

Lynn and David
(The Early Years)

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.

Lynn & David (The Early Years)
Colin Milton
First published 2006

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Any resemblance to any person, either living or dead, or actual events are entirely coincidental.

ISBN

978-1-4092-0625-5

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 :@

Chapter 1

Sounds of distant traffic and the occasional nearby closing of car doors as people left for work were the first sounds David heard as he woke.

His eyes still weighed down with sleep, he adjusted his body under the blanket which covered him. For years he had dreamed of mornings like this. Mornings when he wouldn't have to join the lines of snaking traffic making its ponderous way into the city. He had done it for thirty years and when the opportunity had arisen to take early retirement, he had grabbed it with both hands.

The truth was that his life in retirement hadn't turned out as he had expected. The first couple of months had been blissful. He had been able to enjoy staying in bed longer in the morning; he had rediscovered the joys of walking in the country with his dog and he had enjoyed being able to follow his own timetable - rather than everyone else's.

However, retirement had begun months ago and things had changed significantly for David since then. He still got his lie-ins... in fact they were more frequent. He still got to walk in the country but was now always accompanied by his wife, one of her friends or even his sister in law.

One of the things he had particularly anticipated doing during his retirement was taking the opportunity to

indulge his fetish of being an adult baby. For years he had secreted his baby things in the loft or in a case in the car boot...but now that he didn't have to work, those items could be played with more often. He hadn't realised quite how often!

A little history - David's wife, Lynn, had a well paid job and was able to work from home on occasion. She was pleased that he would be around the house more. They enjoyed one another's company.

Lynn and David hadn't been able to have children although Lynn had always wanted a baby...it just hadn't happened and now she was too old.

The real change in David's life didn't come with his retirement - the real change came around six months later. David had got into a routine, on the days when Lynn was at work, of wearing a nappy and plastic pants and one of a selection of baby style body suits which he had bought from a seamstress he had found on eBay.

They were all made from terry towelling or cotton. He had seen a daytime TV programme where baby clothes were being discussed. The women had all agreed that cotton and terry cloth were best for tiny babies...and that was what David enjoyed feeling like...a tiny, helpless baby. It made him feel calm and relaxed - almost a different person when he was dressed in his baby clothes sucking contentedly on the rubber teat of a dummy - or even better on the nipple of a baby bottle filled with warm baby formula milk. He would lie under

the blanket imagining that it was his wife's breast he was nursing from...or that she was holding the baby bottle. Imagining that it was her soothing him and giving him nourishment. However, she didn't know about these feelings he held. He thought she would think he had some sort of mental problem.

However, one day things had changed. It was one of the days when Lynn was at home. David had been out for a long walk with the dog and when he returned, he could see that Lynn had been tidying the house and was now in the loft. His heart rate leapt. Many of his baby things were stored there in a locked suitcase. He had simply assumed that the loft was somewhere she wouldn't go.

Hurriedly releasing the clip from the dog's collar, he climbed the stairs two at a time.

"Lynn? Where are you love? He tried to sound as natural and unflustered as possible. "Lynn?"

He listened and heard a faint voice reply, "I'm up here sweetheart! Having a clear out! Guess what I've found?"

His heart sank but he knew he couldn't show any concern until it was unavoidable.

He climbed the loft ladder and saw his wife at the far end of the loft...sitting about two feet from his 'stash' of baby things.

As he got nearer to her he saw that she was thumbing through a small pile of thick card books. They were baby books - the type with a large, colourful picture and a single word underneath. He could plainly see 'BALL' & 'CAT'.

She turned it towards him to show the pictures. "How cute is that?" she laughed. Inwardly he breathed a sigh of relief. These had been his when he was a small child. When his parents had died, these were amongst the things that David & Lynn had moved from his parents' home.

"Do you want to come and sit and read with Mummy?" Again she laughed as she said it. David returned the laughter and replied,

"Not just now thank you...Mummy."

It had been said in fun but he had wanted to call her that for so many years. He had felt a frisson of excitement as he had addressed her as 'Mummy'. In that instant, he knew he wanted to do it again.

"Alright then. Perhaps later." she continued. "Mummy will leave them here." At that, she placed the small pile of baby books adjacent to his 'baby' case. David's thoughts raced. Was this simply coincidence?

Over coffee a little while later, Lynn said,

"You know...we should have a proper clear out one weekend. I'll bet there are all kinds of stuff up there that we didn't know about or stuff that never gets used!"

David gulped but felt easier as she continued, "We could probably make a fortune on eBay!" It seemed as though she was simply referring to household items.

The rest of the day passed uneventfully...the late evening walk with the dog presenting an opportunity for David to appraise what he felt had been his lucky escape.

When he got home, Lynn was already in bed, starting to doze off...or so it seemed.

David undressed and, as quietly as he was able, lifted the blankets and climbed in beside her, pausing only to lightly kiss her cheek. She opened her eyes a little and smiled sleepily as he covered himself with the sheets.

"Do you want a cuddle?" She spoke softly. Now those words had been, for many years, a euphemism for "Would you like to make love?" He smiled and moved towards her already anticipating their lovemaking. David looked down at her and she quietly said, "Come on then. Cuddle in." She lifted her right arm and encouraged him to snuggle into her. Not what he had expected but this felt good too.

Her arm moved behind his back and she pulled him to

her - the back of his head in the crook of her right arm...his cheek resting on her breast. She could feel the beginnings of an erection against her leg and smiled quietly to herself.

David's hand moved to her breast and squeezed it gently before moving his fingers down to her hard, erect nipple. Gently he squeezed it between his fingers, rolling it, teasing it. He could feel his wife's breathing begin to deepen.

Lynn unfastened her pyjama top and pushed the material away and down under David's cheek. Turning slightly, she cupped her breast and guided the erect nipple between her husband's eager lips.

He sucked at it greedily. He loved it when she allowed him to suck on her breasts. He could not get enough. Since their early 'courting' days he had always fantasised about Lynn breast feeding him. As he suckled at her teat he imagined being her baby - which made him more excited.

His tongue played with her nipple as he imagined her enforcing a nursery routine on him. The fantasy which often came into his mind to enhance and sustain his excitement during their love making. Bottle feedings; being made to wear nappies and baby clothes. His fantasy even went so far as being made to sleep in a cot and being forced to sit in a playpen, playing with baby toys. He had imagined Lynn and her younger sister, Loren, being around looking after him as though he was

a young baby - just learning to walk. All of these thoughts and images played in his mind as he 'nursed'.

Lynn had felt his body relax as he began to suckle - his stiff cock against her leg however, indicated that he was not totally relaxed!

David's hand caressed Lynn's body; moving over her skin, stroking and squeezing. Slowly, his hand moved down between her legs...until he suddenly felt her hand on his. Grasping it firmly yet tenderly.

"No. Not tonight. You just be good and have nice long cuddle and suck. Cuddle and suck."

He was a little surprised and disappointed but he was enjoying the closeness and there was no pressure to 'perform'. His erection though was raging and he kept pressing it against Lynn's leg. The pressure felt good. He realised he was gently screwing her leg...and it was difficult to stop.

He felt a little silly - the image of an oversexed dog humping its mistresses leg came to mind. He forced himself to stop - his nursing continued.

"Why have you stopped darling? It's alright.... I was enjoying feeling you do that."

Spoken in a very gentle, lilting way, it felt comforting and implicitly held encouragement to continue.