



AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

BIG BABIES AND THEIR MUMMIES

*A Collection of Short Stories
(Volume 3)*

COLIN MILTON

RENOWNED ABDL/FEMDOM FICTION AUTHOR

Big Babies and Their Mummies

Volume 3

by

Colin Milton and Penelope Pansy

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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 his 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:

I Am Hers

Lucky Dip

Exchange

My Girlfriend, My Babysitter

The Babysitter

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I Am Hers



Choosing a title for a piece of personal writing can often be fraught. More so when one is aware that others will read it. This time, the title comes easily. "I Am Hers."

Who is 'she'? She is my Mistress and owner. She is a full twenty years younger than me but is wiser and more aware of others than I could ever hope to be.

Her real name is Heather, although until recently I addressed her only as 'Miss', 'Mistress' or 'Ma'am'. No matter where we were or whosoever we were with, it had to be one of those terms. It had become natural and I did it without any thought of what anyone who overheard might think. I didn't care. As long as she was happy with me, then all was perfect in my world.

Chapter One

We first met five years ago at a friend's party which went on longer than we'd expected. As the night had worn on, our eyes had met a few times and smiles had been exchanged. Eventually, we were in the same space and we began chatting.

Of course, it was general chit chat. How did each of us know the host etcetera? There was something about her though. From my very first sight of her. I've heard of love at first sight but this was *'submission at first sight.'* My submission to her. Of course, nothing was said but she has told me several times since that night that she knew within seconds that I was submissive and that submissiveness intrigued her.

She was funny. She was tactile, touching my arms, hands and legs at every opportunity. I was flattered. Of course, I was. I was much older than her and I was mesmerised by her. She was, and still is, beautiful. My heart leaps when I see her or hear her voice. Being apart from her seems like a punishment.

We do not live together. We have, as she calls it, an 'arrangement'. She 'clicks her fingers' and I obey. It works for us. We spend two or three evenings together per week and occasionally have time away together. Those times might be a simple overnight stay at a hotel or a friend of her's home. Or, as it was last year, a two week holiday together in the United States.

We do not sleep together. We have never had intercourse and I know we never will. I have known that from very early in our relationship. In some ways having intercourse would ruin what we have. It would not be 'right'. We are intimate with one another. She has trained me in the art of pleasing her and enjoys 'testing' my skills.

I remember the first time we held hands. We were at the theatre and I'd bought the best seats in the place. I'd taken her for a meal and champagne prior to going to the theatre. As the play progressed, Heather leaned against me, casually stroking my arm. I wanted, so much to reciprocate but felt like a kid on his first date. Heather was that much younger than me. Taking her hand might just, I thought, have freaked her out. So, it wasn't until we had left the theatre and were about to descend some rain-moistened stone steps that our fingers brushed lightly and I took hold of three of her fingers. It sounds pathetic but my heart raced as I realised she was not pulling her hand away from mine. Just the opposite. She slid her hand into mine and squeezed it gently.

"Thank you. They look slippery," she said gently.

"Okay", I weakly replied, realising that she thought I was holding her hand in case she slipped. Nevertheless, her hand did not release from mine once we were on the flat pavement once more. She pulled me gently towards her and squeezed my hand lightly again.

"It took you long enough!" she giggled.

I smiled through my shyness, hardly able to look at her for fear of blushing. We walked a little further and, as we did so, she released my hand, preferring instead to link her arm through mine, again pulling me to her. Her closeness was more than welcome. The warmth of her touch was reassuring.

"I've had a lovely evening, Colin. I really have. The play was wonderful and being with you has been a delight." I was thrilled by her words. It had been a marvellous evening for me too. "We must do it again soon. Shall we?"

"I'd love that!" I replied, hoping I didn't sound ridiculously over-enthusiastic. Of course, that was how I felt but didn't want to appear silly.

We walked slowly back to the car. Arm in arm. We laughed and Heather observed, "We've got the same sense of humour haven't we?"

I smiled at her comment. She was correct. We had laughed at similar things all night. I already adored the mischievous side that was evident in her character.

"So what star sign are you, Colin?" she asked.

"Oh, Gemini."

"Really? Me too! That'd explain our weird sense of humour, wouldn't it?" She squeezed my arm.

