

DIAPER DISCIPLINE

By Jonetta Peel



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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NOT THE END, BUT THE BEGINNING

By Jonetta Peel

Chapter I

“Bam,” the door slammed shut.

“Linda, is that you?” Alice called out.

“Yes Mother, its me!”

“What's wrong, Darling. You sound really angry.”

“I am. That David. He's such a jerk!”

“I thought you liked him.”

“I thought I did too,” Alice answered, “After the game we went for ice cream and everything was OK. Then on the way home he parked and told me to fuck or walk”

“What?!”

“That's right. I walked. He wanted me to get back in then, but I refused. Luckily, some of my friends saw me and gave me a ride.”

“That is lucky. But, Darling, you know that you could call and your dad or I would come get you.”

“I know, but I got a ride before I got to a phone.”

She took off her coat and sat down in the living room.

“Mom, I'm 18 now. You told me that you would tell me the story of how you and dad first got together when I was 18. I'm ready to listen.”

“OK Ann. I guess you are grown up enough to hear it now.”

After a long pause, Ellen began, “It all goes back to when I was out of college and first working in my career. I had had some similar experiences to yours.”

“I was a law clerk in Kansas City then. I was making fair money and living alone in a rented town house. I had met another single woman in the complex. Like me she was a career woman too. We became good friends and, after a time, she shared the fact that she was a professional dominant. Linda, that was her name, confided that she had begun this while she was still in college and had made her spending money that way. She didn't feel that there was anything wrong with it since it involved no sex.”

“What was she like, this Linda?”

“She was a pretty woman, probably 110—115 pounds, good figure and long blond hair. She was very smart—not an airheaded blond like they make out on TV.”

“Anyway,” Ellen continued, “One evening I jumped into the shower, washed my hair and put my robe on expecting to prop my feet up and relax with a good book. Then the phone rang.”

“Ellen, this is Linda. Are you doing anything right now?”

“Well no,” I replied, “I just washed my hair and wasn't planning anything but a relaxing evening with a book.”

“Forget that! Get your hair dry and put on that black dress with the slit. Make yourself sexy and come on over. Be here by 7:00.”

“What's all this about?” My voice sounded frightened and confused.

“Don't worry, everything will be all right. Just hurry; I have a big surprise for you. You can get here before 7:00 can't you?”

“Yes. I'll be there.”

I hurried to get there. Linda was dressed in very high heels, seamed stockings, and a low—cut red dress with slits up both sides. I could see her stocking tops the slits went so high.

“What's up?” I asked.

“I have a gentleman coming over that I'd like you to meet.”

“Linda, I've told you that I don't want anything more to do with men,” I said a little angrily.

“I know that's what you said. Remember you told me all about the boys in school and how your uncle forced it on you and your father hit you a lot. I remember all that. But, you will never make it in the world of men unless you learn how to cope with them. I want to help you cope. Besides, there just may be a man out there that will be different. There may be one that you could learn to handle and enjoy. I deal with some different types than you may be familiar with. I'd very much like to help you take control of your life and learn to enjoy everything more and get out of the fear pattern you have with men.”

“You make sense. I hate to admit it but you do. All right, I'll stay and see this fellow, but I'm not going to get involved with him. So don't try to push me into anything.”

“Good. I think you will be pleased,” replied Linda.

Just then the bell rang. Linda looked at her watch and went to the door.

“You're 30 seconds late!” she said in a firm tone, “Come in.”

The man was obviously a business man. He wore a gray three—piece suit. His wore expensive Italian shoes.

“Are you wearing the things I prescribed?” asked Linda in a very demanding tone.

“Yes Mistress,” he said as he looked over her shoulder at me.

“Then show me,” she ordered, “You know that you are supposed to do that immediately when you enter my home.”

“Yes Mistress, But.....Y—Y—You've got company,” he stammered.

“So what difference does that make? Did I tell you that I've changed my rules.”

