

THE BUSTY BARISTA

By OHH

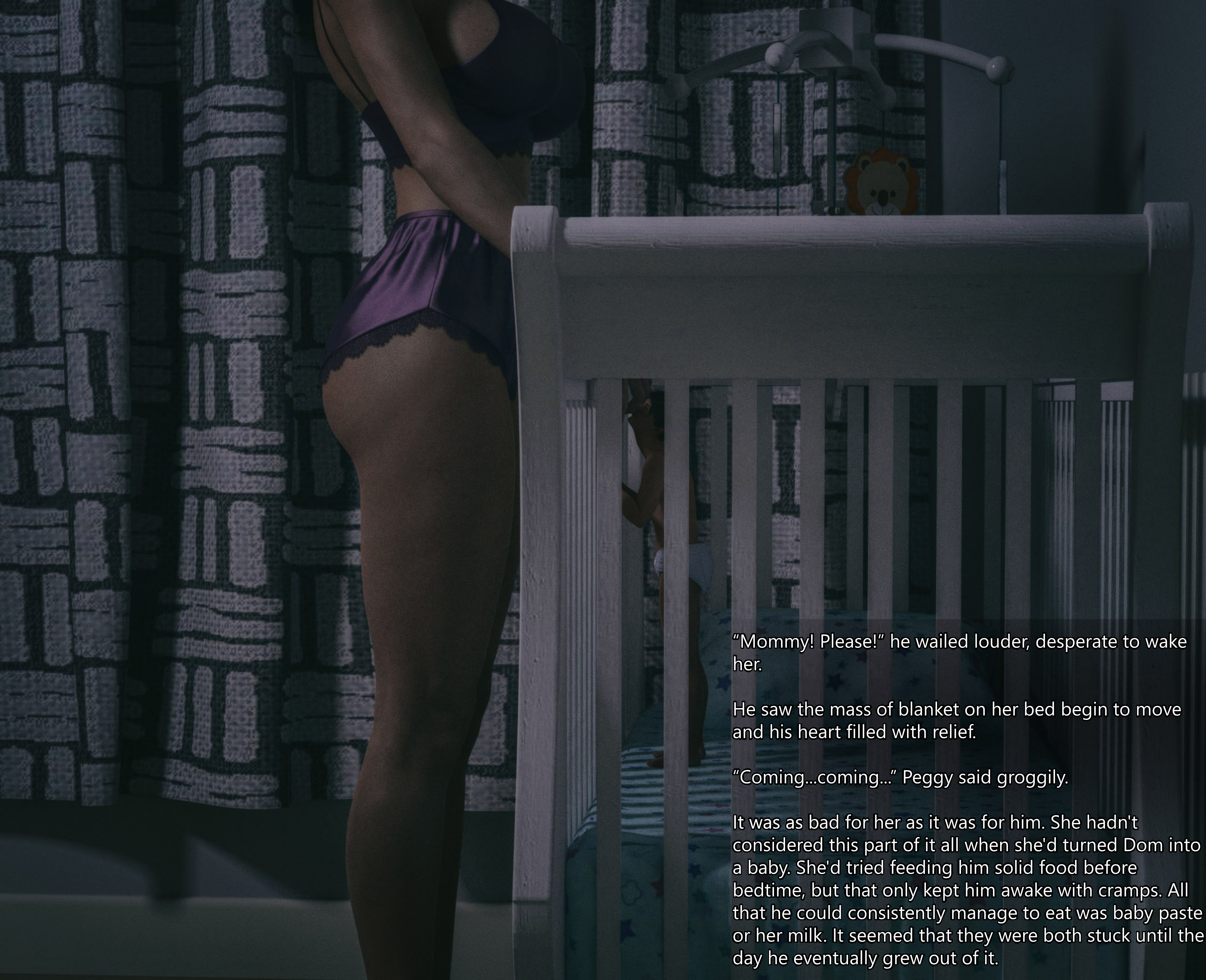


"Mommy...please Mommy..." Dom cried. "Please, please wake up!!"

Unfortunately, this had become Dom's new norm. Peggy's milk only seemed to keep him full for six hours at most, and then when it was gone the hunger was so bad it was enough to wake him from the deepest sleep. It didn't help that she put him to bed so much earlier than she herself went to sleep either.

"Peggy! Please! I need you!" he cried. It was humiliating calling out to her like this, crying like a baby to be fed. That was his life now though.



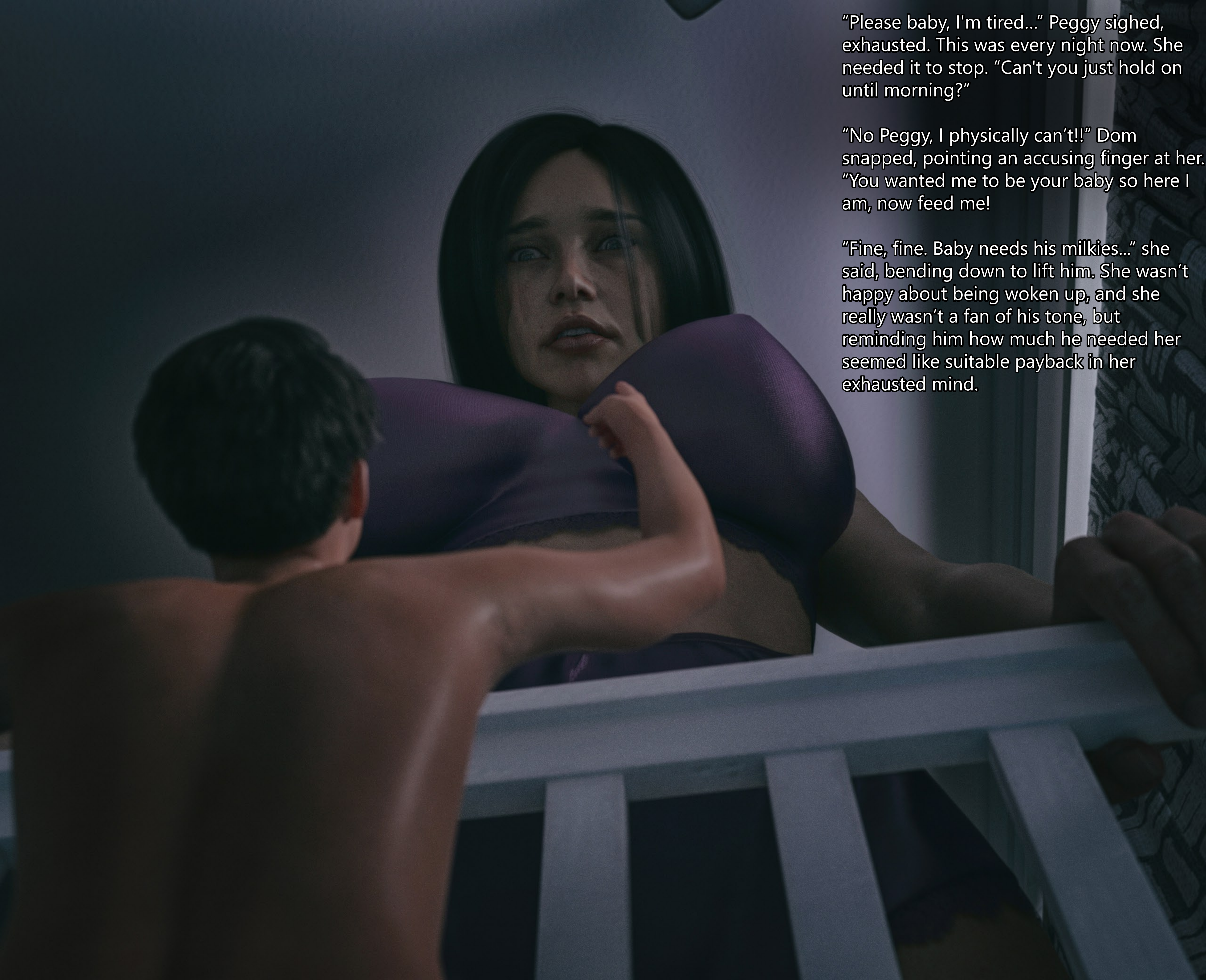


"Mommy! Please!" he wailed louder, desperate to wake her.