"Yes, I suppose it might. I'm not sure I believe in all that astrology stuff though," I said, trying not to sound too dismissive of her theory.

"So, when in June?"

"18th, every year." I smiled at my silly joke, knowing she'd get it.

"No!" She stopped walking and turned me towards her. "The 18th? Really?"

"Yes, really!" I was puzzled by her reaction to such a simple answer.

"Mine too!" She was wide-eyed and grinning broadly. "You're not just teasing me are you?"

"No," I laughed. "It really *is* the 18th of June."

"My God! That's amazing. We've got the same birthday!"

She linked her arm through mine once again and we resumed our leisurely stroll. "That must have something to do with why we get on so well."

Soon we arrived back at the car and, without thinking, I opened her door for her. She smiled and thanked me. That simple gesture had, she told me later, been another indicator to her of my likely submissive nature.

All too soon that evening had come to an end. I had made sure she got home safely, escorting her to her door. I was rewarded with a long hug and a kiss on the lips. I felt as though I were floating as I made my way back to the car. I drove off with a mixture of elation and sadness. Elation at the joyous evening I had had, sadness that it had ended much too soon.

Our relationship continued and developed rapidly. We were in a restaurant a couple of weeks later and she 'dared' me to do something for her. I was instantly intrigued. Heather had drunk almost a whole bottle of wine by this time and was feeling quite daring.

She leaned across the table and whispered. "I'm going to drop my serviette on the floor in a moment. I want you to retrieve it for me." She smiled and continued, "On your hands and knees."

She looked directly at me. That didn't seem to be a problem, I thought.

"And..." she added, "while you're down there...I want you to kiss each foot and then suck each of my big toes for three seconds each." Her eyes widened, as did her smile. "Do you think you can do that for me, sweetie?" Her fingers gently stroked my cheek and I gulped at the thought.

"Er..."

I hesitated although that was more from surprise than a lack of desire to obey her. Her suggestion turned me on as quickly as if she had flicked a switch. She leaned back in her chair and lifted her serviette. Her eyes never left mine. She raised an eyebrow, almost

daring me not to obey her. We both knew my next response would be significant.

"Oops! Silly me. How careless," she said in a clear voice. "Would you be a good boy and pick that up for me, Colin?" Then, more quietly, "Fetch!"

Without another moment's thought, I pushed my chair back as unobtrusively as I could and eased myself downwards under the table. Heather smiled as I did so. The serviette lay beside her feet from which she had already removed her shoes. Her stockinged feet beckoned. I could see her moving in her seat and wondered if this was turning her on as much as it was doing for me. I wanted to do this quickly and efficiently. I wanted Heather to be pleased with me but was also conscious of not wanting to draw attention to what I was doing from the other diners.

I was completely under the table and her feet were inches from my face... and mouth. I leaned forward and placed a kiss on each of her feet as she had instructed. After the second kiss, she wiggled her toes slightly as a reminder of my next instruction. I'd never even thought of sucking anyone's toes before and yet, here I was, about to do it. I opened my mouth and took her left big toe into my mouth and sucked on it three times, hoping that each suck would be equivalent to one second. Her warm flesh filled my mouth like an oversized nipple. It tasted slightly salty on my tongue as it pressed against the underside of her toe. I moved quickly to her other foot, convinced that 'up there' the other diners would all be staring at our table.

Once again I sucked on her toe. Three sucks and I was done. I had her serviette in my hand and I moved out from under the table and sat down once again. I could feel myself blushing.

Heather's smile was beautiful and I couldn't help smiling in return. That had been difficult for me to do but I was feeling an incredible rush of adrenalin at having done it. The other diners had

paid no attention to me and were all eating and socialising as before. It was hard not to laugh out loud. It had been our secret.

"Good boy," Heather said quietly. "You are a very good boy, aren't you?" Her tone was congratulatory yet condescending, as though talking to a small child.

I started to respond, but she held up a finger, indicating that I should be silent. I stopped instantly.

"I'd been wondering if you'd do as I told you. I think you've answered that pretty well for me. We need to talk." I waited for her next words. "Not here. You can take me home and we can talk there."

