

An AB Discovery Book

# The Ingrid Chronicles

BOOKS 5 & 6

Beau Tauxe



The Ingrid Chronicles Books 5 & 6

# The Ingrid Chronicles

## Books 5 & 6

### By Beau Tauxe

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# The Ingrid Chronicles Books 5 & 6

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# BOOK FIVE: A WEEKEND AT INGRIDS

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# chapter 1 – a new

## project

Ingrid's private phone rang and she answered it, "Yes."

"Hello, my name is Jean and I was given this number by a mutual friend," said the strong female voice on the other end.

Ingrid asked, "What is this concerning and please tell me of our mutual friend? I have no time for those that are not serious about matters of this type."

"Let me get right to the point," said the Jean lady on the other end, "I won't name names but a certain gentleman, Mr. X located in New York City, that you have worked with says you can deliver on a project requiring specific training and behavior modification."

"I have done significant work in those areas," replied Ingrid in an authoritative tone, "and I respect Mr. X's discretion in recommending you. Will you be able to meet with me in person? All my negotiations and contracts must be done face to face."

"Yes," said Jean, "I'm in Chicago today and if you are not too far away, I can be there this afternoon, any time after 2 PM."

"Very well, I can work you in then. I'll transfer you to my secretary and she can give you directions," said Ingrid, "Do not be late. I run a very tight schedule."

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When Ingrid transferred the call with Jean to Lars, she opened another line. She dialed her client in New York that Jean called Mr. X, an old friend that had already asked and received permission to refer Jean.

Ingrid confirmed that the young lady would check out if Ingrid needed further proof. He also said she was a bit full of herself, but she was fully able to pay for her goods. Mr. X's word was sufficient. He further indicated that she wanted training for her brother, a problem child that was quite a handful and narrowly averted criminal charges for more than one of his escapades. Ingrid thanked him for the insight and wished him success in the upcoming appointment and confirmation hearings. Good, fair judges were so rare these days.

Mr. X even inquired about a return weekend at Ingrid's soon for him and his freshly anal-trained trophy wife. Ingrid asked about Mrs. X and her expanded horizons. Mr. X laughed and said he came home late one evening and found her stuck upon the bedpost and she couldn't get herself loose although she had gotten off several times. Ingrid gave a polite laugh and welcomed him to set something up with Lars as they ended the call. Mrs. X had been very willing but fearful of forcing anything in her rear. After the first few times, Ingrid could barely keep her appeased. A more talented backdoor gal did not exist. But she intended to make Slut a contender.

# chapter 2 – good help is hard to find

Ida and Marie worked in the kitchen. They took inventory and started preparing a meal. Ida gave orders and Marie followed them. As Marie sliced onions and peppers, Ida looked for some beans.

“Honey child,” Ida said, “I surely need some beans. If’n you see some, speak up.”

“There was some in the pantry but they were in cans,” Marie said, “It might work in a pinch.”

“Good, dahlin’, get dem, and I start a nice roux with this peanut oil,” said Ida.

“Ida!” exclaimed Marie after a short time, “I found some shrimp in the back of the cooler.”

“Child, we gonna make us some shrimp etouffée,” said Ida, “Too bad we got no fresh crawdads like back home.”

As Ida stirred the roux and watched the other things, Marie spoke up. “Ida, is the nice lady going to let us stay? I know you read the bones and you know what she’s going to do. What is it?”

Ida stirred and replied, “Child, is gonna be fine. Everhang gonna work out just fine. But we gots to be honest with Miss Ingrid. You gots to tell her about yo diapers, yo daddy and how we hadda leave. She a very powful woman and she knowin’ we good folk. An I

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thank she have a few things up her sleeve her own self. Da bones don't lie. Now, find me some good red pepper, or else I have to get into my own bag of yarbs."

Both of them giggled at the mention of Ida's stash of special seasonings. They had almost an hour before lunch and Ida was confident it was going to be the first of many.

