

Losing Control (Time Skip)

by Cowkites

"Let's get you out of that sticky dress, sweetie." Rachel stripped him of his stained dress and told him to sit quietly as she searched through her old clothes for something extra feminine for Jamie. She was pleased to find that Jamie obeyed her without question. He was clearly distraught with his soggy diaper in plain view, but there was nothing he could do about it. Nothing other than ask Rachel for a diaper change.

"I know you said it's best for me to wear these..." said Jamie, "...but I really think I can hold it...and these diapers feel so...icky."

Rachel chuckled. "Is that so? Maybe they wouldn't be so icky if you didn't wet and cum in them." A pink doll collar dress caught her eye and Rachel pulled it free. A pair of bright pink rhumba panties came with it. Rachel raised an eyebrow. "Tell ya what, Jamie. Why don't we give you a little test? Something to help us decide what to do with you."

Jamie perked up. "Anything!"

"I'm going to put you in this dress and stretch these frilly panties over that droopy diaper of yours," explained Rachel. She approached Jamie slowly, both items before her. "If you can manage not to cum in your diapers for the rest of the night, we can talk about trying to fix your little issue."

Jamie's expression jumped quickly from relief to worry. "And if I do...cum?" he asked.

"If you cum...in a soaking wet diaper, frilly pink panties, and a dress...then I think it best we treat you how you clearly need to be treated," said Rachel, "Like the silly little diaper sissy you are."

"I'm not a sissy!" yelled Jamie.

"Then be a big boy and stand up so I can put your panties on you," replied Rachel, "You're a man, right? There's no way you could just squirt in your wet diapiers."

"R-Right..." Jamie stood and slipped his feet into the leg holes of Rachel's old panties. They were slid up past his thighs and stretched over the swollen padding of the diaper. Next, Jamie raised his arms and Rachel pulled the dress down over him. It was shorter than Jamie anticipated and was several inches shy of keeping the ruffles of his panties hidden. Rachel fussed with the dress before working on his hair. Jamie fussed with Rachel about it but a swift

spank to his bottom kept him quiet. Something about how she so easily disciplined him, made Jamie excited. The panties stretched over his diapers kept the soaked padding pressed against his crotch. It was hard for his cock to not be stimulated by even the smallest motion. Jamie bit his lip and kept the noise to a minimum as Rachel pulled his hair up into a pair of girly pigtails.

"Are we even sure you're a man anymore?" asked Rachel. "I mean, just look at you in your little dress. You're such a pretty little girl like this."

Jamie cursed under his breath. "I'm a man, Rachel!" he said, angrily.

Rachel smirked. She didn't like his back talk. Jamie had been well on his way to obedience. Rachel needed to up her game. "Is that so...?" Rachel pressed herself into Jamie's back. Her hands slipped underneath the dress. Rachel squeezed his cock through the thick padding and pulled him back into her. Jamie squirmed and whimpered. It was clear he wasn't the man he claimed to be.

"N-Nuh! Puh-please Rachel!" Jamie begged.

"Please what?" Rachel asked. "Please stop rubbing my diapies, I'm gonna cum in them like a sissy; or please don't stop rubbing my diapies, I want to cum in them like a sissy?"

Jamie gasped. His hips bucked. He couldn't fight his urges. The tiny semi-erect cock nestled in his diaper's soggy padding had started to twitch. Pre-cum dribbled from the tip. "I-I...mmmph..."

Rachel giggled. "Don't tell me you're really just going to give up on your manhood? All you had to do was not orgasm in your wet diapers for a few hours. Now you're humping my hand like a depraved little sissy."

"Noooo..." Jamie whimpered. "I-I'm nah a sissy..."

"Prove it...be a big boy and keep your pampers dry for o--"

Jamie's breathing devolved into short, ragged gasps. His cock spasmed in his diaper as Rachel massaged him. He was done for. An effeminate whimper escaped his lips. Jamie ejaculated into the diaper. A warm, gratuitous load soaked the padding. Rachel felt him shake in her arms. A blissful expression was on his face for a few moments before his lust passed and he realized what he did. "N-No! I didn't mean t--"

"You didn't mean to be a silly little diaper sissy?" Rachel cut him off. "You're supposed to be my boyfriend Jamie not some weak little diaper humping, dress loving girly girl."

