

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

# TALES FROM THE NURSERY

*VOLUME 3*

COLIN MILTON

*RENOWNED ABDL FICTION AUTHOR*

*Tales From The Nursery*

# Tales From The Nursery

*Volume 3*

By Colin Milton

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## *Tales From The Nursery*

The Fulltime, Permanent Adult Infant  
Sissy Babies: the ultimate submissive  
Tales From The Nursery



**About the Author:**

Colin Milton is a UK based author of Adult Baby, Female Domination and Domestic Discipline fiction as well as non-fiction.

His journey began in early teens and, suspecting only he had these feelings, kept them hidden away. As AB's became gradually more known, Colin turned to writing as a means of expressing the needs of the baby boy he felt himself to be. After a chance meeting with a dominant lady who encouraged him to accept the 'Forever Newborn' inside, Colin began writing in earnest.

**THIS VOLUME CONTAINS:**

Becoming Mummy's Baby

Lured into Babyhood

The Dominated Baby

The Case of the Curious Invitation



# ***Foreword***



**W**ords, sentences, paragraphs, chapters and novels. We are all familiar with them and yet they contain so much that we can scarcely understand the import.

Writing and reading stories about Adult Babies is more than simply a kink or a fetish or a hobby. If you've ever wondered why so many ABs write down their detailed stories or even novels, then you need to fully enter the world that adult babies inhabit every day of their lives.

Adult Babies are a hybrid. Part functioning adult, part hidden baby. The ratio of adult to child varies, but the fact does not. ABs live with the 'child inside' less of a metaphorical statement and more of an empirical fact. They are both objectively real and the challenges of living as both can be difficult, confusing and at times, overwhelming. The struggles can seem endless.

Enter the world of literature.

Since time immemorial, we have engaged the art of literature to take us to other countries, other times, other planets and to enjoy a period of time separate from the often humdrum nature of our regular existence. For minutes or hours or even days, we can put our reality aside and enter new and exciting worlds. For the adult baby, it has the parallel experience of re-inventing the truth of what lies inside of each of us. We can enter a world where the truth of our existence can find form and measure, living and breathing as the baby adults we are all of the time.

## *Tales From The Nursery*

Adult Baby fiction reflects who we are as much as it gives us stories of what we want. Is it fantasy? Yes, but a fantasy about who we are, what we genuinely want and the society we wished that would accept us. It is the real-life we wish.

When we read of a dominant woman that regresses and babies us similar to that of a literal infant, our inner child reacts with a *sigh*, a *yes* and a deep longing for it to be real. The very essence of infancy is being parented, cared for and loved with nothing asked for in return.

When we hear of real-life stories of adult babies – male or female – who are living the dream of being part-time babies and part-time adults, fiction takes on an even deeper importance and relevance.

Fiction takes us places we normally cannot go. It imagines that which we otherwise barely can believe. We can be more than the complicated, compromised, adult babies living in a fully adult world. We can be real infants, with no more care than a full tummy and a dry nappy. The playtimes we dream of can be real in the words on a page.

So, if you think of ABDL fiction as simply a story then you undersell it. It is the author's depiction of who *they* wish they were in part or in full. You are entering not just a world created for *your* enjoyment, but a world *they* wish to live in.

It is not mere fantasy. It is the real-life that struggles to be tangible for so many people, but for a small number... is real.

Choose to read as if this is *your* world, *your* truth and *your* hope. For one day, it just might be.

**Michael Bent**

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# Becoming Mummys Baby



## Preface

*If there is one thing that has always frustrated me it is that I have always wanted to be a baby again. Not just to wear nappies or suck on a dummy - even though I do all of those things often. It is to experience more than those external trappings of infancy. I want to experience the full thing – living as if I were a real baby, an actual infant with an actual caring mother.*

*Nappies, of course, but changed by mummy, not me. A dummy in my mouth, but not occasionally, but most of the time. A baby bottle and more than one, prepared and delivered by mummy so that my sole involvement in it is to suck and drink and be nourished.*

*I want to sleep in a cot, but not to sleep alone. I want a mummy that will put me in the cot at the right time and get me out when my nap or sleep was over. A mother that will watch over me and keep me safe as I dream of infancy.*

*I want to play with toys – baby toys – but not play like a baby, but to play as a baby does, genuinely and with the same excitement an infant gets from shaking their rattle.*

*I don't want to have to make decisions about my day: when to change nappies, when to feed, when to nap or... anything at all. My nappies need to be changed when mummy decides they need changing. I want the comfort and security of being held or even being spanked for being naughty.*

*I want to crawl and see my small world from the position of a baby, the baby I truly am.*

*All these things would be true love, the love of a mother for her infant boy.*

*The breast calls to me but not as an erotic object but as an object of infantile craving for the sustenance and the comfort of the maternal breast.*

*The toilet confuses me and I fail to truly understand its purpose when nappies are better. I want mummy to understand that I am not toilet-trained and so when I pee and poo into my nappies, I want her praise, not her admonishment.*

*And finally, I want to get aroused and to ejaculate not as an adult does, but as if I were a child – a baby – responding to a physical need and getting enjoyment from a purely non-sexual act. An adult function and need framed inside a baby's world, devoid of all the icky adult sexuality and placed in the purity of a baby's understanding.*

*I don't want a bedroom. I want a nursery. But mainly, I want the nursery because someone – mummy – views me only as a baby. The adult is gone.*

## **Mummy**

**I**t can be frustrating being a teacher, dealing with students who don't really want to be there or are very unprepared to learn.

