

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

BIG BABIES AND THEIR MUMMIES

*A Collection of Short Stories
(Volume 2)*

COLIN MILTON

REKNOWNED ABDL/FEMDOM FICTION AUTHOR

Big Babies And Their Mummies

Big Babies And Their Mummies

Volume 2

by

Colin Milton

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Big Babies And Their Mummies

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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.

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Training Mark



Chapter One

Mark and I had been together for five years. We'd been married for two of those years and we were childless - through choice rather than anything else.

We'd known when we got together that neither of us were desperate to have children and we'd enjoyed doing what we wanted to do, when we wanted to do it. We each had a nice, late model car and we'd put any money we had into our home and an occasional holiday. Life was good. It still is. In fact, the last year has seen significant improvements! Improvements which neither of us foresaw even twelve months ago.

My name is Laura. I'm 32. I've often been told I am attractive and I try and keep fit by going to the gym and walking. Mark's keen to stay fit too but isn't able to get to the gym quite so often these days. Mind you, he isn't complaining. His everyday lifestyle changed fairly significantly almost a year ago. Neither of us had any idea

how our relationship was about to change on that evening. I remember that night as though it was a couple of days ago. Mark's always been fond of cuddles. Anytime, anyplace - a cuddle is always welcome.

We'd just had our evening meal. I'd cooked it and Mark's responsibility was to tidy the kitchen. As he always did though, he delayed it by saying he needed to let his meal settle and he'd '*do it in a little while*'. I'd heard that so many times it wasn't worth asking him to do it there and then. It would get done - I knew that - just not as soon as I would have preferred.

"Cuddle?" Mark said as he approached the sofa where I was sitting.

"Alright then. Just a short one though. I don't want you forgetting the kitchen."

He grinned, promised he wouldn't and lay down positioning himself across my lap with his head resting on my chest.

As I always did, I wrapped my arms around him and cuddled him to me, cradling him like a child. He took a deep breath and I felt his entire body relax. These were his favourite moments. I really enjoyed it too. I knew his job was a stressful and responsible one. After all, he was in charge of over fifty people at work and was held directly responsible for any of their failings. I knew that being in my arms was his '*special time*'. Me? I enjoyed the closeness and, if I'm honest, the quietness that settled around us both. I could watch TV or read while he cuddled. Only very rarely did Mark ever try to make conversation while he was being held like that.

I watched the news as I cuddled him, occasionally glancing down at him. He always looked so cute and carefree. His eyes would close and he savoured the opportunity to '*switch off*'. Mark was slightly built for his age. Smaller than average height and slender. I used to call him '*Snake Hips*' because his waist measurement was

so small for a grown man. I could feel his body getting heavier in my arms as I held him. A sure sign that he was starting to fall asleep. I didn't want him to fall asleep right then as the kitchen was still a mess and I knew he'd be reluctant to do it once he'd woken up from a nap.

"Hey sleepy," I said quietly, jiggling him. "Don't you go falling asleep. You've still got the kitchen to tidy."

He opened his eyes reluctantly and curled his lip in disdain at the thought.

"In a minute," he replied drowsily. "In a minute."

"No, not 'in a minute,'" I insisted. "I know what you're like. Come on. It won't take you long."

I lifted my arms away from him to show him that I was serious about wanting him to do it. It was still good-natured but I didn't want to be coming down in the morning to a messy kitchen.

"Oh, okay," he said. "You win!"

He half-rolled away from me and, as he did so, I saw that the front of his new, white work shirt was spattered with stains from the Bolognese sauce we'd just eaten.

"Oh, Mark!" I said. "Have you seen the state of your shirt? It's brand new! You've only worn it once!"

He cast his eyes down to look at the pattern of stains.

"Everyone gets 'dinner medals'!" he said smiling.

"Yeah," I replied sarcastically. "Everyone under 18 months old and that's why they have to wear bibs when they're eating!"

He rolled fully off me and stood up. I wasn't pleased. I'd just bought him this shirt to replace one he'd stained the previous week with curry.

"Honestly, Mark. You've got to be more careful when you're eating. That's just ridiculous," I said indicating the spread of stains.

