

An AB Discovery Book

The Ingrid Chronicles

BOOKS 1 & 2

Beau Tauxe



The Ingrid Chronicles

The Ingrid Chronicles

Books 1 & 2

By Beau Tauxe

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BOOK ONE: Fire and Ice

chapter 1: the tinderbox ignites



Melissa Davis sat upon a sturdy wooden, unpadded chair at a very nice but plain oak hardwood desk, typing a letter previously dictated to her by her supervisor, Ingrid Bergstrom. Her auburn hair hung just past her shoulders as she tapped away at the keyboard, firm breasts perfectly formed by her snug white blouse and plaid skirt. The whole outfit really brought out the vibrant green in her eyes.

She was a cute girl when she smiled but most would not give her a second look in a crowd as anything special - the typical girl next door. She had recently lost weight but was still a few pounds heavier than her goal. She was completely focused on typing the letter and nothing else.

The letter itself was a fairly mundane request for the timely delivery of supplies from a local supplier. Of late, the deliveries had been delayed on several occasions. It wasn't a big deal but when you pay extra for same-day delivery that's what you expect. Ingrid was adamant that they make good on their promises, or she'd find a different supplier.

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Lissa, as she was usually called, smiled to herself because the supplies were primarily for her use. Her supervisor - that was a polite way of saying her mistress when talking to those unaware of her living arrangements - demanded satisfaction from the company. Lissa was the submissive portion of a Domme/sub relationship. She couldn't help but feel pleased about her relationship with Ingrid, strange as it seemed when it first began.

Lissa remembered how she first met Ingrid...



Lissa was a chubby girl for her short frame. At 5'3" and 135 lbs. she was not obese but maybe a little plump with no discernible waist. She had previously graduated high school in the spring and turned 18 over the summer and now was ready for college. She was leaving her parents, their modest home, and their small Missouri town for a big Chicago university experience.

She had dreamed this would be her chance to shed the image of a pudgy, plain outcast she had been in high school. She had very few friends and none of those were very close. They were simply girls who felt sorry enough for her to talk with her - the simply-dressed smart girl - while they were at school.

When she was home, even if those girls might have been willing to come over to her house, they were never invited. Lissa never had friends over and she never slept over at the few gatherings of girls that sought to include her.

Lissa suffered from nocturnal enuresis. To put it simply, she is a bed-wetter. She was always too embarrassed to take the chance of being close to anyone. She'd never been on a date for the same reason. What she wanted was to meet people, make friends, and enjoy life instead of merely being a good student with no social life.

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To compensate for the complete and utter lack of camaraderie outside of high school, Lissa tended to eat. On top of that, she had gotten out of gym class every chance she could. Because of this, she was never going to be a prom queen even though she was far from homely when she tried to look pretty.

Lissa had managed to save some money from babysitting, and she made good grades. That earned her a few grants and some small scholarships but not nearly enough to allow her to attend an out-of-state school without a source of supplemental income. Her parents offered to help but their meager savings wouldn't last long if Lissa couldn't find suitable employment. She had barely enough extra money for a bus ticket to Chicago and a short stay in a tiny, temporary guest room at her university after tuition was paid.

Lissa was sure this risk would pay off, but she had a limited amount of time to make it work. All her effort went into making a good first impression with her resume and cover letter. She had sent out many to prospective employers in the weeks and days before her arrival in Chicago.

It was good luck when Lissa found an ad for an apartment before leaving home. It was part of the included pay for a position as a live-in executive assistant. She called the number with trembling fingers and was promptly given a date and location for an interview. She was shocked at her unbelievable good fortune on her first try!

On the day of the interview, she put on her nicest navy-blue skirt. It was pleated and went well with her white blouse. She pulled her hair back and applied the slightest amount of makeup she thought appropriate for a business interview. She was as ready as she would ever be.

Lissa took the "L" train out to Forest Park, as directed. There, a big black European sedan with dark windows was waiting for her

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at the curb, as she was told. The driver was a tall, sturdy man with short, cropped blonde hair and pale blue eyes. He held a sign that read 'M. Davis - Interview' and she walked up to the man hesitantly.

"I'm Melissa Davis," she said a bit nervously. "Are you from Ms. Bergstrom's?"

The driver was polite and tipped his hat with a smile though he said nothing. He looked Melissa over as he opened the back door to the long black car. He gestured an offer to take the backpack she carried.