“No Mistress,” he said softly as he set down his brief case. Then he took off his coat, and vest. Looking back at me, he slipped off his shoes and socks, hung his head and slowly began unbuckling his belt.

As I watched his hesitant progress, I was surprised to see that his feet were in black nylons. As he drew his legs out of his pants, the nylons came into full view and I caught a glimpse of something bright pink under his shirt tail which he quickly smoothed out. You can imagine my surprise. I know that my mouth was hanging open. Linda glanced my way, saw my expression and laughed.

“Come on. Off with the shirt and tie,” she ordered.

In a moment this manly looking guy stood there clad only in a garter belt, nylons, and a shocking pink panty.

“John,” she said, “I consider your hesitancy to be rebellion and you will have to pay the penalty for that. Now get your uniform on.”

He opened his brief case and took out a rolled up corset. Linda took it from him and slipped it around his middle. She took delight in pulling his laces very tight and then watched with a smile as he fastened his garters to his nylons. He stiffly bent down and brought out a bra which she held out for him to slip on. Then she reached down and pulled out falsies which she inserted in the cups. Finally he took out a tissue wrapped black maid's uniform. Linda held it out for him to step into and zipped it closed. The attached slip made the short skirt stand almost straight out.

Linda then walked over to a table and picked up a small sack.

“Come here,” she said as she sat down with the sack.

He glanced over at me, walked to her and stood there with his head hanging. Linda drew out a piece of chain with some leather cuffs hanging from each end. She handed them to him. He sat on the floor and slipped the cuffs on his ankles. Linda handed him locks which he obediently put on the cuffs. Then she drew out another pair of smaller cuffs. Soon these were locked on his wrists. The final thing was a collar.

“Now, serve our coffee. Be sure to bring some cookies too.”

“Yes, Mistress,” he said as he curtsied and made his way with short steps to the kitchen.

Through all this I was sitting completely flabbergasted. Linda saw my look and laughed. She adjusted her skirt to show a little more thigh and waited as John brought our refreshments. He looked very silly in the maid's uniform and cuffs, and he held the tray for me. I watched as he bent forward and served Linda. His panties showed, and I couldn't help it, I laughed.

After he served us, Linda gave him a list of things to do and forgot about him as we talked.

“What was he supposed to do?” asked Alice.

“He was doing her house cleaning.”

“What did you talk about?”

“We talked about him. I asked Linda if he always was required to dress this way. She said, ”Yes.” “

“How often did he come to see her,” asked Alice.

“He came every week.”

“Did he always do her housework?”

“Yes he did. And he paid her \$100 for the privilege. I was totally amazed. I had never seen a man dressed like this before. Neither had I seen one in restraints. It was all new to me. The funny thing was that I sort of enjoyed it. I enjoyed seeing the fear and embarrassment that he obviously felt when he had to show his undies and then dress in front of me. I guess you could say I was fascinated.”

“What happened next?” asked Alice.

“When he finished the housework, Linda asked me to help her check to make sure his work had been done properly. I checked superficially, but Linda went over things with a fine toothed comb. She even took out a mirror and checked under the rim of the toilet. She found places that he had missed. Obviously, she had purposely not checked some of these before. He failed in a few places like the toilet, the tops of pictures, above the doors, and the back and screen of the TV.”

“John, you haven't really applied yourself today,” she said sternly, “You have embarrassed me in front of my friend. Therefore you will be punished.”

“Punished? What happened then?”

“She put a leash on him and handed it to me, and I led him into her spare bedroom. She had some stocks in there and locked him in them. Then she took out a paddle and gave him 5 swats. She really hit hard. I was then handed the paddle. I didn't want to hit him, but she insisted. She told him that she wanted to know which of us hit the hardest. I gave him one swat and he said Linda. I was then supposed to try again. Finally, after about 10, I was hitting just as hard as she had. Then she wanted me to give him 5 more for being 30 seconds late.”

