

# Fifty Shades of Gold

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Cleo Silver walked as fast as she could given the heels she was wearing. Not only was she not accustomed to ones this tall, being her roommate's, but they also didn't fit well. In fact, her whole outfit was borrowed and ill-fitting. This interview was supposed to be her roommate's gig as editor of the campus paper. Rachel had fallen ill, and Cleo was pressed into her stead.

She glanced at her watch. Exactly ten as she strode to the desk in the lobby. "Cleopatra Silver to see Mr. Gold. I have an appointment."

The receptionist looked down at her computer. "Yes, Ms. Silver, we are expecting you. Take the elevators to the right up to the nineteenth floor."

Cleo entered the elevator and pushed the button for the floor. When the doors closed, she regarded herself in the polished doors. She wanted to look professional, but she wasn't sure she'd pulled off the look. It looked like she borrowed her big sister's outfit. She fussed with her hair slightly as the door opened. She stepped forward to another secretary's desk.

"Ms. Silver. Mr. Gold is waiting for you. Just up these stairs."

Cleo started up the stairs and heard the secretary speak to the intercom, "Your ten o'clock is on her way up." She reached the top of stairs which opened into a spacious office with spectacular views. She reached into her purse for her notebook and promptly tripped. She flailed around a bit but managed to avoid completely falling.

"I'm OK," she said, not exactly sure to whom.

She then saw him behind the desk. She had been expecting an older man. Gold appeared to be in his late twenties. Thinner than she had expected. He looked over at her with steely blue eyes that cut right through her.

"Excuse me; I'm from the Northern Sentinel, the campus paper. I'd like to ask you a few questions." She was trying to regain her composure. The cutting eyes followed her as she made her way to a chair and sat.

She stared at the questions Rachel had written out for her. "What is it like being the most..."

Gold interrupted her. "...powerful CEO in the country? Or is it the world? Are you going to ask me what it's like to have more money that I can use? Or did you have something original?"

"I'm sorry, I guess it is a bit contrived. I didn't write these questions. My roommate is the editor of the paper. She fell ill."

“Well, I like the accomplishment. It feeds on itself. It’s not power hungry, just that you get used to making things happen. Yes, money makes it easy. For many things, if I want it, I can buy it. It doesn’t work too well with people. But I can have the best food and wine I desire.”

This wasn’t going well. She turned to a blank page. Forget Rachel’s questions. She looked back at Gold. “Can’t buy me love?” she said looking at him. For the first time, his eyes stopped the cutting stare. “I was expecting a heavier man. Must be hard staying trim with all that great food and wine.”

Gold smiled. “I’m also an exercise addict.” He stood up and came around the desk. “Here let me show you.” He held out a manicured hand. His eyes had changed. No longer cutting, they were the most sincere and mesmerizing blue Cleo had seen. Her insides turned to jelly. She took his hand and allowed him to help her up. It was electric. She released it and followed him to a door off the side of the office. Through the door, she found a room equipped as a gym. Stationary bike, treadmill, rowing machine, some free weights. “I swim a lot, too. I also try to walk as much as possible. I only live a few blocks away in the Carlyle.”

Gold pointed out the window at another building. “I’ve got the penthouse there.”

Cleo regrouped and asked about his average day. She asked about his upcoming commencement speech he was giving at the university. Still, the eyes hypnotized her. Her insides were melting, and she had to pee badly. Surely he had a bathroom, but she didn’t want to ask. She thanked him for his time and made her way out. She was nervous that she’d blown the interview and not gotten what Rachel sent her for. She just wanted out. When she arrived in the lobby, she headed out towards her car. She was putting the key in the door when she couldn’t hold it anymore. She urinated. “Crap,” she thought. She was going to have to send Rachel’s suit out to be dry cleaned. A puddle formed at her feet. She got her car opened and got in. This was silly. She’d not peed herself like this since she was five years old. Looking up at the building she saw a shadowy figure standing in the twentieth floor window.

## Chapter 2

Cleo grabbed the plastic encased suit from the dry cleaner and laid it across the rear seat of her car. Here was another expense she couldn’t afford. Rachel had offered to pay, but Cleo was the one who had peed in it. She couldn’t return it like that nor expect Rachel to pay. She headed off to her part-time job. This might be a full-time job soon at the rate things were going. Working at BabyWorld wasn’t something a NeuroPsych graduate aspired to, but so far none of the applications she had put in and even netted an interview. With only a bachelor’s degree, she was having a hard time getting consideration. BabyWorld would have to suffice for the short term.

She got into the store and put her purse away and punched in just a little bit late. She made her way out to the sales floor. It wasn’t a busy time for the store, so she set about straightening one of the clothing displays. She’d about finished it when a voice spoke to her from behind. “Could you help me, ma’am?” a polite male voice said.

She turned around. It was him. The eyes were soft. She stammered a bit, but got out “Yes, what can I do to help?”

“I want to buy a gift for a new daddy. I was thinking maybe a really nice diaper bag.”

“Sure, this way, Mr. Gold.”

“Thank you, Ms. Silver.”

Cleo smiled and touched her name tag. “Just call me Cleo.”

“Dan,” Gold replied.

They walked over to a display of diaper bags. Cleo sensed that “real nice” meant the most expensive they had. She got down their highest end bag and started to explain the features. It had numerous storage compartments for diapers, wipes, bottles, and a place for soiled diapers. “Important if you’re using cloth rather than disposable,” she explained to Mr. Gold, who she suspected hadn’t been near the messy side of a baby in his life. “It comes in either pink or blue. Do you know if it’s a boy or a girl?”

“Oh, most definitely a girl,” he said

She pushed the pink version towards him. “We also have this one. She lifted down one made of soft, black leather. This one is nice for the professional. It doesn’t scream diaper bag. Good in more formal settings.”

Gold picked up the new offering and regarded it closely. He unzipped the compartments and looked inside.

“Very nice,” he said. “I’ll tell you what. Let me have both of these. I’m sure each has its own proper situation.” He slid a credit card across the counter.

Cleo scanned the two items and picked up the card. American Express. Not a green, or gold, wouldn’t that had been appropriate, or even the Platinum one she had seen on occasion. Black. A centurion card. She had read about them in a magazine but had never seen nor expected to have seen one. She rang up the sale and placed both bags in a large shopping bag. She smiled as she presented it back to Gold. The eyes were very soft.

“Thank you so much, Cleo.”

Her insides were melting again. As he walked from the store, she raced to the employees’ restroom before she peed herself again. What was it about this man and her insides?

## Chapter 3

Graduation was quickly approaching when I received an odd envelope in the mail from the University. I

opened it. The President of the university invites you to a reception and dinner for the inner circle. It was the evening of commencement. I showed it to Rachel.

“Big bash,” she explained. “They invite the heavy hitter donors every year. They bring in just enough students and professors to let them know what their money is buying. I got an invite last year as editor of the paper.”

Oh, I thought. I wonder why I was invited. Again, I was just a neuropsych undergraduate without even the prospect of a job.

“I bet your boyfriend pull strings for you,” Rachel added.

“My boyfriend?” I asked, confused.

“Gold. You know that gazillionaire you’re on a first name basis with?”

“He’s not my boyfriend. I did that interview for you, and I helped him in the store once.”

“Most likely it’s because of my byline on that piece you ghost wrote about him.”

“I don’t ghostwrite, I edit. It was your article. Anyway, it’s a big honor for whatever reason, and the food is amazing. You have to go.”

I thought about it. I wasn’t that interested in seeing Gold again, but maybe there was someone there I could smooze about getting a job. Of course, I didn’t have anything to wear. I decided not to raid Rachel’s closet again. Though I could ill afford it, I’d buy a proper dress and shoes for the occasion.

Well, commencement day came. Gold gave a short but reasonable speech. Even halfway back into the crowd, it seemed like his eyes were gazing upon me. They were the soft eyes again. I got my piece of paper which so far didn’t seem to be worth much. I put on my new finest and headed downtown. I got there fairly early and checked in and was given a name tag with my name and major on it. I found my place card at the table and dropped my bag on the chair. I scanned around the table at the other names and recognized none. So much for Gold pulling strings.

I made my way to the reception area and stood on the fringe of the activity not knowing how to mingle in the inner circle. A waiter presented a tray of champagne flutes, and I took one. Soon another came by with a plate of canapes of some sort. Small block nodules on a piece of toast. Caviar, I guessed never having had it before. Saltier than I expected. I figured I might as well eat and drink well tonight. Tomorrow it will be ramen noodles for a long time if I had to live on a Babyworld clerk’s salary.

I did mingle a bit. Polite talk about my major to older, distinguished looking men. I carefully eyed the names of their companies on their nametags, but none appeared useful for my career search. More wine and hors d’oeuvres were passed. I was feeling more at ease as the evening came around. Eventually, a waiter with a chime announced the dinner service.

I made my way to the table and was about to sit when I saw Gold across the room. He had something slung across his shoulder which I recognized as the leather diaper bag I had sold him. Was he the new daddy he had mentioned? Did he have a child? I know he wasn't married from the interview. Why did I even care? I sat down at the table as others were also doing so.

I turned to my left, and a gray-haired man introduced himself. "Kent Davis, CFO of Cognito."

"Cleo Silver, Neuropsych major."

Now it dawned on me. I was here to show a donor from an industry leader what a bright, pretty girl the university was producing with their money. Oh well, all the food and wine was worth being trotted out for the dog and pony show. Maybe I get could an in. We chatted, and I did explain some of the undergraduate research I had done.

"You don't have to get too detailed with me before I'm lost. I'm the financial guy. I understand just enough to talk big when meeting with other finance people."

Oh, great. He's probably not the one in the company that I need to smooze. I had explained that I was planning to get my Ph.D., but I wanted to get some practical experience, even as a lab tech in a company in the field such as Cognito. There it was, my play for the job, modest as it was.

He smiled and asked me to write my contact information on the back of a card. He was probably just being polite, but at this point, I was grasping at straws. I passed back the card, and he tucked it in a pocket. Probably it would remain there while the suit went to the cleaners. Oh well.

Food came, and then more food. And wine. White wine, red wine, dessert wine. I could get into this, I thought. But it would be a long time until I had stuff of this quality. I ate and drank up. Tomorrow, ramen.

As the event broke up, I resigned myself to going home. A little tipsy I made my way out of the ballroom. I stumbled and would have landed on the floor except strong arms caught me and restored me to an erect posture. I looked up embarrassed at my clumsiness to find Gold's soft eyes.

"You don't look like you're in any shape to drive home," he said softly.

I had to admit he was right. I'd call a cab, or maybe Gold would order up a limousine for me.

"My place is just a block away," he offered.

"Well, I don't think that's appropriate."

"Not like that, I have guest rooms."

I thought about it for a second. Was he trying to pick me up? Just being kind? Was this a good idea? Well, given the large amount of alcohol and food I'd consumed my inhibitions were weakened. At least, I'd get to see how the other .01% lived. I nodded.

We made the walk with Gold hovering at my elbow ready to catch me again if I stumbled. This, I was grateful for. We entered his building and passed into the elevator. He touched a card to the control panel, and the light at the top lit up, and the elevator whisked us away. My insides started to transform again. Why on earth did my insides turn to liquid when I was near this man?

“Bathroom?” I asked as we entered the apartment. He dropped the leather diaper bag on the table and led me through a door.

“This is your room,” he said. “Bathroom’s through there he said gesturing to the far side of the room. There are some pajamas in the closet if you’re so inclined. I’ll see you in the morning.”

Quickly, I expressed my thanks and ran for the bathroom. Huge it was bigger than my apartment. It had a shower, a big tub, a large vanity, where was the toilet? I spied a door at the far end ajar. Here it was. A small room with the toilet and a bidet in it. I guess you needed privacy if you were having parties in bathroom proper. I made it to the toilet with only slightly damp panties.

I washed up and made my way back to the bedroom. Quite lovely. A large canopy bed was the focal point. I mused that this would have been my dream bedroom as a little girl. I wondered if I should find Gold. But he had said to see him in the morning. It wasn’t dismissive. It seemed just to be of concern. Given my inebriated state he could have had his way with me, I suspected. Either he wasn’t interested, or he figured I wasn’t fair game in my state.

I was dead tired. I kicked my shoes off and went over to the wardrobe and pulled open the door. Indeed hanging up were some pajamas. One set was a pair of navy blue silk pajamas. This was very much the kind I might wear. Hanging next to it was a short pink nightie. I figured I’d tried all sorts of new things, so I took out the nightie. I slid out of my clothes and slipped it over my head. Clipped to the hangar were a matching set of panties, so I slid those on.

I looked at myself in the mirror. Not so sexy as I thought it might be. More juvenile than anything else I twirled and noticed the frilly panties were easily exposed. I guess if I was going to relive my preteen fantasy bedroom, this was the right attire. I made my way over to the bed and pulled back the cover. Fine, satin sheets invited me, and I slid between them and immediately dozed off.

## Chapter 4

I woke up not realizing where I was at first. Then it all came back to me. I sat bolt upright in the fantasy room surrounded by pink. What had I gotten myself into? I had to pee, and I was dying of thirst, and my head hurt. I made my way into the palatial bathroom and took care of the first. I looked in the vanity and found a reasonably stocked set of over the counter medications. I grabbed two Motrin and followed it with a glass of water. There were toothbrushes still in their unopened packages, so I took one and brushed my teeth. Now I felt better.

I went back and sat on the bed. Now, what? I guess I should find Gold. I briefly thought about getting dressed but decided what the hell. I looked under the edge of the bed and found a pair of pink slippers. Gold or someone thought of about everything. I peered out of the bedroom door but found nobody.

I ventured out into the rest of the apartment. To the right was a closed door. I wasn't going to open doors at this point.

Back the way I had entered the apartment was a spacious living room. I paused to marvel at the view from the top floor of the building and continued looking. Another area of the living room contained a grand piano. I moved further and found a dining room. I smelled coffee. There was a swinging door which had to lead to the kitchen. I carefully pushed through. A small Asian woman was working in the room humming.

"Good morning," I said.

"Oh, good morning, Miss Silver," the woman said without a trace of an accent. Gold thinks of everything. He even told the help I was here. "Can I help you?"

"I'd love some of that coffee I'm smelling."

"Of course." She took a mug from the cabinet and poured a cup. "Cream and sugar?"

"No, thanks," I said.

"Why don't you take it on the terrace. It's a lovely morning." I looked down at my rather brief attire. "Don't worry; it's quite private."

She led me back through the living room and slid open a door and gestured me through. Terrace was an understatement. It was an outside space equal to what I'd already seen inside. A dining table and a service bar were there. Several chaise lounges and something covered that was either a large hot tub or a small swimming pool. I sat down on one of the chaises and started to sip my coffee. It was warm, but a cool breeze blew across my bare legs.

"Good morning, Miss Silver," I heard a voice. I looked up to see Gold standing there holding a mug of his own. He was dressed in the same style navy blue pajamas that were hanging in my closet. Maybe I'd made the wrong choice.

"Good morning, Mr. Gold," I giggled. "My roommate thinks we are on a first-name basis."

"And so we should be. Please call me Dan. Could I call you Cleopatra?"