"So, what I need you to do next is to open your exercise books to a clean page and put in today's date."

I looked around the classroom at the two dozen or so 17 and 18-year-old students sitting in neat rows, looking to see who didn't have a pen. Amazingly, not one hand was raised to ask to borrow one from me. It was a first

"Okay, I want you to put today's date, Friday 19th June 2020 in the top left corner. Make sure you underline it with a ruler and then put your pens down and look this way."

I was about to start a lesson on the analysis of an English Literature text with them. It was, I thought, likely to be a long hour or so. With any luck, one or two might, perhaps, maybe, learn something.

As they began writing their dates, I felt a repeated vibration from my mobile phone, which was in my trouser pocket. I had been expecting an important call so I quickly answered it.

"Hello?" I said calmly, expecting to hear an old friend's voice. Instead, there was simply silence. I turned my head slightly, automatically thinking that the signal wasn't very good. "Hello?"

"Hello, baby."

I froze in place. It was my Mistress. My beautiful, wondrous Mistress. Her voice was like silk. Smooth, sensuous and gentle. I was taken by surprise.

I replied with astonishment in my voice.

"Oh, hello."

At that moment I wanted some privacy and to be alone for a few precious moments with the lady I had given myself to as surely as though I had handed her the key to my heart.

I was aware of the gentle tapping of pens being returned to the surfaces of desks and expectant, upturned eyes facing me. I didn't know where to put myself. Everything was turned upside down by two simple words.

"Oh, hello?" she repeated softly. "So, is that how you greet me when I call you now?"

"I'm sorry... er, it's just that I'm in a class and it's a bit difficult to talk," I flustered in response.

I heard what I thought was a slight chuckle in her voice. I am sure it was real.

"So, it would really be a little embarrassing for you to say *Mummy* in front of your students, would it?"

I half-laughed from nervousness but knew where she was going with it.

"A little... er... Yes, it would," I muttered directly into the phone, hoping that my discomfort would not be too obvious to my class or Mistress.

There were a few seconds of silence before she spoke again.

"I think you want to call me 'Mummy' right now, don't you baby?"

She knew me so well.

"Yes, I do, very much."

There was no point in denying it to her.

"Go on then. Say it."

Her tone of voice, still calm and honey-sweet, had an edge that would brook no disobedience from me. I knew it well and dared not disobey her.

"Say *Mummy*. I want to hear my baby boy say *Mummy*. Come on, there's a good boy."

I glanced up at the class and saw some were fidgeting and beginning to talk amongst themselves generating a small amount of background noise. I turned away from them, putting my mouth as close as I could to the mouthpiece of the phone.

"Mummy..."

I half spoke, half-whispered. I enunciated it as she had taught me to, as though I were a very small child speaking its first words. I heard her giggle at the end of the phone.

"Oh, that's precious! I do like to think of you standing in front of a lot of teenage girls and letting them hear you call me Mummy!"

I felt myself blushing as I listened to her and realised that several of the girls were watching me closely.

"Are there some pretty girls in the class, baby?"

I listened intently, knowing that she wanted to tease me to erection in a difficult environment. I quickly went to my chair and sat down, hiding my growing excitement behind my desk. I could hardly bring myself to look up at the class, knowing I was probably already flushed at what I was hearing.

"It Might be nice if I arranged a babysitter for you one night when I go out, huh? Perhaps one of the pretty girls in your class would enjoy looking after a big baby?"

I went along with the one-sided conversation as best I could, agreeing vaguely so as not to look as humiliated as I felt.



"Look at the prettiest girl there Snookums and imagine her giving you your bottle and then getting you into your sleepsuit and putting you into your cot. Are you looking at her, baby?"

I was.

I always strove to do precisely what she told me.

"I'm sure she would love to know how her big, strong teacher was really just the tiniest baby boy there ever was inside. What do you think?"

"Er, I'm not so sure."

I could hear the nervousness in my own voice.

"I wonder if the girls have noticed that you're wearing nappies and plastic pants these days?" she laughed.

"I don't think -"

She interrupted me.

"You *are* wearing your nappy and pants, aren't you baby? You know what Mummy said!"

Her tone was suddenly sharp.

I swallowed hard. "Yes, I am."

Mummy had instructed me two weeks previously that she wanted me to be in nappies and pants at all times. Even at work and particularly overnight.

"Good boy" she added. "And do you have your dummy with you too?"

I patted my pocket and felt the smooth plastic edges of the mouth plate.

"Yes, I do."

The class noise was rising a little, but I was happy to let it go as it meant that I didn't feel quite so vulnerable to being overheard.

"Clever boy," she paused. "I want you to take a photo showing you in your nappy and pants and another with your dummy in your mouth. You'll send it to me in the next 20 minutes. I'll check the sending time and it had better be before two o'clock. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I do, Mummy."