He saw the mass of blanket on her bed begin to move and his heart filled with relief.

"Coming...coming..." Peggy said groggily.

It was as bad for her as it was for him. She hadn't considered this part of it all when she'd turned Dom into a baby. She'd tried feeding him solid food before bedtime, but that only kept him awake with cramps. All that he could consistently manage to eat was baby paste or her milk. It seemed that they were both stuck until the day he eventually grew out of it.



"Please baby, I'm tired..." Peggy sighed, exhausted. This was every night now. She needed it to stop. "Can't you just hold on until morning?"

"No Peggy, I physically can't!!" Dom snapped, pointing an accusing finger at her. "You wanted me to be your baby so here I am, now feed me!"

"Fine, fine. Baby needs his milkies..." she said, bending down to lift him. She wasn't happy about being woken up, and she really wasn't a fan of his tone, but reminding him how much he needed her seemed like suitable payback in her exhausted mind.



Peggy carried Dom to her bed without either of them saying another word. She sat, pulling covers around her and getting comfortable before lifting Dom to her breast. He did the same in her arms just as she had done in her bed, getting himself into a warm, comfortable position before opening his mouth wide and latching on to her nipple.

As Dom suckled at her breast Peggy struggled to stay awake. The warm, contented feeling she got from nursing him almost lulled her to sleep. She was determined to stay awake though, at least until he was done. At least she didn't feel angry at him any more. After all, it was a mother's duty to make sure her baby was fed.?

Dom guzzled greedily from Peggy. Her milk flowed quickly, filling his mouth with sweet, thick milk without the need for him to suck. The flow eventually waned and he got into a rhythm of sucking and swallowing. He didn't remember falling asleep at her breast.

He didn't remember Peggy gently easing him down from her breast and laying him beside her. She squeezed him to her chest, cuddling him like a teddy bear while she drifted off to sleep.





A moment later Peggy awoke, or at least what seemed like a moment. Sunlight filtered through the cracks in her blinds, so clearly she'd fallen asleep. She hadn't remembered drifting off, or dreaming, or anything at all really. Unfortunately, she didn't feel rested either.

Groggily, she stretched out and then felt something at her chest.

Dom, she'd forgotten about him.



Peggy smiled down at him, exhausted but happy, then yawned.

Dom was still asleep but was already helping himself to breakfast. She loved how he did that. A few weeks ago he had fought her every time she tried to feed him. Now he would latch on to her as if by instinct, even as they both slept. It showed just how dependent he was on her.

Dom the man was long gone. All that was left of him was her little Dommy baby, suckling at a breast as big as he was.

"Good morning baby..." she cooed and stroked his head. She didn't want to wake him, not yet at least. She was quite content to watch him feed for now. The day could wait a while longer.

Their morning was like any other. Peggy ate her breakfast at the table while Dom sat in the playpen. His tummy was already full, so he didn't need to join her for breakfast. There wasn't anything there for him that he would have any hope of digesting anyway.

After that, Peggy would bathe him in the sink while she got herself ready for the day. Some days she would shower, some days it would just be a quick wash.





There were benefits to both, but Dom preferred it when Peggy skipped her shower. She would spend the time hovering over him at the sink, applying lotions, checking for wrinkles and doing the many other things women did to keep themselves looking perfect. It provided Dom with a wonderful view of her bouncing, pendulous bosom. Even though he was pressed to a breast four times a day to feed he still loved to watch them sway and move.



Peggy had errands to run today, and that meant that Dom had to come along with her. In the beginning Dom travelled in a stroller, but he had proved much too fussy for that. He had figured out the latch immediately, and was always endangering himself by undoing it.

As a result, Peggy decided on the next most logical thing. It turned out that a baby carrier afforded her much better control over her fussy boy than some cumbersome stroller that only got in the way. This way she could always keep an eye on him, and if he ever tried to escape she always immediately knew. Plus this kept both of her hands free.

Dom had come to prefer the baby carrier to the stroller as well. He felt much more exposed in the stroller than he did strapped to Peggy. Sitting in the stroller watching the world go by without him was a reminder of what he'd lost. He often saw people from his old life pass them on the streets, but they would never recognise him.

Being strapped to Peggy allowed him to hide away, though it didn't always work. He frequently saw Jess, an intern from his office that he liked to flirt with. She'd wave at him and make kissy faces. He might have liked that before, but now it just humiliated him.

She was now a giant to him and to her he was just another cute little baby that brightened her day.



Dom buried his face in Peggy's bosom, hiding himself from the world beyond his surrogate mother. It was easier this way, throwing himself completely into Peggy and ignoring everything beyond her.

It made it easy slip away when he was here, tucked against her chest. After a few minutes Dom had forgotten all about the intern from his old life. His mind became totally lost in the mass of wobbling breast fleshed he was strapped to, and the vast, deep blackness of her cleavage numbed his humiliation.



"Ah, Peggy! Good morning." Dr Jones greeted Peggy as she walked into her office. "How are we today?"

"Oh, fine. The usual." Peggy said with a pleasant smile. "I'd be happier if I could get a full night of uninterrupted sleep though."

Dr Jones laughed. "Has he hit that age?"

"Oh yes, always hungry." Peggy said with a roll of her eyes.



"Dammit...Peggy. Do we have to?" Dom whispered.

He'd been so checked out that he hadn't even noticed when she walked into the paediatrician's office. He'd had his first visit to Dr Jones just a few days after his new life had begun. He'd been weighed and measured and had all sorts of developmental tests. He was obviously due for another. Peggy hadn't told him where they were going today, but that was no different from any other day. Peggy never told him what her plans were or where they'd be going until they were already there.





"Alrighty then, let's get you out of that carrier." Dr Jones told him cutely. Peggy helped her by undoing the top straps of the carrier, and within a moment Dr Jones was lifting him up and out.

"I'll just be a minute..." Dr Jones told Peggy as she carried Dom over to the examination table.

"Oh you're a cute lil' guy." The blonde doctor grinned down at him. "Such a tiny, adorable guy..."

"I bet you say that to all your patients." Dom said, smiling at his own joke. He wished that she'd been able to hear it rather than the baby babble that everyone but Peggy heard.

The doctor set Dom down on the examination table, leaving him standing about chest high to her. He could tell she was a small woman even without having Peggy to compare her too. She likely didn't stand much higher than 5ft3, and was lean to the point that she was almost scrawny. She seemed like the athletic type.

"Alright little fella, I'm just going to get you out of that onesie so we can do the exam." she explained, starting to undo his buttons. He realized that a gorgeous blonde was stripping him, though the fact that he was two feet tall and wearing a diaper was hampering his enjoyment of it a bit.