I nodded my agreement, trying - although I'm sure I failed - to not appear too excited. I gestured to a nearby waiter that I wanted the bill. Thankfully, he was efficient and brought it quickly. We walked out of the restaurant - my hand in hers. She was leading me and as it turned out, not for the last time.

While we drove back, Heather did most of the talking. "Did you enjoy that, Colin?" she said casually after a few minutes.

"Yes. I really, really did!" I admitted. "I never thought I'd have been able to do anything like that but as soon as you told me to, well, it just seemed the right thing to do."

"Yes. Strange isn't it? Sometimes our deepest and most secret desires are just below the surface, waiting for someone to bring them out."

"I'd never thought of it like that," I replied honestly.

"Hmmm", she mused. "It's something that has fascinated me for years. Allowing all facets of one's personality to be expressed. I've not really done that myself until recently. Perhaps my dominant nature needs some outlet?" She paused. "Perhaps you bring that side out in me, Colin. What do you think?"

"Oh, I don't know. I just try and keep people happy." I said weakly.

"Hmm. Yeah. You're quite submissive, aren't you?" she asked bluntly.

"I've not really thought about it like that. I don't know if I'd call it 'submissive' or just keen to please."

"Oh, I'd call it submissive," she replied.

I could feel myself blushing.

"Oh bless you, Colin. You've gone all red in the face." She giggled at my embarrassment, although not in an unpleasant way.

The conversation moved gently away from being 'Dom' or 'sub'. Instead, Heather asked questions about my personal circumstances, work, girlfriends etc. It seemed to be the right thing to do to be completely open and honest with her. I was feeling increasingly at ease with her.

As I pulled the car onto her driveway, I quickly switched off the engine, clambering out of the car so that I could open the door for her. She smiled as she swung her legs gracefully out and placed her feet onto the pavement. I couldn't help looking at them with desire, remembering how her toes had been in my mouth less than an hour before. Heather saw me looking and touched my cheek.

"Down boy," she smiled. "I might let you go down on your knees to kiss them again a little later. If you're good."

My heart was racing as I closed the car door and followed her along her driveway. I stood back as she opened the door and turned off the house alarm. I knew I was avoiding looking at her eyes. I felt anxious and excited, thrilled even, just to be here with her in her home.

"Go into the living room." She gestured towards the first door. I took a couple of steps towards the door and she casually added. "Go and stand in the furthest corner from the door and face the wall."

My eyes widened and I looked at her, surprised at her directness. She raised her eyebrows at my momentary hesitation. There was no need for words. She knew that. I felt more than a little ridiculous walking towards the corner of the room like a chastened little boy. I expected to hear her laugh kindly and point me instead towards one of the luxurious, dark green leather armchairs but the sound of her footsteps on the oak floor en route to the kitchen soon dissuaded me of that notion.

'Face the wall', she had said.

I stood in position, my feet almost touching the skirting board, my eyes scanning the expensive wallpaper, searching for something on which I could focus. My thoughts were jumbled. I'd gone along with this. I'd acquiesced to every suggestion and instruction. Now I was standing in the corner of a room in which I'd never been before, not knowing what was to happen next.

The house was quiet, save for an occasional, indistinct sound which could have been almost anything. At one point I thought I heard the chink of a wine glass or a bottle or both. Then, was it footsteps? I strained to hear, knowing that whatever it was I could not be sure. I simply had to stand. Still. In the corner. Facing the wall.

Time seemed to pass slowly - or was it quickly? It became hard to tell. I estimated that I had been in this position for perhaps twenty minutes before I heard a soft sound from behind me.

"Don't turn around, Colin. Just stay there."

Her voice was so soft. Tender. I could tell she was on the other side of the room. I heard the faint 'exhalation' of the leather as

she sat down. I wanted to turn around. That feeling of wanting nothing more than the thing you are unable to have? Excruciating. My eyes darted over the wall as if somehow searching for a clue as to what she might say or do next.

"You're a good boy."

Her voice was like velvet.

"I had thought that you might have moved from where I'd put you. Do you know how long you've stood in your corner, Colin?"

I shook my head. "No, I lost track of-"

She cut me off short.

"Be quiet. That was a rhetorical question. I really have little interest in what you have to say. I'll tell you when I want you to speak. Until then, you need to simply listen. Do you understand?"

