

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

TALES FROM THE NURSERY

VOLUME 5

COLIN MILTON

RENOWNED ABDL/FEMDOM FICTION AUTHOR

Tales From The Nursery

Tales From The Nursery

Volume 5

By Colin Milton

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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:

The Ticking of the Clock

The Shopping Trip

Nanny Rachel

Kiss The Teat

The Gilded Cage

Baby Trained

Foreword



Words, 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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The Ticking Of The Clock



This short story by Madeline Wood is offered as a taste of what custom stories are like. This one was commissioned by a woman who deeply wanted intimacy despite being an adult baby. Please enjoy part one of this wonderful tale.



The ticking of the clock on the mantel was easily heard. The only other sound that she could hear in the room was the beating of her own heart, faster and stronger than normal. The appointed hour was approaching, but not fast enough – or too fast, depending on how she was thinking at the time. She was terrified and expectant all in one.

It's been so long since I've done this! What the hell am I doing this for?

Alison took a deep breath, calmed her nerves and shifted slightly on the couch. She took the adult pacifier in her hand and slipped it into her mouth. Instantly, she felt calmer – if embarrassed by it.

"It will be alright. You know it will," she said aloud, attempting to convince herself. "You deserve this. It's been long enough."

She remained unconvinced.

There were still twenty minutes until three o'clock in the afternoon – the appointed hour.

The fifty-three-year-old divorcee stood nervously and walked once again to the bedroom to confirm that she looked presentable. The full-length mirror did not lie. It never did. She was middle-aged, past her prime, carrying weight where she needed it least and feeling the passage of years - hard years of love-less angst that had left marks that neither makeup nor an expensive new outfit could fully hide. She smoothed the wrinkles of her dress, smiling briefly at the pointlessness of the exercise. Within a half-hour, that newly purchased dress would be off, along with her new and uncharacteristically sexy underwear... she hoped.

She walked slowly past the 'other bedroom' making sure the door was closed. She didn't want him to see that room – her nursery. Not a nursery for the children she never gave birth to, but for the infant she still remained. A crib, changing table, piles of diapers and plastic pants and more toys than any child could ever want. It was her secret – her terrible, wonderful and embarrassing secret.

"You're fine," she reassured herself, before walking back to the couch to resume her wait. "I'm sure he's seen worse!"

For a few moments, her mind drifted back to the previous week when she had allowed herself once again the guilty pleasure of looking at men on the internet. Not just any men, but the handsome, athletic and well-built ones, the types that would never give her a glance and never really had. Young men, twenty years

younger than her. She saw them naked, looked them over before dropping her eyes to the object of her desire – the penis.

It had been six years since she had last had sex; twenty years since she had last *made love*. Three minutes in an unpleasant one-sided scramble had been her entire experience of sex for two decades, a period so long and so utterly devoid of joy that she had suppressed her needs and urges to the point where a celibate nun was a more sexual being than her. And the baby inside screamed for love and attention and got none in return.

In the end, after weeks of indecision, Alison rang the number she had nearly dialled so many times. She booked a male escort and as soon as she had done so, vomited and cried on her bed for an hour.

But she did not cancel. There was an imperative to this decision that transcended her fears, her moral stalemate and pushed past the seemingly tawdry nature of the transaction.

“I want to be wanted,” she thought to herself. “I want to feel a real man touch me!”

“Oh, what the hell!” she said aloud to the disinterested mantle clock. “I just want to get screwed!”

Alison’s reverie was halted by the sound of a car door opening and closing. It was a quiet street and it was almost exactly three o’clock. She knew who it was; who it *had* to be.

The doorbell rang.

“Oh God,” she stammered. “He’s here!”

Alison had no idea what the man who had been sent to ‘entertain’ her would look like. The website promised much, but she was scarred from life enough to know that she would not get the marvellous creations that adorned their website. As long as he wasn’t fat and knew his way around a woman she would be happy.

Her expectations were low. Life had taught her to keep them that way. The only thing that had come close to her vagina in years were her diapers.

Calming her fears and excitement, she opened the door.

"Hello, Alison."

The voice came through the still-closed security door. "I believe you are expecting me. My name is Alex..."

Alex could see nothing through the door, but Alison could see perfectly. He was a lot younger than she was expecting and was momentarily thrown.

"Come in," she said nervously as she opened the security door.

"You look very lovely today, Alison," he said graciously. "These are for you."

