

Expecting Andrew

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.

Expecting Andrew

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 entirely coincidental.

At nineteen years old, Andrew was full of anticipation for his imminent gap year. He had grown tired during the last thirteen years of education, examinations, expectations and the seemingly constant needs of others had begun to irritate him. He had a few savings and planned to please himself for much of the coming year before allowing himself to become embroiled once more into the world of academia.

This day had seemed to take forever to arrive. The decision to take this year out had been his and his alone. His father, with whom he had always lived, had died a few months previously leaving him alone in the world. He had never known his mother as she had died giving birth to him. He dearly wished that he had known his mother. A part of him was, he had always felt, destined to remain unfulfilled. He had always felt his childhood had passed all too quickly.

He had always loved the countryside and so it seemed logical to find lodgings which allowed him free and regular access to it. Hours of his spare time had been spent browsing the Internet and also at the local library in an attempt to determine a suitable location to which he might relocate.

He finally settled on a small Staffordshire village called Great Covin. Near enough to the nearest town to be convenient but also far enough away for him to feel unencumbered by the hustle and bustle of everyday life that he was so keen to escape from.

From the pictures he had found, the village looked like the archetypal 'English village'. Pretty cottages with thatched roofs, a village green with the obligatory ducks and the traditional English pub - which looked, he thought, likely be the village's social hub. 'Probably not too frenetic' he thought to himself with a wry smile.

He had found two or three alternative places he might stay. At a push, he could stay at the pub until something else presented itself he decided.

Andrew's journey was uneventful, his train pulled into Great Covin's Victorian styled railway station only slightly behind schedule.

The village was less than a mile from the station so Andrew decided to walk. The weather was seasonal and he would see more by walking than being in the back of a claustrophobic minicab.

His surroundings were just as he had hoped. Open fields and little traffic. The song of the birds was more in evidence than the chatter of humans or the rush of cars.

As he walked he met two young women taking the summer air with two small children in what seemed to Andrew to be quite old fashioned prams like something straight from the 1940's or 1950's. Both ladies had smiled warmly as they had passed him, a cheery "Good Morning! Lovely day!" being a welcome change from the scowls and ill temper of the city he had left behind.

Soon he turned the long, sweeping corner into the village, passing an antique looking, wrought iron sign announcing 'Welcome to Great Covin'. Colourful flower beds and hanging baskets were in abundance. The village green, meticulously maintained, was being watered by a small team of middle-aged men who were sullenly but efficiently going about their task.

On the far side of the green, a group of women sat around a dark wood picnic table watching toddlers playing on the chain strung swings. One of the ladies looked to be nursing a tiny baby.

Andrew paused to take in his new surroundings. 'This will do nicely' he thought. So far, it was better than he had dared hope.

He reached into his inside jacket pocket and retrieved a small sheet of paper. Folded tightly three times, it contained the addresses and telephone numbers of the prospective lodgings he had found.

Andrew opened his mobile phone and he began to dial the first number. He held the phone to his ear but heard only silence and then a faint bleep. He recognised the sound as the 'Call Failed' signal. He sighed and pressed 'Redial'. As he raised the phone to his ear again, a female voice from behind him said,

"Excuse me, I don't think you'll get a signal for your phone here."

He turned to see a woman, a little older than himself. Her long, almost black, hair glistened in the sunlight. Her eyes were hidden behind fashionable sunglasses and she smiled pleasantly as she spoke.

"Sorry?" Andrew responded, somewhat nonplussed.

"I said that you probably won't get a signal for your mobile phone here. We're right at the foot of the valley in West Covin. The transmitters won't reach down here you see."

"Oh...thanks...er, I... I didn't realise."

Andrew was taken aback by how attractive the young woman was and how pleasant she seemed.

"Perfectly alright. I just didn't want you to be thinking that there was something wrong with your phone!" she smiled again. "Actually, it's quite nice that we can't use mobile phones here. Not so much 'hurry scurry' you know?"

"No I suppose not." Andrew agreed as he pushed the useless phone back into his pocket. He smiled at her use of the phrase 'hurry scurry'. It sounded quite poetic yet somehow belonging to a long past, more polite age.

"There's a telephone box a little further down the road on your left hand side. Just past the nursery

for the little ones. I think you'll find that will do you just fine."

"That's great thank you. I'll just walk down there. Thanks for your help. I appreciate it."

"You're very welcome. Cheerio." She grinned warmly once more and turned and walked away.

'She seemed nice', Andrew thought to himself. He watched as she strolled towards the village green and the group of mothers he had seen a few moments ago. Realising he was perhaps staring, his good manners took over and he resumed his search for lodgings.

He already had an idea of how he expected the boarding house he was searching for would look. Typical traditional cottage with an 'overly fussy' garden filled with roses and hollyhocks. He smiled to himself that the owners might be a retired couple absorbed by the delights of gardening, cooking, the Women's' Institute and amateur topiary. That would certainly be different from his previous lifestyle!

As he walked, he passed the nursery and phone box but felt no nearer to locating the address on his paper. Across the road was a pub - probably

the only one in the village. He would enquire there.
