

**THE
BUSTY
BARISTA**
By OHH





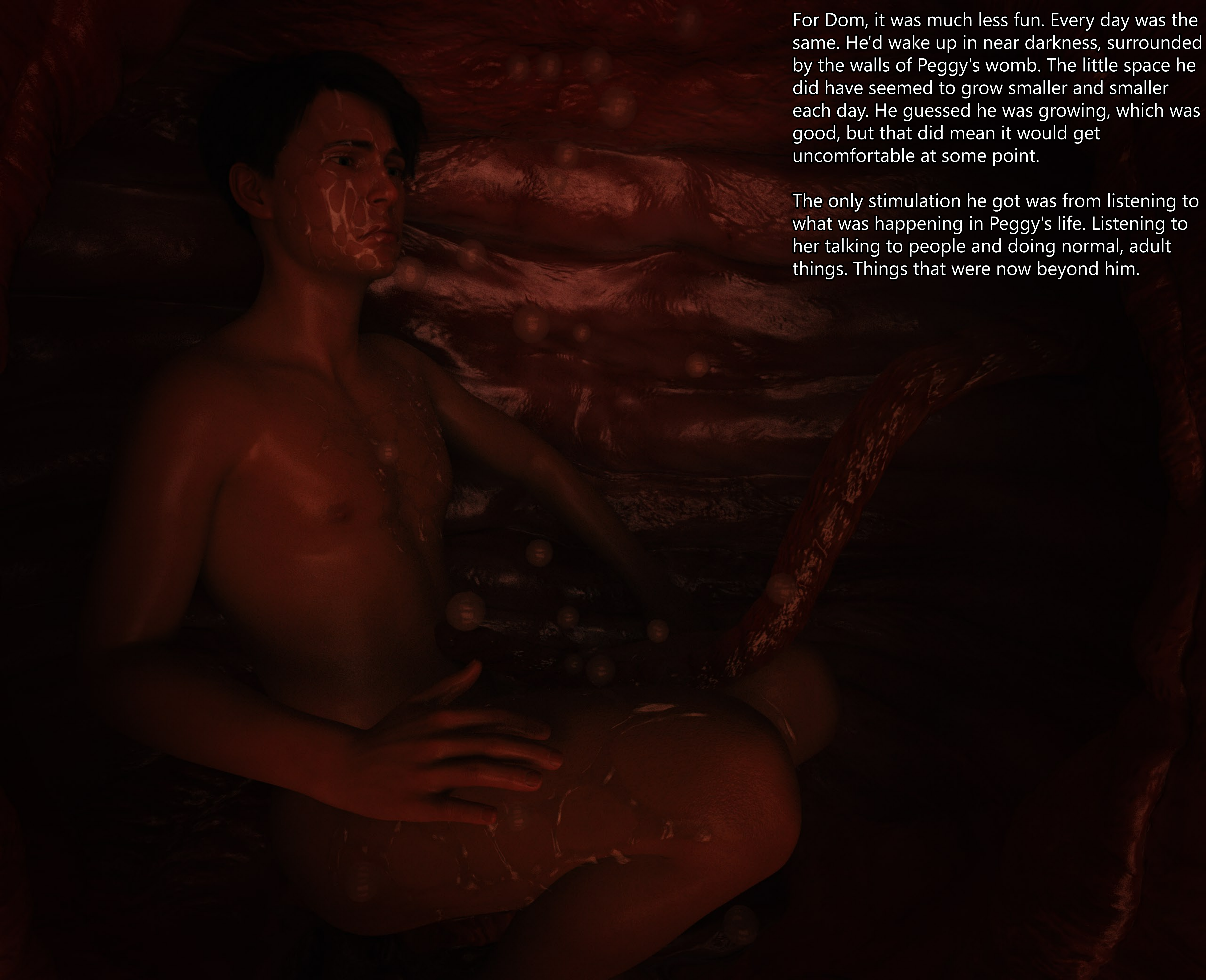
It took a couple of weeks but eventually Peggy started to see a change, her once flat tummy and narrow waist starting to swell. She could see it all happening in the mirror. She was already noticeably thicker than she had been that first morning she'd woken after unbirthing Dom.

It was amazing. The tiny, finger-sized Dom inside of her was causing her body to grow right along with him.



Peggy supposed that he probably wasn't finger sized anymore, though she'd need to read up more on pregnancy to be sure. It wasn't something she'd planned, so she wasn't entirely sure what to expect. Dom would likely have gotten bigger since her scan. She couldn't feel him yet, but she knew he was there. Her now slightly swollen waistline was evidence of his existence.

She loved knowing that no matter where she was or what she was doing, Dom was always with her.



For Dom, it was much less fun. Every day was the same. He'd wake up in near darkness, surrounded by the walls of Peggy's womb. The little space he did have seemed to grow smaller and smaller each day. He guessed he was growing, which was good, but that did mean it would get uncomfortable at some point.

The only stimulation he got was from listening to what was happening in Peggy's life. Listening to her talking to people and doing normal, adult things. Things that were now beyond him.



Peggy just carried on as if nothing had changed. Apart from having a slightly larger waistline, not a whole lot had. She was still tall, fit and got plenty of looks from guys. She wanted to keep it that way for as long as possible.

She went to the gym as often as she could, working hard to make sure she kept her figure for as long as possible. She didn't consider what all that exercise might feel like to the fetus-like Dom inside her womb.



"Hey..." The guy on the treadmill to her right greeted.

A smile pulled at Peggy's lips. Before she had grown it was so hard to get a guy's attention. Now though, all she had to do was run on the treadmill next to a guy she fancied, and then her large, perky chest did all the work for her.

"Hey yourself," she replied.

"You a runner?" he asked.

Peggy shrugged with her hands. "Just trying to keep fit. I don't really mind what I do as long as the company is cute."

And that was all she had to do. Once she had a guy's attention all it took was a few subtle hints and he'd be all hers.

And she didn't even need to worry about birth control.





Even though Dom couldn't see what was going on he knew what was happening. Moans and squeals reverberated through the fluid around him. He was rolled and bounced around as Peggy and her lover enjoyed each other.