Jamie panicked as the realization sank in. "Please don't treat me like a sissy! I'm a man. I promise. Just let me wear my old clothes!"

Rachel shook her head. "We had a deal, sissy. You clearly can't be trusted out of diapers. I'll just have to add a few more items to my baby Jamie shopping list to accommodate your...special needs."

Jamie couldn't believe what he heard. "No! Let me go! You're crazy!" He kicked and struggled against Rachel but she held him firm. His new form was incredibly weak and easy to control. Rachel knew this. She reached under his dress, grabbed his diaper by the waistband and yanked him into the air. Rachel then sat on the bed and pulled Jamie across her lap.

"I'm crazy? You're the one needing their girlfriend to change their soggy diapers!" Rachel yanked the panties down to his knees and laid into his padded backside. The thick diapers shielded him from the pain, but the humiliation was unbearable. To make matters worse, a discomfort in his bladder grew with each second. Jamie clenched his legs together and did his best to hold out but it was no use. Rachel continued to spank him. Within seconds Jamie lost all control. He sobbed loudly as his bladder released and soaked his diapers.

"Waaaaaaah!" Jamie wailed. He couldn't believe how far he had sunk. All he wanted was a pair of underwear again. Even panties would be better than diapers.

Rachel noticed immediately. She grinned from ear to ear as Jamie's diaper swelled from the influx of urine and sagged heavily. "And now you're peeing yourself mid-spanking!" She grabbed the soaked diaper and gently pressed it into Jamie's backside. The padding squished audibly beneath her fingers. Jamie whimpered as another warm load of semen squirted out of his cock. "And you're loving every second of it...I haven't seen you look that satisfied in months. I guess you prefer cumming in your pampers than you do me. Why am I not surprised?"

Jamie wanted to refute her claims but she kept a firm grip on him through the diaper. She squeezed his cock through the padding every few seconds. Jamie whined, unable to stand up for himself in such a state.

"Since you love your sticky diapers so much, you're going to bed in them," said Rachel. "You're clearly just a sissy. All you needed was a little push in the right direction and I practically got you to admit it." Rachel pulled Jamie off her lap and into the bed. "You won't be able to help yourself tonight, so don't bother getting up. Just go in your diapers like we both know you want to." Jamie found himself nodding as his eyes began to droop. The fluffy pillows and soft blankets called to him. "Tomorrow, we're going to discuss our relationship among other things. I didn't start dating you just so I could change your sticky diapers all day."

Jamie was shocked. Did she really just suggest a breakup? He struggled to stay awake but it was no use. Rachel hummed to Jamie as she tucked him in. He faded fast and soon found himself snoring softly into his pillow. Rachel watched him with a devilish grin. She never planned to break up with him. She just wanted to change their dynamic. Jamie wasn't fit to be a

boyfriend anymore just as he wasn't fit to use the potty. He was a helpless little diaper sissy, he just didn't accept that yet. Rachel would make him see.

Jamie woke that next morning in a strange mood. His dreams had been filled with visions of diapers, dresses, and Rachel. They were no escape from his fate. Strangely, Jamie found himself with morning wood despite that. Well, as much morning wood as his limp dick could muster. His diapers were warm. The squishy padding swaddled Jamie's cock and threatened to overwhelm him.

"My, my, little one. Couldn't hold it 'till morning?" Rachel teased. She lifted the covers, exposing Jamie's swollen padding. Jamie covered his face from shame. That only served to encourage Rachel. She gave him a thorough diaper check and made sure to focus on his groin. Jamie whimpered in response. His back arched ever so slightly. "Don't tell me you're gonna cum in your diapers again...you really are just a diaper loving sissy, aren't you?"

"No..." replied Jamie. His voice was weak. There was a longing in the way he spoke. Despite all his protesting, Jamie couldn't help but lean into his arousal. His legs shook as he neared his breaking point. Jamie hated how it made him feel as a man. He wasn't attracted to diapers, or dresses, or being called a sissy; but somehow, his cock twitched from excitement. Jamie couldn't fight it a second longer. With a girly gasp, he shivered from head to toe and ejaculated into the soaked padding.