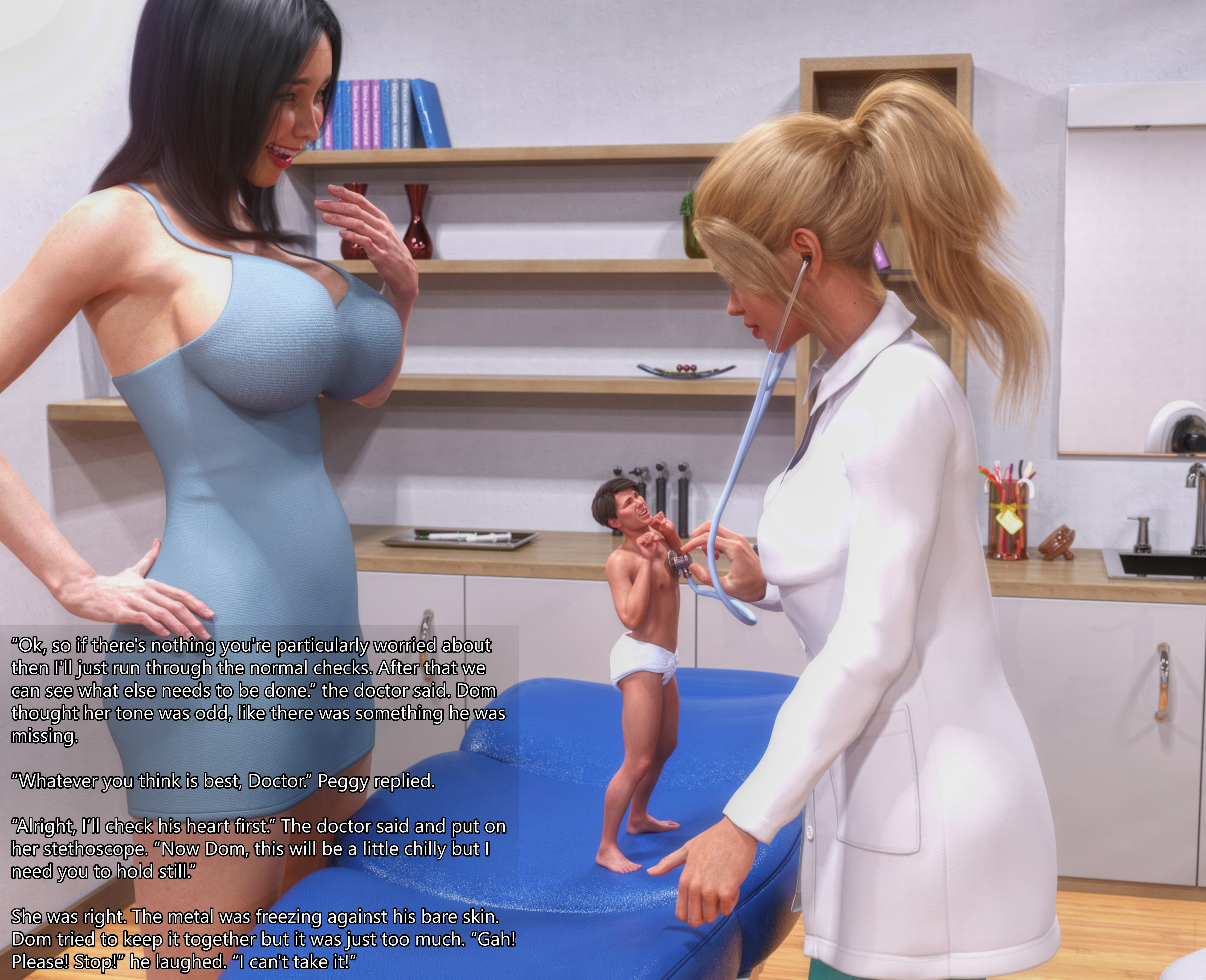
"How has he been since the last check up?" Dr Jones asked as Peggy walked over.

"Fine I'd say. He eats, he sleeps, he poops." she smiled.

"And is he regular?"

"Oh yes, like clockwork. He gets hungry, he feeds for about a half hour then falls asleep..."

Dom listened to the two women discussing his health above him. Every question Dr Jones asked about how he ate or slept or about his mood was answered by Peggy. No one bothered to ask him how he felt.



"Ok, so if there's nothing you're particularly worried about then I'll just run through the normal checks. After that we can see what else needs to be done." the doctor said. Dom thought her tone was odd, like there was something he was missing.

"Whatever you think is best, Doctor." Peggy replied.

"Alright, I'll check his heart first." The doctor said and put on her stethoscope. "Now Dom, this will be a little chilly but I need you to hold still."

She was right. The metal was freezing against his bare skin. Dom tried to keep it together but it was just too much. "Gah! Please! Stop!" he laughed. "I can't take it!"



After making sure his heart was fine Dr Jones went to the cupboards and returned with a ruler and tape.

"Good boy, standing so still." she said, wrapping the tape around his head and taking note of the number. "Now let's get that arm up..." She ran a ruler up his arm, checking the length. "Oh, you're such a good little guy! Most babies fight me when I do this.

"You're nice. I'm happy to help." Dom said. He always did like a tall blonde.



"There's a good boy! Now stand up straight so we can check how big you're getting!" Dr Jones sang, her voice lightly patronizing. Dom didn't mind, he'd gotten used to it. He liked that she liked him, especially since she was bending down and giving him a nice view down her scrubs.

"Twenty inches! Such a big man!" she said, but Dom was anything but listening.

His mind was adrift in fantasy, wondering what it would feel like to be held in her lithe arms. He imagined it would be quite a different feeling than it was with Peggy.

Her body was lean and toned, but still with a large, soft chest for him to suckle at. He felt his mouth watering at the idea of feeding from her, taking a small, red nipple into his mouth. He imagined that she would be gentle with him. She wouldn't force him to feed when he didn't want to.



A thought struck him. This was fantasy. He didn't have to limit himself to ideas of being breastfed by another woman. It was his fantasy and he could choose anything he liked.

He imagined standing on her desk with Dr Jones kneeling on the floor looking up at him. That's what he really wanted. He wanted her to look up at him, the tall, successful blonde doctor desperate to worship his cock.





After he let her worship him it was time for Dom to take control. He bent her over, forcing her against a wall and then mounted her. He wrapped his small arms around her ass, squeezing and slapping it. Dr Jones would yelp with delight and moan as he fucked her.

Another thought struck him. In his mind he didn't need to be a baby man. He could be his old self. He could be big, strong and in charge. Dom felt himself getting ever more excited. He pictured himself once again looking down on the cute doctor, only this time he wasn't on a table. He was standing on his own two feet.

He threw her to the ground, mounting her roughly. Everything he did delighted her. Dom wrapped her long, golden pony tail in his hand and pulled her head back, making her arch her back so he could force his way deeper into her.

He was in charge. He was in control.





He wasn't a baby. He was a man.

And she wasn't a doctor. She was a woman.

No, she wasn't even that. She was simply a plaything. She existed only to serve his every want and need. She dropped to her knees in front of him, her only desire to be used by him. He more than happily indulged her, shoving his cock deep into the back of her throat.



Dom thrust himself deeper and deeper, feeling her moans vibrate around his shaft. He held her by the back of her head and forcefully fucked her face. He was so big and strong. She was totally at his mercy.

He erupted in her, sending a torrent of cum down her throat. It was all too much for the petite woman, the sheer volume of his release overwhelming her. She swallowed as much as she could, but most of it exploded over her face. She stared up at him with adoring eyes as she greedily sucked him for more.



"That's all the measurements done for now. Let's get this diaper off so we can weigh you..." Dr Jones said back in the real world.

"Oh, huh... Sorry, I need to reply to this." Peggy said, engrossed in her phone.

Dom too was elsewhere, still lost in his fantasy. There, the imaginary Dr Jones was still busy cleaning him with her tongue.



