

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

# TALES FROM THE NURSERY

*VOLUME 6*

COLIN MILTON

*RENOWNED ABDL/FEMDOM FICTION AUTHOR*

*Tales From The Nursery*

# Tales From The Nursery

*Volume 6*

by

Colin Milton

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[infantc@yahoo.com](mailto:infantc@yahoo.com)



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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:**

Dinner Party

Expecting Andrew

Recollections of an Adult Baby

My Neighbour's New Baby

# 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

## *Tales From The Nursery*

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.

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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# Dinner Party

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## Chapter One

**V** Goodness," Mummy said. "You're such a lucky one aren't you?" She tapped the end of my nose and smiled. "A clean, fresh nappy, a tummy full of baby milk, a new romper suit with a lovely teddy motif and ladies coming to tea! Oh, it'll be such fun, won't it?"

My dummy, strapped tightly into my mouth, prevented any intelligible response and I stared dumbly at her as she mocked me gently.

"Onto the floor, little one. Hands and knees. Hands and knees."

She pointed, indicating where I should be.

"Crawl in front of Mummy so I can see you. We'll go into the living room. Go on baby. Crawl for Mummy."

I started to crawl as she had instructed. My range of leg movement was severely limited by the shaft of wood which Mummy had attached to the leather straps around my ankles. My crawling speed was reduced to that of a real infant exploring their world for the first time. Mummy walked patiently beside me as I inched my way toward our living room.

"You're getting better at crawling, baby. Mummy is very pleased with you. It looks much more natural and babyish these days. I'm sure the ladies will be very impressed when they find out that you can crawl so well. Perhaps I'll put you on the floor to play later and you can show them?"

I cringed at the thought, yet still remained excited by the same prospect. I raised my eyes to look at the living room door which seemed no closer than a minute before.

"Do you need Mummy to help you crawl faster, baby boy?"

As she spoke, I felt her foot push gently against my thickly nappied bottom. She laughed as I swayed forward a little.

"Keep crawling, little one. I like to see you crawling on the floor on your hands and knees. That's where babies belong and that's where you belong."

Inch by inch, I crawled trying to find a rhythm whereby my progress might be quicker. It was to no avail. The bar between my ankles was unyielding.

"It should be a lovely evening!" Mummy mused as she took tiny steps alongside me. "Caroline and Ruth are bringing their husbands too."

I turned my head to look at Mummy. My look of surprise was evident immediately.

Mummy smiled indulgently.

"Oh, don't look so concerned, silly boy. They're both submissives too. They won't give you a second glance. You're just a baby and they will be here to cater to our needs, not yours."

As it was with most things that Mummy said, it was said quite matter-of-factly.

"Caroline's husband, John, has been on a cookery course. Caroline enrolled him on that six months ago, so he'll be preparing our meal. It's everything that's Mummy's favourite!"

"Champagne cocktails when the ladies arrive and then canapés of blinis with smoked salmon, cream cheese, caviar and shrimp. Then we're going to have Lobster Thermidor followed by a lovely Sherry Trifle!"

She smiled at the prospect before adding, "Perhaps with the leftovers all blended together for special baby mush!"

I didn't know whether to be pleased or concerned. I was pleased that Mummy had thought of me but concerned at what the blended leftovers from the ladies' plates would taste like as I knew that there would be no option to leave anything if Mummy decided to feed it to me. My thoughts were interrupted as Mummy continued.

"Ruth's husband is now called 'Blossom' and he will be serving us throughout the evening."

I felt Mummy's foot push me again.

"Your baby meal will be prepared by the ladies and I, as you'd expect. Ladies know what's best for a little one's din-dins don't they?"

I'd become well used to Mummy's use of rhetorical questions. Her tone was that of a Mummy to a non-understanding infant so no reply was expected or required.

Finally, I was in the living room. The soft carpet was a welcome relief to my knees.

"Crawl after Mummy now. Come on baby."

She walked several feet in front of me and turned, crouched down and held out her arms towards me.

"Come on then, baby! Come to Mummy! Come to your Mummy. There's a good boy! Crawl to your Mummy then!"

I continued slowly towards her. The frustration at being so limited in my progress irritated me but the prize of being in Mummy's arms drew me on, inch by inch.

"Such a clever baby! Such a clever one!" she mocked me.

After much effort, I reached her and she pulled me to her, pressing me to her breast and kissing my forehead tenderly.

"Oh, you're coming along nicely with your baby training, darling. I hope you're not going to be naughty this evening when the ladies are here mind you. You know that that would mean smacks, don't you?"

I nodded gently as she continued to cradle me against her.

