

Falling for a Femme Fatale

Chapter Ten

Commission – October 2023

"Look! He's waking up now." "At fucking last! I was getting tired of waiting." "Wait, Susannah, did you say 'he'? Shouldn't it be more like... *she* now?"

Ugh, these- these voices. So distant, yet somehow cutting through the fog of my addled brain. *Where am I again?* I... wait. I was in the stroller. At Mrs. White's... Oh. Oh, no. That's right-

"Ehh, what do pronouns matter, anyway? PJ's just a little baby now. Babies can be whatever we want them to be!" Amber's ensuing giggle sends a shiver through me, and I screw up my face, trying to force open my gritty eyes to confront my latest hell. "Come on, baby," she's urging, and I feel the sharp toe of a women's shoe digging into my side. "Wake on up for us! We all have such a pretty surprise for you!"

I do try to comply: maybe not from a desire to obey, but by my own morbid curiosity to know what they've done. I'm no longer on the changing table, for one thing. That much seems clear from the blurred carpet that meets my gaze. I turn my heavy, aching head upward... and find myself staring up into the faces of three variously smiling women.

My tormentors. My beautiful, terrifying tormentors.

"See? I told you he's gonna be such a good baby by the time we're through!" Amber exclaims, and I see a calm nod from Susannah's greying head. "Oh, of course he will, dear. I'll see to that while you two are away. Even the best man-babies get fussy sometimes, but as you see, it's easy enough to deal with them..."

Wait. What the hell?! I lose track of their words, shocked as I am by the fresh revelations assaulting my senses. I- I'm clothed again? In a- a DRESS?! Pathetic as it sounds, it's true. It's not the diaper I'm wearing that makes me shudder – not anymore. It's the sight of this close-fitting lavender bodice, the elastic shirring hugging my flat chest tight as I gaze helplessly down across my prone form. It's the sensation of lacy cap sleeves, puffing obscenely around each of my trembling shoulders and encasing my arms down to the elbow. It's the gentle rustle of the pathetically short skirt as I jerk upward, trying to rise in a panic of mortification and emasculated terror.

"Aww, look at the little darling!" "Heh, he doesn't look too happy about his new dress, does he?"

"What's the matter, PJ? Don't you like the new outfit Miss Susannah found for you?"

It's as I struggle to find a sitting position that I find even more horrifying truths. First, and most painfully, is the sensation of yet another plug deep in my ass – and from what I can tell, it's a big one. But there's also the incredible bulk of the diapers between my legs: swelling with all the discretion of an oversized beach ball, not even remotely concealed by my dress's laughably tiny skirt. They're crinkling deafeningly – and yes, I mean it when I refer to *them* in the plural. It feels like there must be half a dozen diapers stuffed beneath those ruffled plastic pants – or maybe a few cloth towels? Not to mention boxes' and boxes' worth of rustling paper handkerchiefs? Because my every move sounds for all the world like I'm swaddled in freaking tissue paper.

Unfortunately for me, the mass is so comically thick that even as I struggle to sit up, I find myself tumbling backward, my entire center of gravity off-kilter. My thighs can't close. I can't sit up properly. So in my daze, feeling only naked fear and humiliation, I obey my first and most primitive instinct. I roll over. I rise to my hands and knees. And I scramble away, crawling across the carpeted nursery floor to the door with all the uncoordinated terror of a frightened infant.

"Hey, PJ!" "Where's he going?!" "Vic, get him! Yeah, before he-"

It's hilarious – or would be, if it were a ten-month-old baby instead of *me*. I don't even make it halfway to the door before those terrifying hands seize me, dragging me back from my only hope of escape. Backward they tug me, amid exclamations and playful scoldings and knowing feminine laughter. I let out a scream of frustrated fear – but it's cut off halfway, muffled into incoherent mumbles behind Victoria's strong hand...

And of course, by a thick, dessicating wad of tissues that invades my mouth and chokes me into silence.

The conversation continues, even as the three women drag me, struggling, back into the heart of this horrifying nursery. "I swear, he's such a handful sometimes!" "Tell me about it!" "No worries, girls. I've got just the thing for him. Yes, that's right. Back on the horsie..."

Yes, indeed. Onto the rocking horsie, indeed: the one I'd seen before, with the ropes and straps and cuffs dangling from its otherwise innocent form. Cuffs... well, my poor wrists and ankles know about cuffs by now, and how snugly they draw tight around them. Tight draw the straps, jerking my struggling limbs taut and pinioning me down astride this babyish steed. My heels are drawn down along its legs, and so are my arms. And so, before I can do more than emit a few grunts, I'm stuck

there: bound fast in my bulging baby-girl outfit, seated with my entire body weight bearing straight down. And it's not simply down into the enormous, rustling bulk of my diapers, but onto my aching and plug-gorged anus.

"You've been a naughty baby, trying to escape like that," Mrs. White lectures me, and while I might have laughed if I'd heard those words directed at a recalcitrant toddler, in this moment they make me quiver with fright. "Ladies, watch closely and learn, okay? PJ, you watch, too. You're going to keep those eyes open for Nursie. Watch while she prepares the punishment you've earned..."

