

Falling for a Femme Fatale
Chapter Eleven
Commission – November 2023

How long has it been now? How many days that have felt like weeks, and weeks that have felt like years? I'm not sure... but even more horrifyingly, I'm no longer even certain that I'm loathing it.

Because, after all, I'm constantly surrounded by women. More women than I've ever dated in my entire life. And they're women like Amber, to boot: smart, mind-blowingly seductive, and hotter than hell. So part of me – just a part – is starting to wonder if maybe this whole forced-baby thing doesn't actually have its benefits.

"Aww, what's the matter, sweetie? Does wittle PJ gots a gwumpy tummy? Huh?"

Yeah, about those benefits? I'm not really feeling them at this exact moment. Sure, I may be lying here on the carpet of Amber's own private bedroom – but I'm also naked and helpless in nothing but my locking mittens and matching diaper cover. I'm staring up, over a mouth crammed full of her favorite tissues, into the dancing green eyes of my busty captor. And all I can do is emit a muffled whimper – for my entire body is shivering, trembling with the painful cramps in my gut. Cramps that forebode something very, very icky.

"What's his problem now?" Victoria is lounging against the doorway, and my eyes slant quickly over to catch sight of the look of exasperation written across her lovely face. She steps closer, and now I'm staring up into the faces of *two* beautiful women. "You keep acting like those tissues will keep him quiet, girl. But I'm telling you, they're no substitute for a *real* gag – not unless you've got 'em soaked in chloroform again. Look, a three-inch ball gag should do it. Or better yet, an inflatable! I swear – give that thing a few pumps, and stupid little chipmunk-cheeks here won't make a peep!"

I gulp and wrinkle my nose in distaste as her pantyhose-clad foot looms before my eyes and lowers its odorous pressure squarely into my face. Deep in my belly, I feel a fresh, gurgling swell of cramps begin, and I squirm as desperately as a bug pinned against the ground. Yet even now, Amber simply giggles and waves her advice away. "Aww, where would be the fun in *that*, Vic? Listening to him whimper is half the fun, don't you think?"

A muffled fart escapes my poor anus, and now Victoria's foot slips down to my exposed belly, and then further still to my double-diapered and tissue-swathed crotch. "I mean... maybe?" The pressure on my crotch intensifies, and I squirm once more in fear that she's legitimately about to

crush my junk. "I dunno. Suit yourself, I guess. Personally, I like my boy toys silent: so well strung up that they can't even *dream* of resisting..."

Resist. Ugh, that's all they think I do, isn't it? It's pathetic, really. I no longer buck and pull at these restraints as I first did. I've learned that with as strong as they are, I'm just tiring myself out. Yet despite my increasingly docile behavior, these two have been treating me so intensely that... well, I simply can't fully comply, even if I wanted to. And the moment I don't fully comply, they think I'm resisting.

Case in point, which is how I've ended up with this enema in my belly.

Amber's chuckling again, dropping to her knees and using two gloved fingers to thrust a few more crinkling tissues into my already packed mouth. "I think he's just fussy because of the juice. You know, sweetie," and here she lectures down at me in mock seriousness, "If you just finished your lunch like we told you to, you wouldn't have gotten the leftovers up your bum-bum!" I shudder, feeling the first hot drops already leaking out of my weakened butthole. But all she does is lean close... plant a luscious kiss on my forehead... and then reach down to press, firmly and deliberately, on my bloated belly.

The enema – being the liter of apple juice I'd been unable to muscle down after my main course of gruel and formula – explodes at last into my diaper. I let out another moan, this one of disgust and relief, as the pressure eases, the hot, sticky soup of juice and feces blasting out and filling the seat of my diapers with gooey mush. And all the while, I'm alternately blinking and staring up into Amber's laughing face, while my ears are filled with the sarcastic groans of the plainly disgusted Victoria.

"Ugh, shitting himself again? Typical for a stupid baby, I guess. But pee-yew, girl! I don't know how you put up with that stench!"

But she does. What's more, Amber is undoing the canvas straps of my locking diaper cover even as my aching anus is expelling its last messy squirts. "Don't be so dramatic," she tells Victoria as the tapes pop open and the ripe scent of my fresh mess fills the room. "He's getting used to it – so we can, too. In fact..."

And before I can do more than let out a strangled whimper, I feel her gloved fingers slipping into my dirty anus, slipping out... to be finally replaced by the painfully familiar girth of the vibrating plug I've come to know so well. Along with, of course, what must be more than a dozen fresh

tissues that settle, rustling and crinkling, around my poor trapped cock.

"See? With a nice regular routine of this, I'll bet you anything he'll stop whining about dumping in his diapers," she beams, tugging the tapes tightly closed and forcing my still-warm, still-messy diaper once again around my nethers. "Who *wouldn't* learn to enjoy crapping themselves if they get a nice buzzy-buzz time afterward?"