He half-smiled. He knew I was annoyed at seeing another shirt potentially ruined. As always, his pathetic, poor me, half-smile made me smile back at him, easing the sudden tension that had occurred. I couldn't stay cross at him and he knew it.

"You know, I bet you'd be more careful if you thought I'd spank you every time you made a mess on your clothes!"

"Oooh! A spanking! Yes please!"

We both laughed.

"Be careful what you wish for, Mark! You're not too old to go across my lap!"

"Yeah, right!" he replied.

I surprised myself when I thought about what I'd said to Mark. I'd never spanked him, or anyone else, before. We'd never even discussed anything like that but his initial response played around in my mind.

"Just go and tidy the kitchen, okay?"

I turned back to the TV, tucking my legs underneath me. As he walked towards the kitchen I called after him,

"Mark? Be a sweetheart and bring me a glass of wine, please?"

"Red or white?"

"Red, please! There's half a bottle of that Merlot on the side. I'll just have that!"

"Okay love!"

I heard the cupboard door open and a gentle clink of a wine glass being taken out. By the time I had found a programme to watch, Mark was standing beside me with a large glass of wine.

"Merlot, Madam?" Mark said in an affected sophisticated voice.

"Thank you, messy boy!" I replied, taking the glass. Mark began to sit down but I quickly reminded him of the untidy kitchen. His shoulders sagged and he rolled his eyes.

"Do I have to?

His whine was like a small child's and I told him so.

"Yes Mark, you do."

I looked at him and added, with less levity than earlier, "Or I'll put you over my lap and give you that spanking and you won't like or forget."

His face cracked a smile. I wasn't sure then if that was because he liked the idea of being spanked like a child or that he thought I wouldn't do it. I knew though, as I looked at his smug smile, that he was closer to being 'punished' by me than he had ever been.

Chapter Two



I sipped my wine as the noise from the kitchen told me that Mark was tidying up. My thoughts were not on the TV programme however, I was thinking about Mark's reactions to my mention of him being spanked. This was an area of play that we'd never explored and, the more I thought about it, the more I liked the idea of doing it.

Mark was like most men I thought. Happy to do as little as possible - as often as possible. Happy for their food to be made for them, placed in front of them and then tidied away, all with minimum or zero effort or input from them. I loved him but sometimes I did get tired of asking him to do things around the house. He often seemed completely oblivious to all of the things, large and small, that needed doing. Perhaps, I thought, I could use the idea of a spanking as a lever to get him to do more? I remember smiling as I emptied my glass.

"Mark?"

He appeared at the door carrying the dishcloth.

"Uh-huh?"

"Can you be an angel and get me another glass of wine please?"

"There's none left in the bottle."

"I thought you said there was half a bottle left?" I reminded him.

"Well, yeah. There was but that was a large glass and I had the rest."

"You had it?"

I paused to give him the impression I was genuinely cross at what he'd done.

"Well, yes."

His tone suddenly sounded uncertain. He hadn't expected my reaction.

"That was a bit thoughtless, wasn't it? You knew there wasn't much wine left and you knew I was enjoying having a glass and yet you just decided to finish it?"

He was nonplussed and I was enjoying his discomfiture. He didn't know if I was playing or not.

"I didn't think that finishing..."

"No Mark. You didn't think. Nothing new in that then, is there?"

I turned to look at the TV even though I wanted to observe his reaction more.

"I'm sorry love. I didn't know that you wanted what was left."

I turned to look at him again, scarcely able to believe that he was accepting my 'displeasure' and had even apologised for having, what I knew was, probably much less than half a glass of wine.

"So?" I continued. "What are you going to do about it?"

He looked lost and confused. He clearly wasn't reading my mood, or I was covering it well. I wanted to play with him.

"I ... er... I..."

"Well?" I said, trying to sound stern and impatient.

"I'm sorry."

"Oh? That's alright then! If you're sorry then everything must be fine, mustn't it? You're sorry and I have no more wine! I'll bet there's none in the wine rack either!"

I knew there wasn't as I had looked earlier that evening.

"I don't know love. I just..."

"Well go and look!" I replied.

His response was instant. He disappeared into the kitchen, returning moments later.

"No love. There's none left."

I smiled inside at his use of the term 'love'. That was the word that appeared when he wanted to ingratiate himself with me.

"So what are you going to do?"