Alex produced a small bunch of red roses that had been hidden behind him.

"Do you have anything I could place them in?"

Alison walked to the kitchen followed closely by Alex and found a nondescript vase. As she placed the roses one-by-one into the vase she felt him come up behind her and lean into her.

He smells so good!

He put his arms around her and she shook so badly that she dropped a rose onto the bench. He turned her around so that they were facing each other, deftly picked up the dropped rose and placed it into the vase.

She was putty in his hands.

Alex had been there for only three minutes.

"I think it is time to go to the bedroom, my love," he said quietly in her ear, as if there were anyone else around to hear.

He was of average height, perhaps only four or five inches taller than her.

Taking her hand, he led her gently out of the kitchen and down the hallway. He knew where the bedroom was. He always knew. He had been in a hundred such bedrooms. He looked briefly at the closed door to the 'other bedroom' and wondered...

"Let's leave the door open, shall we?" he said with promise hanging off his every word. "We have nothing to hide and you are a very beautiful woman."

Alison's fears simply evaporated as she watched the attractive young man walk towards her and motion her to sit on the bed.

Slowly and deliberately, Alex took each foot, undid the straps of her shoes and slipped them off.

"Now the dress," he commanded hypnotically.

Alison stood and her soon-to-be lover unzipped the newly-worn dress and gently pulled it to the floor. She gave an involuntary grin as she felt him pull the dress over her ample hips. There was no way any clothes were going to just fall off of her.

He knows what he is doing!

And suddenly she was at ease, standing before a man twenty-five years her junior wearing only her bra and panties.

Panties... How long has it been since I wore just panties?

Wordlessly, Alex turned and invited Alison to take off his jacket. She did so and then slowly, with trembling hands undid the buttons on his shirt.

He took Alison's hands into his own and pulled her nearly naked body against his own. Slowly and deliberately he tilted his head and moved towards her. Her eyes closed. Her mouth opened slightly as his lips touched hers. For a few short moments, their lips caressed each other's and then she felt his tongue slide seductively inside her mouth.

Her resistance melted and she was scarcely aware of his hands expertly unclasping her bra and throwing it to the floor. Time stopped in its tracks as the quilt was thrown off the bed and Alex shoved her gently onto it. In an instant, his designer jeans and shoes were off and he stood beside her wearing only his underwear, just as she was.

Feeling like the giddy teenager who had once looked in anticipation at the first cock she had ever seen, she waited breathlessly for him to reveal all.

But not yet.

Alex slipped into the bed next to her and almost immediately began to slide his hands all over her body.

Beginning with her feet, he gently massaged them, slowly moving his hands up her freshly shaven legs. They moved slowly up until his hands were only moments away from her panties.

And then he stopped.

Alison felt a rush. It was the rush she had not felt in... forever. She also felt a quiver of excitement in her pussy, another feeling that had long since abandoned her.

His hands cupped her breasts and admired them.

"You have beautiful breasts, Alison," he spoke with words full of promise and desire.

His mouth latched onto her nipple and Alison swooned. His lips on her breasts were magic to her. She wondered briefly if this was like breast-feeding with a mouth seeking to swallow her up. He moved to her other breast and the pattern repeated itself once again.

She moaned in pleasure. It had truly been a long, long time and that waiting was about to end.

Time no longer mattered. Alison was lost in a desire that was unexpected. She wanted to give herself to him totally and completely.

He was so young. She was so much older.

It didn't matter.

He kissed her stomach, getting lower and lower until his lips reached the top of her panties.

His eyes locked onto hers. She knew what to do.

She lifted her hips slightly. He grabbed the sides of her panties and pulled them down.

She was naked.

Even with her useless ex-husband, she had rarely been naked.

She was so vulnerable.

She was *never* vulnerable. She had long practised keeping intimacy at a safe distance. It was her way. Her diapers were more than just protection. They kept the world at bay.

But not now.

Her eyes dropped to his crotch and taking the cue, Alex quickly discarded his underwear.

Alison's eyes widened as she saw what hung before her. Not yet fully erect, his cock was already longer and bigger than the pathetic tool that had stabbed ever so shallowly into her pussy for so many wasted years.

She felt some fear - fear she would not be able to take it all. But even as she closed her eyes, the fear evaporated only to be replaced with an electric tingling spreading through her body.

It was coming from her pussy.

Alex had his head between her legs, softly blowing on her exposed lips. And then he went down on her.

