

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

The Ingrid Chronicles

~ Books 3 and 4 ~

BEAU TAUXE



The Ingrid Chronicles

Books 3 & 4

By Beau Tauxe

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The Ingrid Chronicles Books 3 & 4

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BOOK THREE: NEW RECRUITS

chapter 1: another day, another diaper

The sounds of activity could be heard throughout the house but the Slut was still tethered to her bed. She awoke and was instantly reminded of her situation by the harness that both bound her to the bed and kept the wet, clammy diaper firmly secured to her crotch. She had been forced to wet the diaper and it was apparent to anyone who cared to look at the yellow stain through the plastic panties that covered her sodden diaper.

Her memory of it was confused, clouded but the reality of it was clear. She wore only her master's cloth diapers and plastic panties, secured by the wide corset belt about her middle. She was able to sit up and move a slight bit. With nothing else to do until someone came to check on her, she picked up the water bottle, the one with the phallic tip. She checked the top and it popped off easily. She drank half the contents and put the bottle back in the cup holder at the head of the bed.

Slut thought that maybe drinking more water with a full bladder wasn't such a good idea when she felt the pressure, aching to be released. Nobody had come to check on her yet. She contemplated her situation. As vile as it felt, she decided that wetting herself again was her only option. It was that or hold her urine until someone showed up and she would have to announce her need to pee, ...er piss herself, rather, her diaper.

Rules! She wondered if she'd ever remember them all.

She sat up in the bed and attempted to allow her bladder to relax. It got her nothing. She folded her legs up under her and tried

again. Slut rocked forward, hoping gravity would induce a release. She could feel the need but not the flow. She thought to herself how silly it was to not be able to piss her diapers, even when alone and unobserved. Overriding your years of toilet training was not as easy as one might imagine.

As Slut was finally feeling a slight trickle of fresh piss, Sonya, who had been watching in the control room, burst through the door, flipped the lights on. That solved Slut's need to release as she flooded her diaper from the shock.

Sonya was obviously angry. She was dressed all in black, wearing high-heeled strapped-on shoes, a leather halter top, a leather garter belt, and a thong. Her hair was pulled back in a tight bun which served to enhance her devilish appearance. Sonya focused on the bottle, the cock top still sitting beside it. She picked it up and put the two pieces back together.

"Nothing escapes the every-watchful eye of the camera," Sonya said gleefully pointing to the lens in the corner, "You knew you were supposed to drink from the bottle through the intended tip. Instead, you chose to defy Mistress's wishes and you removed it. I'm going to have to inform Mistress Ingrid of your violation at breakfast!"

Then, Sonya reached down to caress the Slut's freshly rewetted diaper through the plastic panties. Sonya's eyes rolled, a smile formed as she exhaled with a sigh. With that, Sonya released the Slut from the bed but not from the corseted harness or reins.

"Is, is this where I provide a favor to you for a, you know, clean diaper?" the Slut hesitantly questioned.

"Oh no," Sonya replied with a bit of dismay, "Mistress Ingrid has reserved that honor for herself if you aren't messy, are you? Are you messy? Did Slut shit her diaper? Does Slut need to shit her diaper?"

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The Slut shook her head, “No, Ma’am,” but she did feel the need, though not the same urgency as her bladder moments before.

Sonya yanked on the reins to bring the Slut to her feet. With Sonya in high heels, she was several inches taller than Slut. She squished Slut’s soggy, diapered ass and leaned down to lick a pert nipple. Satisfied with a little grope, Sonya helped her get her makeup on before fitting her stockings and high-heeled shoes. For an added touch, Sonya tied a wide red ribbon around her neck. She quickly led the Slut to the dining room, eager to report her misdeed to her mistress.

The Slut’s diaper was drooping heavily now, impeding her ability to walk more than when it was dry. The high heels were not helping. Had it not been for the belt around her middle, the heavy diaper surely would have been down to her knees.

The other guests were filtering into the dining room for breakfast as Sonya entered with Slut in tow. Everyone was seated except Sonya and the Slut. Sonya held her near the head of the table, by Ingrid’s ornately carved, high-backed, throne-like chair. Sonya held the Slut there to await for Ingrid to enter.

Ingrid was usually the last to arrive at any meal. As the headmistress of the house, it was her right and privilege that all others should be assembled at the table and waiting for her. Today was no different, as Slut would learn.

