

**THE
BUSTY
BARISTA**
BY OHH



Peggy loved seeing Dom come in every day. Over the numerous little conversations that she had with him every day, she had grown to harbor a little bit of a crush on him.

She was small, but she knew how to use it to her advantage. She knew guys liked to feel like 'The Big Man', and being under five foot helped with that, but it didn't seem to work with Dom. He'd flirt back with her and be genuinely interested in her and what she had to say.

...But it wasn't in the way she was looking for.





"I swear to God! I thought it was a cat! And then I thought 'cats don't have bald tails' so I looked again and it was a rat! A rat the size of a big ass cat! I shit you not!"

It didn't matter how inane, stupid or fanciful Dom's stories could be. Peggy hung on his every word. He was everything she wanted in a guy. Funny, handsome and pretty tall. Best of all, they just clicked. He even smelled hot to her, but it seemed that the attraction only went one way.



It didn't stop them from being good friends though. Dom enjoyed hanging out with Peggy so much that he'd pop in to her cafe even on his days off. He had a salary and a contract, but she was a small business owner. She didn't have the luxury of getting a day off. It only made Peggy want him more. They'd been friends for years and she'd dropped all the hints. She had practically thrown herself at him, but he never seemed to take the bait. She had started to believe that maybe she wasn't his type.



She'd see him walking past with girls occasionally. They were everything she wasn't; tall, blonde and with tits and ass that she could only dream of. She knew she was cute. She could get a guy that afternoon if she wanted. But she didn't want just any guy. She wanted Dom.

If she was going to have him, she'd have to change herself.

"Holy crap Peggy!?" Dom said as he walked into the coffee shop. "I go on holiday for two weeks, come back and you...you..."

"I grew up a bit?" Peggy grinned, leaning forward to show off several inches of deep cleavage.

"Yeah, well... I wouldn't use those words exactly. What the hell happened to you?" He said, struggling to keep eye contact.

Peggy shrugged, allowing her ample tits to jiggle and smirked as Dom's eyes dropped helplessly downwards.



"I changed pill, so hormones maybe? Who knows... Maybe it's magic." She smiled innocently.

"You must...uhhh...be getting a lot of attention from guys, eh?" Dom stammered, pulling his eyes back upwards.

That wouldn't do. Peggy braced her arms behind her back and thrust her chest out. Her breasts weighed a tonne now, so she couldn't keep it up for long, but it was worth it for the stupefied look on his face. "Oh yeah, I did pretty well before, but now guys are throwing themselves at me. Coffee?"

"Huh?" he replied. "Oh yeah, right, coffee! Sure!"



Dom sat down and Peggy started brewing. She could feel his eyes on her, watching her every move as she worked. He'd never paid this much attention to her before and he'd certainly never been this quiet either. She made sure to bend over just a little bit further than normal, shaking her chest just a bit more than was necessary. She wanted to make sure his eyes stayed fixed on her.

"Enjoying the view?" she asked with a smirk as she brought him his coffee.

"Sorry, It's really hard not to stare..."

"Mhmmm... Don't worry, I don't mind. Drink up, you can watch while I work some more."



"Gotta say Peggy, I missed your coffee while I was away. No one makes it as creamy as you do." He said.

"Here, have one to go." Peggy said setting a take away cup down firmly. It was deliberate, to draw his eyes back to her swollen bosom once more.

"So... got any hot dates?" Dom asked.

Peggy smiled and leaned down low, giving Dom and good, long look. "Not yet.."

"How about a drink later then? After work?"

She smiled. Her plan was working like a charm. "Sure. See you then!"





They went out after work. Peggy had to close up shop a little bit early, but neither of them wanted to wait around. They had dinner and a few drinks afterwards. Peggy wasn't sure if it was the alcohol or her chest but they were getting on better than ever.

It wasn't even nine o'clock before she decided she wanted to move it along.

"Hey, the drinks here are kinda expensive, and it's not like my margins are great. You want to continue this at my place?" she suggested.

She didn't need to ask twice.



"This is one of the nerdiest book collections I've ever seen." Dom chuckled as he leafed through her shelves back in her small apartment. "And I work with some top nerds."

"I invite you back to my place and the first thing you do is insult me?!" Peggy gasped with mock outrage

"Well, I came here to drink but I still don't see a glass in my hand.." he replied with a cocky smirk. They both had an idea of where this was going. Only one of them would be exactly right.




"I actually had something else in mind." Peggy said, looming so close over Dom that the undersides of her breasts now obscured her face.

"Oh?" he said, looking up and enjoying the view she'd given him. "And what was that?"

Saying nothing, Peggy popped a button on her shirt, and then another, each one coming undone with more ease than the last. The straining buttons had been fighting against her enormous chest all day, and the rest practically popped open with only the slightest touch.

"Fuck me..." Dom swore, his mind going to the first appropriate swear words it could find.

Peggy smiled, satisfied. "That's what I was going to say."



It all became a blur after that.

Their lips locked.

Their hands wandered over and under clothes.

Clothes fell to the floor.

It wasn't long before petite Peggy's prodigious chest was pressing into Dom's stomach and she was holding his swollen dick in her hand.

"I really want your cock in my mouth..." she said, breaking their kiss.

Dom's brows went up. He hadn't expected that. "Well... I aim to please!"

Dom usually preferred his women to be as tall as he was, but he had to admit there was something hot about watching tiny Peggy trying to fit his sizeable cock in her mouth. She couldn't even wrap her fingers around it. Everything about her was tiny.

Except her tits of course, which were now satisfyingly squished between her arms as she bobbed her head up and down on the tip of his dick.