I didn't know how to respond or even if I should respond. In a few, simple sentences she had confused me totally. Already my desire to please her was becoming foremost in my thoughts.

She paused. "Very good. You're clearly intelligent. I wouldn't have been pleased if you had spoken."

A sense of pride welled in my chest. By remaining silent, I had pleased her. I listened attentively, wanting her to continue being pleased with me.

"I've enjoyed our time this evening Colin. It's been fun. I know you have too. I saw how hard your cock was as you got out from under the table. I'll bet your cock is hard now, isn't it?"

She was right. It was hard, and getting harder. Becoming more uncomfortable by the second, confined as it was, pointing downwards into my underwear. I could feel it flexing with excitement as she spoke. I heard her snigger. Not unkindly, I thought, but in an amused way.

"Men are strange creatures, Colin. You follow your cocks. Wherever they lead, you follow. Oh, what you'll do for a quick fuck. Well, sometimes not even a fuck! The chance of a quick hand job would get most blokes' attention! You really are pathetic, you know?"

She was right. Being sent to the corner by a beautiful woman twenty years my junior, and staying there without comment or complaint was pathetic.

There was a silence, which lasted many seconds, broken only by the sound of a crystal wine glass being placed delicately onto a table, it's crystal, chiming ring fading imperceptibly until silence was restored.

"But there is something about you that interests me, Colin. We seem to have a connection of some sort that I can't put my finger on."

I listened intently. Not wanting to miss a word or nuance.

"You see," she said. "I think I'd enjoy having you around. I can see you being useful to me. We get on well...you seem to know your place and I can help you enjoy that more. You see, I think you enjoy doing things which please me even though you don't feel comfortable doing them. You just do as you're told, knowing that I know better than you do, probably about everything. I know you want to please me. You wouldn't be in the corner like a toddler now if you didn't. Put your hands where I can see them, Colin. I don't want to think that you're being a dirty little boy and touching yourself while I'm talking to you. That wouldn't be nice at all. Put your hands on your head for me."

I quickly moved my hands onto my head, interlocking my fingers.

"Hmmm," I heard her say. "I don't think I told you to link your fingers together did I?"

Immediately, I separated them, placing each hand a little lower on the side of my head. 'Hands on head' she had said. I admonished myself silently for not following her instruction to the letter. I would do better next time. My penis continued to throb in its increasingly tight cotton confinement.

"So, as I was saying, I can see you being useful to me and I can be of use to you. You can do things for me, like driving, cleaning, shopping, ironing and whatever else I think of and you... you, my boy, will be happy learning how best to please me and learning what it is to be owned by someone. Truly owned."

I could feel myself shuddering with excitement as she spoke. I hoped that it was not evident as I stood in front of her.

"I could, of course, have discussed all of this with you over a nice dinner next week, but actually I need someone to drive me to a friend's party in town tomorrow. So, I decided there was no time like the present so that's why you are here tonight. Be under no illusion, however, I will not be your girlfriend, nor will you ever have the pleasure of intercourse with me. I will, if you accept my suggestion, be your owner. Naturally, you will receive treats for good behaviour and for pleasing me, but don't labour under any misapprehensions."

I wanted to give my immediate acceptance but once again had the dilemma that speaking would earn disapproval, as would moving.

"So there we are. It's your choice, Colin. Accept and you are mine. To do with as I please. When you are with me, I will make all of your decisions for you. What clothes you wear. What food you eat. Whether you speak or don't speak. Everything is my decision and will be accepted by you without question or hesitation. I will own you. Or you can write this evening off to experience, turn around and walk out of the door through which you entered less than an hour ago. If you do that, then, of course, I wish you well, but

you will never hear from me or see me again. If you submit to me, I will treasure you beyond any dream you may have but I will train you to please me, in whatever manner I deem necessary to achieve the result I wish for. It really is that simple."

I heard Heather pick up her glass and take a sip of whatever it contained.

"You may speak but do not turn around."

"I don't know what to say," I muttered somewhat hopelessly.

"Well, it's a pretty clear choice I think. Stay or go." Her voice was calm and controlled.

"I want to stay, Heather. I really do, but I don't understand what you mean by 'training' me."