And that was before the slamming and shaking started as he entered her. It was humiliating being trapped inside Peggy, unable to do anything while a cock bigger than he was fucked her mere inches away from his dark, slimy prison.



Though it wasn't all fun and games for Peggy. Within another week or so Peggy found she couldn't pass a restaurant without getting nauseous. She couldn't eat a meal without having to spend half an hour in the bathroom, fighting the urge to throw it all back up.

And it wasn't just nausea that she had to deal with. Peggy was constantly exhausted. She was sleeping twelve hours a night and still needed to nap in the middle of the day.





While Peggy spent the middle of each day dozing, Dom was still stuck inside her with nothing to do but wait. There was no movement to distract him, no voices to listen to and only the constant 'thump thump' of her heart above him. At the end of the day it could be soothing, but during the day it was maddening. No matter how much Dom kicked or thrashed trying to wake her, Peggy just continued to sleep on.



Three months after unbirthing Dom it was more than obvious to Peggy that he was inside of her and growing. She now had a large, bulging tummy that was impossible to miss. Her full, round chest had gotten even bigger as well as her body prepared to nourish her new baby.



For Dom, it was hard to tell how quickly time was passing. He had no way to know if it was night or day. He felt it every time she went to sleep, Peggy's breathing slowing and his world getting turned on its side. He supposed that when that happened it had to mean that it was night time, though with how often she slept his count was far off from the truth.

The only thing he knew for sure was that the space around him was getting smaller and smaller, which meant that he was still getting bigger. Eventually she had to let him out. At least, he hoped she did.

Peggy didn't like it, but her growing bump meant that she couldn't keep exercising as she had before. She couldn't run very well, she couldn't bend over very well, and she found herself getting more and more tired all the time. To make things worse she also wasn't getting the same interest from men anymore. They'd smile at her bulging tits, but then their smile would drop when they noticed her bulging tummy.

Maternity yoga was a nice alternative.



It was nice spending time with other moms and talking about their experience with pregnancy. Peggy had come to think of herself as Dom's mom before she unbirthed him, but she'd never truly had the full motherhood experience.

Now Dom was a fetus inside of her, dependent on her body for every need and growing with each passing day. Her body was changing to provide for him. She really was his mommy now.





"Wow... you look eh... eh..." Deb said.

Peggy sighed, "Yeah I'm pretty damn pregnant."

"How far along are you?" Fiona stared in awe of Peggy's bump.

"My doctor says I'm six months along. It's all going well so far. I can even feel him in there now. He's got quite the kick on him." Peggy chuckled.

"Mind if I try to talk with him?" Deb asked.

"Sure," Peggy shrugged. "Not sure if he'll hear you though."



"Dom? It's Deb. Can you hear me?" Deb said, pressing her head against Peggy's bump.

"Oh! I felt that!" Peggy gasped, feeling him kick in response.

"So did I!" Deb looked up at Peggy then back to the bump.
"How are you doing in there?"

Deb felt a series of random, frantic kicks against her cheek.
"Oh dear..." she said. "I'm not sure he's enjoying this."

"Don't worry Dom. You're entering the last trimester. You'll be out in a few months." Peggy laughed as she patted her bump.



While Deb could only visit occasionally, Fiona lived nearby and Peggy was happy for the company. She knew Dom had loved Fiona, and she hoped that having a familiar, friendly voice might make his life inside of her womb a little more bearable.

Fiona always seemed rather enthusiastic about spending time with Peggy's growing bump.



And much to her delight, Fiona was the first person to get a full reaction from Dom. Dom seemed to be so pleased to hear her voice that he would push hard enough to make a visible bump on top of Peggy's bump.

"Hey there little Dommy..." Fiona cooed, poking the tiny bump with her finger.



Dom was ecstatic.

Three months he'd been trapped in Peggy's womb with only the sound of her body to keep him company, but now he had Fiona. She visited almost every day and spent a lot of time talking to him.

Not to Peggy, to him.

He actually had someone. What made it even better was he could now push up on Peggy's body and feel someone else push back. He didn't feel quite so alone anymore.

It wasn't just Dom that was affected by the experience.

In her free time, all that Fiona could think about was Dom. She remembered him from ten years ago, a grown man, bigger and stronger and so much more than she was. She'd spent months playing with him like a baby, and now she was talking to him inside the body of another woman. He was so small and weak and helpless. He needed to be inside a womb just to stay alive.

Sometimes she laid awake at night, wondering what it would be like if it were actually her





Every day she visited him at Peggy's apartment those thoughts grew more and more intense. More and more she was wishing it could have been her instead of Peggy, and tonight was no exception. Fiona couldn't help but lie in her bed and touch herself, dreaming of what it would be like to take a man who towered over her in her mind and shrink him small enough that she could slide his body inside of hers.

As her fingers touched her sex, she imagined it was his body fighting her.



She imagined his struggles as her body pulled him deeper inside of her. He would struggle with all his strength, but ultimately he would be no match for the pull of her womb. His struggles would only bring her pleasure. She would ride each pulsing wave of orgasmic pleasure as Dom was pulled further and further inside of her until Dom was nothing more than a fetus struggling to get out.

Every night Fiona dreamed of it. She dreamed of what Peggy had.

She dreamed of nurturing and growing Dom inside of her just like Peggy was doing. She wanted nothing more than to feel what it would be like to have a man who once looked down at her as little kid curled up helpless and tiny within her womb.



Three months didn't pass quickly for either Peggy or Dom. As Peggy got bigger and bigger with each week life became a lot more difficult. Her back ached constantly, her feet ached constantly, she was always exhausted but too sore to sleep, and worst of all was the constant urge to pee.

But at least she had her life.

Dom still couldn't even tell where a day ended and the next began. Besides his interactions with Fiona it was constant monotony, trapped in a cramped and ever shrinking space. He could listen to real life happening just inches away, but it frustrated him how far away it felt.





Peggy held on to her normal life for as long as she could, at least past the point where her weekly run around the park with Kerry was more of a joke than an exercise in fitness.

"You sure you're OK there Peggy?"

"Yeah...I'm...fine..." Peggy panted.

"Maybe we should stop for a rest?" Kerry suggested, not wanting to kill her friend.



"What the hell is she doing?" Dom complained to himself inside of Peggy.

