



**THE
BUSTY
BARISTA**

By OHH



"So... he's not a baby?" Fiona asked for the sixth time, still not quite believing what Deb had told her.

Deb was mad, steaming mad, but it was the focused, clear anger that had always made Fiona fear getting on her bad side. She was driving faster than normal, her knuckles turning white with pressure against the faux leather steering wheel.

"He's not. I don't know what the hell is going on, but Dom is not a baby. He's a man. You've met him. And we need to fix this for him." Deb said, her eyes not leaving the road.

"Can you tell her something from me?" Dom said.

Deb sighed heavily, "Dom wants me to tell you something."

What followed sounded to Fiona like a string of babble, but she could see her sister nodding along as if understanding. Her expression softened and her foot softened on the accelerator.

"He says thank you for always being so kind to him, paying attention to him and giving him so much affection. He says his time with you was one of the few things that's kept him sane over the last few months." Deb told her.

She was proud of her sister. She'd never been prouder of her. But her heart broke for Dom.



"But...I treated you like a baby." Fiona replied, incredulously, "I didn't realise! I should have helped you!"

Once again she couldn't understand his response. She had to wait for Deb to translate.

"Dom says it's not your fault." Deb's expression hardened, "It's only one person's fault. He wants you to know if you ever need anything he'll return the favour if - I mean... when he gets back to normal."

Fiona didn't say anything. She could feel herself tearing up. All she could do was hold Dom a little tighter in her lap.





BANG! BANG! BANG!

Deb pounded on the door angrily. "Open up! I know you're home!" She shouted, still pounding on the door.

Dom remembered Deb's temper now. She was smart and fun, but she had a hell of a temper when crossed. She had never really scared him back when they were dating, not really, but now that she was ten times his size and could hold him with a single one of her hands he had to admit that the intensity of her anger made him tremble a little. She was pretty scary to him, even with her anger directed at someone else.



"What the hell is going on here!?" Peggy said, answering the door looking like she'd just jumped out of bed.

Deb pushed past her and Fiona followed her inside.

"I know what you did to Dom." Deb said, accusingly.


Peggy didn't need to ask what this was about. She could see by the look on Dom's face that she knew. "Shit..." she cursed.



Dom could hear Deb berating Peggy, but her words weren't making it very far into his brain. As she yelled her chest shimmied and swayed.. He held on to her enormous tit for balance, and as it shook, it shook him along with it.

'Have they gotten even bigger?' He wondered. They had to outweigh him now. He could feel her milk sloshing inside of her tit. It was so big and so warm. He had to restrain himself from pulling at her top to get access to her nipple.

He wanted to feed from her, nursing at her bosom as she rocked him to sleep.



“You breastfed my baby!?” Peggy yelled accusingly, “What the hell is wrong with you?”


Deb broke Dom's milk-addled mind from thoughts of nursing as she bent down and placed him on the floor. She wanted to be able to focus on verbally dismantling Peggy without having to worry about Dom in her arms.

“Excuse me?! What’s wrong with me?! You kidnapped a man and enslaved him! Not only that, but you got my sister involved in your crime too!” Deb yelled, stepping even closer to Peggy and getting in her face.



Dom looked up at the three towering women. Deb was getting in Peggy's face and prodding her chest, clearly not willing to back down as Peggy tried to lie her way out of the situation. There was nothing Dom could do to affect the outcome of the argument. The grown-ups were talking, and that meant Dom had to stay quiet.

"He's not happy, he's miserable! He begged me to save him!" Deb yelled.



"That's not true." Peggy said. She bent down and scooped Dom up into her arms, clutching him to her chest. "Tell her, Dommy. Tell her how happy you are with me."

"I'm not Mo... Peggy." Dom caught himself. "I want my old life back! I'm a man, not a baby! I'm not your baby."

"...What?" Peggy was visibly crushed. He could feel her deflating. He thought she might collapse, but then she picked herself up. "Alright, fine... If you're unhappy then I'll fix this."

She set him down on the floor and walked to her bedroom. "You two need to leave. This is something Dom and I need to do alone."

"Holy shit..." Dom gasped. "You did it! I'm getting my life back!"

He couldn't believe it. This morning when he'd woken up it was just another hopeless day. It had been less than an hour since his feed from Deb, but things were totally changing for the better.

"I don't know how I can possibly thank you."

"No thanks needed." Deb said, bending down. Looking at him from her full height made her neck hurt. "We should meet up when this is all over. Have a catch up?"



"I'd like that." Dom said. He was bouncing on the balls of his feet with happiness. "Anything you want. I owe you my life."

"Goddammit you look so cute like this." Deb said as she bent over him. He could see her chest threatening to break free from the struggling fabric of her top. "I can feel my tits swelling up just looking at you. No wonder Peggy wanted to keep you."

"Uh..." Dom could feel himself blushing. He was half tempted to ask her just to take him.

"I'd like to see you again too. Say sorry in a proper conversation." Fiona added.