As Slut looked around the table, Lars was dressed in a shimmering red silk dressing gown, as was Don. Lissa wore only her thick cloth diapers, plastic panties, and a too-short t-shirt that allowed the bottoms of her perky breasts to show. Her t-shirt was imprinted with a cartoon script “Diaper Girl!” across her chest.

Right on cue, Ingrid entered. She gracefully glided across the floor to her chair. She greeted Don and Lars, smiling in Lissa's direction. She ignored Slut and barely acknowledged Sonya. Her

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slinky black nightgown and peignoir flowed around her body. It was obvious there was nothing beneath the sheer fabric but bare Ingrid.

Her curves were softened by the dark, see-through garments but nothing could hide Ingrid's full breasts and shapely derriere. To not be in awe of Ingrid was to not have a pulse, be it male or female onlooker. That's why Sonya would do anything for Ingrid. Soon, Slut would, as well, from the sheer desire to please the mistress.

"Mistress, there has been a transgression by the new slut," Sonya announced with authority and glee, as she displayed the water bottle with penis nipple, "Slut removed the top and drank directly from the bottle. I have it on tape if you wish to review it."

"No need, I believe you, my dear Sonya. Now we will have atonement to teach our new slut that rules are not to be followed," stated Ingrid, "Alan, please remove the Slut's breakfast and blend it so that she may drink it from her cock bottle as penance."

Alan, eyes wide, still amazed at events that he encountered at Ingrid's, answered, "Yes, Ma'am, right away."

Everyone's breakfast was set but the Slut's. They began eating when Ingrid did. Alan went back to the kitchen for a few moments. The Slut was led to a central place in the room by Sonya. Ingrid had her turn slowly to be viewed by all. She pointed out the droopy, wet diaper for all to see before Slut was taken to her place and the reins fastened to her chair. The still wet diaper squished audibly as she was forcefully seated. The look of fear and dread was evident on her face.

At Lissa's place at the table was a cup of coffee, a bowl of oatmeal, a bran muffin, half a banana, and a glass of milk. When Alan returned he had the cock-topped bottle full of a thick brown liquid. Chunks floated in it. He presented it to Ingrid who examined

it and nodded. Alan then placed it before the Slut. Her eyes were wide, her mouth slack, as she looked around at the others.

“Bon appetit,” said Ingrid, “I expect you to consume it all and quickly. Understood?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” was all the Slut could muster.

As everyone else ate real food, Slut looked at her prick-topped bottle. She picked it up and closed her eyes as she placed the tip in her mouth. She had trouble getting anything out of it at first and mostly sucked air. Then, she remembered to squeeze with her lips and suck. It was horrid, pasty, sickly sweet, and lukewarm, but she dared not defy Ingrid twice before breakfast. By the end of it, she had to tilt her head back to drain the last of it. She sucked more air to get the final bit. When she set the bottle down, everyone was staring at her.

“Alan,” Ingrid said, “at every meal for the next week our little slut will have her beverage served in her cock bottle. Also, no one else is to give Slut any kind of drink except in her cock bottle. I hope that Slut will soon find that ‘things go better with cock’.”

Don, Sonya, and Lars all laughed, and Lissa giggled quietly. Slut blushed hotly. Alan nodded as he cleared the dishes and filled water glasses. He tried not to stare but it was truly a sight to see, an Amazon, a diapered slut, a diaper girl, and a leather-clad... whatever Sonya was. After her liquid meal, the Slut’s bladder was near bursting again. She raised a hand to get some attention. Ingrid pointed at her and indicated she should rise.

The Slut bowed her head a bit and started quietly, “The Slut wants to piss her diapers, please.”

Ingrid replied, “I don’t believe I heard you. Please speak up so that I can clearly hear your request.”

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Slut cleared her throat and spoke clearly as if addressing a professor at her boarding school, "Mistress Ingrid, the Slut needs to piss her diapers."

"You may. Is that all you need at this time?" asked Ingrid.

The Slut nodded and then thought better by verbally responding to her confirmation, "Yes, Ma'am, that is all."

Slut visibly relaxed and her shoulders slumped as her bladder hissed with great relief. Her crotch warmed again with fresh pee. She sighed audibly. Ingrid cracked a wry little smile. Don winked at Lissa, knowing she, too, was soaked and probably would be messy sooner than later as well.

Don spoke up, "Lissa's been a good diaper girl and unless someone else is requesting a favor of her, I will tend to it now."

Everyone smiled a knowing look. It was not unusual for Don to change Lissa's poopy ones and he did not have to wait long. When Lissa rose from her chair, the movement allowed her bottom to erupt. As they left Don playfully whacked Lissa's bottom.

