

AN AB DISCOVERY SHORT STORY

Exchange

An AB DL/FemDom story

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Chapter One

Mistress had texted me earlier that morning. I hadn't been expecting to hear from her before the weekend so, when I saw her name in my phone's Message Inbox, my heart skipped. Trying not to fumble too much with excitement, I pressed the 'Open Message' key.

"I need to speak to you this evening. Cancel any plans you have. Make reservations for three at an Italian Restaurant in town for 8:00 pm. Be waiting outside my house at 7:30 prompt. M. x"

Her use of the word 'prompt' was unnecessary. I had learned not to be late when I was summoned to her. Luckily I had no other plans that evening so, as instructed, I made the reservation at Romanos in town. I felt confident doing that as it was one of her favourite places to eat. Good food and an intimate atmosphere. I knew better than to text back confirmation of the reservation. She would know it had been done.

I was curious though why the reservation was for three. Who else was coming? I had no idea nor was it my place to ask. I had learned my place in the five years that she had been my mistress.

I spent the rest of the afternoon finishing chores, making sure I left enough time to be at Mistress' home on time. Generally, I would park nearby, sometimes up to an hour early, to ensure that I was never even a minute late. My watch was set to the second and it was a matter of pride for me if I could knock on her door at the exact second that she had specified, hoping she would recognise and acknowledge my precise obedience to her whims and wishes.

Time always seemed to crawl when I knew I was going to see Mistress. The anticipation for me was so intense. I kept glancing at

my watch, glancing at the clock in the kitchen. It would have been easy to convince myself that time had stopped.

Eventually, the time came to leave. I had already filled the tank with petrol that morning so that was one less thing to worry about. The journey to her home was one I had done hundreds of times now. I could anticipate each rise and fall in the road surface... each pothole almost. Thankfully, the traffic was light by this time and I arrived ten minutes early and parked around the corner. I ran through my 'Mistress checklist' in my mind as I waited.

'Wallet?' I patted my jacket and felt the reassuring bulk in my pocket.

'Fingernails unbitten?'

I examined each one to make sure that they were all tidy and clean. To stop biting my fingernails had been one of the first instructions that Mistress had given to me when we had first met. I could still remember the look in her eyes as she took my hand in hers and looked disdainfully at my nails and then at me.

"I want you to stop biting your nails, young man. From this moment forward. Is that clear?"

She had spoken softly but firmly and I simply nodded my understanding and acceptance.

"I will check next time you are with me and you'd better hope that you've remembered." She smiled, a warmth in her eyes but with a clear indication that she expected me to simply do as I was told.

My nails were, as they had been for years now, unbitten and smooth. I had even gone so far as to buy, and regularly use, a nail file. I wanted her to be proud of me.

I rubbed my fingers over my chin. Smooth. Not one hair protruding. Mistress couldn't stand beards or stubble. She said 'a lack of good grooming showed a lack of pride in one's appearance' and was neither the mark of a gentleman nor a true submissive.'

Over the months, however, it had not merely been my face that was subjected to regular shaving and depilation. Mistress had

insisted that the presence of any hair below the level of my nose was something that she would not tolerate and that I was to ensure that that was the case from that moment on. Complying with that particular whim had meant a whole new set of experiences for me. Shaving and then shaving again. Applying hair remover and moisturisers and oils to keep my skin smooth. She said it 'amused' her - not only to see me like that but also to imagine the inconveniences that it put me to.

"It would," she said. "Serve to remind you of the care that women take to look presentable and a reminder that you must make the most of yourself also if you wish to please others." Knowing that I was pleasing her by doing this was enough.

Finally...'phone'. Make sure it is turned off. Completely. Mistress would not be pleased with me if any noise from my mobile phone interrupted her evening!

