THE BUSTY BARISTA

The Deb Ending

By OHH

The Deb Ending

This is an alternate ending to the Busty Barista. It picks up after page 91 of The Busty Barista 5.

In this timeline, Deb learns of Fiona's intentions to help Dom return to life as an infant and to become his mother. Deb decides to take matters into her own hands...

“Hey.” Deb opened the door to her hotel room and turned around to walk back into her room. “Come on in.”

Dom stepped in, his eyes following the sway of his ex-girlfriend’s hips. They’d been in their early twenties when they’d dated. The extra ten years sat well on her.

“So, how have you been?” Deb asked. Dom was so lost in memories of Deb’s hips from years ago, he almost didn’t register she was talking to him.

“Oh, you know. Alright I guess? Adjusting to being back to normal.” Dom said, not quite able to hide that things weren’t quite right. Even a stranger would have been able to see that. “How about you?”

Deb popped open a bottle of wine and relaxed back on the sofa. This was the first time they'd spoken since their break-up almost a decade ago. The first time they'd talked since they'd both been adults. Their conversations, when Dom had been small, had been dominated by his well being. It was hard to have an adult conversation with someone who could bounce on your knee.

Dom talked about how hard it had been to adjust. He'd wanted nothing more to get back to his old life, but now he had it, he didn't feel right.

Deb leaned forwards, listening in and letting the wine, their old connection and her cleavage draw more and more out of him.

“I know it sounds crazy. I fought so hard to get back to normal. You and Fiona put in so much time to make sure I was OK, to keep an eye on Peggy. Now I’m back to normal, it doesn't feel right. I feel like something broke inside of me. Like I can’t be a grown man anymore…”

Dom felt ashamed to admit it out loud. He’d not said it to anyone. Fiona knew. They were together so much these days it was hard for her to miss, but he’d not actually said it out loud.

“Oh poor baby, come here...” Deb pulled him into a hug, resting his head atop her chest.

“You’re mocking me.” Dom groaned, but he enjoyed the view she’d given him down into her cleavage.

Deb smiled and looked him in the eye. “I swear I’m not. It’s just...strange. I remember breastfeeding you not long ago, now we’re drinking wine together.”

“I get it. I still think of you as this impossibly huge person, carrying me around and stuffing her boob into my mouth.” Dom smirked, his gaze lingering on her chest.

“My eyes are up here mister.” Deb said.

Dom looked up. Her face was so close to his that her nose brushed against his as he looked up. Their eyes locked and, for a second that lasted hours, they looked at one another. She leaned forwards, pressing her lips to his. Memories of thousands of kisses from the same lips came flooding back and he kissed her back.

“Aren’t you married?” he asked when they finally broke.

“Not for a while now.” Deb said. “My useless shit of an ex left when you were in Peggy’s tummy. Sorry I didn’t mention it. I just didn’t want to distract you from getting back to normal…”

Another bottle of wine later and the making out had escalated into heavy petting.

“I just want to show you how grateful I am for saving me...” Dom said as Deb pulled down pants. His head was fuzzy with wine, but his arousal gave him a clarity of purpose.

“If you want to show your gratitude you can make sure I get at least three orgasms. It’s been a while, and I know you can perform.” Deb moaned.

“I am very...very...grateful...” Dom said.



One after the other, articles of clothing dropped to the floor. For Dom it was cathartic. Deb had breast fed him more than once when he'd been shrunk. Even after knowing he was a miniature version of her ex, she had still insisted on feeding him. Now he was a man again, he was going to fuck her until she sang.

Then he'd do it again.

This was what he'd needed all along. He needed to feel like he was a man. Maybe after he'd fucked Deb, he'd fuck Peggy. Finally get it out of his system. Then he could move on with his life.



Deb moaned and writhed on top of him, as his lips worked their way down the gentle slope of her neck. Deb had always liked him to be firm, but to take his time. She needed to warm up first. Rushing to the finish line would only leave her disappointed.

As he reached the top of her breast, Deb arched her back, pressing her nipple into his mouth. He remembered this. Both from their time together in college and from his time drinking milk from her.

“Mmmmm…I love you sucking on my tits.” Deb moaned. So Dom obliged.

Milk sprayed into Dom's mouth. He hadn't expected that. He'd assumed it would have been gone by now. Reflexively he swallowed, feeling the sweet, fatty residue on his tongue. He was right back there, barely two feet tall and pressed to Deb's enormous tit again.

Dom tried to pull away but Deb's hand gripped at his hair tightly. It was painful. She leaned down on top of him, using all of her weight to hold him in place and spray milk into his mouth.

She was forcing him to drink her milk.

"Don't fight. Just drink. I'm so full it's painful." Deb moaned.



Dom had to summon all of his strength to push her off him. How was she so strong? Why did she feel so heavy? She'd put on weight since college but she shouldn't feel that heavy. Dom managed to stand as Deb finally slid off him.

"What the fuck Deb!? How could you do that to me!?" He yelled. He felt betrayed. "You know I'm struggling with this and now you're trying to feed me again!?"

Deb didn’t reply. She didn’t do anything. She was just looking at him. Then a small smile formed at the corner of her mouth. She stepped closer to Dom, forcing him to look up at her.

To look UP at her. They were the same height. Why was he looking up at her?

“Oh ...oh no ...” Realisation hit Dom like a freight train.

“It was the only way, Dom.” Deb said.

A wave of vertigo washed over Dom. He felt sick. He'd had far too much to drink. Now he thought about it, he'd had most of the two bottles of wine Deb had opened. She'd planned this all along.

When the vertigo passed he had to look up even further. Deb absolutely towered over him.

"What have you done!?" He gasped.

"I'm protecting my sister. She deserves her own life. She was going to give it all up for you." Deb explained. "I'll do it, so she doesn't have to."

Dom opened his mouth to plead with his towering ex-girlfriend, but before he could speak she yanked him towards her. He was breast height now and her nipple pressed straight into his open mouth.

Milk sprayed into his mouth again. He fought not to swallow but she was just so strong. He was pressed so firmly into her tit he couldn't breathe. He had to swallow. He had no choice.

"Shhhh...don't fight it. You want this." Deb whispered.

The world faded once more as Dom drank more and more of her milk. When she finally released him it was clear why. He was too small to reach her nipples standing up.

“Let me go! I’ll stay away from Fiona! I promise!” Dom pleaded.

Deb shook her head and sighed. “I didn’t want to do this, Dom. I had hoped when we talked that you’d show some sign you were moving on, but you’re not. You’re stuck. Peggy broke you. The only way for you to get past this is to complete the spell. Fiona wants to do it, but it’s not right. It’s best for everyone if I’m the one to do it.”

"Whh...wh...what do you mean!?" He tried to back up but she circled around him, forcing him back towards the bed.

"You know what I mean." Deb shoved him on to the bed. She was emotionless now. She wasn't taunting him or teasing him. She was just doing what had to be done. "You're going to go inside of me. You're going to grow inside me. You're going to be reborn and we'll let the spell take its course. That's how you can move on with your life. It's the only way."

"You're crazy! You can't make me go through that again!" Dom scrambled back up the bed but Deb was already over him. She held him in place with her hands. He'd spent months inside Peggy. Months staring at the inside of her body with no contact with the outside world. Now Deb was going to make him go through it again.

"I don't want this either. I've one kid already. I'm a single mom. I don't need this, but I don't have a choice." She said and slid his erection inside of her. "Ooooh, your cock always did feel great."

Deb slid down his length, pressing the full weight of her body across Dom's hips. She leaned down, lowering her tit over Dom's face. The warm, soft flesh spread out across his face, covering his mouth and nose. Her nipple slid between his lips once more. He tried to fight and turn away but she held his head in place.

"Sshhhh...just enjoy this, Dom. It's happening." Deb moaned as her milk let down once more. She lifted her hips, sliding up and down his cock.

He was helpless.

Dom couldn’t speak. He couldn’t move. He couldn’t fight. Deb was just so much bigger, so much stronger than he was. All he could do was swallow mouthful after mouthful of warm, sweet breast milk as she rode his cock. He could feel himself dwindling. He could feel her tit spread out across his cheeks as he got smaller.

On top of him Deb moaned louder and faster as she approached climax. Dom tried to fight it but she felt too good on top of him. His dick twitched and he squirted a thick load of cum inside of her.

“OOOOOOOHH!” Deb moaned as she tipped over into orgasm.

Dom looked up at Deb’s huge body as she shuddered with delight. Her body had waited for his orgasm. Only once he’d shot his load in her was she allowed to climax. That was how this worked. He knew that, though he didn’t know why.

She seemed to loom higher and higher as he continued to dwindle. If he was going to get away from her he had to do it now. Dom sprang off the bed and ran.

Stumbling to his feet as he rolled off the bed, Dom sprinted towards the door. He didn't care that he was naked. He didn't care that he was the size of a small child. He needed to find someone to protect him. He needed a full sized person to take care of him until this passed. He needed to get away from Deb.

"Oh come on Dom, don't be like this..." Deb sighed as her bare feet slapped down on the wood floor.

"Stay away from me!" he squealed in panic.

Running with all of his strength, Dom threw himself at the door. His hands brushed the handle before he fell back down to the floor. He didn't wait around. He leapt up once again but the handle seemed to be even higher up. His fingers didn't even reach it this time.

With each successive jump the handle seemed to get higher and higher.

"No...no..." He could hear Deb getting closer. He was out of time. There was no escape.

“I don’t know why you’re fighting this. You want it. You know you do.” Deb looked down at him. She was so big. The handle was so easily within her reach yet impossibly high for Dom. “Maybe you wanted Fiona instead, but you’ll be happy with me in the end.”

“Please! Let me go!” Dom was embarrassed by how pathetic he sounded.

Deb sighed and reached down for him. “Come on little guy. Let’s get this over with.”



“Why are you doing this Deb? This is wrong! This isn’t you! You saved me!” Dom tried to play her conscience. She’d always had a strong moral centre. He could use that.

“Because you need a mother Dom. You need someone to look after you and feed you. To hold you and protect you as the spell works its natural course.” Deb explained. “We interrupted that with Peggy and you clearly weren’t ready. This is for the best, I promise.”

“Alright, drink up.” Deb ordered as she sat down.

“No! I won’t do it! I won’t make this easy for you!” Dom struggled.

Deb sighed. “You’re going inside of me. I think at this size it would be rather uncomfortable for both of us. Drink so you get smaller.”

“Go to hell!” Dom shouted.

Deb sighed wearily. It was late and she'd had a half bottle of wine. She just wanted this over so she could go to bed. "Fine, be that way. You're still going to drink."

