

FOREWORD: FOREWARNING!

This is the most messed-up thing I have ever written. If you know me, that's saying something. It contains mini-GTS, BE, SM, PE, lactation, gentle femdom, mind-control, lactation, maternalism, reluctant infantilism, and breast-feeding.

Before I get the story rolling, I want to take a second and explain why the I wrote it in the first place.

I've been reading weird internet smut of all shapes and sizes for a long time. Over the years, a few dozen stories have surfaced with a very particular trope: a husband shrinks while his wife grows, especially in the region of the chest. The more insignificant the husband is to the rest of the world, the more focused, affectionate and (s)motherly the wife becomes, until he is literally subsumed by her.

But here's the part that fascinated me: in these stories, the doomed couple never, ever, fucks.

"Well," I thought, "I can fix *that*."

MAMMILLA, by Oblino

I don't know how long I sleep in dreamless darkness. I don't know exactly when I wake up, either. The overhead lamp is off. The maid's bedroom is starlit. The grey half-light of a moonless night filters through the window, casting more shadow than illumination. Sylvia's quilt is soft against my cheek. My *baby smooth* cheek. Can't forget that. Kelly will never let me forget how small and helpless and smooth I've become, all over, in all places and all ways--except one. I shiver at the thought.

Soft, urgent sounds fill the air. The door to Sylvia's maid's quarters is cracked open, and the strange noises drift down the hallway: muffled speech, whispery squeals, eager but unhappy mewling. No wonder I woke up. What the Hell is going on out there? More magic?

I roll over onto my stomach rounded with just enough fat left over from my bigger days to give me a slight pot belly. *Tummy, Stewy*, Kelly would say. *It's your tummy*.

Christ, her baby-talk's gotten into my head. There has to be a way to stop this madness.

I kick my little legs over the edge of the bed. They dangle in the air as I slide down. The soles of my slippers crinkle and crackle. Someone zipped me into footie pajamas while I slept! Again! I'm a thirty-five year old man! At least, I was, just a week ago. But what have I become? What has my wife done to me?

My dick gets squashed into the tight, hugging material of the jumper, and God dammit, I'm hard again. Kelly's magic lotion shrank the rest of me to toddler size, but she was careful not to shrink everything,

especially not her favorite part of me. On my new mini-me body, my manhood is massive and heavy, forcing me bowlegged. This must be what John Holmes felt like in Kindergarten.

I plop onto the floor and toddle forward. There's a blue canary nightlight in the outlet by the light switch. I waddle into its puddle of light. The mirror from Sylvia's vanity table lies on the floor before me, the bolts that once anchored it in place now missing. In one corner, three lip-prints press against the glass. Two plush cupid-bow kisses in bruise-purple lipstick glistened beneath a massive, cherry-red SWAK, marred by a looping hairline fault in the glass. Two realizations hit me: I recognize my reflection in the mirror, and the knowledge that my wife Kelly kissed the mirror so hard it cracked.

Kelly's magic didn't just shrink me down, or even turn me into a little kid. I'm--what's the word the nerds use at work? Oh, yeah.

"Chibi," I whispered. "Kelly made me chibi."

Big eyes, small mouth, button nose, apple cheeks, a mop of hair. Not a child, but still diminutive. Elfin. I'm talking Santa's workshop, here. Now I know why Kelly and her two damn maids dress me up all the time, treating me like I'm their prize pet or favorite doll. I look the part.

Those three witches put the mirror here because they want me to know it. Don't like in fairy stories, Stewy? Too bad: you're in one!

I mutter, "Not for long," and sidle up to the door.

I pull it open the rest of the way--slow going, since I can't reach the doorknob. My God, I'd forgotten how big everything looked and how ponderous everything felt when I was this small all those years ago, when I was supposed to be this small.

With the door open, the sounds grow a bit more distinct. Someone moans, insistent and feminine. "More, more, more."

I waddle into the hallway. Light spills out from the door to my office. Well, it used to be my office, until Kelly decided I needed a nursery.

I hear a soft wet smack, and then another breathy voice. "I can't. I can't. There's too much." I recognize the faint, Italian accent: it's Maria, Kelly's other maid and apparent partner in witchcraft.

I sneak down toward the light. The first voice comes again. It's my wife Kelly, her deep sultry alto unmistakable. What she says confounds me: "But it hurts."

I push open the nursery door with trembling hands. The light from the dancing elephant ceramic lamp is lush and warm, texturing everything in the room in a soft focus. The room is redolent with the cloying

scents of talcum powder and breast milk. I'm floored by what I see and smell. I mean it. I actually flump my pert, hobbit bottom into the plush, powder blue carpet.

Kelly blossomed, and kept blossoming, ever since the magic literally came back into our marriage. Her ample form more than fills the oversized nursery rocking chair. Her wide shoulders clear the chair's headrest, her fleshy calves shoot past the built-in footrest. She's dressed in the black spandex bodystocking that she must have ordered custom-made, unless there's a company selling acrobat's unitards in XXXLL off-the-rack.

Speaking of racks, Kelly's spectacular breasts are on serious display. The neck of the bodystocking is stretched down, way down and tucked under the bottom swell of each massive tit. If I were fully grown, they'd each be bigger than my head. At my two-foot-tall POV, Kelly's breasts are acres of creamy flesh, outthrust by the buttressing spandex squashed beneath them. Her breasts are glistening with...is it sweat? No, it's milk. Her tits are slick with milk. Her stiff nipples weep the stuff in fat droplets. It's even gotten into her hair. Milk plasters long, raven locks against the swollen orbs.

Maria is sitting on her lap, dressed in that same shiny black spandex. Maria has grown, too, but she looks positively petite in my wife's lap. Kelly wraps her hands around Maria's shoulders and hauls her forward and down, mashing Maria's mouth over one weeping nipple. "Please," Kelly begs, "drink."

Maria takes two agonized gulps before breaking away, whimpering. "I can't drink any more." Her chin and cheeks are drenched. Her severe bob haircut is crusted. "I'm too full."

Sylvia stands behind the chair, grown almost a head higher since I'd last seen her. She chews her bottom lip, twirls a ginger curl of her hair. "What're we going to do?" She steps out from behind the chair, and I gasp. Her breasts strain against the her black bodystocking in heaping mounds, but what stuns me is the wet circles spreading through the material as milk seeps into the spandex encasing her chest.

Ogling all three big busty girls at once proves to be my downfall. My mouth waters. My cock tents my jumper. The head of my prick is so sensitive now, the cottony material scrapes against me, more shocking than lightning. I feel the sweet sting of precum.

"Holy shit!" My voice is squeaky, but fills the quiet room like thunder.

All three girls whirl about. Their burning gazes fall upon me. Sylvia eyes sparkle with tears. Maria sighs in relief, only to whine and clutch at her chest where wetness has begun to spread.

"Oh, Stewy," Kelly coos, "you're awake! What a good boy." Maria hops off her lap, her heavy but heavenly body thudding into the plush nursery carpet. Kelly stands up, and up, and up. I gape, my neck craned painfully high. Her bright white smile flashes between scarlet lips. How tall is she now, really? Six five? Seven, surely? Does it really matter when, from where I sit, she is all legs, lustrous hair, pouting lips and enormous, wobbling, milk-laden tits.

"I hope you're hungry, Stewy," Kelly says, and takes a step toward me. Drops of milk spatter down over her feet. Maria and Sylvia give me canary-eating grins and start yanking down on the necks of their bodystockings, tearing at the fabric. "I hope you're really, really hungry."

Now, don't get me wrong. I am really hungry. My stomach gurgles, feels painfully empty, and the sight of my wife's overabundant bosom makes my lips itch for something to suck on. But I'm also scared shitless. The look in her deep, darkling eyes is loving, yes, maternal, definitely, but there's this unsettling sparkle in there, too. I'd seen that glint before, whenever she talked about us having children, back when she did not know I was technically infertile thanks to a minimal sperm count. She'd say, "Let's have as many kids as we can Stewart," or, "I can't wait till we get married and I get knocked up, Stewart." And then there was that one fight, the one I always try to forget, the one we had a month into our marriage; our "honeymoon's over" fight.

Her "egg timer" kit had told her she was ovulating. She'd called me while I was at work, frantic, and I had raced home to see what was wrong, only to be pushed into the bedroom for the riding of my life. She'd wrenched two searing orgasms out of me over the course of an hour, and was working on the third, her lips locked around my softening cock. I had grown red and oversensitive from the afterglow and frenzied fucking, my balls aching and sore. I sprawled on the bed, suit rumpled and stained--she hadn't even waited for me to take off my tie. She'd just yanked my dress pants around my ankles and pushed me onto the bed. I had been too bemused to do anything about it. Afterward, staring at her lush black hair falling around my crotch as she tried to slurp my uncooperative prick back to life, I had felt even more foolish. "Honey," I had said, "I need to get changed and get back to work."

"Nrroh," she murmured, not bothering to release my dick from her mouth, making her lisp in a way that was at once childish and comical and creepy and desperate. "Ahm nah pwegnan yeth."

I had taken a moment to realize what she had said. "You're not pregnant yet? Honey, you can't possibly know that. It takes time."

"Ah'll know," she had muttered around my cock.

Her head bounced underneath the curtain of hair hiding her from view. Sloppy wet sounds filled the bedroom. I felt saliva trickle around my scrotum. My balls tried to retreat into my pelvis. I'd had enough.

"Honey, you can't. There's not some light bulb inside you that turns on when you're pregnant." I had laughed, and, now that I'm thinking back, what I said next probably sealed my doom: "There's no magic involved."

Kelly had growled. My cock disgorged from her mouth in an angry huff. She frog-jumped up onto the

bed and sat down square on my chest, her naked, post-coital, raw pussy sliming my dress shirt and ruining my silk tie. She grabbed fistfuls of my suit jacket, and said, "Listen, Stewart. I only want two things. I want to be pregnant, and whenever I'm not pregnant, I want to be getting pregnant. So whenever I'm not knocked up, you're gunna keep fucking me until I am. Got it?"

That's when I saw the glint burn brighter than ever. It was a glimmer of mischief and madness. And that's when I had first wondered if the woman I'd married was playing with a full deck.

Now I'm in a nursery, in my old office, in God-damned kid's pajamas, sitting on the floor, shrunk to the size of a preschooler, looking up at Kelly, my wife, now big enough to be recruited for the Orlando Magic. Each of her tits, overfilled and overflowing with milk, weigh as much as my entire, mini-me body, maybe more. She's got that old bedlam glint in her eyes. Is she really expecting me to swallow all she has to offer? Oh, and to top it off with four more titfuls of milk from two other women with boobs big and bursting with enough dairy product to open their own ice cream store? Let me ask you, what would you do?

The shearing sound of tearing spandex snaps me back to the present. Sylvia gets so desperate to free her huge, milk-engorged tits from the confines of the curve-hugging bodysuit that she stretches the shiny material to her mouth and rips through it with her teeth. Once she cuts into the fabric, the top of the unitard explodes apart like an overstressed water-balloon. She yelps in victory and satisfaction as her breasts bobble outward, out toward me. A pinch of milk expresses from one chocolate-brown nipple and dashes on my cheek.

Wait, my cheek? Weren't all three girls on the other side of the room before? I must've not been paying attention during my reverie, because now they're just a couple of feet away, standing in a semicircle before me: Sylvia to the left of me, Maria to the right. Kelly dead center. Three pairs of luscious, full lips curl in wicked little smiles. Two pairs of hands gingerly caress two pairs of humongous breasts, tender and taut with milk. Only two? Well, Maria's still struggling with her spandex. She rakes and bites at the strong material, getting nowhere.