Each step she took sent a jolt through the fluid filled womb, shaking him and bouncing him off the uterine walls around him.

"Knock it off!" He tried to shout through the fluid and punched the roof of her womb to try to express his displeasure.



"Mmmm...yeah..." Peggy moaned. "This is more my speed now..."

She was always hungry these days. No matter how much Peggy ate she never seemed to be full.

"Are you sure you're just eating for two and not three?" Kerry joked and took a bite of her own burger. Peggy had ordered an XL meal. Then she'd added another burger. Then a bucket of chicken wings. She wasn't even sure where she was going to fit it.

"Don't judge me, I'm making a person." Peggy replied with her mouth full.



Above him, Dom could hear the constant squishing and swirling sounds that he'd come to expect multiple times a day. Peggy was eating. She was also talking with a friend. He could hear muffled voices and laughter through the amniotic fluid around him.

She was having a good time, enjoying a meal while he was stuck in her belly. Well, now it was time for some payback...



Dom adjusted himself up to the top of the uterus, it didn't take much to do that these days there was so little space. He let his back and shoulders get a good purchase, then braced his arms on the ceiling and started to push down with his legs as hard as he could. When that didn't get a reaction, he stopped, repositioned his legs and started again.

"Hey! Settle down in there!" Peggy grumbled, looking down at her belly and giving it a tap for good measure. "It feels like he's doing backflips in there!"

"Maybe he's running out space from all that food you're eating." Kerry joked.

"Look at the size of me! I'm a goddamn beached whale. He's got plent..."

Peggy stopped, her eyes bolting open. She'd drank half her soda and normally she'd have no problem holding on to that much liquid, this was not normal. Dom had just used her bladder as a trampoline.

"Shit!" She yelped as she bolted out of her chair and into the bathroom.

"I thought you were done with running?" Kerry laughed.





Life only got harder for Peggy as she grew bigger. As a single mother, she didn't have anyone at home to help her around the house or comfort her when she felt tired and emotional, which was pretty much all the time these days.

The only person she had was Fiona, who's visits were growing more and more dear to the increasingly rotund single mom. Without Fiona, Peggy couldn't have gotten through these last couple of weeks without losing her mind.



Fiona did so much for Peggy. She cooked, she cleaned, she even ran errands for Peggy, if she asked. She provided emotional support, letting her vent about just how hard the pregnancy had been on her, especially lately. She could feel Dom struggle and squirm inside of her, eager to get out. Contractions were starting to come more and more frequently as her body prepared for labor.

Given how things had gone, she was worried that getting Dom out would be far less fun than it had been getting him inside of her.

The next week Peggy noticed her bump was a lot lower than it had been. She could also see that Dom's kicking seemed to cause lumps to appear on top of her bump. Dr Jones explained that it was all normal. Her baby had now flipped to head down and had dropped into the birth canal. It was almost time for Dom to come out.

It all couldn't happen soon enough for him. It was bad enough having no space to stretch his legs, but it was even worse having to live upside down.



To Peggy, one of the hardest things about her pregnancy was the near constant feeling of exhaustion. She was so tired from the effort it took to simply move around. Dom was constantly draining nutrients and calories from her body, which certainly didn't help things either.

Sleep was difficult as well.. She was so big and her hips now so soft that it was getting hard to properly support herself. That meant sleep was uncomfortable and unsatisfying, often being interrupted by Dom's little movements anyway.



That was one area where life was better for Dom. Peggy's womb was warm and the walls soft and conformed around his body. The amniotic fluid that filled the small space kept him nice and cozy, and despite his lack of room he never had difficulties falling asleep. It felt a little bit like taking a warm bath, relaxing after a long, hard day.





Then, just as soon as he was starting to enjoy it, one night he was rudely awakened by the walls of Peggy's womb collapsing around him and squeezing him from all sides. All sides but one, that is. The cervix which had swallowed him so long ago was now starting to open.

It was time for him to come out.

"What the fuck was that!?" Peggy shot bolt upright in her bed. She felt something like a 'pop', and then she felt wetness. "Oh shit..."

She was soaking wet and her tummy was rock hard. It was starting. Dom was finally on his way.



Hours later Dom still hadn't arrived. Peggy couldn't sit. She couldn't walk. She couldn't do anything. The pain kept coming, building up then disappearing. The cycle kept repeating over and over, getting worse and worse each time.

Peggy called the only person she knew would come and help her in the middle of the night. Fiona had come straight over without hesitation. Already knowing what she had to do, Fiona helped Peggy into her car and drove her to the hospital. Peggy was starting to understand why Dom liked her so much.





"Ok Peggy, looks like your contractions are getting closer together. We should get you into bed." Dr Jones said.

"OK..." Peggy panted, coming down off another contraction.

"Let's get those clothes off you and get you into bed." Dr Jones said with a gentle tone.



"Oh my God! Oh my God!" Peggy screamed, another contraction wracking her body. The pain was nearly unbearable.

"It's alright Peggy. You're doing great." Fiona could only hold her hand and whisper platitudes. At this point it was all up to her, Fiona's job was done. She didn't know a whole lot about what was happening but the doctor didn't seem too worried. She knew that was a good sign.

Peggy screamed as yet another contraction built. "FUCK! I'm never doing this again! Fuck! Fuck FUCK!"

"You're doing great Peggy, just try to breathe..." Dr Jones said, keeping a close eye on her.