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# chapter 3 – Book

## tube

Slut was again put into the chair from the previous day. Sonya hadn't even put her in any outfit since she spent most of the day in the chair. Just her diapers, panties, and stilettos. With its split seating, it added no pressure to her abused bottom or newly-pierced clit hood. At least she wasn't in as much pain. The burning in her ass had almost grown to a dull ache. Whenever she attempted to wiggle, she got a new sensation in her diapers. The ring was still a bit tender but if she was gentle, it did wonderful things. Maybe there was something to this and Lissa was right. Only time would tell.

Sonya started a new video. This one had a similar theme except instead of taking it up the butt, this girl serviced no less than three men at once. It aroused Slut to see her fully accommodate each of the men in whatever orifice they entered. She adopted a rotating motion that gave stimulation to her and all her users. Slut squeezed her legs together and felt a warm, wet diaper push against her ringed privates. Not quite good enough to be pleasurable but it was not unpleasant. Wonderful, if she had a free hand. She couldn't wait until she was healed and again accessible. Slut pushed the necklace dildo to her mouth and she eagerly slurped on it in rhythm with the video.

Sonya whispered in her ear, "You'll get to try that soon enough. Every hole, fully engaged. Delicious thought, isn't it?"

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Slut's diaper grew slicker, and she could barely manage a reply and weakly mumbled past her toy, "Y-yes."

# chapter 4—what a dud

Dud was not currently in diapers but he was exhausted, literally. No amount of coaxing could revive his abused member. Caroline waited for more but became impatient. She summoned Lissa and Lars to her room to revive him.

“Little Lissa,” Caroline started, “Can you get him back in action, or do I need to get him a prescription for the little blue pill?”

“I think so. You only want him erect, right?” asked Lissa.

“You got it, girl,” replied Caroline, “Bring him to attention while I help Lars exercise his prostate!”

Lissa worked her magic up and down Dud’s limp shaft. Caroline flung off her skirt to reveal her diapers and plastic pants. Lissa almost forgot what she was doing. Caroline easily dropped her panties and diapers and backed up to Lars.

“Every train needs a caboose,” Caroline said as she smacked her rump, “Hook me up!”

Lars dutifully mounted her from behind and she worked him like a whipping boy. Lars, as trained as he was, had been used much in the last week and simply could not keep up. Caroline held him for two full, earth-moving orgasms before she allowed him to come. Tired or weak, Lars still obeyed a mistress, any mistress, every mistress.

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When Dud's cock had begun to show signs of life, Caroline dismissed Lissa and worked poor Dud over for the fourth time today and it wasn't even noon. In his current condition, he would last for quite a while even if he was shooting blanks. Caroline didn't care, it was part of his training. Maybe a little ass worship after lunch to break it up.

When Lars and Lissa left Caroline's suite, Lissa softly asked Lars, "Who makes Mistress Caroline wear diapers?"

Warily, Lars looked around to see if anyone could hear him and said, "Mistress Caroline was injured in an accident. Did you see the scars and the burns? I believe her husband was killed in the same accident."

"So," Lissa pondered, "She needs them? WOW!"

"Be careful," Lars whispered, "We don't talk about it unless Caroline brings it up first."

Lissa got a wicked smile on her face, "Speaking of bringing something up... I need a change. What can I do for you?"

Lars laughed, "Oh! I could really use some rest. How about something slow and relaxing for a change? Or we can put it on my account. On account of I can't feel anything in my underwear right now."



Everyone in the mansion was assembled for lunch. Ingrid explained that all would have the same meal today. Ida and Marie were not accustomed to making two distinct classes of food and today was to be a special treat for the subs.

Ida entered with a large cart full of steaming food. Marie followed with a beverage cart. Everyone stared at the big, buxom

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Creole lady with the funny-sounding accent. She filled bowls and plates at every place setting with delicious smelling food. Ingrid was impressed with the type and style of the food. It looked and smelled like some of the best New Orleans fare. Lars was probably the most surprised, as he didn't believe the ingredients of any of it had been in the kitchen earlier.

Fresh bread was also set around the table in baskets, along with cornbread. Marie served drinks, mostly tea or water to everyone. When she leaned over to fill Sonya's glass, Sonya's eyes widened and her jaw dropped. She couldn't believe what she saw and heard. Sonya impulsively smacked Marie's bottom playfully.