It took a few seconds but he got there in the end.

"I'll go and get some more for you, shall I?"

His eyes widened at his suggestion, eager to please. I feigned doubt.

"Well, I got that in town at the specialist wine shop. I've not seen it anywhere else. It was part of an offer they were doing. I don't even know if they'll still have it in the offer."

"That doesn't matter. I'll just get it. It doesn't matter if it's on 'special' or not."

His sudden eagerness to please me was something of a revelation. A mention of being spanked - albeit light-heartedly - and a faux stern talking to seemed to have opened up another part of his character. I was intrigued and excited by what I saw.

"Okay then. Get three bottles while you're there. It'll save you going back tomorrow."

He eagerly went to get his coat and shoes. I decided to see if I could push my luck a little bit further.

"Mark sweetheart?"

He appeared at the door like an excited puppy about to be taken for a walk.

"Yes?"

"Take my car, will you? It needs filling up with petrol. Be a love and do that for me?"

I gave him a sweet smile and although I perceived a split second of hesitation, he said he would. As the door closed behind him, I sat back and tried to process my thoughts. I had chided him for being messy. I had chided him for drinking the dregs of a bottle of wine and I had mentioned spanking him. As a result of those things, his demeanour seemed to have changed! He suddenly couldn't do enough for me. I smiled as I sipped my wine and heard Mark driving away. I knew he'd be at least an hour. By the time he had bought the wine and filled the car, it would have cost him around £100. I knew that and he knew that, and yet he hadn't baulked at it. After all, we didn't have a joint account. He'd be paying out of his own money to please me. I could feel my smile broadening.

I decided to take a look on the Internet to find information on husbands who accept spanking from their wives. I had no idea how much information was there. '*Domestic Discipline*', '*Spanked Husbands*', '*Training Your Hubby*'. My eyes widened with pleasure and fascination as I looked at 'How to...' guides, videos and personal experience accounts from those involved in a 'Domestic Discipline' relationship. It seemed that these women had it all! An obedient and faithful husband who was willing, indeed desperate to please his partner, no matter how humiliating or difficult it may be for him.

I read a story of a couple where the husband was even treated as a young baby while he was at home. His wife fed him formula milk from a baby bottle, dressed him as a baby and imposed an infantile routine on his home life. He worked regular hours and then came straight home to Mummy who put him back to his babified state. His wages were paid directly to her and she gave him only the minimum amount of money to function at work! It was, for me, hard to believe that relationships like this existed. The truth was, and is though, that they do. In increasing numbers. I was warming to the idea of bringing Domestic Discipline into our lives.

Female-led of course!

Chapter Three



I learned during the time that Mark was out of the house that it was important that I find an excuse to 'punish' him. Something that I could convince him I was genuinely cross about. I'd have to think about that. Putting him across my knee was another thing. Would he accept that? Certainly, his reaction to my displeasure earlier had come as a surprise. Suddenly I had a husband who wanted to please me. The more I thought about spanking him, the more I liked the idea, but I still felt nervous about returning to the idea and actually doing it. Then I saw the article that resolved my decision.

'Making a well-behaved husband.'

The article was a serious piece of prose full of research. Clearly written by an educated and confident woman, it was hard to tell if her words and ideas came from personal experience or research into the male psyche. I favoured the former although her understanding and explanation of how guys think, made a huge amount of sense and I could recognise Mark in much of what she wrote.

In her article, she explained that for long term success in training one's partner, it was important that they understood that they were loved by their wife/girlfriend and that was why it was necessary for them to have things pointed out to them when they did something which upset their partner. Surely they didn't want to upset their wife or girlfriend? Surely they'd want to know if they'd done something wrong? Surely they'd want to know if they'd been thoughtless or selfish?

The onus was best placed on them.

By offering discipline and correction, you as the dominant and controlling partner were displaying how much you loved and cared for them. To any male with submissive tendencies, this would, she assured the reader, make perfect sense. I realised my smile had not lessened in the previous twenty minutes or so. Increasingly, the mental image of Mark over my knee receiving a spanking for a misdemeanour thrilled me and made me tingle. Knowing I still had time before he returned, I watched several videos of men being spanked. Some were being thrashed by leather-clad dominatrices but that wasn't the image I had or wanted to pursue. The ones which were exciting me most were those which showed 'ordinary' couples giving and receiving spankings. I liked the idea that a spanking could take place at any time of the day that it was deemed necessary.