“Did you enjoy it?” Alice asked.

“At first I thought that maybe I was one of those depraved people, but I began to enjoy it. Linda later explained that I was getting some of my pent up hostility out, what I felt toward men in general. Best off, I suddenly didn't have any fear. I liked being in control.”

“What happened next? How long was he there?”

“He was there about 4 hours altogether. He spent one of those hours in the stocks. When it was time to let him out, Linda made him come back into the living room to get dressed. He seemed sad to put his male things on again. It was strange to see that he actually hated going back into his work—a—day world. Before he left he thanked each of us for his handling.”

“Was Daddy one of her patrons too?”

“No. She showed me a letter that she had just received from your Daddy though. She said that she was too busy to take on any more clients and wondered if I would be interested in him.”

“Did you do it right away?”

“Not just yet. I was still afraid of doing it myself. Linda said that if I was interested, she would help me learn. She said that I could start with him and use her place. She would be there to help me. I said OK; I'd try it one time. She didn't waste any time. She called him that very evening and set up the first meeting for the next afternoon. Since it was Friday, we would have all Saturday afternoon to get acquainted. She also told him to arrive wearing things similar to what John had been wearing. He had done this before, and he had a maid's uniform which his previous lady had required.”

“How did you feel that next day?”

“I was scared. I didn't really want to go through with it, but Linda wouldn't let me back out. She acted like a combination mother and big sister. Linda made sure that I was dressed very sexily with lots of make—up. We decided that he would come over to my apartment to do the cleaning and then back to hers for the other things.”

“What was the afternoon like?” asked Alice expectantly.

“The afternoon was cold and rainy and he arrived in a raincoat. Linda took over the beginning part and had him disrobe for inspection at her door. I came over to inspect too. Your father looked really frightened, like a little boy who had been caught with his hands in the cookie jar. You see, although he enjoyed having a woman in charge, he wasn't a transvestite. Dressing up was not one of his things. I could hardly hold back my giggle as I saw this big man in his panties, garter belt, and nylons.”

“Did you put him in the cuffs that day?”

“Oh yes, that was always part of Linda's thing. She always required cuffs. She had explained to me, that the cuffs help block out the guilt that the subject might otherwise feel. She said that they also give a big rush to the woman in control. As I watched him, I could see how true this was.”

“What did you have him do?”

“Well first, we had him put on the rest of his underthings and his uniform. I was the one to tighten his corset. It turned out to be fun.”

“What all did you have him do?”

“He had to serve us refreshments, then do housework, and then serve our dinner. He even had to cook our dinner.”

“Did you spank him?”

“Yes we did. Linda kept tabs on everything he did that was wrong and later he was put through discipline.”

“How soon did he come back?”

“I got up the nerve to ask him if he wanted to be dominated again. He said yes and I set the next Saturday for the date.”

“Were you still with Linda?”

“Yes. I was still a little afraid, not so much of him though. I was more afraid that I might do something wrong. The next meeting went very well, and I took over from Linda about half way through. It was pretty much like the previous meeting except that I let my place go and it was really dirty.”

“The following meeting was just between the two of us. I made sure that Linda was at home in case I needed her though. Everything went just fine. I was coming to enjoy it a lot, and the money was welcome as well. Apparently your daddy was enjoying it too because he wanted to come over twice a week. As we began to know each other better, a bond of trust began to grow. At the same time I was growing to like the control I had more and more.”

“When did you decide to marry?”

“I guess we had been seeing each other on a regular basis for about 3 months when I realized how much I had grown to like him. I came right out and asked him if he felt the same. He said that he did but he was afraid to say it. He thought that I might reject him.”

“Were you still making him dress up and wear the cuffs?”

“Oh yes. That never changed. I also continued to be very demanding about the performance of his duties. There was no question in his mind about who was in charge.”

“Were there any times when he behaved badly for you?”