Dr Jones undid one of sticky diaper tabs, and then reached around for the other. Once undone, Dom's rock hard erection sprang free.

"Ohhhh..." Dom groaned.

Realization hit him like a bucket of cold water. He'd worked himself up so much that he had brought himself to the verge of orgasm. The release of pressure as his diaper was removed was the last straw, and his cock sent a ribbon of cum flying straight out.

"Gah!" Dr Jones yelped, feeling something warm and unexpected land on her face.

"Oh... Oh God..." Dom said, immediately feeling revulsion at what he had done. He looked up at Dr Jones as she wiped at the string of jizz clinging to the side of her face.

She sighed loudly. "Well, there go today's hopes of making it home without getting peed on."

"Oh my God! I'm so sorry!" Peggy gasped. She could clearly see it wasn't urine on her face.

"It's fine." Dr Jones waved her off, "Hazard of the job when you work with babies. Let me get cleaned up..."



"Well, that was quite the load." Peggy laughed, smiling down at Dom.

"I eh... was a little worked up." Dom said, nervously scratching the back of his neck. He hadn't meant to do that, and he didn't want Peggy to punish him or tease him over it.

She leaned down over him, her massive bosom spilling forwards and testing the limits of her dress. "I guess I haven't been paying enough attention to you, mister." She joked, "I guess I'll have to make sure I thoroughly drain you every morning from now on. Would my baby like that?"

"Uh... Uh huh..." Dom nodded, unable to tear his eyes from the black abyss of cleavage in front of him.





After a few minutes Dr Jones returned, her face cleaned and her coat discarded. Dom felt a pang of shame, which only grew worse as she scooped him up into her arms and onto a scale.

"Twelve pounds!" she gasped. "You really are a teeny, tiny man."

"Now, you will need to hold him in your lap for this part." The doctor told Peggy.

"Wait, huh?" Dom asked, turning to Peggy, "What for? What's she doing?"



Peggy steeled herself, knowing that Dom would fight her, "Alright, let's get this over with."

"Wait, you're not gonna..." Dom's face paled in realization, "No! Stop, I don't need it!" Dom shouted as Peggy sat down, spreading him across her knee. He shouted, kicked and screamed but it was pointless. Peggy easily held him, his body pinned to her thighs and his lower legs kicking in the air.

"Ohhhh he sounds angry." Dr Jones said.

Dom listened intently behind him. He couldn't see what she was doing and that only made the anticipation worse.

"I think he knows what's coming." Peggy said.

"Shouldn't have peed on me kiddo. This is only fair." Dr Jones joked, kneeling down behind Dom.

"Please! Please don't!" he squealed and kicked. He felt another hand on his bottom, holding it in place and then the cold steel of the needle.



Dom cried out in pain as the needle went from a cold prick to a burning hot stab. It was probably only two millimetres across, but to his much reduced size it was like getting stabbed with a knife.

"Ahhhhh!" He cried "Please! It hurts so bad!"

"Shhhh...there, there little one. The more you struggle the worse it'll be.
"Peggy said, somehow finding even more strength to hold him even tighter.
"We're almost done."



"All done!" Dr Jones said. "Such a brave boy!" she added. Dom didn't care for her patronising tone. He was in so much pain tears were flowing freely down his cheeks.

Peggy swept him up in her arms, clutching him to her chest and rocking him. She cupped his ass cheek, rubbing it. He had to admit the attention from her was making him feel a little better. "Ohhhh my poor baby. How about a nice big feed from Mommy and a nap to make you feel better?"

"No...please Peggy. I just want to go back..."

"Hush baby...Mommy's here..." she said and continued to rock him in her arms.





The pain eased more and more as Peggy rocked him, and soon Dom started to calm.

"Shall we get back into our clothes?" Peggy asked as she laid him out on the examination table. Dom knew the question was more rhetorical than her seeking his opinion.

Peggy lifted his legs and pulled a new diaper around his crotch. Then she lay him on his onesie and pulled his arms and legs one by one into their respective holes.

"Whenever you're ready we can talk at my desk." Dr Jones said to Peggy once she was finished.

Peggy picked Dom up under the arms and lowered him into a playpen in the corner. "You stay here baby. Mommy has to have a talk with the doctor."

Dom heard the distinctive 'click, click' of heels on wood as Dr Jones appeared at Peggy's side. He knew she was a small woman, but she was still gigantic compared to him. She loomed over him, the impassable fence of the playpen barely coming to her knees.

"Because you were such a brave boy you get a lollipop." She said, bending down effortlessly over the playpen and handing him a neon-green lollipop.





"Sorry again for him ji... uh, peeing on you." Peggy said, managing to catch herself. "He's normally such a good boy."

Dr Jones shrugged and turned her hands up. "What can you do? I already told you, don't worry about it. He's not the first and he definitely won't be the last.. It's totally worth it though to make sure little cuties like him are fit and healthy."

Dom stood in the playpen, clutching his lollipop and watching the two towering women discuss his development. He missed having conversations with people.

Eventually they wandered over to Dr Jones' desk, leaving Dom alone in the playpen. He slunk back against the bars, licking his sugary treat. He hated himself for eating it, but it was the first solid thing he'd been able to actually eat.

Bored and alone, he looked around at the playpen and the toys he was expected to play with. As he examined the letters on the blocks an idea hit him.



As the two giant women talked about Dom's health he set to work. The blocks were big and heavy, but not too heavy for him to lift. It just made it a little more awkward as he rolled them over to look for the letters he needed.

"Please work...please work..." Dom muttered to himself as the two women approached.

"I see he likes blocks." Dr Jones said as they arrived.

There was no shock, no look of realisation or anything other than a patronising smile as the towering doctor looked down at him. She had completely overlooked his message.

"Oh yes." Peggy said with a smirk. "He's a regular little tinkerer."





"Would you mind holding him for a minute? Just while I get the baby carrier strapped on? It's a pain to get on without two hands." Peggy said, looking up from a rather sheepish Dom and back to the doctor.

"Go ahead. I wouldn't mind saying goodbye." Dr Jones said. She bent down, reaching long, slim arms out towards Dom and wrapped her hands around his torso. Even though she was rather petite she had no trouble at all lifting him.

"Well it's been nice Dom. Promise not to pee on me next time?" she chuckled.

"Promise not to stab me?" Dom replied snottily.

Dom's afternoon was filled with bouncing. Peggy wandered from shop to shop, looking at things Dom couldn't see, asking shop assistants questions about various ingredients and making several purchases. Through it all her prodigious chest wobbled and bounced in front of him, making him feel as if he were on a ship in high seas.

"Mommy, can we go home soon? I'm getting tired." Dom said as Peggy perused fridges in a convenience store.



"Aww, are you a hungry baby?" Peggy asked, looking down at him over her massive, milk filled chest. It had swollen up since this morning, So much so that he could practically smell the milk sloshing around inside. His stomach grumbled and he nodded, too ashamed to speak.

Peggy smirked. "I'm not surprised with the busy morning you've had. Ejaculating on poor Doctor Jones and then trying to send a message to her. I really should spank you for that, but you're just too cute." she said. Dom's heart sank a little. It sounded like a compliment but he knew she meant to belittle him. "You just enjoy the feel of Mommy's boobs and I'll feed you when we're home."





"Should you really be buying that?" The clerk said.

"Excuse me?" Peggy asked. She hadn't expected such a response. She thought the punk girl would ring through her purchase without saying a word and get back to loathing her job.

"You've a baby. A breastfed baby from the look of it. Alcohol gets into your milk and then into them." the clerk lectured, pointing towards Peggy's prodigious chest.