"Gimme a minute," she shrugs at me before returning to her wrestling match with the elastic bodystocking. The other two gargantuan women purse their lips at her, tapping their feet. Maria glares back. "Gimme a minute!"

I'll ask again: Would you give her a minute? Maybe you would, and I wouldn't blame you. Hell, in any other situation, I'd gladly spend hours staring at that girl's boobs bounce. But chibi-me, now?

"Hell, no, I'm outta here!"

I leap to my feet, twirl about and run for it.

Kelly watches my desperate sprint away from her for a second or two. Then she cocks her eyebrow,

bends forward, reaches over me with her long, lithe, muscular arm, and slams the nursery door shut with a flick of a finger. I skid to a halt a few inches from the door. Kelly's remodeled the door along with the rest of my former office. The doorknob is at least five feet off the ground.

"Aw," I say, sounding more like a heartbroken little kid than a wealthy thirty-something executive. That is, until I add, "Fuck it."

Behind me, I hear Maria's spandex shredding. "'Kay, I'm ready. Um, can we start again?"

I whirl around, throw my back against the door, and take stock. Damn, I love long, curvy legs wrapped in the smooth perfection of a spandex or nylon stocking, and here I am, in a fucking forest of them...No, Stewart, you idiot, the room, take stock of the room, find a place to hide. The ceramic elephant lamp stands next to a cherry wood armoire and matching changing table. The crib is on the other side of the room. It's another custom job, extra tall, all cherry wood and baby-blue bunting, with four iron rings drilled in the four corner posts, four baby-blue bungee cords dangling from each ring, and four Velcro wrist and ankle cuffs at the end of each cord. The bondage cuffs are fuzzy, sized just for me, and are even patterned with little yellow duckies and white bunnies. Oh, boy.

"Maria," Kelly says, "be a dear and get Stewy's nursing pillow, would you?"

Maria nods and sashays to the crib, the orbit of her spectacular ass drawing my eyes like a magnet.

"I'll get Stewy's bath, Stewy's sponges, and lots of towels." Kelly scrapes a perfectly manicured, maroon-painted fingernail against her stiff nipple. She shudders. The bowl of the nail catches a big drop of milk. "Looks like he's going to need them. And Sylvia..." Kelly leers, raking the milky fingernail over her scarlet bottom lip, glazing her mouth with a pearly white sheen. "...You get Stewy," she finishes, tonguing the last of the milk (Damn, her own milk!) off her fingernail, and flounces over to the armoire.

I'm trying to decide the least worst escape route when Sylvia sinks to her knees next to me. Her icy blue eyes are wide as saucers, her hands clasped over her heart, a gesture that would look chaste and virginal on a school girl. But on bare-chested, ginger vamp with cleavage deep enough to swallow my arm? Not so much. "Stewy," she says, managing to sound coy, "I, I never got to thank you. For what you did for me."

This is my opportunity to run, but my curiosity gets the better of me, so I stand there and ask, "Thank me for what?"

She scoots a little closer on her knees. "For making me feel so good." She's blushing now, a real blush, not just for show--I can tell because her swollen tits are level with my head and within my reach, and I can see the red flush flashing down her throat and chest. "You made me feel so good, Stewy. I'd never

felt anything like it." She scoots closer still and starts babbling. "I thought it was just a game, you know? Oh, sure, you're so cute I just want to gobble you up--any woman would, God, if anyone knew about you we'd have to fight them off with a stick--but you're even cuter when you're scared so I teased and teased. But then, back in my bedroom, when I, when we, I mean, when you..."

Something clicked in my head. "Are you talking about when you breastfed me?" Force-fed me was more like it. I didn't know any of my crazed captors were lactating until then. I should have guessed their breasts were growing by filling up with something.

"Got it," Maria declared in sing-song, waving a powder blue, wedge shaped pillow in the air.

Sylvia's nodding fiercely, tears brimming her eyes. "Uh-huh," she gulps, "When I..." She squirms her hips, and I realize the smell of sex has permeated the air, mixing with the odor of talcum and breast-milk into an earthy, head-spinning miasma. "...Fed you. Oh, Stewy, it was incredible. It was so powerful, so right, and I came so hard, and now just thinking about it I..." She trembles and whimpers for a moment. Her blush deepens to a beet red. "I guess you could say I really liked it." She laughs self-consciously, glances to the side, and flips her hair over an ear.

Yeah, and then you gave me a black-hole blow job and drank so much of my spoooge I thought my heart exploded. And now, you're flirting with me? With puny, chibi-me Stewart? What the fuck is going on? Whatever it is, I don't think my dick's ever been this stiff in my life.

"I guess I would, yeah." I look around, wondering what's going to happen next. "Sylvia, what's going on?" Sylvia fidgets but says nothing.

Kelly's got the armoire thrown open wide, and Maria helps her assemble an array of nursing implements on the change table, as if preparing for an operation, or battle. "Extra burping blankies," Kelly coos, folding blue and white terrycloth towels in a square pile, before adding, "If we ever let him up for air."

She shakes her head as if to clear it and moves to another pile, "Extra nappies, in case he cums in his widdle pants and not in our mouths or in our hands or on our breasts or...well, there's little chance of that happening, I guess."

Maria stifles her giddy giggling with a hand clapped over her mouth.

Kelly pulls a beaten up, soggy cardboard box, and pokes around inside. "Oh," she says, frowning, "these."

They're all baby-crazy. Maybe I can take advantage of it before one of them really does make me cum until my heart explodes. I pout at Sylvia, adopting the widest, glitteriest puppy-dog eyes I can muster. "Sylvia, what's goin' on? Please?" She says nothing. Cuter, damn it Stewart, cuter. "Ma'am?" Silence. Okay, here goes nothing. "Pwease, mamma?"

That does it. Sylvia's composure cracks. "Oh, Stewy, honey." Her long nipples stiffen in an instant, and there's a musky meltdown in her pants. "I wanted it to be a secret, something we never ever ever had to share with anybody. But Kelly knew, Stewy. She knew it was going to happen to me, to Maria. It had already started happening to her, but she was waiting to surprise all of us. But when I told her how good, how amazingly good it felt to f-feed you, she got so excited. I haven't seen her this excited since your male enhancement cream first arrived in the mail from SRU. It's kinda scary."

Kinda scary? For you? What about Stewy--I mean, Stewart? How do you think I feel?

Kelly shakes the decrepit cardboard box. Her frown upends into an impish grin. "I guess I won't be needed any of these..." She overturns the box, and a dozen breast pump contraptions, some manual, some battery powered, all of them cracked or imploded and caked with gummy layers of drying breast milk, tumble into the trash bin beside the changing table "...ever again."

Oh, shit.

Sylvia's brow crinkles up. "Oh, Stewy, don't be scared."

She reaches out but I flinch. I'm barely four hands tall and as weak as a kitten; those outstretched fingers could do anything they want to me. She hesitates. "I don't want to hurt you, baby."

Her disarming smile entrances me and she eases her hand forward. "I never want to scare you again. Well..." She darts her eyes to the left, wets her upper lip with a flick of her tongue. Her hand is parallel to me now. "Maybe once in a while."

She brightens, her tone tender and dripping with care. "But I'd never hurt you. I, I love you, Stewy."

The play of emotion on Sylvia's looming face--love and hunger and worry and mischief--captivates me completely. I stand still, almost hypnotized by the biggest blue eyes I've ever seen, as Sylvia's fingers slip behind my back.

"We love, you Stewy," Sylvia insists, pressing three fingertips against the nape of my neck. "We want to take care of you."

She strokes down my neck, her dancing fingers melt the tension in my shoulders. "We'll take such good care of you, Stewy."

She scoots forward again. The smell of milk and sex, of comfort and lust, grows ever stronger. "We'll take care of everything. Your every wish."

Her fingers slide down my back. "Your every need."

Wait, did she say, *your* every wish and need, or, you're *our* every wish and need? With everything that pink lotion's done to my body, and whatever my lotion-charged cum is doing to her body, what is it doing to her mind? To Maria's, to Kelly's? Hell, what's it doing to my mind?

Sylvia gives me a spine-tingling massage. She's so close, now. Her breasts sway inches from my face. I'm sorry, was someone asking me questions?

She hunches forward, her cleavage so soft and deep. Her dark, puffy areola look bigger than dinner plates. I can't see her face, just her thick mahogany hair and full, crimson lips. "Let us take care of you, Stewy."

The heat baking off her body makes me dizzy. "We want to f-feed you, clean you, bathe you, clothe you--Be there for you, all the time, one of us, two of us, all of us."

Milk beads on her erect nipples. "Maybe more. As much as I hate sharing, waiting to have you is almost as much fun as having you. Almost."

I remember the rough feel of her nipple when it lay across my tongue. She must have grown again as I slept, because one of those nipples would almost fill my whole mouth now. My knees weaken. My hindbrain wants me to drop to all fours and worship at her chest.

"We want to make you feel safe and warm and so happy, all the time." Her palm pushes against my back, rubbing in little circles. I trip a little closer to her with each circle.

"But most of all..."

Her caress becomes a gentle clinch.

"We want to make you cum."

She snakes out her other hand and cups my butt.

"We're gunna make you cum, Stewy, cum and cum and cum."

Her naughty baby-talk intoxicates me.

"You're gunna cum all day, every day, over and over, for as long as we can make the lotion's magic last. And do ya wanna know how long it can last? Not just weeks, Stewy, not even months. *Years*."

The very idea overwhelms me. I slump into her embrace, a willing captive. "We're gunna f-feed you," she promises. "F-feed you and wank you and bathe you and tit-fuck you and clothe you and suck you and make you cum, all day long, for years."

She skyrockets to her feet. I soar through the air in her arms. I'm overcome with a lurching vertigo. My blood is roaring in my ears.

"Years and years and, oh, God, years," she breathes, eyes glazed and dreamy as she gazes off into the middle distance, contemplating future.

"And then..."

The precum sting in the head of my cock surges close to the point of no return. She tucks me in beneath one huge breast. Its warm, heavy weight rolls onto me, starting with my feet then my crotch and chest and finally nuzzling my face.

"...Well, and then..."

Droplets of milk dribble down haphazardly from her nipple and splash onto my lips, filling my mouth with a burning heat and earthy sweetness. I'm lost, lost in the cresting pressure of an orgasm that builds and builds but doesn't break.

"...We'll just order s'more lotion," she finishes, hefts the hand on my butt upward, mashing my cock against the hugging diaper and her incredibly curved, firm flesh--and I cum.

I orgasm in long, body-wracking spurts and spasms, my arms flung out, squeezing the bottom swell of Sylvia's breast for dear life, until my jumper is awash with hot, sticky spooage. I whimper in release and wonder and, yes, a definite twinge of fear.

Sylvia saunters over to the changing table and my awaiting wife. She can't disguise the wicked delight and bottomless hunger in her voice any more. "We're gunna need more nappies."

My wife Kelly treats me to a knowing smirk. Maria tosses the wedge-shaped, foam pillow onto the seat of the nursery rocker. "Really?"

Maria combs her fingers through her brunette bob haircut, shaking out clumps of dried milk. "What happened?"

I open my mouth to speak but Sylvia just rolls my whole face against the arc of her breast so instead I

just murmur, "Mmf."

"Our little Stewy spooged in his pants," Sylvia explains, radiant with pride, "just thinking about how much I--I mean we--are going to make him cum."

