

**Falling for a Femme Fatale**  
Chapter Nine  
Commission – September 2023

*My new babysitter?!*

Oh, yes. Once again, just when I think I've reached the depths of humiliation, these women are still finding fresh and horrifying new ways of toying with me.

"See, it's like this," Amber explains to Mrs. White, a wry smile dancing across her luscious lips. "This fellow has been bothering me for quite awhile now. You know the type, right? Always just *happening* to be around when you're out for a jog? Staring like a pervert whenever you pass by?"

I squirm uncomfortably amid the chorus of knowing chuckles. "Oh, do I ever," Mrs. White assents in her high, lilting voice. She leans forward conspiratorially. "You remember what my Reggie was like before I took him in hand, don't you? Always ogling pretty young things wherever we went? And always lying through his teeth about it, too." She shakes her head sagely, reaching forward and wiping at my paper-stuffed mouth with her own fresh wad of tissues. "I really didn't have a *choice* but take him in hand! Very *firmly* in hand, if you recall..."

Victoria glances inquiringly over at Amber, who simply giggles and gives her head a knowing shake. "Oh, Vic, don't worry – I'll fill you in later on all the juicy details! Let's just say for now that dear Susannah here took 'domestic discipline' to a whole new level before she finally wrung that divorce out of him." I quiver in growing anxiety, trying not to let the horror welling within me show on my face. After all, maybe they're all just toying with me... right? Just having fun playing sick mind games... or something?

"But anyway," Amber resumes with a gay laugh and a toss of her dark hair. "That's all water under the bridge by now. What matters is that you're still up to it – right, Susannah? Not too busy to take care of one more naughty little boy when Vic and I are away?"

"Oh, heavens, no!" Mrs. White exclaims, and I gulp wetly around the wad of tissues as her bright eyes lock with mine. "I can tell already that he won't be causing his nanny any trouble whatsoever. You've got such lovely mitts and restraints on him already, don't you? And remember, even if he does try to get rowdy, Nanny Susannah know very well how to handle him..."

She cocks her head to one side and glances pointedly toward a wide and curving staircase on the

other end of the living room. "If you don't believe me, ladies... why don't we take him upstairs? I think you'll all *adore* seeing the room I have in mind for him!"

And up we go, of course. I don't have a choice, not even once those buckles are undone and I slip out from my giant stroller. I may be standing shakily on my own two stiff legs, true. But three women, all of varying fitness and ability, are surrounding me. I'm gagged and mittened and literally dressed like a giant toddler, a soggy and double-thick diaper ballooning between my thighs. Hell, it's all I can do to keep my feet under me as Amber takes my one locked hand and Victoria the other, propelling me helplessly up the stairs after this surprisingly spry older lady...

"Here we have it!" And into the first bedroom on the left we go, a cloud of lavender and baby powder assaulting my flaring nostrils as we enter. "Now, don't mind the hoods and other gear over there in that cage. That's in case someone needs puppy training – which this one clearly won't..." Susannah gives a little chuckle and gestures around the room, and my eyes widen in shock as they unwillingly follow her motion. "But the rest of this should be fairly suitable, I suppose?"

Oh, is it? What am I even looking at?!

Three glass-fronted bookcases, side by side – and within each, rows upon rows and stacks upon stacks of what I now recognize full well as oversized diapers. A giant wardrobe against the far wall, the one open door giving a glimpse of gaily colored and overtly babyish clothes. A massive changing table – perhaps a hospital bed in some far-distant time, but now sheeted in white plastic and adorned with a mess of straps, cuffs, and medical restraints. On the other side, two humiliatingly infantile fixtures: a massive crib, also festooned with diabolical-looking restraints and ropes, and a massive wooden rocking horse from which I see dangling even more bondage gear...

And everywhere imaginable – on little side tables, at the head of the crib, within the bookshelves, even on the floor beside the rocking horse – stand box after box of puffy tissues, their soft papery contents spilling forth as if impatient to swaddle and smother yet another poor captive in their rustling depths.

It's diabolical. It is all horrifically, nightmarishly unreal. And yet, it is also everything that I know full well now these women want for me.

"Now, then," comes Mrs. White's high voice, and she smiles full in my face as she wraps a frilly white apron around herself. "Why don't we show this little dearie how well Nanny Susannah will take care of him?"

And before my shocked eyes, she reaches into an apron pocket and produces a large glass bottle: the word "CHLOROFORM" printed in disturbingly neat letters across its side.

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"Mmoo-ooo- Nnnuhhh- Guhw- Bhuh-eeehh..."

God, the sound of my own pathetic protests brings literal tears of shame to my eyes. I'm trapped here, whining with all the pathetic grace of a helpless and fussy infant in the hands of not one, but three domineering women. They've stripped me of my shortalls, my shirt, my diaper – and whatever precious dignity I might have had left. They've trundled my naked form onto the changing table and cuffed me tightly fast. They've even taken care to wipe my face and blow my nose, as if to make sure I look presentable for whatever comes next. And now, as Mrs. White beams down and Amber and Victoria step back with smirks plastered across their faces, I writhe inconsolably, helpless to resist whatever sadistic treatment she sees fit to give me.

"Now, first thing is to show him how good it feels to have Nanny in charge."