"What you just did in your pampers proves otherwise..." teased Rachel. She bit her lip as she watched Jamie lose control. She so badly wanted to tease him more, to break him in; but it wasn't the time. Rachel would have to move slowly to ensure Jamie was eased into his new life. A little help wouldn't hurt, of course. A little help in the form of a special pacifier among other things. The moment Rachel knew Jamie was actually being sissified, she went back to the website where she had purchased the drug and searched for anything else that might assist her. What Rachel found was a pacifier. A pacifier that was labeled as highly addicting and the only pacifier that would soothe cranky adults. Just the thing to turn Jamie into the docile little sissy Rachel wanted. She also added some extra thick princess-print diapers to the order along with some cute, babyish clothing sized perfectly for Jamie's petite figure. A notification from her phone alerted her to its arrival. Rachel gave Jamie one last squeeze before she left their bed. Once out of sight, she sprinted to the front door and grabbed the package. As much as Rachel wanted to pop it in Jamie's mouth then and there, she decided to wait for the perfect moment. It was meant to soothe after all.

"Wuh-What was that?" Jamie asked, eager to distance himself from what had just happened.

"Nothing you need to worry about, baby," said Rachel. The old Jamie might have pressed the issue. Sissified Jamie buried himself under the blankets. He had seen that Rachel entered the

room with something thick and pink hidden behind her back. Jamie didn't need to pressure Rachel to tell him. He knew what she had: diapers. "There's no use hiding, Jamie. You know this is for the best. Can't have you leaking all over the place once you start losing control all the time." Rachel approached Jamie's side of the bed. She yanked the covers off of him, a devilish smile on her face. "Mommy's gonna change your diapers, sweetheart. Go on and get in position."

Jamie was shocked. "Mommy? Get in position? Stop treating me like a baby!" he whined, "I wanna go to the doctor!"

"Really? In a dress and some thick diapers? Is that what you want, baby?"

Jamie crossed his arms and pouted. He looked away and mumbled, "That's not fair. I don't have to wear this stuff," under his breath.

"What was that?" asked Rachel. She crawled onto the bed, unfolded the diaper, and pushed Jamie's legs up and apart so that she could get to his heavily used diaper. "You don't need your diapers? Or a dress?" Rachel pressed her palm into Jamie's crotch. She massaged the area slowly. "Do you really think you can keep a pair of boxers clean? You'll soak them in thirty minutes. Piss will shoot straight down your legs all the way down to your shoes." Jamie bit his lip. Not ten minutes had passed and he was already horny again. He tried to push Rachel's hand away, but she was too strong and his mind was clouded. "You need all this, Jamie. Face it. You're too small for your old clothes. You couldn't keep your panties dry. I don't think I've seen you so happy as when you're making stickies in your diapers." Jamie tried to protest, but the pleasure turned his sentences into incoherent babble. "No pants or shorts are going to fit over your thick pampers and you're clearly too emotional to be in charge of yourself right now. If you're going to act like a baby, I'll just treat you like one. Maybe then you'll behave."

Jamie would never admit it, but something about Rachel's power over him and the words she spoke only heightened his arousal. Subtly as he could manage, Jamie pressed himself into Rachel's hand. The increased pressure was too much for him. He came almost immediately after. His expression was one of pure bliss. Rachel was right. Jamie had never felt something so good. "Suh-stop. I-I don't need this," he whimpered. "I-I can make it to the d-doctor's office."

Rachel ignored him. She stripped him of his old diaper and got to work cleaning him off. Jamie sat still as she wiped him, but the moment the thick diaper was slid underneath his bottom he started to squirm and fight Rachel. "Such a cranky baby," said Rachel. She sounded aggravated, but couldn't be more thrilled. It was the perfect time to introduce the pacifier. Rachel wouldn't pass it up. She grabbed Jamie by the ankles, brought them together, and raised them into the air. Rachel painted Jamie's backside red with several firm spansks. Jamie yelped in pain. His sensitive body couldn't take much. A few seconds in and he started to cry. He begged for it to stop until Rachel finally relented. "Are you going to behave yourself?" Rachel asked.

Jamie would say anything at that point. "Yes..." he sobbed.

Rachel dropped his legs back down. With a flourish, she pulled the pacifier from her pocket and popped it in Jamie's mouth. He tried to spit it out almost immediately, but Rachel prevented him from doing so. "Then behave yourself. Suck on this pacifier while I diaper you and I'll let you pretend to be a big girl for a bit. Well, as big a girl stuck in diapers can be."

"Otay..." lisped Jamie. He didn't want to do it, but he felt he had no choice. His bottom hurt so badly. Even the soft padding of the diaper caused him pain.