Maria is still giggling over the word 'spooged'. "If he's not careful," she twitters, "he's gunna start spooging from spooging, and then there'll be no stopping him, and we'll need spooge mops and buckets. Heh: 'spooge'."

Maria's chuckleheaded bubbling reminds me of Beavis and Butthead, if Beavis were a six foot tall, barely legal porn starlet, that is. The congealing seminal fluid in my pants and the mental image of Beavis' ugly mug superimposed over Maria's adorable features calms my raging, confused libido enough to try and think my way out of this again.

As if reading my mind, I hear Kelly say, "Stewy thinks much too much with the wrong head. He thinks too much, period."

She sweeps the piles on the changing table to one side, pats the cleared space on the tabletop's white vinyl pad. "He needs to start feeling more."

Sylvia peels me away from her under-boob. I gulp, "More?"

Maria giggles, Kelly baby-talk scolds, Sylvia mollicoddles. I'm transported by Sylvia's tender but vice-sure grip onto the crackling, waterproof changing pad.

"But you've made me feel so good already, uh..." I think fast. "...Mommies."

There's a sudden silence. Three big, serious faces crowd above me: Sylvia, the redheaded sexpot, Maria, the Mediterranean Lolita, and, of course, Kelly, the mad love goddess. "What did you call us?" Kelly asks.

The room feels fraught with electric potential. Did I go too far? Well, in for a penny, in for a pound. "Mommies. You're my mommies."

Wow, I really sound like I mean it. I choke up. "I love my mommies."

Wait a minute, do I really mean it? Who was my real mother? What was my real childhood like? Why is it so hard to remember?

Maria collapses against Kelly, burying her head in the hollow of my wife's long neck. "I'm cumming," she sobs, "he called me 'Mommy' and I'm cumming. The magic is so strong."

Sylvia falters on her feet, then juts against the changing table for support. Little drops of milk patter

down onto the changing pad. "This is nothing," she says, eyes unfocused. "Nothing. Like a little nibble of chocolate. Wait until you f-feed him."

Kelly pants huge wet gulps of air. She's sweating. "I can't wait much longer or I'm going to bust."

Even caught in the spasm of orgasm, Maria glances down at Kelly's monumental assets and twitters. "Heh. Bust."

Kelly reaches out, questing for the zippered neck of my jumper, voice fervid. "Let's get you some clean nappies, Stewy." Her fingers look like girders. I skootch back. The vinyl beneath me crackles.

Sylvia thwaps her hand down on the pad above my head, making me jump. "Don't fuss, Stewy."

Kelly pops the zipper pull from its lock. Jesus, I remember clawing at that thing with all my strength. How weak have I become? I skootch to the side. "W-wait, Mommies."

Maria purrs, pivoting her head on Kelly's neck to gaze down adoringly at me. "You make me so happy when you call me 'Mommy,' Stewy." Her arm slams down onto the pad, blocking my side winding escape. "But hold still, 'kay? Your mommies know best."

Kelly unzip the jumper down to my bellybutton, pulls it open and peeks in. "That's more cum than I've ever seen." Her voice flat and matter-of-fact, but somehow that scares me more than if she'd screamed.

Maria and Sylvia crane and cram in close to get a look. Kelly wraps a soft, warm hand around my teeny feet, lifts my butt up an inch into the air, and peels the jumper off me with her free hand. Maria and Sylvia boggle down at me. I've never felt more embarrassed, self conscious or powerless in my entire life...until I feel the mass of cooling spooge drain from my crotch and splat down onto the vinyl.

I prop myself up by my shoulders. The jumper in Kelly's hand is inside-out and slimed in a thick coat of cum. There's a huge heap of the stuff on the vinyl below my hoisted legs. Still more gobs of it stick to my thighs and puddle around my dick.

Okay, I'm breaking the laws of physics and common sense now. There is no way all that goo came from inside me, let alone my balls. I'd be a dehydrated husk. "What the heck?"

Maria salivates, chews on the fleshy pad of her thumb. "What a good boy."

Sylvia's cross-eyed, transfixed on my dick. "What a cock."

"What a waste," sighs Kelly, tossing the sodden jumper into the trash bin. "I can't risk eating any of the rest of this, either. . "Until I let down my milk."

Now free of the diaper, Kelly uses both hands to hold my legs, slowly spreading them open in a V, exposing me of all to see. She steps back, opens my legs a little bit wider, dangles my ass a little bit higher. I kick and wiggle for the half-second it takes for me to notice all I'm doing is putting on a bigger show. She shrugs, her jugs too full to jiggle but making my cock and balls flop and drip. Proportionately speaking, I must be hung like a horse. "So I guess all this's up for grabs."

Sylvia arches a brow, ducks between Kelly's long arms. "Oh, my."

Maria bellies up to changing table, leaning over me sideways. "Oh, sweet."

The two girls descend. I shut my eyes. "Oh, shit."

The top of Sylvia's head sages against my calves. I hear this absurd slurping as she inhales the pond of cum off the vinyl like it were Jell-O. A blast of warm air buffets my dick. "Hey," Maria says, "I wanted summa that."

I peep open one eye. Maria leans over me sideways, her mouth a slantwise maw, poised and wet and ready to swallow me from balls to bellybutton. Sylvia looks up at her from the vinyl changing pad. "You wan' ih?" she slurs, her mouth full of my cum. "Come ahn ge' ih."

"Ooh," Maria says, turning, "you're so bad."

Sylvia rises to meet her, and now these two, towering beauties are French kissing a hairsbreadth above my crotch. Maria tongues my cum from Sylvia's mouth. They swap spit and spunk, moaning and giggling and making lewd *slurch* noises. Am I aroused, or repulsed?

Sylvia breaks the kiss to stage whisper, "Stewy's stiffy just poked me in the chin."

I guess I'm aroused. Some deep part of me stirs watching their XXX display. My pulse races and my blood pounds in my skyward-pointing dick. I blame all that freaky Internet porn Kelly used to make me watch to keep me hard while she was ovulating.

Maria glances down. "And there's plenty left."

The tip of her tongue flutters over my crotch, lapping up blobs of cum like a kitten after spilled cream. Her darting tongue and hot breath tickle mercilessly and I squirm and giggle. Maria pulls up as the giggle bubbles out of me. She and Sylvia exchange sly glances.

Uh, oh.

Sylvia attacks my thighs, Maria assaults my crotch and belly. Tongues dance, lips pucker and blow cool air, lips plant little butterfly kisses, sheaves of soft hair brush across my sensitive skin as the two huge girls bob and weave, hunting out my most ticklish spots. I howl with spastic laughter, kicking and kicking but I can't budge Kelly's entrapping hands, I can't even twist my hips away, I can't get away at all. Black and purple spots swim at the edge of my vision and I'm about to pass out from lack of oxygen when the tickle-torture slows to a rhythmic, steady smooching, basting my prick in delicious strokes of syrupy heat.

Sylvia and Maria are swapping my cock between them. Sylvia leans in for a long, slow, luxurious kiss, swallowing up my shaft and balls in steamy satin. "Mm." Her lips decouple from my flesh with a smacking pop and Maria descends over me, pressing just a bit firmer and sucking just a little harder. "Mmm." I feel pressure begin to build. Maria pulls back and the pressure ebbs a fraction but Sylvia's there, wrapping her lips around me, the mind-meltingly slow blowjob (slowjob?) lasting just a bit longer and just a bit stronger. "Mmmm." Pressure builds anew but Sylvia releases me and my cock just throbs and stings with precum. I pant and wheeze for the few seconds my member is exposed to the air before Maria mooshes her mouth over me again.

"How long do you think we can do this before he cums?" Sylvia asks.

"Mmmm-hours?" Maria throws her head back, her lips trailing filaments of my precum. The pressure inside me is greater, the sting sweeter, but she's right, I'm nowhere near the point of release. Instead they're putting me through the longest, most monstrous build-up to shooting my load I've ever experienced.

"P-please," I beg, "please n-no..."

Sylvia leans back in. "Yeah, hours and hours and...Mmm...hours." She eases back up, watches Maria go down on me. "And if he cums sooner, we can just keep doing it. His cock tastes so good and that face he's making is so cute I could do this..." Maria pulls back. "...all..." Sylvia swoops in. "...night...Mmmm."

Kelly comes to my rescue. "All tomorrow night, maybe."

She steps around Sylvia and nudges Maria aside with her butt. The two maids make little, schoolgirl *aw!* protestations, affecting doe-eyed moues before breaking character and cackling like crows. Kelly lowers me onto the tabletop, snags a fresh diaper and waggles it at me. For an instant I'm glad to see one of the damn things.

She spreads it open next to me and I get second thoughts. "Kelly," I start, but she frowns. Oops. "I mean, Mommy. Sorry, Mommy."

Oh, that's good. I bet she'll eat that up.

She does. "It's okay, sweetheart."

She tucks the diaper under my bottom. "It's a lot to get used to, I bet." She beams. "But I promise you're going to love every single minute of it."

"But, Mommy," I say, as she snaps one side of the diaper closed. "Do I really need a real diaper? I feel so silly."

I chuckle, a little bit of the old Stewart slipping out around my new squeaky voice. "I can go to the toilet by myself, you know."

Her hands pause, hovering over me. She looks thoughtful. "Maybe I don't want you to."

She palms my entire belly in one enormous silky-smooth hand. Gives me a playful squeeze. "Maybe I want to do everything, and I mean everything, for you. Wouldn't you like that, Stewy? I'll take care of everything."

That glint is back in her eye, but then she humps forward and all I can see is acres of taut breast flesh. "I'll do anything for you."

I lie prostrate under a maternal vault of heaven. "I'll do everything for you."

The powdery-earthy scent of breast milk completely overpowers me. "I'll be everything for you, Stewy. Just be a good boy and wear your nappies."

I'm awestruck. I'm terrified. And, God help me, I'm more turned on than I've ever been in my entire life. "B-but, I, I..."

Kelly hops back in a huff. "Or you I can leave you naked, your gorgeous, yummy cock ripe for the plucking."

Sylvia and Maria poke their heads out from behind Kelly's broad back. Maria sucks on her thumb so hard her cheeks concave. Sylvia licks her lips. "I wanna pluck you all night long, Stewy."

Maria giggles around her thumb, saliva running down her wrist.

Kelly cocks a brow. "Well, Stewy?"

I'm trumped. I'm diapered or royally plucked. Almost weeping with shame, I make my choice. "Diaper me, please, Mommy."

The other side of the diaper is sealed in a flash. The two girls harrumph and vanish. I'll ask a third time,

what would you do? This layer of cottony absorbency and Kelly, who's so baby-crazy she wants to mother-smother me with TLC, are the only two things standing between my dick and a couple of cock-crazy suck sluts. Yeah, okay, I guess when I put it that way, my life could be worse, couldn't it?

Kelly announces, "Sorry, girls. Playtime's over." She cradles me against one muscular shoulder, splaying my legs wide astride one colossal breast, and carries me to the nursery rocking chair, her stride so long the floor seems to lurch and swing beneath me. "It's Stewy's feeding time. Now."

It's worse.

The struts of the rocker creak and stress as Kelly bears down upon the wooden chair. I wonder, briefly, how much she must weigh now, exactly how tall she is, and just how big she really wants to get. After all, she was a shapely, raven-haired siren long before she gave me that first magic lotion hand job, kicking off the strange series of events leading to this one moment. She hums tunelessly, adjusting the foam nursing pillow on her lap just so. It looks puny between her firm and fleshy thighs.