“You bet! One time he got busy and forgot one of our dates. He was supposed to clean because I had my boss coming over a surprise birthday party. In fact the whole office was due over, and your daddy didn't show up to clean.”

“Why? Had the two of you had a fight or something?”

“No. He had just gotten a new stereo, and he forgot because he hurried home to play with it.”

“What did you do?”

“I was furious. He had really left me in the lurch. The next time he came over, I had a real surprise for him. Linda had suggested a great method to show him not to screw up. He came over on a Friday night. First I put a diaper on him and made him wear all his lingerie. Then I had him take me out to dinner with all that underneath. He was sure that everyone in the place was staring right at him.”

“Did he have to pee them.”

“He sure did. I had him drink lots of things that evening. He was about to burst by the time we went dancing.”

“What did you do next?”

“I gave him another one to change into right there at the dance hall. He hated to carry it into the bathroom and change himself. Later that night, I put another one on him and made him wear it all night. That was the first time he stayed over. But, there was no hanky panky because he was all chained up all night, very uncomfortable. I don't think that he slept at all. In the morning, he was wet again, and I changed him

once more. I didn't let him use the toilet once the whole weekend. He sure hated it, but he never forgot again. I always used diapers then to hold over his head as the ultimate discipline measure.”

“What about your wedding? You've never shown me the pictures.”

“Your Daddy agreed, before we married, that I would always be in charge. He agreed to submit to being petticoated at all times at home.”

“Mom, I know all that. I see him every day in his dress. I don't think anything about that now. But what about the wedding?”

“Well, he signed an agreement to submit. I bought him some beautiful lingerie to wear for the ceremony. Later, Linda threw a party for us and invited some of her dominant friends. They gave us all sorts of special gifts, things to help your Daddy remember who is in charge. Linda gave me a case of the diapers, you should have seen your Daddy's mouth drop open when he saw those. Of course the ladies all asked him who those were for. They just wanted to embarrass him. I made sure that they knew he had to wear them when he was bad.”

“Oh, yes, I almost forgot, your Daddy served the refreshments at the party in his maid's uniform.”

Just then Henry entered. He was a tall man, rather thin with hair that was graying at the temples giving him a very distinguished look.

“Hi Daddy,” said Alice.

“Hi Darling, how was your date?”

“Bad Daddy, he was all hands.”

“I'm sorry to hear that. I could tell that you really liked that boy. Sometimes you can't judge a book by its cover.”

“That's right Daddy. Mother is just telling me about how you two got together. Daddy, I'd like to find a man like you.”

“Darling, that is a real compliment. Maybe your Mother can help you. That is more her department.”

He walked over to Ellen.

“Henry, have you finished the washing?”

“Yes, Honey, I have. What is next on your list?”

“Let's see,” she paused as she took out a pad from her pocket, “Now you need to scrub and wax the front bathroom floor. Have you thought any more about your being so late coming home from work yesterday?”

“Yes, My Darling, I have. I am really sorry. It won't happen again; I promise.”

“Step over here,” she ordered.

He moved closer. She raised his skirt and pulled down the front of his panty.

“Wet!” she said, “Bring me another diaper. You won't be able to last in this one until your discipline is over.”

Chapter II

“Mother, David just called and apologized for the way he acted on our last date. He wants another date.”

“What did you tell him?”

“I told him I'd think about it and call him later.” Alice paused and then said, “I'd like to try something like you did with Daddy on him, but how do I start?”

“Well, you can tell him that you want him to pay penance for his action. Then when he asks what that means, you tell him that you want to have him wear some lingerie when he takes you out. If he turns you down, well you haven't lost anything, but, if he goes along with it, then you have him. You will then want to reward him, not with sex, but with some manual stimulation and lots of petting. Then you tell him how hot it makes you and that you would want to have him do it again the next time. Make it an order, not a suggestion. If he accepts the order a second time, then you probably have him hooked. Each time you increase you demands a little. The first time it is panties, then nylons and panties and so forth. Remember, try to tie sexual satisfaction into it. I don't mean that you need to give yourself, I mean stimulate him. That is a very good way to get him hooked.”

