

# Baby's Surprise

By

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 part coming from the Milton  
Sterilising Fluid so favoured in infant nurseries across the world.

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Any resemblance to any person, either living or dead, or actual events  
may not be entirely coincidental.

I respectfully dedicate this book, with my love and devotion, to  
Miss Taylor (GovernessX)  
– without whose inspiration and encouragement this book would  
simply not exist.

Bcc :@

I had no idea of the time. Mommy had decided weeks before that there was no need for clocks in any room where I was likely to spend any time.

For a few days after she had first removed the clocks, I could still, very roughly, estimate when it was lunchtime, tea time etc...but gradually the minutes and hours began to blur as she had known they would. Mommy would close curtains at different times of the day, sometimes blindfolding me to further disorientate my sense of the speed at which time was passing. My days were increasingly defined by more basic requirements. A nursery routine imposed by Mommy which centred around the needs of a small infant.

My days were governed by the constraints of feeding schedules; sleeping routine; time for play and of course diaper changes.

This morning had been little different from yesterday or the previous day. I had woken early and played quietly in my crib with the toys Mommy allowed me to have overnight. She had come in to feed me and dress me for the day and then I had been put into my playpen at the rear of the living room, while Mommy did grown up things.

I had become very accustomed to the all-seeing eye of the baby monitor camera, which sat on the windowsill nearest the playpen. I never knew when I

was being observed. I simply knew that there was never a moment when I might not be being scrutinised to ensure that my behaviour mimicked that of a small baby as closely as possible. On the one occasion recently when Mommy had seen me acting inappropriately (i.e. as an adult) my punishment had been swift and unforgiving.

Mommy had used the nursery punishment strap across my bare bottom until I was sobbing my apologies. A corner time of four whole hours had followed...my diaper around my ankles and my hands strapped behind my back. My silence was guaranteed by the overly large rubber nipple, which was fastened into my mouth. Every now and then Mommy would give me a 'reminder slap' on the backs of my legs....like punishing an errant toddler. Each stinging slap refocused my thoughts on the reasons I was standing there.

The camera's presence ensured that all of my actions were suitably infantile. Brightly coloured baby toys now went instinctively to my mouth to explore their shape and texture. The resultant drool from my mouth, so recently an embarrassment, was greedily absorbed by a succession of colourful baby bibs which Mommy replaced regularly around my neck.