Marie, startled and unsure what to do, tried to clean up the tea she'd spilled. Her hands trembled and Sonya started to speak but couldn't form words. Marie stood there, too petrified to move.

Ingrid instantly shot Sonya a look, and said, "That's two! We will deal with this later."

"But she's wearing a diaper, Ingrid!" finally exclaimed Sonya, "Ask her?"

Ingrid did not move her gaze from Sonya and spoke, "That is no concern of yours. Several at this table are wearing diapers. If you continue your rude behavior, you will certainly join them. At this point, Marie is still a guest and that is not how we treat guests. Please come to my office after lunch. We will discuss this in private unless you want to continue the topic and make it public."

Sonya knew she had mistakenly crossed a line and there was going to be hell to pay. She'd been on Ingrid's bad side once or twice and it wasn't nice. Ingrid did not let anything slide. But she also knew she was right. Marie was in diapers.

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Ingrid patted Marie's hand and whispered to her, "It will be all right, dear, we have nothing to hide here. Neither do you. We will talk later."

Marie remembered one of the times Ida had comforted her after her father had whipped her mercilessly. Ida was made to diaper her. Marie's only consolation was being held by Ida and snuggling in her big bosom. That was one of the happiest times she'd had since the death of her mother, few that they were. If her father loved her, he certainly didn't make it known to his only living relative, his flesh and blood.

At the end of the meal, it was obvious that those assembled around the table thought that Ida's cooking was superb, and little Marie made the cutest little serving girl.

# chapter 5 – a reckoning is coming

After lunch, Sonya arrived at Ingrid's door to see what thing she would have to endure for her outburst of discourteous and shocking behavior toward a guest. She'd never done that before, but it surprised her to realize this little thing was wearing a diaper and not by Ingrid's hand!

Ingrid entered to see Sonya, her head down, tousled red hair, and hands crossed in her lap. She looked sorry, but that wasn't good

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enough. This deserved punishment to match the broken rule and would be dealt a fitting consequence, as Ingrid was known to do.

“Sonya, look at me,” Ingrid demanded, “This is your second broken rule in a very short time, rules you know as well as anyone. You helped form them. Are you going rogue on me? The first one I allowed to pass with a verbal warning.”

Sonya spoke softly, “I’m sorry, Mistress.”

Ingrid continued, “You should be. As one of the privileged in this house, you must set a better example. As the grand mistress, I too must set an example. This is the second time, and it was witnessed by the entire household. You must be publicly disciplined in such a way that everyone will see that no one is exempt from my authority here. For seven days, you will do all of Dud’s favors and, in return, you will give him a favor daily for allowing him the honor of doing his favors. We will, of course, put my favorite tight little pussy off-limits.”

“Ingrid!” Sonya protested, “I won’t be treated like some slave, at least not of my own free will!”

“Fine, Sonya, I will miss you and I will always think fondly of you, but you will agree to this, or you will find another patroness for your arts. Do I make myself clear?” Ingrid nonchalantly stated.

“But, that’s blackmail!” said Sonya in a subdued tone after a short silence.

“That won’t do,” Ingrid barked, “I’m Mistress Ingrid for the next week, and you will not make that mistake again, will you?”

“No, Mistress Ingrid,” a bent, but not broken, Sonya replied.

“Good, see if Dud owes any favors and then see what favor he needs in return. I think I might like watching you suck his cock! Call me if he asks for that,” beamed Ingrid.

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Sonya shuddered at the thought of a man's organ touching her lips. It was repulsive and vile to even consider it. She would do it only to show her total devotion to Ingrid and for no other reason.

Ingrid dismissed Sonya and summoned Lars. She filled him in on Sonya and requested that Marie and Ida join her as soon as they were finished in the kitchen.



Sonya found Caroline and Dud in Caroline's suite. With a blush, she explained her punishment. Dud wasn't in diapers, so Caroline pulled rank and had Sonya change her and eat 'Old Face Full' instead. Sonya could smell the urine as Caroline climbed onto her changing table. As Sonya dropped Caroline's panties and diapers, it was apparent she truly needed them. Soon she would taste it as well. Sonya took some consolation in the fact that it was not Dud's crotch, at least for now.

