

by Evelyn Hughes

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Chapter One: Secrets Shared

Sandra didn't scream when she found the messages. She didn't throw the phone across the room, or break into tears, or send one of those furious midnight texts that only get ignored. No. She read them quietly, all seventy-three of them, and when she was done, she opened a blank note on her phone and began typing a list.

Andrew's mistress: Annie C.

His lies: 9

His orgasms? 3 (her effort, every time).

His secrets: too many.

She went to sleep that night beside her husband's snoring, nappy-rustling form, and smiled when she heard the soft hiss of him wetting in his sleep. She'd give it one more day, and then she'd call Annie.

Annie agreed to meet the next day at a downtown café—neutral ground.

Sandra dressed in black. Not dramatic black, controlled black with a structured blazer, fitted trousers, and a clean ponytail. She looked like she'd come to finalise a corporate buyout.

Annie was already at the table when she arrived. Slim, a little too proud of her cheekbones, sipping her coffee like she had no idea what was coming.

Sandra sat down across from her and smiled. "Thanks for coming."

Annie raised an eyebrow. "You're Sandra."

"I am."

There was a pause. Annie glanced down at her cup, then back up.

"You're... not going to throw anything at me?"

Sandra chuckled. "No, dear. I wanted to talk. Woman to woman."

Annie tilted her head. "About Andrew."

"Exactly."

Sandra folded her hands, voice even.

"You're sleeping with him. I know. I've seen the messages. The little compliments. The half-hearted sexts. The one where he told you he dreamed of your moans." She smiled, razor sharp. "He's never made me moan."

Annie blinked.

Sandra leaned in. "Has he made you moan?"

Annie smirked. "No."

Silence. Annie sipped her drink. "He tries. But he's... not much."

"Oh, I know," Sandra said. "He's two minutes of soft whimpering and then five minutes of useless apologies."

Annie laughed.

Sandra pulled a folder from her purse and slid it across the table.

"What's this?"

"Andrew's reality."

Inside were photos. Documentation.

A picture of his night nappies, folded in a drawer. A snapshot of his wet mattress cover. A close-up of his panty drawer, complete with pastel lace and neatly labelled ziplock bags for his "bad days."

Annie stared, jaw slack. Sandra's voice was soft now, almost gentle.

"He wets the bed three to four times a week. He thinks I don't notice, but I've been counting. He wears nappies every night. I change them sometimes. He wears panties under his work clothes, and keeps a dummy hidden in his glovebox, and sometimes when he's alone... he rubs himself in front of the mirror and mouths the word baby."

Annie looked up, eyes wide.

Sandra cocked her head. "Still feel seduced?"

Annie sat back slowly, a strange expression settling over her face, half amusement, half intrigue.

"You know," she said thoughtfully, "that... actually makes sense."

Sandra blinked. "It does?"

Annie leaned in. "I tend to attract a certain type of man," she said with a little smile. "Weak, nervous, secretly needy. I don't even mean to... maybe it's the tone of my voice, or the way I look at them. But once I see the signs..." She shrugged. "They're mine."

Sandra raised an eyebrow.

Annie sipped her coffee, smiling. "And when I get bored, I crush them."

Sandra let out a slow, surprised laugh. "Wow."

"What?"

"I thought I was going to have to convince you."

Annie laughed too now, leaning forward. "No convincing necessary. You want to humiliate him, don't you?"

"I want him to regret every second he thought he could be a man in this house."

"Then we do it together."

Sandra tapped a fingernail on the table. "I have an idea. A test, let's say. A way to... start easing him into things."

"Go on."

Sandra leaned closer. "I'm going to tell him from now on, if his nappy is wet in the morning, he gets spanked."

Annie's eyes gleamed. Sandra smiled. "Ten paddle swats on his soft, padded bottom. No discussion, no appeals."

"And when he protests?"

"He'll still be draped over my lap with a wet nappy around his ankles."

Annie bit her lip. "You're dangerous, Sandra."

Sandra shrugged. "He made me this way."

Annie raised her glass. "To broken boys."

Sandra clinked it. "And the women who know exactly what to do with them."

Chapter Two: The First Paddle

The first morning, Sandra didn't say anything right away. She simply walked into the bedroom at 7:03 a.m., as usual, already dressed in her robe, coffee in hand. The sun was cutting softly through the blinds, highlighting the rumpled duvet and Andrew's twisted legs beneath it, and the faint, unmistakable scent of warm plastic and ammonia. He was already awake, pretending to sleep, something she'd come to recognise instantly.