Dom was so turned on from watching Peggy flaunt her new figure in her little red dress and spending all day dreaming about this moment it didn't take long until he groaned and fired the biggest load he'd achieved in a long time into her mouth.

It took her by surprise. Peggy wasn't into swallowing and would usually tap out by this point. But she needed to swallow all of him if he was going to be hers forever. Dom's load was thick and filled her mouth, almost overflowing when the next spurt came before she could swallow.

She found the rhythm, swallowing each burst of cum as it came, so thick she could feel it running down her throat.





Dom groaned loudly as he came over and over again into Peggy. He was pleasantly surprised at her enthusiasm, swallowing every drop of cum that came out of him. As she was still licking and sucking, Dom began to feel very strange. It started as dizziness, which quickly became exhaustion. It was like he'd just fired his very being into her.

He collapsed on to the sofa, totally spent.

"You look like you enjoyed that..." Peggy said, wiping the last of his cum off her lips.

"Uh...huh..." was all Dom could muster in response.

"Awww...you look exhausted." Peggy said and sat on the sofa beside him and gently guided his head down into her lap. "There we go, isn't that better?"

Dom's head shuffled up and down in a sleepy nod. His eyes were already closing and his head lolling backwards.

"Hey, don't fall asleep on me yet!" Peggy said. She massaged his semi-erect dick back to life and hauled his head up to her chest. "I am too damn small to hold your big-ass head."



Dom felt something tickling at his lips. He opened his eyes and looked up, realising Peggy's boob was right in front of his face.

"Whaaa..." he started, but was cut off as she pressed her nipple between his open lips and cupped a palm to the back of his head.

"Shhhh..." she hushed him softly. "I promised you a drink, didn't I?"

Dom was momentarily confused, but then he felt it. A sweet liquid dripping on to his tongue. He swallowed reflexively and more came out as he did, flowing thicker and thicker. It was like warm, sweet cream and made him feel relaxed and secure.

He swallowed one mouthful, then another, and another...

"There we go...that's it..." Peggy said, encouraging Dom now he'd found his flow.



Peggy relaxed as Dom drank. It was weird at first, breastfeeding her crush, but she knew she had to do it if this was going to work. Her swollen, milk-filled tits had been aching full for days. A ninety pound girl wasn't meant to be carrying around F-cups. But now that the milk was flowing she felt lighter, as if she could feel the weight of the milk draining out of her.

"That's weird..." she thought. It wasn't just her tits getting lighter. Dom's head was getting lighter. She could also wrap her fingers all the way around his cock. "I couldn't do that before..."





Dom continued to suckle greedily from her tit, swallowing mouthful after mouthful of milk from her breast. With each swallow he took he seemed to grow a little lighter in Peggy's lap; his dick that little bit smaller; his head a bit easier to hold.

Suddenly it became horrifyingly obvious. Dom was getting smaller.

"Dom...Dom...you have to stop..." she said and tried to unlatch him but he refused. He just kept drinking and shrinking.

"Oh shit...shit, shit, shit..." Peggy muttered and kept pumping his dick because she had no idea what else to do. He wouldn't stop drinking, and what's more she sort of didn't want him to stop.



"Am...am I growing?" Peggy gasped. It wasn't just Dom that seemed to be getting smaller. She could feel the fabric of the sofa shifting under her. Where her toes had just about made it to the floor her feet were now pressed flat to the floor supporting Dom's weight.

"Definitely! I'm bigger!" she said. "And he's still getting smaller..."

Dom moaned as he drank, and Peggy felt his member twitch as he fired off another load. His dick was barely as long as her palm now.

"Ok, now would be a good time to stop..." she suggested



Dom didn't stop shrinking. He kept drinking, his cheeks growing ever more bloated as he remained tightly latched on to her nipple. He was now straining to reach her and leaning ever higher to reach her breast.

"I know I shouldn't..." Peggy said and slipped a hand under Dom's bottom and lifted him off the sofa. He felt so light in her hand. She was torn. She wanted the big, strong Dom she'd fallen for, but she also loved having him here, totally focused on her.



Peggy lifted Dom higher and higher as he continued to dwindle in her grip. Even with one hand supporting his rear he was now so small she needed to use her other hand to lift his head high enough to remain latched.

"Well I... I suppose this isn't all bad..." she said.

She felt a swell of love and affection for the little man as she looked down at his little face, his mouth barely wrapping around her nipple. His head was now dwarfed by the breast he was suckling from.

"He's like a little baby..." Peggy whispered. "My baby..."



"Dom...Dom...are you ever going to wake up?" Peggy said. She was getting worried now. After feeding from her until his stomach was swollen with her milk, he finally let go of her nipple and passed out unconscious.

That was twelve hours ago and he'd shown no signs of stirring ever since. She'd managed to fret, worry, shower, admire her new form and sleep all without Dom moving other than to breathe.

"Dom...hey sweetie. Are you going to wake up?" Peggy cooed down at the little man as he showed his first signs of stirring.

Dom was exhausted. His whole body felt tired and worn out, like he'd spent the night before drinking whiskey then doing an assault course. Through his sleep-hazed vision he could see Peggy standing over him.

And a fence...why was there a fence?






Dom shakily got to his feet, feeling some of the sleep starting to fade from his mind. He expected to rise up to be looking down on Peggy. He expected to rise up beyond the bars of the side of the bed he was sleeping in.

But he didn't.

"Ah! What the hell is happening!?" he panicked, realising that something was very, very wrong. He was standing up and Peggy still loomed large over him. She had to be twenty feet tall at least. And the bed...it wasn't a bed. It appeared to be an enormous crib. "Peggy! What is this? Why is everything so big?!"