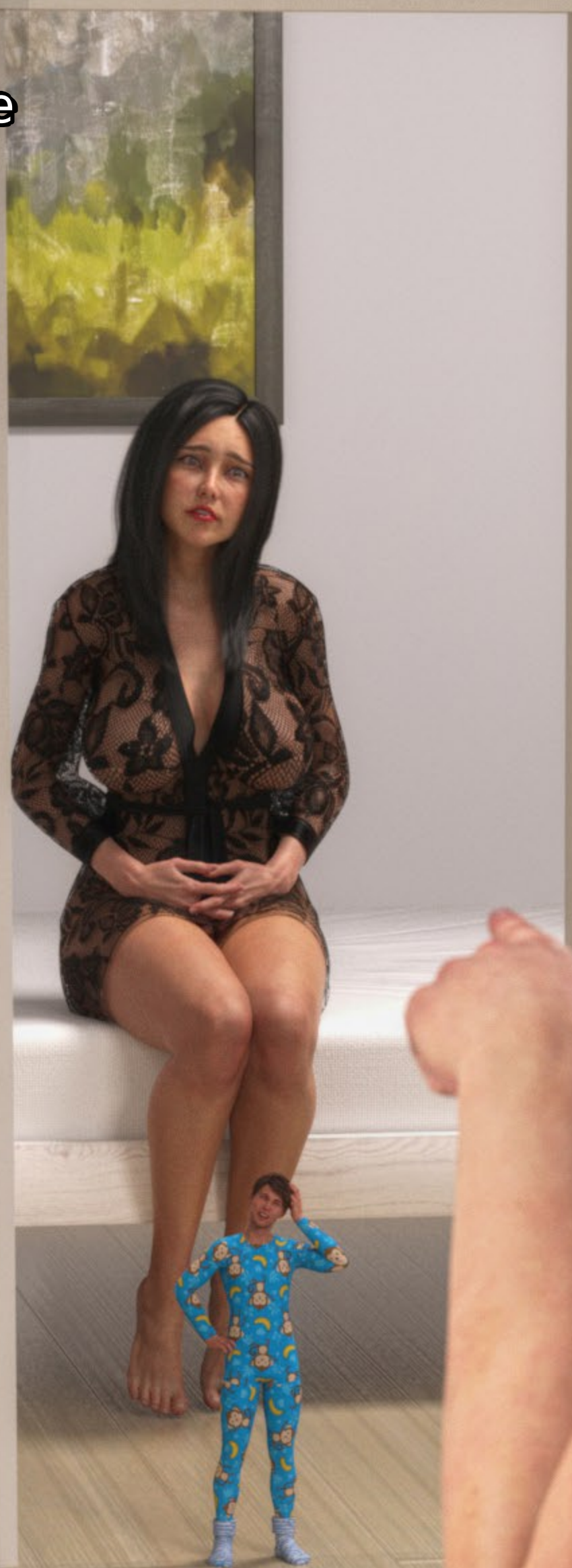
Dom wanted to scream at her to not look so sad. It wasn't her fault, none of it was, but there was nothing he could say that would make her understand that. Instead he walked over to her leg and wrapped his arms around it, holding himself tightly against her.

"You don't need me to translate that, do you?" Deb smiled.

Fiona said a quick, tearful goodbye, unable to bring herself to hug him back. As much as she felt guilty for her part in Dom's kidnapping she was going to miss her time with him. She'd enjoyed it just as much as he had.

"I'll be back tomorrow to check in. If Dom tells me you've tried any funny business you'll be in serious trouble. Got it?"

"Got it..." Peggy nodded and Deb left.



The door slammed shut and Dom was left alone with Peggy. He suddenly felt very vulnerable.

"Peggy I..."

"Don't." she said with sadness in her voice. She leant down and lifted him up onto the bed, undoing the buttons on his onesie. "Let's just get this over with."

She stripped him naked, even removing his diaper which was something she almost never did. Then she stripped herself.





Dom couldn't help but stare at the naked expanse of Peggy's body. He'd seen it so many times now, but like a sunrise it never failed to enrapture him. She laid back on the bed, spreading her legs to either side of him.

"Well Dommy, you finally get to do what you wanted to all along." she sighed. "You finally get to fuck me."


"...I do?"

Peggy nodded patiently, "If you want to get back to normal you need to fuck me, and then you need to feed from me."



Dom slowly approached Peggy's huge body. It had been months since he arrived at her apartment on the promise of sex. Now, after everything he'd been through he was finally going to do it. He could feel himself getting hard just at the idea. In fact, he was rock hard already.

"What are you waiting for?"



Truthfully, Dom was nervous. He hadn't had sex in months. Not only that, but he was absolutely tiny. Would she even be able to feel him? What would happen afterwards? Would he be able to go back to his old life? Could he survive on his own without his Mommy? He figured there was only one way to find out.



"Ohhhhh..." Dom couldn't help but moan as he slid his member into Peggy's eager pussy, her walls clamping down around him.

"You like that?" She cooed. "Does my pussy feel nice to little Dommy?"

"Uh huh..." He ground, pushing himself in and out of her and trying to go as deep as he could. He felt a huge hand across his back as Peggy helped keep his rhythm.



"Is this... Is this good for you?" He stopped to ask, realising how quiet Peggy was being.

She gave him a sympathetic smile. "It's nice, but you're still kinda... small."

Dom remembered that she'd already had a man over today, one who was capable of fulfilling her in a way that he wasn't.

"Don't forget Dommy, you have to nurse while you're inside me if this is going to work." Peggy told him.



With a little bit of assistance from Peggy, Dom found he could reach her nipple and still remain buried deep inside of her. He latched on with practised ease, and started to gulp down mouthfuls of thick, warm milk.

At first suckling while thrusting was hard but he soon figured out that if he used the same rhythm for both it worked fairly well.

"As I flow into you, you flow into me..." Peggy said.



Dom thrust and sucked. It had been so long and he wanted it so bad. Peggy was somehow gripping him so tightly that he could barely keep himself from cumming.

"As I flow into you, you flow into me..." Peggy repeated, beginning to chant it over and over.

It should have been distracting, but it strangely wasn't. Dom was way too immersed in her, too busy enjoying the fruit of her breast as well as the slick tightness of her pussy to care.



"As I flow into you, you flow into me..."