The word was out of my mouth before I realised that my conversation may have been overheard. I glanced up quickly in a slight panic and noticed Samantha, a pretty blonde with long hair staring directly at me. I looked away quickly, like a dog that had been caught misbehaving.

*'If I don't look at her...she won't have heard me say, Mummy.'* I stupidly reasoned.

"Well, I'll look forward to getting those. I'll print them out and put them with some of your other baby photos! We'll soon have quite an album, won't we?"

I mumbled my agreement.

"Anyway, that wasn't why I was calling you. You're obviously a very clever little one using a mobile phone at your age, so I think you deserve a reward."

My heart jumped for joy. Knowing that she was pleased with me, for whatever reason made me happy.

"After work today, I want you to get into your car and come to Mummy for lots of cuddles and niceness. You've been such a good little baby and I think it's only right that we have some Mummy and baby bonding time don't you?"

I felt giddy at the thought. *'Cuddles and niceness'. Yes, please!*

"That would be fantastic. Thank you!"

"Jolly good!" she said. "That's settled then. You don't need to bring anything. Mummy has all your baby things here and I'll take care of everything. You just get here safely for five o'clock."

"Yes, I will. Thank you. I'll see you at five o'clock."

"Yes, little one, you will. Don't forget to send me those two photos! If they don't arrive then Mummy will spank!"

"I'll do that straight away."

"There's a good boy. Mummy see you soon. Oh, and by the way, I expect that baby will have a wet nappy when you arrive. Bye-bye!"

Her words were spoken as though she were talking to a newborn baby, but her tone made me melt and increased my lust for her as well as my desire to submit to her every whim and whatever humiliation she saw fit to impose on me.

"Bye-bye," I said quietly as I heard a click, ending the call.

I looked up at the class who were, in the main, looking at me expectantly once more. Samantha seemed to be staring directly at me and I wondered what she was thinking. There wasn't time to dwell on that however, I had to get them started with their work and I needed to take two photos and send them to Mistress.

Still sitting behind my desk in case my slowly easing erection was visible, I said, "I'd like everyone to look through Chapter 5 please and jot down a few notes on the author's use of language and imagery referring directly to the main character. I'll give you five minutes to do that and we'll go round the class when I get back. I've got to make a quick personal call. I'll only be two or three minutes."

As I spoke, I stood up and began to walk towards the classroom door. Samantha's cheeky grin caught my eye as I approached her.

"Going to ring Mummy, sir?" she grinned.

I returned her smile but kept walking in case I showed any embarrassment. I walked quickly down the stairs and headed for the male staff toilet. Thankfully, it was empty.

I bolted the door behind me and unfastened my belt. After taking my phone from my pocket, I eased the waistband down over the nursery print plastic pants which covered my disposable nappy. My entire backside seemed to expand in all directions when removed from the confines of my work trousers. I wasn't wet yet, but I knew that Mistress would be cross if my nappy was not heavy and wet when she undressed me. I wanted to wet there and then but didn't want to run the risk of any telltale leaks in front of my students.

I positioned my phone as best as I could to allow me to take a picture of my nappy and pants. It took several attempts before I had a picture that I thought would be acceptable. Once I had achieved that, I took my dummy from my pocket and put it into my mouth. I began sucking immediately and eagerly on the rubber teat.

As I write this now, I realise how foolish all of this may sound, but I was besotted with Mistress and wanted to please her more than anything in the world. When she had told me a few weeks ago that it would amuse her if I wore a nappy and plastic pants to work, I saw it as a way of pleasing her. Her insistence that I carry a baby's dummy with me at all times - *'in case you get a little bit upset'* - was accepted by me in the same way. I was immensely flattered to think that she had spent her valuable time thinking of how she could infantilise me more effectively, even when she was not there.

I lined up the camera phone lens so that it was pointing directly at my face, clearly showing the infant pacifier clenched between my lips. Pressing the shutter, my thoughts turned to sending the images to her immediately. I still had over ten minutes before my deadline passed but wanted to be certain that they were sent in good time in the event of any unforeseen delay.

I scrolled through the list of names in my Contacts list and stopped at 'Miss T'. It was my weak attempt at disguising that this was the number for my Mistress. I would have preferred to have had her listed as Mummy but worried that someone else may inadvertently see the contact list and ask potentially embarrassing questions. So, 'Miss T' it was.

Taking extra care to make sure I was sending the images to her, I pressed Send. The confirmation of the recipient's name on the small screen made me feel easier.

I closed my phone, placed it back into my pocket and hurriedly pulled my trousers back up over my nappy and pants. I tucked my shirt securely over the nursery print pants and tightened my belt once more. It occurred to me, as I glanced down, that it seemed obvious to me that my bottom looked bulkier than it should on an adult. No one had ever commented though and I accepted that my awareness of it was due to the fact that I knew I was in a nappy.

*Okay. Check zip is fastened, belt fastened, tie neat. Great all good. Now to get back to the class and hope they hadn't been too noisy while I had been out.*

As I released the door bolt, I rubbed my nose and my heart jumped as I realised that I was still sucking contentedly on my dummy. I quickly removed it from my mouth and popped it deep into my trouser pocket, smiling with relief that I hadn't walked into the classroom still suckling the rubber nipple. That would have made Samantha smile!