For the first time ever, Alison screamed in genuine sexual pleasure. A lifetime of dreadful sex was blown away as the skilful tongue circled her clit until settling right on her pleasure centre.

Much later on, when he was gone, she would remember those first few moments as his tongue and mouth locked onto her. She could feel him finding her 'spot', discovering the position for maximum pleasure and once found, leapt upon with a frenzy of lust and longing.

As she began to thrash about, she felt a finger enter her pussy.

She was wet. Very wet. She was rarely wet.

A second finger entered her and still the mouth was performing its magic.

And as the pleasure built, it suddenly stopped. She opened her eyes and looked at him as he knelt between her legs. Then she looked down.

Eight glorious inches of fully erect, rock-hard cock stared back at her.

It was angry. It needed something. It wanted satisfaction. It needed *her*.

Alex glanced briefly at the condom package on the bedside cupboard.

"No," whispered Alison. "Please don't."

A huge smile erupted on the young man's face as he placed the tip of his cock and rested it in the entrance to Alison's waiting body.

Slowly, inch by inch, Alex fed his cock into the waiting shaft of Alison's vagina, locking eyes with her the entire time.

She felt his length hit the end of her vagina at the same time as his balls touched down.

It was time to make love.

Alison grabbed him tightly and whispered in her ear. "Fuck me! I want you to fuck me as hard as you can!"

Alex pulled back until his cock nearly was nearly out of her before plunging back in once more. Faster and faster he pushed, in and out.

Sensing himself closing in on a climax, he slowed, postponing the inevitable until Alison had orgasmed first.

While Alex fucked her, sometimes fast, sometimes slow, her hands drifted down and touched the super-aroused flesh of her clit. Every touch was electric. Her body was erupting in pleasure she had not known.

He fucked her hard. He fucked her slow. And then he pulled out.

Her disappointment was only temporary as his head nestled between her legs and his tongue began to work its magic on her clit.

Only a few minutes went by before the climax that she had denied herself for so long built grew and crashed over her like a wave. Her body thrashed about and she screamed out in pleasure.

“Make me cum! Make me cum!” she shouted. “Fuck me! Fuck me again!”

As her orgasm began to subside, Alex mounted her once more, this time with an urgency and desperate need to find his own fulfilment inside her.

“Fuck me, Alex,” she cried, real tears running down her face. “Cum inside me, please. Please!”

He shuddered. She knew what it meant.

She imagined she could feel the semen erupting from his cock and coating the inside of her pussy.

She could feel his orgasm.

He lay still on top of her, supporting most of his weight on his elbows. Then he kissed her deeply, passionately and with deep desire.

“That was simply wonderful, Alison.”

His forehead was beaded with sweat as he stayed embedded deep inside her, seemingly reluctant to withdraw.

Alison was in a strange territory with a post-orgasmic penis still nestled inside her and its owner remaining there, talking with...

Her.

Men normally ignored her. Young men wanted young women. Single older men were usually single for very obvious and unpleasant reasons. And yet...

He was talking to her.

The hour was well and truly gone. She had only paid for an hour and yet here she was, lying naked and sated in bed with a man taking a genuine interest in her, conversing, touching, communicating and still with the deflated remains of a once-rampant cock still clinging to her.

“You are a remarkable woman, you know that?”

Alison simply blushed self-consciously.

“Wine!” he shouted as his penis finally emerged from within her. “We need some wine to celebrate!”

“I’ve... er... got some in the fridge,” stammered Alison. She was unprepared for him staying around. She had expected him to be dressed and gone three minutes after he came.

“Be back soon! Don’t disappear on me.”

A few minutes later, Alex returned holding two glasses of white wine.

“What are we celebrating?” Alison asked, genuinely surprised.

“Great sex, great company and the promise of more!”

They clinked glasses and while totally naked, enjoyed average wine, but first-class conversation.

It was nearly five o’clock.

Alex had made no effort to leave or to get dressed. Alison didn’t dare move in case the moment vanished. They continued to talk as if they were old friends until he abruptly sat up.

“What’s good once, is great twice.”

As if on cue, Alison looked down and saw his cock once again engorged and ready for action.

Not another word was said for the next twenty minutes as Alex pushed himself back inside her and together they made love a second time.

It was different than the first time. It was slower, more personal. It was no longer new, but rather the feeling of coming home.

It was exquisite. Simply delicious.