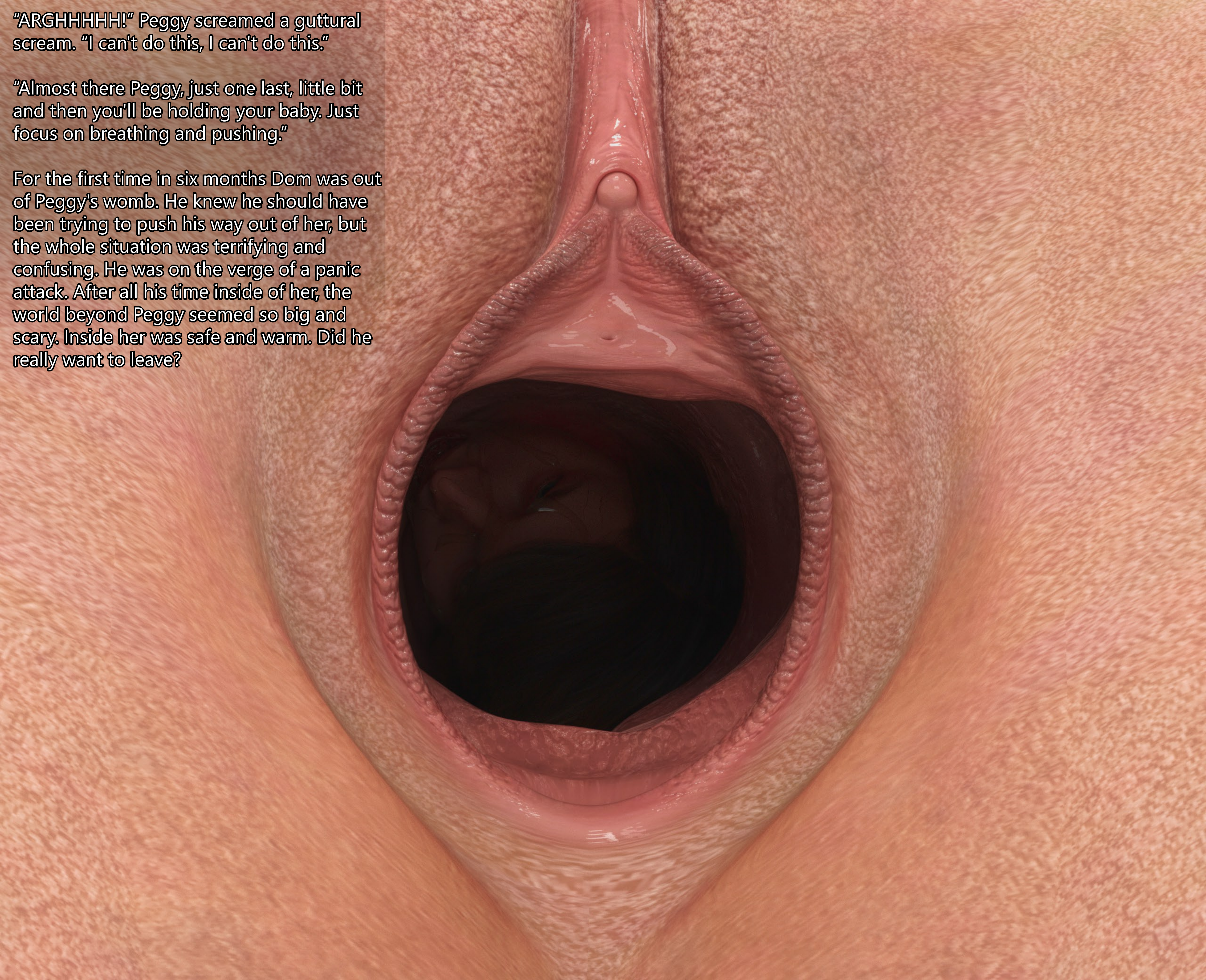
It was almost as bad inside Peggy. Dom's whole body was being squeezed and crushed. The uterus that had been his home for 6 months had been warm, soft and protecting. Now it was constantly moving, the walls pressing down on him, forcing him lower and lower into a hole that was nowhere near big enough for him to fit through. No matter what he did, Peggy's body pushed and forced him back down towards the base of her hip.

That was until his head popped through the cervix, forcing it open wider.

"ARGHHHHH!" Peggy screamed a guttural scream. "I can't do this, I can't do this."

"Almost there Peggy, just one last, little bit and then you'll be holding your baby. Just focus on breathing and pushing."

For the first time in six months Dom was out of Peggy's womb. He knew he should have been trying to push his way out of her, but the whole situation was terrifying and confusing. He was on the verge of a panic attack. After all his time inside of her, the world beyond Peggy seemed so big and scary. Inside her was safe and warm. Did he really want to leave?



Everything was so tight around him. He was being squeezed like an empty tube of toothpaste. The sounds were so loud and the lights so bright and overwhelming. He couldn't move. He couldn't breathe.

"I see the head..." A distant voice said. "One last push Peggy..."





"AHHHHHH! ARGHHHHHH!" Peggy screamed. She'd never felt pain like this in all her life. She regretted everything. She regretted using that stupid spell, she regretted manipulating Dom, she regretted shrinking him and turning him into her baby.

She regretted all of it, and this was her punishment.

"I can see the head!" Fiona yelled excitedly. "You're doing it!"



"I can't! I can't!" Peggy moaned. It was all too much. She was so exhausted and the pain was so intense.

"You're doing great Peggy, he's almost here. Just give me one more push and it'll all be over." Dr Jones said.

Peggy screamed like she'd never screamed before.

Dom had never felt pressure like this in all his life. It felt like his whole lower half might explode, Peggy was squeezing him so tightly. It was so confusing and disorientating. His eyes were blurred from months of being in darkness and his ears were clogged with fluid, yet everything was just so bright and loud.

He started to cry.