As the time moved towards 7:30 I moved the car outside her house, parking at the end of the drive. Although she had never said as much, I think Mistress wanted my arrival to appear simply to be the arrival of a private taxi or friend. I switched off the headlights followed by the engine. I turned towards the house and noticed a slight movement of the curtain which was straightened almost immediately. A moment or two later the front door opened and a young woman, in her mid-twenties stepped out, half turning whilst still in conversation with Mistress. Both looked as though they were laughing at something that one of them had said. The lady with Mistress looked young enough to be my daughter.

At the sight of Mistress, I got out of the car and opened the rear door for her and her friend. I smiled as they approached and was rewarded with a half-smile from Mistress as she allowed her friend into the car before her.

"Thank you, David," she said as she climbed in. I closed the door firmly, once I was sure they were both comfortable.

As I got into the car, it was obvious they were continuing their conversation, oblivious to me as I slowly pulled away. It wasn't my place to try and contribute to their conversation. I knew that wouldn't be appropriate.

"Submissives are like young children and babies," she would frequently remind me. "They should be seen and not heard."

Indeed, I remembered very clearly that that had been the reason for the thrashing I had received the previous week. I had, in a moment of forgetfulness, thought it a good idea to tell Mistress I did not think a new outfit she was trying on, suited her. No sooner had the words passed my lips than I realised my error. I knew also, from the look in her eyes, that my faux pas would be 'dealt with' soon after - and it was.

Thirty-six times.

"Six of the best, times six..."

Chapter Two

As we arrived at the restaurant, I was pleased to see a parking space near the entrance had just become vacant. I pulled in smoothly and turned off the engine. As quickly as I could, I got out and opened Mistresses' door for her, holding it open lest it swing slightly and strike her leg. Her face, as she alighted was not happy and she sarcastically enlightened me as to why.

"Oh, how thoughtful David," she said quietly. "I won't have to slide across the seat as you expected my friend to do when you picked us up."

Her eyes showed her irritation and I apologised immediately. How had I not realised that I should have opened both doors when I collected them? Damn! Not a good start to the evening. As quickly as seemed polite, I closed her door and scurried around to open the other door. As the lady swung her legs out of the car, I was able to look at her properly for the first time.

Being careful not to allow my gaze to linger, it was immediately clear that she was a very beautiful young lady. As I had thought earlier, in her mid-twenties. She had long, silken blonde hair which caught the light from the restaurant entrance. She glanced at me as she exited the car, flashed a brief smile and thanked me. Perhaps opening the door for her friend this time might assuage Mistresses' anger? Even a little? I could only hope, wait and see.

As she walked around the car towards Mistress, I pressed the remote, locking the car. I walked briskly towards the restaurant door, anxious to be seen as attentive to the ladies by opening the door for them. It was not acknowledged by either of them.

The restaurant owner recognised Mistress as we entered.

"Ah, Ms Weston! How wonderful to see you again!" He squeezed her proffered hand gently. "And this beautiful lady?" he said turning to Mistresses' friend.

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"This is Jade. She's a very good friend of mine who you'll be seeing a lot of in the next few months. I've told her about the food here so I'm sure you'll look after her as well as you look after me?"

It was spoken as a question but it sounded as though it was more of an instruction. Jade held out her hand and the owner took it in his own and shook it gently, smiling warmly.

"And David," Mistress gestured dismissively towards me, looking away towards the main room of the restaurant. "You know him."

"Ah yes, David. How are you?"

We shook hands briefly and I responded that I was well.

"Your table is in one of the booths as usual. I hope that is acceptable to you?"

He turned and strode into the main room, leading us towards a semi-circular, button backed bench seat with the table in its centre.

"In!"

Mistress pointed to the bench seat, indicating that I should be seated first. I shuffled along the seat as Mistress and her friend sat on either side of me, each placed their handbags beside me. Mistresses' bag was a little larger than usual I noticed.

I knew that the evening was likely to follow its usual pattern, certainly initially. Mistress would take charge of ordering the food. She would decide what I drank and what I was allowed to eat. She has told me recently that she wanted me to lose a little weight from my tummy area so I suspected that any food this evening was likely to be healthy and minimal.

