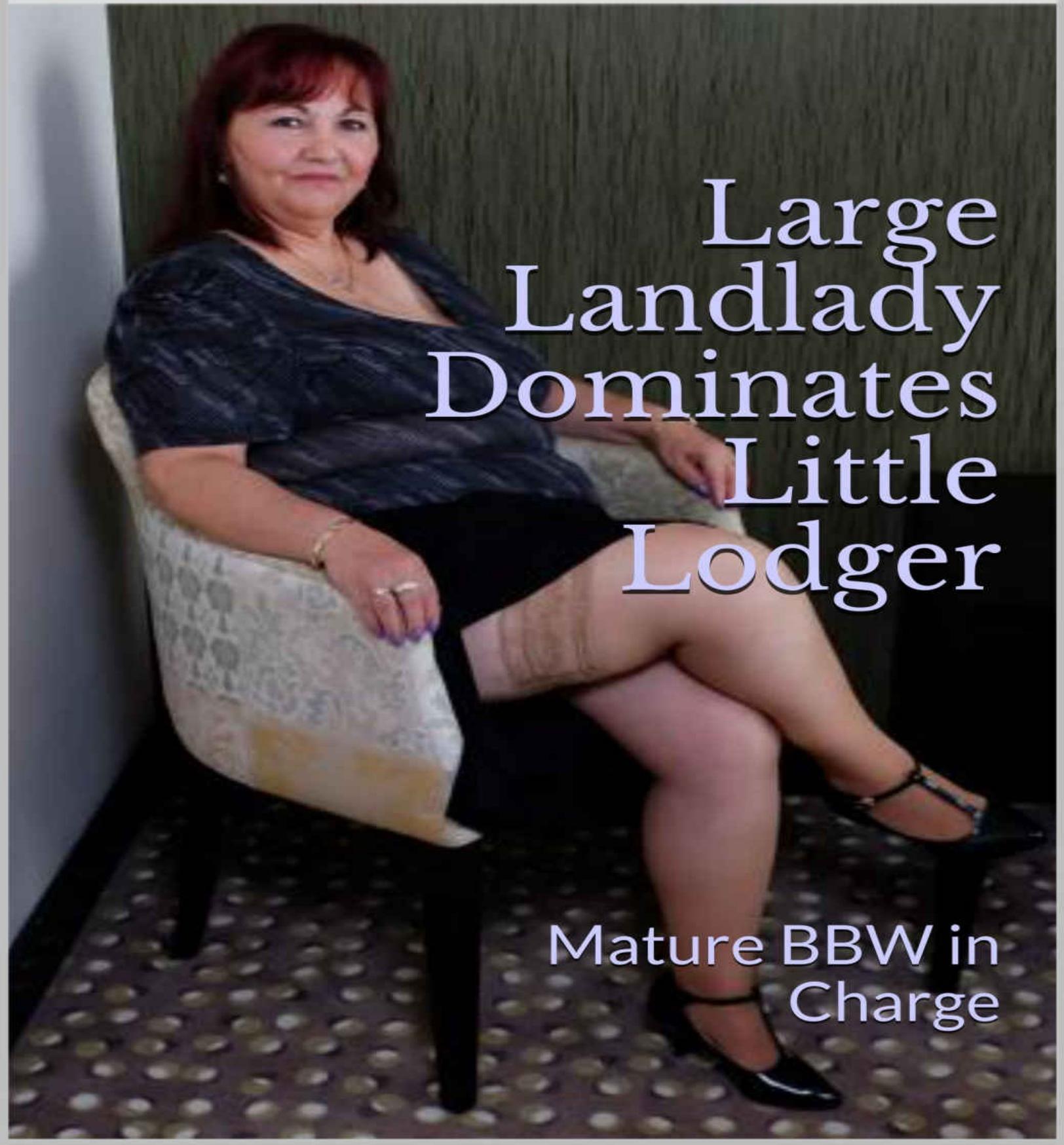


# Miranda Birch



Large  
Landlady  
Dominates  
Little  
Lodger

Mature BBW in  
Charge

# Large Landlady Dominates Little Lodger

## Mature BBW in Charge

By [Miranda Birch](#)