After three outrageous orgasms, Caroline had had enough for the time being. She turned Sonya over to Dud after she'd been freshly diapered by Sonya. Caroline was impressed with how well Sonya could fasten a diaper. Lots of practice with Slut, she assumed. Sonya wiped her face off and presented herself to Dud.

"What would you like for a favor?" Sonya asked with a bit of dread in her tone.

"Mistress Caroline, do you have any thoughts?" Dud deferred.

"Well, Ingrid saves this one's honey hole all for herself, so I'd tear her a new asshole, Big Boy!" laughed Caroline.

Caroline whispered to Sonya, "I think you'll like this, he's getting pretty good at the old backdoor. I'd also rub a little

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something on your pucker as you get out of that catsuit, though. He's not much on patience or preparing."

Sonya nodded and undid her trademark catsuit. She slipped a finger into a pocket that had a tube of KY jelly in it and stroked her rosebud. Then she gracefully put her hands on her hips and slowly slid them down her legs, exposing her waiting bottom fully to him. Dud grew enormously aroused at the very sight of her seductive act. She ended with her head at her ankles, doubled over at her waist, her legs straight and her arms wrapped around her ankles. She could see her own rear.

Dud approached her from behind. He dangled his member around her bottom, dripping his fluids around it before he rammed her like a run-away truck. As shocking as it was, it was smooth and deep. Deeper than she liked, but at least he wasn't much on staying power.

Sonya caressed and fondled his testicles, hoping to speed things along. Was she ever wrong! Those workouts with Caroline had increased his stamina considerably. She grew sore and irritated by the time he was permitted by Caroline as he shuddered with his load-blowing orgasm.

Sonya thanked him and almost meant it. She left with her suit over her shoulder to get cleaned up and to tend to Slut's needs as well as her own.

# chapter 6 – the truth comes out

Ida and Marie entered Ingrid's office. Ingrid asked them both to be seated. She looked at each of them a bit and opened a folder with some papers. Knowing that Marie was diapered had helped impart a more childish image to her. Ida appeared to be more motherly in the same light.

"I don't know near enough about you, either of you," said Ingrid, "Yet, I feel that you are honest and trustworthy. Caroline likes you. For that alone, I'm inclined to offer you a staff position. However, is there anything else you'd like to tell me that might influence my final decision?"

Ida spoke up first, "If you not already guessed, I is Creole, 26-year-old. Me and Marie, we goes back a long way. I be her nanny for longer than I 'spect she can 'member. Her poppa, a wealthy New Orleans businessman dat was widowed suddenly, hire me when she'n only 12. I cook and clean for 'dem. Marie like my own child. Your friend, Sonya, she a red-headed firecracker. But she was right, Marie is diapered. I'll let her tell ya'll the rest."

"Go on, Marie," Ingrid coaxed her, "Tell me a bit about your family and how you came to be here and in diapers."

Marie spoke up in her timid, little girl voice, "My real mommy died when I was twelve. I missed her real bad. My daddy

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was mean to me, but mommy made him leave me alone. When mommy went to heaven, I was all alone and I wanted to die."

Ingrid listened intently, nodding and writing down some notes. She asked Marie to continue. Marie's story weaved a picture of neglect, mental and physical abuse such as no child should endure. Spanked for anything, humiliated and degraded by a parent that should have nurtured her in such trying times.

"I began wetting the bed after my mommy died. It was very scary. Even scarier was that Ida was made to put me back in diapers by my father. He demanded I be dry for a month before he'd allow Ida to stop diapering me at night. I had wet the bed until I was almost nine. Father said my old diapers and plastic pants were in the attic and Ida used those for a time since they still fit."

Ida interjected, "I didn't much think it was proper for a lil girl of 12 who jus' lost her momma, but that man, he was a harsh one. I woulda lef', but I was 'fraid for lil Marie. Dat man was a monstah in mo' ways than one!"

"Ida was the only one that made it bearable," Marie continued, "I was humiliated, but she was kind and cuddled me when I cried. It was comforting. I rested in her arms until I fell asleep."