Dom arched his back as his orgasm came, his mouth releasing from Peggy's full tit as he did.

"Ooooooh....urrrrghhh..." Dom groaned as he fired his load into her. He was completely stiff for a few seconds, bucking and spasming against her before slumping forwards onto her body, unconscious.

"Dom? You with me?" Peggy asked.



Peggy lifted Dom's limp body up into the air. Limp really was the best way to describe it. She'd carried him when he was asleep many times and he was more controlled than he was now.

"H'oh Kay..." she sighed, "Here we go..."

She lowered Dom down onto her sex, her lips parting wider as his feet made contact. Peggy gasped, feeling an unexpected tingle of pleasure as her body reacted to Dom's presence.



"Oh ffff...uck." she moaned involuntarily.

She lowered Dom deeper into her. The deeper he got, the more her vagina stretched and expanded to accommodate him. She'd expected it to be painful, but this was the polar opposite. Dom's feet made contact with the back of her pussy and she had to fight not to drop him from the pleasure.

"Wha...?" Dom groaned groggily. He felt strange... Warm... and his feet were wet too. What the hell is going on?

Dom felt a jerking, pulling on his lower body and then warmth sliding up his legs. That snapped him back to consciousness. He was somehow buried almost up to his waist inside Peggy.

"Peggy!? What the fuck is going on!?" He screamed.

"This..." she bit her lip and moaned. "This is how we get you back to normal."

"Like fuck it is!" Dom yelled as he was dragged into her deeper. "Get me the fuck out of here!"

"To go back to normal, you have to be reborn." she said with deep, laboured breaths.



"No, that's insane!" He yelled again as another wave sucked him deeper. He could feel her gripping him around his waist but also his knees. "I'm too big to fit inside you! You'll kill us both!"



Peggy lay back, taking long, controlled breaths. "Just relax Dom. This is what you wanted. This is how you get back to normal. It'll be over soon. Just relax... Relax..."

Dom couldn't relax. Something deep in his hind brain was telling him being taken inside a much larger creature was something he should avoid at all costs.



Another wave of pressure pulled Dom deeper, his arms forced above his head.. He struggled and struggled, using all his strength to try to pull himself out, but the grip of her pussy was much, much stronger than he was.

"Ooooh!" Peggy screamed. "Don't fight. Don't fight. Just let it happen..."



Dom was now so deep inside of Peggy that his feet had hit a warm wall and couldn't go any further. His top half was being gripped tightly while his bottom half had space. He could barely move his legs around, and as he did, trying to find purchase so he could push himself out was getting more and more difficult.

He realised a full half of him was inside her womb. And if he didn't do something soon it was going to be all of him.





As Peggy lay back panting Dom felt the grip on him relax slightly. This was his moment. He pushed as hard as he could, trying to straighten his legs.

Peggy bolted upright, roaring as another, stronger wave of pleasure surged through her. Dom was gripped even tighter than before as her body hungrily pulled him in.

"No! Please don't do this!" Dom screamed. No matter what he did or how hard he struggled, he was no match for her strength.

"It's OK baby. I promise it'll be OK." Peggy spoke breathily. Dom couldn't even see her face anymore. His view was obscured by the increasing swell of her belly.



Dom didn't believe her. He couldn't possibly believe her, not after all that she'd done to him. She'd promised him a return to his old life, and now he was being eaten alive by her vagina. He felt the grip on him tighten even more, so tight that his ribs creaked with pain. Peggy screamed, a deep roaring, orgasmic scream as Dom was yanked fully into her.



The unrelenting pressure kept coming, moving in waves down Peggy's vagina and along Dom's body. Each wave carried him deeper into her. He didn't think it was possible for her pussy to stretch big enough to hold him, but if it could push a baby out then it could certainly pull him in.

He tried to grab on to her outer lips as his head was pulled inside, but his fingers slipped uselessly past them. It was no use.



Dom lurched deeper with each wave. Soon his hands were dragging along the warm, wet walls of Peggy's pussy. He was now entirely inside her body and still going deeper and deeper. There was nothing he could do. He was about to be swallowed whole by her womb.



Peggy was screaming, her body a mix of pleasure and the weird feeling of movement inside of her. She squeezed as tight as she could, her instincts telling her that she had to. She could feel Dom's body inside of her, along with every little movement and wriggle he made.

She felt her lower body contract as the strongest orgasm she had ever felt rocked her body. Peggy screamed in ecstasy and then felt a pop as Dom was pulled entirely into her womb.



"Let me out! Let me out!" Dom screamed in futility.

"You can't do this! I'm a man! I'm a man!"

He pounded and kicked trying to push himself back out, but he was sealed in tightly. He was now completely trapped inside Peggy's womb, unborn.





Peggy lay back panting as she recovered from the most intense orgasm of her life. Not only that but she could feel her insides rearranging around her large baby bump.

“Well, whatever I expected today to bring it certainly wasn't this.” She chuckled as she struggled to sit up. She rubbed her distended belly, feeling little wriggles coming from inside... from Dom.

Inside Peggy, Dom's eyes slowly adjusted. It was dark, but not pitch black. Some light seeped through Peggy's skin from the outside. All around him he could hear the sounds of her body. He could hear the deep, constant thump of her heart, and the sounds of digestion above him.

Gravity pulled at him, then everything started to sway. He was upside down inside of her, his head just above her cervix and her body holding him in place. First, she'd shrunk him down and turned him from a man into a baby. Now he was in her womb. Not even a baby anymore, now he was just a fetus.



“Ooooh this is going to take some getting used to...” Peggy said as she wandered into her living room. It was hard to take her eyes off her belly. It wasn't just a belly, it was a person. She had Dom, a living, breathing man curled up inside of her.

