

## PJ and the Tourist Trap

### Chapter Four

April 2024

*Thanks to PJChloroBaby for commissioning this latest chapter!*

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It all might have seemed like nothing more than a nightmare for poor PJ. But when he jolted awake in the pitch black of night, he was quickly and forcibly reminded of just how horrifyingly real his predicament was.

His hands were cuffed tight once more, somewhere above his head. His legs... they too were captive within cuffs, and so well-bound that he could barely wriggle them in place. Against the inky darkness of the prison-like nursery he could just make out the silhouette of the cot bars surrounding him: reminding him that even if he *could* have moved about, he most certainly wouldn't have been able to escape this horrifyingly babyish cage.

Which, apparently, was precisely what this psychopath of a woman wanted!

He writhed in the dark, fighting unsuccessfully to force the rubbery bulb of a gag from his mouth. But it was to no avail. All he could do was whimper out a pathetic series of grunts, punctuated by his increasingly heavy breathing. And so he gulped, momentarily resigning himself to that indignity. It was high time to make sense of other, even more disturbing sensations, after all.

Like the ache in his still-plugged ass. His painfully desperate urge to urinate. And this strangely cool, wet sensation around his groin.

He strained upward, wriggling against his bonds like a pathetic insect. He remembered now – how Mrs. White had teased him and locked him away in that handkerchief-stuffed nappy. Oh, but of course he hadn't seriously pissed in it!, he insisted to himself. He was a grown man, and fully capable of controlling himself. He was definitely above weeing himself at any time, much less in his sleep. He still had to take a wee even now, right? Sure that meant he hadn't-

Poor PJ! Even though there was was no denying the squishing wetness of the garment beneath him, his brain refused to surrender. He wouldn't have done that – no way! Maybe it was just sweat? Yes, of course. Just a lot of sweat, surely...

As the long minutes ticked past, shameful acceptance slowly seeped into his wide and desperate eyes. The awful realization that he had indeed soiled himself was shaking him to the core. Here he now

lay: not merely shaven, bound, gagged, napped, and completely dominated by this insanely hot woman, but literally in a nappy soaked with his own urine. He really was no better than a giant baby, was he? He'd stuffed his belly with milk from her gorgeous breasts... been knocked asleep... then apparently been bundled into a cot like the dumbest, tiniest baby imaginable. And now he was lying here, bound and gagged and helpless in a wet nappy...

A nappy that was about to be soaked even more. Because this pressure in his milk-swollen bladder was about to burst.

He struggled, of course: a mute, pathetic bundle in the cage-like cot, writhing in the dark against his own bodily needs. But in the end, it happened. Out into the nappy his limp cock dribbled, the hot stream strengthening as the seconds ticked past. He quivered impotently, tears stinging his eyes as his own body betrayed him and his mind jeered at him for such pathetic behavior. *Nice and full by morning*, Mrs. White had teased earlier, massaging his erection through this cursed nappy. And oh, she was right. Much as he hated to admit it... she was right.

That's how he slid off to sleep in the end: uneasily, tearfully, gulping and suckling at the gag in his mouth. Like the pathetic little baby this woman apparently meant him to be.

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"Mmm, yes. Such a good, wet little *baby*. So good, soaking his nappy for me..."

Where the bloody hell was he? PJ blinked sleepily upward – but this time, the realization of his situation hit with all the force of a ton of bricks. He was back on the giant changing table. The morning light was filtering through the curtains. And above him beamed the still scantily-clad figure of Mrs. White, her hands already busily removing the soaked bulk of his nighttime nappy.

"Aww, you're awake now, love? Good, good! It's best you realize how wet you are... and how good it feels when Mummy changed your nappy." She laughed, her full breasts rippling provocatively beneath the translucent fabric of her nightgown. "Even the paper handkerchiefs were soaked, dearie! Now, don't worry. You'll get used to it all before you know it!"

PJ worked his jaw, shocked to discover that his mouth was... curiously empty. Empty too was his ass a moment later – when with a sudden sharp tug and a stab of pain, she withdrew the plug from his aching bum. "Aww, poor baby doesn't like his plug?" She teased, waving the ripe-smelling thing before his nose. "It's okay, love! You'll get more and more used to them as well. Before you know it, you'll be begging Mummy for your plugs because they feel so right. Because they'll help you make sweet little goo-goos in your nappy..."

Whether he would or would not become an aficionado of anal sex was not something PJ was keen to find out. At that moment, he was far more invested in the fact that – as nearly as he could tell – the cuffs on his wrists and ankles no longer seemed to be secured to anything.

But he needed to be careful, he thought frantically, even as he wriggled obligingly onto the thick, handkerchief-filled new nappy. He couldn't let her know what he was thinking. Even when she giggled and cooed and began rubbing his poor cock with a fresh, rustling wad of paper handkerchiefs, he did his best not to show anything. Well, anything but unwilling arousal.

Spent as he was from the previous night, despite her ministrations all his cock could manage was a half-erect, grudging show of delight – a fact over which she laughed most heartily. "Aww, what a poor wee baby!" She teased, finally stopping and tugging the tapes tightly shut around his waist. "My little one can't even get excited anymore without his nappy, hmm? That's perfect, love! That's exactly what I'm training you to do: to become my nice little nappy addict. Only able to cum in his thick, soft nappies-"

The nappy was closed now, his limbs were free, and PJ saw that his chance had come. Up from the table he half-rolled, slipping heavily down to the carpeted floor with a heavy thud. "Get away from me, you bitch!" he snarled, staggering to his feet. Heedless of the image he made – clad in nothing but a giant nappy and cuffs – he flung himself desperately toward the door... and freedom. Once out, he'd sprint down those stairs! Out the front door- back to town- to the station, or the police-

Scarcely had his hand touched the knob when a hand fell heavily on the back of his neck. Down to the floor he stumbled, the door missing his forehead by a millimeter. "No-!!" He yelped – but already the carpet was rushing up to meet him. Mrs. White's entire weight was crushing down on him, one arm wrapping around his midriff and a second clutching at his face.

*No, no! It- it can't be*, his brain barely had time to scream. But yes... it was. The sweet, sickly stench of sleep. Chloroform-soaked handkerchiefs, pressed tight across his gasping mouth and flaring nose. And well... as panicked as the poor fugitive was, the drug stupefied him faster than ever before. "Nuh- nuh-uhhh..." he whimpered into the rustling mass, while above him the practically nude Mrs. White tightened her grip.

"Yes, yes, yes..." she murmured fiercely in his ear. And as the limp form of PJ lolled on the floor, unconscious and helpless once more, she rose with a diabolical glint in her eye. "Oh, love... you're going to wish you never tried a stunt like this."

Happily for him, the senseless PJ heard nothing those dire words. Nor was he aware of what came next: her hauling his limb body up... heaving him into the waiting feeding chair... cuffing his limbs

tightly fast once more...

And then stepping back, a satisfied grin on her face. "Oh, PJ, PJ," she murmured, her hand already dropping to massage her full left breast in evident, lascivious delight. "If you only knew what's in store for you now."

*(To be continued!)*