Ingrid looked on and Ida nodded in agreement, "Go on."

"My father was cruel sometimes," continued Marie, "If I was dry, I could dress and carry on normally. If I awoke wet, I had to come to breakfast in my wet diapers. He would ridicule me and say what a worthless child I was. It hurt worse than the spankings I received for little or nothing."

"Truly," Ida said, "She once was spanked so hard for jus' getting a 'C' in math that I thought he woulda done kill her. Then he

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made me put her in diapers for the whole weekend! The poor thing."

"Yes," Marie said, "I wasn't allowed to wear 'big girl clothes' and all my underwear was the printed little girl kind. I'm not very big, so Ida bought the larger sizes that she could find in little girls' clothes. I was never allowed to wear a bra either. As you can see, I'm very slim and nearly flat, so it wasn't that big a problem. But it denied me any chance to feel like I was growing up. Somehow, I think he wanted to keep me his little girl. Maybe that was how he remembered my mommy, by me being his little girl. But I never felt he loved me the least bit."

"I see," said Ingrid, listening to the sad story unfold.

"One night I accidentally broke one of Poppa's lamps and he spanked me so hard with his belt that I couldn't sit down for two days. He made Ida keep me diapered for a solid week," continued Marie, "The other children in school ridiculed me endlessly. After that Poppa didn't even spank me himself, he made Ida do it. I think he was afraid he wouldn't be able to stop. He made her do it hard or else he wouldn't let her stop. She didn't like it either. I don't mind diapers and spankings so much now, and I need them like a child needs a security blanket. When I turned 18 last month, Ida and I left New Orleans for good. We've been hiding from my poppa ever since."

Ingrid had a turn to ask more questions, "So, you need diapers at night but chose to wear them by day as well? Interesting. I sense that your relationship with Ida is more than nanny and child, am I right?"

Ida answered, "Oh, you have the gift, you do. She is so special to me and I don't know how I'd be without her. Marie is my little girl now, and always will be."

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“I see,” said Ingrid, “I think that is sweet. Marie, do you *like* your diapers? What if I said you couldn’t wear your diapers during the day if you came to work here?”

“Mistress Ingrid,” Marie said, nearly tearing up, “I’m afraid to go without them. Please don’t make that a condition. I’ll do anything if you’ll let me keep them.”

Ida started to form a smile on her face. Ingrid had asked a question that sounded like she was going to hire them. She had the gift of reading people’s intentions.

“Okay, but it is a lot of additional laundry, and it will come at a cost,” Ingrid said, “But I believe we can work something out. Here’s what I’m prepared to offer: First, I have here two standard employment contracts. As I’m sure you noticed at lunch, Marie is not the only one here in diapers, and I’m sure you picked up that there is a sexual context to much that goes on. Neither of you will be required to participate in that, but there may be options for Ida if you choose them. At any rate, both of you will be expected not to discuss anything that goes on here outside of this place. You will share the cook’s apartment, you will be in charge of all aspects of the kitchen and dining room, you will be permitted use of our recreational facilities at certain times, and I will cover all clothing, uniforms, meals, and health care expenses. Either side may end this contract without cause in the first 30 days and after that, both sides are locked in for a year. I’ll pay you for two weeks of vacation during the first year. You may take any holiday you like as long as I’m notified two weeks in advance. There are a lot of people to feed and a cook of your caliber is not easily found on short notice. Beyond that, what I say is the law. Understood?”

They both nodded their heads and Marie gladly signed the document Ingrid offered her without even looking at it. Ida only thumbed through hers before she shrugged her shoulders and

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signed it. Ingrid filed the papers in her drawer and looked up at the two smiling faces with a grin of her own.

“We don’t need no vacation!” said Ida, “We is hidin’ and all. So, dat not a problem.”

“From time to time,” Ingrid said, “I spend time in Florida and Arizona. Perhaps you’ll accompany me there? I assure you the utmost privacy and a change of scenery where nobody will think to look for you, either of you.”

Ida smiled, “We sho’preciate dat, Ma’am.”