Cupping her hand around the back of Dom's head, she pressed his face to her breast. From there it was easy to slip her nipple between his lips. He struggled, pushing against the soft flesh of her chest but he was too small to achieve anything now. All Deb had to do was hold his head in place until he was small enough.



Deb watched as Dom got smaller and smaller. Dom had stopped struggling and given into the inevitable. He was feeding from her now without protest. She gently supported him as he nursed, slowly but surely getting smaller.

His little eyes looked up at her from below the swell of her breast. They were scared at first, but the more he drank, the calmer he got. Soon his eyelids grew heavy and his eyes shut altogether.

Dom slumped back, unconscious. He was in a milk coma and contentedly sleeping as her milk warmed him from the inside. Her ex-boyfriend was so small now he couldn't keep up with the flow of her milk. The excess ran out of his mouth and down his little body.

If she was going to do it she would need to do it now, before he woke up.

"Let's get this over with." She told herself.

Deb propped herself up on the bed so she was comfortable. Spreading her legs wide she laid Dom's limp body out in front of her, his feet pointed towards him.

Taking a deep breath, Deb lifted his feet and slid them inside of her.

"Oooooh..." she moaned, surprised by just how good it felt and how easily he slipped inside. She felt a pressure inside of her, like her insides shifting, almost pulling. Not almost, they were definitely pulling. She could see Dom's legs getting deeper into her.

"Wh...what..." Dom's mind fuzzily came back to awareness. It was noisy. Too noisy. Someone was in pain...no...someone was moaning but it wasn't pain. That wasn't all. It felt like it was in water. Why was he standing in a warm bath?

Dom turned himself around and the noise grew louder. Where the hell was he?

"Oh...oh no..." Dom suddenly realised what was happening. "NO!"

Dom had been here before. Peggy had done this to him. Her body had pulled him inside of her, Her womb had swallowed him whole and now Deb was doing the same. He had to fight her. He tried to kick but the hold her pussy had on his legs was too strong. His feet were standing on something slimy.

He could feel it shifting, opening until his feet were pulled inside.

“No! No! No!” Dom panicked, digging his fingers into the bed and trying to pull himself free.

Another wave of pressure from Deb's body pulled Dom's fingers from the bed and lifted him up as he was sucked inside of ex-girlfriend's body. He was more than half inside of her now, almost up to his armpits. He could feel something solid under his feet now and something tight gripping his waist. Dom realised his lower half was now inside of her womb.

He was losing this fight.



"Please Deb! Please! Let me go!" Dom rolled over, trying to plead with Deb. It was the only change he had. Already he could see her belly was swollen. It had expanded to make room for him.

"Shhhh...it'll be alright. You'll see." Deb smiled down at him. Dom could feel pressure building on his body once more. Another pull was coming. "I'll see you in nine months..."

"Nine months!?" Dom screamed.

Dom spun back around scrambling at the bed covers once more.

"Ohhh...ohhhhhh...oohhhhhhh!" Deb panted, getting louder and louder as the pressure built up.

Dom felt pressure around his waist as her body pulled on him once more. A powerful, unstoppable pull, much stronger than the ones that had come before it. He desperately clung to the top of the bed but he was no match for the power of her vaginal muscles.

"Oh yes! YES!" Deb screamed.

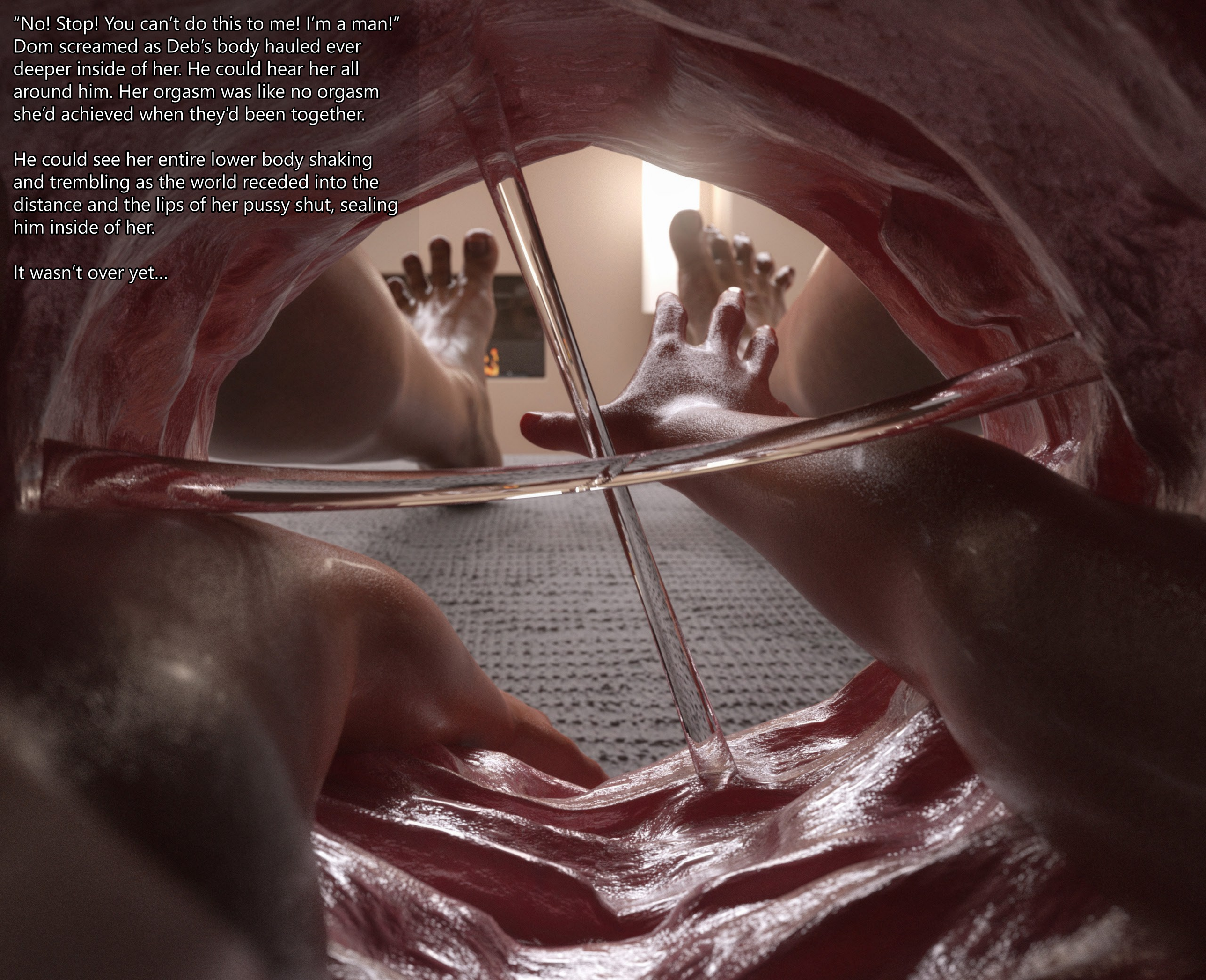
Her body told her to squeeze, so she did. Tensing her lower half and squeezing with all her strength on Dom's body, she pulled him inside. Dom lost his grip on the sheets as he was yanked upwards, the lips of Deb's pussy passing over his shoulders

Dom was now almost entirely inside of Deb's body and wave after wave of powerful contractions were only pulling him deeper still.

“No! Stop! You can’t do this to me! I’m a man!” Dom screamed as Deb’s body hauled ever deeper inside of her. He could hear her all around him. Her orgasm was like no orgasm she’d achieved when they’d been together.

He could see her entire lower body shaking and trembling as the world receded into the distance and the lips of her pussy shut, sealing him inside of her.

It wasn’t over yet…



Most of his body was now curled up inside Deb's womb, but not all of it. His upper torso was held by her cervix. It pulsated around him, holding him in place as he struggled to escape. He was so tired. So exhausted. He couldn't get a proper breath inside the humid confines of his ex's vagina.

Deb screamed in delight all around him and squeezed down on him. Her cervix gripped his body and pulled on him until he was completely enveloped by Deb's womb. It sealed shut as his arms passed through behind his head.

It was over. For the third time in his life Dom was inside a womb.

Deb lay back on the bed just breathing. The strength of the orgasm she'd had from unbirthing Dom was almost unlike anything she'd ever felt before. The whole process had left her feeling worn out.

Fifteen minutes ago she'd been a relatively fit woman in her early thirties. Only a little bit of a pot belly. Now she was nine months pregnant. Her entire insides had rearranged themselves. She had a living, kicking man inside of her who was wriggling around, very much making his disapproval felt.

"Oooooh...I feel like a whale" Deb groaned as she stood. She wanted nothing more than to sleep but she really needed a shower first.

Movement. Dom could feel movement. Deb was up and moving around. He kicked and punched at the walls around her. He wasn't sure what he was kicking but he wanted to hurt her. He wanted to force her to release him.

Behind him the wall hit him hard enough to knock him forwards.

"Calm down Dommy. Save your strength. You've had a busy day." Deb chuckled as she tapped her belly. It was truly a surreal feeling. Her ex-boyfriend now curled up inside her swollen belly.



“Let me out! Let me out!” Dom kicked as hard as he could. When kicking didn’t work he braced with his legs and pushed as hard as he could. The fleshy walls gave a little, but hardened when he started to make progress. He wasn’t getting out.

Outside the walls he could hear the muffled sound of water and singing. Deb was showering. She was doing normal things in the normal world. His world was now this tiny prison. A living, breathing, moving person he was trapped inside.



The next morning Deb strode through the hotel lobby pulling her bag behind her. She left her keys at reception and strode out the door. No one glanced at her twice, apart from one man who checked out her bouncing chest. No one commented on her belly, or asked her due date as her stomach was almost totally flat.

There was nothing to see but a little bit of puppy fat.

“Wha…what’s happening?” Dom slowly blinked awake.

He felt like he was in a warm bath. Not lying, but floating. He had vague memories of being scared. Of swimming. Of racing for his life. Hands stroked his back. Warm, gentle hands. When he opened his eyes to look at them it was clear they weren’t hands. They were cells.

It all came back to him. He was in Deb’s womb. He’d swam with a shoal of his own sperm up Deb’s fallopian tube and forced his way into an egg. Now he was implanted somewhere in a vast womb, too small to be seen. It would be almost a year until he saw the outside world again.

Dom screamed into the sea of amniotic fluid, too small for anyone to hear.



Deb almost forgot about Dom. Almost...