She told him, "It is okay. I'll keep it with me."

She got in with her backpack and settled into the plush leather seats. The windows were so darkly tinted she could barely see out, let alone anyone see in. The short drive was over in about two minutes and the trip could have been walked in probably five minutes. The trains and buses would make it easy to attend school, she thought.

Once the car stopped, the driver opened the door, helped her out, and pointed her to the front door of a very expansive house surrounded by massive and well-kept grounds. The door to the house was opened and a very tall, very blonde lady of obvious Scandinavian descent greeted her. The lady was very trim but with very large breasts, which were highlighted all the more by a tight-fitting business suit in gray pinstripes. Her hair was pulled back and her lips were ruby red. She towered over Lissa.

"Come in. We will begin the interview now," the lady with a slight hint of an accent said as she offered Lissa a hand. "I'm Ingrid Bergstrom. We spoke on the phone. My office is right here."

Ingrid seated herself while she pointed Lissa to an opposing chair. She wasted no time and got right to the heart of the interview. She asked about Lissa's work experience, typing speed,

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social experience, and even some very personal questions. Lissa somehow divulged that she periodically wet the bed. She couldn't believe she'd let that slip! That did not seem to faze Ingrid at all. Instead, Lissa was surprised by how well the interview seemed to be going.

The subject of money was discussed, and Ingrid flatly stated that she would guarantee her education would be paid for as long as she remained in Ingrid's employ. She admired Melissa's efforts to not take on excessive debt like so many students had recently. She believed in making your own way in life, as she had. Lissa smiled at the praise, something she rarely received from anyone but a teacher or her mother.

With little more discussion, Lissa was told a physical was required for the job. If she was ready, she could move in tomorrow and start the job the following day. Lissa was thrilled and amazed not only to be accepted for the position but to be asked to start the very next day. She'd have a few days to settle in and learn the transit schedule before classes started next week. Her surprise was so great, she had no chance to think as she was escorted back to the limo and driven to Ingrid's preferred doctor for a physical. Things were moving so fast.

It was a small medical office in a strip mall and there were no other patients in the stark white waiting room. Lissa didn't have to sign in and was brought right in as a nurse escorted her to an exam room. She was instructed to disrobe and put on a gown. She complied and placed her clothes on the hangers behind the door. The doctor returned with the nurse after a short time to start the exam.

The nurse checked Lissa's height, weight and took her other vitals. She also drew three tubes of blood for lab tests. Lissa was a little nervous but so happy to have this job that she didn't question what the tests might be for.

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The doctor tested her reflexes, examined her eyes, ears, nose, and throat. Then he asked her lots of questions about her childhood diseases, any illnesses she currently had, and then went on to ask about her periods. They even asked her about bed-wetting, which she hesitantly admitted to occasionally still wetting. The doctor then asked her about her bowel habits and she explained that she had one usually every other day but had not had one that day.

The doctor ordered the nurse to administer an enema series before her rectal and pelvic exams then stepped out. The questions about her periods and bowel habits had put her off a bit and now she was disturbed to be told she was to be given an enema.

This job was important for Lissa's future plans though, so she quietly and submissively accepted what she'd been told. The nurse prepared the large, clear bag with warm water. A packet of something mixed into the solution turned it cloudy. The nurse instructed Lissa to lie back and put her legs into the stirrups. The nurse inserted a gloved finger with lubricant into her rectum and wriggled it around. She commented that Lissa felt impacted. Then she inserted the nozzle, squeezed and, to Lissa's surprise, it filled her bottom. There was another squeeze and something pulled it tight into her bottom!

The nurse released the hose clamp and began to fill her rear with a hot, soapy enema. Lissa struggled to hold it until the nurse explained that she would not leak and to just relax. Once she'd taken the whole bag, the nozzle was left in place for 10 minutes while the nurse cleaned the rest of the gear.

Lissa could feel the mixture starting to churn in her colon. Once the nozzle was deflated, Lissa gladly expelled into the waiting pan at the end of the table. The nurse cleaned her up and prepared another bag. She told Lissa the first one was a soap suds enema and the next one was a rinse. It wasn't as hot as the first one, but it was

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no less filling. She didn't hold the second enema any longer than the first. Once she was cleaned up, the nurse summoned the doctor to continue the exam. The doctor entered and lubed his gloved finger. He examined her rectum for a minute or two. Lissa found it odd though more embarrassing than uncomfortable. He then changed gloves and started to examine her vagina.