Ingrid looked at the Slut and asked, leadingly, "Is there anything else you want to request?"

Slut nodded and asked, "May I have a cup of coffee? In my special bottle of course."

Ingrid shook her head and declined but asked Alan, "Refill her cock bottle with water. She may be thirsty later."

Alan did as ordered and set the bottle in front of Slut. She thanked him with a smile. Her polite manners had not been diminished by her current situation.

"Actually," Ingrid said, "drink the water anyway. What I had in mind was that you should ask permission to diddle yourself after wetting. Does the Slut need to diddle her diapered cunt?"

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Feeling it was an order more than a question, Slut responded, “Mistress, may the... Slut diddle her... diapered c-cunt?”

Ingrid acknowledged the request with a smile and the Slut awkwardly sat down. It was difficult at first, as she tried to rub her mound through the diaper and plastic pants. Then she found the spot, the one where the warm, damp diaper flicked her clit most erotically. She rubbed harder, deeper, and quite soon erupted into a series of deep, fulfilling sighs.

Ingrid clapped, “Very good, Slut, now follow me so we can get your diaper changed. I shall have the honor of being the first woman to receive your favor. And bring your cock bottle.”

Sonya released her reins as the Slut rose and gulped, “Y..., yes, Mistress.”

She walked across the floor to Ingrid but not fast enough or sluttily enough. Ingrid told her to swish her hips, make that diapered ass jiggle. She tried but it was difficult with such a heavy diaper. The attempts did produce a pleasing rubbing action against her pussy though.

chapter 2 — a favor for my mistress

Ingrid escorted her to one of several vacant changing rooms on the first floor. The rooms all looked alike and all had cameras in them. Ingrid stood in the middle of the room and removed the belt and reins from the Slut's middle. She breathed deeply at the release from the restricting apparatus.

"Slut," Ingrid began her instruction, "I want you to undress me."

"Ma'am?" Slut questioned.

Ingrid continued, "I want you to think of yourself as a lesbian slut while you are doing it. Caress me. Touch me, as you would like to be touched. I will demonstrate for you. Watch and learn."

At that, Ingrid grasped the Slut's head gently, leaned down, and planted a steamy, sensuous kiss on her lips. Ingrid's tongue darted into the Slut's mouth and caught her off guard. It was when she felt hands on her diapered crotch and a breast that she realized she was still kissing and even returning the action to Ingrid. It startled her but she did not stop. It was pleasing, even though she would never have willingly done something like this before now. She felt a tingling deep in her pussy.

The Slut looked down, still locked to Ingrid's lips, and pulled the lace string on her peignoir. Ingrid shrugged her shoulders and it fell to the ground. Ingrid pulled away from the kiss as she turned for the Slut to release the straps from her shoulders and dribbled off the gown as well.

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Ingrid turned again to face her. The Slut's gaze was on her massive breasts at eye level as Ingrid said, "That's right, feel me, touch me, explore my body as if it were your own. Learn the curves of a woman for the first time."

Ingrid pulled her close to her and guided her mouth onto a nipple. The Slut naturally started sucking and licking. Ingrid next guided the Slut's attention by pushing her shoulders down as Ingrid sat on the edge of the changing table. She slid her legs apart and rocked backward on one shoulder as she edged the Slut's face toward her waiting crotch. The Slut's thoughts raced.

What is she doing? What is she going to do?

Ingrid said, "You know how you like others to touch, lick, and suck your boobs, so just try doing what you like best to me. Get me hot. I won't let you stop until I feel my pussy is juicy."

Slut's hands searched out the lines of Ingrid's body, tracing the line of her neck, down her spine to the cleft of her bottom. Her lips and tongue circled Ingrid's nipples. She returned to Ingrid's lips to give a kiss, as her fingers dared to caress another woman's breast for the first time. She rubbed her breasts against Ingrid's while inching her hand between her thighs. Ingrid spread her legs a bit more and arched her back. The Slut slid a finger into Ingrid's slit. It was moist and warm.

"Very good, Slut, I'm quite damp now," breathed Ingrid, "Remember what Lissa did for you, do the same for me. Show me what you remember of it. Don't forget to wiggle your ass. Visuals are a big part of any sexual experience, especially for me. Keep eye contact when possible. Try to show that serving me is a pleasure for you. Your sole function is to get other people sexually excited, aroused, filled with desire and then to satisfy those desires completely."