“In addition,” Ingrid continued, “Marie, since you are trying not to be found and are a ‘little girl’ and you will require additional care, your sole compensation is purely room, board, clothing, and diaper service. You will not want for anything, though. I think you will enjoy it here. Ida, since you, too, are trying to keep a low profile, your pay will be credited to a corporate account and I will pay you an additional fee for Marie. I will have the necessary account setup and transfer full ownership and control to you. I suspect you will not need any money as long as you remain here. I can make it suitably worth your while to remain with the household. If you wish, I can set up the account as a brokerage account and make you a tidy little sum for your investment.”

All smiled at the mention of Ida and Marie remaining at the house. Marie fidgeted in her chair and Ida beamed. Despite Ingrid’s initial misgivings, this had promise. Ida was surely an excellent cook, strong and stable. Marie was a cute little diaper girl that would brighten the place up a bit. The household was growing, and it seemed like a good place to be, especially if you are the top dog.

“Now, young lady,” Ingrid said, as she addressed Marie, “Answer me truthfully. Do you like your diapers, and do you mess them as well?”

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Marie nodded and hesitated, "Yes, yes, I suppose I do like them. I mess them sometimes, but not all the time. Usually, I forget. Ida has special seasonings that make sure I don't get, uhm, stopped up."

Ingrid noted the mention of Ida's herbs and stated, "Very well then. You are to dress as a little girl and wear very thick diapers and full plastic panties for one week because you *like* diapers. Since you 'forget' and have accidents, you will be banned from the use of any toilets and required to use your diapers for all your needs. We don't tolerate accidents outside of diapers here. Understand?"

Marie nodded her agreement while Ida patted her hand. Ingrid could sense the very real tenderness between them. It restored her hope in humanity.

Ingrid added, "You will be spanked after every messy diaper and after the meal is over. We gather in the playroom for events and announcements. You will be spanked then, in front of everyone in the house. If Ida so chooses, you will be spanked by anyone she designates. In addition, your diapers will be changed whenever someone, such as myself or Ida, decides you need to be changed. You may not ask to be changed. Then, in one week, I will ask you if you still like your diapers. If you answer 'Yes' you will receive a special spanking and be confined to the same large diapers and plastic panties for an additional week, and then we'll do it all over again. Ida, while she is being punished, you will help her dress and make her up as a little girl, pigtails or 'little girl' braids and, if she's wearing a skirt, she will have her diapers clearly visible. I charge you with spanking her under normal conditions. You may allow anyone you chose to spank her in your place. Also, Lars will bring uniforms for both of you to wear when serving the evening meal. Marie's diapers must be suitably visible at all times when she is in public parts of the house."

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"Ida," Ingrid turned and addressed her, "You will be ranked as a Junior Mistress. That means you only answer to me. You also have certain rights that you will learn of as we go, mainly over subs in the house regarding favors. That includes Marie. How you conduct yourself in your own apartments is, of course, none of my business. After dinner this evening, we will formally introduce you to everyone in the household and you will learn more then."

Ingrid turned again to Marie, "Marie, you are a sub. You have little or no say in how you are treated and you will address me as Mistress Ingrid and Ida as Mistress Ida, or Mistress, in public areas. You are an 'innocent' and that means that even though you are of legal age, you will be treated like a child by everyone. You may view sexual activities if Ida allows it, but will not engage in any public sex, other than the diddling of your own wet diapers and only then with permission. Otherwise, you are not allowed to touch your diapers. Again, what you and Ida do in her apartments is, of course, between the two of you. Now, are you wet, little one?"

Marie nodded her head hesitantly, both thrilled and afraid of what would happen to her next. Ingrid looked at Ida and Ida nodded her approval. Ingrid walked over to the table and beckoned Marie to follow. She sheepishly made her way over to stand before Ingrid. Ida stood to watch as Marie's clothes were peeled off. Ingrid could now see how truly slim and gaunt she was. Her breasts were mere puffy nipples on her bony chest.

"Dear, that is a very thin disposable diaper, far too thin for my tastes," Ingrid admonished, "As I stated, a condition of your punishment is that you may only diddle yourself in a wet diaper and then only with permission. You may pleasure yourself."