It was over six weeks before he started to make his presence felt. She couldn't feel him. Not directly. But her body knew he was there. Sitting at her desk, smelling the coffee and cinnamon roll from the break room next door used to be the highlight of her morning.

Now it made her barf without fail.

"Why?" she groaned. "Why did I do this to myself?"

At eight weeks along there was very little sign he was in there. Her belly hadn't changed at all. Her thick hips and thighs were too substantial to be affected by something so tiny. The only change she could see was her chest. It had gone up a cup-size.

She tried to picture him in there. Impossibly tiny, floating in her womb, connected to her body and totally aware of what was going on. It shamed her how much it turned her on.

All Dom could do was float.

Float and spin around in the amniotic fluid. He had grown enough he could see the whole womb around. He was still far too small to be felt. Far too small to hear anything beyond the walls of Deb's womb.

Apart from the constant, reassuring 'thump thump' of her heart beat. It reminded him that he wasn't in a cave. He was inside a woman.



As time wore on, Deb's pregnancy became more and more obvious. Not to the people around Deb, but to Deb herself. She was constantly exhausted. All she wanted to do was sleep, but she still had a job to do and a daughter to look after.

When she did get a chance to sleep the nausea kept her awake. There were times she asked herself 'was this really worth it?'

The answer was yes. Always yes.

She did what she could to stay sane. Walks and fresh air always helped. Hearing her daughter laughing and happy helped. Soon she'd have a little brother to play with.

That thought helped more than anything.

Half way through the second trimester she started to show. It didn't look like a baby bump. It looked like she was getting fat. That annoyed Deb. She liked being hot. She liked getting looks from men. Those were starting to dry up.

They still smiled at her tits though. Those were hard to miss.

She did what she could to manage the changes. She used creams on her belly and butt, hoping to avoid stretch marks. They worked the first time around.

Dom was big enough to feel now. Deb could feel little wooshes of activity as he moved around inside of her. It felt like he was doing somersaults in there.

Another month later and it was obvious she was pregnant. Her belly bulged out to match her chest now. She could feel Dom moving. Every little shift he made, every wriggle. He'd been inside her belly for months now.

A guy she'd dated for years. A guy who'd fucked her. A guy whose dick she'd sucked. A guy who she'd laughed with and cried with. A guy who'd cuddled her to sleep at night and held her hair as she'd thrown up.

He was inside her. His life totally dependent on her. It made her chest swell.



"How's school?" Deb asked.

Fiona gripped her mug and looked at her sister's belly. She felt a little jealous of her sister. Fiona was too young to be a mom but she couldn't help but envious of the life her sister had inside of her.

"It's good." Fiona took a sip of coffee. "I'll be on placement next month. I'll be doing actual work with patients. Hopefully not killing anyone..."

"I'm sure your patients will love you. You've always been empathetic." Deb reassured her little sister.

"How about you? Over your nausea yet?" Fiona asked.

"Mostly...it comes and goes. By now I'm used to it alwa..." Deb stopped as she felt a powerful kick inside of her. "He's kicking! I think he can hear his aunt Fiona!"

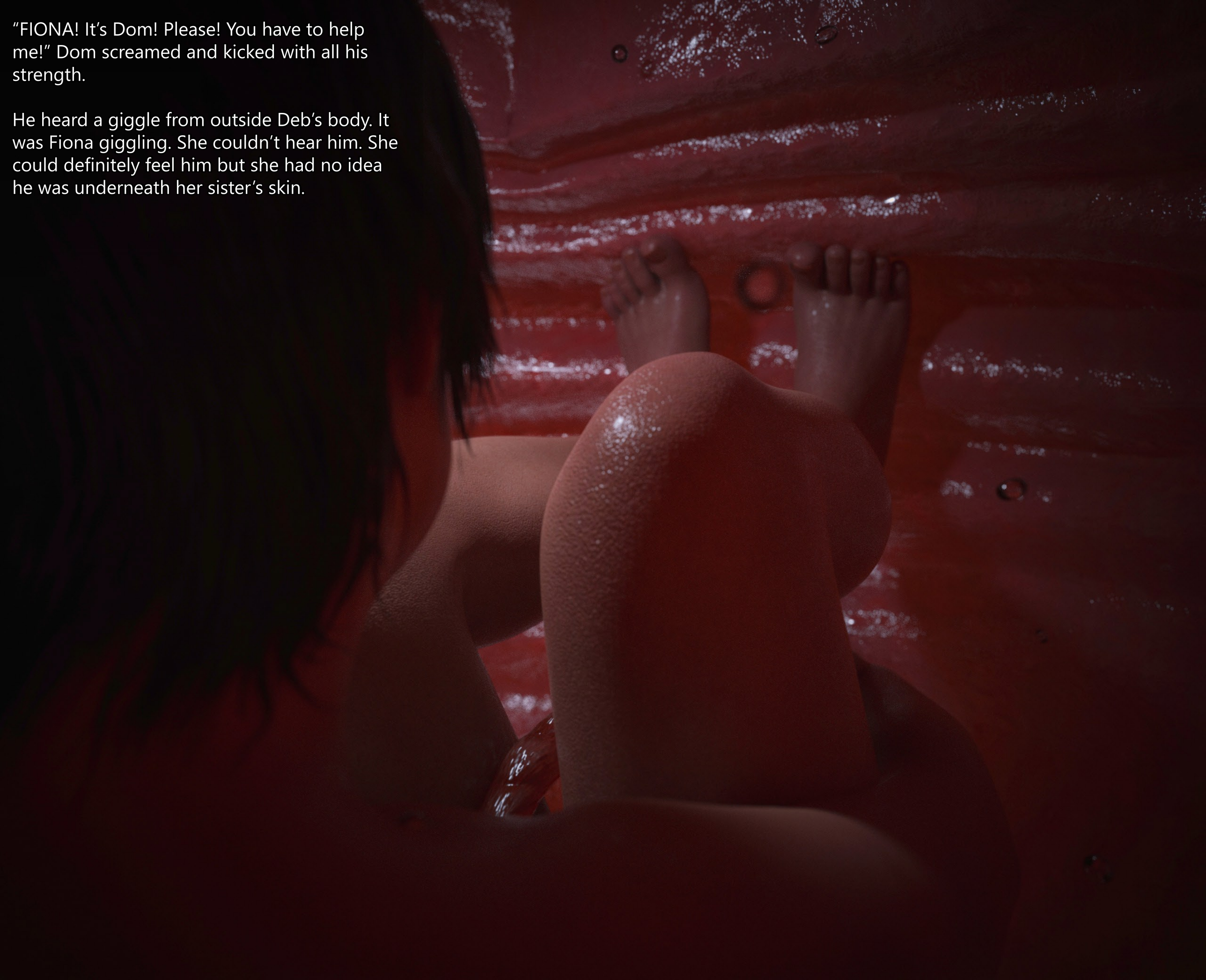
Fiona's eyes lit up with excitement and Deb stood so her sister could feel her tummy. As Fiona watched a large dent appeared on her sister's belly.

"Oh wow! He's a strong boy!" Fiona laughed.

"I just think he's excited to hear your voice." Deb replied.

“FIONA! It’s Dom! Please! You have to help me!” Dom screamed and kicked with all his strength.

He heard a giggle from outside Deb’s body. It was Fiona giggling. She couldn’t hear him. She could definitely feel him but she had no idea he was underneath her sister’s skin.



Nine months after that night in the hotel room, Deb was beginning to feel like she was a whale again. Her back ached, she was exhausted, she constantly had to pee and it felt like Dom was sitting on her colon.

Dom was ready to come back out. It was just a matter of time now. Deb was through with waiting.



Babies always picked the worst possible moment to appear. Deb was sitting in a client review meeting, talking about figures, projections and their upcoming strategy when she felt a stomach ache turn into a full blown contraction.

“Ooooooooh…” Deb groaned and everyone in the room stared at her in shock.

“Deborah? Are you OK?” Her boss asked.

“No…” Deb squeaked. “Could you perhaps drive me to the hospital?”

"ARRRRRRRGH!"

"I know it's sore but try to save your strength, I think this one might take a while..." The midwife said after examining Deb.

"Cut him out of me!" Deb yelled.

The midwife gave her a sympathetic smile. "I'll get you some gas and air."



It was debatable who the birth was worse for. As painful as it was for Deb, it was a terrifying and uncomfortable experience for Dom. The familiar walls that had surrounded him for nine months had collapsed, squeezing him from all sides and forcing him downwards into a hole that was far too small for him.

He felt like he was going to suffocate, except he didn't need to breathe.

"Oh my God...he's so beautiful." Fiona cooed.

"He better be after eighteen hours of labour." Deb grumbled. "But yeah, he's adorable."

"I just want to squeeze him!"

"You can hold him if you like, just don't squeeze him too tight." Deb said.

"Oooooh he's so light." Fiona gasped as she scooped Dom up into her arms.

"He's bigger than Rachel was..." Deb pointed out.

"Shhhh...he's the teeniest man there ever was." Fiona giggled. She rocked Dom from side to side, rousing him from his slumber.

"He's looking at me!" Fiona gasped. "Hey little guy! I'm your auntie Fiona..."



“Fi..Fiona...” Dom’s voice croaked. He was exhausted. He could barely move. His whole body ached from being crushed for hours on end by Deb’s power vaginal muscles. Fiona was holding him now, rocking him. If he could speak to her, she could get him out of here. “Fiona...it’s Dom...please help me...”

“Oh you’re so cute! Yes you are! Yes you are!” She teased him.

“Fiona...please...” Dom pleaded, but it was no use. She couldn’t see him. She didn’t know who he was. The exhaustion and disappointment overwhelmed him. He started to weep.

"Oh...oh dear..." Fiona said, a little disappointed.

"Don't worry. He's just not used to being out in the world yet." Deb reached out to take Dom from her sister. She settled on the sofa with Dom in her arms and pulled her top down. "I know what he needs."

"Please! Fiona, you have to help me!" Dom cried. He was so distraught he didn't even see the nipple until it was already in his mouth. He spluttered, almost choking as milk gushed into his mouth as he was crying.

“That’s better...you just drink up Mommy’s milk. You’ll feel much better.” Deb spoke softly. She pinched Dom’s little foot between a thumb and forefinger, gently massaging it to calm him down.

Dom wanted to scream. He wanted to thrash and kick and yell but he couldn’t. He was just so exhausted. His will was totally broken. Being held next to Deb’s warm, soft breast just made him feel so much more at peace. Her milk was delicious and creamy. He was so hungry, he guzzled it down greedily, despite how much he resented her.

It wasn’t long until his belly was full and Dom had fallen fast asleep.