The latter part of the article addressed the reality that a spanking is normally associated with a parental figure. A Daddy or Mummy. The recipient is placed in a submissive and childish place, across the knee, and often will be required to receive the punishment on a bare bottom. Furthermore, the author added, an additional punishment can be added with no extra effort from the dominant partner. Corner Time.

"Like any small child who has just been physically punished," she wrote. "It is very important that they are given time, preferably enforced, in which they can think about what they have done and how to avoid being punished for the same thing again. When sufficient time has passed, they should be able to return to their partner who can give them reassurance that they are still loved and that whatever they had done wrong has been forgiven."

As I digested what she had written, it seemed clear to me that 'training' a partner bore many similarities to bringing up a toddler or, in some cases, a baby. Certainly, I thought, Mark's behaviour can be childish from time to time. He can be moody and

stubborn. He likes getting his own way and sulks when he doesn't and he also drops food down his clothes. I smiled as I realised he'd gone to the wine store still wearing his stained t-shirt.

Mischievously, I hoped that a young female assistant might see his messy shirt and comment on it.

At that exact moment, I knew I wanted him over my knee that night. I had no real plan but knew that was what I wanted more than anything. I knew that spanking him with my bare hand would probably end up hurting me as much as him. That wasn't part of my plan at all! The women in the stories all had proper implements and specially-designed leather spanking paddles but I didn't have anything like that. I remembered that when we had married one of my girlfriends had bought me a leather riding crop, for my hen night, 'to keep him under control' and I remember laughing about it but putting it at the back of a cupboard somewhere. I'd never even mentioned it to Mark. That wouldn't do though. I wanted to spank him, not whip him.

I logged off the computer, after deleting my History files, and quickly went upstairs to look for something, anything that I could use on his bottom. It didn't take me long to find Mark's wooden hairbrush. Its handle fitted comfortably in my hand and the flat, wooden back was about the same size as my flattened palm.

'This will do,' I thought. 'At least for now.'

I knew that if he didn't accept my authority and his spanking immediately then I would have to think longer and harder about how I was going to achieve what I wanted. I swung the back of the brush onto the palm of my left hand. Even though it wasn't done with any real momentum, the resultant sharp smacking sound was like music to my ears. It stung slightly too. After a few seconds, I could feel the skin on the palm of my hand tingling slightly. I took the brush downstairs and tucked it behind a cushion.

It wasn't too long before Mark returned. He was smiling and was clearly happy. He'd just spent around £100 on me and it clearly was something he'd been happy to do. To please me. He was going to please me more in a little while by letting me spank his little bottom!

"Hi, love!" he said smiling. "I got the wine. I actually got four bottles. They were the last ones in the shop and he's not due to have any more until his next delivery on Monday."

He lifted each one from the bag and placed it ceremoniously on the side table.

"I filled the car up for you as well. It was onto the reserve fuel light but it's full now."

"Thank you," I replied without sounding too grateful. This wasn't going to be easy but I had to find something that I could punish him for.

"Pour me another glass then will you? Bring it through. Clean glass!"

I heard him opening the bottle and heard two glasses of wine being poured. This was a chance.

Mark came into the living room looking relaxed and smiling. He passed me my glass and sat down at the other end of the settee holding his glass by the bowl to warm the wine. He fancied himself as some kind of connoisseur but he wasn't at all. He knew what he liked but that was as far as it went. I looked at him.

"Did you need a glass that big, Mark?"

He looked surprised. I repeated myself.

"I said, do you need a glass that big?"

Instantly he was on the defensive.

"Well, I just wanted a glass of wine and it's the same size as yours so...."

I cut him short.

"The size of my glass is irrelevant, Mark. We're talking about the size of *your* glass. You had a glass before you went out. Not a good idea considering that you were driving."

"But I didn't know I'd be dri..."

"I think that one thing you don't need is a glass of wine like that."

I turned back to look at the TV. I wanted to see his reaction but I needed him to be unsure and keen to please me and get back into my good books. As I expected, Mark began to try and justify himself to me.