"Well I... I sort of...accidentally...shrank you..." Peggy said with a little bit of nervousness in her voice. She had expected to be terrified of admitting that to him, but seeing him standing there in his crib so little and cute just melted her.

"You shrank me!? How the hell do you accidentally shrink someone!?" He shouted. "Why am I in a crib!? Are you kidnapping me!? Did you plan this!?"

"What!? No!" she replied incredulously. "Just relax, I'll try to explain..."

"Ok...I'm listening..." he said, trying to calm down. He realised that he didn't have much of a choice anyway. Peggy was enormous compared to him. And he doubted he could make it out of the crib without her help.

"I like you..." she blushed. "Like, really like you... but you never seemed to notice. So I cast a spell I found in a book. It was stupid... I didn't think it would work, but... well, then I grew these... these boobs!" She explained, palming a sizeable breast in each hand. "It was at that point that I knew it was for real, and it said that it would make you need me, but I didn't think it would mean like this!"

"A spell... You mean like magic?" he asked.

"I know! I knew it was stupid, but I was desperate! So I followed what the spell said I should do, How I should swallow your seed then feed you from my breast to make you need me. I thought it would make you want to be with me, not make you into a baby sized man..."



"And I'm supposed to believe you didn't plan all this? Why do you have a crib in your apartment? And is this a diaper you put on me!? Dom said, his frustrations starting to boil over.

"Shhhh...shhhh..." she softly shushed him while reaching into the cot, wrapping her hands around his torso and then lifting him up out of the cot. "Calm down. It's alright, I promise." Peggy couldn't help herself. She couldn't bear seeing the little man upset and just had to calm him down. "I need you to relax. Can you do that for me Dom?"

Dom wanted to shout at her, but something about all of this, her gentle tone, how patient she was being with him, instinctively he began to calm down, "Well, Alright..."

"Good boy." she said cheerily. "I'm going to set you on the floor..."



Dom felt his feet touch the wood and craned his neck backwards to meet Peggy's gaze. She was big. Really big...really...really big. Standing this close to her he could barely see her face under the swell of her breasts. He was barely as tall as her knees. He was tiny compared to her.

"How...how small did you make me?" he stammered.

"To answer your second question, I put you in a diaper because you drank a lot and passed out. I couldn't wake you up and I didn't want you wetting yourself." she said in a calm voice that hid the voice screaming inside her to pick him up again.

"But why do you even have diapers!?" he whined.

"That's just it...I don't!" she said with a shrug. "All this stuff, the diapers, the crib, the rest, it just sort of...appeared."



“What the hell does that even mean!?” he shouted, stamping a foot in frustration.

Peggy put on a pained face to suppress the giggle she felt. Laughing at him wouldn't help. She shouldn't even find that funny, this was serious. She stepped round him, needing to distract him, and herself.

“It means just that, one second my place was normal, then it was filled with baby stuff. It's not new either. It's like it's always been here. Like reality has changed...” she said and reached into a drawer and pulling out a tape measure.”



"What...what's that for?" he asked as Peggy loomed large over him once more before dropping to her knees.

"For measuring you, silly. Now stand up straight." she instructed and set the tape against her little man's back. "This is the one question I can actually give you a definite answer on."

Peggy gave a sharp intake of breath. Dom could tell she was delaying telling him. He knew he was small, just how small...

"Twenty one inches..." Peggy said.



"I'm not even two feet tall!?" Dom gasped.

"You're the size of a baby." Peggy said and stood up. It was dizzying watching her stand. Dom couldn't quite tell given his new perspective, but Peggy looked different as well. She didn't look petite any more, but fuller and curvy. "And it's not just that you're tiny and my apartment is full of baby stuff. The past has changed as well. Like, reality has changed."

"I...I just don't get it. You're going to have to spell this out for me." Dom said, feeling frustration at his lack of understanding.





"My friends have been texting me asking how the baby is. Friends I've known for a decade who know I'm single and don't have a baby..." Peggy said tapping on her phone. "So I went back through my old social media posts. Sure enough, there are now pictures of me pregnant and pictures of me holding a baby..."

"But you've never had a baby..." Dom said.

"The baby is you Dom..." Peggy said and held the phone up Dom.

"But...but...how?" he said. "That never happened!"

"I know, but there's hundreds of these!" Peggy said, swiping through pictures of her and 'baby Dom'.

"What the hell!?" Dom shouted as Peggy stopped on a picture of him feeding from her breast. "You posted a picture of me drinking your milk!? Take it down! Take it down now!"

"That's just it! I didn't. Reality has changed. And the rest of the world doesn't seem to see a baby-sized man. Just a baby."

"So, let me get this straight. You used some magic to make me like you. Sucked me off, then got me to drink your milk. Now the universe has erased me from existence and made me into your baby?" Dom said.





"In a nutshell...yes..." she said.

"Oh God...My life is over." Dom said and hit his head off the door frame.

"I'm really sorry Dom. I didn't want this to happen! I wanted you, but I wanted you bigger than me and able to fuck me and..." she trailed off. "Look, I can try and find a way to break the spell. Get you back to normal. Then we can forget about this, ok?"

"Ok..." he said, still braced against the door frame.

"How about I make us a nice breakfast? You must be starving, you've been asleep for so long. That'll make you feel better." Peggy said, desperate to do something to alter the trajectory their relationship was going in.



"Ok." He said, "Some food might make me feel better. Then we can talk about fixing this mess."