“Look who’s here! Someone to see you!” Fiona waited at the door bouncing her excited niece on her arm.

“Mommy!” Betty squealed in delight.

“Hey Baby! Look who I’ve got with me! It’s your little brother!” Deb said as she carried Dom in the car seat into his new home. There were going to be a lot of new things for him over the next few days.



"Rachel. This is Dom. He's your baby brother." Deb said.

"Ohmygod hessocute!" Rachel spoke so quickly her words bled together.

"You're Deb's daughter!?" Dom gasped. He knew Deb had a daughter. She should have been about two years old. The person standing in front of him was about the right height, but she was clearly closer to thirty.

"I'm Rachel." The woman grinned. "I'm your big sister."

Deb scooped Dom from the baby seat and set him on the floor. Fiona didn't even react. Whatever magic had bound Dom to Deb made sure Fiona didn't see any out of the ordinary.

Rachel loomed over Dom. She was still tiny compared to the 'adults' but was easily a giant to Dom.

"Keep the hell away from me!" Dom yelled, backing up.

"You...you're scared. Why? I thought you'd be happy here..." Rachel was disappointed.

"Why would I be happy!? Deb stole me! She kept me inside of her for nine months and now I'm trapped like this!" Dom yelled.

Rachel's eyes widened. "You...you didn't ask her to do this!?"

“Hey babies.” A voice from above caused Dom to turn around. Fiona was standing over them. Petite, little Fiona was now towering like a building. “Come on, Mommy says it’s feeding time.”

“No! I need to talk to her!” Dom needed to find out from Betty just what was going on.

Impossibly large hands gripped him around the chest before he could and he was swept up into the air and carried towards Deb. Dom wanted to struggle but tiredness overwhelmed him. Why was he so exhausted all the time?



"Weeee!" Fiona laughed.

"Higher!" Rachel cried. She loved being thrown around. She loved the feeling of rushing upwards before falling back down again, knowing she'd be caught by her ever watchful aunt. Deb was much too cautious to throw her around like this.

That's why fun aunts existed.

"Heyyyyy little guy." Deb smiled as she settled Dom in her lap.

"Don't little guy me! You kidnapped me! Let me go! Change me back!" Dom glared up at Deb as she pulled the strap down on her top.

"Shhhh...never mind that. It's time for your dinner." Deb said.

"Stop this! This isn't..." Dom yawned. "This isn't right...why am I so tried all the fucking time!?"

Deb lined her nipple up with Dom's face. She was so full that milk was already beginning to form on the end of her nipple.

"Dom..." Deb spoke matter of factly. "You're a day old. Of course you're exhausted. You've spent nine months inside of me. You've grown from an egg to a baby. You're going to be tired for a while. If you want to feel better, then eat. You'll get stronger that way."

"Or you could just undo all this..." He said.

Deb smiled patronisingly down at him over the curve of her bosom. "We both know that's not going to happen. Accept the reality in front of you right now, and deal with it."

Deb didn't shove her nipple into his mouth this time. She patiently watched as Dom made up his mind. He was angry and bitter, but Deb was right. He couldn't change his situation, and right now he was hungry and exhausted. The smell of her milk only made his stomach hurt more.

Dom opened his mouth and wrapped his lips around her nipple. He suckled, drawing the rich, creamy liquid into his mouth. He shuddered with delight, it tasted so good. His body was demanding calories and Deb could offer it in abundance.

“There we go. Goooooood boy…” Deb cooed happily as Dom nursed. She felt her chest swell, producing more milk in response to the satisfied little noises he made as he hungrily swallowed her milk down.

Intellectually she knew Dom had been a man before all this. He wasn’t biologically her child. It didn’t matter to her body. Her body KNEW Dom was hers. He’d grown inside her. She’d birthed him, and now her body sustained him.

Deb leaned forwards, relaxing and letting Dom settle against her body. Her breast molded itself around him. She gently massaged his foot as he suckled. He was her baby boy, and she was never letting him go.



“Deb! Deb! DEB!” Dom yelled.

He was ravenously hungry. The last thing he remembered was nursing from her after they’d gotten home. Now it was pitch black and he was in a crib. He could see Deb, sleeping in the distance. There was no way he was going to be able to get to her himself.

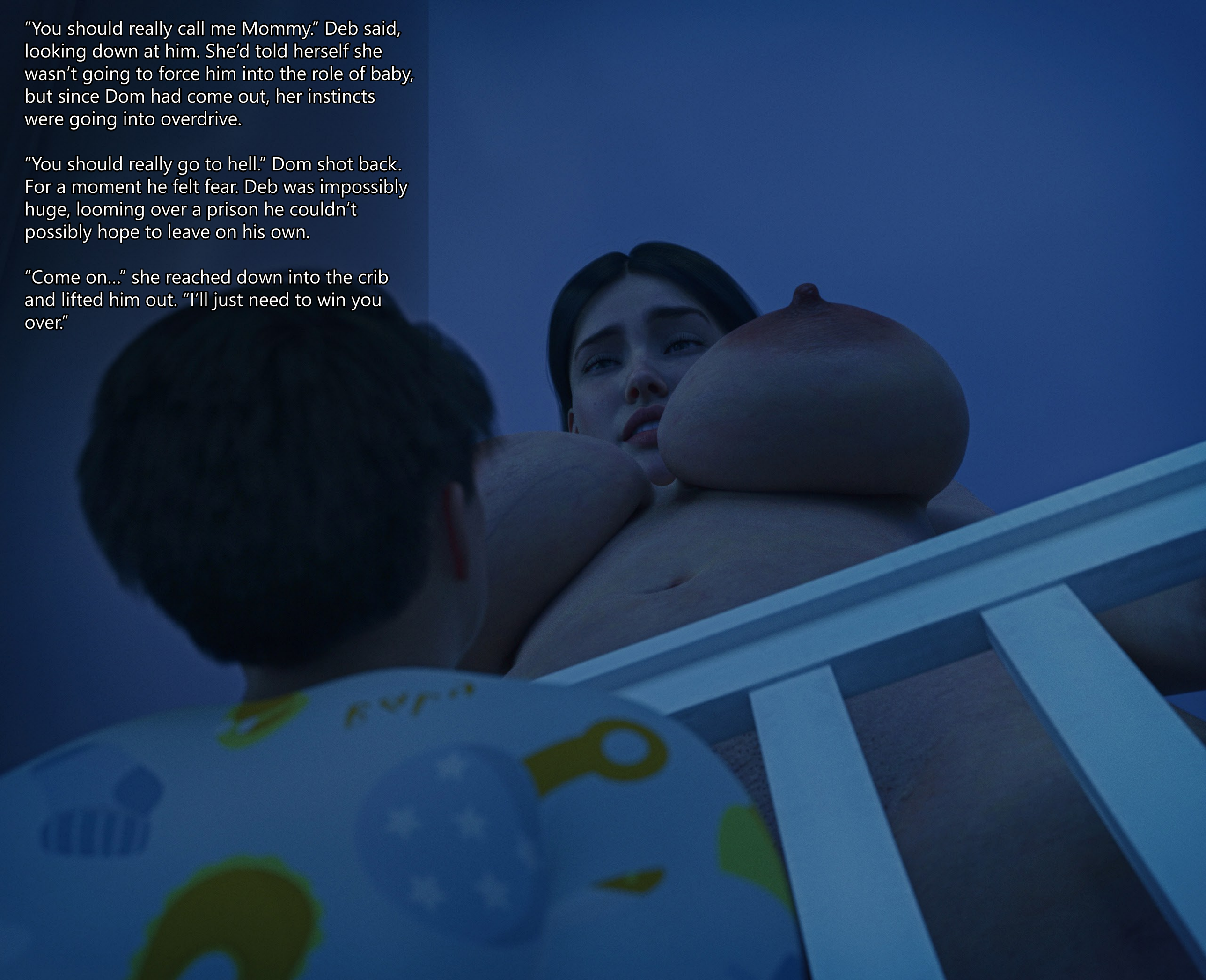
“DEB! WAKE UP!”

“Alright…alright…” Deb yawned.

“You should really call me Mommy.” Deb said, looking down at him. She’d told herself she wasn’t going to force him into the role of baby, but since Dom had come out, her instincts were going into overdrive.

“You should really go to hell.” Dom shot back. For a moment he felt fear. Deb was impossibly huge, looming over a prison he couldn’t possibly hope to leave on his own.

“Come on…” she reached down into the crib and lifted him out. “I’ll just need to win you over.”



Deb lay back down in her bed and let Dom snuggle up against her. For all his resentment he needed her. He wasn't going anywhere. He couldn't even open the door without her.

"There you go. All-you-can-eat buffet ..." Deb said.

Dom grumbled and latched on, starting to feed. He was in too much of a mood to talk back.

"Nighty night ..." Deb yawned and fell back to sleep.

Dom woke feeling surprisingly rested. He was a little hungry, but not ravenous as he'd been the day before. He sat up in bed watching Deb sleep, her enormous chest rising and falling slowly with each breath she took.

Dom's eyes tracked lower to her soft stomach. He'd been inside there just a few days ago. It was hard to believe. There didn't look to be room for him, yet somehow he'd fit. Her body had been his home...his prison for nine months.

His greatest fear was that to escape this nightmare he'd have to go back inside her like he did with Peggy. He didn't think he could cope with months of playing fetus again. Dom shook his head clear of those thoughts and dropped down to the floor.

He needed a distraction. He needed to walk and to think. Deb might wake in minutes or it might be hours. Dom's body clock was totally ruined and he had no idea what time it was. He walked around her room, gazing up at drawers and tables. The world wasn't made for him now. He was too small for all of it.

Inevitably his walk led him to the bedroom.

“I’m not getting out of here, am I?” Dom wasn’t just talking about the room.

Something about this felt different. It didn’t feel like his time with Peggy. It felt more…permanent.

He needed answers.

“DEB! DEB! Come on! Get up!” Dom yelled. He was too small to climb up to the bed so he had to settle for shouting from the floor.

“This is how you’re going to punish me, isn’t it? You’re going to drag me out of bed at the crack of dawn every day, aren’t you?” She yawned, stretching high into the air.

“Or you could let me go.” he replied.

“Hmmpf.” Deb dismissed him.

Deb walked around Dom, towards a chest of drawers. This was the first time Dom had seen her from the floor since he'd been reborn. It had been the first time he'd seen her naked since that night.

She'd clearly changed over the nine months he'd been inside her. Not just that she was now huge. Her stomach and ass had stretch marks where his body had warped hers as he'd grown. Her tits were noticeably larger, veinier and hung lower than he remembered.