"Good! Maybe he'll sleep then!" Peggy snapped. "Now ring in the damn bottle and mind your own business."

Dom awoke in his playpen at home. He remembered coming home, and he remembered Peggy unstrapping him from his carrier and stripping off her dress. After that though, nothing. His tummy was full, so he must have fed and passed out, milk drunk.

"Oh no...please...not this." Dom said as he looked over to Peggy.

She was dressed in a skimpy red dress and a pair of heels. The skirt was so short that he could see up her dress from his vantage on the floor. Not only that, but he could see she wasn't wearing any panties. That meant only one thing...





The doorbell chimed and Peggy rushed to answer it. He could see she was excited. It made him feel sick. He'd been the guy she'd crushed on once. He'd been fussed over and fawned over by her as she tried to lure him back to her place.

Now he was forced to watch as she started a relationship with another man, one who might even have a chance at a normal relationship with her like Dom was supposed to have had.

Thankfully though, the person who was at the door wasn't him. Instead, it was someone who he was much more eager to see.




"Fiona!" Dom shouted with excitement.

"Ah, there's my favourite little man!" The towering teen smiled down at him from high above.

Fiona had become Dom's best and only friend over the last few weeks. While Peggy's friends coddled, babied or ignored him, Fiona was totally focused on him. She still saw him as a baby, but at least she didn't try to rule his world.

She always paid attention to him and never made him feel like he was missing anything from life. When they were together she was fully focused on having a good time and Dom loved her for it. Still though, there was something oddly familiar about her. Dom had long since given up on figuring it out, but strangely it made him feel safe with her.




"Think you could rush him out the door?" Peggy asked as Fiona set Dom on the floor. It was another thing Dom liked about her. She was happy to let him stand on his own two feet. It was something that he had taken for granted. On the floor he was independent, even if the view reminded him of just how tiny he'd become.

"Big date with Steve tonight?" Fiona giggled.

"Actually, it's Chris now." Peggy corrected, "Steve was a little too... intense, I think."

Fiona laughed. "Yeah! I get what you mean! Shame, he was nice."

"Yeah, though the chemistry wasn't there either." Peggy added.

A woman with long black hair wearing a bright red, strapless, form-fitting dress stands on the left. She is looking towards a man on the right. The man has short brown hair and is wearing a blue checkered suit jacket over a light blue shirt and a blue tie. They are in a dining area with a white table and two chairs. On the table are two plates of strawberries and cream, a green bottle, and two wine glasses. A framed abstract painting hangs on the wall above the table. A pendant light hangs from the ceiling.

Fiona and Peggy rushed around the apartment as Dom watched on, trying to keep out of their way. Peggy prepped a bag filled with diapers and a bottle of milk she'd pumped earlier. Peggy kept watching the clock and started to serve up the food- Strawberries and cream.

Dom could only stare at them wistfully. He wanted strawberries and cream so bad.

"On your way out?" Chris asked. Much to Dom's chagrin they hadn't been able to escape the apartment before the other man had arrived.

"I thought it would be nice for you two to have some peace." Fiona said.

Dom didn't say anything. He just glared at the man moving in on his Mommy.

A woman with dark hair, wearing a grey cardigan over a black top, a red and black plaid skirt, and black boots, is pushing a silver stroller. The stroller has a blue and white plaid blanket and a baby inside wearing blue patterned pants. She is walking on a light-colored wooden floor. In the foreground, there is a white sofa with blue and green floral patterns. A doorway is visible in the background.



"Thanks again Fiona. I really appreciate it. Are you sure you won't take a few bucks?" Peggy said.

Fiona smiled and waved a hand. "Don't be silly. I love hanging out with Dom. We're going to meet my sister anyway. I'm sure she'll buy my dinner."

"Awww. I'm sure that'll be nice." said Peggy. "Dom does love the ladies."

Dom shrank back into his chair. The comment stung. It was meant to.

"Enjoy your date little guy." The other man said. "I know I will..."



There were plenty of downsides to being seen by the world as a baby. No independence, no adult conversation, having to wear a diaper and not able to have a beer to name a few, but there were some upsides and playgrounds were definitely one of those.

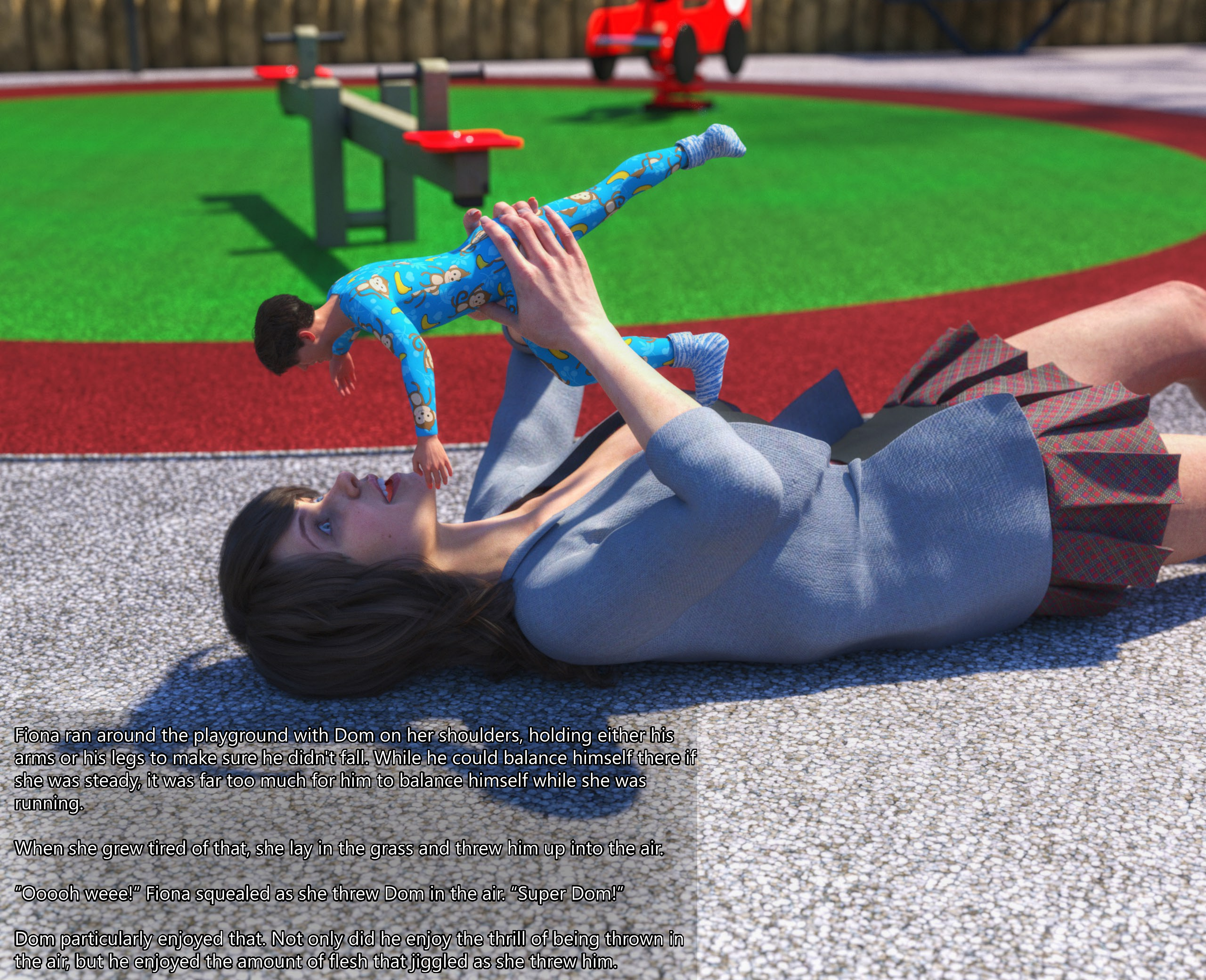
Dom hadn't had this much fun in a playground for nearly two decades. While he wanted to sulk in his stroller as Fiona pushed him around, he found repeatedly sliding down a forty foot tall slide to be a much better distraction.