"And you know," she said softly. "That Mummy wouldn't think twice about taking down your nappy and spanking you while the ladies are here, don't you, Precious?"

I nodded again and gulped. I had no doubts.

"Now then, baby. Mummy needs to prepare a little before the ladies get here so I'll put you in your playpen with your toys while I do what I need to do."

Mummy stood up and walked towards the recently acquired playpen which was set up to one side of the living room, in clear view of the dining table.

My playpen was actually made from two infant playpens. Plastic and modular, it slotted together enabling the pen to be as large or small as Mummy deemed necessary. Presently, each section was in place, meaning that there was sufficient room in it for me to play and relax. Mummy lifted one section and eased it from the other creating an entrance.

"In you go, baby boy. Into your baby playpen."

I crawled the few feet into the pen and turned to watch as Mummy refastened it behind me. Its height would provide no barrier to an adult intent on getting out but I was not about to attempt that. I understood the consequences of ignoring Mummy's instructions. Satisfied that the plastic section was locked back into place, Mummy spoke again.

"Now Mummy is going to be nearby all of the time getting things ready for her visitors. You play with your baby toys and suck on your dummy like a good boy. Mummy will be listening all of the time and I want to hear a happy, contented baby. Do you understand?"

She knew I did. Mummy picked up a pastel-coloured cloth ball and passed it to me, shaking it gently as she did so to ring the small bell it contained. As I took it from her, she ruffled my hair and walked away.

I looked around my playpen at the array of baby toys. There were none for any child older than six months. After months of baby training, I knew that there would be sufficient to occupy me.



## Chapter Two

**A**s I watched Mummy going to and from the kitchen, I played with the soft pastel-coloured blocks and the wooden toys that Mummy had bought for me. Mummy has exacting standards. *A place for everything and everything in its place.* Baby in a playpen and dummy in baby's mouth. Perfect!

I was deep in concentration, concentrating on my infantile play when the doorbell rang. My heart suddenly began beating faster. I had never met either of these ladies or their partners and I felt nervous. That nervousness was tempered however by the absolute knowledge that Mummy would look after me, come what may. I listened carefully, straining to hear the voices of the visitors. I only heard female voices - naturally.

I heard Mummy say, "I'll show him the kitchen. You just go through, Caroline. The baby is in there in his pen."

"Oh, wonderful!" I heard her say. "I've been looking forward to seeing him at last!"

I heard footsteps coming towards the living room and lowered my head. My submissive instinct taking over. In a few moments, I was aware of a figure standing beside my playpen and I turned to look at her. She towered over me. A smile spread slowly across her face.

"Well, well. Who've we got here then?"

Her eyes looked me up and down. Her look of amusement and disdain served to make me feel even more infantile.

"Aren't you precious?" She crouched down, leaning over the side of the playpen. "All dummied and napped. I like that."

She touched the cloth of my romper and laughed as she tapped the babyish applique on my chest.

"Who is this then, baby? Who is this?"

I swallowed hard. I knew that my humiliation would only intensify as the night wore on.

"Oh, you've found him then?" Mummy said.

"He is adorable! So cute!"

Mummy beamed with pleasure like any proud mother would when complimented on her child.

"Yes, he's coming on. Not that he's going to get any older, mind you! I like him at this age. He's onto solids now - well if you can call them solids!"

They both laughed, knowing that the 'solids' they referred to were little more than mush.

"So how often is he like this, Mary?"

"Pretty much all of the time when he's at home. It's actually quite nice having a baby around, particularly one who can understand enough to do as he's told. I make a lot of his food by blending it. It's so much cheaper than constantly buying jars of baby food. Having said that, I still do, so I'm not sure where any economies are, but then babies are expensive, aren't they?"

Caroline smiled and shook a rattle in front of me to turn my attention to the toy. I reached for it and she allowed me to take it. I shook it, as I knew Mummy would expect. Mummy looked lovingly at me.

As Caroline stood again, she said, "So, as far as feeding him goes, how often does he have adult food?"

"As I say," Mummy replied. "He has adult food but I always run it through the blender for him. Any drinks he has are from a

baby bottle. I don't allow him anything that wouldn't be suitable for a real baby."

"What about milk then? Just cow's milk?"

"Well, when I first started babying him, I gave him cow's milk but as the weeks progressed, I started mixing it with formula milk. Every other day, I increased the proportion of baby milk to cow's milk. It didn't take him long to accept 100% baby formula. I think if I gave him cow's milk now he would be really fussy when it came to giving him his bottle."