She was still hot, just changed by the pregnancy. Hot enough that his dick swelled uncomfortably in his soggy diaper.

"I think I could do with a change..." Dom admitted as Deb dressed.

"Yeah, I probably should have changed you overnight." Deb admitted, turning to look down on Dom now she was finally dressed. He had no control over his bladder at all. Being shrunk and forced to breastfeed was humiliating enough. Needing to wear a diaper took the humiliation to a whole new level.

As he looked up at his towering ex-girlfriend, Dom felt his dick inflate. Deb had always been able to drive him wild. At this size it only magnified the effect. She was giving him a great view of her tits as they stretched out her too small top.

"C'mere," she reached down for him. "Let's go see your sister."



"Mommy!"

"Morning honey." Deb smiled. Dom tried to look around but he was held tightly to Deb's breast. He'd need to wait until Deb was ready until he could get another look at his new 'sister'.

"Is he awake now!? Can we play!?" Betty bounced in her crib, excitedly.

"Soon Baby, soon. First we need to get you two fresh." Deb said.

Dom's padded feet touched the floor as Deb put him down to free her hands.

"Up you come!" Deb lifted Betty high into the air overhead and the little woman laughed.

"Weeeee!" Deb sang and the diapered Amazon touched down on the ground in front of him like a superhero. Before Dom could reach he was rushed, pulled into a bearhug by his new big sister.

"Oh you're just cute!" Betty said, pulling him tight against her.

"Hey...careful. You're going to break something." Dom groaned.

Betty turned to Deb and looked up at her with a well-practiced pleading face. "Can we play now!?"

Deb bent down and picked her up. "Once you're both fresh."

Dom followed behind Deb as she carried Betty to a table and set her down. He'd seen that sort of table before. It was a baby changing station. That was one particular humiliation he thought he'd left behind him.

Having to be stripped out of a onesie with buttons too tight for his fingers to undo, stripped bare from a wet diaper, his ass and balls cleaned with cold wet wipes. After enduring all that he'd be put right back into a diaper and buttoned up again.

Betty didn't seem to find it humiliating at all. She seemed to be enjoying it. Up on the table Dom could hear her laughing and giggling.

"Will you keep still!?" Deb grumbled.

"It tickles!" Betty laughed.

Dom's mind wandered. It was hard to focus on what was happening when Deb's ass hovered high over his head. He may have gotten smaller, but his libido had not. After months imprisoned in a womb, seeing women again was making him incredibly horny.

A loud trumpeting sound from behind almost made Dom leap off the ground. It took him a moment to realise it had come from him. By the time he did both women were looking down at him. Betty was laughing. Deb just looked tired.

“Baby did a fart!” Betty laughed.

“I don’t think that was a fart...” Deb sighed.

Dom looked down at his feet, shame and something else warming him.

Dom felt fingers wrap around his torso and a sudden increase in weight as he rocketed upwards. Deb lifted him up to her face, wanting to confirm what she was dealing with before changing him.

"Oh...oh my that's a bad one..." Deb sniffed, then immediately regretted it.

Dom wanted to tell her that it was her own damn fault. She'd brought this on herself. Instead he just whimpered as humiliation burned his cheeks.

"Ah! Please! Careful of the balls!" Dom pleaded for Deb to stop.

"I know, but it'll sting if you're not cleaned up properly." Deb sounded sympathetic but she kept wiping nonetheless. Dom shuddered as she used a cold wet wipe to push in under his ball sack, then dug into the creases at their base. She'd pinned his legs together high over his head. He said he could do it himself but she just sighed and carried on cleaning him up.

Cleaned up and diapered Dom was carried across the room and set on the floor. Dom found himself looking up at Deb from behind a fence. Behind him was an area filled with toys that all looked about the right size for him or Betty.

“Well, that was a fun start to the day.” Deb said. “I’m going to shower and get dressed. You two can play for a bit.”

“Yay! Finally, I have someone I can play with!” Betty bounced as Deb walked towards the door.

“Come on, let’s have some fun.” Betty took Dom’s hand and tried to pull him along behind her but he pulled himself free.

“Not until you tell me what’s going on here. You sound like you volunteered for this!” Dom said.

“Look, there’s a lot you don’t know. I’ll tell you it all. But I’ve been like this for two years and all I’ve wanted is for someone to share it with.” Betty’s smiley act was gone. Dom could see the loneliness there. “Come on. Play a little. I promise, it really is quite fun if you just try to forget where you are and just enjoy yourself.”

“Fine...” Dom sighed. He could wait a few minutes if it kept her on side.



Playing turned out to be more fun than Dom expected. He was too small and weak to play with the trike or the blocks, but the slide was just right. He could get going pretty fast down the slope. He'd forgotten just how much fun slides were.

They were too small for adults, but even this toddler sized one was more than big enough for them to have fun.

"So she didn't grow until AFTER she shrank you?" Betty asked Dom. Once they had tired out from playing Betty had asked Dom about how he had ended up here. Dom told her what happened. How Peggy had turned him into her baby after trying to make him fall in love with her.

How Deb had found him and forced Peggy to restore him. How he'd been reborn from Peggy then grown back.

How he hadn't been able to adjust to being grown again and how Deb had betrayed him and did this to him.

"It sounds like she totally fucked up the spell. And she totally fucked up undoing it. I think if you'd had sex with her...possibly her and Deb then you'd have been in the clear. The spell needed to be completed. It didn't and you got left in limbo." Betty explained.

"How the hell could you know that?" Dom hit a block with a hammer. He was getting tired and frustrated. He hated how easily that happened now.

"I know more than you think..." Betty sighed. "Let me start at the beginning."

“Back then I was called Rachel, not Betty. I used to work with Deb. I used to be her boss’ boss. One day I found her crying in the break room. She told me how she’d just learned she couldn’t have children. How her husband was going to leave her as he couldn’t give her a baby...”

“I was pretty miserable myself. My life hadn’t gone the way it had wanted to. I’d never seen myself getting into finance. I wanted so much...so much more. My childhood had been a bit miserable...a lot in fact. I don’t want to go into details. I wanted a fresh start. My Grandma had given me this book. She was something of a witch. She said the spells were real. Over time I befriended Deb and I showed her the book. I could be the baby she needed, and she could be the loving mother I always wanted...”

“Did you never wonder why Deb was tall and curvy and her sister was a little stick? The book is why. I told her how to do the spell. The spell turns the caster into a vessel. A vessel capable of absorbing life, and slowly releasing it. That’s how this whole thing works.”

“Deb did the spell and I watched her grow in front of me. From this little slip of a thing, smaller than I was, into this…Goddess. Tall and curvy and every bit the embodiment of motherhood. I’d done little spells from the book before…created gold from air. I never thought something like that would work…but it did…”

“The Deborah you dated was smaller and meeker than the Deb you know now. The spell didn’t just change her, it changed every memory of her. The new Deb wasn’t just taller and curvier. She was more confident too. She knew what she wanted, and she knew how to get it.”

“I was so nervous. I felt like backing out of it, but she kissed me. She held me to her as we made out, drawing us both to orgasm. When it was done, she pressed her breast to my face…She coaxed me into doing it. I was so scared, I wouldn’t have been able to go through with it without her. The old Deb would never have had the confidence to do that.”

“The world just…faded away as I drank. I’m sure you know what it was like. You’ve been there when the milk just blacks you out. When I woke up I was tiny. Totally helpless and now dependent on her. I was her baby now. Not truly hers, but as far as the world was concerned I was. There was one more step to make it real.”

“This is where Peggy freaked out and just…stopped, leaving you stuck. The final step to complete the spell was to be reborn from the vessel. So that’s what I did. Deb offered to do it for me, but I wanted to do it myself. It was me making a choice to leave my old life behind and start again. Deb got on all fours and I forced myself inside of her. I didn’t need to force much. Once I’d gotten my arms inside, her body practically devoured me.”

“It was the most incredible experience of my life. Of both my lives. Her vagina pulled me into her, like a reverse birth. Her cervix opened and pulled me inside, head first. I wish I could go back to savour it. Just how incredible it felt to become unborn. One moment I’d been out in my old life, then I was totally surrounded by Deb’s body.”

"I told you the spell turned Deb into a Vessel. My life was absorbed into her. I went back to being a cell, starting life from zero again. It's what I had wanted for so long, it was incredible to actually be there. To be surrounded by cells that gently hugged my body. A body that was now connected to hers. Fed by her and given life by her. I had given her my essence and she in return gave me a new life."

“I’ll admit the novelty did wear off. Once I’d done enough backflips and swam around as far as the chord would let me, there wasn’t a lot to do. The boredom at that size was maddening. Nothing from the outside world got in. No sound or light. Once I was bigger it was better. I could hear her talking to me. Hear people talking to her. Even if I was running out of room, at least I could feel the world beyond her womb.”

"I came out and she named me Betty. I hadn't planned on changing my name, but I liked it. She did it for John. It was his mother's name. It was like he knew I wasn't his. He never bonded with me. I think it was why he left. Deb didn't mind too much. Not this new Deb. She had me to love and it was all that mattered. It was perfect."

“I loved that first year with her. I loved being pressed to her breast with her nipple filling my mouth, even if it was too thick and made my jaw ache. I loved nursing from her as she sang me lullabies and stroked my hair. I had wanted to start again. I had wanted a new mother. That’s exactly who she was to me. Who she is.”

“Here is where things get tricky…Time did its thing and moved on. I grew. That was what I wanted. That was supposed to happen. The spell isn’t a love spell like Peggy thought. It’s not a baby making spell like you think. It’s a life giving spell. While I grew older, Deb didn’t. She won’t age until I’m done growing up…and neither will you Dom…”

"WHAT!?" Dom shrieked.

"If the person wants to live forever, they just keep absorbing new lives. That's how it works. One by one those lives grow up. One by one. I will grow up over the next sixteen years, then it'll be your turn."

"No...no...there has to be a way out. A way to reverse the spell." He panicked. He begged. He was desperate.

Betty shook her head. "Not the way Deb did it. It's already playing out. Deb is the best mom I could ask for. She'll be the best for her too. You're her little boy, and my baby brother. The best you can do is make the most of it and try to enjoy starting again."

“It’s not true! Tell me it’s not true! I’m going to be stuck like this for sixteen years! I’m not going to grow!?” Dom yelled up at Deb. She looked down on him, effortlessly leaning over the bars of his prison.

“It was the only way to protect Fiona, Dom.” she said.

“No!” Dom screamed. “No! You need to fix this!”

“Come on now, you’re getting a little overwrought.” Deb spoke softly. She bent down, scooping Dom up before he could run.