"Sure! Let me get started!" Peggy said, happy to be able to do something to cheer Dom up. The idea of him being sad now made her sad.

Dom couldn't help but watch Peggy as she walked across the room into the kitchen. She had gotten as hot as she had big. It wasn't just Peggy that had grown though. Everything in her apartment had gone from modest the night before, to enormous now.

He surveyed his new home, realising just how helpless he really was. He was too small to open doors or reach light switches. He couldn't climb up on to the sofa by himself, or even use the toilet without Peggy's help.

As the delicious smell of breakfast wafted into the living room, Dom wandered around her home. Everything was just so damn big. The worktops and cupboards in the kitchen were all well out of his reach. He was going to have to depend on Peggy to make his food for him.

Then there were also reminders of how the universe saw him.

“There's no way she's getting me in there...” Dom said as he stared in through the bars of the baby pen. He hadn't played with toys like these for more than three decades.





"Ready!" Peggy chirped, cheerily wandering over to the table carrying a plate. "Bacon, eggs and toast ok?"

"Smells delicious!" Dom said, sounding happy for the first time that day. His stomach was now rumbling furiously, ready to take in as much oversized bacon as it could.

"You'll have to sit in the high chair though. I'm not sure you can reach the table..." Peggy said gingerly, not wanting to hurt his feelings.

"As long as I get to eat, I don't care." Dom replied.

"Oh, looks like you're going to need a hand into your chair." Peggy said, realising that Dom was far too tiny to stand a chance of reaching his high chair himself. "Here we go..."

"Wait...Peggy...no..." Dom spluttered but it didn't matter.

Peggy bent down, her huge, round tits rolling forwards and threatening to break free of her top.

"Weeee!" Peggy laughed as she lifted him high into the air and dropped him into the high chair. "There you go. Now you can eat."



"Bacon and eggs..." Dom drooled. Peggy had cooked them just how he liked them and they smelled delicious. He was ravenous after being asleep for so long. "Breakfast of kings."

"And on the plus side now that you're quarter-size the bacon is so much bigger!" Peggy said, sitting down with her own plate. "I hope you don't mind, but I gave you two of the smaller pieces and kept the bigger ones for myself."

"I'd say you need it more..." Dom said. "No knife and fork for me?"

"You're a bit small, and apparently the universe didn't see fit to give you scaled ones. Are you gonna be alright if I let you eat it with your hands?" Peggy asked.

"I'd eat it with a straw right now if I had to..." Dom said, eyeing the steaming strip of meat.



Dom's mouth watered as he lifted the delicious smelling, over-sized slice of bacon to his mouth. He bit into it, ready to savour the first taste but something wasn't right.

It looked like bacon.

It smelled like bacon.

It tasted like bleach.

"Eewww! Yuck! Is this bacon off!?" He spat, trying to get the taste out of his mouth.

"Mine's ok..." Peggy said. "Try something else."





Dom tried some crumbs from the toast and dipping a finger in the egg. Both tasted just as rancid as the bacon. Either Peggy was trying to poison him or the universe was trying to screw with him again.

“Dammit! I’m starving! I can’t eat this! What the hell am I going to do!”

Dom’s words triggered a physical response in Peggy, one she wasn’t expecting. She felt the weight in her chest increase, her breasts filling and growing heavier. She stood up and lifted a swollen breast from her bra. Her breast was so full that a droplet of milk formed at the end of her nipple. It grew larger and larger until it was too big to support itself and fell to the floor.

Dom felt his stomach rumble once more.


“I think I have all you need to eat right here.” she said.

Peggy lifted a squirming Dom out of his high chair, struggling against her grasp.

"Calm down Dom. You said it yourself, you haven't eaten for almost half a day. It's been a big day for you. You need to eat to keep your strength up." she said, laying him across one arm and supporting his head with her hand. It felt natural having him there at her breast. She knew at that moment this was exactly what Dom needed.

"I'm not drinking your milk Peggy! This is insane! We can try other things! Fruit or something!?" He protested.






"Now Dom, don't be so silly. You've already drank my milk before and liked it. You need to accept that right now you're basically a little baby. And what do little baby's need? Their Mommy's milk. And the universe has made me your Mommy." Peggy said and lifted the engorged boob towards him, leaving the nipple just above his face.

"I am not a baby! You're not my mother!" Dom shouted, pushing the hefty breast away from him with all his might. It turned out not to be very much might. "I'm not drinking your milk! I'm not."

"Come on ba...I mean Dom. It's just milk. You've had it before. Just open wide and drink..." she said.



"No! I'm not your baby! This is humiliating! I'm not drinking your..." Dom was getting ready to go on one hell of a rant. Peggy could see he wasn't going to see reason. Since his mouth was already wide open mid-yell, it was easy for her to guide his mouth to her nipple and force it inside.

He struggled but it was useless. He was far too small to resist. Peggy could feel her milk had let down, and was now dripping into Dom's mouth, but he was still stubbornly refusing to swallow. She gently used her hand to knead her breast and squeezed out jets of milk into his mouth. He was now so filled with milk it was running down his cheeks. Dom had no choice but to swallow.

As he swallowed, Peggy's breast reacted and filled his mouth with yet more milk. Dom knew he was beaten. What's more, he found that he quite enjoyed the flavour of Peggy's rich, thick milk. It was basically like how he liked his coffee.

Except there was no coffee.

Peggy kept pumping her breast every few seconds, filling Dom's mouth with more milk for him to swallow until it became apparent that Dom was now drinking on his own. She let him feed for another minute, feeling his body relax in her arms before using a finger to break his mouth's seal around her nipple. "See, that wasn't so bad, was it?" she said.