The two ladies turned and began walking away from the playpen, satisfied that I was content and secure in my playpen. Mummy turned and said, "Be a good boy for Mummy! Play with your baby toys."

Knowing that Mummy is pleased with me is, for me, the best feeling in the world. I was safe, secure and loved. Perfect for any baby, adult or otherwise.

"Oh, before I forget!" Caroline said. "I brought a few things for you and the baby."

I looked across towards them and saw Caroline pick up a glittery red gift bag and pass it to Mummy.

"Congratulations on the new baby! I hope you both have many, many happy years!"

"Oooh! Presents!" Mummy enthused glancing at me as she did so. "Mummy loves presents, doesn't she, baby?"

"They're just a few little things. Something for baby, something for you and some baby food that you asked me to bring."

I watched from across the top of the playpen as Mummy unwrapped her gifts. The first gift was a clearly expensive gift set of lotions and relaxation creams 'for the new mother.'

"As soon as I saw them and that they were for new Mums, I thought they'd be perfect. I could just see you enjoying a nice relaxing bath and relax once baby is settled for the night. So they're for you."

"They're lovely. Thanks, Caroline. I'll start using them tomorrow. I'm coming up to the time where I'm going to set his bedtime to a more realistic baby time. If he's settled in his cot by seven each night, that'll give me a few hours of grown-up time before he needs seeing to again. Thanks so much."

"I wasn't really sure what to get for baby, to be honest, but I went to this local baby shop in town yesterday and they had this adorable cot mobile with baby animals on it. It didn't look cheap and nasty like some of them and it turns out that they are hand made in the village and sold in this one shop and over the Internet. I know he's a little bit past the tiny baby stage but I thought this might keep him entertained when he's strapped into his cot at night."

Mummy looked at the box. Her eyes clearly showing her delight at the cot mobile.

"This is really thoughtful, Caroline. It's so cute. He'll love it I'm sure. He's not too old for it either. I do have to fasten him into his cot from time to time if I need to pop to the shops or something so this will be perfect to keep his tiny mind occupied. Thank you." She turned towards me, holding up the box. "Look, baby! This is for you from Auntie Caroline!"

"And finally," Auntie Caroline said, "I got these." She took a box of baby rusks from the bag. "I can remember seeing these years ago but haven't seen them in a while. I thought it might be fun to see him eating one of these."

Mummy laughed. "I think he'll end up quite messy!"

Caroline said, "Apparently, babies who are starting on solids can suck them and they'll turn to mush or they can be mixed with milk and squashed down into a really smooth puree."

"Shall we give him one now?" Mummy said as she opened the box and silver coloured packet containing the rusks. "Could you undo his dummy strap for me while I get one out?"

Caroline rose from her seat and began walking back towards my playpen. As she did so, there was a knock at the door.

"That'll be Ruth," Mummy said. "Can you give him the rusk, please? I'll get the door."

Mummy passed the silver packet to Caroline and walked towards the front door, her heels clicking on the wooden floor as she left the living room. Caroline leaned over the side of the playpen.

"Come here, child." Her tone was curter now. I shuffled across the playpen on my nappied bottom until she could reach me. "Bow your head so I can unfasten your silly dummy strap."

I instantly did as I was told and felt the coolness of her fingers on my neck as she quickly loosened and then released the buckle on the strap. Once released, she pulled the dummy from my mouth and I moved my jaw, conscious of the moisture around my mouth from the lengthy period of nursing on the dummy teat.

"Here we are, baby. A lovely baby rusk for you. Take it in two hands. Clever boy. Auntie Caroline and Mummy want you to eat it all up now, but baby mustn't bite it. Just suck on it. Good boy."

## Chapter Three

Satisfied that her instruction was simple enough, even for me, she stood up again just as Mummy and another lady, who I took to be Ruth, entered the room.

"Ruth!" Caroline exclaimed. "How lovely to see you! It's been much too long."

Ruth smiled broadly and they hugged one another, exchanging pleasantries about how well they each looked.

"I've been really looking forward to this evening. Thanks for the invitation, Mary. I've been looking forward to seeing the baby since you first mentioned him to me."

She glanced across the room towards me for a moment and then returned to her conversation.

"I've brought a couple of things for you both. Blossom will bring them in from the car."

"Oh," Mummy said as they walked slowly over to the leather, four-seater settees. "I wondered where she was."

"She's parking the car. Actually," Ruth grinned, "She's in a major sulk because I dressed him before we left and he didn't want anyone to see her in her uniform."

Mummy and Caroline lifted their eyebrows a little on hearing of this display of male petulance.