Finally, it was over and Alex stood to leave. Alison remained on the bed, naked and spread, satiated and glowing.

"I wish you didn't have to leave," she whispered hoarsely.

"I know, my love," he replied, sitting on the edge of the bed. "But there is one thing I want to ask you about."

"Yes?"

Alex ran his finger of a faint band of reddish skin just below her waist.

Alison gulped.

Then he ran his finger over the two matching bands on the tops of her legs.

He knows!

"Can you tell me what these are from?" he asked.

Alison was silent for a few moments trying to save herself from an embarrassing admission.

"They... are..."

Alex put his finger on her lips and she stopped talking.

"From plastic pants," he said, completing her answer.

Alison just nodded.

"You don't have to hide *anything* from me, my dear!"

"I don't?" Alison stammered.

"Of course not!" he replied with a broad smile. "I know you wear diapers and I know you don't sleep in this room!"

"You know?"

"My dear girl, I could tell from the moment I entered this room that you didn't sleep in here. And when I saw the marks from your plastic pants, it was easy to work out why."

Alison began to tear up. Her wonderful, exciting and exquisite afternoon looked doomed to end in embarrassment.

Why didn't I notice those marks and do something about them yesterday?

"Don't cry, please. Don't cry. I don't mind and in fact, it makes me want you even more."

"I'm sorry..." she stammered.

"Don't be sorry, Alison. Be who you are. And when I come back tomorrow afternoon, perhaps you can show me your proper bedroom?"

"Tomorrow?" she exclaimed. "I haven't booked you for tomorrow!"

"Tomorrow's my day off. So I want to come back here and finish what we started. How about 1 pm tomorrow? Is that okay?"

Alison nodded, her smile returning.

He wants to come back again? And he knows I wear diapers? Does he know about the rest?

Alex went to leave the bedroom and just before he shut the door behind him he said, "That was a beautiful dress and panties,

Alison, but tomorrow, how about dressing the way you really are, okay? I know my way around diapers.”

And then the door closed behind him and soon, he was gone. She hugged herself tightly.

Well, it seems I'm not dead after all! And he wants me in a diaper?

Alison walked half-dazed to the ‘other room’ and opened the door.

Is this where he wants to make love to me tomorrow?

The Shopping Trip



Chapter One

"Stand up!"

And so the day began.

The command was gentle but firm. Once again, I gazed with longing at this lady as I stood before her. This lady who is now my Mummy. She smiled bewitchingly as she looked at me and I fell immediately under her spell. Today there could be no delay, pretence, or reticence on my part. I was, and am, her baby and will always be treated as such. It has taken a surprisingly short time for me to come to accept that. To surrender to her will and to her desires.

Mummy told me that I look wrong dressed as an adult and was told to strip completely. Everything had to go.

An instruction to "Hurry up!" rang in my ears.

I hurriedly began to undress but my desire to do so prompted unsteadiness and I put my hand out to steady myself.

Mummy laughed as she watched me wobble and said, "Baby is already unsteady on his feet."

Being completely naked in front of Mummy feels more natural than with anyone else now. Vulnerable and submissive, I turned to face her.

"That's better. Now, close your eyes."

I obeyed and within a moment, I was blessed with her caress. Gently stroking my cheek, she began to speak calmly in the Mummy voice which is now her usual tone whenever she is speaking to me.

"Today is a very special day. It is the first time that Mummy is taking her little baby out in public," she said as a matter of fact.

She stroked my arms and face as she allowed the implication of her words to sink into me. I gulped with trepidation but knew I had no choice and would do as I was told and Mummy knew that. I was to be dressed as a toddler.

"You will wear a baby blue onesie with a lovely picture of Winnie The Pooh and Piglet on the front. Under that will be a thick nappy and crinkly plastic pants so I can hear you rustle as you walk." She lowered her voice a little, "And, of course, you will be using your nappy just like a baby does while we are on our shopping trip."

I gasped involuntarily.

"You will wear a pair of elasticated and baggy bottoms so that Mummy can easily check your nappy whenever and wherever she wants to and a pair of frilly white socks peeking out from between your bottoms and the canvas, Velcro fastening shoes will finish you off nicely."

The images she was painting were now seared into my imagination and would soon become a reality.

"Won't that be lovely?" she teased.

On instruction, I opened my eyes to gaze into Mummy's face. She could see the anxiety etched on my face.

"Oh, don't worry, baby. Mummy will be with you all the time. You will always be safe with your Mummy," she smiled mischievously.