That's what she says, yes. But nothing prepares me for the sordidly delightful, mortifying pleasure she unleashes on me! Out comes a veritable cloud of tissues – one after the other, plucked from the boxes by her aged but still-deft fingers. Around my exposed and wilting cock she crumples them, the audible rustle and delicate sensation of their exquisite softness sending a jolt of electric tingles through me. And as she bends toward my upturned face and a fresh wave of lavender fills my senses, I can't help but shiver in growing anxiety and unwilling arousal.

"Mmm, that feels nice. Doesn't it, my little darling? So nice... so soft around your darling little pee-pee..." Her hand tightens, and another garbled moan escapes me. I twitch in my bonds as the seconds tick past, and she laughs softly, the very sound sending a shot of mortified pleasure through me and my already stiffening cock. "Aww, I know, baby. You love it when Nanny plays with your pee-pee, don't you? All the best little babies do..."

I finally crack open one eye and catch sight of her calmly smiling face. And, well, fuck me. She's not exactly the type of woman I would ever fantasize about. She's too old even for MILF territory. But something about her high, lilting voice – something about her words and the way she's teasing my exposed prick – well, there's no possible way I can deny it. She and this incredible handjob of hers are making me achingly, desperately horny.

"Good baby," she purrs again, and now I can feel her squeezing rhythmically around my dick, for all the world like the gloriously pulsating contractions of an orgasming cunt. "Look who's getting hard for Nanny! It's you, isn't it? You *love* having naughty thoughts when Nanny's changing you. And listen..." I gulp and freeze, waiting for her to whisper the words into my waiting ear. "After a few days with me, baby... you're going to be hard for Nanny every time she changes your diapers. You simply won't be able to *help* it!"

Maybe those are low giggles from the spectating women, or maybe it's just my own plaintive moans and labored breathing. I can't really tell. My eyes are screwed shut, my entire body shuddering under her ministrations. She's cupping my balls now – she's squeezing – she's forcing my poor cock deeper, still deeper into this cloud of angel-soft tissues–

"Uuu-uuuuughggbbhh!! MMMmm-muuuuugggbbhhH!!"

The clinking of my cuffed limbs, the gurgling wails from my tissue-stuffed mouth, and the low laughter of the women around me – it all blends together as my body arcs and spasms into helpless orgasm. I'm spurting. Cumming. My cock twitching in the prison of Mrs. White's hand, sending pathetic little spurts and dribbles of sperm out into the absorbent tissues around it.

"Aww, what a good baby," she cheers softly... and even before I have caught my breath, I feel her withdrawing her ministering hand. "Now, you've had your fun, baby. You've made your sticky mess. And now it's time Nanny taught you lesson number two: that when you're with her, naptime is non-negotiable."

At that, I blink fearfully up, still reeling from the haze and heat of orgasm. If it had been Amber, I might have expected to find a wad of reeking tissues already descending toward my face. But this is Mrs. White – and as I shortly learn, she has a far different approach.

A far more sadistic one.

It begins with her tugging out a blue latex glove from one pocket, then slowly working it up to encase her right hand completely. Next comes the slow, deliberate tugging of that massive chloroform bottle from her pocket. "Mmm, yes. This will be perfect for a little baby like him," she murmurs, and I hear whispers of assent from Amber and Victoria. "Now, where did I put that fresh box of tissues?"

Out comes a tissue. Another. Still another. Over and over, with infinite patience and a sly smile on her faded lips, her gloved fingers pluck out each paper handkerchief, crumpling them gently into the gathering cloud in her left hand. Only once her wide-splayed fingers are struggling to hold the entire mass does she finally end – and thus begins the next phase in her sadistic preparations.

"Now, then... the sleepytime juice."

There's something truly horrific about staring at the bottle that contains such power over me. And not merely seeing it – but watching this woman upend it into the tissues, observing the liquid flooding out, saturating and staining the pristine tissues in its impetuous rush. *That's meant for me, I repeat idiotically. She's going to knock me out. Just like Amber. And oh... oh god. What are they going to do to me while I'm out?!*

I suppose I'll find out then, won't I?

For now, I can't do anything but stare like some poor, hypnotized bird, caught in the devious power of a swaying serpent. Nanny Susannah is capping the bottle once more. Sliding it back into her pocket. And now, raising the mound of dripping tissues to hover directly over my face.

"Nanny says it's naptime. And good babies will *always* obey," she intones. Her hand begins to lower, and I can't help the muffled moan of despair that escapes me at the terrifying sight of my doom approaching. "MMmmoo! Mmmuuhh-" *Please, no, not again! Not like this-*

And then I let out a barking little whimper of pained surprise. Because her rubbery, gloved finger has just entered my anus... right as the cloud of tissues settles onto my face and fills my vision.

"Nanny's going to play with you however she likes, little baby," she whispers in my ear over the thundering rustle of tissues and the sickly sweetness of chloroform already invading my mind.

"Babies can't help it. Babies don't *deserve* to help it. Babies just sleep... they sleep and let Nanny do anything and everything they want..."

My grunts and tissue-muffled wails of protest are already fading away with the rest of the world – sliding away like a crazy dream into the reeking mist that now clouds my mind. Maybe I'm still struggling. Maybe I'm not. All I know is that I'm trapped... well and truly. And my world is going dark once more. This woman- this- Nanny... She- she...

And all fades to black.

*(To be continued!)*