

## **Falling for a Femme Fatale**

### Chapter Three

Commission – March 2023

It's pathetic, I know. Beyond pathetic. But even as I blearily blink awake through a pounding headache, I can already feel the thick, humiliating diaper around my waist warming and expanding. Not with pee, but with a disgusting rush of diarrhea from my gurgling belly.

It's not like I can help it, I tell myself, blinking back the gritty, burning tears that are welling unbidden in my eyes. Amber forced me into this. She made me do it. She tied me down like this and force-fed me that entire bottle of formula, ranting all the while about how she was going to turn me into some weird oversized man-baby...

*Which, a tiny voice inside me smirks, is clearly already happening. Because only babies poop their pants as thoroughly as you just have.*

But no, I can't think about that. Fresh waves of cramps are still gripping my poor belly, and a string of moans and grunts escapes my gagged mouth. I'm writhing in place, tugging desperately at the restraints even as I feel more hot spurts of diarrhea spluttering out into my already heavy diaper.

It must be the moans that get my beautiful tormenter's attention.

"Aww, is my little one awake already?" comes the sweetly amused voice from the door, and now Amber's clicking confidently into the room, a patronizing smile on her lovely lips. She's dressed again – this time, in what appears to be a full-on nurse's uniform. "Goodness, it smells like someone made a stinky for me! How does it feel, baby? How does it feel to fill your first diaper as my baby, hmm?"

At that, the anger and dismay bursts forth from within me – but of course the wad of soggy handkerchiefs in my mouth does its work far too well. For all that escapes is a series of pained grunts and whines, trailing off into what might best be described a whimper.

Not that Amber cares. "Oh, babies do tend to be fussy when they need a change," she shrugs, and now she's lowering the crib's side and kneeling down beside me, producing a fresh diaper and unfolding it before my eyes. "Let's get you changed, shall we?" Another plaintive moan escapes me, and she glances down in puzzled interest. "Oh, of course! I bet your mouth is feeling pretty icky now too, isn't it?"

And into my mouth her fingers slip, prying those detestable handkerchiefs out at last and leaving me with an aching jaw, dry tongue, parched lips, and a face and nose dirtied by my own mucous.

"Blow," she orders, and I gulp under the commanding pressure of the rustling paper tissue she's holding against my nose. "Blow, baby. Or shall I get a syringe and clean out your nose like a *real* baby?" Of course, I blow – partly to appease her, partly to avoid the nasty-sounding procedure she's just described... and yes, partly because it genuinely feels good to clear my drippy, icky nose.

"Good baby," she soothes, and I find myself blushing as fresh, crinkling bunches of tissues are used to dab and wipe down my face. "You really are messy, huh? But don't you worry! Nanny Amber will take care of everything..."

"Please," I begin at last, my voice harsh and hoarse in my ears. "Amber, please- I- I want to go home! This- this isn't right-" "Oh, hush," she laughs softly, and now I'm wincing as her fingers begin undoing the soft blue sleeper and probing inward to the filthy bulk of my well-used diaper. "We're only just getting started, honey! I promise you're going to feel so much better once you're changed..."

Well, I can't argue with that. And as humiliating as it is, I lapse into silence as she proceeds, squeezing my eyes shut and shivering under the disgusting sensations of her wiping away the filth from my skin. *She's used to this*, I tell myself frantically. *Didn't she say she's trained as a nurse? She's doing this on her own, so she clearly must not mind it – weird as that sounds...*

It's after she's applied the lotion – when she slips the new diaper under me and begins dousing me with powder – that I crack open an eye and venture another protest. "Amber, I-" "It's Nanny Amber," she returns evenly, reaching for the box of tissues and squarely meeting my upturned gaze. "Either Nanny or Miss Amber, got it? And if you can't remember that, I'll keep you quiet until you can."

*Oh, god.* "Um... Miss Amber-" She's heaping the tissues around my cock now, and as the rustling mass shivers and slides around it, I feel my cock hardening with unaccountable desire. *God, am I- no, I can't really be getting turned on by this! But it's Amber – and she's so sexy...*

And then she's tugging the fresh diaper closed, forcing my semi-erect cock down into its cloud of papery soft pleasure.

"Oh, what's *this*?" Her tone is nothing if not amused. "Were you trying to tell me how excited you're getting?" Of course I wasn't – and yet far be it from me to ask her to stop what she's now doing! For her hand is massaging the front of my new diaper, compressing the dozens of handkerchiefs inside and sending electric tingles of pleasure thrilling through me.

"Oh, but of course!" she murmurs as I writhe in place beneath her hand. "Babies *love* their fresh diapers, I know. And you're just a very little baby, after all. So it's only natural that you get a cute little stiffie when Miss Amber tapes you all up in your fresh new diaper, isn't it?"