"No! You can't do this to me! You can't! I'm a man! Goddammit, I'm a man!" Dom was screaming, his anger quickly turning to floods of tears and grief.

"Shhhh..." Deb hummed softly and stroked his foot as she settled onto the sofa. "It's alright Dom. It's OK. Mommy's got you. Mommy's got you."

"No! This isn't right!" Dom screamed. Deb kept the same calm smile on her face and slid the strap of her top down until her left breast was free.

"It's OK Baby. Mommy will take good care of you. Mommy will always take good care of you." Deb was laying it on thick now. Dom knew the truth now. She was telling him to accept it in the way her instincts told her to.

What was worse? It was working ...

Dom screamed more, fighting the overwhelming urge to give into her. Deb was just so big, so soft, so warm. He wanted to be next to her, but he hated her. She had robbed of him of his life. She'd turned him into a crying, screaming, pissing, helpless baby.

He hated her.

He needed her.

He opened his mouth to scream. Before a sound could come out Dom's mouth was filled, his jaw pressed wide as her nipple filled his face. Warm, thick milk flowed into his mouth and down his throat. He tried to fight it. He spluttered and coughed as he fought not to swallow.

"Shhhh…shhh…" Deb whispered. "Mommy's right here. Mommy has you."

Dom gave in. He wasn't strong enough to fight her anymore. Her tit pressed down his face, spreading out to bury half his head in her breast. He started to suckle, shuddering at how delicious her milk tasted to him. How could he win against her? How could he ever have hoped to have won?

“Gooood Baby. Goooood Dommy.” Deb cooed as Dom drank. “You are my baby Dom. I grew you in my tummy. I carried you and brought you into this world. You’re mine, now and always. I will take the best care of you. You will be loved, and you will love me. My precious little boy...”

Something inside Dom was still screaming. As he looked up the gargantuan swell of breast over him to Deb’s smiling face, it started to calm. He could feel his stomach getting warmer and warmer as her milk filled him.

Dom focused on that. Her milk was the only thing that could make him feel better. Far away he could hear Deb singing. Singing to him. His eyelids felt heavy. He tried to keep them open just for a moment, but it was too much.

The world drifted away, and Dom quietly and contentedly fell asleep.

In the end, it was Betty who saved Dom from lapsing into bitterness.

She showed him how good his new life could be if he just embraced it. No work, no responsibility, no worries. Deb would take care of everything for him. All that was left was for him to enjoy himself. She showed him all the fun to be had now he was less than two feet tall.

So he did.

They played together, all the time. Often to Deb's annoyance.

"How can you be bouncing around this early!? You were up most of the night feeding!?" Deb groaned, shoving her head under the pillow.

They became inseparable. Since Betty had been reborn all she'd wanted was a sibling. Now she had a little brother to share her life with and to have fun with. She grew to love him very quickly.

Dom loved her in return. Their days were filled with laughter, cuddling and mischief. It made Deb's heart swell to see how happy they were together.

“BEEP BEEP! Coming through!” Betty screamed.

“Whoa!” Fiona hopped out of the way at the last minute as a red streak came careering past her feet.

“It looks like those two are getting along well.” She laughed.

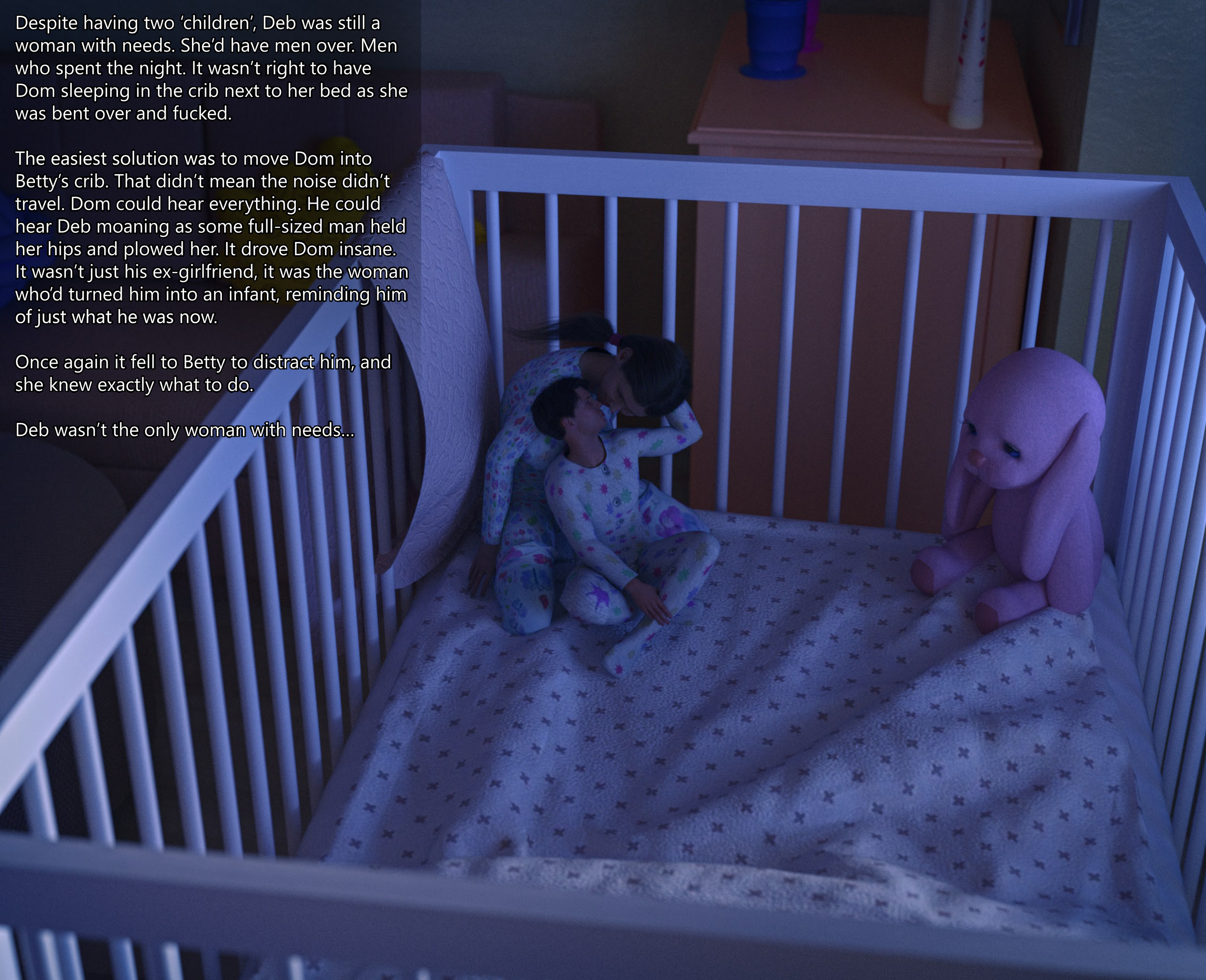
“Oh yeah.” Deb smiled back. “Perhaps a little too well!”

Despite having two ‘children’, Deb was still a woman with needs. She’d have men over. Men who spent the night. It wasn’t right to have Dom sleeping in the crib next to her bed as she was bent over and fucked.

The easiest solution was to move Dom into Betty’s crib. That didn’t mean the noise didn’t travel. Dom could hear everything. He could hear Deb moaning as some full-sized man held her hips and plowed her. It drove Dom insane. It wasn’t just his ex-girlfriend, it was the woman who’d turned him into an infant, reminding him of just what he was now.

Once again it fell to Betty to distract him, and she knew exactly what to do.

Deb wasn’t the only woman with needs…



While Dom was too small to undo the buttons on his onesie or to pull the tabs from his diaper, Betty wasn't. His cock was a little too small, and he had a bit of trouble reaching her, but with a little help and the right position Betty could get all that she needed from him.

Dom definitely wasn't going to complain. Spending a large chunk of the day with his face glued to a tit left him with swollen, aching balls. Any chance he got to empty his balls he was more than happy to take.

Pinky the Bunny decided it was best not to offer an opinion on their bedtime activities.

Deb was less than amused when she found out. She knew both Betty and Dom still had needs. She just didn't think they would act on them with each other. She sighed, realising it was another duty she would have to add to her list.

As well as keeping Dom fed, clean and safe, she would need to keep him from getting too horny around his big 'sister' too.

“Haha! Dommy has a boner!” Betty teased. “Dommy has a boner!”

“Hey! We’re naked! You’re all wet! It just happens!” Dom replied defensively.

Better sidled closer, rubbing her chest. “You wanna poke me with it, huh?”

“Nope! Back up!” Deb ordered, she quickly wiped up so she could keep a direct eye on the two of them. Any time they were naked together this would happen. Deb really needed to deal with it.

“Mmmppphhh…” Dom moaned. This happened every single morning now. Deb would strip him from his diaper, clean him up and press her engorged tit into his face until he was almost choking on her milk.

“Oh that’s a good boy. Does Mommy’s little baby like that?” Deb’s voice was patronising and sweet. She was gently massaging his cock between a thumb and forefinger. Dom's legs twitched in delight. She was squeezing him so tight he was finding it hard to cum, but it felt incredible.

Deb could see Dom's legs twitching and feel him wriggling in her grip. He was desperate to cum.

"Oh my poor boy. He needs to cum so bad." Deb teased. "Say my name Baby. Make Mommy happy and she'll make you happy."

"M...mommy..." Dom groaned as Deb released her tit from his face.

"Who's a good little boy!?" Deb cheered. She adjusted her grip on Dom's cock, gently massaging the tip instead and Dom instantly exploded, shooting cum through the air. It was yet another thing she had to clean up, but if this worked she hoped Dom would only ever get turned on by her after a while.

"There we go! Does Mommy's special little boy feel better now?" Deb asked. Dom had hated the baby talk at first, but he was starting to come around to it.

If Deb had a choice she'd stay at home with her kids forever. Unfortunately she needed to eat and a mortgage to pay. Maternity leave didn't last forever. Dom was still so young, he needed her to feed him. At least he was placid so she could take him anywhere in the baby carrier.

"Cappuccino for … Deb?" The barista said and Deb nodded it was hers.

"He's so cute." The Barista leaned around to look at Dom. "So tiny and sweet. You wish they'd stay that way forever."

"I think this one might." Deb smirked.



This was far from Dom's first time in a baby carrier, but it was his first time with Deb. As she walked along, supping at her coffee, Dom was bounced in rhythm with her chest. It was impossible for him not to stare.