"Cleo is probably easier," I recommended.

"OK, Cleo. I see you've already met Amy."

"Yes, very nice. Cook?"

"Cook, housekeeper, butler. She runs the house."

"How much other staff do you have?"

“Household? Just Amy and her husband, Tom. Tom serves as sort of a personal secretary, driver, and if it comes to it, bodyguard.”

The last part was intriguing, but I suspect a powerful man like Gold, I mean Dan, probably was a potential target.

“I guess I should have worn the other set of pajamas in the closet. We’d match.”

“I put both there as I wasn’t sure which you’d prefer. You’d look fabulous in either, but I’m happy you chose the nightie.”

The soft eyes were examining me carefully. I looked down to see that the hem had risen to expose fully the panty. I blushed.

Amy appeared with a carafe and refilled our mugs. “Breakfast?” she asked. I wasn’t sure I wanted to eat. She seemed to sense that. “Something light?”

“Yes, fine. That would be nice.”

“Would you like me to show you around?”

“Sure.”

He showed around the terrace. In addition to the bar was an outdoor kitchen as big as the one in my apartment. Gold stated he loved dining out here when the weather was nice. A smaller, intimate seating area surrounded a fire pit which he said was great when it was a little chilly. He pushed a button, and the cover on the hot tub retracted. Except it wasn’t. It was a swimming pool.

“It has a current generator so you can swim in place like a treadmill. Like I said, I have to work off all that fine food and wine.”

We went back inside, and I was showed the living room I had already seen. There was another small exercise room like the one in his office. Off the dining room area, he pushed open a door. “This is the home office.” The desk faced the window rather than into the office. “I get a lot of good ideas staring out that window.”

He sat me down in a chair by the desk.

“There’s more, but if we’re going to go farther, I need you to agree to something.”

I looked confused.

“I try to keep a rather private personal life. He pulled a sheet of paper from a folder. What happens here, stays here. This is a confidentiality agreement that says just that. While it won’t possibly keep you from writing about us in your school newspaper, it will make things rather unpleasant for you if you do.”

“I’m not the journalist. That was my roommate. I was just doing her a favor.”

I picked up the paper, and it said pretty much just what he said. I picked up a pen from a jar on the desk and signed it. Underneath was a copy, and I signed that. Gold took them and signed them in turn. He slid one copy to me. “For your records.”

“I’ll pick it up later,” I said looking at my outfit. “No place to put it.”

Gold smiled. As we reentered the dining room, two places had been set. “Look’s like Amy has breakfast ready.”

We sat down and nearly immediately more coffee, orange juice, and a lovely plate with assorted fruit: slices of apples, pears, orange and grapefruit sections, and strawberry surrounded a center dressing of yogurt and honey. It was just what I needed, I thought.

We finished our breakfast, and as I dabbed my mouth with the napkin, the soft eyes regarded me expectantly. “Are you ready to continue our tour, Cleo?”

“Yes, Mr. Gold, I mean, Dan.” I arose and damn it hit me again. “I need to use the bathroom first, I think.”

“If you could hold it for a few minutes, it might work out better.”

I don’t know what he was getting at, but I decided to try.

He led me to the door I had decided not to open earlier. “Welcome to my inner sanctum,” he said.

## Chapter 5

I stepped into a large room. My eyes opened wide. It was a large nursery. Large not only in its size but also the size of the furnishings in it. Huge stuffed animals and a giant ball pit greeted me. Beyond were oversized cribs and other baby furnishings. It’s like someone took my stock at Babyland and zoomed it up.

“You see, I’d like to take care of you. I’d like for us to be able to play here,” he explained.

My jaw dropped. “Wow...” was all I could say as I looked around.

“I don’t mean I need to keep you here all the time, but just that we could have some fun. Not sexual, unless it mutually strikes us.”

I continued passing around the room looking.

“Of course, you’re free to stay here as much as you like. Or in the guest room that you stayed in last night. Or you can go home. I’ll give you a key to the place.”

My head was swimming. Now the baby doll nighty made sense. I had played into his hands. I had been going with the flow and this was a tremendous opportunity.

“Of course, we don’t have to play daddy-little girl all the time. We can also have good times as peers.”

That was reassuring. I could use a little more fine food and drink like last night rather than just baby food.

“I think I could give it a try...” I waffled.

“That’s all I ask.”

I was subconsciously doing a fidgety dance during all this.

“I can help you with that.”

“With what?” I said.

Gold led me by the hand to a large table and guided me down. He reached underneath and pulled up a large white object. Oh, my God. I thought. I tried to relax as much as I could as I was squeezing as hard as I could to avoid peeing.

I guess Gold could sense my urgency. He quickly slid down my panties and deftly worked the diaper into place and taped it up. He pulled the panties back up. “There.”

I sat up on the edge of the table and gave up fighting it. I felt the warmth of my urine flow, but unlike the other day, it was absorbed quickly by the diaper. Still, the absurdity of the whole thing was overwhelming. Maybe I couldn’t do this. I sat there in my wet diaper and started to cry.

Gold was at my side immediately and wrapped his arms around me. “There, there. It will be alright. Daddy will take good care of you. His voice was very soothing.” I looked up at the soft eyes looking down on me. I felt very comfortable and secure in his arms.

“You know, something about you seems to make my insides melt. I find myself having to pee all the time.”

“I’ve heard that I’ve had that effect on people,” he said with a laugh. “I knew it the day you interviewed me and ended up peeing in my parking lot.”

I blushed. I hadn’t realized he had noticed that. He picked up a towel and dabbed at my eyes. “Don’t worry; you’re safe here.”

I straightened up a bit. “This is all really sudden. I do want to see more of you, but I think I’ve done enough for one day.”

“I understand. If you want, you can go back to the guest room and take a bath or shower. Just leave the diaper, and your pj’s on the floor of the bathroom, and I’ll deal with them. There are some ‘big girl’ clothes for you in the closet. When you’re ready, Tom will drive you back to your car.”

I stood up to leave and then leaned over and gave him a square kiss on the lips, giggled, and headed back to the guest room.

In the guest room, I decided on a shower. I shucked out of the nightie and wet diaper and turned on the water. Wonderfully smelling soap was in the shower. I thought about washing my hair but decided to be brief. I showered well. Next to the shower were several huge towels and I dried myself off. I wrapped myself in one and headed into the bedroom. I opened the closet and found a nice casual dress. I opened the drawer and found a pair of light blue satin panties and a matching bra. I looked further and found some sandals in the closet. I put all these on and marveled that Gold had managed to get the sizes right.

I returned to the living room and heard Gold in his office. I entered, and he stood and turned to me. "Ready to go?"

"Almost," I said. I reached up and through my arms around him and gave him a long kiss. "I'd love to play with you." He smiled, and the eyes were softer than ever. He pulled me close to him, and I pulled him tight back. He was still wearing the silk pajamas, and I ran my hands down the soft material on his back. When I crossed his waist, I felt a pronounced bump. I gave his rear a bit of a squeeze. While I had not noticed it given the loose cut of the pajamas, he clearly wearing a diaper under them.

"Sometimes our peer-to-peer play won't be as adults," he said with a smile.

I smiled back and buried my head in his chest.

## Chapter 6

I protested that it was only a few blocks back to my car, but Gold insisted on calling Tom to take me. Tom entered the office, and he wasn't what I expected. I was expecting an Asian sidekick like Kato to the Green Hornet, but Tom wasn't Asian. He looked like an athlete. Not a muscle bound type but very fit. He was impeccably dressed.

"Right this way, Miss Silver," he stated. As we stepped into the elevator, he pulled a card from his pocket. "Mr. Gold wants you to have this. It works the building and apartment doors and the elevator for this floor. Just tap it to the sensor like this." He demonstrated it and then handed the card to me.

I held it in my hands like I had just been given the keys to the magic kingdom, and maybe I had. We exited the building, and Tom held the door open to a large black car. I stepped inside and sunk into fine leather. Yeah, I could get used to this. A few minutes later we were double parked next to my Toyota. Tom opened the door of the car to let me out and held out a hand to assist me. He even opened the door to my car. I got in and fired up and noticed that Tom had backed Gold's car slightly to block the lane for me. I smiled and gave a wave as I pulled out.

I got home and let myself into my apartment.

"Where have you been?" was the words that greeted me from my roommate.

I guess I had better confess. "I spent the night at Gold's place."

"Details, I want details!" Rachel shouted in glee.

"Nothing really happened. I spent the night in his guest room, and we had a nice breakfast."

Rachel pouted.

"But I think I'm going to be seeing a lot more of him," I said. This caused her to break into a smile. I didn't mention that I now had a key to his place.

She pried me for details, and I told her about him taking me home after I got tanked at the inner circle. I gave some details about the apartment but left out any mention of the nursery or related issues. This seemed to satisfy her for now. My phone rang. Was it him? I said "Hello" in my most cheery voice.

"Ms. Silver?" a woman asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"This is Catherine Zook, HR at Cogito. You applied for a technician job here?"

"Yes," I said hopefully.

"We have a researcher in need of an assistant. I was wondering if you could come in today at two for an interview."

"Yes, of course."

"Fine, just ask for me. Catherine Zook when you arrive."

"Thanks, looking forward to seeing you."

I hung up. "That was HR at Cogito, I've got an interview this afternoon. What am I going to wear?"

Rachel said, "Things are really hitting for you today. What's wrong with what you've got on. And when did you get that? I've never seen it before."

"Gold gave it to me." It hit me then. Did he keep dresses around for his guests all the time? Did he have an assortment of sizes? Did he plan on specifically having me spend the night there and did this in anticipation? My head started to spin.

Just then the doorbell rang. Rachel got it and came back with a vase of flowers and balloons. "It's for you." I picked up the card and read it and smiled and showed it to Rachel.

"Hoping to see you soon. -Danny."

"Danny?" Rachel taunted.

## Chapter 7

Cogito was a complex of glass buildings. I parked and went inside. I was wondering, why now? Did someone pull strings? Was it the CFO from the dinner last night? Was it Gold? Did my resume just happen to come to the top of the stack?

Mrs. Zook was a tall woman. She said that one of the researchers was starting an important study and needed help. Fine, anything was better than clerking at Babyland. I'd wash test tubes or whatever they wanted. She gave me directions to the lab.

I walked to the building as instructed and found the door and knocked.

"Come in!" a gruff voice called from inside. I steadied myself and entered. "Hi, I'm Cleo Silver. Mrs. Zook in HR sent me."

"Yes, yes, she called to let me know you were coming. I'm Antonio Zeffirelli."

I froze for a second and then blurted it out. "The Dr. Zeffirelli that wrote the paper on correlation between fMRI and EEG in the JNP last year?"

A strange look came on his face. Had I screwed up the interview already? "You've heard of me?" he said with a smile.

"I was a neuropsych major at the University. I did my senior project on EEG correlation. Of course, I didn't have access to a magnet to do fMRI work."

"Ah, excellent. JNP isn't exactly People Magazine. Most people haven't heard of me." He started digging through his desk. He appeared to be the classic absent-minded professor with piles everywhere in his office. He found what he was looking for and slid a document across to me. "This is the proposal on my current research. You can have this copy. You may find it interesting."

He talked about what he was doing, and I thought I asked some intelligent questions. He then started asking me about my project. He thought a bit and asked, "So were you part of a group, what role did you play?" We're a pretty small department. I pretty much had to do everything myself from setting up the lab, the computers, getting the consent forms, scheduling the subjects, running the experiment, analyzing the data, and writing the paper."

"Well, we have departments for scheduling, they're pretty good. I hate dealing with IT and the legal department though. That will be your first job. Then we'll see what I need next."

I blinked. "My first job?" I thought. It sunk in, I was being hired.

"Thank you," I managed.

"You can use that office over there, pointing to a small windowed room across the lab. Go see Zook and tell her I said you're it. She can get you started on all the details."

I returned to the HR office and told her that I was it. She gave me forms to fill out and told me she'd arrange for a phone and computer to be put in for me in the lab and to call her if I needed anything else. I could start tomorrow.

I was walking on air. First Gold, now a job. My phone buzzed. It was a text from a number I didn't recognize. "Did you get the flowers?" Gold.

I texted back. "Yes, they were lovely. I have other good news. I just got hired at Cogito."

"Great, Want to have dinner to celebrate?"

"Sure. What time, what do I wear?"

"I'll take care of that. Should I send Tom for you at six?"

"Fine."

I got home and told Rachel about the interview. "Sounds like more than washing test tubes," she said.

"I've got a date with Dan tonight."

Rachel smiled.

## Chapter 8

Tom was promptly at my door at six. I nestled into the leather seats of the car and enjoyed my ride over to Gold's place. He let me out of the car and told me that he had to pick up Mr. Gold, but I could let myself in.

I took the elevator up and thought about knocking, but I knew Gold was out, and I did have a key. I let myself in. Amy quickly met me and told me that Mr. Gold would be along shortly and that my clothes for the evening were laid out in my room.

My Room. I guess it wasn't a guest room anymore but mine. I walked into the room, and it was as I remembered it. Laid out on the bed was a white chiffon dress, lace bra, a package of pantyhose, some pumps, and a box which when I opened had a braided gold chain. Also, there was a diaper and on it a note.

*If you could, please put this on. We don't want any accidents. Amy can help if you need it. –Danny*

I smiled. This would be interesting. I didn't think I'd need Amy's help. I got out of my clothes and laid down on the bed. I slid the diaper underneath and spent several tries getting it ideally positioned before I peeled the tapes and stuck them down. I then worked my legs into the pantyhose and pulled that over the diaper. That should hold it I thought. Quickly I put on the rest of the outfit. I was about to put on the necklace when I heard a knock at the door.

I opened the door, and Amy asked if I needed help. I let her help work the clasp on the necklace.

"Your clothes from the other night are in the closet, by the way." She made her way out of the room. I

opened the closet, and sure enough, my dress from the reception was there in a plastic dust bag. Gold had it dry cleaned. My shoes were there as well. I looked through the closet, and there were more dresses and other outfits. All appeared to be my size.

I opened the dresser. At the very top was my underwear and hose from the other night. Cleaned and folded. There are a number of panties and bras of various style as well. Gold had done a lot of shopping on my behalf.

I made my way back out to the living room just as Gold entered. He had the leather diaper bag slung over his shoulder and dropped it on the table by the door. His eyes widened with delight at seeing me. "Cleo!" he called holding out his arms. "That dress looks fabulous on you."

"You have good taste in women's clothes," I stated and then realized that didn't come out right but couldn't garner any correction other than a giggle.

"That I do," he said. He came up and gave me a hug, and I kissed him. His hands slid down my back and patted the diaper. "Nice," he said. He gave me the soft eyes and I started to melt again. Not yet, I'm not going to wet this thing before we even get out of the building.

Amy came out and handed him the pink diaper bag he had bought from me and handed it to him. He slung that one over his shoulder.

"So you were the new daddy you were buying for," I said with a wink.

"I told you it was definitely a girl," he countered.

I allowed him to lead me by the hand to the elevator, and we were soon in the car on the way to the restaurant. Gold reached forward and slid open a compartment and set out two glasses and then opened a bottle of champagne. He poured and handed me a glass.