It's amid their laughter than I'm hauled up, still helpless in my cuffs, and dragged over to the doorway leading to the bathroom. Here hangs a massive device – a device I've only been in once before, and into which they bundle me now. It's a giant baby bouncer, its four elastic straps lengthening slowly as my weight forces it downward. Once inside I'm a seated captive: mittened hands flopping uselessly at my sides, naked legs hanging helplessly down, toes barely brushing the floor... while my entire weight is being pressed inexorably down onto my mucky diaper and plugged ass.

"Now, then! What was Susannah saying about needing to keep them on edge?"

I moan once more in surprise as the vibrator inside me hums to life, its vibrations radiating seemingly through my very core. Amber giggles once more, green eyes flashing, and drops the remote to the bed. "Now, then! That should keep PJ out of the way for awhile. Victoria, be a dear and help me pick out my outfits, will you? I'm always like this, you know – the plane's leaving in only a day, and here I am not even packed..."

Wait, leaving? That's right... vacation. They'd said they were headed out on vacation, didn't they? Oh, god... that means I'll be with Mrs. White... Tomorrow?!

But even these realizations, horrifying as they may be, fade after a few minutes. For right before my very eyes is unfolding precisely the sort of scenario I've fantasized about for years.

"What's the matter, dear? Need something for the pool?" Victoria's voice is sultry, her hands straying seductively over her friend's curvaceous body as they gaze together into the full-length mirror. "You know, I *always* prefer you stark naked. But if you really insist on bringing a bikini, here... let's try these on you and see if they still fit over those gorgeous tits..."

Off come Amber's clothes. Off come Victoria's as well – as she smirks, so Amber doesn't feel so self-conscious. And there I am: a captive oversized man-baby, dangling in his bouncer with a quivering bum and smelly diaper, watching helplessly as two of the hottest women I've ever seen

begin making out... and tormenting me with their naked beauty.

"Uummmm..." "Oh, yes, girl! Look at how hot this one makes your boobs look!" "Aww, you think so?" "Fuck, yeah! Look, the baby over there is practically drooling!"

I am. I can't help it. It's all because of the tissues in my open mouth, I tell myself frantically, but as the nude Amber steps close and presses her lithe form against my pendulous bouncer, I feel my stomach do a somersault. "Are you now, baby? Are you drooling for Nurse Amber's titties? Here, why don't we let you have just a taste?"

Out comes the soggy wad. Open remains my drooling mouth. And with only a breezy laugh and a shake of her head, her hands slip around my head... fingers tighten in my hair... and my face is propelled deep, deep into the luscious swell of her yielding left breast.

I suck ardently – not because I'm a pathetic man-baby. Not because I'm a cucky, submissive prisoner of this gorgeous neighbor of mine. Because I'm positive that no sane person – no matter what their orientation – would dare refuse such an opportunity.

"Aww, look at him go!" "See? I told you he was a quick learner." "Hey, what about me? Can I give it a try?"

When they've finished – when I've gasped and sucked and slobbered on the four gorgeous tits that have been forced, willy-nilly, into my mouth – they're both laughing. "Fuck, I'm gonna miss playing with him," Victoria sighs, shaking her head in mirth and glancing appraisingly over her naked self. "Sure we can't bring him to the resort with us?"

"And tell everyone he's, what? Our sweet, mentally challenged little brother? Hell, no," Amber returns amiably, already stepping around the various lingerie and bikinis littering the floor and reaching for a fresh box of tissues. "He's going to Susannah's, case closed. She'll be super disappointed if she doesn't get the chance to play with him, after all. And we *did* promise..."

"No," I interject brokenly, mind clouded with nothing but the musky delights of those warm breasts bulging within my obedient mouth. "Please, no- lemme come along-"

"Who said you could talk, loser? You need the chloroform again?!" It's Victoria talking, but it's Amber's fingers that once again force wad after rustling wad into my protesting mouth. "Shh, no more words," she croons gently, and I blink mutely back into her sympathetically smiling face as my

cheeks begin to bulge with their cottony load. "No more words, baby. I know my little PJ wants to stay with me, but he can't – not this time. But don't worry! Nursie Susannah will take super good care of you. And I'll come back for you, I promise..."

"Sure you don't need the chloroform?" Victoria offers, and I gulp nervously as Amber glances backward at the familiar bottle being offered. "Well, hmm..." She pauses, and I shake my head fervently, eyes wide. "Maybe... maybe later," she finally replies, and easily forces four more tissues into my already stuffed mouth. "For now, I think he should stay awake. You know... just to be reminded of everything he's gonna be missing."

And as she turns back to her closet, her shapely naked ass swaying with every step, I muscle back a moan of mingled gratitude and longing. Fuck... she's getting to me, isn't she? But dammit if right now I literally want nothing more than to nuzzle close to her... to thank her for letting me suck her breasts... to beg her, with promises of being a good baby, to let me come with her.

After all, even being tormented by Amber's sweet sadism is bound to be better than what's lying in store for me in the frightening depths of Mrs. White's nursery.

(To be continued!)