Maria's voice floats in from far away. "Have you started growing again yet, Sylvia? How does it feel?"

How long has it been since I first felt that pink lotion massaged into my cock? Only a few days, right? I've lost track of time since I started shrinking, since she started growing, since my life became a blur of slippery hand jobs, slurpy oral sex, ripening tits, swelling hips, and ravaging lips.

"Yes," sighs Sylvia. "It starts like butterflies in my stomach, then -- oh! -- it shoots up and down and out through my fingertips and toes and the top of my head."

"You guys've had some much more stew than me," Maria grumps. "Heh. Stew."

"Oh, shut up," says Sylvia. "Just give it a few minutes."

Anyway, thanks to all those lotion-enhanced, Stewy-sperm powered growth spurts, my wife has become a preternatural femme fatale, over seven feet of predatory, almost feline, femininity. A voluptuous coating of mouth-watering curves covers an Olympic athlete's physique, all topped with a face of heart-stopping beauty and a magnificent mane of ebony hair that tumbles down past her ass--not to mention ripe tits bigger than her head.

Perched on her shoulder, watching her smooth out the wrinkles in the blue pillowcase, I've got one hell of a view. I can see how full her breasts are, how much they strain with milk. I remember her saying, "But it hurts." The neckline of her bodystocking, stretched wide to expose her breasts, pushes up like a spandex under-wire and must make matters worse. Yet she keeps patting on the pillow and shifting her weight.

I turn my head toward her ear, and call, "Mommy?"

Each time I say the word makes it easier to say the next time. This game of pretend is dangerous.

She sighs again, angling the pillow this way and that, eyes downcast at her lap. "Diaper me please, Mommy," she says in a gentle imitation of my chibi-me voice.

She looks up and away. I clear my throat, working out how to sound full of childish care and concern. Then one tear rolls down her cheek, her tremulous voice repeating, "Diaper me please...Mommy..."

I realize don't have to pretend. "What's wrong, Mommy?" I ask, sounding full of care and concern because I really am.

She gingerly picks me up off her shoulder. "Nothing," she snuffles, raising me high above her head until my butt almost sages the ceiling.

A single hiccup of laughter escapes her lips. "Nothing, nothing, nothing."

She looks up at me. Her face is aglow. "You're making me so happy, Stewy. So happy, I can barely stand it. I feel like, like I'm flying."

She giggles, marveling. "You're making me fly, Stewy!"

She pushes off the floor with her foot, sets the chair rocking. I zoom back and forth through the air, buoyed in her big hands. Her eyes lose focus, her legs scissor. We rock faster, back and forth: me above, her below. She arches and bucks like she used to when we fucked in the missionary position. "I love you, Stewy!"

She's always been baby-crazy, but this is plain, raw crazy. It's like someone's crosswired her maternal instincts with her sex drive and cranked the volume of both impulses up to 11. Not someone: chibi-me Stewart. I bet it's another lotion-enhanced Stewy-semen side effect. She slumps, almost post-coital, still murmuring saccharine endearments. Her face is plastered in a blissed-out smile.

Maria kneels on the floor, hands pressed into her lap. "Wow," she drawls, drawing the sound out long.

And I have to agree. Kelly wows me. She always has, but the smaller I get, the more concentrated, the more intense, my feelings for her become.

Sylvia sits next to Maria, clawing at the younger girl's forearm. "Wait until you f-feed him, guys," Sylvia says, losing herself in reverie. "He took my nipple in his mouth, and latched on."

Sylvia slides her free hand over breasts damp with milk. "Sure, I've fucked all kinds of men. But Stewy?"

Her hand slinks across the flat of her tummy and down to the delta of her sex. The overburdened spandex cups her labia into a pouting camel toe. I don't remember the bodystocking giving her camel toe when I was staring up at her before. Has the spandex gotten tighter? Oh, no. Of course it has. She drank all that cum. She really is growing already.

"He was an animal," she murmurs, pressing two fingers between her labia, teasing the. "Insatiable. He drank and drank and I came, over and over and harder and harder. Totally out of control. He made me feel so powerful, so strong but so vulnerable and exposed, all at once. It was better than sex. He blew my fucking mind."

She kneads the spandex molding her pussy. "Stewy, oh, Stewy, baby."

Her fingers trace little jerking circles against her spandex-shrouded clitoris. "You were the best..."

She shudders, then falls onto to the floor, panting, fingers flying over her stocking-covered clit. "...Oh, God, you were the best..."

The shuddery tension rises in her again, harder this time, before releasing her to writhe and gasp. "The best..."

She tenses, legs quaking, arms thrashing but fingers still rubbing, rubbing, rubbing, until she gushes out, "The greatest *fuck* I've ever had," and collapses into a sweaty heap, mewling my name.

Her greatest fuck? All I remember being smothered in her boobs, drinking so much milk I expected my belly to pop, and then her sucking me off so much my head caved in. It must that damned lotion again, messing with her head, too, sending mixed-up signals that would make Freud hang up his couch.

Sylvia clutches her chest with one arm. "Hurry, Kelly, hurry."

They haven't used the lotion on me for a while, but how long does last? Oh god, what if she wasn't lying before? What if it takes years, how do I stay sane until I can get away?

She crams her fist over her mouth with the other. "I've been trying to fight it, but I can't. I need to f-feed him again. Soon. Or I'll go mad." Her head lolls. "Mad."

All this crazed female attention makes me woozy. Sure, it's weird and worrying, but I've got to say it's also as sexy as Hell. Kelly, Maria, and Sylvia's adoration is coming (heh, coming) at me so thick and fast I can't think straight. Turns out it doesn't matter, because Kelly gives me no more time to think. She plops me onto the blue pillow in her lap. "Stewy, Mommy needs you now."

I sit up in her lap, lopsided on the sloping nursing pillow but careful not to lean forward and trap my forehead between Kelly's incredible breasts. She's so big and close--her tits almost crowd me out of her lap--that my stomach fills with its own butterflies and I avert my eyes. I feel her baking heat: the sultry sweetness of her breath, the soothing warmth of her chest, the steamy, raunchy fever of her pussy. My wife's lap is a sauna of sex. I'm ramrod erect. Damn, this stupid diaper's tight. "What do you mean, Mommy?"

Kelly lowers her eyes. "Look at me, Stewy. I'm engorged."

I peer up at her face. She smiles. "I mean look at my breasts, silly boy."

She hooks a finger around my chin, gently tugs my face forward and down, and I get an eyeful of tanned, honey-colored flesh. More than an eyeful. A whole lot more.

She winks knowingly, as if reading my mind. "Look at how big you've made them."

Holding my chin level in one hand, she opens her free hand wide over one ginormous tit. The span from the tip of her thumb to her pinky finger doesn't begin to cover it. "Much, much more than a handful, even for me."

She reaches out, enfolds my hand in hers. My whole hand disappears inside her soft palm. "I wonder what they're like for you."

She pulls my hand slowly toward her chest. I try to resist, to keep my arm at my side, but I might as well be playing tug-of-war with a bulldozer. To my chibi-me Stewart body, Kelly's strength is infinite. She guides my hand toward her awaiting breast, aiming me at her wide, dark-mocha areola with a force as irresistible as gravity.

She stops me a fraction of an inch before contact with her skin. "Stewy? Baby?"

She tips my head up with her other hand. Her eyes search mine. "They're so full--so full for you, just for you--that they're really tender." She bites her bottom lip. "Be gentle, okay?"

She wants me to be gentle with *her*? She's got to be kidding. She's got to be teasing. The lotion's magic couldn't mix up her mind that much. But the eager-to-please look she gives me, the almost virginal anxiety in her voice, melts my heart, calms my fears, and seriously stokes my ego, all at once. I nod. "Okay, Mommy."

She lets my chin fall. She releases my hand. I buss her areola with my small fingertips. She shivers, draws in a hissing torrent of air between her brilliant white teeth. I pause, hand hovering, unsure what's going

to happen next. Eventually she nods. "Okay," she gulps, "it's okay. More."

She nods again and again, eyes sliding shut. "Touch me more. Please, baby."

No man on Earth could resist an invitation like that. As gently as I can, I lay my fingers against her areola, my entire hand fitting within its dark diameter, to the left of her nipple. Now it's my turn to gulp.

"Wow."

She chuckles. "Mm-hm-mm, you like that, baby?"

She starts tracing the circumference of her areola with a painted fingernail in one, long, languid circle.

"They've always been wide, haven't they? I was teased about them when I was a teen. My areola I mean. Did I ever tell you?"

Her fingernail completes half its orbit. I shake my head, dumbstruck. "No? Some girls at school saw me changing for gym, called them 'hubcaps.' Started calling me 'Hubcaps.' That nickname only lasted a few weeks, but I was secretly mortified about my breasts for years. I was convinced they were too big, too wide, too much. Until I met you, Stewy."

Her fingernail comes full circle and her nipple hardens at the mention of my name. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I drool just looking at it. "You loved the way I looked. Oh, sure, other men found me attractive..."

I want to say, "They'd have to be dead not to," but my parched throat closes with a click. My stomach rumbles with hunger.

Kelly does the same slow trace on her other breast. "Other men thought I was sexy, but they looked at me like I was some sort of freak. But not you, Stewy. You loved me, all of me. You..." She turns, finger still describing a lazy circle over her breast. "Remember what I said about Stewy, Maria?"

Maria nods, although she can't seem to decide who to ogle: Sylvia moaning wetly on the floor, or my wife sitting proud in the rocker. "You said Stewy would feast on you."

Kelly turns back to me, eyes burning. "That's right. When we first met, you feasted on me with your eyes. Not like a dirty old leech. You looked at me with delight, pure delight. You made me feel beautiful, Stewy. Really beautiful, for the very first time. Right down to my hubcaps." Her finger finished with her other breast. "How do they look now, Stewy?"

Delicious. Jesus, I'm hungry. "You look so pretty, Mommy."

She gives me that same shiver and hiss. She reaches for my other hand. "On our first date, you were so attentive to me, Stewy. In every way. You drank up my every word. Our first kiss? You feasted on my lips." She gathers up my hand, turning briefly to Maria and Sylvia. "Stewy's such a great kisser, guys."

We'll have to make him kiss us all over sometime."

She brings my other hand close to my first. "The first time we made love? You were so tender, so eager, so hungry. You feasted on me like you could never get enough, like you could never get your fill of me."

Both my hands rest on her breast now. Together, they're just big enough to cover her areola and surround her nipple. "Well? Am I enough for you now? Think I could fill you up?"

Her words are too wanton, my hunger too strong. I can't think straight. "I...I don't know."

She giggles as if scandalized. "Why, Stewy, does that mean you want me to get even bigger? My breasts are almost as big as you are now, you know. If I grow any more they'll probably get bigger than you. Is that what you want? To reach as far as you can with your arms and legs and feel nothing but my soft flesh?"

Hungry. Horny. Can't think. Can only tremble. "I...don't know."

"I'll get bigger for you, Stewy, I promise."

No sign of the giggles now. She sounds deadly serious. "I don't care how much I have to grow. I won't stop until I'm enough for you. But I'll need your help, Stewy. I'll need your cum. Lots of it. More than you've given me--given any of us--so far."

She tips my head upward again. I've never seen her eyes burn this bright. "Will you do that for me? Will you cum that much for me?"

Wait. What is she saying? I'm too hungry. I think I'm going to faint. My voice is a hoarse whisper. "I'm very hungry, Mommy."