It felt weird. But also very right. Dom really was her baby now.



"Hey! Hey! Settle down in there. It'll be OK. I promise." Peggy said, feeling Dom wriggling furiously inside of her. "Can you hear me at all? Give me a kick to say yes."

Dom didn't just kick. It felt like he was trying to push his way out of her. She laughed, seeing a dent form on her tummy where he was pushing with a foot.

"Well, you did want to get into me for all these months. Now you've finally gotten your way." she chuckled. "Just enjoy the ride."





Dom kept kicking away inside Peggy. There wasn't much more she could do other than rub her tummy and reassure him it would be OK. She got dressed and plonked herself down on the sofa. She felt much too big and heavy to do much more than watch TV and relax.

At least this should all be over in a day or so, and then she'd be back to normal. She really hoped she didn't end up being a shrimp again. She rather liked her new figure.

"Ehhh hello?" Peggy said, answering her phone. The number was the same as Dom's paediatrician. She didn't expect to hear from them again, especially given where he was now.

"Hi, I'm calling on behalf of Dr Jones. I wanted to confirm you're still OK for your scan at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning?" The woman on the other end of the line asked.

"Oh, yeah I can make that." Peggy said.



"Thank you. Dr Jones will see you then." The woman said and hung up.

Peggy held the phone in her hand and stared at it nervously, then looked down at her bump. "Looks like the universe has adapted to your change in circumstances once again Dommy."

She wasn't sure why she was surprised. She had a wardrobe filled with maternity wear she couldn't remember buying.



"Circumstances!?! She fucking unbirthed me and calls it circumstances." He cursed, kicking her insides for good measure. "I need to find her bladder. Tap dancing on that should help me get out here."

Dom already fed up. Inside Peggy was unbelievably cramped. He had been crushed up into a ball to fit inside of her. He was also covered in thick, warm goo that dripped on him from above and pooled above her cervix.



Peggy sat bingeing on TV for a few hours before deciding to turn in. She didn't know if it was just the belly or the stress of her body changing but she was exhausted. She really needed her bed.

...And a shower. After the experience of swallowing a person whole she felt rather sticky.



By eight o'clock Peggy was tucked up in bed and sound asleep. She'd successfully gotten Dom into her. Tomorrow she would have to get him out of her, and that would likely be a much less enjoyable experience.

She'd need all the sleep she could get.



Dom could tell Peggy was asleep. He was no longer lying upside down and he couldn't hear anything from outside her body. Her heartbeat had slowed as well. It was deep and constant and reassuring.

He was completely surrounded by her. She had been his world before, but now she was quite literally his entire world. As Dom lay in the darkness of Peggy's womb, his eyes beginning to droop as he listened to her heart beat, he slowly drifted off to sleep.



"Oh shit!" Peggy yelled.

She'd gotten out of bed, stretched and then remembered - Dom was still inside of her except now there was no sign of him. Her stomach was totally flat. There was no chance he was still there.

"This isn't good... This isn't good." she repeated to herself.



Peggy pulled off her top. Her night clothes had shrunk back to how they'd been the day before. All of the clothes in her wardrobe had.

That wasn't quite right. The sizes were smaller. She was still tall and full figured but she definitely was different from the day before.

"My milk has gone..." she noted, lifting up a large but noticeably lighter tit.





Peggy ran through to the bathroom, examining herself in the mirror, searching her stomach for any sign of a bump or that Dom might be moving inside of her. She couldn't even feel him now.

...But there was one thing that she did notice.

"Damn... I got really hot."

She hadn't changed back to how she'd been the day before. She was different. She was skinnier. Her legs and arms carried less weight and her tummy was flat. Her tits were still big but now they were firm and perky with no sign of milk.

Peggy was snapped from admiring her new body by the sound of a text message. It was from the doctor's office.

"REMINDER: Please drink two glasses of water before your appointment. A full bladder is required for the scan."

Her appointment was still on. Which meant that she was still pregnant. Peggy hurriedly got dressed, drank two large glasses of water and rushed out the door to make it to her appointment early. She needed to know that Dom was still inside of her.



"Hi, my name is Dr Jones and I'll be looking after you and your baby." The doctor, who Peggy had met a few times already, introduced herself.

"Peggy. Think we can just get this over with?"

"It's alright." The doctor held her palms up. "A lot of women are anxious for their first scan. This is just routine. Now, is your bladder full?"

"Yes. Full. Really full." Peggy said impatiently. Not only was she anxious about having possibly killed Dom, but she also really needed to pee.





Peggy sat on the examination bed while the doctor got set up.

"This is the ultrasound machine. I'll use a probe to scan your belly. We'll get a picture of what's inside you, and we'll use that to take some measurements and make sure everything is going smoothly. Now, if you could lie back and expose your tummy please?" Dr Jones said.

Peggy undid her shorts, pulled up her top and lay back on the bed. She watched nervously as Dr Jones got the ultrasound machine prepped.

"The scanning module has lubricant on the head. It'll be cold, so just keep relaxed and we'll get a good look at your baby."



The scanning module was indeed cold. Peggy had to force herself to lay still and not squirm as it moved around on her tummy. She watched the screen anxiously, looking for any sign of Dom. So far she couldn't make out anything. It all just looked like a blur.

"Almost there..." Dr Jones said, adjusting something on the machine.



"There we go!" Dr Jones said, her voice switching from sounding slightly nervous to happy in an instant.

On the screen Peggy could see the outline of a person. A teeny, tiny little person was inside of her. She immediately let out a breath that she'd been holding for what felt like hours.

"Everything looks good. I just need to get a few measurements. You just sit and enjoy the sight of your baby." Dr Jones said.