Five minutes or so passed quickly. The ladies chatted easily as they browsed the menu. I hadn't been allowed to have one. I felt like a child, not trusted with a menu. While they made their choices, I looked around the restaurant, watching the comings and goings of customers and staff, trying not to become fidgety.

"Are you ready to order, ladies?" A young, stylish Italian waiter appeared at the table smiling.

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Mistress looked at him appreciatively and smiled.

"Yes, I think so," she said. "We'll have a bottle of red wine, please. Your best Merlot?" She looked at me. "He'll have water."

The waiter glanced at me briefly as he wrote onto his pad, smiling.

"I'll have the pate to start and then the Fillet Steak, please. Medium to well done."

"Certainly Madam. And for your beautiful guest?"

Jade looked up from the menu and flashed that smile that I had seen earlier, once more.

"Mmmm. I'll have potato skins and dips please and... I'll have the Fillet Steak too. Medium"

"Certainly madam." He turned to me. I hadn't seen the menu but the steak sounded good as did the pate. "And for sir?"

I opened my mouth to reply but Mistress cut me short.

"Oh, he's fine thank you. He's got to be very careful with what he eats. He'll be fine with the iced water."

She passed the menus back to him and dismissed him with a curt, "That'll be all. Thank you."

I looked at Mistress and then at Jade. Did she really expect me to sit with nothing while they ate their fill? A half-smile from Mistress made it obvious that that was precisely what she expected.

"We might get you a doggy bag if you're a good boy," she pinched the skin gently on my cheek.

I hung my head. Feeling dejected by her ruling although still oddly excited at having such a basic decision taken from me.

"Oh don't sulk," Mistress said quietly. It was, however, loud enough for both Jade and I to hear. I looked downwards and felt myself redden at her admonishment.

"Here, this will keep you occupied while we talk."

I raised my head and looked towards Mistress, unsure of what she was about to give me. I shuddered as I saw her remove a child's

colouring book from her bag and place it on the table in front of me. I gazed at it and then back at her. Surely not? Not here?

I saw Jade raise her hand to her mouth to cover her amusement. Mistress reached back into her handbag and retrieved a pack of 'Easy-Grip Jumbo Crayons'. A pack of eight large circumference crayons. Each colour of the rainbow and a black crayon make eight in all. Mistress placed them on the table, making no allowances for any neighbouring diners who may have been looking across.

"Do you want me to choose a picture for you to colour in, darling?" Her words and tone were so carefully chosen, each intended to humiliate and belittle me. I weakly shook my head as my embarrassment grew.

The question, as so many of her questions were, was rhetorical. As she spoke, she leaned over and picked up the large format, brightly coloured book and began browsing its pages full of simple line drawings.

"It's a really effective way to keep him occupied when I take him out. By the time we've had our meal, he might even have completed a couple of the pictures. Not that he's that good at keeping inside the lines, mind you!"

Both women looked at me and laughed. Mistress folded the spine of the book and placed it in front of me, tapping a page showing a nursery type drawing of a rabbit wearing dungarees.

"I think that would be a lovely one to colour in, sweetheart. I'll open up your colours for you too. Remember, when you've used one, then put it back into the box before you take another. That way, Mummy doesn't have to worry about you making a mess. Can you do that, sweetheart?"

I nodded, aware that Jade was having difficulty preventing herself from laughing out loud at both the way I was being treated and my total acceptance of it.

“Which colour first then?” Mistress said, folding the top back on the packet. I opened my mouth to reply. “Ah-ah!” Mistress admonished gently. “I don’t think anyone wants to hear your voice in here. This is a place for grown-ups. Not for little ones who are going to colour in nicely.”

I pointed at the blue crayon, having already decided that I would start by colouring the sky first. It didn’t occur to me to refuse. Mistress tipped the box and slid the blue crayon into her hand. She inverted it and held it towards me.