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A shy young man with a secret attraction to larger, older ladies arrives in a seaside town seeking a room to stay in. He meets Mrs Doris Cooper, a large attractive widow of a certain age who keeps a guesthouse. It is not long before Mrs Cooper has broken in young Robert to her special sort of maternal loving. She trains her attentive toy-boy lover in the way she likes to be pleased, and he is only too happy to comply in exchange for babification. She babifies him with diaper and dummy. His little boy bits will be trapped in a big fluffy diaper until she next releases them for her lustful use!

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Robert Haynes was a tall, thin young man, still in his teens and not long out of school. He was shy and solitary. He did not have a girlfriend. He had a habit of ogling older larger ladies in the street. He had never dared approach one. He had always been more than a little embarrassed by this penchant of him. He was even more ashamed of his inner and secretive desire to be treated again as a baby, a helpless infant, seeking comfort and safety in the arms of a big, soft, cuddly mother-figure. Oh, how he longed to be held by a pair of soft, fat arms, and finding comfort there at a large, soft bosom.

He was eighteen when he was transferred by his firm to their office in a seaside town in Southern England over a hundred miles from the family home. It was the first time he had had to live away from home; away from the overbearing influence of his family. He was excited and frightened at the same time. And so now here he stood, on the front step of a nice terraced house on the sea front. It so happened that this very house was owned by a certain robust, middle aged woman, who for many years had given up taking in holiday visitors and instead specialised in providing a home for any young man who had to move to the area. The biggest local company, Harpers, employed a lot of such young men, so Mrs Doris Cooper was never short of guests. She was more than pleased with the appearance of her latest prospective lodger as she ushered him into her pleasantly furnished front room.

“Harpers told me you would be coming round today,” she said with a kind and welcoming smile that put the nervous Robert somewhat more at ease. “Is this the first time you have been away from home, dear?” She smiled warmly at him again.

“Er, um, yes, yes...”

Robert stammered in reply, blushing shyly.

The moment he had first laid eyes on her, just a few minutes ago when she opened the front door to him, had been a breathtaking moment. She was exactly the sort of lady he stared at in the street. A large build, with big breasts and wide hips, and old enough to be... well, old enough to be his mother. He blushed more. He really did find this motherly older woman very attractive.

She gestured to a large comfy sofa and asked if he would not like to sit down. She in her turn sat down close to him, and began to explain how lodging with her worked.

“Your firm pays for room and board, basically., That means you have a breakfast and an evening meal with me. And I can arrange lunch on Saturdays and Sundays, if you so like,” she explained in that soft, warm, kindly voice of hers.

Robert listened, trying not to stare at her ample bosom, or the sturdy legs displayed by the tight skirt she was wearing. He liked her voice: it was kindly. But what he liked most of all was the way she was sitting on that low couch. If she was aware of the way her skirt had ridden up her plump thighs, she gave no sign of it. The skirt had not ridden quite high enough for him to know for sure if she wore stockings or tights, but high enough to cause him to feel a little embarrassed. He struggled not to stare. Ashamed at his lack of will power to take his eyes from that lower region of her voluptuous body. But he knew if he raised his eyes, they would fasten on her big tits. He felt himself blushing again.

Mrs Cooper was very experienced at playing substitute mother to young men staying away from the nest for the first time, and she could tell already that she and Robert Haynes were going to have a very interesting, and hopefully satisfying, relationship. Of course she noted that the only time he took his gaze away from her legs was to look with longing at her breasts. That longing look was a look she well understood. You want to get your hands on those big girls of mine, don't you, little boy? she thought. You want to get your mouth on them don't you, lovie? You want to suck and suck and suck...

Outwardly she remained the calm, kindly landlady, and showed no sign that she had noticed Robert's wandering gaze, no sign of the thoughts that were rushing through her head.