"Hang on, love. I've just been to get this wine for you, filled your car up with fuel and now I'm told I shouldn't have a glass of wine?"

His reaction was almost precisely what had been written in the article as a 'typical, submissive male response, similar to a child trying to justify behaviour unacceptable to the parent.'

"You're not listening," I sighed, trying to sound impatient. "I'm not saying you shouldn't have a glass of wine, Mark. What I am saying is that it needn't be quite so large." I paused. "After all, the number of calories in a glass of wine won't help you lose weight from your tummy, will it?"

His eyes widened as he took in what I said. Clearly lost for words, he put the glass of wine down hard on the table, splashing about half of its contents onto the wooden tabletop. He turned away from me.

"Mark!" I snapped. "What are you doing? What on earth is the matter?" My opportunity had presented itself sooner rather than later.

Mark shook his head in a mixture of confusion, annoyance and, as I soon discovered, sadness.

"Oh, I don't know, Jan. I just feel like I can't do anything right. At work. Here. Nothing I do ever seems to be good enough! I'm fed up. Really sick and tired."

As he spoke I began to feel a little guilty for what I had said but I knew inside that I needed, for the long term good of both of us, to mould the situation to my wishes.

"But we're okay aren't we, Mark?" I asked.

"Yes, of course," he responded without hesitation. "It's just that well, sometimes I get tired of feeling that all of the important decisions have to be mine. The pressure at work at the moment is ridiculous and, to be honest, I just want to switch off when I get home."

I put my hand on his shoulder and rubbed it to comfort him. I knew he was feeling vulnerable and needed reassurance. He needed me to take control of the situation.

"Come here," I said gently, placing my glass to the side.

I opened my arms and, without any further encouragement, he lay across me and I cradled his head in my left arm. His eyes were tightly shut, trying to disguise the tears that lay under his lids. Telling me about the pressure at work had clearly been a big thing for him as he'd obviously been bottling it up inside.

"Ssshhhh."

Training Mark

Chapter Four



I found myself calming him as though he were a child. I alternately patted and rubbed his back telling him that it was, "Alright. Everything's alright." his body felt heavy as he slowly relaxed in my arms. His eyes remained closed and his lips pressed together, trying to hold on to his emotions. Slowly, slowly he became calmer and his eyes opened. Through his tears, I could still see that his upset was very raw still.

"I'm sorry love," he said tearily. "I've been stupid. I'm sorry for drinking your wine and I'm sorry for slamming the glass down and making a mess. That was stupid. I'll clean it up and pour the wine back in the bottle."

He began to ease himself away from me but I held him to me. He looked up at me, confused. I smiled.

"I do want you to tidy that mess up that you made and I also think it's a good idea that you pour the rest of your glass back into the bottle."

I gulped in anticipation at what I was about to say.

"I think though that you need me to help you remember not to behave like that again."

His eyebrows furrowed slightly and I could see he was hanging on my every word.

"I think that after that little tantrum of yours I need to put you over my lap young man."

Mark could see that I was absolutely serious but saw the glint in my eye. He knew how I was feeling.

"Over your lap?"

He knew what I meant but wanted to hear more.

"Yes. I want you over my lap and you're going to have your bottom smacked for your behaviour."

Even now I remember feeling him tremble slightly in my arms as though this was a long-held thought come to realisation. I continued.

"I think, young man, that based on your behaviour tonight, you should have your bottom smacked until it's bright red and sore."

As I spoke the words, the first image of how I wanted his bottom to be sprang into my mind. I'd never spanked anyone before but was looking forward to doing it. I looked down at Mark's crotch and could see the hardening outline of his cock through his jeans. He was enjoying this.

"Sometimes little boys need to be corrected, Mark. Sometimes little boys need teaching a lesson and sometimes that means a smacked bottom."

Each time I said 'little boy' I could see his cock twitch under the ever stretching material. I allowed myself to smile inside - all the while maintaining a serious face as I spoke.

"You understand why you need to be spanked don't you?"

He nodded slowly, realising that this was real.

"Tell me why, Mark."

He gulped hard. Clearly, his mouth had become dry as he had listened to me.

"It's because I was greedy and drank the wine and got a big glass without asking and..."

I was thrilled to hear him say that he had done something 'without asking' - knowing that he might feel the need to ask permission to do something hadn't occurred to me. I stayed silent.