"Of course you are, baby." She glances at the soaked diaper in the trash bin. "After all that..." She looks to Sylvia and Maria. "Spooge?"

Maria snickers.

"Good word," Kelly decides. "Naughty and nasty but cute too, just like Stewy. I like it. After all that spooge, I bet you're famished. But if I'm going to grow more--and I will, Stewy, I will--you're going to have to cum a whole lot more than that. I can't imagine how hungry you're going to get. Can you?"

Hell. Is this Hell? Is this Heaven? Can there be a place that's both Heaven and Hell at the same time? "I...don't know."

"I have a confession to make, Stewy." Kelly reaches between my shaking hands, and tweaks her nipple.

A bead of milk roils out from its crinkly tip. "I've been withholding my milk from you. I think that's why you've been getting so weak each time you cum. I was being selfish, Stewy. Making you cum until you faint is a major turn on. I don't know if I'll be able to resist doing it again a couple...dozen...more times. It feels like I finally manage to fill you up when I make you go out like a light, you see."

She touches her fingernail to her nipple. The bead of milk breaks free, drops into the cup of the nail. "But now I know it isn't true. My breasts are engorged, baby, they're too full. I thought I could take care of it on my own, or with the girls, but I should have known. You are my little Stewy." She runs her thumb and forefinger together, coating the pad of her fingertip with milk. "This is all meant for you."

She waves her milky finger under my nose. The aroma is ambrosial. Hunger shocks through me, but my hands feel locked onto her breast, and she pulls her finger away before I can bring myself to dive-bomb it with my mouth. "And if I'm going to get any bigger, you're going to need to drink all of it. You want even more of me, don't you?"

She touches her finger to my lips. Her milk coats my tongue. It's heavenly sweet, earthily musky, sinfully sexy. But an instant later it vanishes, as unsatisfying as a light drizzle in the desert. "More, Mommy. Please, Mommy, more."

"More Mommy?" Kelly positions me sideways on the nursing pillow. Thanks to its wedge-shaped foam, I sit with my cheek pressing against her nipple. My arms still cling to her breast, but they feel leaden, deadened by hunger. Foremilk courses down my cheek and puddles on my neck. I'm too overcome with hunger to move. "You want more of Mommy, Stewy?"

She places one hand on the back of my neck, the other beneath her breast. "You're going to get more of Mommy, of all your Mommies, than you..." She hefts her breast, mashing it into my face. "...could ever..." She turns my face to her outthrust nipple. "...imagine. Now feast."

She works her nipple between my lips. It fills my mouth but I suck up hard, latching it between my tongue the roof of my mouth. "Oh, God, Stewy! This feels so good! I never thought that..."

I take my first tentative swallow and Kelly's whole body goes rigid as the blessed warmth trickles into my belly. "Oh my God, I came. You swallowed just a few drops and I came. And there's so much more, Stewy! And..."

I take a bigger swallow. "Nn, God. And it's all..."

I achieve my first real suckle. Kelly lets down her milk. Freshets of hot, sweet, earthy ambrosia pour down my throat. Her other breast has let down in reflex as well. Milk soaks into the spandex covering her tummy. The smell of it is everywhere.

As I drink more and more of her milk, I feel Kelly's rugged and toned body grow soft and shivery beneath

me, like she used to when we'd make love and I drove her to multiple orgasm. She babbles strings of nonsense words, and then: "And it's all for you, Stewy. Feast."

I feel like I could suckle here, at my wife's breast, forever. I guzzle and nuzzle, arms outspread and squeezing. Kelly squeals and thrashes. I hug myself to the firm curves of her glorious tit. My chibi-me arms just manage to encircle its girth and ride out her orgasm. I'm still hungry, but the aching hollowness from before is gone. A warm fuzziness suffuses me. I feel strengthened, emboldened, empowered. And then, suddenly, I'm full.

I take one last swallow. My bloated stomach gurgles in protest but I manage to force it down. I pull my tongue away from the roof of my mouth, releasing my wife's hot, spongy nipple from the suckle. Pressed up against her chest like this, my mouth remains full of nipple. Even free of the suckle, milk seeps out, puddling around my tongue. I breathe in burbling gasps, breaking the fluid seal gluing my lips and nose to Kelly's slippery areola.

Kelly begs, "Feast, Stewy, feast," as if I hadn't even started yet.

Wait a minute. I give Kelly's breast a test-cuddle. It's as big and taut and engorged as ever. But I've drunk my fill. More than my fill. I'm so full I can't remember what being hungry feels like.

And Kelly doesn't notice. She wraps her long arms around my back and embosoms me. Her nipple bulges into my tongue, expressing more and more milk, my mouth slowly filling whether I want it to or not. "Feast, Stewy. Those first few sucks felt so good, so amazingly good. So why are you stopping?"

Her brow crinkles. "Don't tease Mommy."

Recumbent on the floor, Sylvia tugs on her hair. Her bob hairdo's longer now, not cut severe but falling halfway down her neck, like a pageboy's. She's growing, alright: wider hips, longer hair. Growing all over, I bet. Her head rocks. "Don't keep me waiting."

Maria sits cross legged, inspecting her own tender breast flesh. "Don't forget me."

Don't tell me this is really happening. I try to draw back but Kelly's embrace is python-strong and keeps me crushed against her breast. "I canth," I lisp, milk dribbling down my chin and smearing over my bare chest. "M'full."

Kelly freezes in mid-squirm. Her voice is flat. "But we're just getting started."

She sits up and traps me against her chest. Her breast rolls over my mouth and nose, cutting off all air, presses ponderously down on my slimy chest and overflows my lap. I try to kick but I can't move my legs

under the weight. I try to wrestle but Kelly's got my arms pinned. "I need you to feast, Stewy."

The wall of tit-flesh tilts my head back a bit and I chug down the milk pooling in my mouth. It's either that or aspirate.

"Maybe you should burp him," Maria suggests as I splutter.

A few minutes ago I thought breastfeeding from my own wife would be the ultimate degradation. With Maria's words, I know better. Breastfeeding is but a penultimate humiliation to all the babying that follows. I try to imagine being burped and I my face burns bright red. They can't be really serious about this whole baby Stewy thing. It's all a game, right?

Kelly massages my lower back and announces, "He's not gassy." There's no trace of mischief in her voice, just icy concern.

Oh fuck, this isn't a game. She'd really burp me. And if this isn't a game, then that business with the diapers and wanting to do everything for me...Oh, no. No, no, no. She meant it. And I'd even said, "Diaper me please, Mommy." And my saying that got her high, got her off. My God, what have I done?

My mouth slowly refills with foremilk. I wheeze, "Pleath. I canth. Pleath leth me go, K-Kelly."

Kelly nabs me under the armpits and hoists me up until we're eye-to-eye. Her darkling eyes incandesce. Is she furious? Crazy? Horny? All three? I can't tell. Whatever she's thinking, she looks scary enough to make me pee my pants--No, Stewart, don't you even think about that. I gulp, reflexively swallowing the last of the milk, and suffer a stab of pain in my stomach.

It's my turn to plead. "I'm sorry. I want to drink more. I really do."

I mean every word. Those warm fuzzies were terrific, and making Kelly cum has always been a huge turn on of me. Hell, I'm getting hard again just thinking about her flopping beneath me. I just don't want the burping and the stupid diapers and this weakling, chibi-me body. But I can't just come out and ask her to make me big again. Her madness would just shut me out. Maybe I can get away with a really big hint instead. "I want to drink more," I repeat, "but there's just no room inside me. I need more room."

Kelly blinks. Her revelatory smile melts the ice in her gaze. "Oh, is that all?"

She's mischievous Kelly again. "No more room, huh."

She unhurriedly plants me down on the nursing pillow. For a few seconds I'm relieved, thinking she'll put me down, let me go, let this insanity end.

She rips off my diaper, leaving me stark naked. She hauls me back up by the armpits until my erection

aims straight for her plush, scarlet lips. Her breath's palpable heat flows around my cock stronger and more stimulating than a Jacuzzi jet. "Well, I know how to empty you, Stewy."

My dick surges to life, flush and throbbing, as I dangle here in the air before my wife's colossal, wanton mouth. Ever had a hard-on so stiff it felt almost numb? Well, this isn't one of those hard-ons. I'm so sensitive and so primed, the very pounding of my blood through my prick becomes a sweet agony. If Kelly gets my heart beating any harder or faster, she could make me cum without even touching me. I feel humongously hung. Relative to chibi-me Stewart, I've got a cock that would make a porn starlet ask for danger pay before letting me anywhere near her.

Kelly licks her lips. My glans glisten with precum. "W-wait," I stammer.

I'm scared. Scared at how good this is going to feel. Can you believe that? "Kelly--I mean, Mommy?"

Jesus, I can't call someone about to suck my cock "Mommy." But I don't want her to drop me, and I sure as shit want what her lips are promising. So I just mumble something that sounds like, "M'lee. I don't understand."

"Shh, baby," Kelly coos. "I know you're confused."

She brings her lips closer until they brush across my prick's glans with her every word, sparking paralyzing jolts of pleasure through me. "But you'll understand, soon. You'll love it, you'll see. In fact, you'll want me even more."

She eases me down and the head of my dick slides between her lips. "More than 'oo evah dih before," she mutters around my cock.

She touches the tip of her tongue to the slit of my cock-head, licking the tiniest taste of pre-ejaculate. I feel it as a lightning-strike, a spasm of impending orgasm. I shudder and sag forward, supporting myself by propping my hands against the top of her head.

That's when I realize she hasn't moved a muscle since that one tongue-flick. I push back a bit, trying to see her face. "Kelly? Mommy?" I cast about. "Uh, somebody?" Maria and Sylvia only stare back, silent and saucer-eyed.

Kelly pulls me away, looks up at me. Her gaze is unfocused, fevered, almost rapturous. "Stewy. Oh, Stewy. You taste so good."

Her hands tremble but her grip around my chest is ironclad. She raises me up a little more to kiss and mouth my balls. "You taste so full."

She fixes me with her burning stare again. "I love it. I love you." She shakes her head. "More than ever."

She glances at my purpling cock. "I want it. I want you." She talking to my cock now, as if the rest of me didn't exist. "More than ever before. So much more."

I'm quivering. I'm frightened. I'm excited. Aw, who am I kidding: I'm horny!

At last, Kelly breathes, "I, I want it all, Stewy," and swallows my dick to the hilt.

No matter how humongous it feels to me, relative to Amazonian Kelly, my cock is a mere, melt-in-your-mouth snack. She sucks down hard, her lips forming velvet vices around my shaft. She traps my glans between her wide tongue and the roof of her mouth. She gazes deep into my eyes and treats my dick to one, long, loud, wet, oven-hot slurp.

Sylvia shifts to face Maria. "This will take a while." She winces touches her chest. "And I need help." Maria arches a brow at her as Sylvia knots her hands behind the other girl's neck. "Drink me. Drain me."

Maria grabs Sylvia's hand and presses it deep into the spandex over her own crotch. "Make me cum." Maria kisses Sylvia's nipple into her mouth and the two girls fold and fumble to the floor.

Pressure-pleasure builds and bursts and I orgasm so hard I see stars. I topple forward as the first gush of my cum rockets down Kelly's throat. I wrap my hands around her forehead and bury my face in her fragrant hair. Kelly tilts the rocking chair way back and my full weight, such as it is, presses against her face. She guzzles down that first release and her wriggling tongue and eager administrations launch me into a sensory overload. I thrust against her lips out of sheer instinct and I'm cumming again, filling her mouth with spunk.

