

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.

Adult Baby Escapades
Colin Milton
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Any resemblance to any person, either living or dead, or actual events is no coincidence.

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A Perfect Day

The door swung open slowly and Mummy was there... smiling, elegant; a timeless and classic beauty. Her lips and eyes both smiled a welcome as she greeted me.

"Helloooo baby!"

Her tone reminiscent of a lady acknowledging a small baby. I stepped over the threshold – a clear metaphor for moving from my 'adult' state to my real status – known only to Mummy... that of a small and helpless child.

I returned her smile and felt tension beginning to slip away as I sighed inwardly and moved past her.

The door closed and she turned towards me. "Have you been a good little boy for Mummy?" She was immediately my Mummy. It was right that it was like this. I have accepted her as my Mummy and owner so any sort of adult communication is unnecessary nowadays.

"Yes Mummy..." I half whispered as I bowed my head automatically. Afraid almost to gaze on such beauty. She lifted my chin and smiled – knowing I was telling the truth.

"I think someone needs their Mummy don't they?" I nodded in agreement.

"Come on then...." She held out her hand to me...
"Let's get you sorted out and see what Mummy has for you."

She led me to the centre of the room and as I took those few steps I looked around me at what have become familiar surroundings.

An adult sized cot; high chair; playpen; brightly coloured play mat; bags of baby toys and my friend 'Boots', my cuddly giraffe. This felt like home. The only place where I could really be the little boy inside of me.

"Mummy take off all these silly clothes shall she? They're not really your clothes are they baby? Some silly people think that you're a big boy but Mummy knows you're not really. You're just a tiny... little baby... a tiny little baby."

She began to hum to herself as she unfastened my shirt. Three notes... repeated to herself. Hypnotic.

As I felt her hands brush against my skin, I listened deeply to the notes and their hypnotic effect. Three

notes, in sequence, a reminder of the nursery and of Mummy.

“Into the rubbish bag they will go!” I watched as she crumpled up my clothes one by one. “This time baby, they really **are** going out with the rubbish. You are not getting them back this time...”

I half smiled, ‘knowing’ that eventually they would be returned.

Mummy saw my disbelieving half smile and her expression changed. She inclined her head to one side, questioning my expression. I stopped breathing, suddenly aware that I had done something wrong. I didn’t know what.

She paused and looked at me. “Do you doubt me col-col?”

I didn’t know what to say. Mummy had ‘threatened’ to dispose of my clothes in the past. I shrugged my shoulders, searching for an answer which would appease Mummy and make her smile. Mummy looked thoughtful and stepped back from me. Turning, looking over her shoulder briefly at me. She appraised me - up and down with a look of displeasure, she bent forward and picked up my shirt. She held it in front of her, the collar gripped between two fingers. “This is your shirt is it baby?”

"Yes Mummy..."

"But it's a shirt for a big boy isn't it?" she questioned.

"Yes Mummy."

"I don't think I can see any 'big boys' here col-col. That's not a very grown up name is it? Col-col? It sounds like a name for a little baby... I can see a little baby but no big boy. So there's no need for a big boy's shirt any more is there?"

I shook my head slowly as she spoke.

"Do you doubt me col-col? Do you..." She paused once more. "Do you really doubt your Mummy? Do you really doubt the person who owns you?"

"No Mummy."

"If I say I am going to do something col-col... do I do it?"

The tone of her questioning becoming firmer – a sharp edge was developing in her voice.

I gulped. "Yes Mummy."

"That's correct!" she snapped, stepping forward suddenly – inches from my face. "If Mummy says that

she will do something then that is what Mummy will do! Don't you ever doubt it! Do you understand?"

I nodded in assent.

"Answer me!" and with that, she slapped me hard across the face.

I winced and mumbled "Yes Mummy. Yes!"

She grabbed my chin and moved even closer to me. Her face almost touching mine – she glared into my nervous eyes.

"Don't you ever doubt that Mummy will do whatever she wants with you. You are mine. You are my baby... my pet... and an object for my pleasure alone. I will do with you as I please."

"Yes Mummy..." I gulped. My half smile had been a step too far.

"Now – what did Mummy say she would do with your clothes?"

I stammered my response "You... you said that you would put them out ... out with... with the rubbish and I wouldn't get them back Mummy."