

Be My Baby

Colin Milton

Colin Milton lives in the North of England and writes erotic fiction based around the subject of Female Domination; Infantilism and BDSM.

Colin Milton is a pen name, the Milton surname prompted by the Milton Sterilising Fluid so favoured in infant nurseries across the world.

Be My Baby

Colin Milton

First published 2009

Copyright © Colin Milton 2009 All rights reserved.
No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, transmitted in any form, by any means electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without the prior written permission of the publisher and author.

(Contact the author – *infantc@yahoo.com*)

Any resemblance to any person, either living or dead, or actual events are no coincidence.

Dedicated to my Mummy, GovernessX.
Thank you for being my Mummy.

"So...what I need you to do next is to open your exercise books to a clean page and put today's date." I looked around the classroom at the two dozen or so 17 and 18 year old students sitting in neat rows; looking to see who didn't have a pen. Amazingly, not one hand was raised to ask to borrow one from me.

"OK. I want you to put today's date...Friday 19th June 2009 in the top left corner. Make sure you underline it with a ruler and then put your pens down and look this way."

I was about to start a lesson on the analysis of an English Literature text with them. It was, I thought, likely to be a long hour or so.

As they began writing their dates, I felt a repeated vibration from my mobile phone, which was in my trouser pocket. I had been expecting an important call so I quickly answered it.

"Hello?" I said calmly, expecting to hear an old friend's voice. Instead, there was simply silence. I turned my head slightly, automatically thinking that the signal wasn't very good. "Hello?..."

"Hello baby..."

I froze. It was my Mistress. My beautiful, wondrous Mistress. Her voice was like silk. Smooth, sensuous and gentle.

I replied with surprise in my voice. "Oh hello..."

In that moment I wanted privacy; to be alone for a few precious moments with the lady I had given myself to as surely as though I had handed her the key to my heart.

I was aware of the gentle tapping of pens being returned to the surfaces of desks and expectant, upturned eyes facing me. I didn't know where to 'put' myself.

"Oh hello?" she repeated softly. "So is that how you greet me when I call you now?"

"I'm sorry...er, it's just that I'm in a class and it's a bit difficult to talk." I flustered in response.

I heard what I thought was a slight chuckle in her voice.

"So it would really be a little embarrassing for you to say "Mummy" in front of your students would it?"

I half laughed from nervousness but knew where she was going with it.

"A little...er... yes...it would." I muttered directly into the phone, hoping that my discomfort would not be too obvious.

There were a few seconds of silence before she spoke again.

"I think you want to call me 'Mummy' right now don't you baby?"

She knew me so well.

"Yes, I do...very much."

There was no point in denying it to her.

"Go on then...say it."

Her tone of voice, still calm and honey sweet, had an edge that would brook no disobedience from me.

"Say 'Mummy'...I want to hear my baby boy say 'Mummy'. Come on, there's a good boy..."

I glanced up at the class and saw some were fidgeting and beginning to talk amongst themselves generating a small amount of background noise. I turned away from them, putting my mouth as close as I could to the mouthpiece of the phone.

"Mummy..." I half spoke, half whispered. I enunciated it as she had taught me to. As though I were a very small child speaking it's first words. I heard her giggle at the end of the phone.

"Oh, that's precious! I do like to think of you standing in front of a lot of teenage girls and letting them hear you call me Mummy!"

I felt myself blushing as I listened to her and realised that several of the girls were watching me closely.

"Are there some pretty girls in the class baby? Hmm?"

I listened intently, knowing that she wanted to tease me to erection in a difficult environment. I quickly went to my chair and sat down, hiding my growing excitement behind my desk. I could hardly bring myself to look up at the class, knowing I was probably flushed at what I was hearing.

"Might it be nice if I arranged a babysitter for you one night when I go out eh? Perhaps one of the pretty girls in your class would enjoy looking after a big baby hmm?"

I went along with the one sided conversation as best I could... agreeing vaguely so as not to look as humiliated as I felt.

"Look at the prettiest girl there Snookums...imagine her giving you your bottle and then getting you into your sleep suit and putting you into your cot... Are you looking at her baby?" I was.

I always strove to do precisely what she told me.

"I'm sure she would love to know how her big, strong teacher was really just the tiniest baby boy there ever was inside. What do you think?"

"Er, I'm not so sure." I could hear the nervousness in my own voice.

"I wonder if the girls have noticed that you're wearing nappies and plastic pants these days?" she laughed.

"I don't thi..."

She interrupted me.

"You are wearing your nappy and pants aren't you baby? You know what Mummy said!"

Her tone was suddenly sharp.

I swallowed hard. "Yes, I am."

Mummy had instructed me two weeks previously that she wanted me to be in nappies and pants at all times. Even at work...and particularly overnight.

"Good boy...and do you have your dummy with you too?"

I patted my pocket and felt the smooth plastic edges of the mouth plate.

"Yes, I do."

The class noise was rising a little, but I was happy to let it go as it meant that I didn't feel quite so vulnerable to being overheard.

"Clever boy," she paused. "I want you to take a photo showing you in your nappy and pants and another with your dummy in your mouth. You'll send it to me in the next 20 minutes. I'll check the sending time and it

had better be before two o'clock. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I do Mummy."

The word was out of my mouth before I realised that my conversation may have been overheard. I glanced up quickly in slight panic and noticed Samantha, a pretty blonde with long hair staring directly at me. I looked away quickly, like a dog that had been caught misbehaving. 'If I don't look at her...she won't have heard me say Mummy.' I stupidly reasoned.