

PJ and the Tourist Trap

Chapter Two

February 2024

It had to be the weirdest way he'd ever wakened. After all, it wasn't like he'd ever been roused by the cold touch of metal gliding over his nethers... accompanied by the syrupy-sweet murmur of a woman's voice.

"Mmm, yes. Just look at all this icky hair down here! Don't worry, love. Mummy's making it all go bye-bye..."

He blinked. Forced his eyes open. Tried to rise... and failed. His limbs were heavy and uncooperative, his head was pounding as if he'd been out at a monumentally epic stag do. But all the while, the cool metal stroking on his genitals and inner thighs continued, accompanied by the woman's warm murmuring. "Shh, nice and still. Mommy's gonna be done soon! And then she'll get you all nice and locked away..."

"Whuuh?" But by the time he was able to open his eyes and form the incoherent query, the stroking and tugging had finished. Over him appeared the face of the woman who had taken him in. Mrs. White, his brain finally offered – even as her rosy lips parted and her teeth flashed in a wide smile. "Look who's awake – it's my new baby! Aww, aren't you just the sweetest little boy, hmm?"

Baby? Little boy?! He attempted to rise, but found once again that his limbs refused to obey. A quick, startled glance upward toward his outstretched arms showed him that there was good reason for it, too. For around each wrist was a wide, plastic cuff – and each of these seemed to be secured somewhere out of sight beneath the strange table he was on. A quick kick of his legs confirmed that they too seemed to be similarly bound. And as that shocking realization finally penetrated his aching head, he did what any sane young man would have done.

He protested up into that disturbingly beautiful face. "Hey, lemme go! I- You can't do this!" But even as he tugged at his bonds and spluttered out his rising panic, Mrs. White cut in with a long-drawn, rippling laugh in denial of his pleas. "But I *can*, love. And I will. You'll see!" Her cool fingers caressed his groin affectionately, reminding him with a sudden stab of anxiety that he was literally naked here before a strange woman. But there was no time for thinking about that – not when she was saying such horrifying things.

"Now you're here, you're going to be my *baby*, PJ. My sweet little nappy baby. I've wanted one of my own for a very long time, you know: to dress up, and feed, and change, and spank when you're naughty..." She beamed in horrifying delight and gave his blanched cheek a pinch. "And I've caught me such a darling, too – So cute and chubby! And now with all that pesky hair gone, and once we get you in your nappy..."

Nappy?! Wait, was this hot MILF actually mental?! At that, he shouted – not just to her, but to anyone who might be able to hear and come to his aid. "Help!", he called desperately, and now the rustle of the mat under him and the clinking of his bonds melded together in a blur of panicked struggling. "Please, lemme go! Anyone, please, help! Hel-hhhhhmmmmMPHH!!

"Oh, it's so cute to see you squirm, baby!" Mrs. White chuckled sweetly, even as her fingers forced the giant, phallus-shaped rubber gag deep into PJ's unwilling mouth. "I know that even the best babies get fussy sometimes. So just pipe down and suck on your dummy for Mummy now, love. Nice and quiet... nice and still..." And *click!* went the buckles behind his head, leaving the leather straps drawn taut around his cheeks and effectively locking the giant pacifier gag in his mouth.

"Now, then!", she beamed in sweetly triumphant glee. "High time to get my baby protected."

Wild-eyed as PJ was, struggling and moaning and thrashing in his bonds, he had little time to note the garments Doreen now produced from under the table he was lying on. But somehow she got something under him – something thick and soft and noisy as a crinkling rubbish bag. His brain didn't want to accept what it might be, of course. After all, focused as he was on his frantic bids for freedom, it was easy enough to ignore – until, that is, he caught sight of something rubbery and bulbous in her hand. Something she was smilingly smearing with a thick, glistening jelly that looked uncannily like- like-

"Relax, baby." It was a command, accompanied by the sudden cool press of that same rubbery, lubed device against his defenseless anus. "Shh. Relax. Mummy's tucking something lovely inside baby's bum-bum. Nice and easy now..." Oh, it wasn't easy by any means. PJ gulped and bit on the gag in his mouth as the pain blossomed from within his very core. Yet still the thrusting continued insistently. He could feel the invading plug progressing deeper and deeper inside him, millimeter by millimeter, until at last...