"Good," replied Rachel. She pulled back her hand, but maintained a slight pressure on the pacifier with her fingertips. Rachel only relented when Jamie started to suck on the pacifier. "Much better," she said. Satisfied, Rachel returned to changing Jamie. She took great delight in every effeminate sound that escaped his lips. The way he reacted to the cool baby powder on his skin. Rachel watched Jamie's expression as she taped the diaper in place. With a firm hand, Rachel gave Jamie's diaper a squeeze. "All done, little sissy."

Jamie looked down to his feet. It was impossible for him to ignore the thick, prissy diapers he wore. Jamie was outraged. He wanted to rip everything off and take control of the situation, but he couldn't bring himself to do it. He'd be punished if he did that. Jamie had no desire to endure another spanking. The pacifier in his mouth was his only comfort. Drool collected around its shield and on Jamie's chin. He sucked on it noisily. Something about it made him calm.

Rachel stood up and stretched. "Well, Jamie, you did what I asked so you can pretend to be a big girl for a while."

"Really? No more babying?" asked Jamie.

"For a little while," said Rachel, "Maybe if you're good, I'll see if I can get a doctor's appointment for you here soon."

Jamie's eyes lit up. "Yay!" he shouted with childlike glee.

Rachel had to stifle a laugh. "Alright, well. There's some of my old clothes you can try on. Oh and you can give me the pacifier since you won't be needing it."

Jamie pulled the pacifier out of his mouth and handed it to Rachel. The moment it left, Jamie felt a small spike of anxiety. He managed to shake it off but was troubled by the response. There was nothing to be anxious about. Of that he was sure.

Jamie's reflection in their bedroom mirror seemed to mock him. Rachel had promised him the rest of the day as a big girl, but it didn't feel much better. He still had to wear diapers and a dress. Despite all the confusion Jamie felt, he still believed himself to be a man. He tried to remain confident, but it grew more difficult by the minute. Even Rachel's most modest clothing was feminine and somewhat revealing. The longest dress he could find was a bright yellow sundress. Jamie was relieved to find a pair of plain white socks and off-white sneakers. Unfortunately, the outfit came out more juvenile than Jamie had intended. His large diaper bulge was plain to see under the dress in both the front and back. He certainly was dressed like a big kid compared to his earlier attire, but the kind of big kid a little girl might call herself once she was potty-trained. Jamie was on the verge of losing his potty-training completely. He didn't feel like a big kid at all. He felt like a diapered sissy stuck firmly under his girlfriend's thumb. Jamie did his best to block out those negative thoughts. He'd go to the doctor soon. His manhood would be restored.

But everyone will see my diapers...and my dress! thought Jamie. His face turned a bright shade of red as his thoughts raced. Jamie brought his hands up in a weak attempt to shut out the world around him. Thoughtlessly, Jamie slipped his thumb in his mouth. It brought him a small amount of comfort. Comfort that immediately left as soon as he opened his eyes. The sight of the thumb-sucking sissy before him was simply too much. Jamie dropped his hands to his sides and quickly left the room.

Rachel waited for him in the dining room. She sat at the table, a baby bottle and a sippy cup before her. "Well don't you look just adorable, little miss big kid sissy."

"I'm not a sissy," Jamie mumbled in reply. He then looked at the table and frowned. "What are those for, I'm a big kid no-ugh...ignore that. Just...why do you have them? I want a glass."

"You keep saying you're not a sissy..." replied Rachel. She lifted the skirt of Jamie's dress, then gave his diaper a squeeze. Jamie gasped. "...but you clearly like your girly attire. Your sissy princess diapers most of all." Rachel massaged Jamie's cock through the padding. She needed him eager for the next part of her plan. Jamie was more than receptive. "As for these...well, you *are* a big kid now, but you're still a diaper dependent little girl. Can't trust you with a glass and you've got to be thirsty after how squishy you made your diapers earlier." Rachel continued to squeeze and stroke Jamie through the padding. She stopped herself the moment Jamie looked like he might be close to release. Jamie whimpered as Rachel lowered his dress. "So I'll just let you pick which one you want to drink from."

Jamie couldn't stand how horny Rachel's teasing made him. A part of him wanted to give up and start masturbating right then and there. *I'm sure Rachel would just love it if I made stickies in my diapers right now...* thought Jamie. He shook his head. Even his thoughts betrayed him and what was left of his manhood. "Mmmph...uh...I'm gonna pick the sippy cup..."