Her lilting voice may be sweet, but what I see unfolding before me is most certainly not. Out from her apron she pulls yet another packet of tissues – Jesus Christ, how many does this woman have?! – and her aged fingers begin tugging them out, one after the other. In my state I can only stare in rising apprehension, my brain awhirl in a maelstrom of idiotic and disconnected thoughts. *Tissues. Tempo brand. So many. Chloroform. No, please, no- Rustling. Like this diaper. Like this- this dress. Dress. Stupid girly, frilly dress. Like a stupid baby girl...*

The tears are falling now, and bound as I am, I can only snuffle shamelessly and let them fall, dripping down either to land on the painted wooden steed beneath me or to sink noiselessly into the fabric of my baby-doll skirt. A tearful little moan escapes my tissue-stuffed mouth, and Victoria lets out a short laugh. "Aww, he's crying?! What a stupid little baby, isn't he? Being a little turd and then crying when he gets punished for it..."

"Calm down, baby," Mrs. White offers, plucking the soggy gag from my mouth with a consoling little smile on her thin lips. I let out a broken bleat, and she *tsks* and holds a fresh tissue up to my nose. "Blow." It's the command one would give a toddler, of course. But what else can I do? I obey, squeezing my eyes shut in shame and silent loathing. And yes, shivering at the sensation of the tissues dabbing my nose and wiping at the tears coursing down my cheeks...

Then I hear Mrs. White's voice again. "Speaking of hankies... why not a few more, dearie? Just to remind you who's in charge!"

And into each of my frilly dress sleeves goes tissue after tissue, rustling all the while, until each is stuffed full and puffed out with a mass of shiver-inducing tissue paper. It's all completely silly, perhaps. But it leaving me staring and trembling, feeling more than ever like some nerveless betsy-wetsy baby doll done up in packing paper, a pretty little gift-wrapped present for some dolly-obsessed girls.

Which, honestly, might be exactly what I am becoming.

Yet even that's not it. Out from a drawer Mrs. White draws a fresh horror: some kind of leather strap that I fear bodes no good. Out comes the bottle of chloroform, and my stomach clenches in silent horror. "No- n-no," I beg, my voice cracking with the impending outburst of another round of pathetic blubbing. I can't be knocked out again! "P-please, no more-"

"Oh, yes, more!" Susannah chuckles, upending the bottle into the tissues. "As much as it takes until you learn to behave, little one." And into the leather device she tucks them, wrapping a dry outer layer around the sweet-smelling wad. "Here, ladies. Would you mind holding him still...?"

Hands seize my shoulders and head. I let out a final broken cry. But up comes the leather, and behind my head goes the strap, and I discover the true purpose of the device. It's a specially designed gag that fits around my mouth and nose: to silence my protests, and to hold this mind-numbing wad of tissues against my face for exactly as long as they please.

It's a truly horrifying realization. They've affronted not only my adult status, not only my masculinity, but now my very consciousness. I'm dressed as some kind of freakish sissy baby, though frills and lace are the last thing on earth I'd ever dream of wearing. I'm trapped in a giant diaper, bound and gagged, and try as I might, I can't thrash my way free from this giant rocking horse. And already now, I can feel myself swooning from the sickening fumes inevitably filtering into my lungs. It's my own body – my own need to breathe – that is now forcing me ever so slowly down into limp, defenseless unconsciousness...

And then the plug jolts to life in my ass, and I choke in pained surprise.

The mocking laughter that fills my ears is enough to make anyone shrivel into a puddle of shame. "Aww, look at the little loser! Our stupid, pussy-ass sissy baby's finally getting what he deserves!" "Heh, I know, right? Look at him squirm!" "You know what the best part is, though? He's such a perverted little fucker that he's gonna get excited all the same." "God, really?" "But of course! Besides, if you do it right, you can make a guy cum from pretty much anything. Why, I read about this wife once who trained her husband to cum just at the smell of her sweaty feet..."

And on and on. I'm shuddering in place, trying not to breathe too deeply of the fumes filling my nose. And yet it's impossible not to. This plug, the merciless taunts from the women around me, the thick padding beneath – all of them are indeed making my trapped cock stiffen and ache with pent-up longing. The whispering rustle of the tissues swaddling my body sets my nerves afire with

tingles, as does the thick cotton and crinkling plastic pants and lacy trim of my infantile getup. And even the sweet scent of chloroform, tainted as it now is with memories of beautiful women forcing me into limp submission, is beginning to make me feel something dangerously akin to arousal...

After all, maybe it *is* hot to have such strong women in charge. Maybe? Amber's face is so beautiful when she smirks at me. Victoria's boobs are so... so amazing. And the way Susannah brushed those tissues across my face-

And still through the haze of my growing arousal comes the merciless lilt of sadistic femininity. "Oh, wow, really? You can actually train guys to *shit* themselves on command? Well, it's a pity PJ here won't be capable of that. I mean, with these plugs I'll bet it won't be long until he's crapping without even realizing it!"

I can't help it, I swear. Five minutes later, I'm gasping and grunting into my leather gag, my bound limbs clinking and straining, while I feel the sticky little spurts of cum dribbling out into the thick cotton of my diaper. Sure, I'm pathetic. I'm beyond pathetic. But that doesn't really enter into it, does it? I'm trapped, vibed, and slowly descending into the sweet-scented darkness of unconsciousness. I might as well give my body a precious bit of relief... inhaling sharply all the while.

Letting my eyes sink closed...

Listening to those sweetly terrifying gales of laughter...

Drifting slowly, steadily down... down... away...

And into darkness once more. Wondering only faintly whether I'll ever again be free.

(To be continued!)