



# Mummy's New Friend

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.

## **Mummy's New Friend**

**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.

As ever, my grateful thanks to my  
beautiful Mummy - GovernessX  
([www.governessx.com](http://www.governessx.com))

(Contact the author – [infantc@yahoo.com](mailto:infantc@yahoo.com))

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

Mummy has a new friend. She calls her Jane. I call her Aunty Jane...when I'm allowed to speak.

Aunty Jane's husband is a submissive and she is his Mistress and his world. She decides everything for him, and in return he serves her without question.

Being an adult baby, as I am, I also do as I am told...without question or explanation. Whether it be Mummy who is telling me or Aunty Jane.

The reality, on a day to day basis, of being an adult baby is different to the fantasy that many may hold. Of course, lying around in a cot or playpen while someone caters to your every whim - albeit infantile needs - can seem very appealing until real life kicks in.

Yes, I have a full nursery at home.

Yes, I wear nappies and plastic pants all of the time and am only changed when whoever is looking after me decides and yes, I drink all of my liquids from a baby bottle and any food I eat has to be appropriate for an infant under the age of twelve months. Real life however, means that despite all of those babyish restrictions, it is often

necessary to carry out adult tasks while still existing and being treated as a small child.

To give you an example...Mummy may need the kitchen floor cleaning. There is no way that she would do it herself while I am around. I am simply instructed that it needs to be done and I get on with it. I'm usually dummied while I work and Mummy takes great delight in teasing me about my napped state while I clean the floor. 'Crawling practice for baby' is how she refers to it. If I do it particularly well, I may be rewarded with a bottle feed and a story...if Mummy isn't feeling like it however, I could just as easily be put into my cot for the night. I always try and do it well. Too many early bedtimes make me sad.

I never really know what each day will bring nowadays. What I do know however is that there are constants in my life and that is that I always refer to my wife as 'Mummy' and I am always under her control. The account you are about to read is a true one.

-ooOoo-

"James?"

"Yes Mummy?"

"Come here darling. Nappy change time!" she called from the bottom of the stairs.

I quickly went to the top of the stairs and looked down to see Mummy's smiling face looking up at me. In her hands I could see a clean disposable nappy and an unopened pack of baby wipes.

"Come down on your bottom sweetheart. Mummy doesn't want you to fall!"

I sat at the top of the stairs and, one by one, navigated my way downstairs by sliding from one stair to another...my progress marked audibly by the soft, dull thud from the wet nappy that was fastened around me.

Mummy's smile grew broader as I neared her. Finally I reached the bottom step and Mummy took my hand, helping me to stand. "Clever boy!" She patted my bottom by way of simple congratulation and laughingly said,

"Go on. Scoot! Go and lie down on your changing mat. Mummy's going to see how wet you are!"

I hurried ahead of her into the living room. The changing mat was in its usual place, near the French windows at the back of the room.

"I'm coming!" Mummy laughed. "My little boy had better be lying down ready to have his botty changed."

This was a regular routine and joke that we had. I had to be lying down with my legs in the air by the time she got to the changing mat.

Of course, Mummy, as she would with a real toddler, always makes a big thing of pretending to 'race' me and always just manages to be beaten to the changing mat by me.

"Phew!" she said as she knelt down beside me. "I think you must know a short cut under Mummy's table or something. I've never seen a napped baby move so quickly!"

We both laughed at the silly, playful humour that was such a central part of our lives. Mummy began unfastening the poppers between my legs

as I gazed lazily around the floor and out of the French windows into the garden.

"Can you see the birdies playing in the snow baby?" Mummy said. "I'll bet they're cold!" I smiled at the thought. "I bet they wish they could have a lovely warm nappy on like you!"

She continued changing me, rolling the used nappy up and using the sticky tabs to seal it.

"I think Mummy is going to double nappy you today as it's so cold. We don't want icicles forming on your tinkle do we?"

She rubbed baby oil into my penis as she said it and grinned. No matter how many times she changed my nappy, I was still excited by her touch.

A double nappy usually meant it would be a while until I was changed but I didn't mind. Mummy always seemed to enjoy seeing me with a large, padded bottom and I was always happy if Mummy was pleased with me.