"So," Ruth continued, "I solved that by putting him in the boot of the car and I drove myself." She paused and added mischievously, "Isn't it shocking how many speed bumps and potholes there are these days?"

All three women laughed at the mental image of 'Blossom' being bounced around in the car boot.

"She'll be in in a moment or two."

The ladies all sat down, chatting animatedly, occasionally glancing across at me as I made sounds with the toys that Mummy had instructed me to occupy myself with.

A few minutes passed.

"Oh! Where the hell is she?" Ruth said sharply. "She really is bloody useless sometimes."

I gummed my increasingly squishy rusk as I looked towards Mummy and her friends. Ruth reached into her handbag and took out a small bell and rang it in the direction of the kitchen. Almost immediately, I heard the sharp clatter of heels approaching the living room. Short, staccato steps.

Into the room came a man in his mid to late 30s, dressed from head to foot in a traditional maid's outfit. His slightly tousled hair a giveaway of his flustered condition. With short, dainty steps he scurried to stand next to Ruth. Unable to speak due to the ball gag strapped in his mouth, he stood dumbly waiting for instruction. Ruth looked him up and down disdainfully.

When she spoke, her tone was quiet and direct.

"Not only do you embarrass me by your slow arrival but you also look a mess! Have you looked at yourself girl?"

The man looked cowed as she spoke.

"Listen carefully to Mistress Mary now, Blossom. She will tell you what your duties are this evening do you understand? I told her that your training was coming along nicely - which is why I brought you this evening. If I can't trust you to do even the simplest things I might have to put you through baby training like the little one over there! I don't think you'd like that would you?"

He shook his head quickly and she sneered at his servility.

"And where are the gifts that I brought for Mistress Mary and the new baby?"

Blossom's face indicated that they had been forgotten and were still in the car. Ruth breathed deeply as though trying to control her annoyance.

"When Mistress Mary has told you what is required, you will go and bring the gifts from the car and I couldn't care less if anyone sees you. You will then bring them here and give them to me. You will then follow Mistress Mary's instruction and heaven help you if you fuck that up!"

Blossom looked dumbly, unsure if there was more to come. Ruth's eyes widened.

"What the fuck are you waiting for? Do it!"

Blossom turned and scurried out as quickly as the excessively tall high heels would allow.

"Honestly to God!" Ruth said in exasperation. "I'll bet that the baby is better at following instructions than she is!"

The ladies laughed, clearly comfortable with each other's company and that of three willing submissives.

While the ladies were waiting, they talked about the menu that they were having that evening. Everything was to be prepared by Caroline's partner and served by Blossom. I was not sure yet what my role was to be, apart from being the subject of humiliation and teasing. The meal sounded superb.

Blossom's returning footsteps stilled the conversation as everyone turned to watch her enter, carrying several gift bags.

"Put them here Blossom," Ruth said. Blossom placed the bags at her mistresses' feet and stood once more.



"Stand up straight girl!" Blossom straightened immediately. "The seams of your stockings aren't straight either. Get it sorted out when you're in the kitchen getting our drinks."

Mummy looked at Blossom.

"In the refrigerator, there are some bottles of Champagne for the ladies. You will bring one, which is properly chilled and three of the crystal flutes from the display cabinet. You will open the champagne here and then pour a glass for each of us. You will then go and stand beside the door until you are needed again. Clear?"

Blossom nodded.

"Does she curtsy?" Mummy said, smiling.

"Oh, she does but about as well as a five-year-old." They laughed. "I make her practise every day and she's improving," Ruth said. "Curtsy to the ladies Blossom."

Blossom lightly grasped the seams of her skirt and bobbed to each lady in turn, her ankles crossed.

"That's delightful," Caroline said. "A few more years daily practice and I'm sure she'll be perfect!"

"Go on then. Do as you're told!"

Blossom turned and clicked her way to the kitchen, glancing across towards me, increasingly covered in rusk.

"Here you are, Mary. Just a few little things for you and the baby."

I could just about see as Mummy began unwrapping the presents. First of all was a pale blue and yellow cloth baby bag.

"I saw this and thought it would be useful for when you take baby out and about. It's got lots of little pockets and sections for things like a feed bottle, spare dummy, wet wipes, jars of baby food and a zip section here to keep spare nappies. It just looked really

useful. I didn't buy the things to go in it as I thought you'd probably have all of those things."

As Ruth spoke, Mummy opened the nappy bag and looked inside. I could see from her expression that simply receiving this bag had sown the seed for more humiliating circumstances for me and more amusement for her.

"So that's a thing for both of you. Mummy and the little one. This is for the baby."