"It's quite straightforward. When you do things that please me, then I will reward you, in any way I see fit. Similarly, if you do something that I am not happy with, then you will be corrected and, when appropriate, punished to encourage you not to repeat your error. Again, any punishment will be decided and given by me. You have to accept that it is for your own good and that I always know what is best for you."

'Punishment' sounded ominous but how bad could it be? She was younger than me and nowhere near as physically strong. It wasn't as though she could knock me out! I already knew what my answer was going to be.

"Well?" Heather said calmly. "What is it to be? Do you want me to train you?"

"Yes, Heather. I do. Very much." I desperately wanted to turn around.

"Good. That's decided then," she said matter of factly. "You may turn around now but keep your hands where they are."

I turned to face her and saw a vision. She was dressed in a loose-fitting dress, short but not indiscrete. She was the epitome of style and elegance. Her feet were bare, crossed over one another. Her shoulder-length blonde hair glistened like gold in the light of the table lamp, it's reflection mirrored in crystal glass she clutched lightly.

She smiled as her eyes appraised me. Deliberately looking me up and down, pausing to gaze into my eyes, pulling me deeper into her spell.

"Take your hands off your head and put them behind your back," she said. It felt like a relief to lower my arms as I had already felt the first pangs of cramp.

Heather adjusted her position in the chair, making herself a little more comfortable. A sip of wine and then another.

"I wonder... can I trust you to get me some more wine without dropping the bottle or spilling the glass?"

She held the glass towards me.

"The bottle is in the refrigerator in the kitchen. The Chablis."

I took the glass from her and made my way out of the room, anxious to perform this simple task as well as I could. I found the refrigerator and the wine and poured it carefully into the glass, desperate to ensure that no wine dribbled down the stem onto the foot of the glass flute. Returning the chilled bottle to the refrigerator, I glanced around the kitchen, perhaps to unconsciously gain further insight into Heather's lifestyle. The kitchen was modern, neat and stylish...just as she was.

I picked up the glass and carefully carried it back to her, ensuring that there were no last-minute spills.

"Thank you Colin. Well done."

I beamed with pride.

"Now go back to where you were." She indicated where I had been standing a few moments before. I stepped to my place.

"You don't seem quite so excited now, Colin." Her eyes looked towards my groin. I smiled, somewhat awkwardly at her observation. It was true. I'd never found pouring drinks a particularly erotic experience and my erection had faded.

"Two things." She sipped her wine, her voice free of emotion or expression. "Firstly, when you serve me white wine, you grasp the glass by the stem. You do not wrap your clumsy great hand around the bowl of the glass. By doing that you are likely to warm the wine. That would not do after I have gone to the trouble of chilling it. Secondly, as I now own you, Colin, I think it's about time I saw what features my new toy has to offer me don't you?"

I was unsure of what she meant but soon found out as she told me to drop my trousers. Although embarrassment kicked in instinctively, I began loosening my belt. Heather's eyes seemed fixed on my groin. I could feel my heart thumping in my chest. Dropping my trousers, I knew, would not suffice. She wasn't asking to look at my choice of underwear. With my belt unfastened and the stud of my jeans free, I hooked my thumbs under the waistband of both my trousers and underwear. Bending a little at the knees, I lowered both to my ankles and stood up, semi-naked in front of her. Heather's face showed little reaction. She was appraising me, that much was certain, but her face betrayed nothing of her thoughts. I could feel my prick hardening. The excitement I felt at this new, humiliation was impossible for me to ignore.

Her comment, when it came, surprised me.

"What's that stain in the front of your underpants Colin?" She looked disdainfully at a small, whitish patch on the inner front of my boxer shorts.

"Erm..." I wasn't sure what to say although I knew that it was the dried pre-cum from my erection earlier. "It's... er... dried..."

"Oh, I know what it is, idiot! It's your pathetic dribblings from when you were getting excited earlier tonight. It's no coincidence is it that men's underwear has extra padding at the front is it eh? They're more like toddler training pants and yet you all wear them and think you're so grown up. You take a piss and the extra padding soaks up the droplets from your leaky cocks. Just like an infant's nappy would."