Dom woke up in a totally different world to the one he'd fallen asleep in. It was much roomier than the night before, though clearly still inside Peggy. He was now totally surrounded by fluid. The possibility of drowning had terrified him.

That is until he realised that he wasn't even breathing. He didn't need to. Coming out of his belly button was an umbilical chord that ran to the wall of Peggy's womb. He'd regressed even further to the size of a small fetus.

If this kept going he'd soon be inside one of her ovaries.





“What the hell is that!?” Dom looked up, or at least the direction that he thought was up. It was hard to tell being underwater and totally surrounded. Above him he could hear a repeated, loud, clicking sound.

Was she tapping on her stomach? If that's what her fingers sounded like now, just how small was he? He had no way of knowing what went on beyond the inches of flesh that separated him from the world beyond her womb.



"All looks well. Your baby is perfectly healthy." Dr Jones said.

Peggy smiled with relief, stroking her tummy in the spot where she guessed Dom was.

"If you can just sit there for a few more minutes I'll get some blood taken while we wait for the image to composite."

"Composite?" Peggy asked.

"You get a 3D picture of your baby. You can see what they look like." Dr Jones explained.

Dom floated upwards and rotated as Peggy got up. His new umbilical stuck with him, unfurling to reach him as he floated in the centre of Peggy's womb.

"What the fuck is going on?" He tried to say, but no noise left his mouth. There was no air in his lungs to say anything.



He could hear voices now. Distant, deep, muffled voices.

"Peggy! Peggy!" He tried shouting again, but still there was no sound. He swam to the flesh wall in front of him, the thick amniotic fluid hard to move through. He banged on the walls with his fists over and over again.

No response.

From outside all he could hear were muffled voices and occasional laughter.



Peggy had told him she would return him to normal. He'd had so much hope. Now he was nothing but a miniscule fetus inside of her. He had no way to get back to the real world. Even if he could he'd be too small to survive.

He had to hope Deb would keep her word.



"Two inches!?"

"Or thereabouts." Dr Jones explained. "Hard to believe we were all once that small."

Peggy looked down at her hand, imagining what a two inch Dom would look like curled up in her palm. He'd be tiny. He was tiny. Tiny and stuck inside of her.

He was going to be furious.





"And there he is." Dr Jones said, tapping the keyboard. A picture popped up on screen. A surprisingly clear picture of Dom inside of her looking more than a little annoyed. "See any family resemblance?"

"Eh, not yet... he just looks a little pissed off." Peggy giggled.

"Oh, I doubt it. They mostly sleep while they're in there. That's likely what you're seeing."



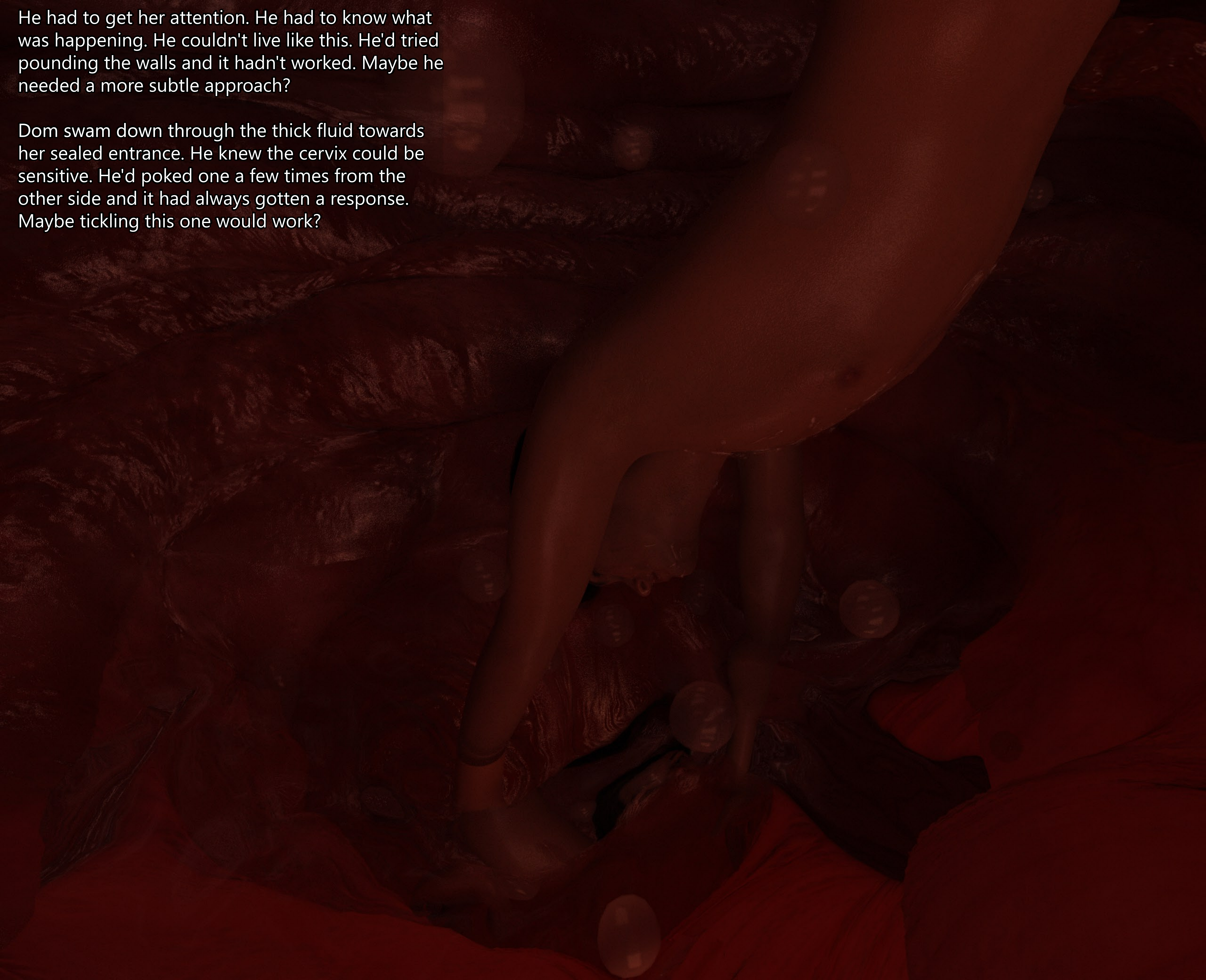
Dr Jones went through the details with Peggy. She was thirteen weeks pregnant. That meant she had another six months to go. Assuming nothing magical happened, Dom was going to be in there for six more months. It would be worse for him than for her, though it wouldn't exactly be a pleasure cruise.

