

Falling for a Femme Fatale

Chapter Five

Commission – May 2023

You know, I've fantasized way too often about being on intimate terms with this sexy neighbor of mine. But now that Amber has taken an actual fancy to me... well, it seems that the reality is about as far removed from fantasy as you can get.

I struggle awake once more, and my chloroform-soaked brain is beginning to wonder what is real and what is a nightmare. Here I am, rolling along through what appears to be a spacious lawn beneath majestic trees and blossoming shrubs. The shade and late afternoon sun alternate as I roll onward, and behind and above me I hear, as if from a great distance, the chattering voices of two giggling women. *Ugh... Amber... and what was her name?*

I blink and squint around me in growing trepidation, my foggy brain struggling to keep up with the increasingly disturbing sights and sounds that greet me. Before me I see own legs: not in their usual tattered jeans, nor even in my casual shorts. They're... bare. Exposed. For instead, around my waist and stretching up to encase my entire torso, is a childish cotton onesie. And beneath it, something thick... crinkly... bulgy...

Oh, god. I remember now.

My arms jerk reflexively upward, prompting a burst of female merriment from behind me. "Aww, look! I think the chloroform finally wore off. Our little play-toy is finally waking up!" The thing I'm riding in slows to a stop, and suddenly above me looms Amber's beautiful face... and cleavage. "About time, too! Welcome back, sweetie," she exclaims, and on her luscious lips I see a bright, yet somehow terrifying smile. "You had a nice nap, hmm? Don't worry – Victoria and I are only halfway through with our walk! Now be a good baby and sit still in your stroller for us, okay?"

As if I can do anything else. I glance down at my trembling and strangely weak arms, gazing in fresh horror at the shapeless, useless lumps that my hands now are within these mittens. The cuffs around my wrists are tight and unyielding, securing each arm into place against the sturdy aluminum rails of the oversized stroller. I kick feebly – or try to – but my ankles that remain out of sight beneath me can do little more than tense in their own tight bonds. I'm bound, hand and foot, while around my torso a five-point harness, each strap drawn snug and taut, forces me even more firmly into place.

Oh, and did I mention this weird, rubbery thing in my mouth? This strange, bulbous ball that's almost choking me? The tight harness straps around my head that make it impossible to budge, let alone spit out? Or more humiliating still... the aching burn of my plugged ass? And the thick padding of the tissue-filled, warm diaper swaddling my imprisoned cock?

I wince as we bounce along, torn between dwelling on my own humiliating helplessness or the feminine chatter behind me. It's not exactly pleasant to think about one's own mortification, of course. But then again... it's almost preferable at this point. Because the things those two are discussing are practically enough to curl one's hair.

"So you were saying you first got into this kind of thing in college?" "Well, more or less," comes Amber's laughing response, and I wince once more as the stroller bumps heavily onto the sidewalk beside the road. "Of course, looking back now I see what a kinky imagination I had even before then. The things I did to my prom date... heh heh..." She trailed off with a meaningful chuckle. "But yeah, it was really this one guy in college who helped me realize what a sadist I am – and how fucking fun it is to absolutely ruin a guy..."

"Like how? What kind of stuff did you do?"

"Well... you know. Enemas. Pissing on him. Choking him. That kind of stuff at first. Then he got really into CBT, so, you know. That was quite an eye-opener. Honestly, that one semester was like my fucking masterclass in making a guy scream bloody murder."

Amber's tone is so matter-of-fact and conversational, and Victoria's interested little murmurs so unsurprised, that somehow it makes it even more horrifying to me. "But since then... well, it's like you know, Vic. I've actually been more interested in the psychological aspects. You know... mindfucking them. Making them question their own sanity. Regressing them into brainless infants. Oh, and of course chloroform. Fuck, I love snuffing 'em out with a massive wad of tissues... watching their eyes roll back in their head... Oh, god, you don't even *know!*"

Their female laughter swells – but suddenly, I am no longer listening. For down the road, coming straight toward us, is a gleaming red car. Probably driven by just some ordinary person. A blessedly, beautifully ordinary person. A person who will see me... will hear me moaning for help... will stop and demand that they set me free...

And so, in a frenzy of blossoming hope and desperation, I flail. I writhe. I scream – or at least, as much as I'm able with this accursed gag in my mouth.

Hhmmmmppppbbb. Mmmppbbb. Uuubbbmmmmppppbbb.

For one heart-leaping moment it looks like the car is about to slow. I even make eye contact for a split second with the driver: a middle-aged, sallow-faced gentleman in a suit. But before I can do more than blink and grunt out one final plea for help... it accelerates once more. It whizzes past us. And I'm left trapped. Helpless. Quaking with pent-up rage and disappointment.

"Wait, did you hear something?" Victoria's throaty laugh send shivers racing down my spine. "Was that the baby? Or was I just imagining things?" Amber's response is no less chilling. "You know, I think you might be right. In fact, I think he was trying to get that car to stop, don't you? Pretty fucking rotten behavior, if you ask me!"

"You know what? You may be right! What a little stinker, huh?" Amber's tone is darkly sadistic as she pauses and bends forward to gaze down into my shame-filled eyes. "Sweetie, were you trying to escape? Hmm? But I've already told you, baby – this is where you *belong* now! It's a *very* naughty trick to try to scare people into thinking you're in trouble, sweetie." She smiles dangerously, and I shudder despite myself. "In fact, that was *so* naughty that... well, I think Miss Victoria and I need to remind you never, *ever* to do that again..."