Sandra set her mug down on the dresser with a quiet clink. "Let's have a look," she said plainly.

Andrew stirred. "What?"

"I said," she repeated, stepping around to his side of the bed, "let's have a look."

"No, no, I don't think—"

But she had already flipped back the covers. His pyjama pants were soaked through at the waistband.

She tsked gently. "Oh dear."

Andrew sat up, red-faced. "I... I think it leaked. Just this once."

Sandra nodded calmly. "Mm. That's what I expected."

He blinked. "You... did?"

She reached into the drawer and pulled out a small leather paddle of pale wood, soft edges, curved handle. The one she used for stubborn fabric creases in crafts. Now, it had a better use.

"I told you the rule," she said. "Wet nappy. Ten paddles."

Andrew's voice cracked. "S-Sandra, come on. That's ridiculous. I didn't even mean to—"

She pointed at the end of the bed. "Bend."

He hesitated. Her voice didn't rise. It didn't need to.

"Now, Andrew."

He obeyed, shuffling to the foot of the bed, his soaked pants clinging to his thighs. She tugged them down without ceremony, revealing his bloated, yellowed nappy. It sagged heavily.

Sandra didn't even flinch. She guided him over her lap and adjusted his posture like she was aligning a rug. Calm, methodical and deliberate. Then she raised the paddle.

CRACK.

Andrew jerked.

CRACK.

He squealed softly.

CRACK.

His fists balled.

"You'll count," she said, voice even.

"I—I..."

CRACK.

"Four!"

CRACK.

"Five!"

CRACK.

"Six-ow!"

CRACK.

His legs kicked.

CRACK.

He whimpered.

CRACK.

"Ten!" he gasped.

Sandra let the paddle rest on his pinking cheeks. Then she leaned forward and whispered in his ear, "That's what happens to little boys who can't keep their pants dry."

He was trembling as she stood, letting him collapse forward onto the bed in a heap. Then she took her coffee and walked into the kitchen.

The second morning, he didn't even try to argue. He just sat on the edge of the bed while she pulled down his soaked nappy and delivered ten firm swats.

By the fifth morning, Sandra noticed something... curious. The *front* of his nappies were wet now. Always the front, even though

she'd installed an additional waterproof liner and removed his access to late-night drinks.

It wasn't bedwetting. It was something else, a different kind of helplessness, a different kind of *need*.

Sandra didn't say anything. She simply started spanking slower, whispering between each swat.

"You like this, don't you?"

CRACK.

"You need it."

CRACK.

"You want to be punished like a little boy for your messes."

CRACK.

His face burned.

She leaned close, cupping the warm padding.

"Maybe Annie was right. Maybe you were never a man to begin with."

He let out a soft sob, and she smiled, then gave him an extra one, for good measure.

Chapter Three: The Panty Decree

It was a quiet Saturday morning.

Andrew stood at the foot of the bed in his soggy night nappy, head lowered, arms crossed awkwardly over the front of his t-shirt. His pyjama pants were crumpled on the floor, and the scent of overnight wetness hung in the air like a punishment all its own. Sandra folded laundry at the end of the bed, her bras, her sleepwear, her silk robe, while Andrew's clothes, on the other hand, were nowhere in sight. Because today, he wasn't getting dressed, not normally, anyway.

Her phone buzzed. She glanced at it. It was Annie.

Thought: remove all his boxers. Replace with panties only. Pads for his "weakness." That'll speed things up.

Sandra smirked. She turned to Andrew. "We're making a change."

He looked up slowly. "From now on, you're not wearing men's underwear anymore."

He blinked. "Wait... what?"

"No more briefs. No boxers. No trunks. You've soiled every last pair with your little problem."

She walked to the dresser and opened the top drawer. Inside, folded neatly, were soft cotton pastel panties in light pink, baby blue, and lemon yellow. Every pair had a pad pre-inserted. Sandra picked up a pink one embroidered with a small heart on the waistband.

"Step into these," she said, holding them open.

Andrew stared. "You can't be serious."

Sandra didn't blink. "You wet the bed. You fail to perform. You're punished like a child every morning. These are appropriate."