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The Slut kissed her way down Ingrid's neck, paying special attention to her boobs and nipples before heading farther down. As she passed Ingrid's navel and smelled the first hint of her sex, Ingrid gently grasped her chin.

"Think about what you would like someone to do to you with their lips and tongue. Now, get down on your knees and eat me, Slut!" commanded Ingrid, "Don't you dare stop until I tell you! With me, favors seldom end at one orgasm."

The Slut's mind raced. Those feelings of yesterday were still very strong in her thoughts and at the same time very fuzzy. She had never tasted another woman's pussy before. The smell was pungent and musky. Ingrid spread her pussy lips and pushed the Slut's face into her crotch.

"Remember, tongue and lips," Ingrid reminded.

The Slut had her first taste of another woman, salty and slightly acrid but not unbearable. She licked at Ingrid's pussy and sucked a bit at her engorged lips. She could feel Ingrid's other hand fondling her breast. When Ingrid was pleased she made contented noises in her throat. When what she did wasn't pleasing to Ingrid, she felt her head being pushed harder into her crotch. All at once, Ingrid shuddered, her breathing changed.

"Not bad, little Slut," said Ingrid, "One more time, and I think you'll make me come."

Without thinking or considering what she was doing, the Slut's tongue dove as deep as possible into Ingrid's soaking hole. Her lips puckered Ingrid's pussy lips and it happened. Ingrid's pussy squeezed around the Slut's tongue. She reflexively pulled back a bit.

"Don't stop now, Slut!" Ingrid implored, "Now is the time to push deeper, faster."

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The Slut's only thought was to make Ingrid come. Her tongue, tired as it was, pushed and licked for all she was worth. Ingrid's hips bucked against her lips, then she stopped and started again as Slut's teeth teased her clit. Slut's face was damp with Ingrid's juices, which now tasted milder and almost creamy compared to when she had started. She remembered one little tongue flutter that Lissa had used, and she tried to duplicate it on Ingrid's clit. Ingrid's thighs tightened around her head as she groaned through an intense, throbbing orgasm.

"It appears you've learned something after all," Ingrid said, recovering, "That was very good for a virgin pussy eater. By the time I'm done with you, any lesbian will be glad to have your services. Now, this will not be an ordinary diaper change. I have other duties to attend to when we are finished here, but you have some other things to learn. Upon the table."

The Slut positioned herself in the now familiar spot for changes, legs bent at the knees, feet apart. Ingrid removed Slut's panties and diapers. Ingrid inspected her pussy lips and bottom. All dirty diapers were dropped into the diaper pail. Ingrid paid special attention to cleaning her bottom and pussy. She rubbed something that felt greasy on her diaper area. Ingrid pulled a couple of different things out of the cabinet instead of a diaper.

"Today there will be many firsts for you, my little Slut," said Ingrid as she displayed two strapped objects, one a long penis-shaped object with a slight curve and knob on it and a smaller similar object, "A strap-on and a butt plug! Put this on me," Ingrid said as she slapped the dildo in the Slut's hand.

It felt good to be out of diapers, to be able to touch her knees together but now what had Ingrid planned? Slut's fingers clumsily buckled Ingrid's strap-on harness onto her waist. It looked like Ingrid had a penis or cock as she probably should say but it pointed down. Ingrid still held the butt plug. It didn't take much imagination

to figure where that was going. Thank goodness it was about the size of her pinky.

"Since you haven't had the urge to dirty your diaper, I'll check to see how this fits," said Ingrid, "Kneel on the table and put your head against the mat, like when you get an enema."

The Slut responded, "But Mistress, I've never had an enema!"

Ingrid smiled, "Don't worry, we will remedy that eventually. Get on all fours then drop your head and shoulders on the mat so that your rounded bottom is in the air, spread and exposed to me."

The Slut complied. She could feel a cool draft on her rosebud, fully exposed, as Ingrid commanded. Something cold touched her asshole, wiggled, and was felt to slide in. The slide felt as if two feet of it were going inside her before she felt the hilt touch her cheeks. It wasn't painful, but it was embarrassing. But for the past day, what had not been embarrassing? She'd been paraded around in nothing but a diaper and high-heels, so a piece of rubber up her ass wasn't that big a deal as far as things went.

"No obstruction," Ingrid commented, "It is not good to hold one's bowels for too long. I will not allow it to go much farther before action will be taken."