“Now then, gently,” she cooed. “Hold it like I’ve taught you to hold your crayons. I held out my hand and she placed it into my palm and watched with satisfaction as I closed my fist around it. Allowing any extra dexterity that gripping with my fingers would have allowed was clearly not going to be permitted this evening. Clumsily I set about my task as the ladies began to chat, happy that I was now quiet and occupied. Albeit in the same way that a toddler may have been amused.

I didn’t raise my head as the wine was brought back to the table but was sufficiently aware that we were now being served by a young lady.

“Only two glasses please,” I heard Mistress say. “I don’t want him to have any in case he spills it and makes a mess on his new book.”

I felt as though I wanted the floor to swallow me up and instinctively raised my head and saw the young woman looking directly at me, then the colouring book and back to me. Her eyes seemed to be full of ridicule.

“We do have some plastic mats if you’d like one to go under his colouring book madam,” the girl offered, giggling a little, clearly enjoying my discomfort.

“Oh! That would be perfect. Thank you! Did you hear that, David? The lady is going to get you a special table mat for you.” The waitress smirked and made her way across the restaurant.

“You see?” Mistress said to Jade. “So many women nowadays are realising that men are just little children inside and when they have the opportunity to encourage it, they’re only too happy to do so. Which woman wouldn’t want a quiet, obedient male whenever she chose to have one?”

As she said it, the waitress came back with two large A3 sized plastic mats. One was clearly pink and the other blue. She turned them towards the table so that Mistress, Jade and I could see them clearly.

“This one,” the waitress explained. “Has princesses and ponies and things while this one has cars and fire engines and rockets on. There’s also a plain one but I thought he might find these more exciting.” She was clearly having difficulty controlling her smirk and looked from Mistress to Jade, back to Mistress and then to me.

“Which would you like, sweetie?”

Oh no! Mistress was making me choose. I looked directly at the young lady who tilted her head slightly to one side and smiled warmly as though to a small child.

“May I have that one please?” I said quietly, pointing at the mat covered in drawing of cars and rockets.

“Of course you may!” she responded, passing the mat to Mistress. “He’s very polite, isn’t he?” she said to Mistress.

“Yes, he is. He is being brought up properly.”

Every sentence that Mistress uttered seemed to be laden with hidden meaning. Even her reply to the waitresses’ innocent statement made me blush. Mistress leaned over and placed the plastic mat underneath the colouring book.

“Perhaps when you’ve finished your colouring, we could give the picture to the nice lady?” Mistress said, tickling my chin gently.

“That would be lovely. I’ll look forward to that. Thank you!” the waitress said, giggling as she walked away from the table.

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Both Mistress and Jade smiled condescendingly as I set about my task, wishing that I could disappear. I felt as though the entire restaurant was aware of my predicament. From the corner of my eyes, I saw Mistress and her companion raise their glasses and Mistress proposed a toast. "To males who know their place."

The chink of the two crystal wine glasses seemed to reverberate around the small booth in which we were sitting until it faded under their satisfied laughter.

Chapter Three

“Drink up, David,” Mistress said, tapping my glass with her fork as she ate. “We don’t want you becoming dehydrated.”

I looked up from my colouring book and grasped my glass, lifting it towards me.

“Oh,” I heard Jade say. “just a moment. Put it down.” I looked at her, puzzled. “Miss?”

She called to the waitress who had been at our table a few minutes earlier. The waitress for whom I was seemingly doing the colouring in.

“Yes, Madam?” the young girl said as she arrived at the table.

“I just wondered, do you have any drinking straws?”

She tipped her head conspiratorially towards me, indicating to the waitress that the straws were required for me but implying that she didn’t want to make ‘a thing’ of it in case I was embarrassed.

“Oh... er... yes, I’m sure I can find a couple of straws for him. Just give me a moment.”

Once again, she smirked although this time there was no attempt to disguise her amusement at my predicament and gentle degradation at the hands of the two ladies with whom I was sitting. I saw Mistress smile broadly at this new humiliation.