“David,” she said, “I will go out with you again, but you will have to show me that you are truly sorry.”

“Sure. But how? What would you like me to do?”

Alice smiled to herself as she said, “I want you to wear a pair of pink panties on our date.”

“Did I hear you right? You want me in panties? I'm not one of those kind! I..I...”

“David,” Alice's tone was calm and firm, “that's fine. I didn't think you really meant that you were sorry and wanted to make it up.”

“That's not the point. I am sorry, but I don't wear women's underthings, that's for sissies and freaks. Were you serious?”

“Very. I wanted to see if you were really willing to take your punishment for the way you acted on your date. Obviously, you are not really penitent.”

“You are serious! You really do want to have me wear those,” replied David.

Alice was silent. She knew that if she spoke just now, she would give him some relief from the stress she had put him under.

“Well say something.”

She could tell that he was frustrated, and she replied, “I think that it all has been said. Bye.” She hung up and sat by the phone waiting.

It took only a moment and the phone rang.

“Hello,” she answered in a stern tone.

“all right. I'll do it.” said the voice at the other end.

“Good. Then I'll go out to dinner with you. Oh, by the way, because of your argument, I want you to also wear a garter belt and nylons.”

“What?????”

“You heard me. That's my requirement; take it or leave it. Well?”

“All right. I'll do it.”

“Fine, I'll see you tonight at six. Don't be late. Bye.”

“Mother! He bought it! He's going to wear panties and nylons tonight.”

“Good Darling. Well, you have passed the first hurdle. If he shows up and wears them then you can expand your control.”

“But how?”

“First, make him drop his pants and show you that he has obeyed. Then, while you are driving to the restaurant, sit close and play with him through his fly. Let him get excited through the nylon. Stroke his stockings and let him feel the sensuousness of that too. Tease him a lot and get him very hot. When you come home, make him come in his panties but don't let him take them off. Tell him how hot it makes you to know that he is wearing them. Get him to tell you that it is stimulating to him, lead his thinking. Finally, tell him that you will see him again, but only if he wears these things again.”

Chapter III

“Mother, I'm home,” cried Alice as she ran in the door.

“How was the date? Hurry tell me everything,” said Ellen excitedly. She was almost as excited as Alice.

“It worked just like you said. When we got out to the car, I made him take down his pants and show me that he had obeyed. He seemed like a little boy caught with his hands in the cookie jar. As soon as he pulled down his pants, he was hard. I had him pull them back up but leave his fly open with his manhood sticking up. It looked funny covered by the thin panty fabric. I caressed it all the way to the restaurant. He just about couldn't get it back in his pants it was so hard. Inside we sat together on the same side of the booth. I was on the outside and would slide my hand on his thigh like you said. I whispered in his ear about how hot it made me to know he was like that. He was hot too and his zipper about broke.”

“What happened on the way home?”

“I caressed him and then made him come in his panties. It ran down all over his pants. I made him take them off while I wiped them off. Then I wouldn't let him put them back on for a while. He had to sit there in just his nylons and panties. I played with his garters too, and he got hot again. I made him come two times before we came home. He wanted me, but I skirted the issue and just did him.”

“When do you see him again?”

“Friday night. We're going to a show.”

“Will he want to wear panties again?”

“You bet. I told him that the only way I'd date him is if he wore feminine things under his male ones. I told him that this was because of the way he had acted. He accepted my demand without a whimper. I told him that I wanted him to buy two pairs of very lacy matching panties for us to wear for our next date. He's to bring them by as a present tomorrow. He's supposed to be wearing his pair when he presents mine to me.”

“Matching panties, that's a good idea. Why haven't I ever thought of that?”