With her words still swirling around my head, Mummy took my hand in hers and led me to the cot-bed where she gently laid me on my changing mat.

Mummy picked up a dummy from the side table and, looking down at me and pausing momentarily, she popped it into her own mouth for a few seconds to moisten the rubber teat. She leant forward and firmly but tenderly, eased the dummy into my mouth, encouraging me to suck it. She then fastened it tightly in my mouth using a length of yellow ribbon which she tied behind my head. Mummy smiled indulgently, wiggling the dummy in my mouth, holding it in place and then bending down and rubbing her nose against mine. She cooed and fussed playfully as she towered over me. Mummy fastened me securely into the cot-bed so that I could not wriggle off the mat when she was napping me.

To occupy me while she was getting the nappy ready, Mummy handed me a fabric ball with a chime bell inside it. The ball had nursery pictures of little bears and elephants on it. I examined it and played contentedly becoming almost oblivious to Mummy organising the nappy and other bits and pieces.

With my legs held high in the air, Mummy set about cleaning me with the new extra-large scented baby wipes she bought for me. Changing time with Mummy is always fun these days. This time there were no smacks and it occurred to me how easily Mummy had trained me to accept and indeed expect to always be napped when I am with her. Mummy efficiently applied a liberal amount of nappy rash cream, baby oil and powder to my nappy area and lastly, baby powder was then sprinkled liberally all over my body.

"You need plenty of baby powder so that you really will smell like a baby all day long and all the people at the shopping centre will know that there is a baby about - and that baby is you!"

The thought was not a comfortable one, but Mummy so clearly knows best, and it is not my role to think about complicated things like that. So that was that and it was decided that was how I would smell. My nappy was soon snugly in place and Mummy showed me a pair of yellow plastic popper pants. Holding them to my face she told me to 'sniffsy' the plastic.

"Mmm, isn't that lovely, baby?" she laughed.

The pants were soon wrapped around my nappy and the poppers snapped into place with Mummy counting them as she popped each one closed. My onesie followed and then my 'baby bottoms', the frilly white socks and finally new canvas shoes. Mummy pulled the Velcro tight so they would not come undone. I was now ready.

She took me downstairs and sat me on the floor with a baby toy while she got herself ready. I watched her, mesmerised by her every movement and her radiant beauty.

Chapter Two

Once Mummy had put on her smart jacket, she moved to a bag which I had noticed was on a side table. From it, she took out a feeding bottle with an extra-large teat full of formula and explained that the bag contained all the items that would be needed on a first trip out with a new-born. My heart raced in anticipation of what else it contained but it appeared that some things were to remain a mystery until they were needed. Mummy walked to the door and told me to crawl to her and hold tightly to her legs and to bury my face into her skirt. Again, I obeyed without thought or question. Mummy reminded me that I must always refer to her as 'Mummy' particularly during our day out together. In fact, if I wanted to speak at all I had to begin with, "Pweeze, Mummy, may I ...?" There was to be no other talking done by me. She then added that if I did speak then she would not hesitate to smack the backs of my legs to remind me of my status – wherever we might be. I hoped she might not be serious. How wrong I was.

The car journey to the shopping centre was a blur. Mixed thoughts. Trepidation. Excitement. Real anxiety about the next few hours. Perhaps onlookers would be too distracted by this exquisite beauty to notice her thickly nappied companion?

Once we arrived at the car park, Mummy chose a secluded area so that she would be able to give me a bottle when we came back to the car and also so that we could have privacy if Mummy decided to change my nappy. More dizzying thoughts filled my head. My heart was in my mouth. We were ready to get out of the car, or so I thought. when Mummy reached into the bag containing the baby things. She smiled to herself as she pulled out a baby toy in the shape of a mobile phone. It was powder blue plastic with large yellow buttons which squeaked loudly when pressed. Towards the

base of the phone was a globe containing rattle beads which could be spun producing a baby rattle noise. At the very top was a mirror in which the baby can see itself while playing. Mummy studied it for a few seconds and turned to look at me. Slowly and deliberately she made sure I was aware of how babyish this toy was but also how appropriate it was for me and that was why I was going to have to carry it with the button side clearly showing to anyone walking past! At that moment I mentally reeled. I couldn't do that and quietly told Mummy that I couldn't. There was no annoyance at my comment, simply a pause.

"Baby col-col, you will do as you are told, and you will carry your toy."