"Weeeee!" Fiona cried, grinning from ear to ear as Dom flew down the slide towards her.

'Oh, if only I could go home to her every night with her as a girlfriend this would be so much more bearable.' Dom thought as he slid into her arms.

She lifted him up and flung him atop her shoulders. She treated him in a way that Peggy never would, tossing and throwing him like a ragdoll. Dom had always enjoyed thrills, and nothing beat being tossed around by a giant, busty teenager.





Fiona ran around the playground with Dom on her shoulders, holding either his arms or his legs to make sure he didn't fall. While he could balance himself there if she was steady, it was far too much for him to balance himself while she was running.

When she grew tired of that, she lay in the grass and threw him up into the air.

"Ooooh weee!" Fiona squealed as she threw Dom in the air. "Super Dom!"

Dom particularly enjoyed that. Not only did he enjoy the thrill of being thrown in the air, but he enjoyed the amount of flesh that jiggled as she threw him.

Unfortunately, their fun was interrupted by Fiona's phone.

"Hello?" she greeted, setting Dom down on the ground. "Yeah, I'm not far..."

Dom watched as Fiona shifted from side to side on the balls of her feet, her skirt swaying like a tree's canopy in the breeze. He loved this view and he was really starting to like Fiona as more than just a friend. The way she cared about him and the feeling of familiarity he felt around her made him feel safe with her. He wished he could tell her that.

"Ok, I'll be there in ten minutes! See you soon!" she said and hung up. "Alright Dom, you're going to meet my sister!"





Dom was in two minds about meeting Fiona's sister. It meant splitting her attention, and he hated the idea of that. He liked it when it was just the two of them and he could pretend his life was sort of normal. He would likely be involved in much of the conversation between them though. He may even spend the whole time sitting in the pram with nothing but his thoughts to occupy him. However, if Fiona's sister was anything like she was it could mean double the fun.

He couldn't help but think of Peggy in moments like this. What was she doing here without him?



"Hey there little guy. You look like you could do with a nap." The waitress said, leaning down over Dom. While he appreciated the view down her top he wasn't in the mood.

"Beat it lady. Another barista already beat you to it." he growled back.

"Ooooh. He's cranky." she chuckled, turning to Fiona. "He must be tired."

"We may have overdone it in the park." Fiona laughed.

"Maybe a coffee will help him wake up?" the waitress joked, as she walked off to deal with other customers.

Fiona rolled her eyes at the comment. Feeling a buzz from within her pocket, she pulled out her phone and flipped on the screen. Seeing the notification, her face lit up with glee, "Hey! Over here!" she waved, standing up to run past Dom..





"Big sis!" Fiona said.

"Lil sis!" Her sister replied, clearly pleased to see her.

Dom listened to the two sisters embracing, the pram blocking his view. He didn't want to watch anyway. Hearing the two women hug and talk about how they missed each other made him miss his own family, even if they could be a pain in the ass more often than not.



"It's been too long," Fiona's sister sighed as she sat in the seat opposite Fiona.

"You're the one who moved away. You could always move back!" Fiona said, her voice growing more excited. "How's the family?"

"Oh you know. John works all the hours he can get and Betty still doesn't sleep," she said. "So this weekend away will be a godsend!"

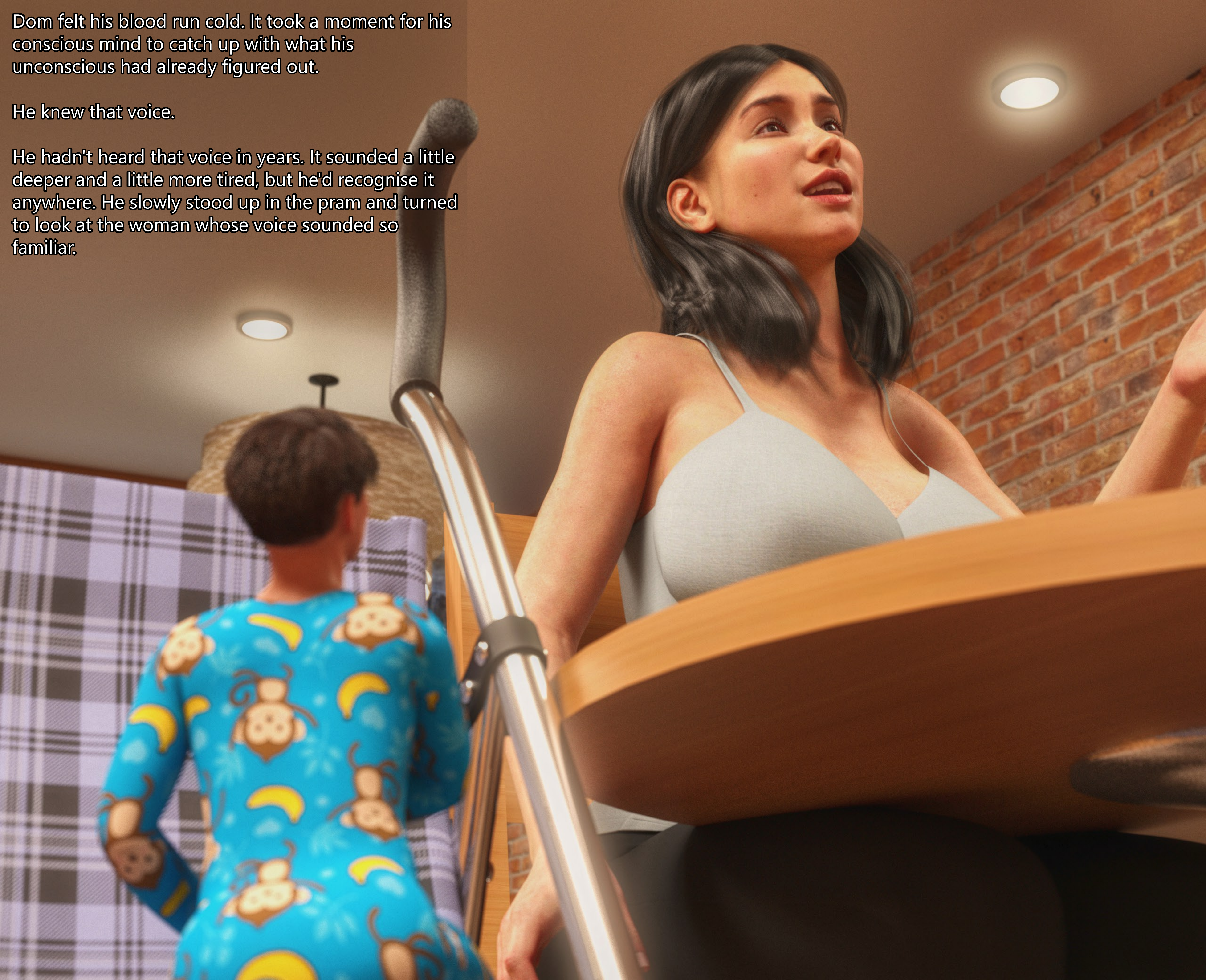
"Lots of partying planned?" Fiona asked.