"No- I, I-" "Hush, baby," she orders. "No lying to your nanny now. Just lay still and let Miss Amber take care of everything.." Her hand is kneading me with ungodly skill, and within second I'm trembling on the verge of orgasm. "Amber- please! I- I- I don't want-"

"I warned you," she tells me, and before I can do more than crack open an eye, I see and smell the cloud of sickly-sweet tissues descending toward my nose. "Now let's see, baby. Let's see if you manage to cum in your nice soft diaper *before* you pass out, shall we?"

*Oh, fuck!* I- I'm trapped – writhing in my bonds, in my ears the rustle and crackle of my own thick diaper and the tissues that seem to surround every inch of my body. In my nose is the heavy sweetness of chloroform, and even as the orgasm builds I can feel my pained brain fogging once more into unconsciousness...

"Don't worry. Baby PJ will learn to do exactly what Miss Amber orders," she intones... and in that moment I lose it. It's something about the way she says it – the helplessness – the horrifyingly hot idea that this woman can tie me up and gag me and chloroform me and turn me into the most pathetic, helpless thing imaginable... while I can't do a thing to stop her.

I can't help but cum. At least... I think I do? Because even as I pant and moan and shudder beneath those tissues, the sweet fumes clog my mind... and everything goes dark once more.

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When I wake, I'm not sure what's a dream and what's real.

*"Oh, you know it! Girl, you really should come over. I can't wait for you to see what I've been up to!"*  
*"Yeah, I know, I know. But listen, Victoria. This one's the real deal, I promise."* "Yep, no question. He's going to be perfect, I know it. After a bit of training, of course..." "Sure, why not? I'll meet you!"

It takes me a good while to realize that the voice I'm hearing in the distance belongs to Amber. She seems to be on the phone with someone... chatting... talking about... something. Or someone...

And then, as the heavy fog slowly lifts from my pounding head, I'm distracted by something else. The startling realization, that is, that I'm free!

Free, that is, from the cuffs around my hands and feet. Free as in not having a wad of tissues in my mouth. Sure, I may still be diapered and wearing a baby's footed sleeper. I may have these giant, soft mittens still locked on my hands. I may even be lying here in this giant, prison-like crib. But the bars are down, and I can roll onto my side and sit up at will, and now nothing but my own willpower is preventing me from stepping down and out of my infantile prison.

But I'm smart. At least, I think so. So I don't bolt for it immediately. I wait... listening as Amber's muffled voice recedes and finally peters out. I lie still even longer after that, thinking that perhaps she'll come to check on me now that she's done with her phone call. Even when the sound of a heavy door closing comes to my ears, I thrill... and wait.

It seems like eternities later, but at last I finally move, hoping and praying that Amber has gone out on her afternoon jog. I simply can't be caught, after all, and even as I sit heavily upright, I cringe at the rustling, crinkling sound that even the slightest movement occasions. There's the plasticky crinkle of the mattress protector beneath me. The crinkle of the disposable diaper around my bum. And of course, loudest of all, the constant shiver and rustle of the paper handkerchiefs that fill my entire sleeper and brush against seemingly every inch of my skin...

I toddle hesitantly out of the crib, the thick bulk forcing my legs into a grotesque waddle. I must look shamefully infantile, of course. But I'm free, and I can't be bothered with that right now. At least I've got clothes on, I muse distractedly as I reach for the knob and clumsily push it open with my thickly mittened hands. At least I won't be arrested for flashing the neighbors as I run home.

Down the elegantly furnished hall, trying to force my still-sleepy brain to remember where I came in. Where was that door again? Through the big-ass solarium... across from that painting... Somewhere in here...

Aha, there it is! My heart is thudding in my ears now as I see the front door, and I shuffle faster than ever toward it, driven on my desperation and adrenaline. I'm a prisoner breaking out of jail, and I can't wait to be free! *Just on the other side of this door now. Careful – stupid mittens make*

*turning things almost impossible. Curses! Try once more. Turn it nice and firm and slow...*

And then, before my very eyes, the knob finally turns between my mittened hands. But to my horror, it's not me doing the turning.

I step back from the door as it opens, and my mouth drops open in wordless astonishment and terror. For standing there before me – the bright sun in her flaming red hair, a delighted smile on her blood-red lips, and a fresh wad of tissues between her extravagantly manicured fingers – is another beautiful woman.

*Is this... Victoria?*

"What a devious little baby we have!" she purrs, and even as the strangled cry springs to my frozen lips she's stepping across the threshold and pulling me close into her pillowy, luscious curves. "Amber wasn't kidding when she said you need a bit of discipline, was she? But never fear..." and here she breaks into a low, sadistic chuckle while the tissues' thick fumes and her own sweet perfume mingle in my flaring nostrils. "You're in good hands now. Amber and I know exactly what to do with a *naughty* little baby like you..."

"Heh, heh, heh. You'll see."