“Let me show you your room dear.”

She stood, the sofa creaking as it was relieved of her weight. Robert stood up too, terribly conscious of the erect penis already bulging in his trousers. He followed her large figure up the stairs, staying at a distance that gave him the clearest view up the back of her skirt. Was it his imagination that she wriggled her fat fleshy bottom more than was normal? She certainly took her time climbing those stairs. And every step of the way, Robert's eyes were glued to that big, round, skirted rump. It felt as though his cock was going to burst his zip!

Reaching the stairhead, she walked the short distance to the first door on the left and opened it. She gestured to Robert, and stood sideways to let him pass by her into the room. Robert was blushing again as he squeezed passed her, trying not to touch her body with his — although he very much wanted to!

It was a small room, but brightly decorated and nicely furnished. The bed, although narrow, looked comfortable enough. Then he noticed a door that obviously led to an adjoining room. Mrs Cooper saw him looking.

“Oh that door is our connecting door,” she explained, smiling that warm smile of hers. “That leads to *my* bedroom. Some of my lodgers have been very lonely away from home for the first time, and I sometimes allow the door to be left ajar. I find they sleep better if they know I am near.”

He watched her open the door enough for him to see the large double bed in the adjoining room. It was very much a woman's bed, with an abundance of soft pillows, pink sheets, and a cuddly toy perched on one of the pillows.

“So you see, ‘Mumsie’ is never far away Robert. I don't want you to miss your home or your mother while you are under my roof dear. I want you to be happy and I will do everything I can for you.”

She looked at him in a way Robert did not quite understand.

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Mrs Cooper's intentions were made quite plain on Robert Haynes' second night as her lodger. He was preparing for bed in his little room when he heard her calling his name through the connecting door — the door that led to *her* bedroom

“Don't forget to come and say goodnight to Mumsie before you go to bed, Robert dear.”

His heart gave a leap. He was flustered. What to do? Well, best go in and say goodnight as he had just been told to do. Timidly, he tapped on the connecting door.

“Ummm... er... May I... may I come in Mrs Cooper?”

“Of course Robert dear!”

With a deep breath, he depressed the handle and opened the door. The sight that met him took his breath away

The large mature woman sat on the edge of her bed. She looked very motherly. But she was not dressed in a motherly fashion — not by a long way! Her almost see-through nylon nightdress was a ‘shorty’ and reached only to the tops of her broad thighs. The deep cleavage of her breasts was on show, with very little protection from the low cut neck line of her night gown. It was obvious to the embarrassed, but excited, young man that his mature landlady had discarded her brassiere and knickers. But she had kept on her stretch-girdle, from which her broad suspender straps reached down to fasten to the tops of her flesh coloured stockings.

She looked so voluptuous, so mature, and — despite the sexiness of her choice of nightwear — so, so motherly... Suddenly Robert had the mad desire to leap into her lap and be embraced in her arms! At the same time, he had a pang of guilt when he saw where she had directed her eyes. He knew he was getting a hard-on and feared that at any moment his stiffening member would force its way through the loose fly opening of his pyjama bottoms, whether he would or no!

“I can see you want to be a good boy for Mummy, Robert,” Mrs Cooper said quietly as she settled back across her bed, taking her weight on her elbows. Her nightie rose even higher up her very white, very broad, thighs so that he could see the suspender tabs gripping her stocking tops to ensure their tautness. A slight wriggle of her hips, a movement of her legs — and the nightdress rode to even more revealing heights. Then she lay still allowing the blushing young man to gaze in disbelief at the soft, silky, light-coloured hairs that forested her prominent pubic mound.

He feverishly covered the fly-flap of his pyjama trouser with his palm, certain now that his erection was could not be contained if left to its own devices. But to his immense relief, she she did not share his embarrassment.

“No need to be shy with Mumsie, dear” she assured him, “come over here and sit close to me.” She made a welcoming gesture with one arm that made her big breasts wobble and bounce.

