

The Consequences of Non-Compliance

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God, I need this tonight!

I step inside the discreet little office, letting the door simply marked "Modern Solutions, Ltd." ease softly shut behind me. I've been here before – maybe too many times – and so the deliberately slow knocks I give on the locked door at the back are almost second nature. She'll hear me. She'll welcome me in, leading me back to the private little rooms I've been longing to enter. She'll take care of everything...

Tonight she surprises me, though. Gone is her trademark black leather; nowhere do I see traces of the harness-wearing, whip-wielding dominatrix I know her to be. She welcomes me in with a quiet word and a smile, and as she puts a firm hand on my lowering head, I find myself surreptitiously staring at her outfit. It looks like it's from the sixties – or fifties maybe, I don't know. When did women last wear mid-calf dresses with sharp collars and a string of pearls and their hair done up in a soft, bouncing bundle at the back of their neck? I don't know. I'm no fashion expert. But I do know that she looks hot as hell in it.

"Come, dear," she orders – and I instinctively obey, following after her with thudding heart and the familiar taste of anticipation on my tongue. "Things are going to be a little bit different tonight, okay? But I have a lovely evening planned for you all the same," she continues, and now her hand is on another doorknob that I know will lead to one of her special rooms. "Are you ready? You're ready to let Miss Gillis take charge tonight, to let her do *whatever* she wants with you?"

It's the usual question, though the breathless seduction she's able to infuse into every syllable never fails to amaze me. "Yes- yes, mistress," I assent as the familiar tingle and drop into submissive headspace sweeps over me. "Whatever you want, mistress-" Not really, of course. I have my safe word, as does she. But it feels so much hotter to pretend that we're racing no holds barred, throttle wide open into a realm where she can command me and force me and use me in whatever sadistic and devious ways her perverted mind dreams up...

"It's ma'am tonight, Charlie," she informs me now, taking me by the wrist with a calm smile. "You will call me ma'am, just as a good little boy should." *Good little boy? Oh, I get it now. We're playing house, and I'll be her- her-*

"But whatever have you been doing, dressing up in your father's clothes?" she scolds – and as she

hauls me peremptorily into the room, I notice that it seems to be furnished rather like a small child's bedroom. *Damn, I guess I did send her those links to that quirky domestic discipline site the other day... Wait, is she going to-*

No time for questioning now. For she's loudly scolding me, tut-tutting at a naughty little man who thinks he can just dress up in Father's clothes and get away with it. Off comes my tie, and shirt, and undershirt. Off come my shoes and socks as I blush under her tongue-lashing, feeling almost as if I really have done the things she's accusing me of. "Off with these pants, too!" she orders, even as her hands are tugging them – and my boxers – down to my quivering ankles. "Now, whatever am I going to do with a naughty, disobedient little boy like you?"

Oh, we both have a pretty good idea of what she's about to do. And sure enough, it's not a minute later that I find myself being hauled over her lap, wincing in pain at the first stinging swats of a wooden spoon on my bare buttocks. It may not be her typical paddle or cane, true. But just as usual, with every crack of wood meeting flesh I feel the endorphins begin to flow, my mind sinking further and further down, melting into a warm mass of submission. "Ow! Please- please ma'am, I'm sorry," I hear myself blubber at last, as the heat in my reddening bottom forces the words from my lips. "Please, I'm so sorry..."

Once she's accepted my apology, and I stand stark naked before her with downcast eyes and blazing rear, the stage is set. Ordinarily this is when I'd expect her to bring out her strap-on, or perhaps an anal plug for my sensitive ass, or a ball gag to force into my compliant mouth. But tonight, there's nothing of the sort.

"I think I know just the thing for a naughty little boy like you," she exclaims, and then I find myself being hauled firmly over to what appears to be a large, raised dresser at the side of the room. "Get up there," she orders – and I gamely obey, clambering up onto what feels like a strange upholstered pad. "Now lay down," she commands again... and so I do. *Wait, is this like some sort of- of- baby-*

Her next actions dispel my doubts.