Marie looked at Ida and then at Ingrid. Ida finally whispered to her to get busy or else. Marie dutifully rubbed her crotch and squirmed until a smile blossomed on her red cheeks. Ingrid grinned her approval.

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“Well, that was a good start. You will have plenty more opportunities to practice in due time,” stated Ingrid, “Now, you will be spanked before being changed into a very thick diaper of my liking. Ida, you will change her with this very same style of diaper at each interval, unless of course, you feel that thicker diapers are required. At nights it should be half again thicker. Agreed?”

Ida nodded her head in silent agreement. Ingrid removed the skimpy disposable diaper from Marie. Next, she placed four, thick, thirsty diapers and a large pair of pink plastic panties on the table. Ingrid sat in a chair and forcefully pulled the girl over her lap. Marie went limp over Ingrid’s lap as she relinquished control of her fate. Ingrid was pleased to note that her bottom was somewhat plumper than her chest. She produced a paddle from her pocket and planted the first solid whack on Marie’s bottom. The crack of seasoned wood against her still slightly damp rear brought a slight grin to her face. Her bottom glowed red. Then another and another landed.

Ten in all were meted out to Marie’s now inflamed rear. Ingrid stood the girl up and looked at her. Tears welled up in her eyes, but a slight, glowing smile was still barely evident. Ingrid knew this was part of what she’d grown to love after years of pain/pleasure reinforcement from Ida by way of her father.

“Now, what do you say to someone that loves you enough to correct you?” asked Ingrid.

“Than...Thank you,” sniffed Marie before she added, “Mistress Ingrid.”

Ingrid hugged the little darling and gently helped her onto the table. The cream was rubbed on her hot backside and all the crevices of her pubic area. The pile of diapers was slid under the small girl’s frame. The powder was sprinkled and Ingrid mentioned to Ida that she really should be shaved ‘down there’ until she decided she didn’t like her diapers. Ida agreed.

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The new diapers were so thick that Marie could not touch her knees together. They were huge on her slight body. The large pair of pink panties were pulled up over the massive diapers and tucked in. When she stood, she couldn't quite get her legs straight at first. She started to feel the material when Ingrid caught her hand and stopped her. Marie remembered she was not to touch her diapers without permission.

"Now that you are properly diapered, little Marie, do your new diapers feel nice and comfy?" asked Ingrid with a friendly grin.

Marie gave her a big, embarrassed grin, "Oh yes! They feel yummy, but I may need to practice walking in them. Thank you, Mistress Ingrid."

Marie looked a bit worried about only wearing a diaper and t-shirt. Ingrid assured her no one in the house would notice, and she might as well get used to it. Lars escorted them to their new apartments.

# chapter 7 – Late, as usual

## usual

Ingrid looked at the clock on the wall. It was 2:15 pm and Jean was late for her appointment. This was not how she liked to run her affairs. Ingrid called Lissa to make a few revisions in the contract for Jean, to emphasize Ingrid's complete discretion in methods used, length of term, and a few other fine points. It was printed and placed on her desk for if/when Jean finally arrived.

Ingrid finally had her meeting with Jean at 2:30. She hid her contempt for the late arrival and continued the discussion that started on the phone earlier. All the while she was sizing up the woman before her, mid-twenties, a bit tall for a woman and very slender. Slender all over, quite mannish, especially with the style of clothing she wore. Her short-cropped hair, lack of makeup, and business suit would make most people look twice before deciding she was a woman under it all.

Jean could feel an instant attraction to Ingrid. She was tall, firm, and quite astounding to gaze at. Jean couldn't help but stare at the marvel of womanhood before her. She couldn't help herself. Ingrid noticed as well. She would use it to her advantage.

"So, you have a project for me," Ingrid queried, leaning forward to reveal her ample cleavage that nearly spilled out of her clothes, "I'm interested in hearing some details."

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“Yes,” Jean started as she snapped back to the subject at hand, “My brother is a nagging problem and has been for as long as I’ve been able to remember. I have bailed him out of his last problem, and this is how he is going to pay me back. He’s going to be the biggest sissy you can make of him!”