I strained my neck to see what she was taking out but it was unnecessary as I heard it before I saw it. It was a rattle. A plastic, classic shaped baby rattle with a baby blue ribbon attached to the ring on the handle. Mummy shook it delightedly, laughing as she did so.

"Oh, this is precious!" Mummy laughed. "It's a long time since I've seen a baby's rattle like this. I'm sure he'll love it! Thank you, Ruth."

"You asked us to bring baby food and I brought this pack of baby rice. The picture on the front looks like wallpaper paste in a baby bowl. 'Baby's First Rice'. It looks so thin and tasteless. I thought it would be perfect."

I could see her smile as she passed the box to Mummy.

"Oh, he'll enjoy it. He has to get used to eating this kind of thing so the more he gets, the quicker he'll get used to it."

"And the final gift," Ruth said. "Two tickets for *Les Misérables*! One for you and one for Caroline. Blossom got them from a client at work. However, I've seen it and she's got too many chores to do these days so I thought you two could go instead. And," she glanced at me. "I'll babysit while you're away. I've looked after babies before so I'd love to do it. A baby's routine is the same whether they're an adult baby or not, right?"

All three ladies sniggered as Mummy accepted the gift. I'd never had anyone look after me before. Being babysat by one of Mummy's friends was something I was unsure of. One thing I was sure of however was that I would have no influence on whether it happened or not. Mummy had made it clear from the very beginning of my baby training that she would make every decision which affected me, no matter how trivial.

Mummy decided.

"Where is that maid?" Caroline said just as she came into view.

Blossom was carrying a small silver tray on which stood three beautiful crystal glasses and a bottle of 'Mumm' champagne. Blossom stood dumbly next to his Mistress waiting for permission to continue. Ruth looked Blossom up and down, checking that everything was to her satisfaction.

"Continue."

On command, Blossom placed the tray onto the small table and began to uncork it.

Mummy broke the silence.

"This is 'Mummy' champagne." she laughed. "Every month I have a case delivered from Harrod's in London. Baby pays for it of course and, one afternoon each month, I put him onto his playmat in the living room and sit with him while he adds the letter 'y' to each label in baby crayon."

I blushed with humiliation as Mummy revealed the infantile task that I happily did each month for her.

"It's really hilarious watching him do it. I put thick baby mittens on him so it's harder for him to hold the big crayon and I make him write with his left hand so it looks more babyish. It can take him up to three hours sometimes before they are all done. I

have to sit with him of course while he's doing it. I don't want any of them damaged."

The ladies smiled, nodding their evident approval.

"So does baby ever get to taste the champagne?" Caroline asked.

"No. Absolutely not. He knows that champagne is just for grown-up ladies. He has what's appropriate for his age. Baby milk, warm water or baby juice. Nothing else. He's getting used to it."

The pop of the champagne cork punctuated Mummy's sentence and Blossom poured the champagne carefully into each glass and passed one to each lady.

"There is an ice bucket in the kitchen Blossom. Be a pet and fill it with ice and bring it back here. Off you go."

Obediently, Blossom went to the kitchen, returning a few minutes later with the ice bucket, into which the champagne bottle went.

"Go and help in the kitchen Blossom. Listen for your bell."

Blossom curtsied once more to each of the ladies and then retreated to the kitchen. Mummy glanced at me and I knew immediately that she expected to see and hear more active play with my toys. I refocused my attention on the activity centre fastened to the side of my playpen. I glanced up to see Mummy smile as she returned to the conversation. The music which Mummy had selected to accompany the evening was turned up a little. Mummy does not approve of loud music but it was sufficiently loud to cover their conversation from me. An occasional outburst of laughter caused me to lift my head before I returned to my toys.

My fingers had become quite sticky while eating the rusk and, as I looked down I could see some slowly solidifying lumps of rusk which had fallen from my mouth. I knew that Mummy would

take great delight in pointing out my babyish attempts at eating. 'Another reason' she might say, 'that I always feed him myself. Bottle, breast or spoon.'"

Mummy saw that I had finished my rusk and she looked at me quizzically.

"Excuse me a moment ladies," she said, placing her glass on the table and standing up. I gulped, sensing that whatever her reason for standing up and leaving her conversation was connected to something I had either done or not done. Mummy walked purposefully towards the playpen and I saw Caroline and Ruth watching her, both curious as to why she needed to come to the playpen.

Mummy half smiled as she crouched down, resting her arms on the top of the pen. She reached down into the playpen and lifted my dummy from the padded floor. Instantly I knew what was about to be said.

"What is this baby?" she said, swinging it to and fro in front of me.

"My dummy, Mummy."