She frowned at me as I tried to avoid her disapproving gaze but of course, I could not.

"Look at me!"

With my head down I looked at her sheepishly, hoping she would relent.

"This is a toy which Mummy has brought for her baby and you will carry it. You will carry it to the shopping centre in full view so that others can see it. Do not try to hide it or Mummy will smack you in front of everyone."

Mummy held out the baby toy towards me, searching my eyes for any hint of dissent. She did not find any as I reached out slowly and took it from her. Once again completely accepting the role she has chosen for me. The smile that I have come to adore came across her face as she turned back to close the baby bag. A smile of success in moulding me once more to her will.

"Good baby. Mummy and baby are now ready. Come along."

We got out of the car and locked it. Mummy came around to me and checked that I was carrying my toy as instructed. She

smiled warmly and patted my nappied bottom on both sides before adjusting the waistband of my trousers. She held out her left hand to me and I took it immediately, seeking the security that was offered. With a light squeeze she pulled me in towards her and we began walking, or in my case, waddling, towards the entrance.

My thoughts were racing, and I was aware of feelings which were an intense mixture of fear, excitement, comfort and security. We walked steadily and I glanced across at a smiling and satisfied looking Mummy. She looked, as she always does, stunningly beautiful. The high heels of her boots clicked sharply, tapping out a staccato rhythm on the concrete as she walked. I truly feel blessed to have found my Mummy in her. The car park was very busy with people of all ages, gender and sizes coming and going. I found myself gazing enviously at a new-born baby being pushed in a stroller aware that our situations though were not so different, I mused momentarily. As we approached the entrance, I saw three young women glance, across towards us. I imagined what thoughts might have been in their heads as they saw me approaching wearing this baby/toddler outfit and clutching a toy more usually attached to baby stroller or found in an infant's cot. As they passed, they smiled at Mummy and me and perhaps I heard a giggle from all three as we parted ways? This was a level of humiliation I had read about but never imagined I would experience. As we came to the escalator, Mummy spoke to me and told me to stay close to her so that I was safe.

"Hold tight onto Mummy's pandy!"

This was said in a voice loud enough not only for me to hear but also for anyone who was nearby. There could have been no misunderstanding of how I was being spoken to. Those who overheard would recognise the tone and the vocabulary used as being indistinguishable from how a mother speaks to an infant. I hung tightly on to Mummy's pandy knowing with each passing

second, Mummy was regressing me further. It was so easy for her. At the top of the escalator, Mummy checked that I was carrying my toy properly only to discover that I wasn't. She looked reproachfully at me and to remind me of what she had said, she released my hand and quickly and sharply smacked the back of my right leg and then my left. Not hard but sharp enough to be the reminder she desired. Two smacks. I looked at the floor as she took my hand again. Her expression did not change. I had been naughty and not done as Mummy had told me. I knew I deserved it and felt ashamed.

Mummy now sharply told me to turn it around and hold it facing outwards so everyone could see the buttons.

At no point did Mummy speak extra quietly. Clearly, there were to be no concessions. I carried the toy properly and the hundred yards to the doors felt much further. Passing a small group of youths who were standing beside the entrance doors would, I imagined, elicit some comment but apart from a brief glance from under peaked sports caps, nothing. Mummy opened the large glass door and eased me in after her. She led me to one side, about six feet from the door, still in full and clear view of people entering and leaving. Mummy said that I hadn't done exactly what I had been told to do. I had not held the toy as instructed.

She looked disapprovingly at me as I mumbled, "Sorry Mummy."

"Say it louder."

"Sorry, Mummy," I said as loudly as I dared.

She took my hand and smacked the back of it. She continued to hold it firmly as she stared unblinkingly into my eyes and reminded me that she would not hesitate to discipline and scold me in exactly the same manner as a toddler would be chastised and

that would include having the backs of my legs slapped again. I was suddenly aware that I craved reassurance from Mummy. When she knew I understood, Mummy eased me closer to her and kissed me gently.

How did she know I needed that reassurance? Instinct?

The smile from Mummy which accompanied it felt Heaven sent. Mummy said that it was time now to put the toy in my pocket so that it was safe. Before I could put it into my pocket, Mummy took it from me and, as she took it, she playfully squeezed the keys in front of my face, making a loud squeak and then shook it so the beads rattled. I felt sure that the entire shopping centre masses were watching. She smiled as she passed it back to me so that I could put it in my trouser pocket. Mummy said I must not put my hand in my pocket and, if the toy stuck out of my pocket then so be it.