"Congratulations on your new job."

We clinked our glasses, and I took a drink of the marvelous bubbly.

"I am going to miss having my personal salesperson at Babyland," he joked.

Twenty minutes later we were at Gary Danko's. I'd heard of this place, but it took months to get a reservation, not that I could have afforded it anyhow. I guess Gold had the pull to get in there on the spur of the moment. We were immediately seated at a corner table.

"They have a marvelous tasting menu. Four courses and a cheese course, each paired with wine. Takes all the work out of deciding."

I told him it sounded good to me. The waiter came and took our orders, and soon we were presented with oysters topped with caviar and a crême sauce. Glasses of white wine I didn't catch the name or the variety came with it. Wow, caviar twice in the same week. My life had definitely progressed from the ramen noodles of late.

A horseradish crusted salmon accompanied with another white wine. Then a filet of beef with some sort of fluffy potato dumplings and a Cabernet Sauvignon (that I'd heard of). A cart arrived with a selection of cheeses for us to choose for our cheese course. Gold turned to me with the eyes and asked which I wanted. The eyes melted me again. I allowed the waiter to describe the various ones and chose four. But I had to pee. After a few seconds of trying not to think about it I stared off across the restaurant and was able to get the flow going. The warmth in my crotch matched the general warmth I was feeling.

We finished our cheeses and a sweet Italian wine that came with it. Dan turned to me and asked, "Would you like a diaper change before dessert?"

The diaper had grown cold in the interim, so I agreed. He picked up the pink bag and led us to a spacious bathroom and locked the door.

"The bathrooms here are fabulous. There are two. After each patron uses it, the staff comes in and cleans and restocks it."

Dan took a pad from the bag and laid it out on the floor. I laid down, and he quickly changed me. I have to admit I could have done him right then and there, but I suspected that there might be others who needed the bathroom. Gold washed up, and we made our way back to the table.

Dessert was lemon soufflé cake served with an impossibly sweet wine that Gold said was Hungarian pronounce TOE-KIGH. Very nice. Everything was excellent, and I began to think I'd need to use some of Gold's exercise equipment if I kept this up.

The bill was settled, and we made our way out to Tom waiting to open the door of the car for me. I settled into the backseat.

"Shall I take you back to your old place, or do you want to come up and play?"

"Your place," I said.

"I want you to think of it as our place," he said.

I smiled as the car pulled away from the curb.

## Chapter 9

We got back to the apartment and entered the nursery. Gold excused himself for a minute, and I started to look around more than I had before. There were all sorts of things in the cabinets. Toys, bottles, pacifiers. There were teddy bears strewn around the room. I found a cute one and hugged him to my chest. I went back and found a pacifier and popped it in my mouth and then moved to the playpen and took a seat.

Gold returned shortly carrying a tray. He looked at me sitting there and gave me a big smile. He set the tray down and came over to me and brushed my hair back from my face. I reached up and put my arms around him, and he lifted me up, and I wrapped my legs around him. He was strong enough to

carry me in this position. I spat out the pacifier and planted a large kiss on him. My insides were melting again.

He sat me down on and replaced the pacifier. "Is little Cleo, wet?" he said in a sweet voice. I just shook my head. "Would Cleo want a drink?" I nodded.

Gold went to the tray and retrieved a bottle. We moved to a sofa along one wall, and he maneuvered me so that my head was in his lap. Cradled in his arms, he removed the pacifier and placed the nipple in my mouth. I sucked warm milk into my mouth. The soft eyes peered into mine. Between the milk and the caress, I was warm all over. Soon, I was warm in another place. I was wetting the diaper.

As I drained the bottle, I felt Gold's hand slide under my skirt and rest on my crotch. He smiled again knowing that I had wet the diaper. After a few minutes, he led me to the changing table. He removed my shoes and carefully removed my pantyhose. He folded the skirt of my dress out of the way. He peeled the diaper off me and produced some warm wipes to carefully clean me. I was going out of my skin with excitement.

Finally, I could take it no longer. I grabbed at his belt and unfastened it. Gold took my hint and removed his trousers. He was commando; that was interesting. I pulled him down, and he entered me. We had powerful sex there on the changing table. After a period of respite, he announced it was time to get us ready for bed.

He repeated the clean up of earlier and added some baby powder before rediapering me. He went to one of the cabinets and pulled out an outfit. It was a one-piece pajama with feet. He helped me into it and zipped it up. Very soft. Very juvenile. He excused himself again, and a few minutes he came back in his silk pajamas.

He led me over to the giant crib, and I climbed in. He found the bear I was holding earlier and brought that to me. "I've got to go to work in the morning," I said.

"So do I," he responded. "Tom can drive you, or you can take one of my cars." He climbed into the crib next to me, and we snuggled together. I was so keyed up I didn't think I was going to be able to sleep, but lying there snuggled against Gold, I became peaceful and fell asleep.

## Chapter 10

I woke up as a sandwich. I opened my eyes to find me reclining on Gold's chest on one side, and the teddy bear clutched to me on the other. I had to pee, but Dan was sleeping soundly. I figured what the hell and slowly started filling my diaper. I drifted back off to sleep.

I awakened again to tapping. "Mr. Gold. Mr. Gold" I heard Amy calling through the door. Dan stirred and announced we'd be out in a minute. A hand went to my crotch, presumably checking my diaper. I reciprocated. Dan indeed had a soggy crotch as well.

We made our way over to the table, and he helped me out of my pajamas and set about cleaning me up. His gentle caress caused by breath to hitch with each pass. When he was done, I pulled down his

pajama bottoms and pushed him gently onto the table. I proceeded to wipe him clean, his cock getting larger with each pass. I couldn't take it and climbed on top of him, and we set to work. We climaxed quickly.

"Why don't you go to your room and shower. Amy will have breakfast for us soon." I kissed him, and we headed to our respective rooms. I showered and washed my hair. The soaps and the shampoos in the bathroom were luxurious. I went to the dresser and sorted through the underwear and found a matching set to my linking. I went to the closet and pulled out yet another dress from the Gold collection. I slipped on some shoes and headed out to the dining room. Danny was already seated staring at a paper and sipping coffee. Amy set a mug down for me.

"Good morning, baby," he said with a smile.

"Good morning, Dan" I replied.

Amy presented two of her fabulous fruit salads for us, and I dove in.

"Do you want Tom to drive you to work, or do you want to take a car?" Gold asked.

"What cars?"

"Let's see; there's a Mercedes convertible, an Audi R-10, a couple of Porsches,..."

"I'll take the convertible. This whole place is like being in Disneyland. Not that I would know what that is like."

"You've never been to Disneyland?" Dan said incredulously.

"No, never."

"Tomorrow's Saturday, would you like to go?"

"But it's such a long way."

"I can take care of that. Stay the night again here, and we can get started first thing."

"OK, I'll need to go home and get a few things."

"Sure, whatever you like. Feel free to use the car as your own."

Disneyland! I thought. My dream was still playing out.

After breakfast, I kissed Danny good by as he went to walk to work as was his custom. Tom led me down to the garage and handed me the keys to the Mercedes. He placed me into the driver's seat and showed me how to lower the top (and put it back up if needed). I pulled out of the garage with the wind in my hair and headed to Cogito.

Yes, this was too much.

## Chapter 11

Work was busy. I got to my desk and noticed the light was flashing on my phone. It was the legal department wanting to know if I could meet with them. Since this was one of my assigned initial duties, I called them back and set up an appointment for eleven o'clock.

Also, on the voice mail was a message from the IT department telling me my username and how to do my initial setup of my computer account. I flicked on the computer monitor and logged in. So far, so good. I had mail. Several were informational from HR, and one was a letter from HR with their contact information. I sent them an email requesting a meeting to discuss setting up our lab.

A few minutes later the computer chimed stating we had a meeting at one with IT. I sat down with Dr. Zefferelli's outline of the research and made a list of what I thought we would need. I saw Dr. Z across the lab, and I went over to brief him on my progress.

"Dr. Zefferelli, I have appointments with legal and IT at eleven and one respectively."

"Excellent, and please call me Tony, Ms. Silver."

"Cleo," I added.

I decided that I needed to do a little exploring, so I headed down the hall. I found a common area with a coffee maker in it, so I poured myself a cup. I made a mental note to bring in a mug. I made my way back to HR and saw Mrs. Zook.

I asked how office supplies were handled and she showed me where the supply room was and told me if there was anything specific I wanted that wasn't stocked where to send an email with my requests. She pulled out a small book from the supply room shelves.

"This is all available on the corporate intranet site, but you might find this directory handy."

I grabbed a few pens and some pads and stuff and headed back to my office. The coffee was starting to work its way through me, so I went out and found the bathroom.

Just as I sat down on the toilet, my cell pinged. I looked at it.

"Hope your day is going well ." It was Dan's number.

Why was it that my peeing and Dan were somehow always linked. I texted back "Good. Meetings with Legal and IT. See you tonight. "

The meeting with legal went long, but it went well. I'd have paperwork to review by the end of the day. I had just enough time to grab a sandwich before heading to IT, and they promised to have a proposal by the end of the day.

I spent the rest of the day going over Dr. Z's proposal and coming up with other logistical things I likely would need to address leaving the heavy thinking to him. I ran these by him, and he approved. He also handed me some more articles on the research.

It was nearly six when I left the office and got the top down on the Mercedes and headed back to the apartment. I parked the car where I had taken it from and took the elevator up and let myself in, a bit more confident this time. Dan was in his office, so I stepped in behind him and leaned forward and kissed his cheek.

"Cleo!" he said as if it was a great surprise that I was there. He swung around in his chair to face me. "How was your day?"

"Great, busy, but this job is so much more than I had hoped for. I'm actually doing meaningful stuff in the lab. I'm taking care of the nuts and bolts of things for Dr. Zeffereli. He's quite a genius."

Dan inquired further, so I described the research project and what Dr. Z's field of research was. It was great having someone to share my day with.

"Why don't you go into your room and get out of your work clothes, and I'll get dinner ready."

I kissed him and headed to my room. Was Dan going to cook dinner or was he just going to command Amy? I guess we were eating in. I'm sure it would be good.

Laid out on my bed was a cute little girl dress with poofy sleeves and something new. There was a diaper and a plastic panty with a fabric outside and ruffles that matched the dress. I put them all on and made my way barefoot out to the dining room.

Dan gazed at me longingly with the soft eyes. "Absolutely exquisite," he said with a smile. "Come with me baby, Cleo," he said leading me to the nursery. He led me to a high chair in the room and helped me into it. He worked a strap between my legs and around my waist. "We don't want baby to slip out." He then fit the tray in front of me.

He then went to a cabinet and came back with a bib. "Babies can be messy." He fastened it around my neck. He then brought a tray with various compartments with a variety of different colored paste in it. He took a spoon and placed a little brown food from one section on it and raised it towards my mouth. "Open wide," he said.

I opened my mouth and accepted the spoonful of food. Some kind of beef I thought. I swallowed, and another spoonful came my way. After a few spoonfuls, he switched to some green stuff. I took the first bone. Yech. Peas, I figured. I made a face. Dan tried a second spoon, but I made a face and refused to open my mouth. Dan cajoled me. "Please, little Cleo. You have to eat your vegetables."

I opened my mouth but then decided to be playful. Just as the spoon reached me, I closed my mouth. The spoon landed on my face smearing green stuff around my mouth. I giggled. Dan scolded me in a playful way, and I continued to allow him to feed me, some I ate, some got deposited on me or the bib.

Finally, he asked if I had enough and I nodded. He got a washcloth and wiped my face off. He undid the tray and seat belt and let me over to a large chair, and he sat down and moved me to his lap. He leaned me back and brought a bottle to my lips. The soft eyes regarded me as I sucked from the nipple. My insides melted under his loving gaze, and I wet my diaper. We rocked in the chair until the bottle was done.

“You play nice in here while Daddy goes and has his dinner and then I’ll be back.” Dan left, and I wandered the nursery room with my sodden diaper heavy between my legs. I looked through all the drawers and found the place to be better stocked than Babyland I thought. I touched one cabinet, and it opened up showing a large flat screen TV. A PlayStation was underneath. I touched the power button, and Disney’s Infinity came up, and I picked up the controller, sat on the floor, and began to play.

After a while, Dan came back, and he picked up the other controller and played with me. We were having a pretty good completion, but he was obviously more experienced. At a break in the game, he asked if I needed a change and I admitted I did.

He led me to the changing table and slipped off the plastic panties and then undid the diaper. He started with the wipes, first with the purpose of cleaning me up but then he continued. Each touch got me more and more aroused until I couldn’t stand it. I clawed at his pants. He stopped and shook a finger at me, but then lowered his pants. No underwear again. Did he always go commando? No, twice I found a diaper under his pajamas. I wondered if he had regular underwear.

We made love again on the changing table. We took turns cleaning each other up, and he applied a new diaper to me and found a different pair of plastic pants for me. He then helped me into a baby doll nightie and led me to the crib. He found my favorite bear and placed it in with me. He then did up the side of the crib.

“You’re not coming in with me?”

“I have things to prepare for our day tomorrow. Now be a good little girl and get your rest. You’ve got a big day coming.”

I pouted. I was looking forward to waking up in his arms again. “Tell me a story,” I said in a childish voice.

“Oh, OK,” he sighed. He got a book from the shelf and opened the crib and sat next to me and read. When he finished, he kissed me and told me I really now had to go to sleep. I pouted but reached out and kissed him one last time and then laid back and hugged the teddy bear. Dan walked towards the door and pressed a switch to dim the lights. “Good night, little Cleo.”

“Good night, Daddy,” I responded. I yawned and settled down with the bear and fell asleep.

## Chapter 12

I awoke at one point in the night and started to climb out of the crib, but figured what the hell. I wet my diaper and settled back down. I held the teddy bear close and dreamed of Danny. My next recollection was Danny gently nudging me.

“Time to get up Cleo, Big day ahead.”

I roused myself, and he led me over to the changing table and removed the sodden diaper. I started towards his belt, and he said we didn’t have time for that now. I went into my room to take a quick shower. When I came out, I found a mug of coffee and my outfit for today laid out. A diaper, a cute little sun dress, and some sandals. I quickly got dressed and headed out to the living room.

Danny was standing there in a cute pair of shortalls. I guess this was a peer day. He led me to the elevator.

“No breakfast?”

“We’ll eat on the way,” he said. “Don’t want to waste the day.”

We sunk into the soft leather seats, and Tom was making good time getting us out of town. We hit the freeway, and soon we were taking the exit for the airport. Oh, we’re flying. That will save time. Rather than approaching the terminal we made a turn and stopped at a gate. After a few words between Tom and the guard at the gate it opened, and we drove out to where a small jet was waiting.

Tom opened the door, and I got out followed by Danny. He led me over to the plane and climbed the steps. He directed me to another leather seat, and I sat down, and he buckled me in. A woman came up and said that we would be taking off in just a moment and then she’d serve breakfast.

I stared out the window as things were removed from the car and stowed somewhere on the plane. Soon we were moving, and a short time later we were in the air.

“You chartered a plane to take me to Disneyland.”

“Not quite,” he replied. “I own it.”