It was only a few moments before the waitress returned carrying two brightly coloured drinking straws. I assumed that they had come from a pack of straws intended for children. The adult straws that I saw on the bar earlier were black.

“Will these do?” the waitress asked.

“Oh, they’ll be perfect. Lovely! Thank you!” and, with that, Jade took the straws from her, bent the tops slightly and dropped them into my drink. The waitress stood for a moment and smiled as Jade turned to me and added. “Now then, two hands when you pick the

glass up and I think you need to say thank you to the nice lady, don't you?"

I took a deep breath and swallowed hard. The young lady was easily young enough to have been my daughter. Yet she was enjoying my humiliation and she smiled expectantly, waiting for my thanks.

"Thank you for the straws."

"You're very welcome," she replied. Her smile of satisfaction indicated - it seemed to me - a fascination with my situation. I was clearly submissive to the wishes and desires of the two ladies beside me.

"Good boy," Jade said mockingly. I looked to Mistress for 'help' but none was forthcoming. She simply smiled at my evident discomfort.

The plates for the first course were cleared and both ladies sat back, making small talk about their opening dishes. Mistress leaned over towards me, looking at my effort at colouring in. Clutching the large crayons in my fist had made it genuinely difficult to make it look like anything other than that a small child had attempted it. The colours strayed over lines and different levels of pressure on different areas made it look even more childlike.

"Are bunny rabbits purple, darling?" she said, laughing.

Purple had been the colour of the crayon that she had given me.

I looked sheepishly at her, not knowing whether I was to answer or not.

She touched my cheek gently and inside I melted as I always did.

"You don't really know your colours yet do you, sweetheart? Letters, numbers and colours are all destined to remain a mystery to you."

Despite the humiliation, I smiled back at her. Any interaction with her was like oxygen to me, however embarrassing. I felt myself

blushing at her words. She knew exactly how to humiliate and excite me.

“Do you need the toilet, David?”

I turned to the source of the question. Jade.

“Pardon?” I stammered, unsure of what I’d heard.

She leaned forwards and repeated her question.

“Do you need the toilet?”

I was nonplussed by the question, particularly coming from a lady considerably younger than myself. I tried to brush it off.

Smiling I said,

“No thank you. I’m fine.”

Jade persisted.

“If you need to go to the toilet, I’d rather you went now rather than getting up while your Mistress and I are eating. That would be rude, wouldn’t it?”

“I suppose so but I’m fine thank you,” I responded, still reeling a little from being asked such a personal and intimate question.

I glanced at Mistress as though an explanation might be forthcoming. She held her wine glass to her lips and smiled to herself. Content.

“Why don’t I take you to the toilet and then there’ll not be a problem. Better safe than sorry,” Her words were spoken very matter of factly as though she were talking to a child. A small child at that.

I watched in increasing confusion as she folded up her napkin and placed it on the table beside her cutlery. She eased herself from her seat and stood up, holding her hand out towards me.

“Come on then,” she said in a sing-song tone usually reserved for babies and toddlers.

A glance at Mistress confirmed that there was no escape being offered by her and I knew I had to go along with what I was being instructed to do. The training I had received from Mistress had embedded that obedience deep inside of me. Despite myself, I slid

along the banquette and took hold of Jade's hand. Or, I should say, she took hold of mine, clasping it firmly in hers.

Quickly, she marched me across the restaurant towards the disabled toilet. There was no hesitation at all from her as she opened the door and guided me inside. I stood and watched as she locked the door behind us.

"Do you need me to help, David?"

"Pardon?"

"I said, do you need me to help you?"

"Help me what?"

She sighed.

"Help you go to the toilet?"

"No, I don't."

"Are you sure?" she asked softly. "You needn't be shy you know. It's not as though I'd be seeing something I've never seen before." Her smile showed how much she was enjoying my awkwardness.

"No," I replied, looking around as though there may be a door somewhere that I could leap through and return myself to an hour ago.