"It's humiliating..." he said, trying to look annoyed. "But yeah you're right. It's all I can eat, it seems."

"Would you like some more?" Peggy asked.

"Yeah..." Dom admitted, feeling a little ashamed of himself for giving in. "Though can we try a different position? That one hurts my neck."



Peggy settled into her chair, getting herself comfortable and settling Dom into place.

"How's that?" she asked, setting him against her breast. She felt a shiver of satisfaction go up her spine. She was literally cradling his little bottom in her hands and supporting his body with her arm. It was perfect how right he was for her now, how right she was for him.

"Yeah this is better." he said. "Still embarrassing though..."

"Don't think of it like that. You always did like big boobs. Now you have a reason."

Peggy's chest rose, feeling pride and joy at helping her little man get over his insecurities. She pushed her breast right up against Dom's face, his tiny, little face no larger than her areola.





"Heh...I suppose when you put it like that I've always had a thing for really big boobs. Getting to play with boobs as big as I am is kinda cool!" Dom said. Now that he was thinking about it, it was hot... Really hot. Her tits were almost as big as he was. Now he was even more annoyed about the diaper she had on him. He really wanted to jack off right now.

A droplet of milk formed on the end of Peggy's nipple. He looked up at her face to see she was barely containing the urge to squish his head into her breast. His boner started to die. She didn't see him as a sexual partner. She saw him like she'd see a little, lost kitten.

He tried to block out how she actually saw him. What he now was.



His stomach grumbled loudly, betraying him.

Peggy giggled, causing the mammoth breast to shake and the droplet to fall away. It was soon followed up by more, ready for him to drink. "Ohhh is my little man hungry? Go on, tuck in!"

Dom wanted to tell her to go to hell, but he really was hungry. Fighting her would just get him force fed again. He could smell her milk now, lingering on her breast. It really did smell delicious. His body was screaming at him to drink, compelled like an addiction.

He opened his mouth, wrapped his lips around her nipple and let her rich milk roll over his tongue and down into his belly.

Peggy watched him, feeling her heart swell as Dom started to nurse from her. She could feel his little mouth sucking and drawing milk from her, swallowing very few seconds. He needed her. He literally now needed her to live. He depended on her body to sustain him now. The spell she had cast had been very, very literal indeed.

He needed her. The realisation made her chest inflate even further, and Dom stopped sucking as milk was now flowing freely into his mouth.

She turned back to the table, being careful not to disturb Dom.

"Well, I am eating for two..." she said and speared Dom's bacon and started to eat that along with her own breakfast.



Peggy happily munched her way through her double sized breakfast, surprising herself with just how easily she was able to finish it. She wasn't a petite little girl any more, she was a tall, broad, full-figured woman now. And she was a breastfeeding mother. Her body needed the extra calories.

She was surprised to see that Dom was still drinking at a steady pace as she finished off the last slice of toast. She could see that Dom's tummy was swollen and rounded now, but he was still swallowing mouthful after mouthful.

"My, he's a hungry boy," she said to herself and picked up her phone. She wasn't quite sure how long she would be there, and she had no desire to make him finish before he was ready.





Peggy sent some messages, checked her email and her bank balance, then spent some time scrolling through news sites.

The peace was finally broken when Dom let out a large gasp then fell backwards against her arm. He was asleep.

"Awww! That's adorable!" she cooed and stroked his chest as he slept peacefully. "Is little baby drunk on Mommy's milk?"

She knew that would annoy him if Dom heard her talking like that, but she didn't care. She had Dom in her arms. Her little baby Dom. Nothing could spoil this moment.



And then something did.

There was a smell. Just a hint at first but it quickly grew worse. It was like a fart. A particularly strong and acrid smelling fart.

"Wh...what's that smell?" she asked, sniffing the air, realising it got stronger as she got lower.

She lifted the unconscious Dom up to her face. He didn't even stir. She had to support his unconscious body as she held him up to her nose.

"Ewwww!" she shouted, almost gagging as she sniffed his bottom. Peggy had forgotten this part. What goes in, must come out.



"There! All better!" Peggy said far too cheerfully.

It had been the most humiliating experience of Dom's life. He'd woken from a sleep he didn't remember falling into to find Peggy standing over him changing his diaper.

His soiled diaper...

"Oh don't look so glum. We all do it!" Peggy said, her tone still far too perky for the situation.

"Yes, in toilets..." he sighed.

"And this is why you were wearing a diaper." she said.




"I'm a grown man! I shouldn't need diapers!" he shouted.

"Ohhh is my baby mad at himself for going poopy?" she said in a mocking voice and booped him on the nose.

"Knock it off! I'm not your goddamn baby!" he protested, glaring daggers at her.

"I dunno Dom. You passed out drinking my milky-milk, now I've changed your stinky bum-bum and I'm running you a bathy-wathy." she said, stepping the condescension up a notch. "You sure seem like a baby to me."



Since he'd woken up Peggy had changed. This morning she'd been apologetic and made an attempt at treating him like an adult, but now she had gone into full blown Mommy mode. He needed to snap her out of it.

"Maybe if my baby is cranky he just needs another feed?" Peggy suggested and Dom's eyes fell to the two massive mammaries she was pushing together.

"I'll be good..." he said quietly, admitting defeat.