She was right. I'd never thought of that before. The extra padding in underwear must be there for a purpose and it wasn't just for comfort. It must be there to avoid tell-tale damp patches. My cock was semi-hard now and getting harder with each of her gentle jibes and observations.

"Kneel down here for me, Colin," she said, pointing and indicating a point a few feet from her. I sank to my knees and, not for the first time that evening, I looked at her, waiting for my next instruction.

"Take hold of your cock, Colin."

I gently placed my right hand around my now almost fully erect penis.

"Pull the foreskin back so that I can see all of your cock."

Slowly and gently, I obeyed.

"Hold it there," she said softly.

I felt the tightness of the skin as I held it back. Heather's eyes moved from my completely exposed cock to my eyes and then back again.

"Wank it for me, Colin. Wank yourself for me."

Her tone was matter of fact and I knew I could do nothing other than begin to masturbate for her. As commanded, I began to ease the skin back and forth over my cock, the pre-cum already making it, and now my fingers, slippery. Heather smiled and sipped her wine as I settled into a rhythm that I prayed I could maintain for long enough to please her. I tried to think of non-sexual, everyday images - hoping to somehow anaesthetise the growing sensation in my erection.

"Stop," Heather said suddenly.

I froze, mid-stroke.

Heather smiled and moved her position on the seat slightly. "That's better," she said as though she'd been watching television. "I wasn't comfortable." She nodded toward me. "You may continue wanking for me."

My thoughts were spinning. She was giving me permission to masturbate! Ever since I was a teenager, masturbating had always been done at my choice of time and place and already, it seemed, I had already surrendered that to Heather!

She watched me closely as I continued to pleasure myself. An occasional, automatic twinge of heightened pleasure made it clear to her that my orgasm was not far away. I noticed her readjusting her position again as she watched me perform for her. Her eyes were wider now than before. I knew that it would not take many more strokes before I came, despite the intensity of the building sensation, I didn't know where to ejaculate. The carpet? My hand? Her naked feet?

She cut my thoughts short.

"Enough! Put your hands on your head."

I did as she said immediately. I felt the muscles in my cock starting to expand and contract. Just slightly but nevertheless the

sensation was there. A few more strokes and I would have cum for her. And come powerfully.

Casually, Heather placed her wine glass on the side table. "I've just remembered. I've no coffee!"

'What?' I said inwardly. 'Coffee? Is she serious? I'm kneeling in front of her, wanking myself off at her feet and she remembers she has no coffee?'

"Could you be a pet and go to the store at the end of the road and buy some Columbian coffee beans for me? Jack will be there. Just tell him it's for Heather. He knows what I like."

I must have looked stunned. Heather stared at me as though I had clearly gone deaf.

"Did you hear me?" she enunciated slowly. "Take... your... hands... off your head... Pull your training pants and trousers up and go get me some coffee. Now!"

Clearly, she wasn't kidding. I stood up and pulled my underwear and trousers up and fastened my belt. I knew the shop was only a couple of hundred yards away so there was no need to take the car. I turned to her and asked, hoping it might prompt her to give me money for her coffee.

"Is there some cash on the side?"

Her look grew stern. "You're kidding right?"

Instantly I knew I'd assumed wrongly. "It's just... I thought..." I stammered.

"Well, you can stop thinking. I will do that for you now. I've given you the honour, the pleasure of my company. The pleasure of kissing my feet and offering to take you on as my submissive and now you want money from me for coffee?"

In a moment, I felt as though I'd taken advantage of her and had been selfish.

"Perhaps I've made a mistake?" she said. Her face was like thunder. I'd never seen her look like that with anyone, let alone me. "Perhaps I need to find someone who really understands what it means to be owned by me and be grateful?"

"No, please!" I found myself pleading. "This is so new to me. I need to learn. I'm sorry. Of course, I will get the coffee. Please? Forgive me?"

There was silence. My heart was in my mouth and I could feel my eyes tearing up.

"Well, it is early days, isn't it? You've got much to learn, Colin. I suppose I wouldn't expect to house-train a puppy overnight and I don't think you're going to be any different or any brighter. It'll take time until you behave as I wish automatically. Consider this a lesson, Colin. I am loathe to forgive those who disappoint me. I expect utmost obedience from you. Do you understand?" She fixed me with her gaze.