“Mother, see what David just brought me. Look how pretty,” Alice said as she unwrapped the gift and held up the lacy pink panties. “Oh yes, David this is my mother.”

“How do you do Mrs. Foster,” he said in a polite manner. He seemed embarrassed.

“David, I am happy to meet you. Alice has told me so much about you and your last date,”

David shot a surprised and worried glance at Alice who smiled back at him.

“Yes David, she told me all about your date. Please sit down.”

David slumped in the soft chair with his face turning redder and redder.

“Alice..” He stammered and then stopped.

“Yes, David, I know all about your date. But don't be afraid, I won't tell anyone. I think that it's a good thing how Alice has made you pay penance for the way you acted on the other date.”

“You know all about the panties and garter belt?” he asked in disbelief.

“I sure do. But even if I hadn't, you have just given it all away anyway.”

He sat there in disbelief. His face was a mixture of anger and embarrassment.

“David, my mother and I are very close. I never keep any secrets from her.”

“Alice, didn't you say that David would be wearing a matching pair of panties when he brought these?”

“Yes. He is supposed to be,” she said with a smile, “Well, David, do you have them on?”

David glanced furtively at Ellen and then at Alice. He hesitated and finally hung his head and said, “Yes, I'm wearing them.”

“Oh good,” exclaimed Ellen, “Let's see them.”

David looked in terror at Alice who showed no mercy.

“You heard Mother, let's see them,” Alice's voice was firm.

Slowly David unbuckled his belt and then the waist button of his pants. He pulled them apart ever so slightly, and they could see the pink waist band peeking out for a moment and then he rebuttoned and rebuckled.

“Oh no David,” said Alice, “We want to see the whole thing. Drop your pants.”

“Please Alice, No. Not here in front of your mother.”

“Yes David. Do it right now. Right here.”

“Please.....”

“Now!”

David stood and slowly took them off and slid them down his legs. He was getting hard and both the women noticed it immediately.

“David, I want you to slip your pants completely off and sit down,” ordered Alice.

“This is too much,” he said and started to reach down and pull them back up.

“David!” said Alice, “do it—NOW!”

He obeyed to the amazement of both women.

“Alice, go and get a tea towel to lay over his lap while we talk.”

David sat obediently as Alice spread the tiny towel over his panties.

“Now David, what are your intentions toward my daughter?”

“Well, Mrs. Foster, I care a lot for Alice. She's the only woman I have ever met that I really have felt this way about.”

“Do you mean that you love her?”

“I'm not sure of my own feelings right now, but I think that I do.”

“Do you respect her now?”

“Yes, I do. Very much. When I came on to her so strong, I guess I didn't. She really surprised me when she got out and walked. It made me feel really bad, but it brought her up in my eyes.”

“Will you ever try that sort of thing again?”

“Oh no. I respect her too much for that.”

“Do you still want to date Alice?”

“Oh yes I do.”

“Even if she makes you wear these feminine underthings as a control measure?”

“Yes, even under those circumstances, I still want to date her .”

“Good. Then maybe you are serious about her and your respect. You know David, I like you. You seem to be very honest. I want you to come over to dinner on Saturday. Alice's father has to work so it will just be the three of us.”

“That would be fine. I'd like that.”

“Alice, I'm going to leave you two alone now. I'm glad to have met you David.”

“Me too, Mrs. Foster,” said David.

It was obvious that he had lost some of his embarrassment as they had talked. Alice liked that. She moved over to the couch and slid her hand under the little towel. She kissed him and massaged at the same time.

“You did very well with my mother,” she whispered.

“She really scared me. And having to drop my pants and show that I wore panties, that was terrible.”

“Would it be so terrible if you had to do it again?”

“Again? Well maybe not. But I was so embarrassed and humiliated.”

“But you got over it,” she said as she kissed him again and worked her hand faster. He came and she used the towel to catch it.

“Darling,” said David breathlessly as he grabbed her and held her tight kissing her passionately. He started to unzip her jeans but she stopped him by gently and firmly moving his hand away.

