



# Baby Trained

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.

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

Aunty Janette and Mummy laughed as they looked down at me, lying in my cot. With my feet dangling in the air, Mummy gave me a grip rattle. Her smile, seen only by me, was teasing and she looked satisfied.

"Entertain the lady!" she encouraged as she stepped back to observe and taunt me further, her hands on her hips.

I shook the rattle, hoping that it's noise would somehow cover my increasing embarrassment, but of course it only laid me open to more ridicule from the ladies.

As Mummy went to fetch my bottle of baby milk as I heard Aunty Janette chuckling at the idea of my having to have a bottle of real infant formula. Mummy tested the temperature of the milk in a novel way not foreseen or promoted by Dr. Spock. She laughingly inverted the bottle over my nappy area and allowed milk to dribble from the teat onto my excited tinkle. Once satisfied that the milk was indeed 'just right' she offered the bottle to Aunty Janette so that she could 'feed the baby'.. Mummy giggled excitedly as she knew how excited I would feel to be fed by her friend.

Aunty Janette approached, the sound of her heels on the wooden floor somehow reinforcing my submissiveness to her, and of course, to Mummy.

"Gurgle for the lady..." Mummy said sharply.

I gurgled a little as Aunty Janette leaned forward slowly, all the while cooing "Good boy.... Good boy..."

As the milky bottle teat was eased firmly between my lips, Aunty Janette asked Mummy if I was expected to drink all of the milk. Mummy's response was that I would drink it all or I would be spanked. Quite simple.

I suckled contentedly on the bottle, gazing happily at Aunty Janette as she and Mummy chatted. Aunty Janette spoke very softly when she was beside me - perhaps not wishing to frighten the baby with a normal level of conversational volume?

"He's a chronic wetter! So I put two nappies on him always." Mummy said. Aunty Janette smiled thoughtfully as she rotated the bottle slightly to allow air into it, all the while looking at me, smiling and nodding gentle encouragement to take all of the bottle's contents.

"Aren't you a lucky baby?" Mummy asked, knowing there would be no verbal answer. The truth is that I felt like the luckiest adult baby in the world. I had one beautiful woman bottle-feeding me and my gorgeous Mummy fussing

around me preparing to put me into a clean nappy (or two).

"I've told the lady all about you. The things you do and the things I make you do!" Mummy teased.

Mummy pulled the nappy over my erect penis and, as I was so excited, she could not fasten it easily. Mummy's easy - but painful solution - was to smack it. Hard. I winced and quickly the nappy was fastened.

Shortly after, Auntie Janette realised that I had finished the bottle of milk, she stood up and returned it to the side table. Mummy leaned over me, smiling, telling me that I was a "...goodly baby..." I heard her reassuring, loving voice and all was well with my world.

Mummy unfolded another nappy and mused that once I was napped she might let me shuffle about on the nursery floor (on my bottom) and perhaps even 'nuzzle' at the lady's high heels. (Mummy knows of my permanent desire to be suckling on something or other nowadays and is exploring all of the possibilities it seems! :)

With the new nappy fastened tightly in place, Mummy moved back to inspect me. I looked towards the foot of the cot to see Auntie Janette

opening up a pair of plastic pants, stretching the elastic - all the while staring at me... her eyes telling me clearly that these ridiculously infantile pants were going on me. She knew how her teasing was making me feel. I could almost feel myself shaking with the anticipation.

"May I?" Aunty Janette asked Mummy.

"Of course! Are you going to put the plastic pants onto the little baby?" Mummy stood next to me, arms folded, watching my eyes and knowing how excited, yet humiliated I was. She smiled and wrinkled her nose at me.

Aunty Janette pulled the pants onto me quite forcefully. Her demeanour ensuring that I knew how ridiculous she thought I was. She checked the fit of the pants, ran her hand over the front of the pants and nappy.

"He seems like a very happy baby!" she observed laughing as she felt my erection through the padding, Mummy leaned over and joined in, rustling the pants and thick disposables underneath.

"The lady knows how to treat little ones like you." Mummy paused. "Firm. Spanking.... Shake your rattle in appreciation!" she said dismissively as she pushed the infantile toy into my hand.