"Clever boy." She continued to swing it gently. "It's your dummy. Your dummy teat which Mummy says should always be in your mouth if you're not being fed. Do you remember Mummy telling you that?"

I nodded and noticed the glee which was evident on the other ladies' faces as Mummy belittled me in front of them.

"So does baby think that the dummy should be back in his little mouth by now hmm?"

I began to nod but was stopped as Mummy slapped me hard across my left cheek. It stung and I bowed my head. Almost

immediately Mummy's hand lifted my chin and resumed talking as though nothing had happened.

"Then Mummy had better pop it back in for her baby hadn't she?"

The rubber teat was pushed firmly into my mouth and Mummy pulled the strap behind my head, fastening it tighter than before. I moved my head in an effort to make the dummy gag more comfortable, like a horse resisting harness.

"Keep still child," Mummy snapped as she fastened the buckle. She stood up, towering over me once again. "And there it will stay until it's time for your din-dins!"

## Chapter Four

Satisfied that I was rendered dumb once more she returned to her friends.

"Perhaps you could get Blossom to prepare the table, Ruth?" Mummy said as she sat down again.

"Certainly," Ruth replied and rang the bell once more.

Blossom's hurried footsteps echoed through the entrance hall as she responded immediately to her mistresses' bidding. Blossom curtsied and waited expectantly for instruction.

"The table needs setting, Blossom," Ruth said, indicating the grand dining table which sat on a raised area towards the rear of the living room. Diners at the table were provided with breath-taking views over the surrounding countryside. Entertaining friends was one of Mummy's delights.

"Be a poppet and show everyone how well you can lay it? Remember what I taught you about what goes where! I will be checking."

Blossom curtsied, acknowledging the task she had been given and walked towards the dining table where the crisp linen and cutlery had been placed in readiness. As she walked past the playpen I saw the reason for Blossom's precise, feminine style of walking. Her ankles were connected to one another by a short chain of around twelve inches which forced her to walk in the style determined by Ruth.

Blossom glanced at me as she passed the playpen. Just for a moment, I felt we shared the same thought, 'How had we been

reduced to this?" He a housemaid and me a nappied infant restrained in a playpen. Both humiliated for our partners' amusement and convenience.

I turned back to my toys, pressing squeaky buttons and randomly turning coloured wheels on the activity centre Mummy had placed in my playpen earlier. Every so often I glanced towards where the ladies were sitting. They were absorbed in their conversation, pausing only occasionally to check on me.

"Blossom?" I heard Mummy's voice and automatically raised my head towards her.

"Yes Ma'am?" Blossom replied.

"Come here, girl. I don't conduct conversations across a room with a maid. Get yourself here!"

The hurried footsteps on the oak floor indicated that Blossom had realised her error in responding from across the room. The three ladies looked at Blossom with disapproving eyes.

Mummy paused. I knew she was not pleased as I recognised the pause from occasions when I had been naughty and Mummy needed to correct me.

"Blossom, I do not conduct conversations across the breadth of a room. To do so would be inappropriate and indicate a lack of courtesy. Even you, dear Blossom, are entitled to common courtesies. However, a maid needs to learn protocol. Calling across a room to a lady is simply not acceptable and you know that later your Mistress will punish you for it don't you?"

"Yes Ma'am. I'm sorry Ma'am. I didn't think."

"I know Blossom. You're not expected to think, simply to obey instructions. Is that clear?"

"Yes Ma'am. Sorry Ma'am."



"Make sure it doesn't happen again," Mummy said.

Miss Ruth watched approvingly as Mummy corrected her wayward maid and then said, "Blossom. Turn around so that the ladies can see the present that I bought you for this evening."

I watched, transfixed, as he shuffled around, presenting her bottom to the ladies. Miss Ruth lifted the hem of Blossom's skirt, revealing a pair of pink silk knickers with feminine, almost babyish ruffles around them. The ladies all smiled broadly as they looked at Blossom's underwear.

"Oh, they're really pretty!" Miss Caroline commented. "Very becoming Blossom. They suit you!"

I could see Blossom shut his eyes briefly in embarrassment.

"I've got a few pairs like that for baby!" Mummy said. "They're all a little larger than Blossom's but then his have to go over his nappies and rubbers."

Mummy smiled across at me, knowing that I disliked wearing what she referred to as 'baby's frillies'. Wearing baby clothes was sufficiently humiliating without the added mental discomfort of frills and lace. Mummy made me wear them occasionally when she wanted me to practice my crawling for her. Thankfully today was not one of those occasions.