A passion-mad groan escapes my wife's lips. One huge hand clasps me on the back, the other nabs my bare butt. She pulls me back while chugging my spunk down. The sensation of my glans rubbing backward across her tongue and the roof of her mouth, the feel of my shaft scraping past her teeth, and the tug of her relentless suckle is more than I can bear. I squeal, a high boyish sound, as my whole body seizes up and my cock fires off again.

My wife chuckles and clucks deep in her throat and shoves me forward, stabbing my dick as far into her mouth as it can go, her lips mashing around its root. She's wallowing in the scents and tastes of my crotch, my cock, my cum. She pumps me in and out, moaning and humming. I offer no resistance. I reflexively try to hump and grind against her mouth instead, but I'm too weak, my movements too lethargic to keep up with her squeezing, pumping hands and my own endless orgasm. I just spurt and spurt and spurt...

...Until my belly gurgles and chills, a strange sensation akin to pain. For a pleasure-dimmed, panic-dazed

moment, I think I've climaxed for so long that something horrible has happened, that I came and came until something broke. But as I slowly come down from the incredible, uncontrollable high of Kelly's cosmic blowjob and gradually reassemble my wits, I recognize the feeling in my belly for what it really is.

"Mommy." The word bubbles up from my hindbrain. It's not Stewart speaking. Stewart isn't here right now, his mind is melting from the world's most powerful orgasmic afterglow, please leave a message at the sound of the boyish pleading. "Mommy."

Stewart's out for the count, but if you'd like to speak to Stewy...

"I'm so hungry, Mommy."

Kelly exhales my dick, pulling me out and back and up until I'm dangling above her. A drizzle of spunk connects the tip of my dick to her lip. "Poor Stewy," she says, kissing the last of the cum out of my cock. "No, you're not."

The hunger coiling in my belly sprouts roots. I'm still to mind-blown for complicated thought. "Huh?"

"You're not hungry yet, Stewy." She squirms the nursing pillow out of her lap and I take its place. She pushes my back against her stomach. "Not yet."

I'm goggling out over the long vista of her legs. The spandex wrapped around them is taut enough to bounce quarters. Then it happens, a quick cascade of sharp *shrip!* sounds, and little rips unfurl into long, ruinous runs down the material. Her feet push across the carpet. I rise in her lap as if she were flexing her thighs. The bottom swells of her breasts push against my head, creep down my neck in a slow-motion avalanche.

"Not hungry enough yet, at least," Kelly says.

Sylvia rolls Maria off her chest. "No good," she says, "I can't let down." She pivots on her ass to bring her mouth to Maria's crotch, now soppy from fingering.

All around me, my wife grows. She hugs me close. Her hips ascend, sandwiching my thighs. Her cleavage swallows more and more of my head and neck.

"No good," Maria echoes, waving Sylvia away. "I can't come."

I sink into Kelly as she rises, yet my dick rises with her and is soon plum and primed once again. But all I can focus on is the need to feed. I strain and clutch but cannot reach my wife's nipples. My fingertips come away damp and I pop them in my mouth. I keen in wordless frustration.

Sylvia and Maria turn with feral speed, their gazes locking onto my mouth and dick.

"I can't do it without him," they chorus.

* * *

Sylvia sways to her feet, hunching against the unaccustomed weight of her chest. Her hair now sprays across her shoulders. The bangs of her former bob haircut now shroud her features in a mahogany veil, faceless as a ghost. "F-feeding time."

"Oh, come on." Maria hops up. She grown statuesque, as tall as a 21st Century supermodel blessed with the curves of a golden-age Hollywood sexpot. She glares up at Sylvia's void of a face. "Don't bogart the boy. I haven't cum in, like, forever. Minutes, even."

All I can think is: hungry-hungry-hungry.

"He needs to be f-fed." Sylvia fidgets forward.

The legs of her bodystocking rip free of her feet and retreat up her calves. "He needs me." She kneads her bare breasts, streaking milk about her chest and neck. "Don't you, Stewy."

It's not a question but I nod like a bobblehead doll. Yes-yes-yes-hungry-hungry.

My wife's--mommy's--fingers flex over my abdomen--I mean, tummy. Her voice vibrates through me. "Not yet."

No-mommy-no-hungry-so-hungry

And then Kelly adds, as if it's as obvious as the tits swallowing my head, "He can't drink more than he cums or he'll start growing again."

But-mommy-so-hung...Wait, what?

The faceless redhead cocks her head to one side, revealing one blazing azure eye. She asks, "Growing?"

"We talked this over this morning, remember?" Kelly says. She entwines her fingers about my tummy--I mean, abdomen. My stomach nestles into the hollow formed by her joined palms. It's as if her hands were made to carry me this way. "You started him on the milk, so now we all must to follow the rules to the letter. Otherwise, it's game over."

She tucks her thumbs into my armpits and nudges me up against her newly-colossal cleavage. It's just enough to tilt the balance of flesh against my favor, and a wall of slick under-boob slips over my head. "If we let him miff um flumph--"

Kelly shuts off my eyes and ears by burying them in a sultry, soft red darkness. "Unf, tummf cummsumph novaluniumph..."

She must be explaining her entire plot against me. All I can hear is muffled speech and the thrum and rush of her breath and blood. My own blood rushes to my dick, which pounds and purples in syncopation.

My arms are still free. I scramble to pry my head clear of its heavy silk vice, but I might as well be trying to dig a tunnel through a mountain of custard. She relaxes her hands and I reenter the world again, gasping for air.

"Suss inf tffs--side effects of a homunculus," Kelly finishes.

That unfamiliar word gets the gears in my head turning again. Homunculus. What is that? Is that what the lotion is called, or is that what the lotion is for? I'd sell my life's savings just for one Google search right now. Hell, I'd even trust Wikipedia.

Sylvia is staring down at the floor to her side. She can't see the floor or her own feet in front of her, thanks to her new endowments. All of which were provided by yours truly all those times she snuck off to suck me dry. Her hair has been brushed away from her face, and she's wearing the most luscious, petulant moue I've ever seen. "If I can't f-feed him," she mumbles, "I wanna help empty him."

Empty me? I'm already so hungry my stomach wants to turn me inside out. But now I've been given a reason to think with my upper head again. There's a way out! I can grow big and get the fuck out of here! What was it that Kelly said?

While I'm trying to draw the threads of my tattered mind together, Maria reaches up to place a firm hand on Sylvia's shoulder. "You need a time-out. I think you freakin' O-D'd on Stewy last night."

Last night. That means, before this latest lunacy started, Sylvia had gotten me off so hard she knocked me out cold for twenty-four hours. Holee-shee-it, is that girl dangerous.

Kelly's belly quakes beneath me as she nods her agreement with Maria's assessment. This is the longest time I haven't been the center of attention in days, I can't waste it by wallowing in the sensory overload of breasts and breath and belly and pressure and milk and sex and--stop it! Focus, you dumb fuck! Think!

Maria gives Sylvia's shoulder a sympathetic squeeze. "If you hadn't fed him before you blew him off, you'd've blown him away to nothing, I bet. You don't want that, do you?" She shrugs. "At least, not yet, right? And you don't want our little man growing up soon, either, right?"

Maria makes goo-goo eyes at me. "We love him just the way he is."

That's it! All I need to do is let them feed me!

Sylvia shakes her head. "I want to grow and play with Stewy," she says, adding, "forever."

All this time I've been resisting it. To think, last night, Sylvia had gotten so carried away she force-fed me the antidote.

She shakes her head again, this time to clear the cobwebs. "So I guess I need to lay off the sauce for a while."

My salvation is so simple I could cry. I just need to keep playing "Little Stewy" and Kelly and her two crazies will take care of everything. Kelly wants to take care of my every need? Then let her take care of my escape as well.

"Just promise me you'll empty him enough so I can f-feed him again. Soon." Sylvia ghosts a finger across her nipple and hisses from the tenderness. Her tits are so taut and shiny that her bosom has gone alabaster white with Prussian-blue veins standing out in stark relief. "Empty enough that I can f-feed him all of this."

All I need to do is not...wait a minute.

"Oh, we will," chuckles Kelly. "Empty enough for all of us to fill him all the way up again."

I mean, the one thing I can't let them do is...oh, God. Oh, no.

Sylvia steps aside. She's got her smug sex-kitten confidence back. "I will be just like I said, Stewy. We're going to empty and fill you, over and over." Good god, her dirty baby-talk is so damned sexy. "And each time we do, we'll grow and grow, so we'll have to f-feed you more."

My dick jumps to the rhythm of her voice.

Maria prowls forward, silent as a panther stalking prey, her mouth blooming into toothy snarl of a smile. I try to shrink away, but just manage to sink my ass deeper into my wife's crotch.

Sylvia retreats to the far corner of the room, but her voice, her incredible voice, possesses me. "And to f-feed you more we'll have to empty you even more." Stinging pressure builds behind my glans with each

"more" she adds.

Maria slinks nearer and nearer. She pivots between Kelly's legs and glides down to all fours before padding even closer, eyes on her prize. Her prey is my cock and it's pointed straight at her.

Sylvia leans back against the far wall. She sighs, "But that will make us grow...more."

My cock responds to her "more" with a hard, pre-orgasmic twitch and thump. I yelp.

Maria's head descends into Kelly's lap. From my vantage point, a Roman goddess has broken open the sky to crane her neck down from Heaven for a close inspection of her favorite mortal plaything. Her face, the arc of her back and her heart-stopping, heart-shaped ass fills the world.

I can't see Sylvia but I hear the shrug and mock resignation in her voice. "So, then I guess we'll need to...f-feed you...even...moore."

The word fires up a prolonged lightning-strike of pressure/pleasure into my groin. Maria's lips are a hairsbreadth away from my cock. She watches my precum weep and bites her lip to keep from laughing.

"Isn't this what you always wanted, Stewy?" Sylvia asks.

My salvation is so far away, I start to cry. To escape, I need to get control of my dick back. I don't need to stop getting my rocks off. I just need to man up enough to give them a little less than I take, and the spell breaks. And yet here I am, getting raped by remote control, by the sound of my captor's voice.

"Isn't it what every man wants?"

Now that my eyes weep, my cock drools. Maria cannot hold it in anymore and giggles at me. I cry and huff and gasp my way to an impending, imprisoning orgasm. Maria glances away from my cock and into my watery, chibi-wide eyes her giggling ramps up through chuckle to a nasty cackle: "You are so hopeless, Stewy."

Sylvia clears her throat, and launches the fatal verbal sexual assault on my hopes of freedom. "What's wrong, Stewy? Don't you want...more?"

I howl and buck and shoot my load. Maria chuckles it down her throat.

"More, Stewy," says Sylvia, and I buck upward and rocket off again. "No, Stewy: more." And again. "Damn you, Stewy: more!!"

I've become Lake Mead and my cock is the release valve on the Hoover Dam. Each "more" opens the valve wider, making me spooge harder and longer. But Maria just sips it down as easy as drinking from a

water-fountain.

"Stewy, you little shit," Sylvia growls, "You think that's enough? I said more. We're going to f-feed you all we've got, so we need more. Much more! MORE!"

Sylvia's voice ravages me to blasphemous orgasm; Maria's mouth swallows more sperm than I have cells in my body. One more "more," and I'm dead for sure. "Kelly! Make them stop! Oh, God. Please, Kelly!"