The deep chasm of cleavage in front of him was so inviting. He wanted to bury his face in it. Then his stomach rumbled. He could smell her milk from here. He could feel it too, sloshing around in her tits. His presence next to her chest sent the milkers into overdrive.

His rock hard cock was pressing painfully into his diaper. He needed to distract himself.



“Mommy?” Dom looked up to Deb.

“Yes Baby?” Deb replied.

“Where are we going?”

Deb smiled at him. She’d been wondering when he’d ask that. “Mommy has to go back to work baby. But don’t worry. You’re going to come with me.”

“Oh he’s just so adorable!” Melissa squeaked.

“Oh hello…” Dom made happy noises as he stared up at busty blonde. He liked her, and she clearly liked him.

“You must be so happy. Congratulations.” Jen from Projects said.

“I am, he’s the perfect little boy.” Deb said.

Dom thrust himself out towards the blonde, lifting his arms.

“OH! Can I hold him?” Melissa immediately responded to Dom’s advances.

“Sure.” Deb unstrapped Dom and lifted him from the carrier. “I need to go say hi to the boss.”



"OhmyGod he's so teeeeny!" Melissa squeaked as she cuddled Dom to her substantial chest. Dom could tell she wasn't used to holding someone this size. He was awkwardly pressed to her tit. Not that he was going to object.

"You are not teeny." Dom observed. He also noticed that her dress was entirely held together by a small zip. Buttons he couldn't manage. Zips on the other hand...

"HA!" Jen laughed. "I guess he's hungry."

"Gah! Deb! You need to feed your child!" Melissa yelped.



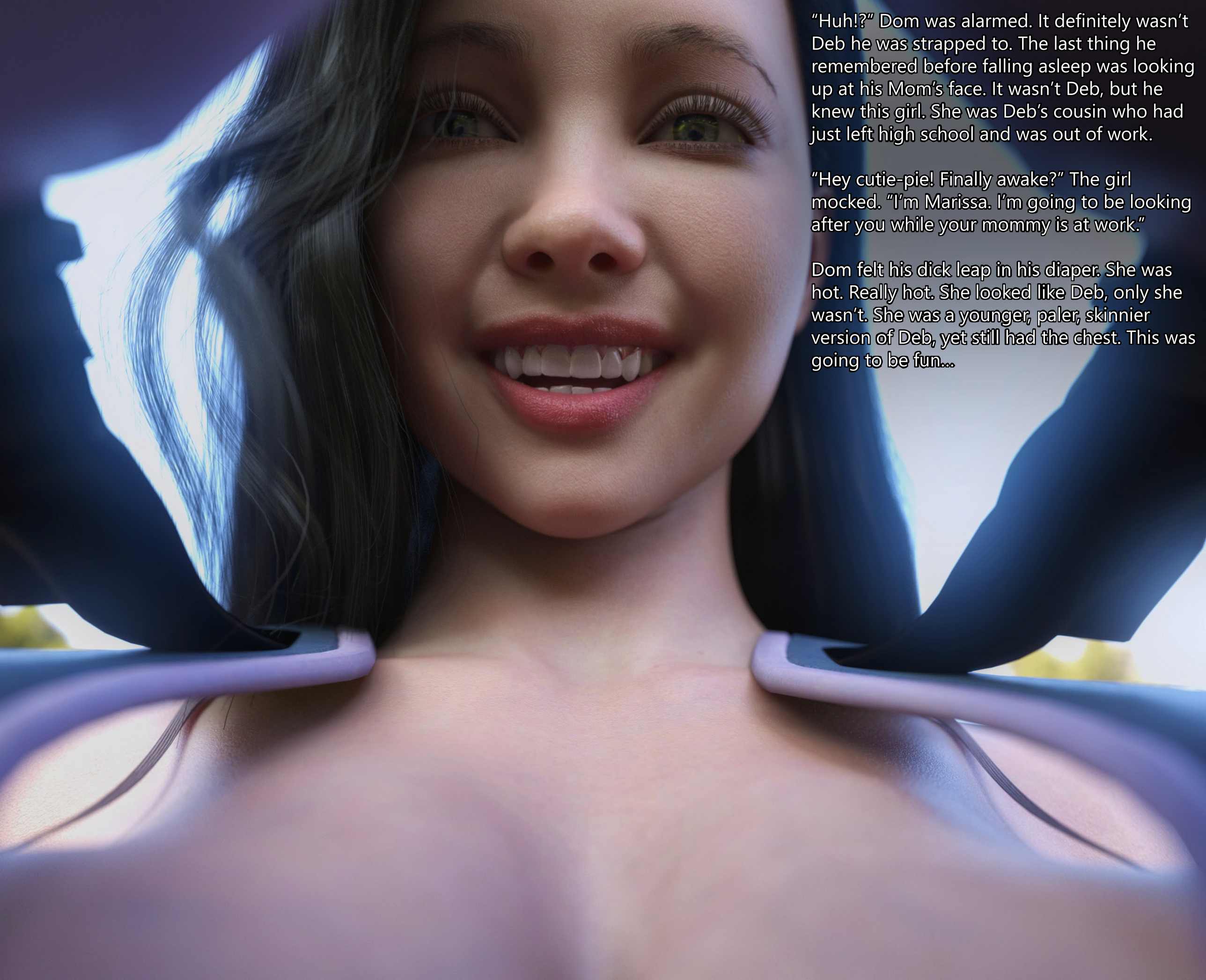
Time continued to march on, the world moving with it. Everyone, including Betty, got a little older. Not Dom or Deb though. They stayed the same. The spell holding them in place until Betty grew up.

A year on from Dom's birth and he was still the size of a newborn. Still too small to go anywhere on his own and still strapped to Deb's chest when they went out for walks. Betty was too big for the stroller now. She was able to walk on her own.

Though she made it very clear that she'd rather swap places with Dom.

Waking up while bouncing along, staring into a deep abyss of cleavage was pretty standard for Dom. The motion of walking, combined with the heat from Deb's body was more than enough to gently rock him to sleep.

This cleavage wasn't the cleavage he was expecting. Dom had spent a year now, feeding from Deb and becoming intimately familiar with every square inch of her breasts. He was being carried along by someone else.



“Huh!?” Dom was alarmed. It definitely wasn’t Deb he was strapped to. The last thing he remembered before falling asleep was looking up at his Mom’s face. It wasn’t Deb, but he knew this girl. She was Deb’s cousin who had just left high school and was out of work.

“Hey cutie-pie! Finally awake?” The girl mocked. “I’m Marissa. I’m going to be looking after you while your mommy is at work.”

Dom felt his dick leap in his diaper. She was hot. Really hot. She looked like Deb, only she wasn’t. She was a younger, paler, skinnier version of Deb, yet still had the chest. This was going to be fun...

It turned out Marissa wasn't as fun as Dom had hoped. She was less interested in him and more interested in boys her own age. That being around nineteen years old instead of nineteen days old as Marissa saw him. At no point did she see Dom for the man in his thirties that he really was.

Instead of playing with Dom, Marissa would spend a lot of their time together texting, while he played in the playpen on the floor.

She did give him a hell of a view though. He was torn between wanting to cum all over her tits, and wanting to suck them dry. He doubted she had anything in them though.



"That little fella really wants into your dress."

"I know right?" Marissa laughed. "He's just hungry. I'll feed him soon."

One advantage of being seen as a baby by Marissa was she didn't care when he pawed at her tits. To her he was just hungry. Technically he was, just not for milk. Being around her made Dom insanely horny. Constantly having his erect dick crushed against his diaper made him desperate for relief.

After spending most of the morning looking up at her underboob, or pressed to her huge, perky boobs, bouncing along as Marissa went out with friends, Dom was ready to burst by the time hisfirst diaper change rolled around.

All it would take for Dom to explode was the briefest touch from her finger as she wiped him clean with a baby wipe. That and the heavenly view down her top.

Much to Dom's bitter disappointment Marissa did not make her own milk. He wanted nothing more than to hump her boob as he sucked on her sweet titty juice.

He had to make do with formula, or if he was lucky, reheated milk that Deb had pumped for him. Still, he did get a pretty epic view of Marissa's cleavage while she fed him. If only Dom could keep himself awake...

As the years went by Betty grew more and more while Dom stayed stuck at the size of a newborn. She outgrew the stroller, she outgrew the diapers and she outgrew her crib.

Betty always promised that she would never outgrow him but Dom was always afraid it would happen. She was the only one who understood what life was like for him. She was the only other person in the world he could play with and interact with on the same level.

Sooner or later, Betty would grow up.



“Very good honey! You got it! Deb cheered on Betty as she twisted her fork in the pasta, twirling it around and then lifting it to her mouth without dropping any. It might not sound impressive, but given the size of the fork and how clumsy Betty was, it was an accomplishment.

Dom could only watch on with envy as Betty chewed her food. Real food. The best Dom got was bland paste. He enjoyed breastmilk but it got a little samey when he ate it eight times a day.

"OHMIGOD! OHMIGOD! I LOVE IT! I LOVE IT!" Betty yelped as she bounced over and over atop her new bed.

The old nursery was gone. Betty was too big to sleep in a crib. She was too big for a playpen. She wasn't a baby anymore. She was starting school and needed a proper room. Dom now had a playpen in the living room but nowhere else to call his own. His crib still shared Deb's room as it had for years now.

"What do you think little bro? Does my ass look better in panties or a diaper?" Betty teased him.

Her ass was perfectly at his eye-level now and Betty loved to tease him with it. Dom didn't mind too much. His whole life was filled with tits being pressed into his face. It was nice to be taunted with an ass once in a while.



"Three feet eight inches." Deb said. "You're shooting up now!"