Jade stepped towards me and began unfastening my belt and trousers. Instinctively, my hands went to stop her. She simply looked at me. Nose to nose almost. I could see her daring me with her eyes. Daring me to disobey or try to stop her.

"Please?" I heard myself whimper.

"Don't be so silly," she said and continued unfastening my belt. She lowered my trousers and underwear in one movement. I stood in front of her with my trousers and underwear around my ankles. Without pause or comment, Jade said,

"Come on then. Sit on the toilet and show me that you are the big boy you claim to be."

I had not had anyone stand over me in the toilet since I was a very small child and my bladder seemed to have decided to lock itself

down and I was unable to urinate. I looked up helplessly at Jade whose eyebrows were raised expectantly.

“Well?” she said.

“I can’t go,” I replied feebly.

“Oh, I think you can. Or you can sit there until you do.” She folded her arms. “Concentrate.”

I focussed every thought in my head on emptying my bladder. I wanted this moment over. I had had embarrassing moments like this before but that had been with Mistress and only then after we knew one another well. This had all been so fast. I lowered my head, trying to squeeze the first few drops of urine from my bladder. I knew that once I had started to urinate, then it would be easier to continue. Starting was the difficult thing. After what seemed like an age, I finally felt my bladder relax and the urine begin to flow.

“There we are! Good boy!” Jade said as she watched the stream of liquid fall into the toilet bowl. “I knew that you had to go. Ladies can always tell when a little boy needs to go onto the potty. It’s just something we know.”

I blushed, feeling my face turn bright red.

“Now then,” Jade moved closer and took a sheet of toilet tissue from the holder, and knelt down beside me. She reached over and gently gripped my penis with one hand before lightly dabbing the tip with the tissue.

“We don’t want you dribbling onto your trousers now, do we?”

She dabbed the end of my penis several times. I didn’t know where to look or what to say. There was nothing to say. It was happening.

“Up you get then.”

Jade dropped the tissue into the toilet as I stood up.

“There we are! That wasn’t too bad, was it?” As she spoke, she crouched down and lifted my underwear and trousers up and adjusted them around my waist before fastening my belt.

“I do like that you have no hair down there David. I always think that looks really wonderful on a good boy, and you’re a good boy aren’t you?”

I nodded, still processing what had just happened. I had been taken to the toilet like a toddler by a young woman, who I hadn’t met an hour or so ago, and she was congratulating me on being a good boy.

“Over here then.” Jade walked to the hand basin and began running the water.

“Give me your hands then.”

I held out my hands towards her and she allowed the warming water to wash over them. Gently, she rubbed hers over mine at the same time.

“A little bit of soapy,” she laughed as she squeezed a pea-sized amount of liquid soap into my hands and rubbed once again. One final rinse and Jade took a paper towel and dried my hands, paying particular attention to the skin between my fingers. “There now, all done. Let’s go back now. Give me your hand.”

I was still too dumbfounded by the events of the last few minutes and meekly proffered my hand. She took it and smiled, leading me back to the table, gently pulling me along behind her.

“All done!” Jade said to Mistress as she allowed me to enter the booth first.

Mistress ignored me totally and asked “Was he alright? Did he manage by himself?”

“I helped him with his trousers and underwear and it took him a few moments to get past his shyness but he managed after a minute or two. He had no idea about drying himself so I did that for him.”

Mistress grinned and passed me a different coloured crayon as Jade sat down once more.

Chapter Four

"So David." I expect you've got a few questions as to why we're here this evening?" Mistress asked.

"Well, I-"

"Rhetorical, sweetheart. Rhetorical. I don't need you to answer." Her voice was calm and patient. "As I said, I expect you've got a few questions as to why we're here this evening? Well, I'll tell you. This is my dear friend, Jade, as you now know. From now on it will be 'Miss Jade' to you or simply 'Miss'. I'm sure you'll learn her preference. She's going to be taking my place for a while. I'm going away for six months and I don't want you falling into bad habits. Miss Jade is still learning about the male species and, in return for some practical advice, she's kindly offered to 'take you on'."