"Are you a virgin?" he asked.

"Uhm," Lissa hesitated, "Yes, I am."

She thought this a rather personal question for an employment physical, but again she let her need for a job override her doubts and concerns.

The nurse marked information down on the sheet and the doctor finished. Then he told her to go ahead and get dressed. She did as she was told and waited for the report to take back to Ingrid. The nurse handed her a sealed manila envelope with her name on it but addressed to Ingrid.



Lissa snapped back to the present when Ingrid entered the room and firmly inquired, "Little One, is that memo finished yet? I want it ready and on my desk by 2 o'clock and into the outgoing mail this afternoon, please."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Lissa. "I'm just checking it over and will print it for you now."

"After that," stated Ingrid, "you may have your lunch. I've had Lars prepare you a very nutritious salad before your afternoon class."

She thought to herself, '*great, more rabbit food!*' but she was pleased that her prescribed - more like rigidly enforced - diet was

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working. Lissa had lost nearly 10 pounds her first month with Ingrid and would soon be down to her optimum weight. Lissa's middle was thinning, and her abdomen was smoothing.

Lissa had cheated one time, but Ingrid suspected her and soon found out about her unauthorized snack. Ingrid had administered a severe and deterring punishment. She did not cheat anymore after that. Her bottom could not stand any more of the repercussions!

During the day, Lissa worked in the office as Ingrid Bergstrom's assistant when she didn't have classes. Lissa had morning classes on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and afternoon classes on Mondays and Wednesdays. It was a fitting job for a sub. Often the work was boring and repetitive, but Lissa would do anything to gain the favor of Ingrid and she would also do everything to avoid her wrath. Ingrid's attention was a wonderful thing, but her discipline was equally unpleasant.

When Lissa finished the document and printed it, she stood to take it to Ingrid's office. She was very aware of the pressure in her bladder as she walked to Ingrid's though she was too late. She wet herself a few steps in. Thank goodness Ingrid kept her diapered all the time now.

Lissa thought back to the first time that Ingrid had diapered her...



Lissa had barely moved into the suite of rooms that Ingrid had set up in her palatial estate for her assistant. It consisted of a sitting room and bedroom with a small but well-appointed bathroom. It was completely furnished with a four-post bed, big desk, ornate chest of drawers, tasteful art on the walls, fluffy towels

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and extra bed linens included. As Lissa was settling in that first evening, Ingrid knocked and then let herself in. She was smiling and dressed in a shimmering red silk kimono.

Ingrid explained that due to Lissa's bed-wetting condition, she would be required to wear a diaper at night as long as she worked for Ingrid. This was to protect the very nice linens and very expensive furniture. She showed her where the supplies were stored in the drawer nearest the bed.

Lissa was stunned!

Ingrid, noticing the look on Lissa's face then added that Ingrid would diaper her every evening before she was allowed to go to sleep. Lissa was not to change herself or otherwise remove the diapers in any way, per their contract. Violations would be dealt with swiftly and sternly.

“You may masturbate but only external stimulation is allowed, outside the diaper. After all, you are a little virgin and too young for real sex.”

Lissa was shocked once again!

She'd had no idea at the time that Ingrid's position as her employer would extend to such personal matters. She nearly cried at this news. She had managed to get by with oversized maxi pads up until now. If she hadn't needed this job to pay for her school tuition, she'd have left right then and retained what little of her faltering dignity that still remained!



When Lissa knocked on Ingrid's door, the voice granted permission to enter. Lissa approached the desk and placed the

document in front of Ingrid. Ingrid looked at the document and placed it back on the desk with a smile.

“Diaper check,” Ingrid commanded.

Lissa complied by shifting her legs apart as she leaned over the desk in front of her Mistress, her skirt barely covering her diaper, “Yes, ma'am. As you wish.”

Ingrid felt her sub's crotch with two well-manicured fingers, massaging it a bit as she did, and asked, “Are you wet?”

“Yes, ma'am,” was all Lissa said without emotion.

Lissa knew the deal. Nothing was free in Ingrid's household. Everything had to be balanced - a favor for a favor.

Lissa's mind drifted back to when she was first introduced to the concept of bartering for favors, among other things...