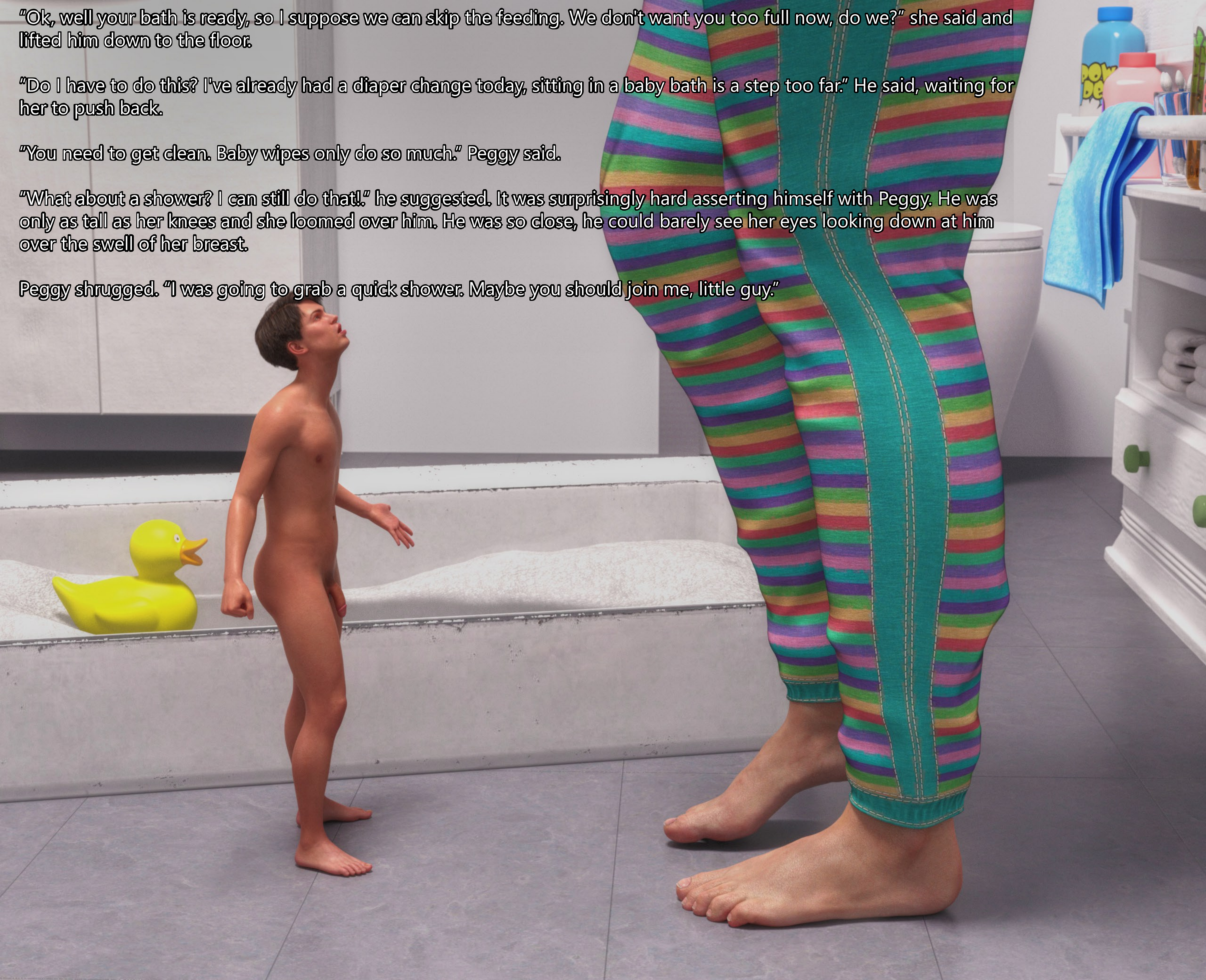
"Ok, well your bath is ready, so I suppose we can skip the feeding. We don't want you too full now, do we?" she said and lifted him down to the floor.

"Do I have to do this? I've already had a diaper change today, sitting in a baby bath is a step too far." He said, waiting for her to push back.

"You need to get clean. Baby wipes only do so much." Peggy said.

"What about a shower? I can still do that!" he suggested. It was surprisingly hard asserting himself with Peggy. He was only as tall as her knees and she loomed over him. He was so close, he could barely see her eyes looking down at him over the swell of her breast.

Peggy shrugged. "I was going to grab a quick shower. Maybe you should join me, little guy."





Dom was ready for a fight but it never came. He was ready to get angry and protest his right to make decisions for himself but she'd agreed with him and it had taken the wind out of his sails.

She stepped away from him and into the shower, turning the water on, allowing it to warm up while she got undressed.

It was shocking just how different she looked from the night before. Dom knew he'd gotten smaller but he was almost certain Peggy had grown as well. And not only grown, she'd filled out. Her spindly little legs and slim hips were gone, replaced with thick shins and full thighs that stretched up to a full, round behind.

She would have been quite the sight to witness from his old perspective.

Peggy gingerly checked the temperature of the water, making sure it was right before stepping into the shower. "Ooooooh that's nice." she said as she stepped under the water, letting it flow over her head and down her body.

Dom could only stare, rapt by the sight of the towering, full figured beauty washing herself in front of him. It was a world away from his life yesterday, and while today had been humiliating it certainly had its perks.

"Well are you coming in or not?" she asked. "I'm letting all the heat out."

"Sorry!" Dom yelped and scurried in under the shower.



Peggy closed the door as Dom entered. He was grateful for that, he hadn't realised how chilly he'd been standing naked on the bathroom floor. Now that he was smaller he didn't seem to retain heat as well. The water was a little cooler than he liked too. It was likely much warmer up by Peggy's head, but by the time it reached him it had cooled.