Rachel smiled. "Alright, little one. If you say so..." she teased. "I've got some business to take care of on my laptop. I'll be in the bedroom. You stay and watch some cartoons, okay?" Rachel then turned to leave.

"Ota...o-okay..." Jamie replied. He waited patiently for Rachel to leave, then looked back at the table. Of course he would choose the sippy cup. It was the lesser of two evils after all; however, something gnawed at the back of Jamie's mind. His eyes drifted over to the bottle. Jamie looked back to their bedroom. Rachel was nowhere to be seen. She most likely sat on their bed, her laptop out and her headphones in. No moment could be safer to indulge than then. Jamie bent down to better see the contents of the childish cups. Milk in the sippy cup, chocolate milk in the bottle. Chocolate milk sounded good to Jamie. His lips felt dry despite the drool that dripped down his chin. With a shaky hand, Jamie grabbed the bottle. He stuffed the nipple in his mouth and sipped on the sweet liquid. *I'm just gonna drink a little. Momm--Rachel doesn't have to know*, thought Jamie. Before he knew it nearly half the bottle was gone. Much like the pacifier, the nipple on the bottle gave him comfort; unlike the bottle, it wasn't enough. It only made him crave the pacifier more. As he finished his chocolate milk, Jamie looked around the room. *I definitely don't need my paci*, he thought, *but it would be nice to have maybe...*

Rachel waited in their room, just outside of Jamie's view. She had never intended to use her laptop; instead, she waited for Jamie to take the bait. Jamie's diapers crinkled loudly with every movement. Rachel didn't need to look to know that Jamie drank from the baby bottle. She heard him gulp down every last drop in the same way that he sucked noisily on his pacifier. The drugs along with the special coating on Jamie's pacifier had done their work. It was only a matter of time before Jamie would be rendered completely helpless. Rachel was beside herself with delight. She couldn't help but risk a peek.

Jamie still sucked on the nipple of his bottle despite it being empty. He sneaked about the house on his tiptoes in search of the missing pacifier. Slowly, as the chocolate milk took affect, Jamie's steps grew heavy and loud. He toddled back and forth while he gently massaged the front of his diaper with his hand. A look of relief washed over his face. The bottle dropped from his mouth from excitement. His fingers quickly replaced them. Jamie sucked on them eagerly.

What's happening to me? I...my diapie...it's warm. Why does it feel so good? thought Jamie. His already muddled mind dipped further into confusion. He couldn't think straight. The sexual frustration Jamie had endured, the powerful diuretic in his bottle, his strong oral fixation, and the drugs that sissified him; they all worked in tandem to slowly render him helpless. He fought as hard as he could, but Jamie had lost control. He just didn't realize until Rachel stood next to him, clearly aggravated with her hands on her hips.

"I thought you wanted to be a big kid, Jamie." Rachel talked down to him. Jamie felt the power she had over him then. None of his old anger was there anymore. Jamie waited for his turn to speak with his eyes pointed at his feet. "I almost believed you could do it," Rachel continued, "I really should have known better."

"B-But!" Jamie stammered.

"No 'but's, Jamie. You clearly can't be trusted to know what's best for you anymore." Rachel yanked Jamie's dress upward and exposed his sagging diaper. "You claim you don't need or like your diapers. But here you were, all alone, soaking your diapers. Tell me, Jamie..." Rachel leaned in close. She placed her hand on Jamie's diaper. Her dexterous fingers worked Jamie's cock through the padding. He did nothing to stop her; instead, Jamie stifled his whimpers. He didn't want to miss a single word. "Did you have an accident like a baby or did you piss your pampers on purpose like a sissy?"

"Um...unnnf...uh...I...mmm..." Jamie was incapable of doing anything more than moan through gritted teeth as Rachel worked her magic. *Don't answer...not a baby...I'm not a s-s...* Jamie's thoughts derailed completely. Rachel dangled two pacifiers from her free hand. One was a regular, yellow baby's pacifier. The other was much larger and pink. The words 'Sissy Princess' were displayed prominently on the shield. *Paci...I wan' it...*

"Poor thing...can't think straight?" asked Rachel. She removed her hand from Jamie's diaper and replaced it with her lower thigh. "Let mommy help..." Rachel pushed Jamie into the wall. She moved her knee up until Jamie was forced to his tiptoes. He fidgeted on Rachel's knee. The diaper squished and crinkled with each movement. "That better, sissy?"

