

PJ and the Tourist Trap

Chapter Five

May 2024

Thanks as ever to PJChloroBaby for commissioning this chapter! Note to readers and moderators: this story features ageplay, BDSM, and other mature themes. Like ALL my writing, every character in this fictional story is an adult over the age of 18.

Was PJ's entire life now going to consist of nothing but waking to torment, then being forced back down into drugged sleep? He didn't know. Just as he currently had no idea of what the weird sensation in his mouth was.

He gulped instinctively, becoming distantly aware of the pounding of his head and the texture of something thick and slimy slithering down his throat. He gulped again, his mouth working fitfully to identify what was filling it. Something... large. Bulbous. Rubbery, maybe. And filling his mouth with the strange, sticky paste that he once again reflexively gulped down.

"Mmm, good little baby. So good, taking his special formula." It was that psychotic woman's voice in his ear, and he jerked instinctively away, his gritty eyes blinking open in fear. What was she saying? What- where-? He'd been running away... escaping, yes... And then she'd caught him- pinned him down-

He jerked again – and found not only that he was still a prisoner in this sickening nursery, but he now had been robbed of even the slightest possibility of escape. Because here he sat: bound fast in some strange, oversized highchair, still wearing nothing but a giant and tissue-stuffed nappy. The familiar cuffs on his limbs were taut, fastened by ropes and pulled taut out of sight behind him. The tray before him was clamped tightly down, pinning his slight frame in place. And even if he'd had the alertness and energy to fight with his full strength, he knew already that there was no way he'd win.

A fact reinforced by the gloating smirk on Mrs. White's face.

"My naughty wee baby is awake again, hmm? Just in time for his feeding," she purred, and PJ gulped once more, feeling the pasty goo slowly travelling down his throat to his already full belly. "It really is such a pity that you had to be so naughty, isn't it? If you hadn't tried to bolt, love, Mummy wouldn't have to be punishing you like this!"

She reached upward behind him and fiddled with something out of sight. Whatever it was, it must

have been connected to the thick tube hooked to his mouth. For a few seconds later, a burst of liquid flooded his mouth, and he let out a muffled grunt as he swallowed, terrified that he might choke. A fresh flood streamed in to replace it, and he strained helplessly at his bonds, eyes widening at the disturbing sensation of being force-fed a seemingly endless stream of pasty liquid. Surely... surely this madwoman wasn't going to choke him to death?!

"Why the long face, love?" Mrs. White mocked gently as he writhed in visible terror before her. She reached into her bosom and produced a thick, crisp white paper handkerchief with a smile, then bent forward to wipe at the milky dribbles that were escaping from behind the tight straps of his feeding gag. "It's just your punishment, you know. Nothing you haven't earned many times over for trying to leave me. And don't worry! It's just a little concoction of mine, full of lovely things that will make you dependent on me. Laxatives... diuretics... aphrodisiacs..."

He was pale now with fear, only half-listening to her musical voice as the semi-liquid substance forced its nauseating way down into his belly. Eyes stared. Limbs tugged vainly with every gulp. And still it continued minute after hellish minute, while she chuckled beside him, wiping attentively at his slobbering mouth with her omnipresent handkerchiefs.

Finally, she rose. "Well, then! That's enough for one feeding," she smiled, and the steady flow finally subsided. PJ was too weak to do more than whimper wetly through his gag, feeling even now the pasty substance threatening to burble back out from his bloated belly. "Every time you disobey me, love," she continued, tugging the straps loose and prying the feeding gag free, "I'll give you a dose of my formula. And believe me, darling – after once or twice I don't think you'll ever want to disobey your new Mummy again."

At those terrifying words, he stared back fearfully, too afraid even to try to speak.

Out from the chair she brought him, his uncuffed limbs flopping limp and docile now as she tugged him over to a curious little toy of sorts. It was something between a hobby horse, a bench, and a luggage rack, and initially he hadn't the slightest idea what it was for. That is, until she pushed him down atop it on hands and knees, then began busying herself about his cuffs.

Click. One wrist, cuffed fast to the steel frame. *Click.* Another bound fast. Behind him his legs were being spread wide, his thick nappy prominently on display as first one ankle, then the other were fastened to the ends of the rear pole. And there he knelt at last: a true overgrown baby now on all fours, bound fast and helpless to do more than let out a pained bleat of fear when Mrs. White bent down before him.