Kelly hoists me out of her lap-trap to look me in the eye. Her face is cold, devoid of all concern. Oh, shit, I called her "Kelly," not "Mommy."

"How hungry are you now, Stew-art?" She spit the last syllable of my name.

My cock gives up a few final lurches. My heaving sobs ebb away as but something totally alien takes its place. I'm not just hungry, I am hollow. Not just my belly feels empty. It's like there's nothing behind my eyes. "Make it go away."

"What was that, Stew-art? Speak up."

I'm trembling. "Make it go away."

"Make what go away, Stew-art?"

"The nothing. Make the nothing go away."

Her expression softens a fraction. "You're talking like a child, Stew-art. How can 'nothing' go away? What is 'nothing'?" She smirks. "Other than nothing?"

The room grows quiet. I've never heard such silence. Even when nothing else is making noise, there was always me, my breath, my thoughts. Something. But now, I don't even hear a ringing in my ears. Maybe I'm just delirious, so hungry it crowds out all other sensation. But the truth seems much worse than that. "Me. I'm nothing."

Sylvia gasps, speechless at last. Maria rocks back onto her ass. "Oh, Stewy."

Kelly's composure thaws. With one mammoth hug, she embosoms me, resting a cheek atop my head. Her breasts have grown so much since she sat me in her lap that, this time, she does not simply draw me to her chest. She draws me into it. I am engulfed by her affection. The nothingness is replaced by a enfolding weight snuggling into my every nook and cranny. Her voice, now so close, throbs and rumbles. "No, Stewy. You aren't nothing. You have us. I love you. We love you."

I peek upward, my ears burning and scrapping against her skin. My tit-tunnel vision is too narrow to see her face, just her cheek and the flash of teeth behind candy-red lips.

"That counts for something," she says, "That counts for a lot."

Does she really think that? I risk voicing the question aloud. "This is...love?"

"Oh, yes," she smiles, a wide Cheshire grin floating high above my reach. "This is the best kind of love. Can't you feel it? How do you feel?"

There's nothing left of me but raw truth. "Bad."

Kelly glances up for a second, nods. I hear Maria slip away.

"Try to describe it," Kelly says. She wriggles her arms around her breasts. I am first squashed, arms pinioned to my sides, then squirted upward. My face head surfaces from the sea of slick cleavage with an almost audible *pop*. We are face-to-face, although it's more like chibi-to-billboard.

No baby-mad glimmer lurks in her gaze. She's wearing the face of a concerned school nurse asking where it hurts.

"I don't feel hungry or full," I say, "It's worse. It's so much worse."

"Being hungry isn't the opposite of being full, Stewy," Kelly explains. "Hunger is just the absence of fullness. What you're feeling now? It's the real opposite of being full. It's how I feel without a baby inside me."

Then I realize it. The baby-mad glimmer hasn't gone away. It's gone in deep. It's won. Kelly is insane.

"Well, almost," Kelly says. She gives me a quick kiss on the top of my head. "You aren't empty enough yet, Stewy. Maybe for Sylvia and Maria, sure, but not for me. Not now that I've got these." She wriggles her arms again and for a long, steamy moment her breasts crash over me in a tidal wave of heavy, marshmallow fluff. "You made them grow again, Stewy, and they're just starting to fill up. Here, feel."

Another titsunami, but this time she grabs her elbows with arms akimbo and holds steady. I'm smothered in female flesh from forelock to forearm. I squeeze my eyes shut but I can't fight the impression of red darkness. The red of Kelly's heart, the red of blood, the red of lust and madness.

I soon feel what she's talking about. There's a gradual, growing tension. Whatever else the magic lotion does, it's pushed Kelly's mammary glands into an overdrive that defies medical science and probably violates the laws of thermodynamics.

The feeling of the milk seeping its way inside her breasts makes me whimper in relief. My very soul is hungry for it. When she releases my head from total titular captivity, I splutter out wordless praise. My abused dick somehow manages to stir and pokes Kelly in the bellybutton.

"That's my Stewy," my wife praises back. "And that's why I need to make the emptiness inside you bigger. In a few minutes, I'm going to have so much more milk to fill you with, I won't be able to think about anything else. I told you I needed you to cum, remember? I'm going to need you to cum more than you have all night. All week. Your entire life.

"After you do, we will let you feed again, Stewy, and only then. I know it feels bad now, Stewy, but when we're done with you, it's going to feel so good, you'll want to do it all over again. It's going to feel so incredibly good, you'll never want to do anything else but this, ever again. You'll see."

I want to scream. I want to kick, to fight this lunatic monster that was once my wife every step of the way down the funnel of madness. But I need to breastfeed to break the spell that keeps me chibi. The only way out of the trap Kelly's laid for me is to go all the way in. How ironic is that?

Maria squeaks. "Holy shit! I can feel them. The grow-butterflies. It's starting. Fuck yes! Wait, how big am I going to get? I must've guzzled gallons."

Sylvia shushes her, then adds, "I guess I'm going to dirty-talk myself hoarse."

"No," Kelly says, and hauls herself up out of the rocker with me saddled in her bosom. The rocker's struts bow and snap as she pushes against them.

Thank goodness for vaulted ceilings. As it is, my wife will have to limbo or go down to her knees just to get through the nursery door. "Stewy loves a good blowjob."

"And hand-job," Maria chimes in.

"And tit-job," Sylvia agrees.

The two huge girls start ticking off the ways they've made me cum over the past few days. "Foot-job." "Lube-job." "Thigh-job." "Tongue-job." "Jacuzzi-job." "Belly-job." "Butt-job." "Couch-job." "Plushie-job." "Carpet-job." "Air-job." "Talk-job." "Meta-job."

"What the hell is a meta-job?" Maria asks, but before Sylvia can answer Kelly starts tapping her foot. It sounds like someone banging on the floor with a hammer.

"I think that's enough foreplay," Kelly concludes. "Don't you agree, Stewy?"

She bends down and gently lowers me to the floor. Sylvia and Maria perform overacted nonchalant sidles to block the door. They know they don't need physical barriers any more. Staying put gives me the one real chance I have to away.

Kelly rights herself and, my God, she's beyond tall. The word "Curvaceous" does cruel injustice to her figure. Lying face-up on the floor plays tilt-a-whirl with my perspective, but I can tell that she'd be considered built like a brick shit house, even if that house built were on the planet Krypton.

"My point is, girls," Kelly says, "that Stewy loves everything about me, everything about women."

She reaches into the crib and plucks out the mattress. "He can get off on anything about us. That's why he responds so well to the lotion, why he makes the perfect homunculus."

"I guess that makes sense," Sylvia nods.

Maria bobs up and down on her toes, comparing her height to Sylvia's. "It does?"

The mattress thuds down next to me. I'm too agog at Kelly to flinch. "But what gets him off the most, what's always driven him the most crazy?"

She cups me in her hands and lays me square in the middle of the mattress. "Why, the most womanly bit of me, of course."

Her legs thump down on either side of me. Her frayed bodystocking gives her as much modesty as the Incredible Hulk in a Speedo swimsuit. Kelly rolls her hips in one liquid motion, as if her hips were gliding on oil. It's a signature move that my dick knows well, and it points up straight at the cleft between my wife's legs like a spoiled two-year-old boy pointing a demanding finger at a cookie jar in a high cupboard.

She gives me a heavy lidded smile and does the hip-roll again, this time concluding the slow, mesmerizing arc of her pelvis with a flourishing bump-da-dump. The bodystocking experiences a catastrophic failure of its containment system and flutters to the carpet. She stands astraddle the mattress, a bare-ass naked female Colossus of Rhodes.

"And that's pussy," my wife says, and sinks to her knees.

Her left knee touches the floor first, and I behold the most glorious beaver shot in the Universe. The inner lips of her sex engorge slick and scarlet. They flower firm enough to push the outer labia aside. Kelly shaves her mound in a neat landing strip; I have no idea how she does it. If I were not out of my mind with three competing hungers -- the hunger for food, for fucking, for freedom -- I'd wonder why the hair now fountains down in dark sheaves, lustrous as onyx, from Kelly's crown to the back of her

knees, but has grown nowhere else.

Fuck-hunger wins out because there's a *vagina* in the *sky*. "My God," I swallow. "Kelly."

"Yes," Kelly says, unfazed by my failure to call her Mommy because she accepts the grander title I proposed. "I am. And I am going to fuck the ever living shit out of you, and there is nothing you can do to stop me, Stewart."

So this is it, I realize, as Kelly's right knee thunders to the floor. This is my one and only, last and true chance to be free.

The eclipse of my wife's tits washes over me from toes to cock to a foot past my head, the shadow of an alien mothership falling over Washington DC. Even after Kelly's descent to the floor completes, the shadow continues to darken as her breasts swell with milk and flush with lust. I remember her earlier words: "In a few minutes, I'm going to have so much more milk to fill you with, I won't be able to think about anything else."

Her sex hovers inches above my dick. She is too tall, and I am two foot small. She'll have to spread-eagle, or maybe even do a split, to push me in deep unless I move to receive her. But I cannot move. I must not move. I must not cum, if only just for a few minutes. Hold out long enough until her baby-hunger returns and the mother-madness darkles her eyes. Then I'll become her "Stewy" again, not Stewart, and she'll be helpless to cuddle me and swaddle me and suckle me. And then I'll grow, nurtured and cured by her milk, and run like hell.

Kelly inhales long and steady, and I swear my hair flutters. The resulting view is spectacular. She places a hand on each knee. Inch by inch, her legs spread.

I must not cum.

"I'm going to make you cum, Stewart," Kelly says, as the crown of my cock nudges against her sex.

The connection is electric. We both shudder and my glans slip about, smearing my pre-cum every-which-way. Pressure mounts. Distract yourself, Stewart. Think of something, anything -- I remember an old song and I want to laugh, but somehow when your soul is at stake it's just not fucking funny:

Mama told me not to come
Mama told me not to come
That ain't the way to have fun, no...

It helps. I ride out the pressure, heaving for air, flop sweat popping across my brow. I must not cum.

"I'm going to take your cum Stewart, I'm going to take it all." Kelly voice trails off into a shivery mewl as

her gods-greatest-gift-to-man pussy glissades down my cock to the hilt.

Her Earth-mother labia overflow my groin. My lap is smothered in their sweltering folds. There must be lotion magic at work, because size doesn't matter. Her sex is needy and greedy for me. It is velvet and cream, lightning and steam. And I must feel just as good to her, because once I am insider her, she screams my name and claws the floor, ripping up the carpet.

But I must not cum.

Kelly screams again, "Stewart! Oh, fuck! Stewart! I am going to make you cum so fucking much!"

I must not cum.

My wife hisses through her teeth, rears up, throws back her head.

I must not -- Kelly rolls -- I must not -- Kelly rolls her hips -- I must not -- Kelly rolls her hips in one -- I must not -- fluid -- I must not -- motion --

andfuckthatnoiselamcummingmybrainsout.

Kelly startles. My dick splurges and twitches. Her breath hitches to my rhythm of release. It's a long, hard, but perfectly human orgasm, with a beginning, middle, and end. Kelly's pussy is perfectly inhuman, however, and clutches and cozens and hoovers up my spunk until I'm drained to the dregs. Kelly's eyelids flutter and her eyes roll back a bit before sliding closed. When she speaks, she sounds like the real Kelly, my Kelly. "Oh, Stewart."

But something's wrong. What is it?

