

## PJ and the Tourist Trap

### Chapter Three

March 2024

*Thanks to PJChloroBaby for commissioning this latest naughty chapter!*

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Much as PJ might have hoped otherwise, the second waking was quite possibly worse than the first.

It started with the vague sensation of someone stroking his face. The soft rustle seemed to fill his brain, and he stirred unconsciously, only slowly coming to the vague realization that he was no longer dreaming. Someone, or something, was brushing against his face. There was a dull ache in a bum, a strange tautness around his waist, an urgency building in his bladder, a heavy weight on his limbs. And all the while, he seemed to hear, as if from a great distance, the low, lusty murmur of a feminine voice, crooning on and on...

Oh... Oh. It sounded... familiar. *Too* familiar.

Head pounding. Vision blurry. Cracking one eye blearily open... and finding himself blinking up over the luscious swell of a barely-concealed female bosom and right into the smiling face of his captor.

Only for a moment, though. For then his vision was blotted out by the rustling white handkerchief she was systematically brushing across his face. He blinked back into darkness, fighting for thoughts and then for words to put with them. He'd- oh, shit. He'd come here... met this sexy MILF of a lady. She'd grabbed him and... knocked him out. He'd wakened, and she'd- oh, the things she'd said! That's right – she'd talked about making him her *baby*?! And how she was going to train him and become his Mummy or some such?!

"Fuckin' hell, no!" He blurted out – or rather, that's what his brain told his mouth to do. In reality, all that sounded in his ears was the desperate, inarticulate mumble of a young man whose mouth was stuffed full of sound-deadening paper tissues.

"Oh, my little angel's awake! Here you are, love!" To her bound prisoner, in any other context the laughing tone of this scantily-clad goddess might have been almost sexy – but not now. "There, there – I knew you'd be waking soon," she continued – and now as PJ stared fearfully up at her, he couldn't help but notice that she seemed to be wearing a scandalously see-through babydoll nightgown. "It's just about time for your bedtime feeding after all. Which is why we've done taken

that great big dummy-gag out of your pretty wee mouth..."

PJ thrashed – or tried to. His hands still seemed to be weighted down by cuffs, and this time they seemed not bound above his head, but rather behind his back. He kicked – but his ankles too seemed cuffed tightly together, and all his bare feet encountered in their frantic struggles was open air.

"*Mmgguggghh?!*" He burbled out, at which his beautiful captor shook her head in mild amusement. "Aww, do you want a few more tissues in there, hmm? They do a lovely job of keeping my baby nice and quiet." She stroked once more over his face with the crumpled paper handkerchief, and he shivered at the touch despite himself. "Now, do be a good baby for Mummy. I know wee little babies like you are fussy when they're hungry. But fortunately for you, your Mummy has *exactly* what you need!"

He twisted once more in a futile attempt to break free – but even while he did so, his wide eyes were drawn helplessly toward her slender fingers that were beginning to toy with the filmy fabric within which her voluptuous bosom was straining. "Shh, Mummy knows what her new little baby needs," she murmured. And as the shoulder strap loosened, and the fabric sprang open, and her massive left tit burst shamelessly free before his eyes, he felt a shudder of mingled arousal and loathing ripple through him. Surely she wasn't- she didn't mean for him to-

Oh, but she did. "Feeding time," she lilted softly, and now those same dexterous fingers were prying the soggy wad of tissues from his parched mouth. "I know you must be hungry, little one. You've not had your supper yet, you know. Come now – open up for Mummy..."

"No! Let me- lemme go!" He spluttered indignantly, even as her hands were slipping behind his head and tugging him firmly forward. His protesting lips were brushing against the heavy bulk of her bared breast, his plaintive words shaking with fear and arousal. "No, please- you can't do this. P-please..." "Hush, little one," Mrs. White commanded, and now her left hand was forcing his head up while her right began prying open his clenching lips. "Mummy knows what's best for you. Mummy knows what you want. Believe me, love – I saw the way you were looking at Mummy's tiddies when you came here. You want them, don't deny it..."

"Mm-mm! Nnnnnhh!" He remained adamant, lips sealing tight in denial of her determined prying. But though he might have won a temporary victory, his captor was far too wily for him. For now she adjusted her grip on him, her right hand sliding deftly down into his nappy and between his thighs to clench threateningly around his vulnerable balls. At the same time, her left clamped down forcefully on his nose, sealing his breath within. He started – struggled – labored to control his

breathing. *No, don't open!* He could wait... hold out... keep his lips sealed a moment longer...

