You've been such a good sissy baby for me..."

With that, the chloroform-soaked tissues descend. And I descend with it. Amid the thump and tinkle of music – amid the low, lusty voices of those women now laughing and ridiculing their sissy baby for cumming in his diaper like a disgusting little sissy loser – I drift into post-orgasmic, drugged unconsciousness.

(To be continued!)