The class were fine when I returned. They were reasonably engaged with the task and I soon picked up the main points with them and proceeded with the lesson. The clock seemed to be moving slowly. I kept glancing around at it, wishing the minutes away until finally, 3:30 approached.

"Okay, everyone. Let's get packed away so we can get away on time!" I said, hoping they would do it with some sense of urgency.

Thankfully, everything was cleared away in time and for once, I was more pleased than they were to hear the end of the afternoon bell. Grabbing my jacket, I stepped out into the corridor, joining a swiftly moving river of students all heading for their exit door. I had to go in the opposite direction towards the staff car park located at the rear of the building. I remember thinking that this must be how a salmon must feel, swimming against the prevailing current. After a few minutes, the stream of students subsided and I headed for my car.

Mistress lived around an hour away from where I worked, but I knew that traffic on Friday afternoons could be unpredictable and I was hoping that there would be no hold-ups. Mistress didn't like tardiness in any shape or form and I didn't want to potentially spoil any time with her before it had even begun.

I called at a nearby off-licence to buy her a bottle of champagne as a small gift. The champagne had become something of a tradition between us. A bottle of 'Mumm' champagne for Mummy. I had even taken to adding a childishly scrawled letter 'Y' onto the label.

Once I was on the journey, my mind focused on her, just as she wanted it to be. I was driving on automatic, simply wanting to be with her for however long she deigned to have me with her.

The traffic wasn't too bad and I pulled up on her driveway at 4:50 p.m., knowing that it would not be good form to knock on her door any earlier than the designated time of five o'clock. Mistress had taught me the importance of punctuality for a little boy and I was not going to contradict that lesson.

As I sat in the car, I could feel my heart beating quickly. It felt as though its beating was so powerful that it must be visible through my shirt. Suddenly I remembered her instruction that I should arrive in a wet nappy. I looked at my watch. Almost five to five! I closed my eyes and concentrated and thankfully was quickly able to begin wetting the nappy. I had held it in all day and so the feeling of release was very satisfying as I felt the warmth of my urine being quickly absorbed by the bulk of the nappy between my legs.

As I relaxed to savour the sensation, I opened my eyes to see Mistress standing at her living room window, gazing at me with a gentle smile on her face. She looked, as she always did, divine. Her shoulder-length dark hair was immaculate and her lipstick a deep, ruby red. She wore a sophisticated black dress, cut to show off her wonderful figure.

Her smile broadened as she saw my flustered reaction as I realised she was watching me. I nervously smiled back at her. She raised her right hand and crooked her index finger, beckoning me to her. Her eyes didn't leave mine for an instant. I fumbled to remove the car keys from the ignition and glanced back to the living room window. She had already gone.

I didn't want to keep her waiting so quickly opened the car door and stepped out. As I did so, I became acutely aware of the weight of my now sodden nappy. Some of the weight was supported by the plastic pants I was wearing but it felt as though the majority of the weight was being held up by the crotch of my trousers which suddenly felt very low. I walked to the front door of the house,

conscious that I was trying to compensate for this new bulk. It felt instantly as though I was waddling rather than striding out confidently as an adult. Of course, I realised later that this was exactly the reason why Mistress wanted me to arrive with a wet nappy. What could be more appropriate than someone, as submissive as an infant, coming to Mummy needing to be changed into a clean, dry nappy?

I tapped gently on the door, hoping it would open quickly. It didn't. I glanced around me, feeling that my sagging crotch would be visible to anyone within a three-mile radius. I knocked again and thankfully, this time the door opened.

"Well, hello!" Mistress exclaimed to no one in particular. "Who have we here?" She was grinning mischievously. "Oh, it's a little one!"

She opened the door wider and appraised me, looking me up and down. I simply wanted to get inside.

"Would you like to come in, little one?" I nodded quickly. "Come on then!" she said with enthusiasm. "Come inside and you can tell me all about your day at big school with the boys and girls!"

She held out her hand and I eagerly took it.

"Come on! Mind the big step!" I looked at her and smiled. In an instant, I had become her little boy once more and I couldn't have been happier.

She squeezed my hand as she guided me into the oak floored hallway and closed the door.

I held out the bottle of 'Mummy' champagne that I had bought earlier and she turned the bottle in her hand, examining the label to see if I had added the now customary 'Y' to it. Her smile broadened when she saw that I had done it.



"Good boy! Your scribbling is coming along nicely, although I think next time you will have to do it in baby crayon don't you? I don't think a little rugrat like you should be having sharp pens that you could hurt yourself with do you?"

I started to say, "No, perhaps -"

She looked at me and firmly but lovingly put a finger on my lips.

"No big boy words now. You're not here to be a big boy."

I savoured the briefest touch of the flesh of her finger. The adult male wanted to kiss it, the little child within me wanted merely to suck on it. It was though, withdrawn as quickly as it had been given.

"Not a sound," she whispered. I nodded gently to show my understanding. "I think that you should put your thumb in your mouth for now. That will keep you nice and quiet and it amuses me to see you like that. Come on. Thumb in mouth, baby."

I raised my left thumb to my mouth, placed it between my lips and began to suck. I didn't feel embarrassed, it felt like a natural thing for me to do now. Mistress smiled and held out her hand, taking my right hand in hers.