"And I put the glass down very hard and spilt the drink."

Suddenly he did sound like a little boy, struggling to remember his misdeeds.

"Anything else, Mark?"

He looked thoughtful.

"I don't know," he replied.

I tapped his t-shirt as a reminder of the sauce stains that had, by now, dried completely.

"Oh, and for spilling my dinner."

"And?" I prompted, remembering what I had read earlier about high lighting even small misdemeanours to make him more submissive and accepting of my authority.

He was nonplussed. Totally.

"Would you like me to tell you, Mark? Would you like me to tell you the other naughty thing you did?"

In an instant, I realised that I'd used the word 'naughty' to describe my husband's behaviour. I also realised that he had not flinched at all when I had used it. It had seemed an acceptable term to use.

He nodded. "Yes please."

"Not only did you spill your food down your front like a toddler, you then went out to the shop and garage with your dinner down your front. What on earth do you think the ladies in the shop would think when they saw you? 'Goodness me! A toddler out by

himself! He must be a toddler as his din-dins are all over his clothes!"

I stopped and looked at him. He was blushing with embarrassment but, I noted, his cock was rock hard now.

"Do you know how embarrassed I will feel next time I'm in the shop and garage? Do you? They'll think that I can't keep you clean and that I send you out in dirty and messy clothes! I'll bet you didn't think of that, did you?"

He shook his head. I knew he hadn't thought of it. I'd only just thought of it myself! It's amazing what comes into your head in the moment.

"So, quite a lot of naughty things in fact eh? And all in the space of a couple of hours! Well, young man, it's time you realised that your behaviour hasn't been good enough and I need to give you a reminder of what happens to naughty little boys."

I was talking to him as though he was a toddler and he was soaking it up. He was looking at me adoringly, a look I hadn't seen in many months.

"Stand up then."

He eased himself from me and stood up.

"Face me." I made sure my instructions were very simple.

Mark turned to face me, his crotch at my eye level. I could see his cock was straining at the material. I unfastened his belt and pushed the button on his jeans through the buttonhole. I yanked his zip down and with two swift movements, hooked my thumbs underneath the waistband of both his jeans and underwear and pulled them down hard. His cock sprang to attention. I pushed his jeans and underwear tightly over his ankles and looked at him,

trying to maintain my stern and disapproving look which seemed to be turning him on so much.

"Get yourself over my lap, young man." He hesitated momentarily. "Do it! Now!"

I was surprised at how sharp my tone of voice had become. This was something I now wanted badly and any delay was not welcome. He stood to my right and lowered his body over my legs, the pressure of his weight gradually increased as he realised I could support him.

"Hands on the floor, Mark. Palms flat and do not lift them or I'll give you six more!"

He turned his head to look at me. I didn't know where the number six had come from. Perhaps from 'Six of the best'? Whatever, I realised then that his spanking would have to have a significant number of smacks.

Mark lowered his head and I placed my hand on his bottom cheeks, rubbing gently, kneading the flesh with my fingers. I could not resist the temptation to dig my nails into his soft flesh. Each time I did so, I felt him flinch under my touch. I was enjoying this more and more with every second that passed.

"You know why you're going to be spanked, don't you?"

He simply nodded. I nipped his bottom hard and he twisted with the pain.

"I asked you a question, Mark. I expect an answer that I can hear. Speak!"

"Yes, Laura. I know why I'm going to be spanked." His head nodded again.

"Tell me."

"I'm going to be spanked because I've been naughty, thoughtless and I've let you down."

I smiled to myself at his use of the word 'naughty'. In his head, he was clearly in the role of the naughty child. The submissive child. I liked that submissiveness. A lot.

"I'm going to give you two dozen spanks. Six for each naughty thing you've done and you're going to be a good boy and count each one for me. Do you understand?"

His head lowered once again and this time needed no reminder to give voice to his response.

"Yes, Laura."

"Good."

I took a deep breath. My only point of reference for giving a spanking was an online video I'd watched in the last hour or so. I'd decided to spank him first with my hand, alternating from one cheek to another, before bringing out the hairbrush.

I paused, and I could feel his entire body tense as I did so, in preparation for the first blow. Ten seconds passed and I sensed a momentary relaxation in him and that was the moment I chose to smack him.