His head and heart pounding, Robert silently joined her on the big bed. He was immediately gathered into her plump arms and tightly embraced. She purred like a cat. He found one of his legs falling between her opened legs and, with her garment moving even further up her body, he was now able to see the ridge of white flesh of her big white belly above the waistband of the girdle. She guided his hand to her naked flesh and stroked her skin using his docile hand. Her other arm encircled his neck and drew his hot flushed face down to her large bosom. It was a natural reaction for him to muzzle one large pliable breast with his face, rubbing from side to side,

and up and down, until his lips located the large fulsome nipple that awaited his hungry mouth.

She stroked the back of his head, encouraging him with gentle hand pressures and softly murmured words to suckle her, to appease the hunger she knew was latent in all males.

“There, there, baby boy,” she cuddled him to her amply fleshed torso, “you suck that nice teat all you want to. *Good* baby. Mmmmm... I knew the moment I saw you on my doorstep you were searching for a nice Mummy to take care of you. I know your needs, baby. That's it, suck harder, mmmm, yes.... use your lips as a suction cup — make Mummy's titty grow...”

Never had he felt so happy or contented. He felt not the slightest hint of embarrassment now. He was in his own little paradise in the arms of this large, soft woman. He needed no further encouragement to transfer his oral ministrations to her other breast, leaving the first adult nipple he had ever tasted hard and spearing outwards in splendid arousal. It was his intention to have her other roseate nipple in just the same state after just as much hungry, loving attention. So engrossed was he in this most pleasant of tasks he did not at first notice Mrs Cooper had a hand very close to his groin, her fingers searching, then finding the gaping fly flap. He realised what was happening when he felt podgy fingers gripping his cock. Then they were gripping the head between first finger and thumb. And then his stiff prick was being quite forcibly massaged!

“Oh, little baby boy,” she whispered intimately into his ear as he continued to chew, bite and nibble at her awakening nipple, “little baby boy is being very naughty with Mumsie isn't he? Tell Mumsie he likes being her baby boy, and tell her what he is doing.”

With a mouth full of pliable, firm teat, he managed to get out some muffled words in reply:

“Yes, I love being your baby boy... (suck suck) I really do (suck suck).., and I am sucking your beautiful big tits (suck suck)... and hoping to drink (suck suck)... your wonderful milk... (suck suck)...”

“Yes, I'd give you my milk if I could, it would make you a big strong healthy baby, but from what I can feel down here this is an area you do not need any more growth. My, my, you *are* a big strong healthy baby boy. How much bigger is *this* going to grow?”

Suddenly she was twisting her body and heaving him over on top of her, opening her stockinged legs wide to take him between them. Mrs Cooper knew exactly what her new ‘baby’ wanted to make him happy and contented, and she knew exactly what *she* wanted and needed to bring some pleasure into her lonely life. What she wanted was this hard, vibrant cock she gripped so tightly, and as she ran her hands down inside his pyjama trouser waistband she fondled his naked buttocks, revelling in the smoothness, and marvelling at the ripping muscles this young man possessed.

As her hands roamed, his naked manhood pressed against her thigh just above her stocking top and flush with her naked flesh. She felt the warm velvety texture of the cock knob, strange how the shaft could be so hard and veined, and yet the knob so smooth and sensual to the touch.

“Keep sucking my tits, dear baby,” she coaxed “but push your hands under me and feel my bottom. Come on baby, do as your Mumsie tells you. That's right, push them down lower, lower

baby, there, now caress my bottom but don't relax your suckling. If my nipples get any bigger or harder they'll burst right in your face. That's it, suck harder, take ALL the nipple into your lips and pull on it. Use your lips to suckle. Good, now you're getting the idea baby boy."

For the first time since he came into her bedroom he noticed the small bedside table. It was lower than the bed and that was why he had not seen it. Now from this angle as he lay sprawled on top of her he saw it clearly and strange thrills raced through him when he saw what lay on its surface.