I slump back into my seat in mute defeat as she bends closer and forces a fresh, now-familiar wad of sweet-smelling tissues over my flaring nostrils. Down comes the familiar brain fog. But just before my senses drowse down once more into fitful unconsciousness, I quiver under a final burst of sensations: of twin trickles coursing along my naked skin. The first is of sweat down my back – the result of my desperate exertions. And the second is of urine... blossoming out from my aching bladder into my bulging, rustling diaper.

Because... well, let me ask you. What sane guy in my situation *wouldn't* be pissing themselves in fright?

"Oh, you're right! But we don't want to sedate him *too* much, though."

"Heh, why not? Gives us a bit more time to ourselves!"

"Oh, but darling... you're forgetting what a sadist I am. Don't you know how hot it is to make him

watch?"

I struggle awake once more – and find myself in a fresh hell. Here I am, still cuffed. Still bound. But now, we've somehow ended up inside once more – in what appears to be Amber's beautifully modern kitchen. I'm sitting in some kind of massive high chair, from what I can tell. Before me stretches a giant tray, beneath which my cuffed and mitten-trapped hands can only twist and tug. And there by the gleaming granite counter stand my two feminine tormentors, busily mixing up some devious brew.

For, as I quickly learn, it's my supptime.

Double, double, toil and trouble... The words echo inanely through my foggy brain as I witness these two sadistic witches at work. "Ooh, yes – plenty of the formula as the base. And a good two cups of prune juice, at least." "And some apple juice as well, right?" "Oh, but that tastes way too nice. Can't make it too tasty for him, you know..." "Fair! Okay, then. Now for the Metamucil and the magnesium citrate, right?"

Metamucil? Oh, god. I may not be an expert on medicines, but that sounds suspiciously like... a laxative? Not a good sign at all. And what the hell is that citrate stuff, anyway?

"Sure thing. Oh, and don't forget the water pills and the vaptans! We'll need to crush them up first." "Vaptans? Remind me what those are for again..."

I wriggle and sigh – momentarily distracted by the realization that the device in my mouth has been altered. Somehow, there's a tube coming out of the thing in my mouth: a tube that dangles limply down onto the tray right now, and through which I can already see some of my own drool coursing. *Hhhmmmmgggghhh. Uubhhmmmmgggghhh.* I moan softly into it, watching the escaping air thrusting the drool down the tube. *Huh, I can actually move air now. Maybe now I can call for help! But... like anyone will hear me?*

"Aww, just in time for supper!" Amber is beaming as she steps over, her green-eyed, artificial smile almost as unnerving as the giant plastic bag in her hand, bulging heavily with a nauseating-looking, brownish liquid. "Here, sweetie. Miss Amber's gonna get you your punishment all hooked up and ready to go..."

She suspends the bag somewhere out of sight behind me, and I squirm in silent anxiety over what is about to happen. *Ugh, no- she's really going to make me drink that?* And maybe she is. But before I

can mull over it too much, a fresh stab of horror shoots through me. Miss Amber's smiling face reappears before me, and I stiffen reflexively at the fresh wad of tissues approaching my face, held between her lithe fingers. *No- no, but I- not the chloroform again-!* But no, it turns out. She's just teasingly wiping my nose, exactly as one might wipe an infant's icky face. And the grin on her lips seems to say that my frightened reaction to nothing more than a couple of innocent little tissues is one of the most amusing things I've done all day.

"Aww, look at the poor dear squirm!" she giggles over her shoulder at the smirking Victoria. "The way he's acting, you'd think these tissues were going to bite him!" Her hand slips under the tray, and I blink at the undeniably delightful sensation of her hand massaging the front of my tissue-stuffed diaper – and with it, my poor manhood trapped beneath. "I suppose he's just on edge because he knows he's been such a bad baby. So maybe I ought to put him out of his misery, huh? Think it's time to give him the punishment he knows he deserves?"

I stare uncomfortably at her nimble fingers dancing over the weird medical apparatus around me: connecting hoses and unfastening valves with all the deft confidence of a trained nurse. It's almost mesmerizing – like the hypnotic sway of a cobra entrancing a hapless bird. But then, less than a minute later, it all culminates... in the horrifying, almost alive movement of the substance flooding into the hose, snaking its inevitable way toward my face and into my helplessly waiting mouth.

It tastes awful. Like sweaty socks and sour milk, mixed with a gritty, chalky dust that coats my tongue in bitter residue.

"Aww, someone doesn't want his medicine!" Victoria jeers over my choked splutters. "Too bad for him he doesn't have a choice, huh?" Amber giggles and pats my head, even as I gulp desperately in an effort to avoid choking once more. "Nope, not one bit! He's got to drink it all if he ever wants to get out of here. It's only two liters, though – definitely doable for a growing baby like him..."

And then she shrugs her pretty shoulders. "Of course, I could knock him out again. I could just put a feeding tube down his nose and be done with it. That would be the *smart* way to do it, I guess. But then..."

And here she flashes a conspiratorial glance at Victoria, who is leaning against the counter with an amused expression on her face. "Then I wouldn't have the fun of forcing this poor loser to drink it himself. You know, so that when he ends up shitting his brains out, he gets to remember that, well... It's really all his fault, isn't it? Because not only was he a little shit who tried to escape from us this afternoon... but, well, he actually drank it all himself!"

Their laughter swells, and even as I moan and gulp and feebly squirm in my bonds, they blithely ignore me and begin preparing their own supper. It's a supper well-suited to the two attractive adult women they are: steaks and potatoes and peas and red wine, from what I can see. But all the while I'm forced to watch, sitting there on my padded and plugged ass like their oversized infant: gulping, and muscling back my gag reflex, and gulping, and burping, and gulping yet again...

God, Amber is more cruel than I have ever suspected! And heaven knows what she and Victoria have in mind for me after this. But somehow, I have a nasty suspicion that it's nothing good.

(To be continued!)