Breakfast was served. It wasn’t as good as Amy’s, but it was a nice selection of pastry and fruit. The coffee wasn’t bad. Clearing the service when we were done, the attendant informed us we’d be on the ground in Anaheim in twenty minutes.

We touched down and taxied up to a waiting limousine, and we were whisked away. I could really get used to traveling like this. No walking, no TSA lines. Just get in and be catered to.

A half an hour later we pulled into a driveway that read “Disney’s Grand Californian.” A doorman opened the door for me, and I stepped out and looked at him massively beautiful structure. A bellman and a hotel employee wearing a suit appeared.

“Good morning, Mr. Gold. Your suite is ready. Please follow me.” We were quickly led to our rooms. “We’ll bring your other things up when they arrive. I understand you are eager to get right to the park. The ticket for Ms. Silver is here. If there is anything I can do.” While this was going on, the bellman deposited two bags in the room. They were the two diaper bags I had sold Dan.

After dismissing the hotel people, Dan turned to me. “Need a diaper change? I do.”

I wasn’t wet yet, but I figure now would be a good time to go. I held up a finger and then relaxed and let myself go. Upon finishing, I announced, “Now, I do.”

He removed a diaper from the pink bag and set to changing me. After he was done, I decided to reciprocate. I started to try to unfasten the straps of the shortall, but he stopped me. “There are snaps in the crotch.”

I felt the inseam of his pants, and sure enough, there were, just like a toddler boy. I unsnapped them and set to changing his diaper. I gave a couple of good wipes to the shaft of his penis. “Later,” was all he said. A snapped him back up, and he grabbed the pass off the desk, and we headed for the elevator.

“This place has its own entrance to the park.” He led me across the ground floor, and he pulled a card from his wallet. “I have an annual passport.” He showed it to the ticket taker, and I held out my ticket, and we were in. Hand in hand we walked towards the center of the park. Danny stopped at one point and ducked into a gift shop and came out with a bag. He pulled out mouse ears, plain for him and one with a bow for me. “We need to do this right.” I put my ears on.

We got to the center of the park and saw the Sleeping Beauty Castle in the distance. “It’s beautiful,” I said. “What do we do first? Some rides?”

We got in line for It’s a Small World. We snuggled together in the seats of the boat and rode through the robotic wonderland. We did a few other rides and then stopped for lunch. Coming out of lunch a life size Minnie Mouse came along, and Danny had me pose with her. Everything was so amazing. I didn’t think it was possible to see it all. I didn’t want to stop, so I just wet the diaper I was wearing.

Around four, Danny announced we should clean up for dinner. We went back to the room, and he slipped out of his shortalls, and I dropped the dress. His diaper was as soaked as mine. I ripped mine off and then his and had him on the floor in a second. Things progressed rapidly from there.

Afterward, Danny led me into the bathroom with a large shower and turned on the water. We took turns washing each other. We grabbed towels and dried each other. Dan rediapered me, and I put one on him. He then went to the closet and took out a long dress for me. “Dinner is a little more formal,” he said. I took the dress and started to put it on. He put on a nice shirt, tan pants, and a blazer.

We went back down to the lobby and back into the park. We ended up in a section called New Orleans Square. He headed to an unobtrusive door marked with “33” in the window overhead. Danny pushed

a button on an intercom and spoke a few words. We were admitted, and a smiling employee in a jacket greeted us. “Good evening, Mr. Gold, Ms. Silver. Right this way.”

We were led up the stairs to a grand dining room. Very old French looking and windows looked out into the park. We were seated at an elaborate table.

“Just what is this place?” I asked.

“Club 33. An exclusive members-only facility inside the park. It’s the only place, by the way, you can get an alcoholic beverage in the park. The food is good, too.”

A waiter came and poured Champagne for us. I sipped mine. “Are you having a good first trip to Disneyland?” Gold asked.

“Better than I could have imagined.”

The menus came. Six courses. I had to choose each course. Lobster Rockefeller, garden salad, paella, lamb, and to finish, pumpkin beignets. Dan made his selections and asked for a bottle of Syrah. I finished my champagne, in time for the wine to be poured. I tasted it. I didn’t know much about wine, but this was the best red wine I’d ever had.

We chatted throughout dinner. With a glass of Champagne and half a bottle of wine, I was feeling pretty good. When the urge came to pee, I didn’t even hesitate. The glow of Dan’s eyes, the buzz of the wine, and the warmth of my crotch made this just seem to be the perfect place.

By the time we finished and headed outside, it was dark. Dan led me to a place we could sit down and just smiled. “What?” I asked.

“You’ll see, give it a minute.”

Moments later the fireworks started. It was beautiful. I grabbed Dan and gave him a long kiss. “This has been the best day of my life.”

After the fireworks, we walked hand in hand back to the room. I got him out of his clothes and diaper and shed mine. We made love for a good hour. Eventually, he got up and returned with two diapers. “We better put these on, just in case.” We got ourselves into the diapers and then crawled under the covers. I snuggled into the nook of his arm, my hand resting on his diapered crotch. He patted my diapered bottom, and we fell asleep.

## Chapter 13

The next morning I awoke with Dan still sleeping soundly. My diaper was wet, but now I had a more pressing issue. I’d come to the realization I hadn’t pooped since sometime on Friday. I carefully slid out of the bed as to not disturb him, and proceeded to the bathroom. I decided to shower, so I started the water, shucked out of my wet diaper, and sat down on the toilet.

I mused that this was the first time I'd used a toilet all weekend. I quickly did my business and found a shower cap and tucked my hair up into it and got into the shower. The water streamed over my warm body. I wondered if Dan was going to show up and join me, but after a while, I figured he was still sleeping away. I got out of the shower and dried myself and looked at the spent diaper. I wonder what I was to wear today. I wrapped a towel around me and headed out into the suite proper. Danny was no longer in bed, and I stepped out into the room to find him sitting in a bathrobe.

"I just ordered us some breakfast. It should be here any moment."

"Good," I said. "Do you have clothes for me to wear today?"

Dan smiled and walked towards me. "You look pretty good in what you've got on," he said and then reached for the towel. "But you might be overdressed," he said pulling it off me. He gave me a couple of raised eyebrows as he stood looking at me naked.

There was a rap on the door announcing room service had arrived. I snatched up the towel. "Your clothes are laid out on the bed." I headed back into the bedroom, and another dress awaited me. It was a more mature, spring-like chiffon dress than the toddler sundress I had yesterday. Sitting on top of it was a diaper. I guess Dan didn't bring any panties. I got dressed quickly and headed out to have breakfast.

We had a leisurely breakfast, drinking coffee, eating, reading the Sunday paper. We discussed our plans. Both of us agreed we probably should get back in a reasonable time as both had work to do next week. After breakfast, Dan disappeared into the bedroom and came back wearing a polo shirt and khakis. We made our way down to the lobby and headed for the park. "What about all the stuff in the room?" I asked.

"I've got people taking care of that. We'll do a little shopping and then by the time we get to the plane, it will all be packed up and delivered."

"I left a wet diaper on the floor of the bathroom," I sheepishly admitted.

"I noticed. Don't worry; it's been taken care of."

We walked to a gift shop and spent some time looking around. Dan found a jewelry display and asked to see a necklace. They opened the case and took an item out. He asked me to turn, and he placed a necklace around me. I looked into the mirror on the counter. It was an abstract set of mouse ears with a large diamond set in it.

"I can't let you buy me something like this," I said reflexively.

"It's nothing," he said. "Let it be a memory of your first trip to Disneyland. I patted the pendant with my hand. Memory. OK, I'll let him do it."

After a bit more browsing we headed back to the hotel and then out into the waiting car. Life with Dan was just so easy. Someone just took care of everything. We were soon boarding the plane again. The pilot greeted us. "Looks like a beautiful day, do you want to fly?"

"I think I'd better ride in back with Ms. Silver," Dan said looking somewhat longingly at the cockpit.

"You can fly this thing?" I asked.

"Sure. I've got a license. Sometimes I fly, sometimes it's more convenient to let my pilots take care of it."

"Do you want to fly today?"

"I want to spend time with you."

"No, go ahead. I want to see this."

Dan discussed some things with the pilots I didn't understand and moved up and sat in the left front seat. One of the pilots came back and buckled himself into one of the cabin seats. "I guess I get to ride in one of the expensive seats, today," he said to me.

I sat on the right side so I could get a good view of Dan. Sure enough, we got going, and he seemed to be doing all sorts of things to make the plane fly. After a few minutes in the air, the other pilot up front came back to talk to me.

"Why don't you go sit in my seat for a while," he said. I got up and moved forward and slipped into the right front seat. Lots of displays with inscrutable symbols faced me along with the flight controls. I was scared to touch anything.

"So what do you think?" Dan asked.

"This is amazing. Why don't you have your hands on the controls?"

"The autopilot is on."

Dan explained the various controls and displays. I only understood about a quarter of what he was saying. He asked if I wanted to fly the plane a bit. "I'll crash the thing," I admitted.

"No, it's not hard at this point. Just make very gentle movements."

I put my hands on the controls, and Dan just told me to make a gentle turn. I turned the wheel a bit, nothing, a bit more, and then I saw the plane was indeed turning in that direction. I turned it the other way. It was following my instructions. I put things back in the middle.

"OK, that's enough for today," I announced. Dan took over and turned the autopilot back on. I sat up front marveling at the whole concept. After a while, Dan suggested I resume my seat in the back. I traded with the other pilot, and a few minutes later we were on the ground.

On the ride home from the airport, Dan asked if I wanted to get lunch somewhere. I told him I was still stuffed from breakfast, and besides, I was going to need to work out heavily to counter all this food. He suggested we might do that when we got home.

We returned to the apartment, and after greeting Amy, Dan announced that he indeed wanted to get some exercise. He headed off to his room to change. "I wish I had something suitable to work out in," I opined. "I could use it."

Amy smiled and motioned me to follow her. We went into my room, and she opened up a drawer and extracted a sports bra, a running skirt, socks, and then went to the closet and pulled out a pair of exercise shoes. Damn, Dan thinks of everything, I thought. After Amy left, I pulled off my dress and shucked out of the diaper and put on the exercise clothes.

I made my way to Dan's little gym and found him on a rowing machine. He was shirtless and wearing a pair of small nylon shorts. Absolutely, fabulous looking. I said so. He stopped rowing and eyed me.

"You look good yourself."

"As I said, you have excellent taste in woman's clothes."

He smiled and resumed rowing. I got on a stationary bike. It was fancier than the ones in the University gym, but I punched some buttons to get into a spin program and set to work.

After a bit, we were both sweating, and Dan got up and went to a small refrigerator and returned with a towel and a bottle of water for me.

I stopped pedaling and took them, "Thanks."

"We're pretty sweaty," he said. "Perhaps we should go shower."

"Sounds like we might get some more exercise if we do that," I said.

He smiled and threw his towel over his shoulder and let me towards my room. I kicked off my shoes and started to lift my bra off. "Let me do that," he said. I stopped and allowed him. He carefully lifted it up over my head, and then slid the skirt down. I slipped his shorts off, and we stepped into the shower. We each took a bar of soap and started lathering each other up. It didn't take long for us to launch into some very soapy sex.

Eventually, we rinsed off and then stepped out and toweled off. Dan led me to the changing table and had me in a diaper quickly. I got up and pushed him down and reciprocated. Looking at the two of us in the mirror. "Aren't we a pair of babies," I said. Dan reached over and hugged me with a large smile.

"Now what would you like to do?"

"No offense, Dan, but I really need to get some things done at home before work tomorrow."

"I want you to consider this your home," he said.

"OK, but I still have some of my life over at the apartment. I need to do some stuff there."

"OK, I'll have Tom take you."

I got dressed and kissed Dan goodbye and let Tom return me to the real world.

I got back to the apartment and Rachel was immediately on me with questions. "Where have you been all weekend?"

"With Danny, I told you that," I explained.

"I called, and you never answered," she said.

"I left my phone at Dan's. We went to Disneyland."

"Disneyland?"

"When Dan found out I had never been, he insisted on taking me," I explained.

So, she demanded I tell her about the trip. I gave her an edited version. I told her about flying down there, about going on the rides, about dinner at club33. I left out the part about our rather juvenile outfits and the fact we spent all weekend wearing diapers. I showed her the necklace.

"Are you sure you're not getting too involved with him?" Rachel asked.

"I'm plenty involved, but why should that be a problem?"

"You don't know anything about him!"

"I interviewed him for your darn paper. I know he's one of the richest men in the world. I know he's taken a liking to me."

Rachel looked exasperated. She went to the table and came back with a clipping. It appeared to be from one of those supermarket tabloids. The headline stabbed me in the gut. "Dan Gold Made Me A Baby." The article was short, but it detailed some woman's allegations that Dan had brought her back to his place and tried to play sex games with her with a diaper.

"You don't know what he could do," Rachel chided. I stood there with my mouth open. Not knowing what to say. Rachel looked at me sternly for a second and then her face broke into one of concern.

"Oh...my...God...Did you two...?" she started to ask, but she knew from my expression what the answer was.

## Chapter 14

"I can't talk about it. I'm going to bed," I said, dismissing further inquiries. I climbed into bed and thought "Crap." What was I going to do now? I was partly embarrassed over being caught playing sex games, partly ashamed, partly upset that some other woman had been his sex toy before.

I finally got to sleep, and the alarm came early the next morning. At least I'd be able to dive into my job and take my mind off things. I got to work and found lots of activity going on in the lab. Bill, the IT guy, came up to me. "Good morning, Dr. Silver. We'll have all the hardware installed and ready for the software guys to start testing this afternoon."

I smiled. "It's Cleo, Bill. And I'm not a doctor."

"Force of habit. Better to call someone doctor when it doesn't apply than to not use it when it does."

"You guys move fast. I didn't even think you'd have placed the order for this stuff yet."

"Corporate philosophy. Once you researchers figure out what you want, we're not going to delay your work."

I smiled. I liked this attitude. I got to my office, and there were messages. The first was scheduling wanting to know when we were going to want them to start bringing in the lab subjects. Another was a call from legal wanting to speak to me. Ugh. I was developing Dr. Z's distaste for the attorneys. I had given them all the details of the experiment and gone over the consent agreement twice already. I picked up the phone and dialed the number.

"Ah yes, Ms. Silver. I just need to confirm a few things with you." It was always a few things. She glanced at the time. This might take all morning. "I got most of the information I need from HR, but I just want to confirm your full name as Cleopatra S. Silver. What does the S stand for?"

"Sara, it's my grandmother's name," Cleo responded.

"And this is the only name you've used, no maiden name or such."

"Nope, what's all this about? You don't need this for the consent forms, do you?"

"Oh no, that's handled by someone else. I'm preparing the provisional patent application. We need this in place before you start bringing in people from outside the company."

"Why do you need my info?"

"You're one of the inventors, aren't you?"

I better check on that I thought to myself. I finished up with him and dug through my email. There were half a dozen messages about the status of various aspects of the experiment. After getting caught up, I wandered over to Dr. Z's desk and rapped my fingers on the door frame to get his attention. When he looked up, I gave him a rundown of the project status.