“No. Not now. I'm saving myself. Do you want me to milk you again?”

“I don't think you could get any more right now. I'm spent.”

“Oh, that's too bad. I love to do that.”

“And I like it too when you do it. I don't understand why, but these panties seem to get me so much hotter than I've ever been before. I'm glad you introduced me to them.”

“Is it just the panties?” Alice asked in a mocked hurt tone.

“No, it 's them and the fact that you made me wear them. And.. the way you do me with them on.”

“Well, I get hot seeing you in them and the other feminine things. Oh yes, that reminds me, I'm going to wear the matching ones on our date, and I want you in the matching ones. I also want to have you wear the nylons and garter belt again.”

“OK,” David said reluctantly.

“Darling, do I detect some apprehensiveness?”

“Well, a little. This is going to take some getting used to.”

“Then maybe you should wear them every day! In fact, why didn't I think of that before? Yes! I want you to wear panties every day. I want you to buy a set of matching ones for you and me, seven, one for every day of the week. When you put them on each day, you will know that I will be wearing the same ones. We'll start tomorrow. You can wash those out by hand tonight in the sink and they'll be dry by morning.”

Her thoughts came quickly and they almost overwhelmed David. She could see that he was a little shaken by everything.

“Well, David?”

“OK, I'll go out and buy them,” he said. His tone was one of resignation not enthusiasm.

“Good. Do it right now and then bring them right back. We'll have supper together. I'm a good cook.”

Chapter IV

“Mother,” called Alice, “What do you think of David?”

“I think that you have found your man like Daddy. You have control of him already.”

“And, you know what? I've told him that I want to have him start wearing panties every day. He's gone out right now to buy a set of matching ones. We'll match every day.”

“That's a good idea. He's in the palm of your hand right now. On Saturday, I plan to keep your Daddy out of the picture. David won't meet him for a while yet. I want you to get out that wrap—around skirt that is too big for you. We'll let David wear it during dinner. Let's start having him over a lot and we'll always make him show that he has obeyed as soon as he comes in,” said Ellen.

“That sounds good Mother. He's coming back in a while with our panties and then he's staying for supper. I think I'll start him in skirts tonight.”

“Good. I think that you're going to have a lot of fun with this. We need to begin planning a little additional punishment for him to get him used to it. I think that we'll be able to pull that off too in just a few weeks.”

“What do you have in mind, Mother?”

“Two things. I think that you should start planning a way to get him started into bondage first, and then I think you should plan to introduce him to diapers as the ultimate punishment. You might use them as a game too. Maybe one where you both put one on, and see who can hold it the longest. I remember one that Linda suggested where the prize was sex for him if he won. But if he lost, he had to wear them for a day. She told how easy it was to give him a diuretic in some wine.”

“You mean that we should both wear them and then see who wets first? And the loser has to keep wearing them all day?”

“That's right. But not just all day, 24 hours. Of course, you will have the odds stacked in your favor with him getting the water pill. Then you care for him for a day.”

“That would be fun to do. But are you sure that I wouldn't be the one to have to wear diapers all day?”

“Well, if you lose, you will have to be fair and do it, but, before he comes over, you make sure that you have emptied your bladder. Then during the preliminary time, you give him lots to drink. That should guarantee the results.”

“I think that will be fun to try. Oh there's the bell. I'll bet that's David back with the panties. Shall I do the skirt thing today.”

“I think so. He already seems very moldable.”

Alice answered the door and David came in. He carried a small sack.

“Oh, let's see what you got us,” said Alice excitedly. She poured the sack out on the table. “Oh David, these are lovely. Look at all the lace. You did very well!”

Alice hugged him and kissed him passionately.

“I have a surprise for you. Take off your pants and sit down.”

David didn't have a chance to argue or say anything before Alice rushed out. He simply obeyed. Alice came back as he was pulling his feet out of his pants.