Ingrid wriggled the small butt plug in and out a bit as Slut's anal sphincter involuntarily contracted and expanded around the thing. It went in and out very easily after several strokes. Slut did not find it uncomfortable.

"Once you are pierced you won't be able to soil your diapers until you are fully healed, so you will be plugged all the time after that happens next week. This is to get you acquainted with being sealed up," said Ingrid, "We will work you up to larger and larger plugs until you can easily take all of Master Khan's cock in your ass."

"Ma'am," questioned the Slut, "Will the piercing hurt much?"

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“Dear, we are not here to torture you, we are here to instruct you and help you become the best slut for Master Khan,” Ingrid stated, “If you give me no reason to punish you, your piercing will not be bad at all. Understood?”

“Yes, Mistress,” replied the Slut, somewhat motivated to be good, despite her growing anxiety.

With the butt plug still in place and the Slut with her fanny high in the air, Ingrid squeezed a bit of lube on the head of the dildo as she started it into the Slut’s tight little slit. Ingrid knew this was no ordinary dildo. It had been specifically designed to stimulate a woman’s G-spot and was inverted for a rear entry. Ingrid stroked it slowly at first, getting a rhythm, and searched for the Slut’s G-spot. Slut was aware of the G-spot but wasn’t sure she’d ever been touched there. She didn’t know anything about special dildos or even how to find her G-spot, but Ingrid did.

Ingrid stroked in and out of Slut's vagina. It was blissfully pleasant inside for Slut. Ingrid wiggled the butt plug occasionally as well as she pushed it back into Slut’s rear. Slut couldn’t concentrate but she knew it felt good. Then something amazing happened. Ingrid hit an area, deep inside her, that sent shivers down her spine and quivers down her legs. She didn’t stop, Ingrid hit it again and again until the Slut shook visibly. She gasped for breath. She felt her vaginal muscles contracting like never before. Her pussy had become extremely wet and she wasn’t sure why.

“Oh my!” said Ingrid, “You’re a gusher! Very nice! I think Master Khan will be pleased with this discovery.”

Slut’s mind was a fog, gusher? What was that? She didn’t care because Ingrid did it again and again and she lost count. Her pussy and asshole puckered in unison around the artificial objects. It was wonderful. She was nearing exhaustion when Ingrid finally pulled the dildo out of her well-worn hole. She noticed when Ingrid

removed the butt plug but didn't seem to mind, it had started to feel normal.

"Slut! Slut!" Ingrid addressed her, "I see you have rejoined us. That was your G-spot. Did you like that? Now, roll over and I'll rediaper you."

Slut was unable to do anything but nod her head and grin broadly. Ingrid dropped the used toys into a waste-basket type thing marked 'return to C3 when cleaned' before tending to Slut's diapers. Ingrid had to help her lift her ass to get the diapers under her. The Slut's energy was all sapped away by the new experience. Ingrid slid a pair of rhumba panties onto the Slut and smiled.

"There, now you and Lissa have something in common, diapers and rhumbas!" said Ingrid, "I will let you stay here to recover until I send Lars and Sonya to get you. Just remember, a dildo won't tire and leave you high and wet like a man often will. They can't help themselves if they haven't been trained to last."

"Thank you, Mistress," said Slut.

"One more thing," said Ingrid, "I have some prunes for you to enjoy. You must have a bowel movement soon if you wish to avoid the certain bowel evacuation of a series of enemas."

Slut nodded and accepted the prunes that Ingrid pulled from a zipper bag. She placed the first one in her mouth. It wasn't half bad, sweet, and a little chewy. They looked like giant raisins. She swallowed it, knowing what it would cause very soon, a future she could not avoid. She ate the next one quickly and thanked her mistress.

Ingrid left and the door could be heard latch behind her. Slut was all alone again, still reeling from the new experience she had with Mistress Ingrid. The prunes in her belly gurgled slightly. Lars and Sonya finally roused her from her dreamy state. Her limbs were

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heavy, her pussy wet and her tongue was tired. When she stood, she felt another batch of unexplained wetness draining out of her and into her diapers. She knew she wasn't wetting herself, but she had never known she could produce that much pussy juice until today.

"Ah, Ingrid wore her out!" cried Sonya, "Give her the prick-topped water bottle and let's get her outside for exercise. She needs another wet diaper by lunch. If not, maybe I'll get to spank her!"

chapter 3 – a dear friend arrives

Ingrid was fully dressed for business and seated behind her desk in her office when Don knocked on the door.