“It looks like we should be able to start running subjects next Monday if all the tests go well,” I said.

“Excellent, Cleo. You’ve really sped this thing along for me.”

“The support staff here helps by not wasting any time. One more thing. Legal called and said something about me being an inventor on the patent.”

“Well, you are, along with me.”

“I’ve not invented anything. I’ve only been here a week.”

Tony dug around on his desk. I’d gotten used to his heap filing system. It would take a minute, but he’d eventually find what he was looking for. He extracted the document and flipped a few pages and handed it to me. “Claims 18 and 19. Those were your ideas.”

“I was just making a suggestion.”

“And good ones they were. You were very insightful. The patent will look good on your resume. There’s not really any money in it. You signed your rights over to the company when you hired on here.”

I remembered signing the intellectual property agreement at HR the first day. I was beaming, however. Me, a patent holder, I thought. Just amazing. I went down to the cafeteria for lunch, and my phone jiggled.

“Just wanted to let you know I had a great time last weekend, too.” It was Danny.

I pouted. I was going to have to talk to him at some point, but I needed to get to work.

That evening I worked late and went home dead tired. The next day I launched into my work again. A noon time text appeared again. “Thinking of you.”

Wednesday had the lab set up, ready to run experiments. I set myself up as a subject and started the tests. Everything seemed to be working well on the first run. I had things reset, and I started again, this time trying to screw things up, failing to follow the instructions, etc.. Still the software took it in stride. After several runs, I only had a couple of notes, and I shot off an email to the programmers to have those corrected.

I told Tony that Monday was a go, and told scheduling to start setting up the subjects. My phone jingled. “Are you ignoring me? Did I do something wrong?”

I had better answer. I texted back. “No, not you. Just incredibly busy at the job this week.”

“Would like to see you,” came the response.

“Just been tired. Made it home in time to crawl into bed.”

“Feel free to come home here and crawl into bed. Wake me if you want, any time.”

The programmers came in with a new version, and I spent the next hours running myself through the experiment. Dr. Z ran himself through several times. We ordered pizza and continued through dinner.

"I think it's good," Tony said. "Go home and get some sleep."

I got out to my car and started the engine. I turned out of the parking lot. I paused for a second and then turned towards Gold's place. I parked and got into the elevator, using my key card to head for the penthouse. I looked at my watch. It was nearly 2 AM. I let myself into a dark and quiet apartment. I padded quietly over to my room and closed the door before turning on the light. I went over and found the nightie I wore the first night I was here and put that on.

I was inclined just to get between the satin sheets of the princess bed and deal with Dan in the morning, but he had told me I could wake him. I left my room and walked down the hall. I opened the door to the nursery and found no one there. I continued down the hall. I knew where the exercise room, the office, the kitchen was. There were just a few places I'd not explored yet. I tried the door just past the nursery.

It was a rather masculine bedroom though there were touches of boyhood. A few stuffed animals. A few balls. And there in the middle of the bed, sleeping soundly was Dan. I quietly slid between the sheets and moved to curl up next to him. He was naked. Or so I thought until I put a hand below his waist. He was wearing a diaper.

I pulled my hand back but then figured, why not and put it back. He certainly wore a diaper enough when he was playing with me. He stirred a bit. "Cleo?"

"Yes, let's sleep. We can talk in the morning." I snuggled tight, and we drifted off to sleep.

The next morning I awoke still snuggled. Eventually, he started to stir. I put my hand on his crotch. The diaper had the doughy consistency that I had learned meant that it was wet. He opened his eyes and gazed at me emptily for a few seconds and then with recognition, the soft eyes returned.

"Glad you came," he said. He rolled towards me and kissed me long and soft. His hands worked their way down my back and then under the nightie to the panty.

"I'll be right back," I said. "I'm not wearing a diaper." I had noticed his room appeared to be a mirror image of mine. I pushed into the bathroom and proceeded to the door where the toilet was. I tried to open it but it wouldn't budge. Now I had some urgency. I had to go. I went back to the bedroom.

"I can't get your bathroom door open."

"It's locked. I don't have the key. Amy does."

I was confused, but the urgency caused me to think fast. "I'll be right back." I headed out into the hall and down to my room and into my unlocked toilet room. When I had finished, I returned to Dan's room. He was in the bathroom taping up a new diaper. He answered the question before I asked it.

“The door is locked, so I won’t be tempted to use the toilet. Not that I am these days, I’ve been wearing diapers for a long time.”

I thought about this. In the time we spent together, he was either commando or wearing a diaper. I had indeed never seen him in underwear. It began to sink in. He didn’t wear traditional underwear. I thought about the locked door. I started to ask the next question, but he answered again.

“I’ve not used a toilet in a long time. I’m diapered 24/7 and do everything in the diapers.”

“You were commando a few times,” I mentioned.

“I ditched out of them for your benefit,” he said.

“In the exercise room...”

“Those were special lined shorts. Essentially a plastic panty inside them.”

I thought of more questions. I had obviously seen him with a wet diaper but... “Do you poop in them?”

He nodded, looking a bit embarrassed. “I did right after you left the room. That’s why I was cleaning up when you came back in. I didn’t think you’d be attracted right now to a poopy diaper.”

He had that right. I shuddered at the idea of this. “I’ve got something else we need to talk about.” I went and found my purse and came back with the clipping Rachel had and handed it to him. He winced.

“How many sex babies have you had here?”

He again looked embarrassed. “You’d be number six.”

I was taken aback. I sat down on a chair and tried to collect my thoughts.

“But you’re different from the rest,” he said.

Was I, I thought. Or was I just the babe of the month.

“I mean that. We’ve gone far more personal than I have ever gone.”

I thought about that for a minute. More questions flooded into my head. “Why?”

“I’m sort of messed up sexually. You did your research. You knew when I was 15 I went to live with my aunt.”

I had read something about that in my research on him. I nodded.

“The reason was my mother was abusing me. Part of that abuse was putting me in diapers and treating me like a baby.”

I blinked. “It was pretty bad even when I was smaller. As I started through puberty, it got stranger. Here I was with someone who I loved, who was supposed to love me and to subject me to this humiliation. It toyed with my psyche and my raging teen boy hormones. Hell, she even breastfed me. I was just getting to the point where looking at women’s breasts were starting to interest me and here she was putting her nipple in my mouth.”

“That must have been confusing.”

“Yes. Eventually, it got found out in the family. It was kept quiet, but I was sent to live with Aunt Beth. I didn’t have to wear diapers anymore, but somehow it was locked into my sexual identity. After a few years, I started putting diapers on myself. My sexual relationships were hampered because I would think of diapers and being babied throughout.”

I sat and thought about this. It made sense. Of course, it didn’t explain why I was getting so aroused by much of this. I figured it had to do with the powerful sexual effect it had on him and that was radiating into me.

“We have another problem,” I said. Dan looked concerned. “Rachel guessed that we were playing baby games. I didn’t tell her anything, but I felt bad cutting her off. She is my best friend.”

“Do you trust her?” he said. “I mean, would she keep what you told her a secret.”

I thought about this a bit. While she would have no particular obligation to Dan, she wouldn’t do anything to embarrass or hurt me. I told Gold this.

“Well, as long as you don’t think it will end up in the tabloids, or the University newspaper, you can talk to her about us.”

I breathed a sigh of relief and leaned over and kissed him. He put his arms around me and kissed back.

“Now, shall we get Amy to make us some breakfast or do you want some ‘exercise’ first.”

I opted for the exercise.

“By the way, you’re the first woman that’s ever spent the night in my bed, so you are special.”

## Chapter 15

Amy prepared us her fabulous breakfast, and I went into the shower and got ready for my day. As I emerged from the shower, I found a dress laid out for me. A nice teal fit and flare number. Dan certainly did have taste. Sitting on top of it was a diaper.

“Wear this today if you dare. Think of me when you feel it. –Danny.”

I smiled. A dare, eh? OK, you're on Danny boy. I put the diaper one and got dressed the rest of the way. I spun around in the mirror. The dress nicely hid any sign of the diaper. I headed out to face the day.

Danny stopped me as I left. "I have a present for the big time researcher." He held up a lovely attache case. A trim, feminine number.

"It's beautiful," I said.

Dan held it horizontal with one hand and flipped open the case. "There's a spare diaper for you in this zippered compartment," he said running his finger along the zipper.

"Thanks," I said. Danny patted my rear.

"I see you've taken the dare. Have fun with it."

I got in my car and drove to work. Everything was bustling in the lab as we readied ourselves for the first subjects to arrive the next week. "Provided the tests work out," Tony started. "We'll be meeting with product development to work on the developing commercial products based on the research. Then you'll see our how our pure research hits the real world."

I nodded. Indeed, this was fascinating. I'd not really given any thought to how Cognito was actually going to be able to make money based on what we had done, but I guess with the patent and all, it would.

Near lunch time, I had to pee. I wasn't ready to wet myself in front of my colleagues yet. I made my way to the bathroom and thankfully it was otherwise empty. I got in the stall and carefully untapped the diaper and sat down. Dan said he never used the toilet. I don't know if I could ever go that far, but wearing diapers was somewhat of a thrill to me.

I went back to my desk and sat down. I squeezed my thighs together and felt the bulk of the diaper. I'd continue to do this throughout the afternoon. Dan was right. I was thinking about him when I did it. With things well in hand in the lab, I was finally going to leave on time for the first time this week. A quick visit to the ladies room and I could be on my way home. I stood up and then paused. Oh, why not. I just wet the diaper. I picked up my attache case and headed out to my car. The weight of the now saturated diaper swelled between my legs and tugged at my hips. More memories of Dan.

I got home and let myself in. I did a quick check, but Dan wasn't to be found. I swung into the kitchen and found Amy. She was stirring something in a pot on the stove.

"That smells wonderful," I said.

"Thank you. It's tonight's dinner. Mr. Gold said he'd be home a little after six."

"Good, that was the question I was going to ask."

"Would you like me to change that diaper?" Amy asked.

I was dumbfounded. How did she know I needed a diaper change? She answered without being asked. "I've worked for Mr. Gold for many years. I can tell these things. Don't worry; nobody else would have noticed."

Well, that was good. I guess I didn't need to become suddenly self-conscious about that. But this brought up another question. "Do you change Mr. Gold's diaper?"

Amy smiled. "Yes, at times."

Hmm...I thought. I decided to change myself. It was one thing for Dan to change me while we had sex play, but I'm not sure I wanted to expose myself to Amy. It was only slightly disturbing that she knew when I needed a change, but to have her actually do it. Not ready for that.

Sure enough at 6:05 Dan walked through the door. I bounced up and kissed him. "How was your day, dear?" I asked.

"Fine, just fine. Looking at some new acquisitions. How was yours?"

Amy appeared with two glasses of white wine, almost on cue and Dan and I headed out on the terrace and sat down in the chaises. I told him about what was going on at work and about me being included on the patent.

"I knew you were a bright girl," he said.

"How long has Amy been changing your diapers?" I asked.

Dan smiled. "You figured that out."

"She offered to change mine tonight."

"Ah, so you did make use of the diaper. Very nice."

"Just as I was leaving the office. Stop changing the subject."

"I didn't hire her for that. I hired her primarily to cook and keep the place clean. I, of course, had to tell her about there being certain things she was going to encounter, diapers, baby clothes, and the like and she took it in stride. She's just very matter of fact about everything. Very efficient. One day she walked in on me while I was changing and she just took over and did it. I let her do it when I'm tired. Don't worry; there's nothing between us. If you haven't noticed, she's very devoted to Tom."

I tried to be reassured. A few minutes later Amy announced that dinner was ready. It was fabulous as usual. I suggested we pass on the wine with dinner and get some exercise time in afterward and then we could relax with a drink."

"Exercise... or exercise," Dan asked.

"First one," I said. "And then if you play your cards right, the other later."

"I'm an excellent card player," Dan said with a smile.

## Chapter 16

I headed over to Dan's after work. I entered the apartment to find Dan in the kitchen wearing an apron.

"Amy asked for the day off. I figured we could go out, but then figured I could grill some steaks for us."

"That sounds great," I said. "I'm starved."

"First, let's get you into something more comfortable."

He led me into my room, and as I removed my dress and panties, he returned with my wardrobe for the evening. He had me on the bed, and I looked intently in his eyes.

"I thought you were hungry," he said.

"I am, in more ways than one." He quickly put the apron to the side and took off his pants. He shucked out of the diaper he was wearing and climbed on me. It satiated my first hunger for the evening.

He retrieved a diaper for himself and quickly taped it on. He then set to work on me. "This will be a new experience for you." He was pinning a cloth diaper around me. It was thicker than anything I'd yet worn but nice and soft. He pulled a pair of plastic panties over the top with ruffles on the rear. He topped it off with a short frilly dress.

He went to put his pants back on, and I snatched them. "Nope, I want some eye candy, too." I handed him his apron and told him he could wear that. He smiled and put the apron back on. He went back out into the kitchen and grabbed the steaks and brought them to the outdoor kitchen and through them on the already hot grill. He then hastened back into the kitchen and brought out on subsequent trips, salad, some baked potato, and a bottle of wine. Each time I watched his diapered butt as he walked back in.

The last trip he was pushing a high chair out. I knew who that was for. I sat down in it, and he replaced the tray and put a bib around me. He decanted the wine into a baby bottle and presented it to me. I smiled and took a long draw on the bottle.

I continued to watch his diapered rear as he continued to tend to the steaks. He took them off the grill and started preparing the plates. I noticed he was spending a lot of time on that step but realized what was going on when he placed the plate in front of me. All of my food had been pre-cut into bite-sized pieces. I looked for a fork or some indication he was going to feed me.

"You eat yours while daddy has his." I got it. I was to use my fingers.

"OK, but if you're not cooking, you need to take the apron off," Dan smiled and complied and sat there in just his diaper. I picked up a piece of meat and placed it into my mouth. "Yum!" I said. I took another draw on the bottle and watched his mostly bare physique as I placed bite after bite in my mouth.

The salad was a little messier to eat with my fingers, but I managed. After finishing, Dan came over and attacked my face and hands with a wet cloth and got me clean. He let me out of the chair, and we went to relax on the chaise lounges.

"You'd have me in diapers 24/7 if you could?" I asked him knowing the answer.

"You know I would," Dan replied.

"I'm not sure I'm ready for that. I could manage being diapered anytime we're in your apartment."

"I want you to think of it as 'our apartment,'" he replied.

"Ok, I'll try that." I shook my bottle at Dan, it now being empty. He took it and refilled it for me. Soon everything worked through me, and I wet the diaper which did an amazing job of soaking it all up. After talking and finishing another bottle, I looked at Dan's diaper and noticed it sagging.

"It looks like we could both use a change," I said. He led me to the nursery and removed my plastic pants and diaper. I clawed his off and drew him towards me. "Let's get a little exercise."

## Chapter 17

We were just wrapping up the last of our subject runs at work. I had dumped all our raw data into the analysis software I had been preparing. Hopefully, this will yield the results Dr. Z was expecting. It looked good to me so far.

I headed out to my car. I turned the key and was met with a pathetic groan. Come on baby, don't do this to me. I tried again. More groaning, no starting. I waited and tried again. No luck. I didn't know what to do, but I fished out my phone and hit the button.