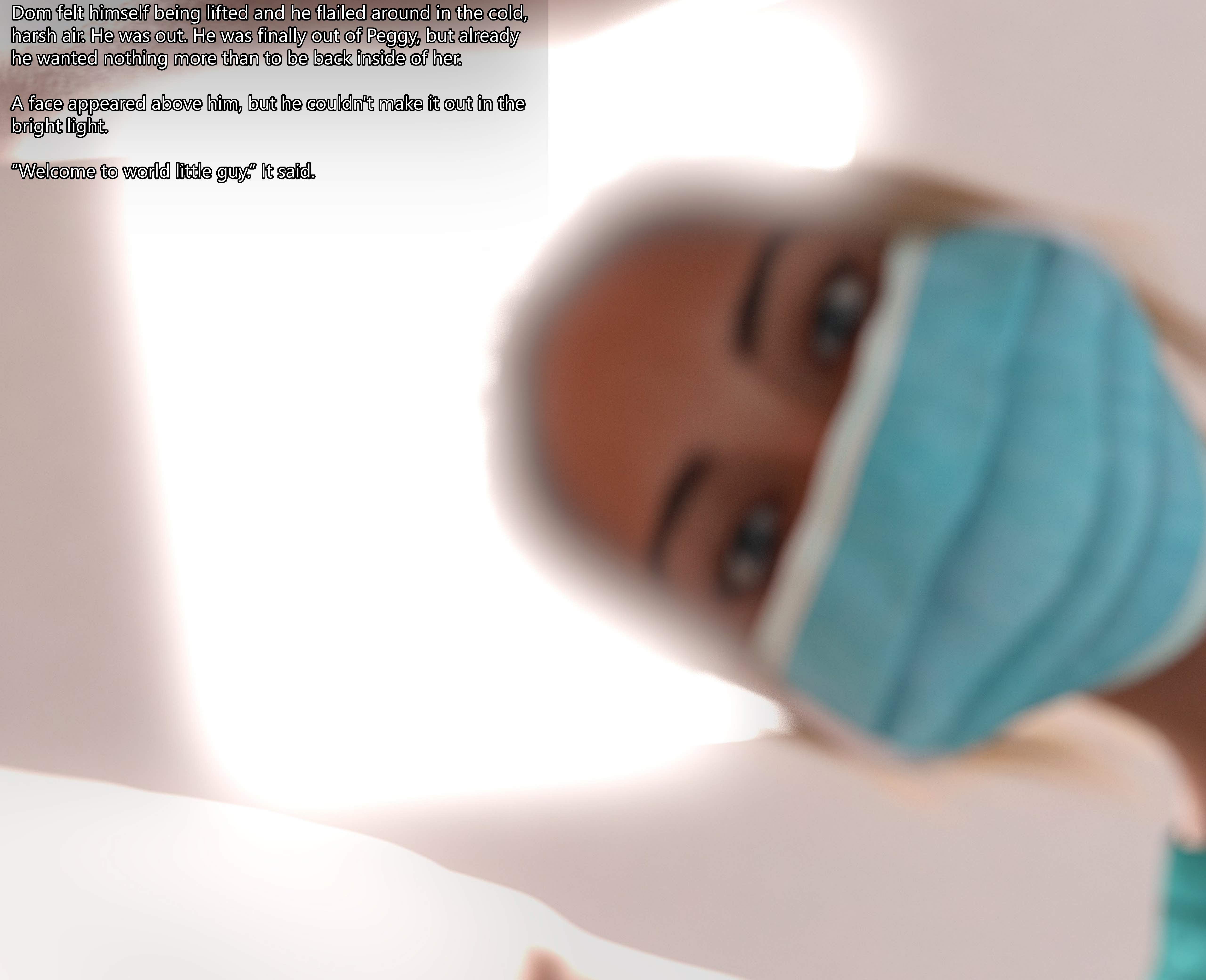
"You hear that? That's your baby. He's here." Dr Jones said, catching Dom's limp form before he could fall to the bed.



Dom felt himself being lifted and he flailed around in the cold, harsh air. He was out. He was finally out of Peggy, but already he wanted nothing more than to be back inside of her.

A face appeared above him, but he couldn't make it out in the bright light.

"Welcome to world little guy." It said.



"Let's get a look at you..." The soft voice said. It was gentle and familiar.

Dom was lifted higher. He was still confused and disorientated. Someone was pulling on his limbs one at a time. Then he was lifted up under the arms and held up to a face. It was Dr Jones.

"You're just perfect, aren't you?" She asked him, a bright smile on her face.



"Congratulations, it's a healthy baby boy." Dr Jones said. Dom was put down on a cold, metal surface. There was so much noise all around him. It was too much for his ears which weren't used to it all. Then realised it was his own crying. He just couldn't stop himself.

Dr Jones kept poking at him and doing things until eventually she scooped him up and carefully set him into Peggy's arms.

"Hi there little Dommy..." Peggy greeted.





Slowly but surely Dom's vision cleared and Peggy came into focus. At first it was just his hands in front of him and the mound of her tit that he was clinging to, but soon her face cleared as well.

"Pe...Peggy..." Dom spoke. His mouth was dry and his throat ached.

"Oh my God!" Dom turned to the source of the voice. There was another face there. It too was fuzzy at first but came into focus as he looked at it. It was Fiona. She was staring at him, her mouth hanging open. "I see him...I can see him..."




"Let's let the two of them have a bit of skin to skin time." Dr Jones suggested. "And if Mommy is feeling up to it, maybe she can try getting him to latch on."

"What do you think Dom? Hungry?" Peggy asked, raising him to her nipple.


Dom wasn't sure. He hadn't eaten anything in months. He'd gotten everything he needed from his umbilical cord. Now he had to figure everything out all over again.

He opened his lips, taking Peggy's nipple into his mouth. It was reflexive. He didn't even have to think about doing it. Sweet, delicious milk touched his tongue, and in an instant he wasn't just hungry. He was starving..



A week later it was as if nothing had changed, except Dom was two inches shorter than he had been before he had spent six months inside of Peggy. Fiona could still see him though, and not baby Dom. She could see and hear him as normal.

Deb came around often to make sure that he was OK, which Dom certainly appreciated, but it was Fiona who Dom really looked forward to seeing. When she came round she didn't mother him like the two older women, she just wanted to toss him around and have fun. She talked to him like he was a friend rather than a baby.



"You'll grow back." Peggy assured him, "It'll take some time, but soon you'll be able to eat real food again. Until then though you'll need to stick with milk."

"Are you OK to stay with Peggy for now?" Deb asked him, "Fiona's already asked about babysitting again, and I'll be right here with her to help take care of you."

"Yeah..." Dom looked up at his ex girlfriend from below knee height. "I'd like that, I think..." As he looked into her sea-blue eyes his thoughts drifted to days long past. It seemed like a lifetime ago that he had called this same woman his girlfriend, but now she just fussed and cared for him like the helpless little baby the rest of the world thought he was.

She looked down at him over her massive tits with a twinkle in her eye. "Gosh, you're just such a little cutie, you know that?" Still smiling, she leaned in closer to whisper, "You're lucky Fiona's around, or I might just snatch you up and take you home myself."

The teasing, slightly condescending tone of her voice all but assured him. Even if he grew back, there really was no way he'd ever get Deb to see him as a man again.