"Come on then. Let's see what we've got through here for you."

She pulled me gently after her into the living room.

As I entered, I saw a living room which looked modern and tidy - a room for a family perhaps with a small child. Towards the back of the room was a child's playpen and, on the floor between two large sofas was a brightly coloured play mat. I knew though that these things hadn't been placed there for a baby. They were there for me.

"Let me look at you," Mistress said, positioning me in the centre of the room. I looked at her as she studied me. I sucked my thumb harder, wishing that she would simply cuddle me.

Mistress was beautiful, always immaculately dressed, her makeup subtle but striking. She was one of those women who, if you saw her in the street, would cause you to look again because she was simply so beautiful and elegant. As an adult, I would never have had the confidence to even speak to her, believing that I simply was not good enough for her. However, first as my Mistress and now as my Mummy and owner, I felt I had found my true place in her life. I felt as though I was totally hers and she was able to do with me whatever she wished. As a woman, she was unattainable to me and I knew that from the moment I saw her. As her little boy, her baby, I was more intimate with her than I could ever have dreamed possible. I adored her as an infant adores its mother. Totally.

"Don't you look silly?"

I hung my head, thinking I had done something wrong. I looked at her from the top of my eyes, anxious for a sign that I hadn't been naughty. Already she had me thinking like her child.

"You look very silly indeed to me. Do you know why, little one?"

I shook my head gently.

"No. Of course, you don't. You don't understand things like 'silly' do you? You're still just learning difficult things, aren't you?"

Her tone was kind but still mocking. "You look silly because you've got clothes on which make you look like a grown-up."

She approached me and stared into my eyes.

"You're wearing a shirt and tie. Silly boy. You're wearing a smart suit. Well, a suit that would look smart on a man but looks

ridiculous on you." She looked down at my feet. "Oh, and lace-up shoes too! Did you get one of the ladies at school to fasten them for you? Or was it one of the girls in your classes?"

She raised her eyes to mine once again. "I think that we need to say bye-bye to these silly clothes baby, don't we?"

She began unfastening my tie and, as it came loose, casually dropped it on the floor at her feet.

"Take your thumb out of your mouth, sweetheart. Mummy needs to take this jacket off you."

I obeyed, taking my thumb out of my mouth. She smiled and then pouted playfully as she eased my arm from the sleeve.

"Oh, but don't worry my little honeybunny. I've got just the thing to replace it! Just try and be brave for a little while and then Mummy see what she can find."

She had quickly and effortlessly moved from Mistress to Mummy. Her whole demeanour as she continued to undress me was gentle and loving. Each item of clothing was discarded without a second thought as though it was a worthless and unnecessary rag.

She removed my shirt and smiled, running her fingers playfully over my chest. A woman running her fingers over a man's chest would normally suggest something sexual but this wasn't. She made a clicking noise with her tongue as her fingers 'walked' over my chest, encouraging me to giggle.

My shoes and socks were next, followed by my trousers. As she unfastened the buckle of my belt, she stared into my eyes again. It was more than that though. She was looking much deeper than that, almost as though she could see inside me. She could read what I was thinking, she could read my thoughts and she could read my soul. With one smart movement, my trousers fell free from my

waist to the floor. Her eyes didn't leave mine for an instant. She was totally calm and in complete control.

After a few seconds, she whispered seductively. "Step out of them, baby boy."

I lifted each foot in turn, pushing my trousers to one side with my feet. I stood in front of her naked apart from a nappy and plastic baby style pants.

She took a step back and looked at me again. She gently shook her head as she did so. She walked around me and I could feel her eyes exploring my body.

"That's better isn't it?" she said. "That's much better. That's the real you, isn't it? Naked but for a nappy and baby pants. But you're still standing up! How can that be? Still in nappies but standing up straight without holding on to anything? I think that you'd better sit on your napped bottom before you fall over and knock your head on the furniture don't you?"

The question wasn't rhetorical.

"On the floor baby. At Mummy's feet."

Unquestioningly, I lowered my self to the floor, crossing my legs.

"No! That is not how a baby sits." Her leather boot connected with my padded bottom. "Splay your legs like a baby."

I hurriedly opened my legs wide, hoping that I would please her.

"Better!" she said and walked to the sofa where she sat down facing me, her leather boots mere inches from my face. She crossed her legs, bringing one closer still.

"Kiss my boot."

I leaned forward and kissed the toe of her boot and returned to my sitting position.

"Kiss my boot again. Six times."

I leaned forward again and began kissing the soft leather, counting each soft kiss.

"On the sixth kiss, keep your lips on my boot and listen carefully."

I felt a little silly holding my lips on her boot but it was only momentary.

"Now lick my boot. Lick it like you were a puppy - a baby puppy, wanting to make his owner happy."

It took no second thought. I began to lick her boot, starting at the toe and moving towards the heel. I hadn't done this before but it felt right that I should be doing this for her as a sign of my submission and as an act of my complete devotion.

Then she raised her boot saying, "Now the heel. Take the heel into your mouth and suckle on it. Show Mummy how well you can suckle on the heel."