The sound of the smack filled the room. I continued quickly, listening for his counting, ignoring the tingling in my hand as I alternated the spanks from one cheek to the other. Six spanks passed quickly and I was pleased to see some redness on each of his cheeks.

"What do you say?"

I looked at him and could see his face grimacing, his eyes closed tightly as he dealt with the pain he was feeling.

"Thank you."

"Good boy." I rubbed his cheeks again planning where I would strike next. I looked for the most redness.

Without any warning, I began smacking him once more. Each time he counted as he had been told. Already I could sense a feeling of his increased obedience. I could also feel an increased sense of control. I loved that. Once again, the six spanks passed all too quickly. For me anyway.

"What do you say?"

"Thank you," he replied through what sounded like gritted teeth.

I knew the next dozen smacks, with the wooden hairbrush would hurt him more than those with my hand had done, but I was relishing the thought by now.

"As you've been so naughty Mark I think that a simple hand spanking is not enough," I explained. "One of the traditional ways of spanking was with a wooden paddle. I don't have one of those yet, so I'm going to use your hairbrush."

He shook his head, not in refusal to submit, more in disbelief. I took it out from behind me and turned it in my hand. I knew that he would be able to see it in his peripheral vision.

"I like the idea of it being your hairbrush that I'm punishing you with, Mark. I think it's quite funny that from now on, every time you see it, you'll associate it with being spanked by me. It'll always be there you see, nice and handy for me to use when you're naughty again and we both know that that will happen sooner or later, don't we hmm?"

He nodded and agreed.

"Yes, Laura."

"That having been said," I continued, "I think I'd like you to buy a proper leather spanking paddle for me to use on you. I want you to find a website that sells them, print out some pictures and give them to me. I'll choose the one I want. I'm not interested in price. You're paying for it anyway."

I felt like a different person. Where were these thoughts coming from? Suddenly I was coming off sounding like a dominatrix. What was more interesting to me though was that I liked the feeling.

"So! We're halfway through making a naughty boy into a good boy. Are you feeling sorrier now?"

He nodded but I let his silence go, resolving to make at least one of the spanks harder to compensate me for his lack of verbal reply.

I rubbed the back of the hairbrush over his bottom. I did wonder how it would feel for him if I was to use the bristle side but I didn't want to waste a single spank! I glanced down to see Mark's reaction as I rubbed the smooth, wooden surface over his slowly reddening skin. It was hard to believe what was happening. I had certainly taken control of him. My decision had been made and he was going along with it. Maybe this was proving as fulfilling for him as it was for me?

He'd waited long enough. I raised the brush and brought it down onto his right buttock. I sensed that I had held back somewhat and not smacked him as hard as I was able. He yelped, squirmed and counted.

"One..."

I spanked him again. Harder this time. Crack! On his left buttock. Already I could see the redness increasing across his backside. The next four spanks followed in quick succession. Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! They followed faster than he could count. He

was wriggling under me and I pushed him down with my left arm, preventing him from standing or rolling off my lap.

"Ow!"

His exclamation of pain, when it came, came softly, almost resignedly. He knew he was 75% of the way through his punishment but other than his wriggling to deal with the pain, he made no real attempt to move from my lap.

"That hurt didn't it, Mark?"

"Yes, Laura. It did." I thought I detected a slight tremor in his voice.

"Are you wishing you hadn't been so naughty now?"

"Yes. I am!"

"Well," I said. "Only a few more spanks and then we'll be finished."

He nodded. He knew there was no option to the punishment being completed. I wanted to savour these last six spanks though. I wanted him to remember these last six even more than the other eighteen that had gone before.

"Oh...your little bottom is starting to get quite red." For his added humiliation I added, "It almost looks like nappy rash!"

I laughed as I said it but another seed of thought had been planted. I held that thought as I spanked his backside six more times. After each blow, he yelped. The soreness of his bottom was offering less protection and more pain as the hairbrush came into contact with his bright red skin. Finally, the spanking was over and I laid the brush to one side. I gazed at Mark's still reddening bottom and smiled to myself. I felt fantastic! Liberated. I had spanked my husband as though he was a small, disobedient child. He had accepted it and even thanked me. As he lay still over my lap, I

sensed his relief at the punishment being complete. His cock had become flaccid now. Tenderly, I stroked his sore bottom.