He looked up, hoping to get her attention. Instead it was she who got his attention.

"What a view..." he said, admiring her full, water covered rear end and thick legs. Between them he could just make out the slip of her pussy. After everything he'd been through over the last day he still hadn't had anything more than a blowjob.

He'd need to ask her about that.

"Hey Peggy! Can you turn the heat up?" He shouted up.



"Oh sorry baby! Are you cold?" she asked, looking down at him over her ridiculously large rack.

"Yeah, I guess I don't retain heat like I used to. And the water isn't that warm by the time it reaches me." Dom said.

"I'll turn the heat up then. Does my big boy need help washing?" she asked.

"No I can do it myself." he said, immediately regretting not asking for her to soap him up. He could have used her help with his raging hard on.

"Ok, be sure to wash behind your ears." she smiled and started washing herself.

Dom forgot all about washing himself. He was far too focused on watching Peggy soap herself up and rub her hands all over her body.

"Damn do I want to do that to her..."



Dom's hand fell to his cock and he started to gently stroke it as he watched Peggy massage soap into her skin and rinse it off. He'd totally forgotten about washing himself. He just wanted to watch her.

"God she's amazing..." Dom whispered as he stroked himself. He'd never seen a better figure on a woman right in front of him. He'd never seen tits that full and bouncy before. It was cruel making him look up at them from knee height so far out of reach. "I want to fuck her so badly it hurts..."



"All finished?" Peggy said, looking down at Dom who was clutching his dick. She turned off the water and Dom felt the chill hit him immediately. "Were you jacking off instead of washing?"

"Sorry Peggy, you're just so hot. And I'm really horny. Do you think we could fuck? After all we've been through, we still haven't fucked." Dom said, sounding more than a little whiny.

Peggy looked at him, thinking for a moment and then burst out laughing.

"What!?" Dom protested, hurt by her laughter.

"Oh sweetie, I'm sorry but look at you. You're just so tiny. I couldn't fuck you. It wouldn't be right. You wouldn't be able to get into me. And I wouldn't feel anything. It just wouldn't work..." Peggy said as she grabbed a towel and started to dry herself. "Now dry yourself off."

She dropped a towel on Dom and he was swallowed by it. Peggy started to laugh again. "Awww! That's so cute!"





Peggy took pity on Dom and knelt down to dry him off. He was far too small to even deal with a simple towel by himself.

"There, all dry." she said and lifted the towel off Dom and placed it on the rack to dry. She then turned back to him and scooped him up under the arms and deposited him back on top of the changing table.

"You hang tight there while Mommy finishes getting herself dried." she smiled sweetly.

"Stop talking like that! You're not my mother!" he protested.

She ignored him and went back to drying herself and brushing her hair. Doing the only thing that he really could, Dom masturbated in protest of her emasculation of him. The sight of her huge tits jiggling as she buffeted herself dry was one of the hottest things Dom had ever seen, but he was still far too annoyed to cum.

"I hope you're almost finished playing with yourself there mister."
Peggy said approaching the changing table. Even standing on top of
the table Peggy still towered over Dom. She reached into the table and
pulled something out. "Because it's diapey time!"

Dom stood staring slack-jawed at the diaper. "No! No way! Not a
chance! I'm a grown man! I am not wearing a diaper!"

"Now, now Dommy, I won't have any tantrums from you. You've
already done one stinky today. Until you show you can be a big boy
and hold it in you're going to wear a diaper." Peggy said firmly.

"But..."

"No butts baby. Lie down while I change you." she said.





"No! I'm a grown man not a..." he shouted but was cut off as Peggy swept his legs out from under him, cupped a hand beneath his rear and dropped him on to the mat. She held his heels together and slid the diaper under his ass.


Then she paused.

"Hmmm...your stiff little pee-pee is going to make getting your diaper on hard. Do you want Mommy to take care of this?" she cooed.

"Just leave me alone!" He cried.

"It's ok baby, Mommy will look after you." Peggy said and pinned Dom down with one hand.

With the other she pinched his aching cock between her thumb and forefinger and started to rub.

A woman with long black hair and red lipstick is smiling and looking down at a small figure in a shower stall. She is shirtless and has her hands on her breasts. The background shows a shower stall with a glass door and a shower head.

Dom tried to struggle but it was useless. Peggy was pinning him with just a single hand. He was losing control of his legs as her pleasurable touch made him twitch and spasm. She slowly and firmly worked his shaft, running her fingers up and down the length as if trying to squeeze the cum up out of his dick.

“That's it baby...it's going to be alright. Mommy knows what to do. Mommy will take care of you.” Peggy said.

She could feel her breasts starting to swell with milk again as Dom squirmed in pleasure under her grip. He was just so adorably small and cute. It had been a mistake accidentally making Dom into a baby, but the more time she spent with Dom like this the more she loved pretending to be his Mommy.

She wasn't sure she wanted to pretend any more.

His cock had felt so big and so fat in her mouth the night before, but now it was smaller than her pinky finger. She could never get any enjoyment out of him like this. He wasn't a man any more. He was a baby. Her baby.

"That's it baby, almost there..." she cooed. She could feel his dick tense. He was almost there. "Cum for me. Cum for Mommy..."

"Urrrgh...argh!" Dom gasped and exploded firing thick ropes of semen up in the air. Again and again his dick twitched as Peggy squeezed upwards draining the cum out of him.





"Good boy! Such a lot of cum for such a little man." Peggy said.

Dom lay back panting. He felt like he'd been drained, not just of cum but of energy.

"You just relax, let me clean you up..." Peggy said.