Lissa had angered Ingrid by staying out late one evening beyond the agreed-upon 9 PM curfew to work on a class project. She had not called or otherwise checked in with anyone at the house. This was a serious violation of the signed employment agreement that Lissa had made with Ingrid and she knew it. When Lissa arrived, the door was dead-bolted from the inside and her key would not open it. There was a chill in the early fall night and she shivered involuntarily with only her light sweater against the brisk breeze.

She was forced to knock, softly at first and then harder when nothing happened. After nearly five minutes of standing on the stone porch in the cool, damp air, Lars came to the door in his pajama bottoms.

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"Yes, can I help you?" he said.

"Uhm, I'd like to come in, please," Lissa said.

The door closed and she was left standing alone on the porch again. Desperate, she knocked again. This time Ingrid opened the door in her black satin, lace fringed camisole, and matching slit-sided slip.

"You have violated the terms of our agreement. I am exercising my right to terminate our contract per the stipulated curfew requirement. It is now null and void," Ingrid stated. "You have no right to live here now. Tell me where you will be staying, and I will have your things delivered to you in the morning."

She started to close the door and Lissa freaked, almost yelling in a panic, and near tears.

"WAIT! PLEASE! I'm sorry and I won't do it again. I am begging you, don't do this to me. I'll do anything if only you don't put me out on the street. I have no place else to go! Don't leave me here! No place at all!"

Ingrid closed the door and Lissa's heart sank. She started to turn and leave when she heard the chain removed and the door opened wide. Ingrid motioned Lissa on inside but instead of heading to her room, Ingrid directed her toward her office. The all too bright lights nearly blinded her.

Once inside her office Ingrid took a seat behind her massive and imposing desk but did not offer Lissa a seat. She then pulled a folder out of her desk. It was labeled "Melissa Davis" and there were several things in it. Ingrid pulled a document out and looked at it before putting it in front of Lissa on the other side of the desk.

"You will sign this if you wish to remain here any longer," Ingrid stated with no hint as to her feelings or what was in the document. "I had my doubts about your willpower and had this

alternate contract drafted. I can see now that I was correct in my initial assessment of you. This new contract signifies you are doing this of your own free will. It allows me greater control of your activities since you have demonstrated a pronounced proclivity toward not following the very simple rules of this house. I will put you back on the path to success.”

Lissa took the pen nervously in her hand and looked at the top sheet. It read:

'Amended Employment, Housing and Tuition Agreement' across the top.

There were several points that Lissa caught as she scanned it. The first was listed as 'Terms of Employment' and the next was 'Housing Provision' which all looked pretty standard. As she started to sign it she noticed the last section 'Health Considerations' and figured she was getting some sort of health insurance and willingly signed it.

Like most young people her age, and all too many adults of any age, she did not see the importance of reading all the details within a document she was asked to sign. Like so many computer screen agreements, it was whatever it takes to get on with the process.

Ingrid smiled at Lissa and began, “This new contract is a very different agreement than the first one we had. While it stipulated that you were largely free to do as you pleased, a curfew violation without prior notification is grounds for immediate dismissal. Do you understand?”

Lissa nodded and answered, “Yes, ma'am. I'm really sorry...”

“Of course, the new agreement is much stricter,” Ingrid cut her off and continued, “As it must be to bring your careless lifestyle

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under control. If you ever wish to graduate, to be successful, you must learn to be prompt and to live up to your agreements.”

“Yes, ma'am,” was all Lissa could muster.

Ingrid smiled, “Furthermore, to reinforce a higher level of commitment, you will be confined to diapers for the term of your contract. This term is tentatively to be when you graduate. If you do not graduate, you will remain here no less than 10 years. By that time, I will have trained you to be a successful businessperson regardless of your formal education. Is this clear?”

Lissa’s jaw dropped and her face turned crimson, but she knew she had little choice if she wished to keep a roof over her head, at least for now. Stoically, she tried to hide her reaction from the woman that would see her in diapers!

Once again, she nodded, “Yes, ma'am, I see that you are being very kind to me, but do I have to wear diapers *all* the time? Surely you can’t mean for me to wear one to school?”

Ingrid’s smile grew, “Why it appears you have finally learned the most important first lesson, paying attention to details. The answer is 'Yes'. You will be diapered 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, 52 weeks a year. You may not remove your diaper for *any* reason, and you must ask me or another adult to change you. To show your appreciation for doing this dirty work for you, you will give whatever service the adult requests. But I will not allow you to have sexual intercourse. You will remain the little virgin girl you are as long as you are in my service.”