"Yes, Heather. I do. Thank you."

"And that's the last time you will call me Heather. From now on, it will be either 'Mistress', 'Miss' or 'Ma'am. No matter where we are or who we are with, it will be one of those. Using my first name will result in me reminding you of your place and you won't enjoy the reminders that I give."

I nodded. "Yes, Mistress." And, there it was, I realised. Within a few short hours, we had gone from being dinner partners to Mistress and submissive.

"Now. Go." She waved her hand, dismissing me.

I patted my jacket pocket as I walked towards the store, making sure my wallet was there. I knew I had cash. Jack was behind the counter as I entered.

"Hi. I'm a friend of Heather's - up the street? She's asked me to get her some coffee and she told me that you knew what type she wanted."

"Oh yeah, Heather. She likes our Special Blend." He took a small packet from the shelf and placed it on the counter.

"£8.50 please," he said.

I fumbled in my pocket, handing him a well used ten-pound note.

As he got the change from the till he turned and asked, "You've known Heather long then? Haven't seen you around here before."

"Not too long but I'm sort of hoping that we'll see a lot of one another," I said, non-committally.

"She seems really nice. Out of my league of course but maybe you'll be the one?"

"The one?" I replied.

"Yeah," he said, counting the change into my hand. "The one that she sticks with for a while. I get the impression that she likes things done her way. If you know what I mean?"

I chuckled at his comment. "Yes, I get that impression sometimes. Anyway, thanks! See you again I hope."

"Goodnight!" Jack called as I left the shop. "Good luck!"

I smiled to myself as I walked back towards Heather's - my Mistress' home. Boy! That would take some getting used to. She was fantastic though. Even though I'd only known her a short while, I was smitten. I hadn't felt like this about any woman before now. I

reached Mistress' door and rang the quirky, antiquarian bell at the door. I saw her shadow approaching through the Victorian stained glass, distorting her shape with every step she took. The door opened. She had changed in the few minutes I had been away. Now she wore a full length, silk, kimono type dressing gown - a brilliantly coloured dragon encircling her upper body and its tail embossed over the lower half of the gown.

"Oh. It's you." She stood in the doorway, blocking it with her body. "Thank you for getting the coffee for me. You are such a good boy," she said, taking it from me. It was clear I was not going to be allowed back in.

"I'm quite tired now, Colin, so I'm going to bed. I think you should probably do the same as we have an early start tomorrow."

I was nonplussed.

"I want you to pick me up tomorrow at 8:30 am promptly. I want to go to that new shopping centre to have a look for birthday gifts. After all, our birthday is only a week away and I've got some lovely ideas for things I can get for you. I also know what I'd like from you so you don't even have to think about that. Aren't I clever?"

"Yes, Mistress," I managed to respond.

"You could have stayed here if I'd had more notice but never mind. I'll soon have your sleeping arrangements sorted out for when I want you to stay overnight."

She held out her hand for me to kiss and I did so. Gently and politely, when I really wanted to hold her and kiss her properly.

As I turned to go she said, "Oh, one more thing. This," she said as she stroked my penis through my trousers "Is mine. No longer yours to do with as you please. Mine. You will not wank or pleasure yourself in any way from now on without my say so. I will

punish you in ways you couldn't even imagine if you disobey me or I even think you've disobeyed me. Understand?"

"Yes, Mistress. I understand."

I wasn't sure if she was serious. How could she be?

"Good boy. Goodnight, Colin. Sleep well. See you tomorrow."

The door closed gently and the warm, faintly amber glow of the hall light was suddenly extinguished and I was left in the dark. Physically and metaphorically.

So that was how the evening ended. I turned away from the door and walked, feeling somewhat dejected, back to my car.

My journey home took around twenty minutes. The roads were quiet. I felt no need to hurry home. The truth was that I didn't really want to go home. I wanted to spend the night with her, just in the same 'space'. For now, that wasn't to be. I fell asleep that night feeling frustrated. Mentally and physically. It would have been all too easy to have masturbated, thinking of her. However, her instruction had been clear. I must not. It was hard not to ignore that instruction as I lay alone in a warm bed that night but I wanted, so much, to please her, even though she might never be aware of my sacrifice for her.