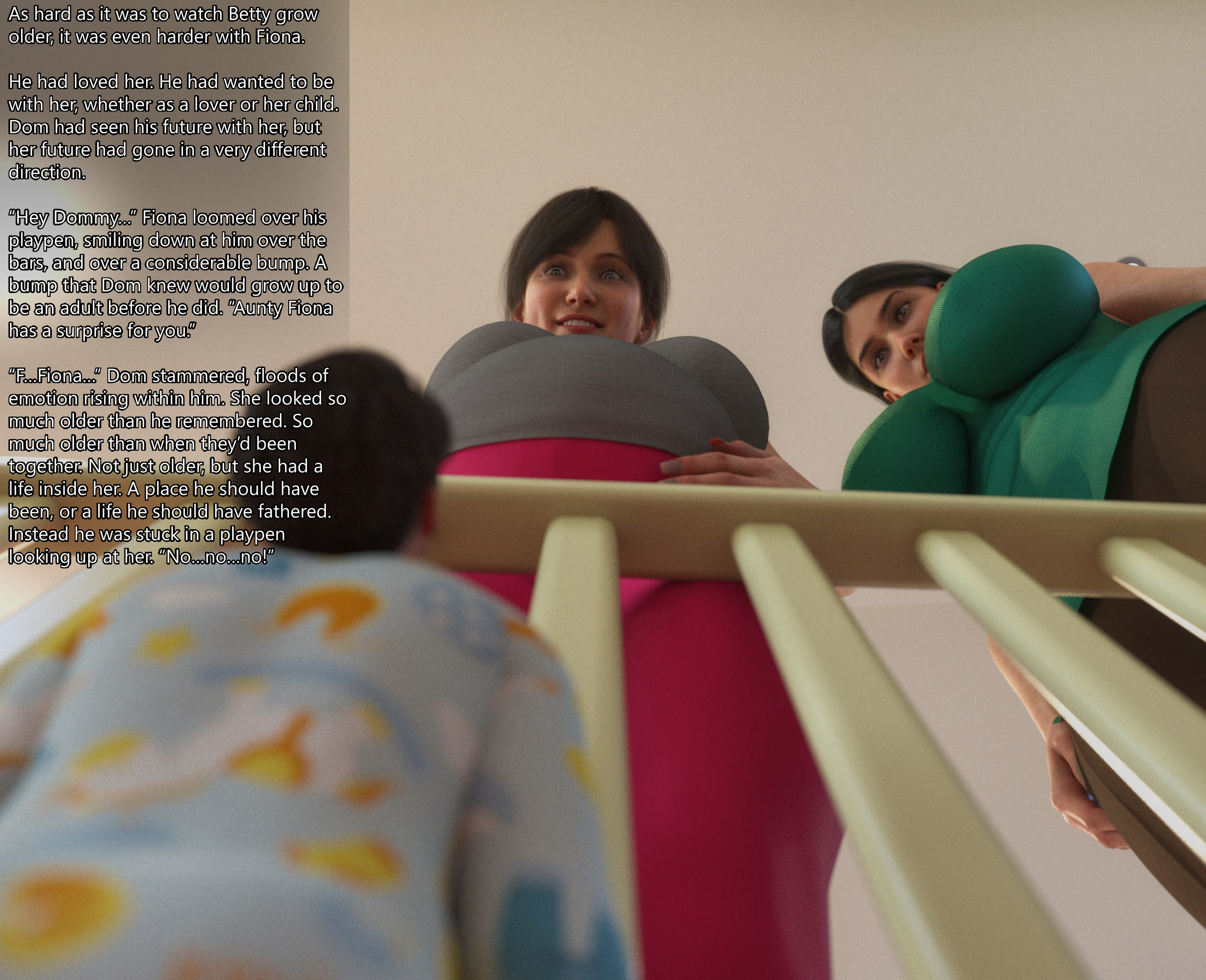
Four years on from when Dom had been reborn, Betty was now at school and growing further and further away from him. She still loved him, and played with him but she had friends now. She was out of the house most of the day, either at school or with friends. Their time together as siblings who played on the floor together was now long gone.

As hard as it was to watch Betty grow older, it was even harder with Fiona.

He had loved her. He had wanted to be with her, whether as a lover or her child. Dom had seen his future with her, but her future had gone in a very different direction.

"Hey Dommy..." Fiona loomed over his playpen, smiling down at him over the bars, and over a considerable bump. A bump that Dom knew would grow up to be an adult before he did. "Aunty Fiona has a surprise for you."

"F...Fiona..." Dom stammered, floods of emotion rising within him. She looked so much older than he remembered. So much older than when they'd been together. Not just older, but she had a life inside her. A place he should have been, or a life he should have fathered. Instead he was stuck in a playpen looking up at her. "No...no...no!"



“Oh no don’t cry!” Fiona couldn’t believe how upset he was. She reached into the crib and picked Dom up to cuddle him. “She’d never seen him this upset before.”

“It should have been me! It should have been me Fiona!” Dom wailed.

“What’s wrong with him?” Fiona asked her sister. Dom was always so happy to her.

“I think he’s a little jealous.” Deb reassured her. He’s missed you. She glanced down at her sister’s full looking chest. “Why don’t you try feeding him? I’m sure that would make him feel better.”

“No! Please Deb! Don’t make me do that! It's too much!!” Dom wailed.



“Shhhh…” Deb hushed him as Fiona settled herself on the soda. It was hard to get comfortable with her massive belly. Eventually she found an angle where she could lie Dom across her tummy and bring him to her nipple. “It’s OK Dommy. I promise you it’s alright. Auntie Fiona will make it all better.”

“Does this look OK?” Fiona asked nervously. She’d never done this before. She’d never even felt her milk come in before.

“It’s fine.” Deb laughed. “Just pull him into you.”

Dom was too weak to fight her. She cupped his head to her chest, pressing her nipple into his mouth. Dom immediately choked on milk as thick as cream. Fiona pressed his head deep into her soft boob flesh and the flow picked up.

He had loved her, and now she was forcing him to suckle from her, oblivious to who he was. He hated it. He loathed himself, but he loved her. He loved her milk. He stopped screaming and started to nurse, the sweet milk calming him as it warmed his belly. It didn’t take long for Dom to fall asleep.

“This is incredible. He’s really going for it. I’m feeding him…” Fiona stared in wonder.

“He loves you.” Deb said. “You’ll always be his special lady.”

“How was school honey?”

“Good!” Betty was running along beside Deb, bouncing and skipping. Dom wished he could run with her. He was too small to keep up. He still tired easily after just a couple of minutes of running. He couldn't even walk with them, he was that small.

“Great! I’m top of the class in pretty much everything. The other kids are so dumb.” Betty did a twirl and then hopped up on the grass.

“Gee, it’s not like you’ve not got a little bit of an advantage.” Deb rolled her eyes.

“Hey little bro! Miss me?” Betty had just gotten home from school.

Betty absolutely towered over Dom now. From his perspective she looked like every other adult around. It had been well over a decade since Dom had been born for the third time. Betty was well into her teens.

Betty had changed with the years. Her body wasn‘t just bigger, it was longer and leaner. Her moods were that of a teenager’s too. She still loved to taunt him. Betty was very aware of the view she was giving Dom with her crop top, and of how much it would frustrate him.



Fifteen years Dom had been trapped at the size of a newborn. Fifteen years of watching his big ‘sister’ get bigger and bigger and bigger. She was long and skinny now, her body changing to make her real self align with how the world saw her. Physically she now looked closer to twenty than to thirty.

That was in spite of the amount of junk food she devoured. Dom wished that he could still fuck her. Deb had banned it years ago, but when the mood had taken her Betty would decide she was Rachel again and it was her choice.

Dom was just too small for her now. All he could do was admire the view.

Though as Betty grew towards adulthood once more, her independence started to assert itself. Rachel was gone, but Betty wasn't a child anymore. She could see that taunting Dom was wrong. He had needs. He needed the sexual release that any man needed. It was cruel to deny him that.

With her mother out and Dom left in her care, Betty sat her little 'brother' down in a bouncer so he could watch while she did her daily yoga. She could feel Dom's eyes on her. Betty giggled as she heard his diaper rustling as he ground his cock against the lining, hoping for some release.

“Enjoy the show little bro?”

“Ya know, it’s just cruel doing that. I’m still a man. I know I’m a foot and a half tall and in a diaper but I’m still a man. You of all people should know that.” Dom sulked.

“Oh, is my baby bro bitter?” Betty giggled and lifted him out of the bouncer. “How about we get this diaper off?”

“Ooooh…urgh…ooooooh…” Dom groaned.

“Hey! Keep still! I’ll drop you!” Betty laughed. She was trying to support Dom with one hand and jack him off with the other. It was harder than it sounded. His cock was so small now. Barely thicker than her finger.

She felt Dom’s body tense, then his cock twitch. It had barely taken a minute to make him cum. “Ha! Nice squirt bro. I guess you really needed that.”

“Urrrghh…” Dom slumped forwards and Betty cuddled him into her. “I really did…”

"You know you can always come home whenever you like. If you want a nice meal or to stay in your bed..."

"Mooooommmmm! Please! I'm a woman with two lifetimes of schooling and a pile of experience under my belt. I'll be fine. I'll be more than fine. I got to grow up right...because of you. You...you gave me what I needed the most. Now I'm ready to face the world." Betty rarely got emotional, but Dom could hear it in her voice.

Betty was leaving. She was an adult now. The world saw her as a young woman. It was time for her to start her life out in the world.

“Don’t go! You can’t go!” Dom wailed. He’d spent the last sixteen years with Betty as his big sister. Now she was leaving him.

“Ooooh don’t cry! You’re going to make me cry!” It was too late for that. Tears were already running down Betty’s cheeks. ”I have to go. You can’t grow up until I go.” she said.

“I don’t care. I’ll stay like this if it means you stay.”

Betty smiled and kissed him on the forehead. “I’ll be back to see you. I promise. I can take you out to do fun things Mom won’t do. OK?”

Dom sniffed and nodded.

“I love you little brother.”

“Morning Baby…” Deb looked down into the crib where Dom was starting to wake. It wasn’t often she woke him, but the day before had been emotional and exhausting for the little guy.

It was the morning after Betty had left.

Rubbing the sleep from his eyes and slowly pushing himself to his feet Dom looked up at Deb. After all the years with her she was still beautiful. He'd hated once, but not anymore. Now he couldn't imagine his life without her.

"Morning Mom." He said.

Deb smiled and lifted Dom out of the crib.

“Weeeeee!” She said playfully and shot Dom up into the sky like a rocket. “You are so damn cute, you know that?”

Dom looked down at Deb. Even after all these years, it was still incredible to be held twenty feet off the ground, looking down on a body he’d spent nine months inside of.

“Hungry?” Deb asked. “I’m pretty swollen after yesterday. Does Baby want to make Mommy feel better?”

Dom nodded. He was pretty hungry. He was always hungry.

Deb sat, bringing him to her breast and Dom latched on, pressing his face into her breast, guzzling down her milk. Deb couldn't help but smile at the cute little noises he made.

“Congratulations.” she said, stroking Dom’s foot. “You’re officially growing up.”

With a ‘pop’ Dom released Deb’s nipple and looked up at her. “Can we...can we not? I just want to enjoy being with you.”

"Sure." Deb nodded. She felt her chest swell with love as Dom went back to nursing from her. She loved him. She loved him more than anything, and he loved her in return. She stroked his foot as he went back to making satisfied gulping noises at her breast.

"Mommy's precious little man..."

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