

SPRING BREAK

I was sitting on the beach staring out at the ocean when suddenly Anna came walking towards me. She was arguably the most beautiful girl in my class. An unseen breeze blew her long blond hair revealing perfect breasts. She was naked and coming towards me. She parted her lips and called to me. "Mike, Mike..."

"Mike, MIKE!" Suddenly I jolted awake. The beach scene was gone. I was sitting in the lunchroom of Grant High. Darn, I was having such a good dream, too.

"Mike," someone said.

My eyes focused. It was Anna. Her long blond hair is hanging unblown and fully clothed, but she was there, and she was calling my name.

"Sorry, I was zoned out there. What's up, Anna?"

"Yeah, you looked like you were in another world. Anyhow, what are you doing over spring break," she asked.

"Nothing much. I have to read *The Deerslayer* for Mrs. White's American Lit class. It's due right after, and I've not started it yet."

"I want to know if you'd do me a favor."

Wow, I thought. I'd do anything for Anna. She was always friendly to me, but I'd never figured out how to take it beyond that. I figured she was way out of my league.

"Sure, anything," I said.

"You haven't heard what it is, yet."

"OK, ask away,"

"I'm working on a project for family living class," she said. Family living I knew was the modern term for home economics just like shop had turned into industrial arts. "We need to have a project that covers multiple areas: Sewing, childcare, cooking, etc.... I've designed what I want to do, but I need a participant to be the subject of everything."

"That's where I come in?" I asked.

"Yes, you just let me care for you over spring break, cook for you, dress you. I'll take some pictures for the report, but otherwise, you can just read your book."

This sounded interesting; having Anna caring for me sounded too good to be true.

"Sure," I said and then "Did you say dress me?"

She looked a little nervous, "Yes, and this is why you'd be doing me a big favor. The project is about caring for a baby."

"I'm to be a baby? You mean baby food and bottles and ... diapers?"

"Yes, I'm really desperate." She leaned way forward. "I'll make it worth your while."

We made arrangements, getting permission from our respective parents. I promised my mother that I'd have plenty of time to work on the Deerslayer and she reluctantly agreed being assured that Anna's mother was going to supervise this whole project. Anna then said, "I need to measure you."

"What?"

"I'm making you clothes for this. I need to know your size."

"OK."

We went to her mother's sewing room, and Anna produced the tape and set to measuring me, waist, hips, chest, shoulders, and an odd measurement she said was girth, down through my crotch and back up.

"Good, I should have everything I need," she said.

"Do I need to bring anything to your house for that week?" I asked.

"Just your book and your toothbrush. I'll take care of everything else."

The intervening weeks passed, and soon it was the last day of school before the break. When the final bell rang, I went to my locker and started putting my stuff away. Anna came up to me. "Are you ready?"

I pulled out my copy of the Deerslayer. My toothbrush was crammed between two early pages as a bookmark.

"Ready!" I said.

"Then come on, baby," she said taking my hand. The feel of her holding my hand was electric. With a smile I allowed her to lead me to her home.

"Hi, mom!" Anna called as we came through the door.

"I made cookies," she called back. The smell of fresh baked cookies permeated the house.

"OK, just let me get Mike dressed and then we will be right down."

She led me upstairs to what I guess was a guest room. However, it had obviously been made over for the project. There was a sort of crib on there though the bars didn't fully encompass it.

"This was my brother's. It converts from a crib through several stages to a kid's bed. I backed it up a couple of steps for you."

"Cool," was all I could manage. It was small, but it looked like I could fit in it comfortably. I dropped my book on the dresser.

"Now, let's get you changed. Take off your clothes."

This was the first time a girl, any girl, had asked me to get undressed. A little embarrassed, I got my shirt off and then kicked off my shoes. After a little more delay, I lowered my pants.

"OK, lie down," she said.

I did so, and she hooked her fingers in the waistband of my briefs and slid them down and off my legs. My penis was instantly erect. She smiled and reached out and gave it a little twang. It vibrated back and forth.

“This is going to be fun,” she said.

She had a camera out and was photographing a piece of cloth through various steps of folding. She then turned to me and said: “Raise up your butt.”