Dom slowly but surely settled into his new life back in the real world. At first it was hard, everything was so big and so loud. If it had just been him it all would have been totally overwhelming, but Fiona made sure to be there for him every step of the way. She did her best to distract him, focusing his attention on the fun parts of life and making sure he grew happy and healthy.

Their relationship was just how it was before, only now they could actually talk.

While Peggy babied him, and Deb was always overprotective of him, Fiona always made sure that he was happy. She let him feel like he was part of the world and not just an accessory. She talked to him like an adult, which he was always grateful for, and she never seemed to care that she got weird looks from people walking near her as she talked to the baby on her shoulders about going out for beers in a month.





"You two seem to be getting on well." Dom overheard Deb talking to her sister. He was enjoying sitting on the floor watching a football game. Peggy had never let him just sit and be a guy since this whole ordeal started.

"Yup!." Fiona chirped "Dom's so much fun. Even if he wasn't a little munchkin I think we'd be having a great time."

"He is rather adorable, isn't he?" Deb said, managing to totally miss Fiona's point.

“Well, I figure he's kinda cute normally, isn't he? You must have thought so too. You guys did date for years.” Fiona pointed out.

“Yeah, I know what you mean.” She sighed, “It must be the whole mom thing. I look at him sitting like that and my instincts scream that Dom's a baby I need to cuddle, rather than a friend who needs my help. I've got to consciously override myself.”

Deb winced, a hand coming up to palm her full breast, “I can override my thoughts, but not my body. These things go into overdrive when he's around.”





Deb stood up, noticeably in pain as her swollen tits wobbled and bounced. She bent down, grabbing Dom under the arms and easily lifted him into the air.

"Hey!" He protested.

"You're hungry, aren't you?" She asked him, a strange glint in her eye, "C'mon, Mommy needs some relief..."



Deb sat down, laying Dom across her arm and positioning him in front of her chest. With practised ease she lifted a tit that weighed almost more than he did out of her top and held it in front of his face. She was so full of milk that it was already gathering on her nipple..

"God... I don't think I've ever been this full before." She cooed, sighing in discomfort, "Go on Dommy, nurse for me."

"Please Deb...don't make me do this..." Dom pleaded, clearly uncomfortable.

"You need to eat, and I'm so full I might explode. This works for both of us."

"You're my ex-girlfriend, Deb. Having to breastfeed from you... it's humiliating." Dom whined.

She gave him a soft smile and lifted him closer to her nipple. "There's no need to feel humiliated. You need to eat, and this is kind of your fault anyway... The only reason I'm so engorged is because you're so stinkin' cute like this. Sorry Dom, but I bailed you out when you needed it. The least you could do is help me out."

"Deb..." Dom opened his mouth to protest further, but as he did she lowered her gargantuan tit into his mouth. As soon as it was in, a warm, sweet fountain of milk shot down his throat. It was all he could do to keep it all down. He had no choice but to swallow.





"Ooooooh that's sooooo much better." Deb moaned.

"Wow... he's really going for it!" Fiona chuckled.

Dom really was, but not by choice. Deb was so full that she was spraying milk into his mouth. He didn't even get a chance to suckle. As the milk flowed he swallowed mouthful after mouthful, but it just kept coming.



After a minute of constant struggle and gulping, Dom gave up fighting and started to swallow in rhythm. He could feel warmth growing from the pit of his stomach as Deb's milk started to fill him.

He looked up at Deb, who'd turned her attention away from him and back to Fiona. He tried to listen to what they were saying but he could barely focus. All he could hear was the sound of his own satisfied gulps, and the taste of her milk soon overwhelmed his attention.

"Shhhhh..." Deb cooed softly, rocking Dom from side to side out of habit. He tried to fight it but soon he was fast asleep.



"How are your studies going?" Deb asked quietly.

Fiona shrugged. "Oh you know, same old same old..."

Deb raised a brow. She knew her sister well enough to know she was trying to avoid giving an answer. She didn't need to say a word. The look was enough.

"Alright fine!" She yielded, "I'm skipping half my classes so I can spend time with Dom. But I was already hating the class long before Dom came along. He's just an excuse to bail."

"Hmm," Deb nodded, "Maybe it's just not the right course for you?"

"Maybe..." Fiona looked down at Dom snoozing away in her sister's arms. "Honestly, I'm not sure if I want to do any degree. I'm a little jealous of what you've got..."



"Almost twenty one inches!" Peggy announced a week later.

This was their morning ritual now. As soon as they got up and Dom had been given his morning feed, Peggy would take him to the living room and they would measure him. At first there hadn't been much in terms of noticeable growth at all, and both were worried he might not grow back at all. Slowly but surely though, they started to see progress.

Now that he was definitely growing, Peggy decided it was time to see if Dom could eat. That morning She cooked up a delicious breakfast of bacon and eggs, one she'd promised him a year ago.

"Oh...my...God!" Dom yelled after taking a bite of bacon. "It's delicious!"

"Yay! That's amazing!" Peggy watched on as Dom hungrily took bite after bite of bacon. She had to admit... She felt a pang of sadness as she watched him chow down. Dom could eat normal food now. He didn't need to feed from her any more.





After another week Dom hit two feet tall, the tallest he'd been in almost a year.

"Two feet tall!" Peggy cheered. "We'll need to get you bigger diapers."



"Yup, it's definitely picking up." Peggy said after another week. Dom was now nearly two and a half feet tall. "If this keeps going you'll be back to normal in a couple of months!"

"And soon I can stop wearing diapers?" Dom asked.

"As soon as you can go tinkle by yourself, silly." Peggy kissed his forehead.

"That might only be another couple of weeks at this rate." Peggy stood up and looked down at Dom.

She was still massive to him, her tits so far out of reach, but she had definitely gotten shorter. Dom used to look directly at her knees. Now he was eye-level with her thighs.



After another week Dom was almost eye level with Peggy's crotch.



"It's definitely getting faster!" Peggy said a week later. She was right. The top of his head wasn't far off from her belly button now.






After a month, Dom was almost back to his old height. He was much too big for diapers, and had no need to wear them now that he was fully in control of his own bladder. He could eat whatever he liked without a problem and didn't need to feed from Peggy. Apart from his close circle people saw him as a teenager, so he was ageing in the real world too.