Just as I thought my difficult moment was over, Mummy reached into her bag and retrieved a strap of around one metre in length. There was a loop at each end. I recognised it immediately as the type of wrist leash used by mothers to keep little ones close when they are first toddling. My eyes widened in amazement as I looked at Mummy who seemed to take great delight in straightening the leash to its full length, all the while looking at me and my reaction. She calmly explained that this was to be attached to my wrist and also to hers.

Mummy took my hand and slid the loop over my right hand onto my wrist and tightening it took only a second. The other loop was slipped around her own wrist as she explained that although I would have to hold her hand most of the time, she might occasionally allow me to toddle a few feet before she pulled me back to her. This last comment was accompanied by a demonstration of the leash being pulled firmly to her. My embarrassment felt intense and the glint of delight in Mummy's

eyes told me that she knew exactly how well she was manipulating my emotions. I was feeling dazed by now. My emotions felt shredded and confused - a myriad of sensations. Mummy knew exactly what she was doing.

With that, she wound the length of toddler leash around her hand and took my hand in hers.

“Come along.”

She pulled me with her and started walking.

Chapter Three

We walked towards the enormous opening leading to the cavernous shopping centre. Completely overwhelmed I didn't know where to look. At the floor? At shoppers? At Mummy? Even that decision was removed as Mummy began to point at the shops and the decorations. I followed her pointing finger as she said, "Oh look!" as if she was showing a child something for the very first time. We stopped and Mummy looked around searchingly.

"There it is, Boots the Chemist! My favourite shop. There are lots of things in there for my baby. Come on, darling."

I hesitated momentarily causing Mummy to glance at me, questioningly. I was very nervous, and she knew it. Encouragement to keep walking came in the form of a few loving pats and strokes on my nappied bottom and a warm squeeze of my hand. It was something so simple and yet I immediately felt better. We walked towards Boots and I was ever conscious of others who were around us. I was overly conscious of everything.

Mummy reminded me, "No one is bothered about a silly little baby out with his Mummy."

I noticed attractive women as we walked but none could compare with this goddess whose hand I was holding. We entered Boots through the cosmetics department, an area that I suspect most men feel a little uncomfortable in during ordinary circumstances and I felt as though my baby top and nappy were like a beacon of my submissiveness to Mummy. She confidently led me through the make-up section and down an escalator, pointing out the large display of posters showing infants with toys, sitting in their nappies, and being bottle-fed, which lined the walls of the Baby Department.

As we reached the foot of the escalator, Mummy explained very simply that she needed to buy some things from the baby section. I was led directly to the nappy area where I was faced with two walls stacked floor to ceiling with nappies in varying sizes and makes - Pampers, Huggies, training pants. etc. Mummy made a beeline for a pack of new-born nappies. A smile spread across her face as she reached up to lift the pack down from the shelf. As her hand let go of mine, the toddler leash fell free and hung between us. The connecting blue leash was there for all to see. Around us were mothers with infants ranging from toddlers to babes in arms. There was I fastened to this lady in an infantile manner, standing quietly while she examined packs of baby nappies!

Mummy took her time. Smiling to herself all the while, frequently looking at me, questioning me, mocking me, all without words but not for a split second did it feel cruel. She was caring for me constantly and checking that I was coping with the situation of my recently imposed status. Occasionally Mummy would ask me if my nappy was wet.

I responded, "No, Mummy."

This then brought a big grin from Mummy and a pat on my nappied bottom.

We moved to the aisle where the feeding equipment and food were displayed and again Mummy took her time looking at the different teats and styles of bottles. Packs of dummies were taken from the shelves and closely examined. Styles compared, size of teats, decorated dummies, plain dummies and oh so many colours. I so wanted to be able to have a dummy in my mouth at that moment. Once again Mummy seemed to read my mind and made the most of the gentle torment by putting her finger into my mouth for a fleeting few seconds. Quietly she made cooing baby noises to me. Soothing and mocking me at the same time. She removed her finger and stroked my cheek tenderly. I wasn't allowed to speak unless it

was unavoidable. It surprised me how difficult that was proving to be. I began to say something to Mummy about the dummies, forgetting momentarily how I had been instructed about my choice of words. Mummy heard my words but didn't hear the meaning. She heard words. Big boy words, not baby words as she had made very clear I must use.