Kelly bends over to kiss me -- good luck with that, sister, at our proportions all I'll get is a smothery mouthful of milk-laden tit -- but her eyes pop open. Suddenly, horribly, I know what's wrong. "Oh, wow, Stewart!"

I'm still hard. Hell, thanks to the idea of Kelly riding cowgirl while smooshing my face under her breasts, I'm hard as ironwood.

Kelly touches one hand to her heart, shifting aside one breast so she can lock her gaze with mine. And just like that, my Kelly's gone again. "That's my Stewy."

My wife's hips resume their liquid rolling. Her abdomen undulates. She raises her arms above her head and rides me like an houri of ancient Persia. Her belly dance starts at a glacier's pace but picks up a little

speed with each completed motion. "C'mon, baby, keep cumming for me."

My cock is the epicenter of a squeezing, molten maelstrom. I can't take it. I crash over into release again. Kelly picks up more speed. The release goes on and on, surges out of me and into her. She scrapes a full lip down an uplifted forearm. "Oh, baby, that's so much cum." She rolls faster. My cock pulses in release after release. "So." She rolls, drawing still more from me. "Much." She rolls, and I drown in waves of release that never yield to relief. "Cum!"

Every roll of her hip draws out a roll of a tide of pressure within me. With each roll, the tide rises, the pressure rises, and the crest and crash of release is that much sweeter. "This is it, Stewy." She completes her seventh orbit about my cock. "This is what you are good for. What you were made for." Eighth. "What I made you for. And you're so good at it, Stewy." Ninth. "Better than I ever dreamed." Tenth. "And the dream's just..." Eleventh. "Getting..." Twelfth. "Started."

Oh, God, I can barely think. What's happening? Kelly's bending forward. To kiss me again? No. She's bending forward and arching her back so when she rocks forward, the nipple of her left breast buffets my mouth and streaks milk across my lips.

All I feel, see, taste, smell, has become Kelly. I'm smothered in her sex, pinned down by her weight. Her tits fill the sky, mosh across my chest and face. The redolence of her milk suffuses the air, fills my every pore. And I've lost count of how many times I've cum into her, spewing forth spunk from some impossible reservoir hidden within me.

"Oh, Stew-wy," Kelly sing-songs, all the while pumping-pumping-pumping. "This is iii-iit." One tit drops down onto my stomach, knocking the wind out of me. "You're reaching empt-tee." She huddles and her breast slides forward. Her weeping nipple has overfilled my bellybutton with milk. "And if you hit empt-tee, then it's bye-bye, Stew-wy."

She's right; I can feel it coming as I cum (and cum, and cum). I'm falling to a floor of total exhaustion, flying toward a ceiling limit of pleasure. Any second now I'm going to hit both at once and then, what? Die? Go mad? Vanish? Doesn't matter. Whatever it is, it's worse than being filled with nothing. It's oblivion.

"But I can save you, Stew-wy." Her breast weighs heavy on my chest, pushing against my neck, pinning my arms to my side. "I want to save you. Because I love you-uu."

Her nipple, now swollen wide enough to almost fill my entire mouth, smears about my chin as Kelly keeping on humping and my cock keeps on pumping. "But you've got to say the magic wo-ords."

I'm already lost. I knew I lost the moment I couldn't hold back and surrendered that first orgasm so quickly into her greedy womb. But, let's be honest. This feels good. This feels great. I don't want oblivion. Sylvia was right. I want more.

"Please," I whisper. At least I try to form the words. I'm so far gone into what Kelly is doing to me, has done to me, to be sure.

"Please, what?"

All the wanking, the teasing, the chasing, the sucking, the growing, the shrinking, the milking, the fucking and all the cumming, has lead up to this moment. I know what she wants and I don't care. I've already lost, and what Kelly, Sylvia, and Maria have done to me feels just too god-damn good to exchange for oblivion. Live free or die? A man chooses, a slave obeys? Not if living as a slave feels this good. Besides, what's the worst that could happen? Couldn't be any worse than oblivion.

So I answer her. "Please, Mommy."

It couldn't be worse than oblivion, right?

Kelly laughs, loud and deep and dark. "That's my Stewy."

She grinds her belly dance around my dick to a gradual halt. "Of course you may, baby."

"Here." She guides her nipple over my mouth. "Feast."

I wrap my lips around it, press my tongue up against it to form a latching suckle. I slurp and the nipple spurts a freshet of hot milk. It goes down smooth. Warmth spreads from my tummy as if I'd drunk a fine brandy.

I mean, it couldn't possibly be worse, right?

I'm nursing from a tit well over twice the size of my head. I squirm my shoulders and work my arms up to gather as much of the slick flesh above me as I can. Kelly's "hubcap" areola ooze forward and blankets my entire face.

Right?

Everything trembles as the first nipple-orgasm hits my wife. If I have any say in the matter -- and, let's face it, I don't -- it's the first of many. I'm so damn hungry. "Stewy! Yes, Stewy! Feast!"

I gurgle and gasp to keep up with the hot gush. Little rills of milk escape over my cheek and into my hair.

"Feast," Kelly says, and starts fucking me with a rhythm that's more frenzied, fast, and nasty than ever before, mashing my ass against the mattress. "But don't you dare stop cumming!"

I orgasm so hard I throw my arms wide and head backward in a grand mal seizure. I shout in wordless, agonizing pleasure and alarm. Kelly's nipple slaps back into my mouth and smothers the noise. Her huge hand scoops up my head and shoulders and shoves me back up against her breast. I am too hungry to deny her.

Kelly bump-and-grinds without relent. I cum again. My cry drowns in burbles of milk. I swallow. I cum again, like a fire-hose, the terrifying pleasure wracking through every part of me.

"Now, Stewy," Kelly purrs, ignoring my muffled screams of protest against such unnatural pleasure. "Now you're-- Ahn! Now you're empty enough for me. For all of us."

She gestures to the corner of the room. I hear squeals of delight and exited movement.

Suddenly, there's a second pair of hands around my head, and I am peeled away far enough from Kelly's breasts to see Sylvia's face, her eyes shining with my wife's infectious madness. Maria looms beside her, lips parted, mouth wanton.

Kelly says, "You're empty more than enough. And thanks to this, nng, God! Thanks to this glorious cock we made for you, you are going to stay that way all night. All week. Fuck, all year, if it has to. As long as it -- ahn! -- takes."

Takes to what? Was all this part of some bigger plan? Before I can put 2 and 2 together, Kelly fucks me to an orgasm beyond oblivion. This time Kelly allows me to swoon away from her breast, but no sooner than my mouth is free, Sylvia's alabaster tits pin me to the mattress, an engorged nipple stuffed into my mouth. Her milk lets down. She wails in inhuman relief and satisfaction before Maria pushes her out of the way.

Mad. Kelly slides up and away from my cock while I'm in mid-orgasm. I wish I had gone mad. Maria takes her place and I shoot the remains of that load into her. This is too much. Sylvia rears back and for a moment my mouth is empty. I almost manage to burble, "Wait," but Sylvia pinches my mouth into a pucker between her thumb and forefinger, then force-feeds me her other, oozing nipple.

My eyes roll upward, lids fluttering. For a moment I see light beyond the valley of ivory-white cleavage and curtain of red hair, but darkness falls as Kelly descends.

"There's got to be room in that mouth for mamma," are the last words I hear before I am buried under a slavered, expanding mound of tits and ass.

I thought nothing could be worse than oblivion.

Sylvia holds me aloft behind Maria, who sits on all fours. I am lubricated from head to toe in milk and cum, mine and theirs. My plaintive cries -- "Stop. Oh, please. Stop. Just for a little while! Oh, God, Please!"-- go ignored.

Sylvia guides my cock into Maria's ass.

There is something worse than oblivion. The girls prove it, over and over. In fact, they refuse to stop.

Kelly sits on the floor. I'm cradled to her breast while Maria kneels beside her and sword-swallows my cock. Sylvia pries my bottom just far away enough from the two other women to first rim and then wriggle her probing tongue into my rectum, questing for my prostate.

Something much, much worse.

I drink to slake a hunger that never ends. I fuck to please three women whose need and greed are just as bottomless. I cum to a release a pressure and find a plateau of pleasure that rises without bound. My wife has doomed me to the opposite of oblivion -- a never-ending MOAR. Why? What did I do to deserve something so wonderful it's horrifying? What does she want?

The sunrise strikes the nursery window. The crib and nursing table have been pushed into the hallway. There is simply not enough room for the furniture and the girl's orgy of milk, cum, and growth. Kelly lies on the floor, as long and wide as a grand dining-room table. Sylvia's legs scissor-kick as she humps and pumps her crotch against Kelly's. The two giants wallow in tribadism. I am sandwiched between their two snatches, my cock has become Sylvia's living dildo buried in my wife's cunt. Maria lies across Kelly's stomach, her arms coiling about my shoulders and pulling me down to one breast, then the other. Each time she switches, there is more breast-flesh to sink into, more milk to drink.

I cum the longest and hardest I ever have in my life, for the thousandth time tonight. I rock my head and I mewl wetly around Maria's nipple. The nipple swells to fill the space from which the noise escaped.

Kelly freezes mid-fuck. She never stops fucking me when I cum, she practically ignores my antics as I orgasm, only interested in the flood of pleasure it provides into her superhuman sex. I lift my head. What's going on?

It takes her a minute to find her voice. "Stewart?"

Maria and Sylvia sit up, eager but puzzled. I slide down and out of Kelly's pussy and plod to the floor. I pad about with my hands, puzzled but trepid. None of the girls has even acknowledged my existence other than a source of spunk and a receptacle of milk for hours. Now Kelly's calling me by name?

"K-Kelly?"

My wife props herself up. She has to be over nine feet tall, and still va-va-voom enough to put any modern sex symbol or ancient fertility goddess to shame. Her eyes sparkle with tears. "Oh, Stewart! Isn't it wonderful?"

I edge away from her but fall into Sylvia's lap before I get very far. Sylvia's lap is love-seat sized for my chibi-Stewart frame. Sylvia makes little "Go on!" gestures at me.

"What's wonderful, Kelly?" I ask.

Kelly laughs back tears. "Can't you tell?"

Her sweet expression positively glows. "Remember what you said, about that little light bulb inside me?"

No. She can't mean it. This can't be happening. I try to crawl out of Sylvia's lap, but she just leans forward and her breasts mush me back in.

Kelly's arms snake out and snatch me up. I know better to resist; Kelly's as strong as a bulldozer now. She plants a salty, crazed kiss over my mouth. She sighs, "I'm pregnant, Stewart."

Maria bounces on her ass, golf clapping. "Yee-aay! Stewart, you did it! Kelly said she always knew you could, no matter what the doctors said. That lotion really does work," She glaci around the wreckage of the room, my marriage, my life, and adds, "Nothing like the way we expected it to, though."

"Congratulations, Kelly!" Sylvia says. "Let's celebrate!"

"How?" asks Maria. "Kelly can't get through the door. I guess we'll just break down the wall."

"Be serious, girls," Kelly says, kissing me again. "Stewart has been through a lot to make this happen. We can't just smash up his old office. That's no way to thank him. He deserves better."

"We have been pretty hard on him," Sylvia admits. "We put the poor guy through the wringer, and he still came through for you! We should make it up to him, somehow."

Kelly thinks. "Hm. Oh! I know." She holds me out. The two girls move in closer. Kelly glances at them in

turn, her voice a conspiratorial whisper.

"Let's fuck him!"

THE END

[I hope you enjoyed it; let me know if you did, and then for God's sake get some therapy.]