I was stunned. Unable to speak. My Mistress - my owner - was leaving for six months and I was to be left in the charge of this young woman who I had not seen until less than an hour ago?

"What do you say to Miss Jade?" Mistress asked quietly.

I knew that despite my reservations I was expected to be grateful. Turning to Miss Jade, I said, "Thank you, Miss Jade."

She smiled at my display of good manners.

I turned again to Mistress, hoping that this was some elaborate and rather cruel joke. Mistress was my entire world. Being told, like this, that I was to be 'passed on' cut me deeply and my head swam. As I struggled to take it in, the waitress appeared with the main courses for Mistress and Miss Jade. Both ladies smiled their gratitude as their plates were arranged in front of them.

"Could we have a jug of iced water for him please?"

"Of course, Madam."

I looked down at my lap, not wanting Mistress or her friend to see the burning tears which I could feel beginning to well up in my eyes. After all, I tried to convince myself, this was only a temporary

situation. Mistress was sufficiently concerned and loved me enough to place me 'in the care' of one of her friends. However, it was hard to convince myself totally that this was something positive.

"Are you alright, David?"

Mistress' voice sliced through my deliberations and I instinctively raised my head and turned to look at her as I had been trained to do at the sound of her voice.

"Oh, dear," Mistress said, her mouth already half full of food. "What is it, David?" She already knew but wanted to witness my discomfort.

I continued to look at her, unsure whether I was allowed to reply. Mistress, the person who knew me more intimately than anyone else, sensed my reticence and gently said, "You may speak."

I knew that I had to choose my words carefully. I did not wish to upset either of the ladies but I wanted to try and understand what was happening and why. I gulped, giving me an extra moment to gather my thoughts.

"I... I... don't know what to say, Mistress. I didn't know you were going away. I knew nothing at all. I've never met Miss Jade before this evening and..."

Mistress raised her finger, silencing me. She smiled, her mouth still full of food. I waited for her to swallow, hanging on every anticipated word. I watched intently as she calmly placed her cutlery across her plate and turned to me, still chewing.

Her left hand reached around the back of my head and pulled me firmly towards her. She tilted her head slightly, moving to kiss me. I reciprocated, turning my mouth to hers. Our lips met and immediately I became aware that Mistress was pushing the chewed up food from her mouth into mine. I opened my mouth wide and took the warm, meaty mush into my mouth. It only took a second or two and Mistress pushed her tongue into my mouth. I savoured the feel of the kiss, my mouth now full of her thoroughly masticated, warm food.

"Chew it properly," Mistress said, grinning. "There's a good boy."

I began chewing slowly, not quite believing what had just happened. Mistress stroked my cheek and turned to her friend. "Just like a little baby bird!" she sniggered.

"You should be happy, David. You're not being abandoned. Think of it as adoption if it makes you feel better. Miss Jade is going to continue your training and has some very interesting ideas and plans for you. I think it's very generous of her to offer to look after you. What I didn't want was for you to lose focus and forget 'your place'. Miss Jade will ensure that doesn't happen."

There was no point in my saying anymore. I glanced at Miss Jade and she too could see my upset and bewilderment at the speed of events, but simply smiled calmly. Perhaps, I thought, she was anticipating what her plans for me actually were.

Mistress spoke quietly. "I did know you'd probably be a little upset David so I've brought a little gift for you."

She reached into her large handbag and brought out a loosely wrapped package and handed it to me. The wrapping paper was bright and printed with images of toys and grinning clowns. I hate clowns.

Almost unseeingly, I unwrapped it as the two ladies continued eating, both watching me closely, looking for my reaction.

I pulled the wrapping paper to one side and revealed a garishly coloured plastic, toy fire engine. The entire toy was made from red and yellow soft rubber, clearly designed for a small child - with no rough or sharp edges. I felt myself blush as I held it in my hands. I placed the wrapping paper to one side and looked at Mistress.