The important thing was that Dom was alive and well inside of her. She'd seen it for herself, and that meant that she could walk out the door happy.

Dom didn't hear what Dr Jones had said. He could only make out muffled voices. That was all he could hear now, muffled sounds from beyond Peggy's body. She was moving, sloshing him around inside her womb as she walked.

He could hear other noises - Deep, rumbling noises that definitely weren't human. Where exactly was she?





He had to get her attention. He had to know what was happening. He couldn't live like this. He'd tried pounding the walls and it hadn't worked. Maybe he needed a more subtle approach?

Dom swam down through the thick fluid towards her sealed entrance. He knew the cervix could be sensitive. He'd poked one a few times from the other side and it had always gotten a response. Maybe tickling this one would work?



Peggy was walking home after grabbing a sandwich for breakfast and some coffee. It was a nice day. The sun was beating down and she felt good knowing Dom was safe.

She stopped, a shudder working its way up from the base of her spine to her shoulders.

"Ooooh..." She moaned involuntarily.

Something was happening inside of her, something indescribably pleasurable. It was Dom, it had to be. She started to hurry, rushing to get to the privacy of her home.

"Oh shit..." Peggy groaned, slamming her apartment door and putting her coffee down.

She'd gotten a few funny looks on the way home. She was walking funny, having to stop and brace herself on a postbox as Dom tickled her, causing her knees to nearly buckle. Not to mention the random moaning and swearing.

Now that she was finally home she could strip and scratch the itch Dom had created.



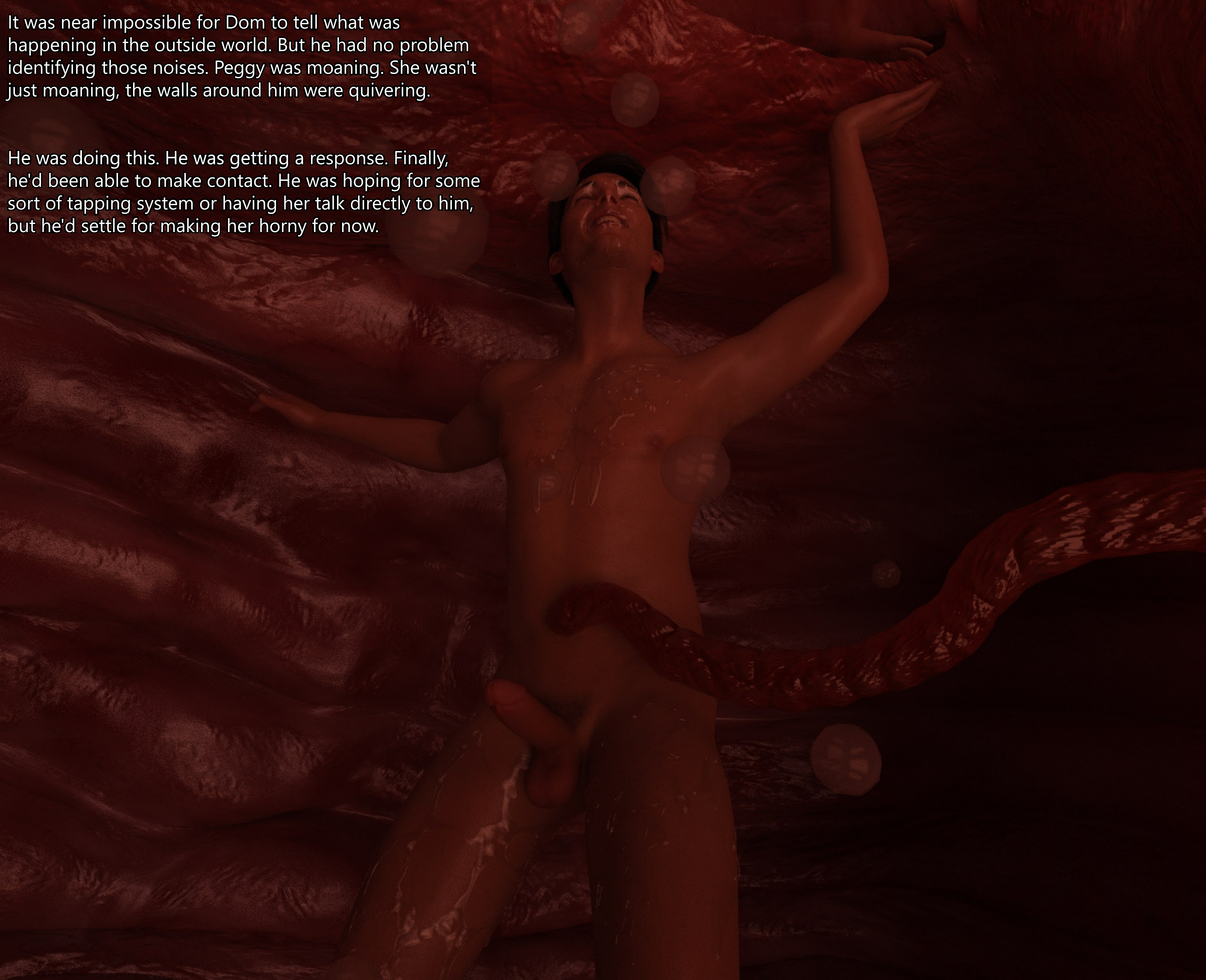
Peggy fell back on the sofa, most of her clothing removed and slipped her fingers between her legs. She could feel Dom inside of her. It almost felt like he was trying to poke his way out of her, but his efforts only resulted in spine-tinglingorgasmic pleasure.