"Hi, Cleo. On your way over?" Dan asked

"Well, I would be, but my car won't start. I'm still at Cognito."

"No problem, I'll send Tom over to get you." There was a pause, and he came back, "He's on his way. How's the day going other than that?" he said, now making small talk.

"Great, finished up our experiment. Now we need to crunch the numbers and write the report," I said.

"Excellent, we should go to dinner to celebrate. Amy's off again today."

"Sounds good to me," I said, meaning dinner, not Amy being off. I hoped there was nothing wrong. All through this I had the growing need to use the bathroom. I didn't want to go inside lest I miss Tom's arrival. I held it the best I could.

The black limousine rolled up, and I told Danny that Tom was there, and I'd see him in a bit. Tom let me into the car. "Don't worry about a thing, Miss Silver. I'll come back and arrange for your car to be taken to the shop."

"Thanks, Tom." I settled in the rear seat still having to pee badly. I thought about asking him to wait while I went back into the building but another idea entered my mind.

"Tom, is there a spare diaper in the car somewhere?" I asked.

"In that center cabinet, Miss Silver."

"Thanks, Tom."

He pulled away from the curb, and I opened the cabinet to find the diaper. I grabbed it and laid down on the seat. I slid my panties off and got the diaper taped on me. A few glances forward and noted Tom being discreet as usual even know he must have known what I was doing. I made sure my dress was back in place and sat up. A few seconds later, I had relief.

We pulled up to the building, and Tom opened the door and let me out. I used my key to let myself into the apartment. Dan greeted me at the door with a hug and a kiss and a pat on the rear, yielding a smile when he discovered I was diapered.

"I've got to change. What should I wear tonight?"

"It's casual, what you have on is OK."

"OK, but I need a change," I said, emphasizing the last word. He led me to the nursery and took care of me.

We were soon back in the limo and on our way. After a minute, Dan reached into the seat and extracted something. My panties.

"I changed into the diaper on the way home," I said sheepishly.

Dan smiled and placed the panties in his pocket.

Dinner was a fine country Italian place. Wonderful wine as well. I was really beginning to get an appreciation for the finer things. It was also nice having grown-up time with Dan. Other than the fact we were both wearing diapers, it was a normal adult evening.

"I don't know what I'm going to do about my car," I said.

"Tom will take care of it. You can take one of mine to work tomorrow," he said.

I thought about it and smiled. "Can I have the Mercedes convertible?"

"It's yours," he said immediately, and then a thought occurred to him. "Of course, I'd hate anything to happen to the seats."

I smiled, "OK, I'll wear a diaper to work tomorrow." I looked around to see if anybody was paying attention to our conversation, but it appeared not.

"Do you have plans for the weekend?" he asked.

"Not yet."

"How about a little role playing road trip," he suggested. I didn't know what that entailed, but he'd been so nice about the car I figured I should play along.

"Sure."

That night we slept in Dan's "big boy" bed. We had sex and then diapered each other for sleep.

The next morning, I got up and went into my bathroom and used the toilet and showered. I put on a diaper and selected a dress for the day and came out to the living room. Amy was buzzing around and presented me with a mug of coffee.

"Thanks, Amy," I said. "I missed you the last few days. I hope you're OK."

"Thank you, Miss Sliver. I'm fine. Better than fine, even."

We had breakfast and then I got the keys to the Mercedes and kissed Danny goodbye. He lifted the hem on my skirt to reveal the diaper.

"Just checking," he said with a smile.

All that day I sat at my desk and worked on the data. Dr. Z called me, and I walked towards his office. The presence of the diaper between my legs was apparent to me. I thought about Dan checking me that morning with a smile.

Dr. Z looked at my preliminary summary of the data. "Excellent, it looks like we have good results here." I agreed. "Can you make a first draft of the paper. It looks like if we get it done quickly, JNP has space for it in the next issue."

"Sure, Tony, whatever you need." I went back to my desk and started ghostwriting the paper. Of course, it was Tony's research so it would have his name on it. I was glad to help him. I'd love to see it in the journal. I knew that it had to go out to peer review first, however.

Lunchtime I grabbed a salad and brought it back to my desk. I continued to work on the paper. I had to pee, but I now had no reason to get up. I wet my diaper and continued working. I'd finished by the end of the day, and with great satisfaction, I emailed it off to Dr. Z before heading back to Dan's place.

I arrived back at the apartment to see a few bags sitting by the door. Our luggage for the weekend I supposed. Tom appeared and carried it away. I found Dan in his office.

"Hi, Cleo," he said jumping up. "Ready for our road trip?"

"I need a change," I said. "I've been wet since right after lunch."

Dan smiled and led me to the nursery and started to change me. I made a grab for his belt, but he swatted me away. "Later, we need to get on the road." Dan led me down to a Porsche Cayenne SUV. He set me in the passenger seat and then got behind the wheel. We headed south down the highway. Soon we were on the coast road, and the views were fabulous.

We pulled into a restaurant and were seated on the deck. We had a tremendous lobster dinner while imbibing Champagne and watching the sunset. This was the start of a great weekend.

"What did you mean by role play?" I asked.

Dan smiled. "We're going to pretend somewhat that we are people we are not. Just play along, it should be exciting."

After dinner, we drove a short bit further and checked into a hotel suite. We quickly got out of our clothes and then tore into each other's diapers for some ferocious sex.

I was awoken the next morning by a knock. Dan quickly got a robe around his diapered form and went to the door. I heard him talking and then the door close. "You can come out. Breakfast is served."

I wandered out wearing just a diaper. Dan smiled. "Love the outfit."

I tugged the belt of his robe. "You too," I told him. He shrugged off the robe, and we sat down for breakfast. After breakfast, he sent me to shower. Once inside the bathroom, I made careful use of the toilet. Dan would likely keep me in diapers all day, and I wanted to make sure I'd pooped.

As I emerged from my shower, Dan had clothes laid out on the bed for me. He held out the panties I had left in his car the other evening.

"No diaper?" I said with a surprise.

"Not just yet," he said with a smile.

He then handed me a bra, and I put that on. Next was a sleeveless top. Emblazoned across the front of it was "BHS."

"BHS?" I said puzzled.

"My old alma mater. Bellingham High School."

He handed me a pleated skirt. "I look like a high school cheerleader."

"That's the idea. Were you one?"

"No, didn't even try out."

“You’d have made a great one,” he said. He handed me a pair of the cheerleader briefs and I pulled them up over my panties. He brushed my hair; something nobody had done since my mother had, and pulled it into two ponytails and tied them with ribbons that matched the uniform colors. I looked in the mirror. Sure enough, I did look like I could pass for a high school student.

“Let’s go,” he said.

## Chapter 18

We got in the car and drove and came to a small city. I didn’t really catch where we were. We drove through the town and soon parked in front of business: Ace Medical Supply. Dan turned to me, “Just play along. You’re my teenage daughter, and you don’t know what is about to happen.” The latter I was sure of.

We entered the store and made our way to the counter. Me being a few steps behind Dan and acting somewhat oblivious taking a look around at all the things in the store.

“May I help you?” a woman addressed Dan.

“Yes, I called yesterday, My name is Richard Green,” he stated. OK, he's someone he was not. He was Green, not gold. I was wondering what my name was.

“Ah yes, I remember. And this is your daughter.”

“Yes, Tiffany, come here,” he called to me. Tiffany, eh? Not a bad name for a cheerleader, I thought.

“So this is the naughty little girl,” the clerk said, smirking. “Come this way; I have the samples we talked about.” We moved to the end of the counter, and the clerk set several diapers on the counter. She started explaining the features of each. I just stood there listening. “I’m sure one of these will be suitable for your daughter. You know you’re not the first parent we’ve had a call about diaper discipline.”

My eyes opened wide. Diaper discipline. Oh, my God. I got it. I said it again out loud, “Oh my God.” What now. “I don’t wanna wear diapers,” came out of my mouth.

Dan turned to me with the ice blue eyes I had not seen since our first encounter. “But you are going to wear them. I’ve had enough with your immature behavior.”

My heart was now racing. Why. This was just a game. I’d already been wearing diapers. But for some reason, I was flushing red with embarrassment. Dan continued to discuss diapers with the clerk. How absorbent? How often would I need changes? Could they be used for number two? My head was swimming.

“I think the thickest is probably the best. I know they’re primarily for night time, but she needs to be reminded that she is diapered. And besides, I suspect she’ll want to go without changing at school.”

Was he going to send me to school in a diaper? I looked shocked. Wait a second; I'm not in school.

"Do you have a place we could try these on?" he asked her.

"Sure we have a fitting room back here," the clerk led the way. I was laid down on a bench in the fitting room, and the clerk lifted my skirt. I pulled it back down in protest.

"Now, now, little girl. Don't make this any harder than it needs to be," she said in cooing tones at me. I put my hands down and let her lift the skirt again. The cheer briefs came off and then my panties. I was actually getting ready to cry. I closed my eyes tight. The diaper was fitted. It indeed was a thick one. "There," the clerk said.

I glanced over at Dan. He was staring intently at me. My heart was still pounding. Here, I had been wearing diapers for weeks, but it was just Dan and me. Now here was a stranger putting a diaper on me. I stood up and caught his wry trace of a smile.

The clerk raised my skirt again and showed off how well things fit. Dan made his approval. She held out the cheer briefs for me to step into and I pulled them up. We returned to the store proper.

"So would you like to make a purchase?"

"Yes, we'll take a case," Dan said handing over a credit card.

"Very good, Mr. Green," she said. She laid my panties down on the counter along with the charge slip.

"Oh, you can throw those in the trash. She won't be needing them anymore."

"Daddy," I whined.

"Little girl, you need to get used to the fact that you're going to be wearing diapers until college."

I started to tear up again. This time, I didn't try to stop it. "Daddy!" I cried tears coming down my cheeks.

He took me by the hand. I looked back at the clerk, and she was smiling and nodding her approval. Sadist.

We got into the car and headed down the road. "How'd I do?" I ask.

## Chapter 19

"Excellent," Dan said with a smile. "The tears were fabulous."

"I have to admit they were real. The whole thing was rather emotional for me."

"You didn't like it?"

"It was scary and strange, but somewhat exciting."

“It was for me, too. Though I wasn’t the real subject of the situation.”

“Good, one more for today.”

“After lunch?” I asked being rather hungry at this point.

“It is lunch,” he said.

We returned to the hotel, and I got out of the cheerleader outfit. I retained the diaper, and Dan handed me a new outfit. It was a onesie with a short skirt attached. I pulled it on. The skirt didn’t really fully cover the crotch of the outfit making it apparent I was diapered underneath.

“I’m going out in public like this?” I said with trepidation.

“Yes,” he smiled. He then started to place something else on me. I looked at it and realized what it was as I had sold them at Babyland. It was a harness and leash. I guess I wasn’t going to be wandering off.

“I’m not sure about this,” I said.

“Try it.”

I nodded. I guess I owed it a try. He led me back out to the car and opened the rear door this time.

“Toddler Tiffany rides in the back.”

I stepped into the car and noticed an oversized child seat. “Oh my,” I said climbing into it. Dan leaned in and fastened the restraints on it. I was snug in my own little cocoon. It actually felt nice. Dan closed the door and went around to the driver’s seat. As he put the car into drive, I wondered where we were going. Dining out with Dan was always an event.

I was extremely surprised when we pulled into the golden arches. I didn’t even know Danny knew what a McDonald’s was. We parked, and Danny came around and released me from the child seat. I could barely move from fear, but I took the first step out of the car.

We crossed the parking lot to the door of the restaurant, Dan with my pink diaper bag slung over his shoulder. A man coming out just stopped and stared at me. I wanted to run back to the car. I turned and took a couple of steps towards the car and felt a tug at my back. Dan was gently pulling on my tether. I turned and followed him inside.

We approached the cashier. “I’ll have a Quarter Pounder meal with a Sprite,” Dan started. “And Tiffie here will have a McNugget Happy Meal with a milk.” The clerk looked at me for the first time at that order and got a big smile on her face. I blushed, and then I wet myself. Gosh, why did that happen? Getting into the role, I guess.

Our food was delivered on a tray, and Dan led me to a table. I guess ‘to go’ wasn’t an option. I took a look around to see if anybody was watching, but the cashiers were dealing with others, and nobody at

the tables seemed to notice my outfit. Dan opened the box for me and slid the McNuggets towards me, and I started to eat.

While I was doing that, Dan pulled a bottle out of the diaper bag and poured the milk into it and slid it across. I finished my nuggets and started on the fries. Dan busied himself eating his burger and fries. I kept looking around to see if anybody was watching.

“Drink your milk, Tiffie.”

I put the nipple to my lips and began to suck. Suddenly I heard giggles. Two small children were standing on the seat a few booths over staring intently at me. My face reddened. Their mother told them to sit down.

“Mommy, that big girl is drinking out of a bottle,” one said. Her mother shushed her. My insides felt like someone had hit me with a cattle prod. I wanted to be out of there. Fortunately, Dan was finishing his meal and collecting the trash. I got up and made my way to the door passing the giggling kids. I moved quickly past them.

“She’s got a baby suit on. She’s wearing a diaper.” I heard them say.

“Be quiet, or I’ll put a diaper on you,” I heard the mother say. That got them to stop.

As I stepped into the sanctuary of the car, I could see the tiny faces pressed to the window of the restaurant watching. I hope they got a good view of the car seat too. Should result in some more questions for their mother.

Safe in the cocoon of the car seat and down the road I said, “Well that was embarrassing.”

“I thought it was fun, but if it bothers you, we don’t do it again.”

“I’m not sure I’m into the humiliation aspects of it.”

“OK, if we do it again, I’ll discuss it with you fully before we go out.”

“Thanks,” I said. “I do like the car seat. I feel so safe.”

I could see a giant grin on Dan’s face and the warm eyes beamed at me. My insides turned to mush again, and with safety and contentment, I flooded my diaper.

## Chapter 20

We got back to the hotel room, and I peeled off the juvenile outfit. I stood there in the sopping diaper and went to work on Dan’s pants. His diaper was profoundly wet as well. I tore it from his body to yield an immense erection. At least he seemed to have enjoyed today well. He lifted me onto the bed and ripped my diaper from me. We got our exercise in.

After a brief rest, he came back and diapered me up and then put one on himself. He looked through the luggage and chose an adult dress for me and then shirt, slacks, and a sport jacket for himself. We drove down to a little waterfront restaurant and had an excellent dinner with some wine. Dan said it was Montrachet (I thought that was cheese).

We walked along the shore after dinner hand in hand. I guess this adult time was to counter the baby time earlier. I enjoyed it even if I was wearing a diaper. We eventually made our way back to the hotel. Dan got undressed and was standing there in his diaper. I did as well. He rummaged into his suitcase and handed me a baby doll top that didn't quite extend over the diaper.

"Do you mind wearing the diaper?" he asked.

"Not too much, and I kind of like it when it leads to bigger things," I said.

"And you don't mind me wearing one?"

"No, not at all. Besides it's convenient access," I said grabbing the diaper and ripping it from his body. He reciprocated, and we headed back to the bed.

