

PJ and the Tourist Trap

Chapter Six

June 2024

Thanks as always to PJChloroBaby for commissioning this chapter! Note to readers and moderators: this story features ageplay, BDSM, and other mature themes. Like ALL my writing, every character in this fictional story is an adult over the age of 18.

Distant feminine voices. A subtle rocking motion. The sensation of warm sunshine and cool air on his face. And then, cutting through all of this... a sudden swell of gut-clenching pain and urgency in his gut.

PJ stirred, cracking open one bleary eye in sudden panic. Oh, god! Where- where was he? Gone was the darkness of this sadistic MILF's home. Gone were the bars of the cot that had held him prisoner. Instead he was staring out at... the village? Yes – the quaint little town at which he had arrived such a short time ago. Though this time, he seemed to be in far, *far* different shape than before!

"Hallo, there! Fine weather today, innit?"

He writhed at the sound of his captor's voice from somewhere behind him. She was here again – of course! The awareness slowly dawned in his fogged brain: the realization that he was being pushed forward in some kind of oversized pushchair – exactly like a wee baby being taken for an airing. But how unlike any real baby he was!

Here he sat, tied fast: arms and ankles all cuffed tight to each size of the sturdy metal frame. His mouth was tightly gagged, with a giant, rubbery bulb strapped in and depriving him of all but the ability to drool and emit the softest of grunts. His aching ass was swaddled once more in a giant nappy. He wore nothing else save some kind of cotton T-shirt, pastel and pink and horribly juvenile. And all in all, he was utterly helpless: left grunting, wriggling, and squirming in his pram like a giant, overgrown baby.

"It is, it *is*! So good to see you, Doreen. Oh, my! Is this one your latest?"

He blinked up, aghast, at the stranger with whom they had crossed paths. She was an older lady: matronly and sweet of face, but with not even the least bit of surprise on her face – not even as she took in PJ's disconcerting state. "He's such a cutie, this one!" she beamed, nothing but avid interest and delight in her expression. "Though it seems to me he still has a long way to go yet. Aww, don't

you, luv?"

PJ shivered, wincing again at the churning pain in his belly. What?! Here he was, trying desperately to break free, fighting to escape the seductive but completely sadistic wiles of this B&B hostess. But now the very first stranger he met was... okay with it? She wasn't the least bit fazed? Not even by seeing a full-grown man bound and gagged and diapered and being wheeled about town?!

He let out a scream of pained frustration and fear. Or rather, he tried... but with his gagged mouth, all that emerged was a drawn-out, pathetic little moan.

"He most certainly does," came Mrs. White's response, low and sultry and rippling with laughter. "Which is why we're on our way to Second Chance. Later, love!" And off they went once more: PJ wriggling desperately in his seat, his tissue-stuffed nappy crinkling and rustling with every one of his fruitless efforts. It was pathetic, he knew. But he couldn't give in. He simply couldn't. He *had* to hold out hope that that had just been a one-off occurrence. Surely there would be others around here, right? Sane people who would set him free?

He certainly hoped and prayed so. Because if not... well, between his current predicament and the time-bomb that seemed ready to explode in his belly, he was on the verge of absolutely the most humiliating time of his life.

Yet no help appeared, much to his horror. Through the narrow streets he was propelled: past grey-haired aunties and smiling twenty-somethings and middle-aged MILFs much like Mrs. White herself. Yet not only did everyone seem to be female – a disconcerting enough idea on its own – but not an ounce of alarm or surprise appeared on a single face. Smiles... nods... low giggles and chuckles... the occasional greeting... and that was it.

Which meant that, when they wheeled in through the large glass door of the "Second Chance Boutique," poor PJ was on the verge of tears. Just like the baby that he knew Mrs. White was forcing him to become.

And what a fitting boutique for a big baby to be, too! His teary eyes widened in horror as the aisles hove near: aisles filled with row after row of nappies and onesies and rubber pants. In the next aisle he could already see the most frilly and humiliating clothes: oversized baby dresses, a mess of pastel frills and bows and petticoats and lace. Here came another – this one full of what appeared to be custom formulas and feeding supplements, the effects of which he didn't even want to think about. And then another, its shelves littered with the most disturbing array of bondage gear: cuffs, spreader bars, shackles, cock cages, catheters, and more...

It was while Mrs. White was at the counter that it finally happened – amid her lilting requests for

more nappies and plastic pants, more paper handkerchiefs, and definitely some more chloroform. PJ shuddered in his seat – grew rigid – stared in helpless horror. But nothing he could do could stop the inexorable movement in his bowels that had now begun.

Bbbllloorrt. Ppphhbbbbtttbb. Bbluubbb. With burst after humiliating burst of sound, his body betrayed him: exploding messily out into the waiting seat of his nappy. It was horrifying, just how supercharged and completely uncontrollable it was: all thanks to the diabolical formula that Mrs. White had forced down his throat mere hours before as punishment for his attempt to escape.

That's when the tears came. Overwhelmed as poor PJ was, they didn't let up. Not when his bowels began burbling out a fresh wave of diarrhea into his already loaded nappy. Not even when his aching bladder joined in and flooded out into the soupy mess between his legs. And no, not even when the stunning redhead from behind the counter stretched over the counter and sweetly smiled down at him... then asked Mrs. White the sort of question one would ask the mother of a toddler who had just squatted down and loaded their pants full.

"If you'd like to give him a change, you know? You're more than welcome to use our changing room in the back. I mean, it's up to you, of course. And here – if you need to calm him down in the meantime, I can give him a sample of the latest shipment..."

"Oh, thank you! Yes, yes, of course – go ahead," Mrs. White enthused, and before PJ knew it the beautiful girl was stepping around the counter, her long, flaming braids swaying with every movement. She bent down to smile brightly into his shame-filled eyes, innocent and sweet as a preschool teacher. Then, with her lovely slim hand, she pressed a giant, reeking wad of rustling tissues squarely into his waiting nose.

"Just enough to make him nice and floppy," she giggled to Mrs. White, while PJ grunted and struggled and fought against the familiar fumes. "I'm sure you'd prefer he stays awake for it all, right?"

"But of course," came the musical response, as PJ felt his strength and lucidity slowly ebb away. "Public humiliation is the best thing for young men like him. There's nothing better, really!" And then, just before his world went dark, the tissues withdrew. "Well, then! That should do it, ma'am," the young woman beamed, dealing PJ an affectionate pat on the head. "Your little stinker shouldn't give you any trouble now while you change him..."

As a matter of fact, he didn't. Not when Mrs. White wheeled him into the giant changing room. Not when she loosed his bonds and hauled his limp body up onto the changing table. Not even when she buckled him down and began wiping away the horrible mess around his bum and cock

and balls. Because frankly... he was too tired. Too defeated. And yes: too badly in need of a Mommy to clean him up.

"There," she smiled, watching his cloudy eyes blink pleadingly up at her as she tugged a fresh, tissue filled nappy into place around his waist. "See? You're finally learning, PJ. You're learning who's in charge here and who isn't. You're learning that *I'm* the one who commands, and *you're* the one who obeys. But you know what?"

She beamed and bent low to his ear, her hand massaging suggestively at his half-erect and freshly imprisoned cock, forcing it deeper into the mass of tissues within. "That's only the start. You're going to learn so much much more before I'm finished with you, love. You have *no* idea..."

No, poor PJ certainly didn't. Which at this point was, perhaps, for the best.

(To be continued!)