"Ohhh shit Dom. Whatever it is you're doing, keep doing it." She moaned loudly.



It was near impossible for Dom to tell what was happening in the outside world. But he had no problem identifying those noises. Peggy was moaning. She wasn't just moaning, the walls around him were quivering.

He was doing this. He was getting a response. Finally, he'd been able to make contact. He was hoping for some sort of tapping system or having her talk directly to him, but he'd settle for making her horny for now.



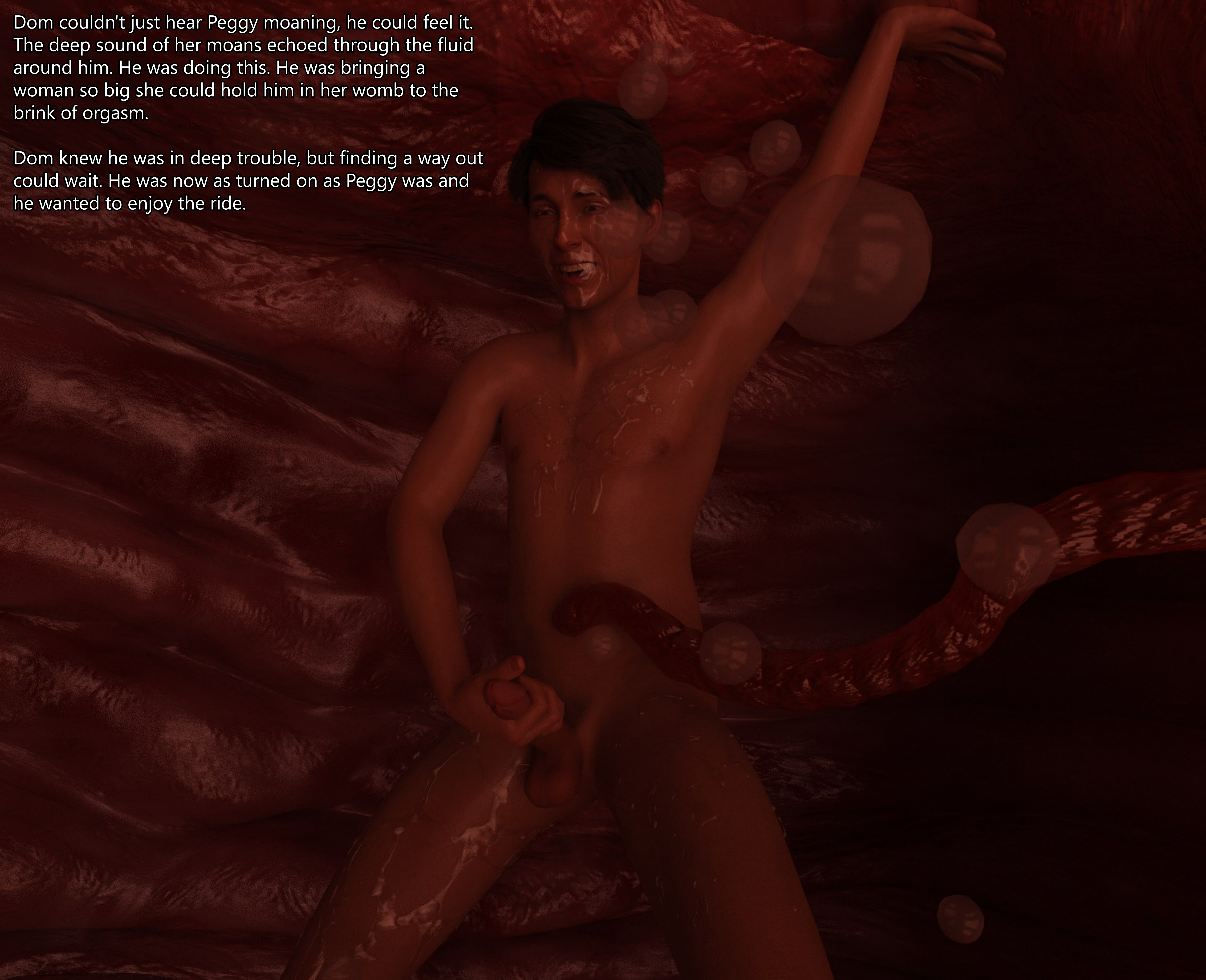
"Fuuuuuuuuck..." Peggy trailed the word out to be several syllables longer than it should have been. She could feel him now. She couldn't before, but now she'd found him she could feel him. Dom was moving inside of her. She had a man inside of her, pleasuring her.

She didn't consider whether that was his intention. All she knew was that it was super fucking hot and she was getting off on it.