"They," remarked Miss Ruth, a little ominously, "will come down later and you will be spanked by one of us for your lack of deference. Do you understand Blossom?"

"Yes, Mistress I do," Blossom replied, turning to face the three ladies once more.

"And?" Miss Ruth raised her eyebrows expectantly and looked at Blossom.

"Thank you, Mistress," Blossom said.

"Now, go about your duties, girl." Miss Ruth waved dismissively.

As Blossom turned to resume laying the table, Mummy spoke.

"Blossom. Put the baby's highchair to the left of my seat. He can eat at the same time as us."

I hadn't thought of that. I'd imagined the ladies' eating and leaving me in the playpen. I had thought that Mummy might feed me at some point before bedtime but hadn't thought about sitting at the table with them while they ate. I should have anticipated it. Mummy would relish the opportunity to humiliate and baby me in front of her friends.

"Yes Ma'am," Blossom replied and curtsied.

I watched as Blossom moved the highchair to the table, placing it next to Mummy at the head of the table.

It took Blossom only a few minutes to lay the table. Obediently, he approached Miss Ruth and told her that he had completed the task.

Miss Ruth stood and walked around the table, inspecting the position of each and every item of cutlery and each glass. Blossom stood meekly by, watching as his efforts were silently scrutinised.

Finally, Miss Ruth approached him, smiling.

"Good girl. You've done a lovely job and your Mistress is proud of you. Good girl."

Blossom smiled with relief at receiving the praise she so dearly craved. Miss Ruth moved towards Blossom and kissed her full on the lips, maintaining contact for several seconds. I could see Blossom's satisfaction at being given such intimate contact with her Mistress.

"Good girl. Now, go and fix your make up and then to the kitchen to see if our first course is ready."

Blossom's heels clicked on the floor as she left the room to follow her instructions.

Miss Ruth walked elegantly back to her seat.

"A little reward keeps him on task!" she giggled.

Within moments of sitting down, Blossom reappeared, make up perfect once more.

"Ladies, dinner will be ready in five minutes."

"Oooh! Goody!" Mummy clapped her hands together excitedly.

"I'm starving!"

"Blossom?" Miss Ruth called. "Come and take the glasses and champagne to the table. There's a good girl."

Blossom quickly entered the room carrying a small tray and efficiently took the ladies' drinks to the dining table.

"I'll get the baby," Mummy said. "You girls make yourselves comfortable."

Mummy walked to the set of drawers which stood at one side of the fireplace. Opening the middle one, she removed the all too familiar set of baby reins that she always put on me while I was in my highchair. Ever since my babying had begun, she had made sure that anything that needed to be done to ensure the safety of a real baby would be done to me. Being firmly strapped and restrained in a highchair was simply something I had become used to. The humiliation of being put into baby style restraints while two beautiful women watched and smirked at me was, however, a new experience.

Mummy threaded my arms through each side of the harness, running her hands underneath the leather and suede to straighten any twisting.

"Mummy needs to keep her little boy safe while he's in his chair now doesn't she hmm?" she chattered as she pulled the straps together. "Mummy keep you all snuggly safe. We don't want you falling out of your highchair now do we?"

All of her questions were rhetorical and designed to humiliate. The tightness of the strap holding my dummy in my mouth precluded any response anyway.

Mummy turned to her guests.

"I'll just have his harness on for now. I'll just clip him into his highchair. If you'd like," she added as an afterthought, "you might want to walk him around later in his reins? With the thickness of the nappies I've got him in, he'll look even more ridiculous. A waddling adult baby really is a sight to behold!" she laughed.

"Oh! I'd love to walk him after we've had our meal." Caroline laughed. I could see that the idea of being able to humiliate me directly appealed greatly to her.

"Crawl for Mummy darling. Crawl to heel."

The command was a familiar one. Mummy stood in front of me, waiting until I was 'in position'.

"Good boy," she said. "Crawl to heel. Follow Mummy's heels."

She took slow, deliberate steps, ensuring I kept immediately behind her. I knew she was looking backwards at me, gently praising yet ridiculing me at the same time. As I crawled obediently behind her, I was conscious of the bulky nappies around my bottom. The bulk of the material forcing my thighs apart.

I could hear the ladies giggling as I crawled behind Mummy. My only concern was that I was pleasing her.

We were soon beside my highchair. Mummy had had it specially made in America to resemble a real baby's highchair. The seat was made from wipe clean, nursery print vinyl. The tray had been modified, on Mummy's instruction so that it could be locked firmly in place, effectively restraining the chair's occupant. The chair had to have been expensive to have commissioned and then shipped to the UK. Two things I did know - its price was of 'no concern to a silly baby' and also that it had been bought with my money.