"Nuh-! No, no-hhmmm-!" Not a half-second after his reluctant lips had finally slackened and he'd drawn a single panting breath, she was forcing his face deep into her bosom, stuffing her nipple deep into his mouth until he was practically gagging. "Suck, baby. Drink. Don't make Mummy punish you," she warned with a twist of his balls, and he blinked desperately up, nostrils flaring from exertion and pain. "Don't you even think about biting, either," she continued, and now both hands were back up, firmly forcing his head even deeper into her massive breast. "Believe me, love. I have ways to make sure you'd regret that for the rest of your life!"

He gulped – more in fear than anything. But imagine his astonishment at the sensation of a sweet, creamy liquid coating his tongue. *Wait, she- she really was-? This was... breast milk?!* He gulped again, half repulsed and half in shock, and again the thick liquid seemed to spread throughout his mouth and coat his throat. "Good, good," Mrs. White was crooning, and now she had grasped another wad of tissues and begun dabbing at the corners of his mouth. "Drink up, little one..."

Of course he had no intention of doing that. But even as he stiffened and fought to pull away, she smiled down into his upturned face, a dangerous gleam in her eye. "This is your supper, love. It's all you're getting: this, or nothing. And in case you've forgotten, shall Mummy tell you how few hours someone can survive without liquid? Or how painful thirst can be?" She smirked softly. "Just imagine: bound and gagged in your nursery for hours... unable to drink or eat. Your mouth dry as dust... your blood thickening... And oh, how desperately you'll want to drink anything! Even your own piss, if you only could..."

He gulped, cowed into terrified submission. And dutifully, fearfully, began suckling at her womanly teat.

Oh, but that wasn't the end – not but a long shot. For after what seemed like an eternity – one in which she was constantly wiping at his face with her tissues and cooing over how every gulp would make him more her baby – she tugged him away... but only in order to shift him to her right side and repeat the entire procedure.

He was burping and practically gagging on the strangely sweet flood that now bloated his stomach when she finally let him stop. "Good baby," she murmured, and in her husky tones he could hear the low, throaty rasp of gloating arousal. "Oh, you're such a good boy for me. You'll be nice and full now for the night. Nice and lovely and full... just like your nappy will be in the morning..."

At that knowing jab at his undeniably aching bladder... well, he did what any sane young man in his situation would have done. He spluttered up at her through the tissues she was methodically using

to dab around his mouth: "Not a fucking chance! I'm not- no way in hell- Let me *go*, I tell you-"

"You really are pathetic, love," she laughed softly, and her tissue-filled hand gripped firmly over his protesting mouth as she twisted and reached behind her. "Why would you ever want to leave, baby? You're here with Mummy now. She's fed you, and done you up proper in your nappy, and given you such pretty little cuffs to wear, too! But I suppose you wouldn't be my silly little boy if you didn't also want another bit of fun before nighty-night time..."

Out came a bundle of handkerchiefs – into which she upended an ominous-looking bottle. That done, she reached down toward his exposed – and still-dry – nappy. Even as the first whiffs of the cloyingly sweet substance reached his twitching nose, he was shivering at the sensation of her fingers dexterously slipping up and down, up and down the length of his nappy- and handkerchief-swaddled cock.

"You don't want this, hmm?" She mocked softly, her still naked and milky breasts rippling along with her mirth. "You don't want a sexy woman to take charge of you and show you her boobies? You don't want her to let you suck on them? You don't want her to tease you, and fondle you, and stroke your *adorable* little wee-wee in your nice soft nappy?" She chuckled, muting his groveling little protests under the thick clot of handkerchiefs. "Oh, hush now, love. Hush and breathe it in. And let's see if you can manage to make goo-goo's this time before you fall asleep!"

He writhed. He struggled. But with every movement, the chloroform seeped into his lungs. With every spasm of his stupid cock, his brain fogged a bit more. He blinked open – and the sight of her incredible breasts set his stiff member twitching with desire. He squeezed his eyes shut – and the fingers clenching around his tissue-stuffed, rustling, padded prison drew a groan of primal longing from his lips. And caught thus, like a hapless fly in the web of a cunning spider, he shuddered and moaned his pathetic way into barely conscious orgasm.

Meaning, of course, that he was unconscious and thus blissfully unaware when she hefted his limp body up... hauled it across the room... and began locking his nerveless limbs into the restraints of the giant baby cot that waiting silently to become his prison.

*(To be continued!)*