Dom couldn't just hear Peggy moaning, he could feel it. The deep sound of her moans echoed through the fluid around him. He was doing this. He was bringing a woman so big she could hold him in her womb to the brink of orgasm.

Dom knew he was in deep trouble, but finding a way out could wait. He was now as turned on as Peggy was and he wanted to enjoy the ride.



Peggy slid a finger deep inside herself, pressing on a spot she knew would get a good reaction. She squeaked and her neck twitched as she found it. She was close... so, so close to orgasm. She could feel the tension building throughout her body.

She had no idea how he was doing it. Dom was barely the size of her finger yet still he was driving her crazy.



Dom used one hand to keep on assaulting the walls of Peggy's womb, and the other to pleasure himself. It was obvious to him that he was the one that was doing this to her. If he stopped she would quiet down, and if he quickened his pace she got louder.

It was awesome.

It was hot.

Really hot.

He was literally inside a woman and pleasuring her from the inside. It didn't take long before Dom managed to make himself cum.



Peggy's moaning grew louder and higher in pitch. Dom was going nuts inside of her. She didn't even need to do anything anymore.

She couldn't.

She could barely control herself.

She could only ride one of the most powerful orgasms she'd ever felt in her life.





Peggy lay back on the sofa, panting. She was soaked with sweat, and so relaxed that she felt like she might fall asleep right then and there. She couldn't feel Dom moving anymore. Maybe he'd fallen asleep inside of her?

She was about to doze off herself when a loud bang jolted her back to life.

"Peggy! It's Deb. I'm here to see Dom." An irritated voice called through the door.



"One minute!" Peggy called as she hurriedly pulled on her clothes.

"Not a chance Peggy. Open up!" Deb replied, angrily banging on the door again.

"Alright, alright!" Peggy said, half dressed. "It's open. Come on in."

Deb opened the door and strode in like it was her own home. "Where's Dom? What's going on?" she asked. She could see by the look on Peggy's face that something wasn't right.





"This...it's all a little weird. Let me explain." Peggy said, rushing to her book cabinet and taking out a large, old book. "This is where I got the spell to bind Dom to me. Originally I just wanted to make him my boyfriend, but then it got out of hand..."

"That's a little fucked up." Deb said, growing impatient.

Peggy ignored the remark. "He ended up as a baby, and the only way for him to become a man again is to be reborn..."

"Reborn!?" Deb spat.

"Here. You can read it for yourself." Peggy gestured to the book.



"Oh shit..." Deb gasped. "You seriously went through with this!?"

"It was the only way to get Dom back to normal..."

"So, where is he? Did he go in and out again? You don't look like you're pregnant."

"He's still in there. According to the doctor I'm thirteen weeks..."



"No way, I don't believe you. Seriously, where is he?" Deb grew angry and took a step towards Peggy.

"Here!" Peggy grabbed her phone and swiped to her photos. "The doctor gave me an ultrasound. Anything look familiar?"

"Holy shit..." Deb gasped again. There he was. Clearly in an unnatural looking place with an umbilical chord running to his body, but sure as shit it was him. "It's true. You really are pregnant with Dom..."

Deb surprised Peggy by dropping to her knees and pressing her head to her belly.

"Hey! Watch it!" Peggy protested.

"Dom? Can you hear me? Give me a sign." Deb pleaded.

Peggy felt tickling again. Dom was definitely moving inside of her, reacting to Deb's voice. It wasn't sexual this time. Just a little flutter, the extent of his meager strength.


"He can hear you, but it's not like he can say hi back. I can barely feel him moving."



"Deb! Deb! You have to get me out of here! She's turned me into a fetus! I can't get out! Help me Deb!" Dom tried to scream.

He could clearly hear Deb's voice. The words were muffled but he could clearly hear her calling his name.





"I don't understand. You don't look pregnant at all. How could he even fit inside you? You're so damn skinny." Deb said, her mind doing flips trying to understand.

"It's early. I'm only thirteen weeks along and I'm pretty tall, so I'm not really showing yet." Peggy explained.

"But where is Dom? How is he even inside of you?" Deb stammered.

Peggy held her thumb and finger up about two inches apart in front of Deb's face. "According to the doctor he's only about this size. If this goes like a normal pregnancy he's probably going to get bigger as time goes on."

"You're telling me Dom is pinky sized?" Deb said. For some reason, she couldn't help but smile at the idea. Dom had only been an inch taller than her back when they were dating, and that inch had been really important to him. Now he was small enough that she could have stuffed him down her top and no one would have known he was there.

"Yeah... Look, this isn't exactly what I intended. I don't exactly want to be pregnant, but this will get Dom back to how he was before. I hoped it would be overnight, but it looks like we're in it for the long haul." Peggy said.





Deb was speechless. She was still trying to process all that she had learned in such a short period of time. Not only was Dom smaller than her index finger, but he was currently inside the womb of a girl who had used magic to shrink him.

And from the sound of it he was going to be in there a while.

"Dom, it's Deb." She said, dropping to her knees to try to talk to him. She needed to reassure him it would be alright and she was there for him. "It sounds like you may be in there for a while. It will be alright. You'll grow back. You're going to get your life back, it's just going to be longer than we thought."

Dom curled up into a ball. Deb's voice was muffled and hard to understand but she'd spoken slowly and clearly.

He got the message.

It was what he had been afraid of. This wasn't going to be over quickly. He needed to be reborn before he could go back to his old life. Before that could happen though he had to grow back. He was going to be trapped inside Peggy for months and months, permanently connected to her body by an umbilical chord. He'd be able to hear the world outside, but not be a part of it.

He had been humiliated being her baby, but now he was imprisoned as her fetus.



To Be Continued...

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