The next thing I remembered was I heard knocking. I opened my eyes and realized it was morning. I rolled out of bed. "Can you get that. It will be breakfast."

I walked over to the door, and a woman pushed a wheeled table into the room. Covered with a table cloth, it was set with our breakfast. She handed me a slip, and I signed for the food. She departed with a smile and a "good morning, ma'am." It was then I realized I was standing there in a baby doll with a large diaper showing. Had she noticed? Probably.

Dan got up and in deference to my desires sat eating breakfast in nothing but his diaper. Gosh, he had a great figure.

We finally got showered and dressed in adult clothes. Getting to the car, he asked where I wanted to ride, and I opted for the car seat. As we hit the road, I sat in the comfort of the shell and watched the scenery and mused over the highs and lows of this relationship.

We got to the apartment garage, and Dan let me out of the car seat. Tom was there washing my car.

"Your car's all fixed, Ms. Silver. I just decided to shine it up a bit."

"Thank you very much, Tom. I don't know what I'd do without you. Now I won't have to drive Mr. Gold's car and wear a diaper to work Monday."

"I was only kidding about the seats," Dan said. "You're free to wear panties if you want to take the car."

"I'll still feel better driving my own," I said. "Anyway, I need to go over to my apartment and do some laundry before work tomorrow, so I'll not be staying the night."

Dan made a pouting face at the last part.

## Chapter 21

Monday morning I headed off to work. It was a nice day, and I rolled the windows down and was a little sad I'd not borrowed Dan's convertible again. I got to work and had to run some papers up to legal. After doing so, I realized I was standing outside the office of Kent Davis, the CFO, who I had met that night weeks earlier. His door was open, and I tapped on the door frame. "Got a sec?" I asked.

"Ms. Silver. Sure come in," he said gesturing to a chair.

"Cleo," I corrected. "I just wanted to thank you for giving my resume a push in HR after the inner circle dinner."

"No problem. I was glad to do it, and I see it's worked out well for both you and the company."

As we chatted, another man entered the office. Davis looked up. "Bill, I don't know if you've met. This is Ms. Silver. Cleo, this is Bill Porte, founder, and CEO of the company." Bill approached with his hand out.

"Ah, Ms. Silver," he said in a strong voice. "Dr. Z has told me great things about you." I internally beamed.

"Cleo, please," I said. "Very nice to meet you."

I excused myself not wanting to consume any more of the high paid time. I made my way back down to the lab. "Hi, Tony," I called to Dr. Z as I entered.

"Cleo, I have something for you," he said waving me over to his desk. "The journal sent over the proof of the article as it will appear in the magazine. It's still out for peer review, but that's just a formality. Check it over and see if it seems correct."

I took the papers from him. The first thing leaped out at me under the title of the paper. The names Cleopatra Silver and Antonio Zeffirelli appeared. "It has my name on it," I said.

"That's not an error," Tony laughed.

"My name is listed first," I countered.

"You wrote the article, and you were a major contributor to the underlying research. I've been listed as lead author plenty of times for less contribution."

I knew it wasn't an argument I had a chance of winning. "I'll read it over," I said. Again, I internally beamed over the recognition. Being the first author listed on a refereed journal article would look very good on my resume. I read through it and only found minor errors that got lost in the reformatting and fired off an email to the JNP editor with the correction.

My phone buzzed. "I had a wonderful weekend with you." It was Dan.

I texted back: "I did too. Thank you."

“Are you coming over tonight.”

“Sorry, more things to do at home.”

“: (“ Another pouty face from Dan.

I went home, and Rachel grilled me about my weekend, but I deflected it and mentioned what the CEO had told me.

“You’re going places in that company,” Rachel said.

“He was just making pleasantries.”

“Hell, if the CEO knows you by name, you’ve either done something really good or something really bad.”

The next morning it was raining. No need for the convertible, today. I headed to the lab and noticed a difference. Below where “A. Zeffirelli, Ph.D.” had always been on the sign beside the door was now displaying “C. Silver.” Cool, I guess I was now an official part of the company.

Dr. Z called out as I entered. “HR dropped some stuff on your desk.” I headed over to my desk. There was a small box. I opened it and extracted a business card. It was very elegant like the one Kent had given me that night at dinner. “Cleopatra Silver. Principal Researcher,” it read followed by the usual telephone number, address, and email. For some reason, it didn’t sink in.

Under the box was a form. It was a standard personnel change request. It changed Cleopatra Silver’s job title from research assistant to principal researcher and then showed a near doubling of my salary. I sat down hard in my chair. I went back and looked at the card again. “Principal Researcher.” That was why my name was now on the door. I wasn’t some lab monkey, I was on a peer with Dr. Z, now.

Tony was standing at my desk as I continued to stare at the card in my hand.

“I requested your promotion as soon as you finished writing the journal article. It didn’t get approved until Bill could look you in the eye and size you up. It’s a good thing you bumped into him yesterday.”

Just, wow, I thought. “Thanks, Tony.” I didn’t know what else to say.

“You earned it, girl. Now let’s figure out what we’re going to do next.”

We brainstormed and drew diagrams all over the whiteboards in the office and worked out a plan. Before I was just making polite suggestions on how to improve his research; now I was actively working on our new project.

At lunchtime, I got a text.

“Coming over tonight?” from Dan.

“I got promoted to Principal Researcher,” I texted back.

“Come over; we’ll go out to celebrate.”

“Yes, be there around six.”

“: )”

I pulled into the garage right at six and let myself up in the elevator. Dan met me as I entered the apartment with a smile. We gave me a big hug and a long kiss. I kissed him back. There was no person I’d rather celebrate this with.

Amy came out with a tray with champagne flutes. Dan took one and handed it to me and took one for himself. Tom followed Amy, and took another. “To the newest research scientist at Cognito,” Dan toasted holding up his glass. The rest raised their glasses, and I mumbled thanks. I took a sip. It didn’t take me knowing much about wine to recognize that this was excellent champagne. Tom and Dan were drinking theirs, and Amy just set hers down. I guess she didn’t drink?

Dan handed me a small box. “A present in recognition of your new status.” I opened it up. There was a very lovely leather case. I shook the contents out. It was the key for the Mercedes. “We can’t have someone as important as you driving the unreliable clunker of a car.”

I was about to protest, but I knew it would do no good. I ran forward and hugged Dan. He whispered in my ear, “They’re your seats now. Pee on them if you want.”

Tom announced that the limousine had arrived.

“Where are we going?” I asked.

“Yountville. The French Laundry.”

“You need to get your shirts done?”

“It’s one of the best restaurants in the world and with one of the best wine lists,” Dan boasted.

“Tom’s not driving us?”

“It’s an hour drive, and if we use a hired limousine, we’re allowed to continue with the bubbly on the way.”

“Excellent.”

We were escorted to the hired limo and got in the back. Dan poured us another glass as we headed out of the city. I babbled about my day and about all the things going on at Cognito as we made our way through Napa. We arrived at the restaurant and were seated.

“It’s another tasting menu. Just go with the flow.”

A Chablis was poured which was excellent. Early courses were oysters with caviar, an orange and kohlrabi salad, the turbot.

“What are these little greens?” I asked Dan.

“Pea tendrils.”

“Amazing,” I said. Next was artichokes and abalone. We switched to a Cote-Rotie, and next came pheasant and lamb. Last was port wine and cheese and chocolates.

“This is the best food I ever had,” I said.

“I told you,” he said. “By the way, do you have plans for Saturday?”

“No, I’m open,” I said wondering if we had more role-playing in the store.

“I’ve got something I want to show you.”

## Chapter 22

Friday night I spent the night at Dan’s so we could make an early start in the morning. Just before bed I looked at my phone and saw a message from Rachel. I opened it and found a copy of a news article. “Gold Industries rumored to make a play for Cognito.” Was Dan buying my company? When did that start? I’d have to confront him at some point.

Saturday morning came around, and Dan dressed me in a balloon sunsuit, diapered of course. He was wearing a pair of shortalls with a shirt with a bear on the sleeve. We went down to the car with Tom and Amy. Amy helped me into my car seat, and I saw Tom helping Dan into his. Tom got behind the wheel and drove us out of the town.

The roads got rural in a hurry and then we turned off onto a gravel road. After a slight climb a hill, Tom stopped the limousine and came and let me out and then attended to Dan. We walked up the hill a bit more and came to a blanket set up with a picnic lunch. We plopped down on the blanket and Dan unwrapped a sandwich and handed it to me.

“Mmm...PBJ,” I said.

“Another one of Amy’s specialties,” Dan said. I gazed down into the meadow from our vantage point.

“What is this place?”

“Just some land I bought. I liked the view and thought I might build a house here and give up living in the city.”

I gazed down at the lovely view. “How much do you own?”

“All the way from the top of the hill to the road we came in on. I’m just starting to work with an architect to come up with the plans.”

I was amazed. Then I had to ask, “Will there be a nursery in it?”

He smiled, "Two."

"Two?"

"One for us to play in, and one for legitimate babies. You may want to have some in the future. And in the meantime, Amy and Tom are expecting."

It then hit me. This is why Amy was taking time off and why she didn't drink any of the champagne.

"When is she due?"

"Not for eight months, she just found out."

We continued to eat and talk about the house and drink cold milk from bottles. Finally, I screwed up my courage to confront Dan.

"Rachel sent me a story that rumors you're buying Cognito."

He signed and admitted, "I am."

I started to darken. Was my success at Cognito something he had bought rather than my own merit? It had come rather quickly; still, I thought I did do a bang up job for Tony. "Were you going to tell me about this?"

"Eventually, it's in the very early stages. I don't know how this leaked out."

"Don't you think you're in my life enough? I drive your car. I practically live in your apartment. You're making plans to have babies with me." My blood was boiling. "Did you bribe Cognito into promoting me? Did you bribe them to hire me?"

"Cleo, it's not like that. I did not meddle in the affairs of Cognito either for your benefit or anybody else. You've just been gushing about how great the place was, and I did some research and found it would be a good investment."

I was still steaming. "You've got my entire life worked out, don't you? I play baby girl to you and then have babies of my own. What are you going to do then?"

Dan held up his hands. "It's not like that, Cleo. I love you, and I want you in my life."

"You want to control my life!" I was screaming. Dan got very quiet, and I stood and started pacing. Then I looked, and he was staring abjectly at a small box. Oh, my God. This was going to be a proposal.

"I guess this isn't the time to bring this up," he said putting the box back in his pocket.

"No it isn't," I snapped. I came to the realization I hadn't pooped that morning, and now I had to go badly. "I need a bathroom."

Dan gestured around. "There's not one out here. You'll have to use your diaper."

“No!” I shouted. Dan was standing now. “I’ll find a tree to go behind,” I said looking around.

Dan put his arms around me. “Please, Cleo. Please calm down.”

“I don’t want to calm down,” I said. Trying to pull away from him. Suddenly, it was too late. A large amount of feces escaped from me rear into the diaper. Yuck. Could this day get any worse? I started to cry, and I pulled away from Dan. “I want to go home!” I cried heading off in the general direction of the car. Dan followed me.

Tom was holding the rear door open as I go there. “If you don’t mind, Tom. I’m going to ride up front with you.” I opened the front door and plopped into the passenger seat. My rear landed in the pile of my own poop, and I felt it gush all over. Crap, here I am sitting in my own shit.

Tom put a resigned Dan into his car seat and then got behind the wheel. We drove back to the city in silence. As soon as the car pulled into the parking space, I was out and on the elevator. Tom was still releasing Dan from the rear seat when the doors closed. I continued to cry as I let myself into the apartment.

Amy met me at the door. “You poor thing,” she said placing an arm around me. “Come, let’s get you cleaned up. She led me to my bathroom, and I laid down gingerly on the table as she got me out of the suit and peeled the diaper from me. She efficiently got all the poop off of me. “Would you like a shower?”

“I just want to get out of here,” I said. “I don’t want to talk to him now. Does Tom still have my old car?” I asked.

“I think so,” Amy said. She picked up the phone and called Tom. “Come,” she said. She gave me a pair of panties and an adult dress and guided me out of the room.

“Cleo,” Dan pleaded, but Amy held up her hand and took me to the elevator. We got down to the garage, and Tom was there with my car running and ready to go.

“Please drive carefully,” Amy said as I got in the car and allowed Tom to close the door for me. With tears in my eyes, I left the building to go home and hope Rachel was there to give a shoulder to cry on.

## Chapter 23

I managed to hold it together until I got back to my place. Rachel took one look at me and said “What’s wrong?” and I lost it. I cried on her shoulder for ten minutes before I could start relating the events of the day.

“You’re better off without him. He just wants to buy you like he buys everything else he wants. Nobody says no to him. Nothing but a spoiled kid,” Rachel explained. I tried to convince myself that she was right. I went to bed.

The next day I looked at my phone. There was a message from Dan. “I’m sorry. Please come back.” I erased it.

Monday morning I decided to just put Mr. Dan Gold out of my mind and concentrate on my work. I might have been promoted because of his influence, and maybe he'd use that influence to get me fired, but damned if I wasn't going to try. Tony and I spent the day working out the details of our next project.

Lunch time came a text. "Please come home. You don't need to wear diapers."

Home, I mused. His home, not mine. Mine was with Rachel right now. I deleted the message, silenced the phone, and stuffed it in my purse. No more texts from Mr. Gold today. I left work late and swung through the drive-thru at McD's and got a Big Mac meal. Supersized. Comfort food.

Tuesday, I had to run up to legal, and I thought about doing some intelligence of my own. I caught Kent in his office. "How's the Gold Enterprises acquisition of the company going?" I asked.

Kent looked like someone had shot him point blank. "Nobody's supposed to know about that."

"It was in the financial wires," I said.

"That's just a rumor."

"Dan Gold confirmed it."

"He did?"

"Well, he did when I asked him, Saturday."

"You know Dan Gold?" he asked.

"Intimately," I said. He looked sincerely surprised. He motioned for me to sit down, and picked up the phone. A few minutes later Bill Porte walked in.

"Miss Silver appears to know our suitor pretty well," Kent explained.

"What can you tell us about him," Bill asked.

Well. Either they were playing this really well, or they didn't know anything about Dan and me prior. I guess this was my chance to get back at Dan. But what could I tell them that would harm him. I really didn't know much.

"I saw the rumor in the financial wires, and I asked him point blank. He just said he heard the company was going places and was a good investment."

"Did you tell him anything, internal information?" Kent asked.

"Not really. I mean, I told him about the upcoming paper and the patent filing and about my promotion."

“Good, all of those are public knowledge. Anything about the product development or future research.”

“No, sir.”

“OK, don’t talk to him or anybody about that at this point.”

“I understand. I doubt I’ll be seeing Mr. Gold again right away. We had sort of a falling out.”

“That’s too bad,” Bill said sincerely. “But I guess we couldn’t really ask you to play spy for us.”

I got back to work. That evening I got home, and there were flowers, roses, no balloons or teddy bears. Very adult. The card read, “I love you. Please come back.”

I stared at the card for a good long time. I love you. I sat down holding it. I love you, too. Rachel came in shouting.