A baby's large dummy, a baby's milk bottle, complete with shaped soft rubber teat, and a nappy already laid out as if for immediate use! Beside the nappy was a large tin of dusting powder with a feathery swab close by with which the powder would be applied!

He could not take his eyes from this thrilling display of babying items, most of which he had only dreamt about, but never sampled.

She reprimanded him when he released a swollen nipple from his lips so he could move his head in to get a better view of the baby bits and pieces on that little table,

"If you want me to bring those little items into our relationship baby boy, you must pay attention to what Mummy tells you and be a good boy and make Mummy happy. Do you understand, my little baby boy?"

With that, she smacked his bottom quite sharply. Without releasing the rubbery swollen fleshy tit from his lips he nodded and thrust his hands further under her heavy bottom cheeks, relishing not only the quantity of flesh but its smoothness and pliability. Her bottom began a desperate rotation against his hands and he felt her knees lift on either side of his hips and the next instant she had crossed her strong legs over the backs of his thighs and locked her ankles.

He saw her stretch an arm towards the bedside table and reach for the large dummy. He was reluctant to release her hard swollen nipple from his lips, but she persuaded him to do so with the threat of a smacked bottom.

"You have been a good baby but you have made Mummy's tits sore. You must learn to be a little more gentle, but I do understand your hunger for Mummy's milk, but now you must suck on this."

She thrust the specially shaped dummy of solid rubber into his mouth and told him not to let go of it until she gave permission. A warning tap on his bare bottom promised another hard smack if he disobeyed. Not that Robert wanted to disobey. He was in his seventh heaven. He sucked avidly on the imitation teat and revelled in the feeling of utter helplessness when he felt her tighten the grip of her strong legs around him. She had now pushed his pyjama trousers down so that he felt the sheer silkiness of her stockings rubbing against his bare skin as well as her naked thigh tops against his.

He felt so safe, as though cocooned within Mrs Cooper's warm, ample, feminine flesh. This was his heaven on earth although he had much preferred the real tit to suckle, but the rubber dummy was a good substitute. He would be more careful next time and not suck so hard at her breasts,

and certainly not nibble them so hungrily. The next time? He silently prayed there would be a next time, and many times after that when he would be allowed to be Mrs Cooper's baby boy.

It was almost as if she could read his mind.

“You are happy being my baby aren't you Robert? But you must make Mummy happy too. I am sure you know how I want you to do that.”

She was holding his fully erect prick in her fingers and far from gently masturbating it and at the same time guiding its domed crown to her warm wet slit that was getting warmer and wetter by the second. He stared up into her flushed face and for the first time in his young life he saw the face of a woman crazed for sexual fulfilment.

“You can be my baby boy every night Robert if you are a good boy and gave me what I want with this fine, hard cock I am holding.”

The actions of her large bottom became more animated as she guided his young cock through the soft haired forest then parting her fleshy vaginal lips with its bulbous head. He would have been completely happy just to have remained as a baby in her arms, sucking her tits, feeling her belly and bottom, he had never contemplated going the whole sexual way with her, but now it was happening he knew he had to try to satisfy her so that she would allow him to be her baby every night.

“Come on baby boy,” she coaxed “if I am pleased with you when we finished I'll powder your bot-bot and your little flaked out wee-wee and get you into your nappy for the rest of the night. You'll like that won't you baby boy?”

She felt his already penis lurch and grown even harder as her promises sent a thrill right through him. On only his second night under her roof and she had discovered his weakness. A weakness she knew how to exploit to her own gratification. In her own way she also got satisfaction from acting as this young lodger's mother figure, but only if in return he gave her what she wanted, and at this moment the object she wanted was slowly, but very surely, sinking up into the depths of her hot, moist vagina, where it was welcomed by the gripping spasms of her vaginal muscles.

She tightened her gripping legs around his slim body.

“Clutch my bottom harder,” she told him, “run your fingers up and down the crease. Come on, don't you like my big fat fleshly arse, my little baby boy? You do, don't you?”