"Nope! I've booked a hotel, so I'm hoping for early nights and lie-ins," Fiona's sister sighed.

Dom felt his blood run cold. It took a moment for his conscious mind to catch up with what his unconscious had already figured out.

He knew that voice.

He hadn't heard that voice in years. It sounded a little deeper and a little more tired, but he'd recognise it anywhere. He slowly stood up in the pram and turned to look at the woman whose voice sounded so familiar.



Dom took one look at her then quickly ducked back down like he was expecting gunshots to hit him.

"Fuck!" he spat, recognizing her immediately, "You've got to be fucking kidding me..."

He started rocking back and forth in the pram, close to hyperventilating. Fiona's sister was Deborah.

Deborah was his ex-girlfriend from ten years ago. Fiona was familiar because he'd already met her. Only back then she was just Fi and a nine year old girl he barely noticed.

"Shit...This isn't good..."





They'd met when they were in college, not much more than kids themselves. She was tall, beautiful and stick thin with a massive rack. Deb had been serious and ambitious. She studied hard and made plans for herself.


Dom on the other hand had been an idiot who skipped class to drink beer, spending more time on his Xbox than his studies. They'd been a great match initially. Her serious attitude made him work harder, while his laissez-faire attitude helped her to loosen up.

She was the first woman he ever loved.

They moved in together while still in college. At the time it had seemed like they'd be together forever. They had a great social life, great home life and great sex life. After college it all changed though. Deb grew up, but Dom didn't.

It was Deb who pulled the cord and bailed. She got a well paying job in the city and left Dom behind. It had taken him years to get over her, and when he did finally get himself together Dom found he was the man she'd wanted him to be. It was just a few years too late.



A woman with her back to the camera is wearing a black bikini top and patterned shorts. She is holding a baby who is wearing a blue onesie with a monkey and banana pattern. The baby's hands are raised towards the woman's chest. The scene is set indoors, possibly in a bathroom or a similar room, with a metal door handle visible on the right.

"How rude of me, I guess I should introduce my little friend here." Fiona laughed, snapping Dom out of his memories.

"No! No please Fiona. I just want to stay here." he begged.

"I know, I know." She cooed, waving off his baby talk, "We haven't been paying attention to you, and now you're an angry little guy." she said, looming down over him and picking him up out of his pram in spite of his protests.



"Ohhhh! Who's this little guy!? He's not yours is he!?"
Deborah said, only half joking.

"This is Dom, he's a friend's little boy. We really get along well though, so I look after him for her." Fiona explained.

"Dom, awww. He's adorable. And Dom is such a lovely name." Deborah said.


"Hi there cutie..." Deborah waved at him and grinned at him like an idiot.

Dom felt sick to his stomach. His first love, the woman who'd left him for being immature was now sitting opposite him and treating him like a baby. This had to be the most humiliating moment of his life.

Dom found it hard not to admire how she'd developed over the last decade though. She wasn't stick thin anymore, her frame now carried a layer of fat that rounded out her curves and her face. And her chest... she'd been busty before but now she was huge. He felt his eyes being drawn to the two round orbs, his stomach rumbling with hunger.

He hated himself.





"You knew I was coming down for a baby-free weekend away and yet you still brought a baby?" Deb said to Fiona. Annoyance tinged her words, but the slight smile she had let Dom know that she was joking.

"Sorry, I know, I know. His mom had a date at short notice and asked if I could take him. I didn't want to disappoint her. I'm sure you understand a mom wanting time alone with a guy."

"Oh God yeah!" Deb said. "Just being away from Betty is tough. I haven't fed her in half a day and my tits already feel like they're going to explode."

The women laughed and Dom started to feel queasy.



"Shit! I just remembered, I need to make a call!" Fiona said, standing so quickly that Dom got vertigo. A moment later he was shoved forwards into the arms of his giant ex-girlfriend. "Would you mind holding him for a few minutes?"

"No! No! Please God no!" Dom shouted and kicked as his former lover wrapped her hands around him.

"Ok, just don't be long. He doesn't look happy about this." Deborah said.

"And this was supposed to be a baby-free long weekend..." Deborah sighed to herself.

She had to admit, it was hard being away by herself. Holding Dom did make it feel a little bit like she was back home, but that wasn't the point of the holiday. She could already feel her breasts swelling as her milk let down, her body's maternal instincts kicking in and preparing to feed the baby in her arms.





For Dom, held in the arms of his enormous, beautiful ex-girlfriend it was all too much. She didn't recognise him. All she saw in her hands was a disgruntled infant. If she couldn't save him, no one could.

He started to weep.

"Please Deb! Please! You have to help me! You have to see me!" He cried and wailed over and over, completely breaking down.



"Oh baby, please don't cry. You're making me leak." Deborah said. She bit her lip, wondering whether to try to cuddle him better or if that would just make him cry more.

Dom kept crying, unable to stop himself now that the tears were already flowing. He simply couldn't stop himself. He couldn't stop even knowing what was happening to Deborah. She was a breastfeeding mother, and it was clear from the two damp patches on the front of her top that his crying was making her leak.

"I know, this isn't fair on either of us..." Deborah said with a practised soothing tone. She bounced him in her arms, trying to distract him. "You're hungry and don't know why I'm not feeding you. I promise I'm not a terrible person. You're just not mine."

"Deb please! Help me!" Dom cried.

"Fine," She sighed, "I guess I'll just have to feed you."

She tipped him backwards, laying him across her arm and bringing him to her breast. With her free hand she lifted the biggest, most full looking breast Dom had ever seen from her top, settling him at her nipple.

"No! No! Deb don't! I'm not a baby! I'm Dom!" he shouted, but to her it was just more crying.




"Go on baby, just latch on and Deb will make it all better." she said, placing a hand at the back of Dom's head and encouraging him towards her nipple.

Memories came flooding back to Dom, memories of her tits, memories of her nipple, the smell and taste of her flesh. He'd sucked on her nipples hundreds of times before in the midst of sexual passion and now he was about to taste them again, only now he was an infant that needed to suckle.

"No! Don't make me do this!" he cried. He could see the milk welling up on her nipple, ready for him.

"That's it...that's it..." she said and pressed his head to her nipple.





Deb's nipple pressed into his mouth, and milk gushed from her engorged breast onto his tongue and down his throat. Dom kept struggling, unwilling to accept what was happening to him but nothing he did helped. He tried pushing the breast away, but it was so swollen with milk that it was like pushing on a water bed. It only caused the flow to strengthen.

"You're a hungry little one, aren't you?" she laughed as he squeezed her boob.

Dom kept trying to scream for her attention, looking up at her with wide, pleading eyes. She had no idea it was him. Deborah had no idea she was forcing her shrunken ex-boyfriend to drink her breast milk straight from her engorged breast.

"Oh I could just take you home with me." Deborah said. She felt her breasts swell again, finding yet more milk to feed the hungry baby at her bosom. "Such a cutie..."

Dom swallowed mouthful after mouthful of Deb's milk. After each swallow he tried to cry out for help. He kept struggling and wriggling, trying to break free but she held him in place and rocked him in her arms. He could feel his stomach warming as it filled with her milk.

He started to calm, accepting that he was beaten.

He was being breastfed by his ex-girlfriend.



Above him Deborah let out a long, slow sigh. "Ohhhhh that feels much better now." She picked up her coffee, her attention drifting away now that he'd settled and was feeding without encouragement.

"How do you do this Deb?" She asked herself, smiling and shaking her head, "You come home for a weekend without babies and end up with one hanging off you."