"Onto your bottom baby. Good boy!"

I shifted around from all fours onto my bottom. It was only then that I could really see Mummy's two friends clearly. Both were tall and elegant. Dressed expensively and sipping their champagne, they both looked like models from an expensive magazine. Both smiled scornful smiles at the adult infant in front of them.

I turned to Mummy as she removed the white, plastic feeding tray from the chair.

"Up you come, baby! Nearly time for din-dins!"

She patted the seat encouragingly and held out a hand to help me up from the floor.

"Upsie!" Mummy said as I stood.

My legs felt a little weak as I had been confined to the floor for the majority of the day. I had wondered, on occasion, if Mummy intended to ensure my leg strength was to be decreased over the months. I couldn't be sure. I stood on tiptoes and eased my bottom onto the seat. The bulk of the extra nappies made it much more snug than I was used to.

"There we are! Good baby." Mummy said as she clipped the baby harness to the steel rings at the sides of the chair. The click of each clip closing was another reminder of their control over me.

"And now for baby's din-dins tray!" Mummy quickly fastened it in place and made sure it was locked. I was going nowhere.

"Do sit down ladies!" Mummy said. "I'll just get him a toy."

My eyes followed Mummy as she went to the toy box and came back with a highchair toy for me. Green and yellow plastic free-spinning discs mounted on a rubber support which attached to the tray with a rubber sucker. Mummy encouraged me to spin the discs and bend the rubber support, making the typical baby rattle noise. She shook it vigorously and laughed.

"That'll keep him busy while we eat." she laughed. "Are we ready to eat?" Mummy asked her friends.

"Oh yes!" they both said in almost perfect unison.

Mummy rang the small bell and Blossom appeared, walking briskly to the table. She curtsied.

"Yes Ma'am?"

"We're ready to eat now, Blossom. You may bring out the canapés." Miss Ruth said.

"Yes Ma'am. Thank you Ma'am." Blossom replied before curtsying again and backing away from the table.

Mummy reached across and stroked my face.

"Good boy," she said quietly. As I always did when she said that to me, I melted and fell in love with her all over again. She knew it too.

"Would baby like something to eat as well?" she asked teasingly. "Yes?"

Whether I wanted anything or not, Mummy hadn't asked the question to receive an answer. She wanted to do something.

"Let's take this silly dummy out of your mouth little one. If you have it in all evening, you'll not want it when Mummy puts you into your cot, and that would never do, would it? A cotted baby without his dummy is like a teapot without a spout!"

Mummy unfastened the strap from behind my head, removed the dummy gag and placed it beside her place setting. It stayed in my full view - a reminder of what was to come later.

The ladies laughed at the imagery of Mummy's simile.

Mummy stood up and walked to the bureau on which stood a bowl of fruit. She broke off a slightly overripe banana from the hand of five which were there and brought it back to the table where she unpeeled it.

"He loves banana," she said. "He has it for breakfast sometimes but I'm beginning to think that there's too much roughage in it for him. I think the baby rice you brought might be more suitable in the long term."

I knew that Mummy had said that she intended to wean me away from any form of adult food, but hadn't imagined that bananas might fall into that category.

## Chapter Five

I watched as Mummy placed the banana skin beside her plate and then turned towards me and began slicing the banana into thin disks, each one falling with a light 'plop' onto the surface of the feeding tray. One by one they fell as Mummy continued chatting casually to the ladies.

My attention was taken by Blossom entering the room once more, this time carrying three plates of immaculately presented food. Moving around the table, Blossom placed each plate in front of the ladies, rotating the dish slightly for maximum aesthetic effect. I glanced down at my 'meal' of sliced, overripe banana.

"Will there be anything else, ladies?" Blossom asked.

"Take this banana skin away and dispose of it. There's a good girl." Miss Ruth said, reaching past me to pick the skin from the table. Blossom walked around and held out a hand to take the banana skin from Miss Ruth. As the hand was held out, Miss Ruth dropped the banana skin on the floor. As Blossom crouched to pick it up, Miss Ruth said, "Pick it up with your mouth girl. I don't want my next course smelling of banana!"

Blossom lowered her face to the floor and stood up holding the banana skin between her lips, waiting for either instruction or ridicule. Miss Ruth looked at her commenting simply,

"You look ridiculous. Good girl. Off you go."

The three ladies looked at one another and smiled. No comment was necessary.

"Well, cheers everyone! Here's to a lovely meal and well-behaved partners!"

They clinked their glasses and sipped their champagne before beginning their meal. I knew Mummy would expect me to