I had lapsed.

I pursed my lips tightly, suspecting what was about to happen. Mummy's eyes narrowed slightly, and a frown spread across her brow. She put down the shopping basket and promptly leaned towards me and smacked both of my legs. Harder than before. This time the smacks stung. I did not dare look around to see who else had witnessed this reprimand. Like a naughty child, my eyes went immediately to the floor.

"Look at me!" Mummy whispered. "What have you been told?"

I didn't need to answer. Mummy wagged a finger of disapproval in my face and then reached down without comment and took my hand, the leash hanging loosely between us as we continued browsing the aisles. We made our way gradually and in silence to the baby toy section where Mummy told me that she wanted to buy me a musical toy that I could play with when I was in my cot. Mummy took great delight in picking up toys designed for infants from birth and placing them directly in front of me making enthusiastic noises about how lovely they were.

Some toys were dismissed quickly as being *too old* for me and by that, Mummy meant any toy designed for babies of over six months. Surrounded by toys I began to feel less self-conscious and calmer. Mummy quickly sensed this and found a toy giraffe which she showed me and tapped it against my nose a few times. This behaviour would not have been out of place if it had been a young mother leaning over a baby in a stroller or pram. To Mummy, there

seemed to be no difference. As she did this, I found myself smiling and laughing at her actions. That sealed it. Mummy wanted this toy for me; however, she spotted a slight mark on it and this prompted her to decide that she would ask for a discount as it was shop soiled. The thought of being taken to the counter, dressed as I was, being led on a walking leash made me gulp. But there was no choice as we were already walking!

We didn't have far to walk before we reached an assistant. She was young and very pretty. Perhaps Mummy chose this assistant deliberately? Mummy smiled warmly at her and gently pulled me closer, making no attempt to disguise what she was doing.

The assistant waited as Mummy looked at me until I was standing perfectly still, almost inspecting me and, when she was satisfied, turned to the assistant who had observed this. I watched quietly as Mummy and this other lady examined and chatted about this cot toy, which both Mummy and I knew was for me. I was not included in any part of the discussion although Mummy often turned and smiled towards me. The assistant offered to go to check the price with the store manager and, while she did that, Mummy took me to look at baby monitors.

We spent several minutes looking at different monitors. Mummy showed them to me. Not to discuss the benefits of each one but simply to point at the pictures of the babies on the boxes. At one point she selected a monitor set which actually shows video of the baby being monitored as well as allowing the mother to hear the child. This was the set which Mummy preferred and I would not be surprised to see it set up at my next nursery attendance.

The next stop was the baby food aisle. Mummy looked at the different types of food available, taking jars from the counter, reading the labels and choosing suitable baby food for me, which she then put into the shopping basket. Then, with the look in her

eyes which I have come to know and revere, Mummy began browsing through the nursing bras and finding one in her size, she removed it from the box and opened it. As she looked at it, she undid the clasp on one of the cups, all the while telling me what this type of bra was for. She asked me to whisper to her what it was for - in baby words - and when I said it was so that she could breastfeed me, her face lit up and she told me what a clever boy I was.

Chapter Four

We strolled leisurely back to the counter past the baby strollers. Although Mummy looked briefly at them, she explained how she wanted a traditional Silver Cross pram for her baby, and these were far too modern. As we approached the counter, we could see the assistant looking for us. We approached her and, after a short chat, Mummy decided to buy the giraffe "...because my baby really likes it." As she said this, she glanced at me, squeezed my hand and simultaneously let go of the toddler leash, allowing it to fall between us.

The assistant looked, smiled and nodded towards me. I squirmed inwardly although this embarrassment was once again outweighed by the fact that the lady who I was strapped to was so beguilingly beautiful. How fortunate I really am. When the items had been paid for and bagged, Mummy gave me the shopping bag to hold and she made sure that the toy giraffe's head was sticking out of the bag. Mummy wound the wrist strap around her hand once more, took my hand and tugged me firmly to her.

"Come along, baby!" she said.

I was sure the assistant's suspicions were confirmed by that comment.

We walked past racks of baby clothes and Mummy paused at the infant dresses and told me that sometimes when little boys were naughty their Mummies used to dress them and treat them as baby girls until they learned to behave themselves properly.

"I think that's a very good idea, don't you baby? Are you naughty?"

I shook my head weakly as I knew that ultimately I couldn't decide if I was being naughty or not. That's Mummy's decision and