He did like her big bottom although he was getting as much pleasure from sucking on the big rubber dummy she had stuck in his mouth as from the sexual union taking place between this mature mother figure and his inexperienced phallus. However he almost lost the precious dummy when he gasped out loud at the sudden increase of pressure on his embedded young cock. The inner walls of her heated vagina pit convulsed and gripped so tightly he felt he was being dragged into a bottomless pit from which there might be no return.

For the very first time in his life, Robert Haynes was involved with a woman achieving her orgasm. In Mrs Cooper's case, a much needed orgasm.

“Harder, harder baby boy,” she was pleading now, “harder, harder! I’ll powder and nappy you every night. But do it harder, grip my bottom, that’s it baby boy. Now fuck. Fuck me.”

He was bewildered and engulfed in a mass of hot naked flesh, not sure if it was her use of that F word that made him want to obey her and do it harder, or the promise of the nappy treatment. After a further wild flurry of activity she suddenly lay still. Panting heavily she continued to embrace him closely with arms and legs. He was exhausted, this big woman starved of sex for so long had drained her young lodger of breath as well as manly seed. But it had been the experience of his life. His first experience of sex, yes; but also the promises of her babying him on a regular basis.

Mrs Cooper was brought from the sweet bliss of her after-orgasm dream world with his pitiful pleading voice.

“Please Mrs Cooper, will you powder me now and put on my nappy so I can go to sleep. Please Mrs Cooper.”

Oh! He must *really* be obsessed with his desire to be made a baby again, she thought to herself. His penis had been released from her clasp channel only seconds before he made his plea. He had proved virile and able to satisfy her so to baby him was a small price to have to pay to have him in her bed regularly, kissing and stroking and loving her breasts, her belly, her bottom; and attending to her sexual appetite. Oh, yes, her new young darling would be learning to please her in all sorts of ways!

So she pushed him off her and wearily reached for the dusting powder, the fluffy puff and the folded nappy. His pyjamas had become detached from his body during the contortions of the coupling and as she looked at his slim, youthful but well muscled body the thought went through her mind that he had probably been a lovely baby. Well, she was going to help him return to that happy, carefree state of infancy if that was what was needed to have him as her lover when ever she felt the urge. And something told her she would be feeling the urge frequently from now on!

“Lie on your back baby boy,” she spoke softly to him, “open your little legs, wider than that. That’s it.”

He saw her poised over him, the large tin of dusting powder in one hand, the big puff in the other. The powder felt so comforting as she liberally sprinkled it over his lower stomach and his genital area. He gave a deep sigh of pleasure.

“That feels so nice, Mrs Cooper” he murmured “put some more on me. Ohhhhaaaa...”.

He had gasped, not in pain but rather in surprise when she put down the powder container and gripped his limp stem in her strong fingers.

“Mummy doesn’t want this naughty little man to be so lifeless, he should be sticking up for himself, knowing that a warm nappy is about to cover him. Come on baby boy, get hard again for me. At least a little bit bigger than it is now. Come on, or I’ll not nappy you. Get hard again little man,”

In case her words were not enough to cause him to harden up she used finger and thumb to firmly grip the base of the shaft and vigorously massage it until she felt the response she wanted. She knew he would derive more pleasure from being diapered with a sturdy erection than when limp, and he had obtained almost a full hard-on when to his great delight she started to nappy him.

His penis, now hardened again, was being firmly compressed to his lower stomach as she skilfully adjusted the nappy, folding, pinning and securing it to make his pleasure complete. So excited was he that she knew it would take but a few swift movements of her hand to bring him off. But safely ensconced now in the big fluffy nappy, it would stay unreleased until it was time for *her* to use it again!

She looked down at his happy contented expression as he sank into a blissful slumber. She suspected he had derived as much, if not more, gratification from being pinned up in a diaper than having sexual intercourse with her. But she cared not. She had found a young virile male with an obsession she could turn to her own advantage. He was going to satisfy all her physical needs — and what more could a woman in her situation wish for?

THE END

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