"Naughty boys like you are in such a hurry to grow up," she chides, shaking her head in dismay at such misguided audacity. "So Mother thinks it's time you remember just what a little thing you still are!" And before I quite know it, she's ordering me to lift, and my poor bottom is settling down onto some thick mass of what feels like cotton toweling. "I think spending a night or two in nappies will be just perfect for you, dear," she explains – and oh, how will I ever be able to forget that sadistic smile of hers as she watches the comprehension dawn on my face?

But there's no real alternative, is there? Sure, I could wriggle and whine and complain. I could even safe-word. But the perverse submissive within me wants nothing less than this strange and unexpected humiliation. I'm shivering with mingled pleasure and embarrassment as she pins the thick cloth nappies around my waist, drawing them up between my legs and forcing my erect penis to bend submissively down into their cottony depths. I squeeze my eyes shut then at the rustle and crinkle of plastic pants being tugged up over them, and I can scarcely dare look up even when she helps me down off the table to stand: erect once more, clad in a bulging mass of cotton and plastic, my legs spread in the waddling stance of a toddler. But even then – being the good submissive that I am – I shudder and obediently open up for the massive, oversized pacifier that she presses firmly into my mouth...

And then comes the knock on the door.

My eyes dilate in mute horror at the figure who steps through. *Short- Brown bob and bangs- Glasses-* It's Sue from our IT department at work – and judging by the expression on her face, she is far from repulsed at the sight I might make. Which, of course, makes it all the more terrifying.

"So good of you to come by!" my dominatrix-turned-mommy greets her. "I've done exactly as you asked, dear: spanked him and got him all stripped and napped up. Now do you think you can manage from here?" *What the hell? They're actually working together-?!* But Sue is beaming, gesturing at the sizable bag slung over her shoulder. "Definitely! Thanks so much for taking care of my boss, Diana. God, he's such a dirty little pervert, isn't he?"

The two erupt in laughter and look me over, beet-red and shaking now in my naked and napped state. "I'd never have imagined him being into stuff like this," Sue went on – and much to my rising horror, she produced a mass of pastel fabric from her bag. "But there was simply no denying that flagrantly non-compliant internet traffic of his. Did I tell you? I found that just last week, he was watching porn and reading smutty stories on his business laptop – for *three* hours solid! And that's been going on for *months!* Talk about breaking company policies right and left..."

Sue- oh, shit- that's how she found out-!

But there's no time to protest, to jerk the dummy from my mouth, to safe-word and escape with what little shreds of my dignity remain. Sue knows, after all. She knows what I've been up to – and no safe word in the world will alter that. So quite simply, there's nothing I can do but submit.

She's giggling softly as she steps toward me, glancing approvingly over my pacified mouth and bulging rear. "Oh, Charlie, you're such a sight! Now, I think it's time we make some of those dirty little dreams of yours come true, hmm? Because the way I figure it, if we take care of that dirty mind of yours here in private, maybe you'll learn not to be so naughty at work!" And then she leans closer and whispers in my ear with a devious smile. "Besides... you should know I have my own tastes in this kind of stuff, too."

As she lifts a tangle of white tulle and lace from her bag, I whimper in muted terror. It's a petticoat: an actual poofy, girlish petticoat. "Mmnooo-" I protest behind my pacifier, recoiling in instinctual horror at the very thought of wearing such a feminine garment. *Sure, it may be hot to read about sometimes... but in real life?!* But of course my inarticulate protests don't matter. Nor does my shaking head, or my repulsed face as she laughingly pulls it over my head and settles it over my bulging plastic pants. It's my punishment, she agrees with Diana. Little boys need to be reminded of their place – and nothing does that quite as well as being napped and forced to wear their little sister's clothes...

And then comes the dress itself, in a horrifying tangle of lace and pastel ruching and embroidered collars.

When she's finally finished, the two escort me, amid gales of condescending laughter, to the mirror hanging inside the closet. And the sight I see staring bleakly back at me is unforgettable. There in the mirror I see, not Charlie the executive, nor even Charlie the submissive client of Diana. This Charlie the naughty little boy... being punished by his two mommies and forced back into the frilly, waddling humiliation of a two-year-old girl.

No more porn on the work computer. Yeah, I'm starting to see why they say to never mix work and pleasure.

But what the hell am I ever going to do now that Sue knows?