"Pleeh- please lemme- lemme go-" He begged, shameful tears stinging his eyes. He writhed in

place, wondering if she would be even more angry with him if he ended up vomiting on her floor. But she was laughing softly, her fingers stroking, then tightening decisively within his hair. "Love, you're in no place to beg for anything," she smirked, and out came a fresh wad of paper handkerchiefs. "You need to learn your place: which is as my quiet... wordless... obedient... pathetic... baby."

With every word, she forced a fresh wad of handkerchiefs into his mouth. He stared back in horror, helpless to do anything but endure the process of having his mouth stuffed full and his adult protests being transformed into babyish gurgles. Only when his cheeks were positively bulging did she stop... and laugh once more... and then rise with languid grace.

"Now, then. A nice, full mouth – so no one will hear you bawling during the next part of your punishment."

He stared back, horrified and fascinated, a hapless bird in the thrall of a devious snake. She sashayed to the changing table... let fall her flimsy nightgown... and then turned back to him, a dangerous smile on her face and a startling accessory in her hands. "You see, love... you've messed with the wrong Mummy by trying to bolt. Remember that wee little plug in your bum yesterday? Let's see if it's gotten you ready for something bigger!"

Poor PJ had never in his life seen a strap-on in action – much less one about to be used on him. Incredible as was the sight of this gorgeous MILF, he couldn't look away. Not when she cinched the straps around her nude thighs. Not when she tipped the formidable phallus downward and laughed as it bobbed erect once more, resting firmly over her own womanly parts. Not even when she drew the lube out from under the table and began applying it... her lovely fingers running up and down, up and down the length of the thing that was about to penetrate his ass.

He felt like he was about to be sick – and this time, not just because of that awful formula.

But of course he could do nothing to stop her. Down came his nappy. A sharp crack stung his bare ass, and he flinched in his bonds, drawing a low laugh from his captor. "You've already weed in your nappy, love! I wonder if you even noticed? Was that because you were so frightened by Mummy's strap, hmm? I like to think it was..."

And in it went: greasy and slow at first, but with a stern purpose behind it that left PJ quaking in his bonds. Was it as girthy as that plug had been? Perhaps, or perhaps not. But his bum was still sore. He was clenching in fear. And with every thrust, he could feel the pain, humiliation, and shame of being pegged – well and truly – by the very goddess of a woman his own cock had longed to penetrate.

Speaking of which: why, oh god *why*, was his fucking cock jerking and stiffening between his wide-splayed legs? He blinked downward and backward between his cuffed arms in mortification: not only ashamed to see the open nappy below, but shocked to see his own cock dribbling... hardening... betraying his own pathetic pleasure at being used so ruthlessly. Mrs. White thrust, and his cock twitched in turn. She swatted his ass, and his stupid penis bobbed in response. No, no! He was actually... *liking* this?!

Maybe so. But he didn't exactly have much time to despair over it.

Because as the orgasm began welling unbidden deep within him, he felt the rhythmic thrusting in his ass pause. A musky, feminine presence bent over his naked body. And in his ear he heard his captor's throaty, lusty murmur. "You really are a slutty, pathetic little boy already, aren't you? Looks like you already love it when Mummy pegs you!"

He shuddered mutely in reply, and she laughed at his seeming reluctance. "Go on then, love," she continued, even as a familiar scent began to tickle his nostrils. "As naughty as you've been, I still don't think you *deserve* to cum. But if you just can't *help* loving Mummy's strap so much... well, let's see. Let's see if you can make goo-goos before Mummy puts you to sleep again."

Her hands clamped suddenly around his face. The tissues she held assailed his senses once more: crinkling, rustling, reeking of chloroform. He whimpered uselessly into his tissue gag... bucked at his restraints... and then winced as her strap slid deeper still. "Hush now, love," she whispered fiercely into his ear, and he shivered as he felt her full, warm breasts pressing against his naked back. "Admit it. Mummy knows best. Mummy is in control. Mummy is always right. Always."

He would have died rather than admit it to anyone. But the orgasm that shook his fading, drugged consciousness – the one caused by a woman tying him up, pegging him, and humiliating him as some sort of baby – may have been the most intense one of his entire life.

(To be continued!)