"I'm not wearing—"

CRACK.

She brought the paddle down across the back of his nappy, making him yelp.

"One more word, and it's the hairbrush next."

He stepped into the panties. Sandra pulled them up slowly over his nappy, adjusting the waistband so it sat snugly at his hips. The heart winked just above the padding.

"There," she said softly. "All better."

Her phone buzzed again.

How about a Live Text Exchange During the Spanking

Andrew was already over Sandra's lap, his pink panties pulled down to reveal the bloated nappy beneath. The paddle sat next to her on the bed, still warm from the first few swats.

Sandra reached for her phone while keeping one hand on his lower back.

Round 3. He's soaked again. Front this time. Want me to tell him what you suggested last night?

Annie: Ooo, yes. Whisper it. Stretch it out.

Sandra: You said you'd take turns changing him while we kiss.

Annie: Tell him we'll do it in front of the mirror.

Sandra set the phone down, then leaned forward and whispered into Andrew's ear.

"Annie and I talked last night. She said next time she visits, she wants to change you while I kiss her on the bed." Andrew whimpered. "She said we should do it in front of the mirror. So you can *see* what you've become."

CRACK.

He sobbed. Sandra reached for her phone again.

Sandra: He cried. Legs shaking.

Annie: Good. Take a pic of the blush on his thighs. I want that for his baby book.

Chapter Four: The Dinner Surprise

Sandra lit the final candle on the table, adjusted the wine glasses, and stepped back with a satisfied smile. The roast was resting, the kitchen was spotless, and the house smelled faintly of rosemary and lemon.

Andrew stood awkwardly at the edge of the living room, dressed per Sandra's new daily standard, a buttoned shirt, soft pastel panties beneath his trousers, and a thin pad tucked against his pathetic little "problem." His hair was combed. His cheeks still carried a faint blush from that morning's spanking. He hadn't been told who was coming, just told, "We're having a guest. You will behave."

The doorbell rang, and Andrew frowned. "Do I know—?"

Sandra silenced him with a look, and then she opened the door. It was Annie.

She stepped in like she owned the place, radiant in a soft wrap dress, heels clicking, her eyes landing instantly and hungrily on Andrew.

"Hello, darling," she said sweetly.

Andrew was silent. He opened his mouth to speak, but no sound came.

Sandra took her coat and kissed her cheek. "Wine?"

"Yes, please."

Annie walked past Andrew, slow and amused. She didn't say a word to him, didn't ask for an apology and didn't confront him. She simply smiled and sat down at the table.

Sandra poured some wine, while Andrew stood still.

"W-what is this?" he finally asked, voice brittle.

Sandra looked over her glass. "Dinner."

"With—her?"

"Yes. Annie's joining us. Isn't that nice?"

Annie sipped her wine and set it down gently. "We've had a lot to talk about, your wife and I."

Andrew's face flushed. "What do you mean?"

Sandra turned to him, her tone perfectly calm. "She told me everything, Andrew. About your fumbling, your sad attempts at dominance. About the way you gasped like a dying fish after ninety seconds and whispered, *Did you finish too?*"

Annie giggled. Andrew's stomach flipped.

"She told me," Sandra continued, "you once cried in the middle of sex."

"That's not-"

Sandra raised a hand. "And I told her everything about you as well." Andrew blinked. "Your panties. Your accidents. Your nighttime padding. Your dummy. Your little... pink problem."

Annie laughed. "Oh, we had so much fun comparing notes."

Andrew turned to Annie, desperate. "You're not mad?"

Annie looked at him like he was furniture. "Mad? Oh, sweetie. I was *bored*. Now? Now I'm intrigued."

Sandra smiled and pulled out a chair. "Sit, Andrew."

He obeyed. Dinner passed like a dream... or more like a nightmare.

The women laughed, clinked glasses, swapped stories while Andrew was barely acknowledged... until the end. When the dishes were cleared and the last of the wine poured, Sandra leaned across the table.

"Time for bed."

Andrew frowned. "I can manage that myself."

She smiled. "You won't be managing anything anymore."

Annie stood. "I brought the thick ones," she said to Sandra, lifting a small bag.

Andrew's heart dropped. "No."

Sandra stood as well. "Yes."

They led him by the arm to the bedroom. Annie laid out the changing mat on the floor like she was setting up a picnic. Andrew backed away.