"Almost five feet tall Dom. You'll be all grown up soon." Peggy outwardly joked, but at the same time she felt her heart breaking inside her.

While Dom didn't need to feed from Peggy anymore, she still would get uncomfortable if he didn't feed from her at least once a day. He was reluctant to keep feeding, even if he did enjoy it. Dom wanted to start transitioning into a more adult relationship.

Every day Peggy had to think of ways to encourage Dom to feed from her:





Another short month later Dom was back to his old self. People in the street recognised him, his friends were messaging him like he'd never left and all his social media had reappeared.

"Well, I guess this is goodbye then?" Dom said to Peggy, feeling a little awkward.

"It doesn't have to be goodbye. You're welcome to come 'round whenever. You'll still come for coffee? Right?"



"I dunno Peggy. We'll see. It's been a super weird year, to say the least. I just want to go back to my old life for now." Dom explained.

Peggy couldn't help herself. She threw her arms around him and hugged him tightly. "I'm sorry Dom... for everything. But you'll always be my baby. If you need anything... anything at all just call me."

"OK Peggy..." Dom found himself hugging her back tightly, his heart aching just a little. "I will..."



Dom walked through the city on his own for the first time in a year. People moved around him, they didn't look at him or make funny faces at him. He was simply just another guy on the street. He slid his key into the lock on the door of his apartment and it opened without a hitch. It was like he'd never left and the events of the last year hadn't even happened.

For the first time in a year Peggy was alone. Every day she had either gone to sleep with Dom in the crib at the end of her bed or curled up inside of her. Now she was alone. He was gone and he wasn't coming back. She couldn't help but curl into a ball and weep.

It was all her fault. If she hadn't come on so strong she might not have pushed him away.

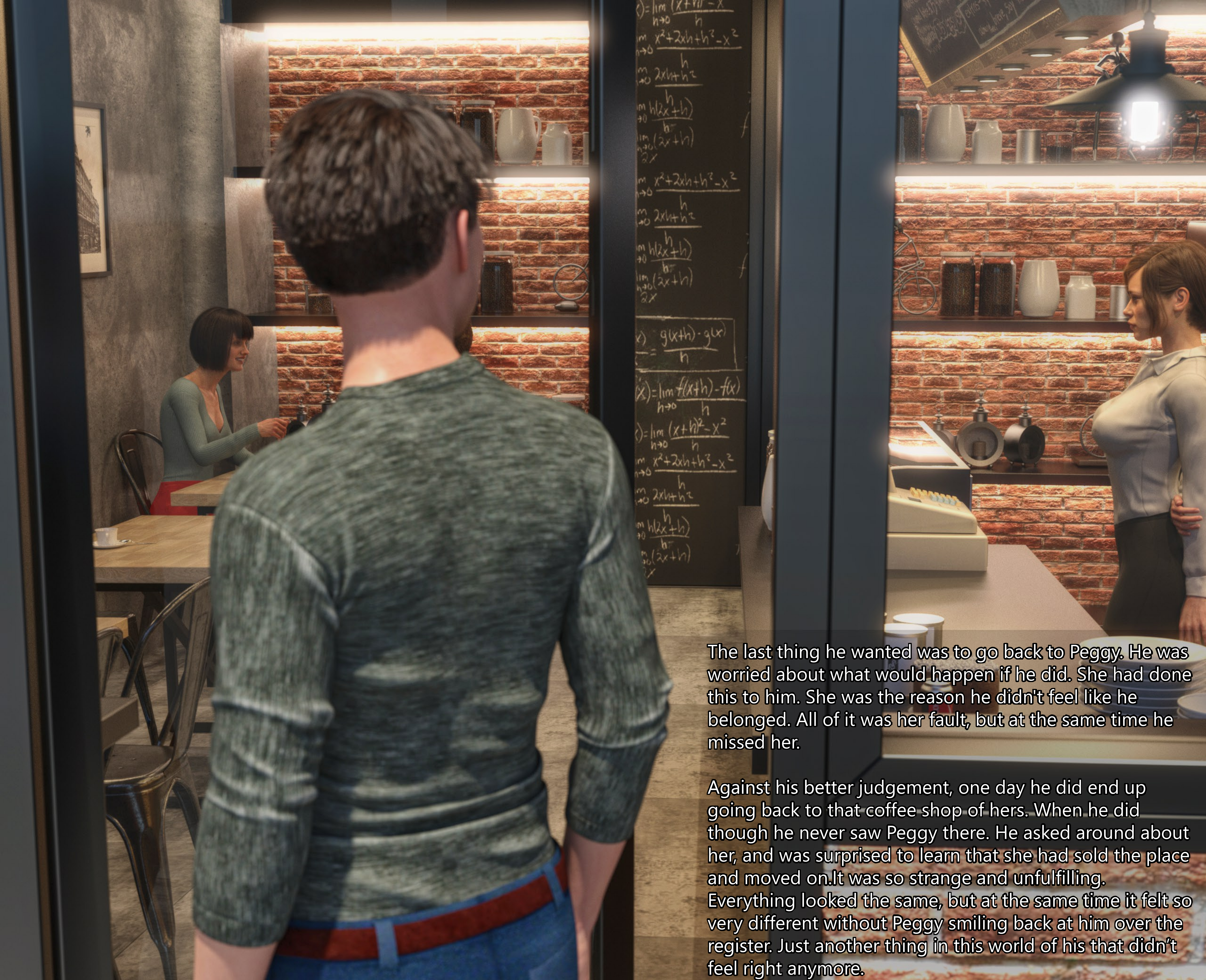




Dom thought everything would be great once he got back to his old life. He thought he'd need a few days to adjust and he'd be able to get back into the swing of things, but it never really happened.

But it didn't happen.