“Interesting,” was all that Ingrid said, knowing that this was an angry young woman seeking revenge on a sibling for things done and imagined.

“It isn’t that much of a stretch. You see,” Jean explained, “He’s already a sissy but I want to make it so there is no question and no turning back. He’s 20, about the same height and weight as myself. He has always been sort of effeminate and quite passive. He was a bed-wetter until age sixteen is a confirmed diaper lover with marked sissy tendencies! He was caught numerous times as a young boy dressing in my dresses, skirts, and other outfits, stealing ladies’ undies off clotheslines, and the like! The straw that broke the camel’s back is the fact that he was caught in the act, after a semester-long rash of thefts of women’s undies from his college’s laundry rooms, wherein he seemed to selectively steal only items that belonged to the biggest-busted girls! Almost all of the missing undies were found in a trunk in his dorm room along with all his diaper supplies, many of the undies spattered with his semen! Needless to say, he was booted out of school and I was only able to keep him from going to jail by paying large lawyers’ fees and a massive amount of restitution, damages, and penalties to the victimized young women, plus a hefty anonymous donation to the college!”

Ingrid grinned at the story, “My, he certainly is sure of what he likes, isn’t he?”

“I’m tired,” said Jean, “Sick and tired of him disrupting my life, causing me pain and suffering, not to mention the embarrassment of having to bail the little sissy out of all the trouble

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he gets into. I've been told by our mutual acquaintance that I could make a tidy sum leasing him out as a sissy sex slave."

"This is all possible," Ingrid agreed, "I've trained many pupils for my clients. Of course, all of them were for personal use, not the general trades, but I see no difference in how he will be used once I'm completely satisfied his transformation is complete."

"Good, I can deliver him whenever you can take him, the sooner the better. Now, about his training," Jean said, "I want to have him irreversibly rendered bladder incontinent and diaper dependent. He is never to be out of diapers any longer than it takes to change or bathe. He must never have an orgasm outside of his diapers. That is the most important thing. He will have massive breast implants, porn star quality, a pair of melons like no real woman could carry. He will have a new wardrobe of only sissified items. They will be in pink, white, and soft pastels exclusively. Frills and ruffles everywhere possible. No expense is to be spared."

"You do realize," Ingrid mentioned, "This will be difficult and possibly illegal, and it will not come cheap. I assume you are prepared to make a substantial down payment today and another one upon his arrival?"

"Money is no object," Jean replied, almost flirting with Ingrid, "I'm an executive VP at a fortune 100 dotcom. My bonus last year should cover the deposit and the delivery money. I'll have the funds wired as soon as I can contact my bank. I was also granted power of attorney over him upon having him adjudicated mentally incompetent so I can assure you, this will be his 'treatment' for his condition."

"Good, here's the account number to wire it to and you may use my phone," Ingrid smiled, returning the flirtatious tone, "Then I will need \$10,000 a month for training and expenses. I suspect that

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no meaningful training can be accomplished in less than a year. Do you already have a doctor, or should I use one of mine?"

"\$10,000 a month is fine, I'll set it up with my accountant," said Jean with a glint of admiration for the self-assured, big-busted blonde across from her, "My sissy brother doesn't have a doctor currently so whatever you have should be fine. I trust you. I can size people up very quickly and you strike me as one that will do what you say."

"I'm glad we see eye to eye," Ingrid said, "I have a contract prepared that outlines my responsibilities and your obligations. Would you like your lawyers to look at it before you sign it?"

"No," Jean winked, "I feel I can trust you. We businesswomen can cut through the crap and relate to each other."

"Very well then," Ingrid filed the signed document in her desk, "I can accept him at the end of this week. He will be here for a few days while I arrange surgeries for him and then he will be at a private clinic for his bladder, plastic surgery, electrolysis, and breast implants."

Jean smiled, "Excellent, I'll bring him over on Friday."

"I'll be expecting you," Ingrid said as she stood and hugged Jean.

Jean gave her a peck on the cheek and Ingrid could see the woman blush ever so slightly. This was going to be an interesting project. The mansion was filling up but she liked it. The house hadn't been this full in many years.