"So what do you say, David?" Miss Jade asked.

I glanced at her. It felt like a defining moment. This was the first instruction that she had given me and I knew it was to be the first of many.

"Thank you, Mistress."

"You're very welcome, sweetheart. I knew you'd like it. Now you just play nicely with it while we have our meals. One little thing though. I do think though that you'd better start thinking of me as 'Ms Weston'. Miss Jade is in charge of you now so it's more correct for you to refer to her as 'Mistress' now don't you think?"

She smiled as she spoke, knowing that this turn of events was not easy for me to deal with. It had been so sudden. I looked at her, aware that my tears were more than obvious. I felt one trickling down my cheek. I could not cry I told myself.

"Oh don't worry darling. I'll always love you and I will be checking on you and how you're progressing every few days. Your new Mistress and I have organised all of that so there's nothing for you to be worried about."

By way of attempted reassurance she added, "Perhaps when I do come back, you'll want to stay with your new Mistress and not want anything to do with me?"

I shook my head at such an idea. I genuinely didn't know, at that moment, how I was going to cope without her in my life.

"Now then," Mistress said. "Give Ms Weston a little kiss on the cheek and play with your new toy while we enjoy our meals. There's a good boy."

And, with that instruction, I had been passed from one lady to another. Like a possession, a chattel, a pet. I lowered my eyes to look at the toy that I had been given. It sat comfortably in my outstretched palms. Already I could feel the soft rubber warming up from contact with my skin. Why had Ms Weston given me such a gift? I didn't have to wait long for an answer. As I absentmindedly spun the wheels of the fire engine in my fingers, Mistress spoke.

"Do you know why you've been given that toy David?" Miss Jade said.

"No Miss, I don't," I replied meekly, still trying to understand all that had gone on.

“Two reasons. Firstly because you’ve been a very good boy so far this evening. You’ve done everything you’ve been told to do. You’ve shown me how clever you are by pretty much going to the toilet by yourself and secondly, now that I’m going to be the one doing your training, I wanted to introduce you to the sort of thing you’ll be seeing much more often.”

I looked down at the toy once more, trying to understand her words. She began to speak again and I turned to face her.

“You see, David. One of the things that I have always enjoyed the thought of is having a submissive who is obedient, quiet and who I can humiliate to my heart’s content. I’m not really interested in another male creature who wants to be thrashed or who wants to give me money and gifts. I want a baby.”

She smiled and took a large sip of wine. My eyes widened as she spoke her final word. What did she mean? My eyes darted between the two ladies and they both began to laugh loudly. So loudly that others in the restaurant turned to see the cause of the hilarity.

“Oh my God!” Miss Jade said. “He thinks I want him to father a baby with me!”

Her mocking laughter continued unabated for what seemed like minutes. Ms Weston had trouble responding to her comment and giggled into her napkin. I didn’t know where to look. I kept my eyes downwards and, without thinking, squeezed the soft rubber of the brightly coloured toy. Much to my added embarrassment, it squeaked loudly, reverberating around the entire restaurant. Such an infantile noise in an exclusive restaurant was unexpected and unwelcome. The noise, combined with the laughter of the two ladies and my downturned face were confirmation to all the other diners that I was the one responsible for making the inappropriate noise.

The waitress appeared at the table.

“Is everything alright?”

Struggling to reply, Ms Weston answered that everything was fine and that I had just said something very funny. Once their laughter had subsided sufficiently, Miss Jade leaned towards me and said quietly,

“No, darling. I said I wanted a baby and now I have one.” She paused, waiting to see if the penny would drop before she had to tell me. She glanced down at the infantile toy that I held in my hands and then looked at me once again.

It was at that moment that I realised I was to be her baby.

“You see sweetheart, as you’ll be with me over the next few months, I want you to find out even more about what it is to be a real submissive. I’ve got such plans for you!” she giggled.

I instantly thought of nappies and cots and baby toys and I knew that somehow, this was to be my future.