“Here,” she whispered as she pressed her body against him and gave his manhood a squeeze, “Here is something for you to wear. This will keep you a little modest but,” and she smiled and grasped him again and whispered, “it won't stop me from playing.”

She helped wrap the skirt around his middle and tie it at the waist. Then she slipped her hand up under it and gave him another squeeze.

“Your legs would look better if you were wearing your hose,” said Alice, “Where are they?”

“They are in a sack in my trunk.”

“Oh good. Where are your keys? I'll go get them.”

David seemed resigned to his fate as Alice helped fasten his garter belt. He sat down and pulled up the nylons and submitted as Alice fastened the garters. Then she smoothed the skirt and kissed him. His manhood was again at attention as the lump in the front of the skirt attested.

Alice reached up under the skirt and massaged for a little. Then she raised the skirt and finished him off. The towel was still there and soon he was milked and dry. He received a big hug as she pressed her body to his and kissed him passionately.

“Did you like that?” she asked in a sexy whisper.

“Very much,” replied the spent David.

“I'm going to put on the matching panties right now,” said Alice as she left the room. She stepped back in for a moment and picked up his pants and said, “I'll go hang these up so they won't get wrinkled.”

Before David could argue she was gone. Ellen entered right after she left.

“Oh, David, it was you at the door. Good. Alice found you the skirt. That should make you feel more comfortable.”

“Yes Ma'am it does,” he said, thankful for the coverage of the panties. He gave no thought to how his reply might be misconstrued, but Ellen jumped right on it.

“Do you get much pleasure from wearing panties?” asked Ellen.

Her question hit him hard. He hesitated. In the short time since Alice had coerced him into wearing them, David had had some very intimate moments. Alice had given him immense pleasure. But, this was her mother asking. How could he tell her about what Alice had done to him? He enjoyed what had been done to him and the pleasure that came while wearing them, but how should he answer. He looked around furtively for Alice.

“I understand your hesitation, David. I'll bet that you are ashamed to say that you enjoy wearing them. That's OK. We all get pleasure from various things. I understand your embarrassment, and I certainly want you to feel free and at ease with us. Maybe, if I say that I enjoy having you wear them that will help.”

David fidgeted uncomfortably as Ellen talked. She had assumed that he liked wearing the panties and garter belt and nylons. Now what was he to say? He did enjoy what his wearing them had led Alice to do, but he didn't like how he had sacrificed his manhood. He was thankful that she had forgiven him, and he felt better that he had been

able to work off his guilt for the way he had acted. He had no other response and was happy to see Alice come into the room.

“Mother, I heard your question. David does like wearing them to please me, but he's really not into this scene. This is my requirement more than his desire.”

“That's right,” replied David sheepishly, “I agreed to this to show Alice that I was sorry.”

“And besides Mother,” continued Alice, “it gives David a chance to see how vulnerable we women feel when a man comes on to us. Now he knows the helpless feeling we sometimes feel. Isn't that right David?”

“Yes. I really know how helpless you can feel.”

“David, these panties fit wonderfully, and they look so sexy; thank you.”

“David,” said Ellen, “Your legs are very shapely. The nylons make them look very sexy.”

David blushed and Alice laughed. They watched TV together for the rest of the afternoon. Whenever they were alone, Alice's hand was up under David's skirt playing. It was obvious that David loved it.

After supper, they cuddled on the couch again. Ellen had gone to the bedroom saying that she would leave the love birds alone. With the lights low, and the TV on, Alice continued to play and David continued to enjoy himself. He didn't realize that he was being conditioned. Finally Alice slid her zipper on her jeans down and unbuttoned the waist.

“Now you can see how pretty your panties look on me,” she said as she cuddled up close. David slid his hand inside and began to massage.

She gently took his hand and said, “You're getting me too hot right now. That could lead to things that I want but also want to avoid just now.”

“Why? Just let yourself go,” replied David.