Gently, she eased the heel of her boot into my mouth. I felt the hard edges of the tip against my tongue as I instinctively began to lick and suck at it. Within a few seconds, I realised that I was, indeed, suckling on the heel. My tongue pressing rhythmically against the slowly warming leather as though I was hoping to get milk from it. Mummy saw the suckling movement of my chin and began to laugh.

"Oh, such a baby aren't you? As soon as anything goes into your mouth you want to suckle. Such an oral fixation!"

I looked up at her, happy that I was pleasing her by my submission.

"Alright then, that's enough," she said, after a couple of minutes. "Open your mouth." I did so reluctantly.

"Now then," she said. "Lots and lots to do this weekend. I think Mummy had better get you fed first. Come on up here then baby. Cuddle into Mummy and have some din-dins."

Being fed by Mummy was perhaps my favourite moment and my heart jumped at the prospect. As I positioned myself on the sofa, she pulled me into her, making sure my head was comfortably in the crook of her left arm.

"Oh, this nappy is very wet, isn't it baby?" she said patting it gently. Each pat resulting in a firm, dull thud. "Never mind. Mummy will change it after you've had your feed. Lots of babies tend to wet while they're being fed and I'm sure you're no exception. I think it'll still take more wee wee."

She adjusted her body, making sure she was comfortable, cradling me. I looked up adoringly at her as she unfolded a baby bib and tucked it loosely around my neck.

"So when you dribble, it doesn't go all over!" She smiled as she said it.

I watched with growing disbelief as she slowly and silently began to unbutton her blouse. My thoughts began to race. Her smile grew bigger and bigger as she saw my realisation of what was about to happen.

"Yes, baby. Mummy is going to put you to the breast for a while. I think that's the best place for a little one to get their milkie from isn't it?"

As she spoke, she eased the material of her blouse to one side, revealing a white lacy brassiere. My eyes fixed onto her breast while my mind tried to comprehend what was happening. This was the first time that Mistress had allowed me such intimate contact

with her naked body, and it was to be in the role of an infant and not as a man.

She expertly unsnapped a small clip and folded down a flap of white cloth, which had covered her breast. Her nipple looked engorged and larger than I had imagined it to be. I knew my eyes were wide with awe. I felt honoured to be so close to her.

"Now close your eyes little one, I don't want you making another mess in your nappy just yet!"

She laughed at her joke, having clearly noticed my erection, even through the bulk of the nappy.

I closed my eyes, hardly daring to believe what was about to happen. I felt the intimate warmth of her body, the subtle scent of her perfume which I recognised as Chanel No. 5. I could feel and hear her heart beating.

"Now Mummy wants to see how well her little boy can latch on to Mummy's nipple."

I inhaled deeply, savouring each precious second as I felt her tilt my head gently towards her. I felt a slight touch of her warm flesh against brush against my mouth, and my lips parted unconsciously. Another touch and my mouth was wider still, beginning its search for her nipple. Suddenly and firmly, her breast was pushed into my mouth and my tongue quickly found the nipple and began to rhythmically press against it, all the while sucking it deeper into my mouth.

Mummy let out a small gasp of satisfaction as the suction around her teat suddenly increased. She pulled me to her again, her arm pushing my face into her, my mouth further onto her breast. I opened my eyes without thinking. I wanted to see Mummy's face while I fed. She was smiling but breathing quite deeply and evenly.

"Suck hard baby. Suck hard on Mummy's tit. Try and get milk from me. Suck hard!"

I didn't really need encouragement, I felt as though I was in heaven.

I did as I was bidden by her, each movement of my tongue on her nipple more urgent than the previous one. Her nipple grew stiff and hard in my mouth and I sucked as hard as I was able.

"Good boy," she whispered somewhat breathlessly. "You're doing so well. Good boy."

Her encouragement excited and soothed me.

After a few more minutes, I felt her body stiffen and heard her sharp, deep intake of breath. For a few seconds, she froze with her eyes clenched tightly and then she relaxed, exhaling long and hard. I sensed that I should suckle more gently as she moved from her peak.

Mummy opened her eyes slowly and her breathing returned to normal. I remained latched to her breast, still enjoying every moment of contact with her flesh. She began to softly stroke my hair, smiling with contentment as she did so. When she finally spoke, her voice was low and loving.

"You are such a good little boy you know? You've learned how to feed really well from Mummy and Mummy is very pleased with you."

I half smiled, not wanting to break the suction between my mouth and her breast.

"Mummy wants to give you a special treat."

I looked up at her, not fully understanding.

Her response came slowly, as though she were searching for the right word. I gently licked her nipple as I waited.



"I've been thinking a lot about you lately and I think it would be a lovely idea if we started spending more of our weekends and holiday times together."

My jaw fell as I listened disbelievingly. She was asking me to spend *more* time with her. I would have begged her on hands and knees to be allowed to spend more time with her and here she was suggesting it to me!

She could see the excitement in my eyes and I was ready to say yes but she had anticipated my reaction and quickly spoke again.

"Before you answer, you need to understand what you will be letting yourself in for," she added.

At that moment, I didn't care.

"If you agree to spend weekends and holidays with me, it will be strictly as my baby." She paused, looking for the exact words. "On occasion, you will be treated as an older child - a toddler - when that suits me. You will have no say in how you are treated. In whatever role I choose for you, I will decide everything. What you wear, what you eat and drink, where you go and what time you go to sleep. I am not looking for a partner or a boyfriend or anything like that. The idea of having and owning an Adult Baby amuses me."