It settled into place. Leaving him not only blinking back tears of pain and shame, but gulping uncomfortably at the strange, full sensation of his first-ever butt plug.

"It's for your own good, love," Mrs. White chuckled softly, and now she was stepping over to the glass cabinets against the wall and reaching in toward the heaps of white paper within. Back she stepped, one hand full of the loose paper clouds and the other holding another entire box full of them: *Tempo 4-ply paper handkerchiefs*. "Now lie still and let me show you how Mummy takes care of her little baby..."

PJ shivered as she began inexplicably stuffing them, one after the other, all around his nether regions. They were soft, to be sure. Rustling. Crinkling. In around his now-plugged ass the beautiful woman thrust them with her cool fingers – then wads of them around his smooth-shaven balls, and still more tucked around his vulnerable cock. Under such an onslaught, and much to his own horror, PJ began to feel his body reacting instinctively to the flurry of sensations... in the most embarrassing way he could imagine.

"My my, what's this?" Mrs. White's laughter rippled in tandem with her straining blouse, and PJ shuddered in an ill-concealed swirl of humiliation and arousal. "Is my little baby's thingie getting all hard? Looks like he already likes them!" She smirked and delicately tugged back his foreskin, then pressed yet another wad directly around his exposed and incredibly sensitive glans. "Listen. By the time Mummy is done training you, you're going to love them as much as she does." She bent low now, breathing the words directly into his ear like a seductress. "You'll *succumb* to them, PJ. You're going to *adore* them... and adore *me*, your new and best Mummy in the entire world."

And with that, she drew the thick garment closed, forcing his poor erect cock downward and deep into the cottony, tissue filled depths of his first-ever adult nappy.

Why on earth his stupid body decided that now would be the time to let the pent-up emotions erupt, he would never know. His eyes overflowed with tears, his gagged mouth burbling out weak sobs of mortification. It was beyond humiliating, after all! To be stripped, tied up, shaved, toyed with like this? And now put into a literal nappy like a baby...

"Shh, baby love. Shh." The tissues were back – this time drawn from Mrs. White's sleeve and held gently to his now-dribbling nose. "I know. Little babies don't know any better than to cry, do they? Don't worry, love. Mummy's here. Now blow for her. Come on, blow..."

He blew – feeling in that moment more infantilized than ever before. Yet a mere thirty seconds later he sank lower still: when Mrs. White reached back and removed his gag, drawing the spittle-covered device out and allowing his own drool to splatter and dribble helplessly down his chin.

"Here, let's see if you can do without your dummy for a bit, shall we?" She beamed, wiping his glistening chin with a fresh handkerchief and dealing his cheek another affectionate pinch. "Now, it's getting late, love. It's *definitely* your bedtime. *Buuutt*... I know it can be *very* hard for babies to sleep when they're all excited. So let's see if Mummy can help with that, shall we?"

Perhaps PJ should have expected the sweet, heavy scent of chloroform that erupted into his nostrils a minute later, when the beautiful woman whose prisoner he now was clamped the wad of doused tissues against his face. But as he stiffened and twisted desperately in a vain attempt to escape her grip, a new and unexpected sensation struck him simultaneously: of her firm hand, massaging provocatively at the straining front of his handkerchief-stuffed disposable nappy.

"Mmm. Ohhh, yes. Feels nice, doesn't it? Mummy's good little baby, all plugged and dolled up in his nappy. All ready to go sleepie-sleep. Can't help it. Can't help but make goo-goos in his nappy. Can't help anything when Mummy's in charge..."

The worst part of all? No matter how hard he tried to recall later on, PJ never knew whether he *did* cum before the chloroform knocked him out once more.

(To be continued!)