Dom could feel the warm stickiness of his cum on his belly. She was right, there had been a lot. Peggy plucked a baby wipe from the pack and wiped his belly clean.

"There we go. All clean." she said and tossed the wipe in the bin.

Dom shifted, sitting up on top of the baby changer. His head was swimming, waiting for his blood to return.

"Now now baby, you just keep still while Mommy gets your diaper on." Peggy said firmly as she pressed two fingers to his stomach. Dom found his willingness to resist her fading away. He wanted to be annoyed and to shout, but he was just so exhausted fighting her.

He watched helplessly as she stuck the tabs of his diaper closed, completing his emasculation.

"There we go! That's not so bad is it?" she said happily.

Dom didn't reply.



Peggy scooped Dom up into her arms and pressed him against her body. It gave her such a rush feeling his little body against hers. He was wriggling a little bit, so she squeezed him tighter against her and squashed him against her bosom. He felt so small and weak and helpless in her arms. It only took the tiniest amount of effort for her to overwhelm him.

"Peggy...let go...I can walk dammit." Dom said as he fought against her.

"Not where we're going you can't." Peggy said with a giggle.

That made Dom nervous. Where were they going he couldn't walk to?



"No! No! No way! You can't!" Dom shouted and started to struggle more as he realised she was carrying him towards the playpen in the living room. It didn't matter how much he fought, he was so small compared to Peggy that she didn't even seem to notice.

"Shhhh baby relax. It'll be alright, you'll see." Peggy said to him as she set him down.

Dom pounded his fists on the bars, cursing her and demanding to be let out. The bars of the playpen were much too high for him to climb out. He was trapped in there until Peggy came back for him.

"Naughty little man." Peggy scolded him, looking down from her lofty position above the bars of the playpen.






"You need to stop this! I'm not a baby!" Dom shouted.

Peggy's face changed from one of anger to one of pity; Dom hoped for a second he might have gotten through to her.

"I'm sorry Dom, but you just don't seem to understand. You fall asleep for no reason, you poop yourself, you need to drink my breast milk to survive and you are just so tiny and frail. I get it, I did this. I'm responsible. But that's the point." She stopped and let out a long drawn out sigh. "I'm responsible for what happens to you. The universe has made you my baby, so I need to look after you. You're not responsible for yourself anymore, but I am."

"But..."

"No buts. You need to accept it until we fix this. I'm your Mommy, now be a good little boy and play with your toys while I get changed." she said and strode off, leaving him stuck in the playpen.

A man in a white diaper is sitting on a blue mat inside a white baby playpen. He is looking towards a woman who is standing in a doorway, looking into a large mirror. The woman is wearing a pink bikini and has her hands on her hips. The room has light blue walls, a white bookshelf with books and trophies, and a patterned armchair in the foreground.

Dom slumped back against the bars, defeated. He couldn't understand it but Peggy had gone from apologetic this morning to straight up humiliating him now. What made it even worse was she wasn't even wrong.

He was tiny. He couldn't open a door, reach a counter or climb on to a toilet without help from her. She'd trapped him in a child's playpen and he couldn't get out until she saw fit. This was his life now. If she decided that this was how it was going to be then that was that.

Still though, Dom needed to know if she'd decided to keep him this way or if she still wanted him back to normal.



Dom stewed in the playpen while Peggy hummed cheerily in her room and got dressed. While Dom was feeling miserable, Peggy was feeling much more upbeat about the situation. She'd asserted herself and taken charge. While it may annoy Dom and he might push back, she knew it was for his own good.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the doorbell chiming. Flexing her long legs, she strode out of her bedroom to answer it. She could do that now; stride. She hadn't been able to do such a thing when she was only 4ft10.

"Who is that!?" Dom demanded "Why is someone here!?"

"No! You can't let someone see me like this!" Dom shouted after her.


"Hey Kerry, how's it going." Peggy said, opening the door.

"Same old, same old." Her friend replied as she came inside.
"Jack's still giving me the run around."

"Ah, well that sucks." Peggy said. Kerry was a good friend, and had been since university, but she was always running after one man or the next who would inevitably just string her along. Not at all like Peggy, Peggy believed.

"Shit...what the hell was she thinking!?" Dom panicked, helplessly trapped in the playpen as the two towering women walked inside.



A 3D rendered scene from a video game. In the foreground, the back of a character's head and shoulders is visible. The character is looking towards two women in a locker room. One woman is wearing a white and black striped shirt and green shorts, while the other is wearing a purple top. The room has white lockers and a tiled floor.

"Why are guys like this? You tell them you like them, you go down on them, you fuck them and then they just disappear." Kerry complained.

"Until he wants fucked again." Peggy offered.

"Exactly! I guarantee at two AM on Saturday he'll be at my door half drunk and horny." Kerry said.

Dom stared up at the two women now looming over his prison and chatting as if he weren't there. Kerry hadn't even seemed to notice him. If she did though, she didn't care that he was a two foot tall man in a playpen.



"Men are all jerks..." Kerry said and then looked down, her face lighting up in a broad grin. "Except you little mister! You're just lovely, aren't you?" she said in a patronising tone and then laughed.

"Nice to meet you too lady..." he replied sarcastically.

"Ohhhh I just love his little babbles! They're adorable!" Kerry laughed.

"Ehhh yeah, they are." Peggy said, now reassured that her friend definitely wasn't seeing the same thing in the playpen as she was. "Shall we get him out of there and into some clothes?"

"Yes!" Kerry said, and reached down for Dom. "Let's get you out of there big boy. We've got a big day ahead of us!"

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Coming up...