I could feel my heart beating faster. I adored her and, just for a moment - a fleeting second - I had imagined that she was wanting to start a relationship with me. Of course, she actually was, but not the type of relationship I had imagined. I loved the age-play but wasn't sure about it being at the centre of our lives.

She gently stroked my back and smiled lovingly. I felt relaxed but confused by her words.

"Now, the reason behind my offer is this. I have been doing some reading recently and I have discovered something called Adult Nursing."

She eased her breast further into my mouth once more.

"Suck it, baby," she said quietly. "I was quite intrigued by the idea and I've decided that I want to be able to lactate."

She looked quizzically at me.

"That's a very long word for such a little one, isn't it?" She chuckled as I renewed my suckling at her engorged, warm nipple. "It means that Mummy would be able to feed you, her little baby, with real Mummy's milk. Wouldn't it be lovely to have a tummy full up to the top with Mummy's milk? Yes, it would!"

She tickled my cheek as she spoke, knowing that even the tone of her voice would excite me even more than I already was.

"Would you like to be my one and only little suckly baby?"

I nodded, not fully appreciating what I was agreeing to but I was hypnotised by the idea of being her special baby and of being part of and with her through such an intimate experience.

"That's a good boy. I thought you'd like that idea. To be successful though it does mean that you'll need to be put to the breast regularly and often, otherwise there'll be no milky to help you grow all big and strong."

She joggled me slightly in her arms as a gentle reminder to continue nursing.

"So, while you're with Mummy, you'll be put to the breast every four hours, during the day and night time too. When you are not here to nurse, then Mummy has bought a breast pump so that I can use that instead of your mouth. It's very clever and it is electric. The suction is very regular and Mummy enjoys it too and when

Mummy's milk comes in, it goes into a little plastic bottle so that it can be stored and fed to you when Mummy isn't here." She smiled. "So, make no mistake little one, this is for my benefit primarily. Any pleasure you get will be as a byproduct of my wishes. Do you understand?"

I nodded again, deliberately keeping my mouth to her breast, in order to give myself time to take in what she had said and then make my decision. Her hand touched my cheek again and I felt her finger touch the side of my mouth, gently pushing against my lips. As she intended, her finger parted my lips, breaking the suction around her nipple. I looked up at her. She returned my gaze expectantly.

"Well? Do you want to be my little suckly baby boy then?"

The decision was an easy one. I was going to see her every weekend and also during holiday times. She wanted me to help her to start lactating. She would care for me in every intimate way.

"Yes please, Mummy, "I answered. "I would love to become your baby boy. Thank you so much."

"Lovely! I'm thrilled. Oooh, what a good boy you are," she said, hugging me tightly. "I'm really looking forward to this! I think you're going to love it too!"

I agreed inwardly as she eased her index finger into my mouth, encouraging me to suck again.

"Until Mummy's milk comes in though, you'll still have to have milky won't you? So Mummy will be bottle feeding you and then eventually the formula will just supplement the breast milk. It will be wonderful putting you to the breast whenever I choose to! When you're not here, I'll simply express the milk, freeze it in proper little sterile milk bags and then feed it to you while you're here being babied!" She gave a satisfied chuckle. "Well, now that we've sorted that out, Mummy will have to buy some baby milk for

you so that you can get used to the taste, hadn't she? I know! Tomorrow Mummy will take you to the shopping mall and we can do some baby shopping for you? It can be your first time out as a baby with Mummy! Won't that be fun?" she laughed.

"Fun?" Suddenly it didn't sound like fun. What did she mean *"It can be your first time out as a baby with Mummy..."*?

How was I going to be a baby at a huge shopping mall?

She interrupted my thoughts suddenly. "Come on then baby. Let's get this wet nappy off your bottom. I'll bet it's really icky now, isn't it? All that wee wee? Onto the floor now and Mummy will get you changed into a nice clean nappy and plastic pants."

I eased off her lap and lay on the floor. I automatically assumed the prone position that she had taught me when we had first played. I lay with my legs splayed and my arms either side of my head, waiting for Mummy. I didn't have to wait long as she returned carrying a few familiar items. A new disposable nappy, a pair of what looked like traditional rubber pants and a decorated nappy cover. Baby powder, baby oil and a tub of thick white cream were already on the side table. She knelt between my legs.

"Lift your bottom, baby. Up high!"

I arched my back, lifting my bottom from the carpet as Mistress eased her fingers under the elasticated waistband of my plastic pants and gently, but firmly tugged them down and over my nappy.

"You're such a good boy aren't you? Doing your wee-wees into your nappy just like a tiny baby. It's better doing that than going into a big boys toilet, isn't it? Just do a wee wee and then tell Mummy. Easy!"

She continued to chatter as she unfastened the tapes from either side of the nappy and folded the front down between my legs. The cold air on my groin made me shiver a little.

"Oh, you are a wet one, aren't you? I don't think that nappy would have taken much more wee wee would it baby?" She tickled my tummy, keeping my attention on her completely. "You know, I think all men should be put back into nappies. in fact, some men should never be taken out of nappies in the first place! Upsie baby!"