Lissa lowered her head, tears in earnest formed in the corner of her eyes, a look of despair was on her face, and she asked, “What if I have a boyfriend? Suppose I...”

“Little girl,” Ingrid did not let her finish, “You will never know a man intimately that way as long as you live in my home. My

favor for changing your diapers will be to have you lick and eat my pussy. Also, I detest messy diapers and will not change them under any circumstances. How you deal with that is your business so long as you don't do it yourself. Lars is pretty handy, maybe you can work something out with him."

Messy diapers?

Ingrid fully intended for Lissa to have no respite from using a diaper for all of her bodily functions it seemed. What else could possibly go wrong? Lissa had gone from the frying pan to the fire. She was doomed and trapped. Ingrid had her signature, so what could she do? It was a legal contract and she had no money and certainly not enough saved to pay a lawyer.

"You may void this contract at any time, you are not a slave or prisoner. However, you have obligations under this contract that have monetary inducements to stay. All of your expenses, home, food, clothing, and tuition will be covered by my company that is making a significant investment in your future." stated Ingrid.

Lissa replied, "Yes, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am.

Ingrid continued. "However, if you leave before the first semester, you owe my company \$10,000. That reduces \$1,250 per semester until you graduate. Now that we have that out of the way, it's time for you to get ready for bed."

Crestfallen, Lissa followed Ingrid to her room. She laid out her things and got ready for bed, but Ingrid looked at her. Ingrid stood tall as she pulled up her skirt, revealing her pantyless crotch and a garter belt holding up her stockings.

Lissa was still in shock from the revelation of the new, stricter terms of her contract. Nevertheless, she thought Ingrid looked sexy and was strangely turned on by seeing her shaven

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mound. Ingrid motioned her to kneel before her. When she did, Ingrid pushed the girl's face into her waiting crotch.

"Gently lick me," Ingrid commanded, "And I don't want you to stop until I tell you."

Lissa cringed but tasted the wetness. It was acrid and sticky, like nothing she'd ever tasted. The smell was familiar but not like her own. She suddenly felt something on her breasts. It was Ingrid's hands, massaging her firm breasts and hard nipples.

Lissa was feeling dampness between her own legs and she wasn't sure why. Then Ingrid started to moan and she even ground her crotch against Lissa's face. As Lissa was licking and darting as best she could, Ingrid shuddered and Lissa caught a gush of juice that surprised her. This happened twice more although the gush was much less. Ingrid finally pulled her back, knelt down to her level, and kissed her squarely on her sticky, damp lips.

"Wow!" Ingrid said trying to catch her breath, her accent thicker when she was excited. "You are a fucking natural!"

Lissa, confused and aroused, was pleased that Ingrid was so happy. It seemed like she had finally done something right in her life. Ingrid was hugging her closely, helping her up onto the bed. She put Lissa onto her diaper, noting her apparent wetness as she slipped a finger into the submissive girl's bottom when she applied rash cream.

"Did you enjoy that as much as I did?" Ingrid inquired.

"Yes, ma'am, I think I did. I've never been with a boy and certainly not with a girl before," Lissa said after hesitating a bit. "Does this mean that I'm a lesbian?"

"How should I know, dear. Do you want to be a lesbian," Ingrid said with a bit of a giggle. "Frankly, it doesn't matter. But you were fantastic, whatever you want to be!"

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“Well,” inquired Ingrid, bringing Lissa back to the present. “Does Pissy Missy need to be changed?”

“No, ma'am,” said Lissa. “But I would do you a *favor* now, if ma'am would like.”

Lissa dropped softly to the rug covering the floor under Mistress Ingrid's chair, having had much practice, and crawled behind Ingrid's desk. Ingrid swiveled her chair to face Lissa, hiking her skirt up in the familiar motion. Ingrid never wore panties anymore. It was easier that way.

Lissa dove into Ingrid's muff and immediately started tasting Ingrid's familiar juices flow. She continued until Ingrid had climaxed no less than three times. She finally stopped Lissa because left to herself, Lissa could go on for hours. Ingrid would never admit it, but she was nearly Pavlovian when Lissa got down on her knees.