Jamie nodded without a second thought. Rachel held the pacifiers in front of Jamie's face, just before her breasts. Drool dribbled down his chin and onto his sundress. "Uh...uh huh..." Jamie bucked his hips against Rachel's knee. A shiver ran down the length of his body. It was too much. "Muh-Mmmm...mommy!" Jamie's cock, as small and as pathetic as it was, spurted a massive load into his diapers as he orgasmed.

Rachel laughed aloud. "Awww did widdle Jamie make stickies in her diapies?"

"Buh...unnnf...ye-yeth..." Jamie whimpered. He couldn't lie to nor resist Rachel. He was putty in her hands.

"That settles it then." Rachel slipped the baby's pacifier back into her pocket. "There's no denying it Jamie. You're not a man anymore. You're not an adult. You're just a helpless, pathetic little sissy that needs and craves her diapers more than anything." Rachel pressed the oversized nipple of the sissy pacifier to Jamie's lips. "You love this too, don't you?" She dragged it back and forth across his lower lip. Jamie desperately tried to pull it in, but Rachel wouldn't let him have it so easy. "Of course you do, *sissy princess*. So go on and beg for it."

Jamie didn't hesitate. He was on the verge of a second orgasm. Rachel was right. Jamie craved diapers. He wanted his pacifier more than anything. The thought of ejaculating in his diapers a second time was almost enough to make him actually do it, but Jamie tried his best not to cum

just then. He wanted his pacifier first. "Pwease...pwease mommy! I wan' my sissy pwincess paci pwea---mmmph!" Jamie's words were cut short. He had gotten his wish.

"There's no going back now, Jamie. No doctors appointment, no pretending to have control over anything anymore. You're a helpless little sissy. My sissy." Rachel cupped the back of Jamie's head and forced his face into her breasts. Jamie gasped loudly. Rachel felt his body seize up, then release. "Which makes me your mommy. You're not old enough to date after all. Not that anyone would want your tiny little dick. Especially when it's kept in a soggy, sticky diaper." Rachel spoke and Jamie whimpered. His body seized again. A loud moan was muffled by Rachel's breasts. "You probably don't mind, do you? You clearly prefer squirting in your diapers to anything a real man might do. But that's okay. Mommy is here. Mommy knows just what her sissy needs."

Jamie was in heaven. Every part of his brain that told him to resist had faded away. Rachel's words filled his mind and Jamie found himself hornier than he had ever been. He nodded as she spoke and occasionally babbled around his pacifier. Orgasm after orgasm wracked his body. Sweat dripped down his back as he wore himself out against his mommy's thigh.

Eventually, Rachel relented and gently guided Jamie to the ground. He slumped against the wall in a stupor. "Look at what a mess you made," said Rachel.

Jamie looked down at himself. A small puddle of urine formed underneath his diaper. Dried semen kept the skirt of his dress stuck to his stomach and left his soaked diapers on full display.

"You're so depraved you don't even feel shame anymore, do you?" asked Rachel, "Well...you might if I let you have a little control back, but that's not happening. Mommy is in charge now. Which means nothing but diapers, dresses, and pacifiers in your future. We'll replace every big boy thing you own with something more age and gender appropriate. Before long, you won't even remember what it was like to be a man. Not that you ever really were one."

Jamie listened to Rachel in a daze. He knew he should run or, at the very least, plead with Rachel to give him another chance; but he couldn't bring himself to do it. The thick, squishy diaper felt so good and there was no way he'd give up his pacifier again. Rachel, his mommy, needed to be in charge. Jamie wasn't a big boy anymore. He actually loved his diapered orgasms. Rachel would give him more of what he wanted and he wasn't strong enough to fight her, so he surrendered himself to her.

Rachel, satisfied with Jamie's meek demeanor, dragged him back to their room to be punished and dressed appropriately. Jamie felt a pang of regret as he was locked into infantile clothing and restraints. He no longer had any choice. All he could do was hope for the sweet release of arousal. Anything to make his thoughts foggy. Anything to make him crave Rachel and her dominance. Thankfully, Rachel was happy to oblige. It only made things easier.