Dom continued nursing from his ex-girlfriend's breast. Now that he had warm milk in his stomach and was cuddled close to someone he did feel better. Her milk was less sweet than Peggy's and not quite as thick, which made him want to drink even more from her.






"Ehhhh, should you be doing that?" Fiona said, done with her call and back inside.

Deborah gave her a look, one that said "listen sis, it may not make sense now but give it a few years and you'll get it."

"You left a hungry baby with a woman who hasn't fed her baby all day." Deb shook her head. "What did you think was going to happen?"

"Oh, right... sorry. I had to call one of my teachers to discuss a group project. He's a stickler for time keeping." Fiona replied, feeling a little guilty.



"It's fine. They were starting to get sore anyway. I was going to have to go back to the hotel and pump. This works for both of us I guess."

"So you can just feed any baby?" Fiona asked.


Deborah rolled her eyes at the silly question. "I'd rather his mother knew and said it was ok, but yeah, I can feed any baby. Milk is milk to them.

"Well, he certainly doesn't seem to mind." Fiona laughed as she leaned in to get a closer look at Dom as he fed. "I wish I could do that. It looks so fulfilling."

The world grew fuzzy as Dom nursed. It interested him that it wasn't just Peggy's milk that had the power to put him to sleep. It must have been something in him that made him pass out from feeding, or it could just be as simple as being held to a soft, warm boob while you filled up with warmth from the inside out.

He could just about make out Fiona as she leaned down close to him, cooing at him. He felt ashamed as she watched him suckling from her sister. He knew he shouldn't be doing this. It was wrong on so many levels, but at the same time he had no way to stop it.




A woman with long dark hair, wearing a light blue spaghetti-strap top and black leggings, is seated in a wooden chair. She is breastfeeding a baby who is wearing blue patterned pajamas. She is holding a silver stroller handle. She is looking towards another woman who is seated across from her at a round wooden table. The second woman has long dark hair and is wearing a black sports bra and a red and black plaid skirt. She is gesturing with her hand while talking. On the table are two white coffee cups. The background is a brick wall.

“Don't wish away these years. You're young, free and single. Enjoy yourself. There'll be plenty of time for babies when you're older.” Deb said, taking a sip of coffee. “How are the studies going?”

“They're ok, I guess...”


Dom tried to stay awake, listening to their conversation and using their voices as an anchor. He tried to come off Deborah's breast, but each time he released she'd stroke his head and press him back to her breast.

It was all too much, and slowly his mind drifted away to sleep.

A man with a beard and mustache is shown in profile, looking towards the right. He is in a dark, red-lit environment. In the foreground, there is a large, fleshy, textured object that appears to be part of a larger organism. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows and highlights, creating a sense of mystery and tension.

The world grew dark, and then slowly the light came back. It wasn't normal light, but hazy and tinted. Dom felt strange, like everything was wrong. He felt like he was moving in slow motion, like he was under water. He was under water and yet somehow still breathing. All around him he could hear his heart beating, slow and deep.

No, it wasn't his heartbeat. It was someone else's. Someone much bigger than him. He looked around. He was trapped in a tiny space with walls made of living flesh. A weird pipe ran from the wall and into his belly. It was stuck. He struggled to remove it but it wouldn't come loose.



The walls shook and sound vibrated through the fluid around him.

“Settle down in there...” a calming voice seemed to say from everywhere all at once.

It suddenly hit Dom where he was. He was inside a womb, Deborah's womb. He could feel her all around him. He could feel the sheer power of her being flowing into him via his umbilical cord. He tried to scream, but nothing came out.

Deborah was standing in her old room. A room from many, many years ago. She'd been in a cafe talking to her sister a moment ago, and now she was here, in her first apartment after she finished college.

She felt movement inside of her; the familiar feeling of a life inside of her. "Settle down in there," she cooed, rubbing her swollen belly.

Deborah knew what it was like to be pregnant. She'd carried a life inside of her before, but this felt way different. She knew the life inside of her. She could feel him, their bodies connected like he was a part of her.

"Dom?" she whispered.



In a blink the dream was gone, the peace of her old apartment replaced with the hubbub of voices and the hissing of coffee machines. She looked down to the child in her arms but he'd vanished too. Instead, suckling at her breast, her milk running down his cheek and his tiny arms wrapped around her tit, was a tiny, tiny man. And not just any man. Her ex, Dom.



“What. The. Fuck!?”

Her tone alone was enough to wake Dom, but she'd practically shouted it. His eyes shot open and he looked up at Deborah looking down at him. She wasn't just looking at him. She saw him.

She saw him.

“Dom!?” she gasped in disbelief.





Like two magnets with the same poles brought together, Dom and Deb flew apart. Deb didn't know what she felt. Rage, disgust, shock and just plain nausea inducing confusion. She hurriedly dumped him on the table and Dom scuttled back, seeing the potential danger he was in, knocking over the empty cups.

"How!? What the fuck!?" she shouted again, not able to articulate everything she wanted to ask.

"Deb!? What's gotten into you!?" Fiona protested, feeling the stares and judgemental glances of the other people in the coffee shop.

"Please! Deb! I need your help!" Dom shouted, realising this was his chance. It had come in the worst possible way, but it had come all the same and that was all that mattered. "Please! Hear me out!"

A scene in a cafe with a brick wall background. On the left, a woman in a grey tank top and black pants stands with her hand on her hip, looking towards the center. In the center, a woman in a black crop top and plaid skirt looks at a tiny man standing on a round wooden table. The tiny man is wearing blue pajamas with a monkey and banana pattern. On the right, a woman in a grey button-down shirt and red skirt stands with her hand on her hip, looking towards the center. A white coffee cup sits on the table in the foreground.

"Is everything alright?" The waitress asked, looking concerned.

"Yes." Deb snapped, angrily looming over Dom. "but someone needs to start talking..."

The waitress looked at Deborah and then to Dom. "Ooooh....k then..." she said, backing away slowly.

"Talk!" Deb snapped again, making Dom jump.

"I didn't do this!" He pleaded, "My mom... I mean... This girl called Peggy shrank me. She used some sort of magic and made it so everyone sees me as a baby! She's forced me to live as her baby for months. You saw it! You saw me as a baby and somehow now you don't! You have to help me Deb! Please!"



"Fi, is his mom's name Peggy?" Deborah asked.

Fiona scrunched her face. "Yeah, how'd you know?"

"Here, I can prove it," He pleaded again, "Ask her if she took me to the ice cream parlour on Franklin Street on Monday."

"Did you take him for ice cream on Franklin Street on Monday?" Deborah asked, a chill running down her spine as she started to realise this was actually happening.

"You're freaking me out now." Fiona replied. "How...how did you know that?"

Deborah stared down at Dom for a moment, the weight of what was happening hitting her like a bucket of cold water. "Dom...I...I can't believe it." And then she realised what she had just done. "Oh fuck, I breast fed you!"

Luca

"It doesn't matter!" Dom shouted. He didn't mean to shout but he was becoming so overwhelmed it just came out. He took a breath, calming himself. "Please, Deb. Peggy knows how to fix this but she won't. She's kidnapped me and stolen my life from me. I can't go back to being her baby. Can you help me? Please?"

"Oh Dom..." Deborah sighed, a decade of emotion rushing back to her in an instant. All the love, the affection, the disappointment and the fights from their time together, all of it hit her. She'd left him because he refused to grow up. Now some woman had literally infantilised him. "Of course I'll help."

She scooped him up in her arms, pressing him to her chest and cradling him protectively. "Come on Fi, We're going to see Peggy."



To Be Continued...

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Coming up in
the final part...