Ingrid regained her composure and announced, “Now, mail the letter and join me in the dining room for lunch. There may be a surprise,” with a tone that meant there was to be no deviation.

The surprise was that Lissa was going to be shown off in some form or fashion. Again, Lissa knew that disobedience would be dealt with firmly and she didn't want that. She'd experienced Ingrid's corrections enough already.

chapter 2: an early chill



Lissa complied with her orders and was entering the dining room to join Ingrid when she noticed there were others present as well. One was Lars, Ingrid's long-time sub/lover/driver/butler. Another was a woman that Lissa had glimpsed before as she was coming or going. The mystery woman, a redhead today, was sitting very close to Ingrid and the only other place setting was beside the mystery woman. Lissa suspected she was one of Ingrid's various lovers.

As Lissa walked over to the table, Ingrid motioned for her to sit at the empty place setting. Lars brought her a salad and placed it in front of her. Ingrid gave her the hand signal that she was now allowed to eat. As she ate, the mystery woman visually scrutinized Lissa.

"So, this is Pissy Missy you've been going on about?" asked the mystery lady in a skin-tight black spandex bodysuit with a black pleated miniskirt, a hint of skin showing between her skirt and the garter belt straps holing up her mesh stockings.

"Yes," sighed Ingrid. "She is a so-so assistant that can't seem to control her bodily functions. I change her wet ones most of the

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time, but I don't change her messy diapers. However, she is an excellent sub-in-training. Sonya, would you like to examine her?"

Lissa blushed as she always did when Ingrid announced to strangers that her little sub was not able to control her bladder, and worse, messed herself. Lissa stood for the inevitable pawing that was about to begin.

Sonya lifted Lissa's pleated skirt in the front to view her disposable diaper and said, "Well, she's not too wet now. How long before she wets again?"

Ingrid looked at her watch and said, "I would expect she'll wet in the next half hour. Since I won't change the messy ones, she has to find someone else to change her. Lars usually does the duty and Lissa must perform some favor for him. He tells me she is becoming very proficient at oral sex, right Lars?"

Lars nodded and smiled, "Yes, Mistress. The best I've ever had."

Then Sonya volunteered, "I'd like to sample her for myself, Mistress Ingrid. I'll volunteer to change her at the next opportunity in exchange for a favor.

Ingrid agreed with Sonya's request. Lissa had no idea what would happen next, but she obediently seated herself and continued eating her mixed salad and drinking her tea. When Lissa finished, she sat up straight, wiped her mouth, and placed the napkin next to her on the table. Ingrid did not dismiss her as usual. Instead, she instructed Lissa to stay seated and motioned for Lars. She whispered in his ear, and he brought Lissa another glass of tea. She drank the tea and knew that Ingrid was showing off her favorite toy to her dear friend. Lissa already felt pressure in her bladder before she finished the second glass of tea.

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“Will this take long?” asked Sonya, looking at her phone. “I have to be off soon. There's a gallery showing this afternoon and some of my work will be on display.”

“Not likely,” answered Ingrid. “She can't hold it long, sometimes not at all. I think we are close. You'll notice, she is squirming already.”

Lissa had not noticed herself until it was pointed out, but she was indeed fidgeting. Ingrid ordered her to stand and walk around the table. When she had walked around the table Ingrid stopped her and had her lean forward across the table between Ingrid and Sonya for a diaper check. When she did, Ingrid lifted her skirt and tucked it into the rear waistband. Sonya felt the diaper and massaged Lissa's crotch. Lissa tried not to think about how humiliating it was to be groped by a stranger.

Lissa was getting horny and could no longer hold her pee. As she started to pee, Sonya squealed with delight. She was really working on Lissa's diaper now and Lissa shuddered in her warm diaper, finally releasing the tension that Ingrid created earlier. Lissa nearly collapsed on the table but managed to avoid an act that surely would result in punishment.

With her bladder now relieved, Lissa could feel a buildup of pressure in her rectum. It was time for her second of three regular bowel movements of the day.

It's funny, I used to only have one BM a day, sometimes only every other day. Now I am having a messy diaper shortly after every meal with Ingrid's improved diet plan.

She thought it must be all the extra fiber and liquids.

Lissa was grunting to hold it in but was losing the battle. Noises escaped from her bottom, announcing to those around her that she would soon dirty her already soaking wet diaper. Ingrid