I raised my bottom again and the nappy was pulled from underneath me.

"There would be a lot fewer problems in the world if every man had to have his nappy changed every few hours, wouldn't there?" She chuckled at the thought.

Mummy began to wipe me clean with sweet smelling baby wipes. They smelled sugary and powdery - the smell of an infant's nursery. As she wiped my skin, I could not help becoming excited and was unable to disguise my excitement.

"Oh, someone enjoys getting his nappy changed doesn't he?" she laughed, gently pulling back my foreskin to clean underneath.

I groaned as she eased it back to its full extent.

"Is that nice, baby? Do you like it when your Mummy does that to you?"

I nodded, trying to enjoy every moment of the sensation. "It's important that Mummy pays special attention to this, isn't it? Mummy wouldn't want her baby to get nappy rash now, would she?"

Every question was rhetorical now, in the same way it would be with a non-comprehending infant. She neither wanted nor expected an answer. I was hers to do with as she pleased.

She continued to stroke me gently. "You've been a very good boy today, haven't you?" I nodded, loving how she was making me feel. "And you're going to be very good again tomorrow as well, aren't you?"

I nodded again, assuring myself and her that I would indeed *'be very good' tomorrow*. In other words, doing precisely what I was told - when I was told to do it, whatever that might be.

"Mummy has another surprise for you, little one."

Her hand maintained its grip on my hard shaft, slowly increasing the pace of her stimulation. My mind was drifting into pleasure. She had me in the palm of her hand, both literally and metaphorically. I turned my head towards her, looking at her adoringly, hoping that she wouldn't stop. My breathing was becoming laboured as I concentrated on the sensations building in my groin.

"Mummy has moved your cot into her room so that I can see to you during the night if you wake up. It'll be easier to bring you into my bed when you need feeding and then I can just pop you back into your cot without getting up."

Her words and the picture she was painting in my mind increased the intensity of my impending orgasm.

She continued to masturbate me, falling silent as she watched me approaching climax. She knew I would be thinking through the situation that I was facing and didn't want to spoil it. She had said enough already. My breathing was spasmodic now. A deep breath held and released followed by another deep breath in preparation for what I knew would be an intense orgasm.

She sensed my body beginning to stiffen as I prepared to shoot my load for her.

"Good baby," she said softly. "Good baby. Show Mummy how clever you are. Cum for Mummy."

Her hand moved quicker and I came explosively, gasping loudly as I did so. My body shuddered with pleasure time and again as I heard Mummy chuckle to herself as she directed the creamy ejaculate onto my tummy. Her grip tightened on me once more as she squeezed the last droplets from me insisting that *'it was necessary for a Mummy to be sure that all of baby's fluids are drained regularly and thoroughly to keep him in his place.'*

"All done?" she said cheerily, mocking me simultaneously. "Let's get you all cleaned up and into a clean nappy then!"

I closed my eyes, trying to take a mental snapshot of the moment in the hope that I might be able to recall that intense pleasure in the future.

I heard the sharp crinkling of the pack of baby wipes as Mummy removed one. The cool moisture against my skin interrupted my thoughts as she tenderly began to rub the sweet-smelling material over my groin.

"Mummy will have to think of a longer-lasting solution to all of this silly hair down here."

It had only been two or three days since I had shaved my groin but clearly, that did not meet Mummy's expectations and requirements. Her tone became more adult for a moment as she studied the growth. I looked closely at her, hoping that the stubble that surrounded my cock and balls would not provoke a physical demonstration of her displeasure. She rubbed her finger over my ball sack and the skin above my still erect penis.

"I want to have you at the point where no hair will ever grow around your cock again, baby."

She turned her face to me, looking for my reaction to her words. I gulped and looked back at her in total awe and desire. Whatever she wanted was my desire. I suddenly wanted - needed - to show my obedience and devotion to her by ensuring that my groin would be totally and completely hairless from that moment onwards.

"I'll speak to a friend of mine. She'll know how to do it. It might be a little bit sore for you when it's done but Mummy will kiss it better?" She smiled and continued wiping me clean.

"Oh look! Somebody's tummy button is full of creamy!" She laughed aloud as she scooped my cum from my tummy, folding it into the baby wipe.

"Turn over, baby. Let Mummy clean your little bottom and make sure there's no nasty nappy rash starting!"

I felt her hand go under me as she gently eased me over onto my stomach. I carefully rested, making sure my penis was in a comfortable position, pressed against the pile of the carpet.

Once again, I heard a tugging noise as she removed another wipe from the pack. I felt her hand gently rubbing first one cheek and then another as she continued chattering to me, telling me how good I was being and that 'Mummy is so proud of her little boy'. Her fingers slowly moved between my cheeks and I flinched as I felt her finger gently probing my bottom. She fell silent as she did so. My breathing paused as her finger slid slowly inside me, moving in and out.

The silence was broken by her soft 'Mummy' voice saying, "Babies must be clean inside and out little one. Just accept it. Mummy knows what's best for her little one."

As she said it, her finger went deeper into my hole, slowly and firmly pushing. I closed my eyes, not believing what she was doing to me but slavishly accepting whatever she wanted to do to