"Now then," I said. "That's all over now and I think you're sorry aren't you, sweetheart?"

"Yes, Laura. I'm so sorry," he replied miserably.

"And will you try to be less naughty in future?"

"Yes...I will."

"Well then, we'll say no more about tonight's naughtiness but don't think that I will hesitate to put you over my knee again if you're a naughty boy."

"I won't," he replied in what sounded like a very submissive little boy voice.

I was talking to him as though he was a toddler even though he was clearly my husband. I felt his cock hardening the more I spoke to him with that tone. I'd never seen this side of him before.

Chapter Five



My arm and wrist ached a little and I wanted a rest from punishing him but I was enjoying it too much! How could I maintain this punishment with minimum effort? Suddenly it came to me.

"Alright then. Stand up for me, Mark."

He eased off my lap and stood up in front of me, slightly hunched, probably concentrating on the pain in his bottom.

"Stand up straight, like a soldier!"

It was as though he was two years old suddenly. His whole body straightened and I mean his whole body! His erection stuck out in front of him. Clearly excited by what had happened and what was happening, his cock leaked pre-cum.

"Hmm," I said, gripping his erect cock lightly. "Someone's in a happy mood."

I looked up at Mark and he half smiled, half grimaced.

"Would you like me to take care of that for you sweetie?"

He looked as though I'd offered him a thousand pounds.

"Oh yes please, Laura. Yes please!"

Now it was my turn to smile.

"Alright then, but you have to do something for me first. Alright?"

"Yes, Laura. Anything!"

'Anything?' I thought.

"Alright then, we'll see. Listen carefully."

He looked at me intently. Hanging on my every word.

"You've been naughty and you know that. You've had your bottom spanked but I want you to think about what you've done and what the consequences have been. So I want you to go and stand in the corner where I can see you and you can think about what you've done."

Mark looked puzzled.

"In the corner?"

"Yes. In that corner there. Facing the wall. That way I can keep an eye on you while I'm watching television."

"But," Mark stammered disbelievingly. "How long for?"

I sat back in my seat.

"Well, that depends on you."

He furrowed his eyebrows, mystified by my answer.

"You want me to take care of that for you, don't you?"

"Yes, Laura. Very much. Please."

"Well, I will -after you've done your Corner Time. Now how long that will be, depends on you. You see for every minute you spend in the corner, you earn one second of my undivided time wanking your cock for you into my hand. Thirty minutes, thirty seconds. Sixty minutes, sixty seconds. That's how long you have to cum. If you cum within that time, all well and good. If not, then you'll just have to wait until next time. So, you judge how quickly you think you'll come and then ask me to wank you off. It's very simple."

He looked around the room.

"But if I'm in the corner, I won't be able to see the time. I won't know how long I've been in the corner."

"Mmm," I replied. "I see your dilemma but that's just what it is, Mark - your dilemma, not mine. You see, I'm not the one about to drip pre-cum onto the carpet!"

I smiled. He knew I loved him and I knew he loved me for subjecting him to this.

"Go on then, baby. Off you go to your corner. Oh," I added as an afterthought. "If you turn around, then Corner Time starts all over again."

I pointed to the corner that I'd chosen for him and he shuffled towards it, his trousers and underwear still tight around his ankles. I glanced at the clock.

8:20pm.

The rattle of his belt buckle stopped as he reached his corner. I stared at him, standing in the corner, facing the wall like a small, naughty child being disciplined by his Mummy. The cheeks of his bottom seemed to glow and I knew he'd be feeling the soreness while he tried to keep track of the time. I knew how much he wanted to cum, and part of me really hoped he would misjudge the time he needed.

I turned on the television and made a point of watching a film that I would enjoy and that he wouldn't. Normally when I watched anything like this, he would leave the room and spend time on his computer. Not tonight.

I kept glancing at the clock. Watching a film had the added benefit, for me, that there were no commercial breaks which might have helped Mark gauge time more accurately. I corrected him occasionally for fidgeting and told him to keep his arms at his sides

Training Mark

where I could see them. His instant obedience was gratifyingly erotic for me.

This was all new territory I was exploring.