“Look who I found at the front gate!”

Behind him Caroline Pharris walked in with a slight limp, using a cane. The long skirt hid the scars but the limp was a constant reminder of her accident. She was a dear old friend and was to be the primary trainer for Ingrid’s next appointment. They hugged and walked to a couple of chairs as Don left. They talked about old times and how each hadn’t changed a bit, apart from Caroline’s cane.

“Where’s this Lars guy I’ve heard about?” Caroline asked, “I would like to take him for a test drive if you know what I mean.”

“He’s busy with our Slut at the moment but you will have an opportunity to see what he’s made of. He’s progressed nicely for the rough boy that showed up a few years ago,” Ingrid said.

Caroline next asked about her room. Ingrid showed her to her rooms upstairs. It was the usual guest suite but it was stocked with diapers and plastic pants like a sub’s room.

“Cloth diapers?” asked Caroline, “Isn’t that a lot of laundry?”

Ingrid chuckled and told her, “Slut’s master, Khan, the diaper mogul, provides all the freshly laundered diapers we can use as part of the arrangement to train his slut. They pick up and deliver as needed.

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Caroline cackled and mentioned, “Anything would have to be better than the nasty old paper and trash bag things the hospital used on me. Could I try one on now?”

Ingrid told her, “Make yourself at home and come back downstairs when you are ready. No rush at all, settle in and rest if you need to relax after your journey.”

“You know,” confided Caroline, “I’m so randy, always wearing a wet diaper, I can’t wait to get started. They rub me the wrong way or the right way. Don sure looks good these days! That little Lissa must be the right girl for him.”

Ingrid laughed, “Same old Caroline but hornier than ever. I don’t think anything can slow you down.”

Ingrid left Caroline to change herself into something fresher. Caroline went to the bathroom and placed everything close to the changing table. She dropped her long skirt to the floor. She looked at herself in the mirror. A 44-year-old woman in diapers stared back, scars visible on her thigh that disappeared under the white plastic of her diaper. She sighed, seeing the wetness indicators all but gone. She rubbed the plastic. It crinkled under her hand as she sat on the table. She rubbed more until her needs were met. That would hold her for about 15 minutes she thought.

Caroline popped the tapes off and pulled the soaked paper and plastic out from under her damp bottom. She folded it up and dropped it in the garbage. It would be her last disposable diaper but unfortunately, not her last diaper. All the surgeries to repair her leg and bladder never worked well enough to let her regain control. At least she didn’t need a wheelchair or mess herself anymore.

Next, she wiped off before she pulled a fresh cloth diaper under her. It seemed too thin to absorb much so she put another one on top of it and it felt more substantial. She pinned the diapers on and stood up. It sagged a bit and she adjusted it to get a better fit.

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When satisfied with the diaper, she stepped into a pair of creamy white plastic panties. She looked in the mirror again. It wasn't the same person staring back now. The face had a smile and seemed happier. Living and help with training at Ingrid's was going to be good for her, she just knew it.

It was almost like the old days!

chapter 4 — a stud or a dud

Ingrid was going over the list of ideas for the new arrival when Caroline returned. She'd left her cane upstairs. Caroline said it would make a better impression. Ingrid agreed and asked how she liked the new garments. Caroline said she had to use two to make it feel substantial enough. Ingrid grinned and said most of the subs got three at a time and sometimes a soaker in the middle for extra insurance at night. Caroline grinned and said she'd take it under advisement.

Lars knocked, entered, and said, "Mistress Hannah has arrived."

Ingrid requested, "Show them in and then return to Lissa and the Slut to continue her training."

Caroline winked at Ingrid. Lars was a fine piece of man. Maybe Caroline would get a taste of him as well. Ingrid greeted Hannah and her sub, Dudley. Hannah was a natural blonde, bright green eyes, and the most gorgeous ass ever attached to a fine pair of legs. Her appearance did not equal Ingrid's but she was not hard to look at. Shortly, Sonya and Don entered.

Ingrid introduced her guests as Domme Hannah and her sub, Dudley. Dudley was a big fellow, lean, tall, and well-tanned. His biceps stretched the shirt he wore and his dark slacks had an unmistakable bulge in front. His sun-bleached hair completed the surfer dude vibe he gave off. After introductions, Don and Sonya were excused.

Ingrid gave a tour of the facilities to Hannah, Dudley in tow. Caroline had definitely dribbled in her diaper and almost drooled looking at Dudley. This wasn't going to be work, it was going to be