“I can’t believe that scum. Does he think he can buy you with a bunch of roses that are nothing more than chump change to him!”

“The roses won’t do it,” I admitted. “You can have them, or throw them out.” I kept the card.

The week went on, and I worked, ate, slept. I ignored any of Dan’s further attempts to communicate. Besides, I didn’t want to be in the position of having to worry about Cognito vs. Gold corporate issues. Still, when I went to bed, I took the card out of my wallet and set it on the nightstand, propped up against the clock.

## Chapter 24

A week later, Rachel dropped her iPad on my lap as I sat picking at a salad I was having for dinner. It was open to the Wall Street Journal. Headline: Gold Ent agrees to buy Cognito. It was done. I now worked for Dan.

The next day I went to work, and nothing changed. There was a buzz about the acquisition, but otherwise, nothing changed. A day later, Bill Porte made a corporate-wide announcement about the merger. He expected good things. Gold Enterprises rarely interfered with their acquisitions, and it opened up some access to their resources that could help Cognito. I hoped that was the case.

Porte went on to say that he had enjoyed bringing the company from his garage to the powerhouse it was today, but as he was getting older, he was going to, as part of the acquisition, retire. He emphasized it was his choice, not that he was being pushed out by Gold. He’d stay long enough to see the company through the transition and to find a replacement. There were sad sounds from the employees at this announcement. He did state that he intended to be available for consultation on a time-permitting basis, but he had plans for his retirement.

Tony and I talked as we walked back to the lab. "So are you going to apply for Bill's job?" I asked him.

"Don't be ridiculous. I'm not qualified. I'm your typical absent-minded professor. I don't know anything about running things. Besides. I wouldn't want it, even if they offered it."

I was getting ready to write up the development plan for our next project and remembered I'd downloaded some articles on a memory stick. I looked through my desk and couldn't find it. I dug through my purse. I came across the card. I love you. I sat staring at it and then I remembered. The stick was in the attache that Dan had given me, and I had left it in the office in his apartment. I really hadn't used it much other than to carry a spare diaper in.

"I've got to go out for a couple of hours," I told Tony. He waved goodbye without looking up from his desk. I got in my car and drove over to Dan's place. I let myself in and headed to the office.

"Oh, Miss Silver. You're back!" I heard Amy say behind me.

"I'm just getting something I left behind," I said opening the case and holding up the memory stick.

"That's too bad. Mr. Gold will be disappointed he missed you."

"I guess he would," I said with a touch of snideness in my voice. I immediately felt bad. I didn't mean to take things out on Amy. She'd been nothing but nice to me. She even ran interference for me when I was avoiding Dan.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to snap at you. I never got to say congratulations. I hear you're expecting."

Amy smiled. "Yes, Tony and I have been thinking about this for a long time."

"I guess, it will be hard taking care of two babies," I said referring to Dan and hers.

"It is my joy in life." Not a trace of humor, sarcasm, or reservation in her life.

"You really like working for Dan," I said semi-rhetorically.

"Oh yes, Dan has always treated Tony and me like family. When you know him, it's impossible not to like him."

"I was afraid he would be a spoiled brat, expecting to get whatever he wanted."

"Not at all. Come, Cleo," she said using my name for the first time. "Let me make us some tea, and we'll talk." We went into the kitchen, and Amy explained the history of how she came into Mr. Gold's employ.

"You do understand he wasn't born rich. He had a very hard childhood. He made himself after he fled his abusive parents. Alas, he couldn't undo all the damage they caused."

I had heard the story from Dan, but it was a bit sugar coated the way he presented it. It was rougher than I thought. Amy explained his need for playing baby and playing daddy.

“Understand, Cleo, you have been good for him. He spends more time at home in the adult mode than usual. You’re different. Normally, all he does is put his little girls into baby mode. He has a relationship with you that goes beyond that.”

We continued to talk for an hour. Amy looked at her watch at one point. “He’ll be home soon. If you don’t want to see him, you should go now. I hope you’ll stay.”

I got an idea. “Amy, I’m going, but I’ll be back. Dan says you have the key to the toilet room in his bathroom.” Amy nodded. “Can you lock the one in my bedroom the same way?” She nodded again, and the two of us hatched our plan.

## Chapter 25

Friday evening came, and I headed over to Dan’s. I let myself in, and Amy came over and handed me a gift wrapped box. “Here you are, Cleo,” she said. I thanked her and waited for Dan to arrive. Twenty minutes later Dan walked through the door. He dumped the leather diaper bag on the floor and shuffled into the living room and then saw me.

“Cleo!” he said with a big grin and came towards me. I held a hand up.

“Not so fast,” I said, deflecting his embrace. “First, I have something for you.” I handed over the small box.

He took it looking rather unsure like maybe it contained a “Dear John” letter or something and opened it up. He reached in with both hands. In one had he had a pile of my panties. In the other, a key. He looked at me confused.

I reached up under my dress. This was the point of no return. I hooked my thumbs under my panties and pulled them down. I handed them to Dan. “These go with the rest. I won’t be needing them anymore.” He still looked confused. He held up the key with a questioning glance. “That’s the key to my toilet room. I won’t be needing that anymore, either. You can hold on to it or give it to Amy for safe keeping with yours.”

His face beamed with recognition of what I was saying. The soft eyes hit me, and I got mushy inside. “Are you sure?” he asked.

“As sure as I’ve ever been,” I replied.

“Just a second,” he said. He disappeared into his bedroom and came back with two items. “Let me get you into something before you pee on the hardwood,” he said laying me on the sofa. I hiked up my dress. Dan got down on his knees and carefully placed the diaper on me. I stood up, now secure and shook my dress back into position.

Dan stayed on his knees and took the second item. A small box he opened for my examination. A ring. The largest marquise-cut diamond I’d ever seen. “I was going to ask you this at the picnic. Cleo, will you marry me?”

I turned to mush. I peed. I just stood there with that look on my face as the warm liquid flooded the diaper. Dan sensed what was happening and placed a hand up my skirt and felt the diaper. "Is that a yes?" he said.

"Yes," I confirmed. Amy and Tom appeared. Amy was carrying champagne flutes and Tom distributed them to Dan and me and kept one for himself.

"To Dan and Cleo," Amy announced holding up her glass. Tom made confirmatory words, and we all took sips of our champagne. I looked at Amy quizzically.

"Mine's just soda," she said.

I raised my glass, "To Tom and Amy and their future child. My new extended family." Dan smiled and raised his looking at each of them.

"Thank you, Miss Silver," Tom said.

"I'm going to have to insist you call me Cleo," I told him.

"Yes, Miss...I mean yes, Cleo."

"Let's all go out to dinner to celebrate," Dan said. "Tom, I hope you won't mind driving."

"Not at all, sir."

Dan was talking into his phone. "Gold, party of four. Eight? Fine."

We went out and had an excellent dinner. Amy told her husband to go ahead and try the wine. She couldn't drink, and she'd be happy driving home. Another fine dinner.

That evening we went into the bedroom and got undressed and clawed each other's diapers off and had many repetitions of exercise. When we were fully exhausted, Dan got up and got two diapers and took care of getting them on us.

The next morning I tossed on a robe and went out and grabbed two mugs of coffee and brought them back to the bedroom. I walked over to Dan's side of the bed and handed him one. I drank mine taking a look out the window.

"You know, I'm going to miss the views from this place when we build the house," I said.

"Well, we can keep it as a Pied a Terre for the times we are in the city, and we don't want to make it all the way home."

"That's a possibility," I said. I finished my coffee and my usual morning routine struck. I set the cup down and pushed slightly. A large load pushed out into the diaper. I looked over at Dan, and he was smiling like a little kid.

"Let me clean you up," he volunteered, and I let him.

## Epilog

I kept wearing diapers all the time. Pooping in them became easier for me, though I still was careful of the situation I did it. But at times, I did end up having to sit in the mess for a time to get to a change. I took security in my diaper, and happy the delight that my wearing them caused Dan.

Things were busy. I was working hard at work and then making plans for the wedding and meeting with architects and interior decorators on the house. It was like having three full-time jobs, but Dan was always there for me.

As Amy's pregnancy progressed, we insisted she take it easier. Dan wanted to hire additional help, but Amy wouldn't hear of it. Tony helped out a lot, and even I did, trying my hand at gourmet cooking, though I was never as good as Amy. Dan and I did do some time exploring the baby food section of the grocery looking for things to eat on our own. It was fun.

Eventually, we did hire a cook/nanny. Amy had her baby, a little boy. Our wedding day and move in day for the house were rapidly approaching.

I informed Tony that Dan and I were going to Europe for our honeymoon as I'd never seen Paris. He commented he wished he could go. I told him I'd work double hard when I got back. He smiled at me with a look I couldn't quite understand.

The next day, Kent asked me to stop by his office. As I arrived, Bill Porte entered as well, and the door was closed behind us. "Are you intending to continue working here after you get married?" Kent asked.

So that was what this was about. "Yes, I'm not one to sit home and do nothing, even if I had the means to do that. Besides, NP is my great love."

"Good, that's what we wanted to hear. It makes our planning a lot easier."

"I'm sure Dr. Z could always find another assistant," I joked.

"He may well have to," Kent said. "We've searched through the skill sets of everybody internal to the company and even did a discrete search for external candidates. We've come up with only one answer."

"One answer to what?" I asked.

"Bill's replacement."

"What answer is that?"

"You."

"Me?"

Bill spoke. "You have the organizational skills to get things done. You went beyond just running Dr. Z's lab. You tied together everything in the lab and legal and IT. Plus you have a strong knowledge of NP as referenced by your several journal articles and patents. You can do my job. I have no doubt."

I just stared at them. Were they serious? They were serious.

"I've floated it quietly with much of the board," Bill said. "What remains is the chairman, and maybe you can help with that."

Of course, Dan was the chairman.

"I'll have to think about it," I said. I returned to the lab.

"Do I work for you now?" Tony asked me.

"No. I'm not sure I can do this."

"You can. You have all the skills. I told Bill and Kent that they'd be stupid not to offer it to you."

On the drive home, I thought it over. They were right; I could organize things. And as I said, NP was my life.

Over dinner with Dan, he asked of my day. "I was talking to the senior guys at the company about Bill's replacement."

"Good. I've meant to ask your opinion on that. Bill's been gracious hanging around, but we really need to let him get to his retirement. Have they found someone?"

"Yes. Me."

Dan took that in for a second and then beamed. "That's an excellent idea. I'm surprised I didn't think of it. I'm surprised they didn't mention this before."

"They asked me to bring it to the attention of the chairman of the board. Apparently, the rest of the board approves."

"Well, the good thing is that the president's office does have its own bathroom, though some modifications may need to be made."

This was reassuring to me. I'd been self-conscious about changing my diaper at work. I'd done it, but more often than not I'd gone out somewhere at lunch and used an outside bathroom.

"One thing," he said. "What name are they going to put on the door?"

I thought about it for a brief time but answered. "Cleopatra Gold."

We made the move into the new house about a week before the wedding. Amy had her new baby playing in nursery number two, but most of the time they were in their own wing of the new house.

The wedding day came, and Amy helped me into my gown. I put on one of the most absorbent diapers. People joke about bridal diapers, but they definitely are a convenience with as elaborate of a dress as this one was. My parents came into town, and my father walked me down the aisle. Rachel was maid of honor, and Amy headed up my attendants. Tony was best man.

Before I knew it, Dan was kissing me, and we were making our way out to the limousine. It was odd that Tom wasn't driving us, but they were following in another. The reception featured the finest wines and food. It went on for hours. We finally made our way back to the house.

Dan led me into the bedroom and laid out on the bed were two beautiful satin baby outfits in our sizes. "It looks like Amy has been busy," Dan said. We got into fresh diapers and helped each other into our suits. We headed out into the house proper, and Amy beckoned us from nursery number one.

We followed her inside, and she led us to the sofa. "This is my special gift to you. Tom suggested it." She undid her blouse. I got all soft over what she was offering. I allowed her to guide me to her nipple and started to suck. Soon I was getting a taste of the warm, sweet milk. After a short time, I pulled back. "Thank you, Amy. More than I can say."

Dan got his turn and when finished thanked Amy and told her to thank Tom, too.

"It is the least we could do. You've always been so good to us, treating us like family. We wanted to make your wedding night special."

"That's a gift that is beyond comparison," Dan said.

"I'll let you have your privacy now." She left and closed the nursery door. Dan and I crawled into the crib.

The next morning Tony drove us to the airport, straight to the waiting private jet. We took our seats and were presented more champagne. Dan picked up a Wall Street Journal from the table as he sipped.

"I'll never get used to traveling another way," I said. "I'm glad you have this resource."

Dan smiled. "You have it, too. It's ours. And besides, it's not uncommon for corporate CEOs to travel this way." He refolded the paper to show an article and handed it to me.

"Cognito names CEO" was the heading and I read "Cognito promoted one of their principal researchers to the President and CEO to replace retiring founder William Porte. Porte says that Ms. Gold has distinguished herself not only with her knowledge of Neuropsychology but her ability to implement programs across all departments of the company." The article also noted that Ms. Gold was recently married to Chairman Daniel Gold.

I smiled. "When do we get to Paris?"

"We're going to need to stop on the way. I though grabbing some lobster in Maine might be nice. We can continue on tomorrow morning."

“Sounds great,” I said. There was a chime, and the “fasten seatbelts” light went out. “Good, I need a change.”

“Me too,” Dan said, and we went off to the berth in the rear of the plane to do so. Of course, since we were on the bed, one thing led to another.

“I guess this makes us official members of the mile high club,” Dan said. “I’ve owned the plane for four years and never have done this.”

“You open great horizons for me. I’m glad I can do this for you.”

A day later we were in Paris. I was all screwed up with the time zones and napped most of the afternoon. We dressed and headed out to see the sites. I had seen a few things in passing as we headed into the hotel. Now we strolled out to a restaurant, Une Fromagerie, a cheese place. We had cheeses and meats and wines. It was fabulous tasting all the little different things France had to offer.

After dinner, we decided to walk off the calories. We headed a few blocks down to the Seine and walked along the river. We crossed over to the Ile de la Cite past Notre Dame and then on to the other side of the Seine, La Rive Gauche as they called it. I thought we were just wandering aimlessly when Dan led me into a bar, Zero de Contuite.

We got a table, and the cocktail menu was presented to us. My French was pretty limited to what I had in high school, but I could identify the ingredients. “I think I’ll have a Roger Rabbit,” I said.

Dan handed me a small white board. “This is how you order,” he said. He took one for himself and started to draw on it. A second later he turned it to me. Not a bad rendition of Shrek, I thought. I took mine and managed to get some long ears and a rabbit face. It looked more like Bugs Bunny to me, but I figured it would be good enough. We showed our pictures to the waitress, and soon she returned with two baby bottles. I looked at Dan with surprise.

“This is how they serve them here,” he said taking a swig from his nipple. I happily took a draw from mine.

“I see there’s method to your madness,” I commented.

“You wanted to see Paris. I couldn’t think of a more appropriate place to go here.”

“Louie,” I said trying my best Humphry Bogart impression. “I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.”

--The End--









he road.

“How’d I do?” I asked.