His old life was hard, he realized. . His old job didn't fulfil him anymore. He found dealing with people to be stressful. The world seemed to have lost a lot of its colour that it once had.



$$f(x) = \lim_{h \rightarrow 0} \frac{f(x+h) - f(x)}{h}$$
$$m \frac{x^2 + 2xh + h^2 - x^2}{h}$$
$$m \frac{2xh + h^2}{h}$$
$$m \frac{h(2x+h)}{h}$$
$$\lim_{h \rightarrow 0} (2x+h)$$
$$2x$$
$$g(x) = \frac{g(x+h) - g(x)}{h}$$
$$f(x) = \lim_{h \rightarrow 0} \frac{f(x+h) - f(x)}{h}$$
$$f(x) = \lim_{h \rightarrow 0} \frac{(x+h)^2 - x^2}{h}$$
$$m \frac{x^2 + 2xh + h^2 - x^2}{h}$$
$$m \frac{2xh + h^2}{h}$$
$$m \frac{h(2x+h)}{h}$$
$$\lim_{h \rightarrow 0} (2x+h)$$
$$2x$$

The last thing he wanted was to go back to Peggy. He was worried about what would happen if he did. She had done this to him. She was the reason he didn't feel like he belonged. All of it was her fault, but at the same time he missed her.

Against his better judgement, one day he did end up going back to that coffee shop of hers. When he did though he never saw Peggy there. He asked around about her, and was surprised to learn that she had sold the place and moved on. It was so strange and unfulfilling. Everything looked the same, but at the same time it felt so very different without Peggy smiling back at him over the register. Just another thing in this world of his that didn't feel right anymore.



Dom tried to reset. He tried to meet new people, he went out drinking and partying as he had before, he tried making new friends and meeting new girls. He really tried to start over, but nothing ever cured him of this constant feeling of wrongness. He felt as if he were a jigsaw piece that just didn't quite click into place.

He caught himself doing creepy things like looking down random girl's tops at the bus stop. He couldn't help himself. It wasn't even sexual for him now,he didn't feel his pants stiffening. His mouth watered and his stomach rumbled. Looking at a nice big pair of tits didn't make him feel aroused anymore, he only felt hungry.



Instead of imagining what it would be like to grab this busty brunette and bend her over the bench, Dom imagined what it would be like to be curled up in her arms, suckling from her big, full breast while she hummed him to sleep.


His time with Peggy had certainly changed him.





Dom thought he might need to reset his view on women in order to restart his life, so he hit the dating apps hard. He went on dates with girl after girl, taking them home whenever he could. He enthusiastically fucked every one he could, but he never felt satisfied. Any time he sucked on a nipple he died a little inside when nothing came out.

He hated himself for it.

A man and a woman are sitting on a bright orange sofa in a modern living room. The man, on the left, is wearing a blue zip-up jacket over a light green t-shirt and blue jeans. He is gesturing with his hands as he speaks. The woman, on the right, is wearing a red sports bra, blue shorts, and pink sneakers. She is also gesturing with her hands and smiling. The background features a wall with a white and grey marble pattern. There are two pillows on the sofa: a solid pink one on the left and a white one with a pattern of small orange carrots on the right. The floor is made of light-colored wood planks, and a grey and blue patterned rug is partially visible in the foreground.

The only thing in life that made him happy, the only thing he ever looked forward to was seeing Fiona. They talked and laughed together as if nothing had changed. Even though he was back to being much bigger than she was, it didn't feel any different. She was still her smiling, supportive self. She hugged him and listened to his problems.

He told her about how he found it difficult to go back to normal life. He told her he was unhappy, but he never told her why.



Fiona tried to make Dom see that life this way could be fun as well. He had spent so long either forced to live as an infant or trapped inside a womb that he'd forgotten what it meant to be free. They could still hang out together like they used to, though now that Dom was bigger than her again he found their roles a little different than before.



At least they could do normal things again, stuff that they couldn't do when he was practically a baby. Fiona knew from experience that there were few things better than a night in with beer and a pizza. For the first time in a long time Dom found he was actually enjoying himself, though he'd had beer and pizza a few times since returning to his old life.

Maybe it was the company...

"Fiona... Look..." Dom tried to explain, "Since I've gotten back to normal I've been so miserable... miserable except when I'm with you..."



Dom had a whole speech planned. He wasn't even sure what he wanted to happen. He just needed to tell her.

She kissed him, cutting him off mid-speech.



For a while Dom was happy again. Fiona had been the only person, the only thing that could make him happy, and now they were spending all their time together. They talked, laughed, cuddled together, and did things that Dom wouldn't want to mention to Fiona's older sister given their past relationship.



The best thing about it all was not having to lie. He didn't have to pretend that he was OK. Fiona knew what he'd been through. He could tell her that he wasn't readjusting well to normal life, and she didn't recoil when he did. Instead tried to help him, in her own little way at least. She let him pretend to suckle from her. She thought it might help even though she didn't make milk. To be fair, she also rather enjoyed the experience.

But still, it just wasn't the same for Dom. Apart from not getting the same, satisfied feeling from feeding, she was just so small. He couldn't curl up in her arms and drift off as he had done before.





Nothing worked.

While Dom appeared happy on the surface, beneath he was still broken. Fiona made him happy, but he needed more than that now. He needed something to fill the hole in his life that Peggy had ripped open. He couldn't go back to her, he still blamed her for how he felt.

And when Dom thought he was alone, Fiona watched him in silence, her heart heavy with sympathy. She knew she had to do something...

...And there was only one thing Fiona felt she could do...

Her eyes poured over the ancient pages, the same ones that Peggy had read oh so long ago. She knew she was taking a gamble, but at the same time she couldn't bear to see Dom continue living in this pathetic state. Either it would work and her and Dom would be committed for the rest of their lives, or she had badly misread the situation and Dom would never speak to her again.



"Fiona...what the..."

"Dom, I know what you're thinking, but please hear me out. You're miserable. It's heartbreaking to see. I...I love you. I can't stand seeing you this way. I know you can't go back to Peggy so I thought...what if you went to someone else instead? What if you were my baby?"

Dom stared at Fiona's swollen chest. His mouth was watering. His stomach started to rumble.

"Dom?" Fiona said. "What do you say?"



To Be Continued?

Thank you for purchasing and supporting my work. More of my work is available for free at <https://openhighhat.deviantart.com>

Extra special thanks to Doubleburger20 for his edits and suggestions. Be sure to check out his work at <https://www.deviantart.com/doubleburger20>