She slid the cloth under me and pulled it up between my legs. A diaper! I know she said that this would happen, but I guess I assumed we were talking something like Pampers. This was an old school cloth diaper that she was pinning on me. “I wanted to be green, and besides, I needed examples of things to sew,” she explained.

She took a picture not showing my face of the applied diaper. Next, she pulled a pair of plastic pants up my legs. “I bought these, too hard to make,” she confessed pulling those in place. Another picture.

Next, she took out what I thought to be a t-shirt. She worked it over my head and then pulled my arms through the sleeves. She busied herself with the tails, and then I realized she was snapping the ends below my crotch. It was a onesie.

“Excellent, it fits perfect!” she said snapping another picture. She showed me the image in her camera. Sure enough, I was a giant baby. The fact that I was diapered clearly showed through the onesie. She grabbed a pair of booties. “I made these, too. I forgot to measure your feet, so I just made them a bit stretchy.” She slid them on to my feet. “Let’s go get those cookies.”

We went downstairs, and Anna’s mom smiled and clasped her hands, “Oh, what a cute baby you have, Anna.” My face turned a little red as we sat down at the kitchen table. A plate of cookies awaited there along with two glasses of milk.

“This won’t do,” Anna said, grabbing the glass from my side of the table. She went to the other side of the kitchen and came back with a bottle. “You need to be drinking from this,” she said pushing the bottle with the milk in it towards me.

What could I do? I took one of the cookies and ate it and then started sucking away at the bottle. Anna smiled at me over the top of her glass of milk.

We went into the family room, and I sat down and tried to read my book, but it was slow going. My mind kept wandering to the sensation of the thick diaper between my legs and then looking at Anna as she busied herself with whatever she was doing. I guess that I was fortunate. Despite the bizarre things happening, I was spending a week with the girl of my dreams.

Soon, it was dinner time. Plates were set for Anna and her parents, but I was sat in a chair near Anna. She appeared with a plate with various colored mushes. She took a small colorful spoon and grabbed a spoonful of the brown stuff and held it towards my mouth. “Open wide,” she said.

I opened and allowed her to place the spoon in. I ate the food provided. Some kind of meat. Maybe turkey I guessed. More spoonfuls followed of the same and then she started feeding me some green stuff. Peas, yech. Then orange stuff, carrots or squash I guess but better than the pea

Anna’s mother regarded this whole procedure with a smile. She used Anna’s camera to take a few snapshots of this operation. I couldn’t get a read on her father.

I finished the plate of food and Anna presented me with a bottle of milk while she turned to eat her dinner. The milk tasted oddly sweet I thought. Maybe it was just the residue of the peas I thought. After dinner, I returned to the family room and tried to read while Anna and her mother cleaned up. Soon I realized the growing need to pee. I stood up.

“What’s up, baby?” Anna asked.

“I need to use the bathroom.”

“No you don’t,” she countered.

“I really need to go,” I protested.

“You’re wearing your bathroom.”

Oh, my, I thought. I hadn’t even considered this aspect of it. Was I to spend the week in wet and worse diapers? “You’re kidding, right?” I asked.

“Nope, I need you to play the full part of a baby.”

I continued to glare at her, but she just stood there smiling intently at me. How could I resist? Finally, I tried to relax. It took a minute, but I finally closed my eyes and let the flow go. I felt the warm, wetness spreading across my crotch. After a minute she asked, “Done?”

I nodded, and she led me up to my room. She unfastened the onesie crotch and removed the plastic pants and then the diaper. She set to cleaning me up. I was getting erect again. Gosh, here I was, and a beautiful girl was playing with my private parts. But soon she had me in another diaper and everything back in place.

Returned to my own devices, I wonder if she had any real feelings for me. Would we still be intimate friends after this week was over or was I just being used for the school project because she couldn’t find anybody else crazy enough to volunteer?

A bit later she announced it was bedtime. She took me upstairs. “Wet?” she asked. I shook my head. She pulled something from the drawer and then removed my onesie. She held it so I could step in and then pulled it up and helped my arms through the sleeves and then zipped it up. It was a sleeper. Complete down to having feet in them.

“Wow, you’ve done an amazing job with the sewing.”

“It fits you well, doesn’t it? This one wasn’t so hard as I found an adult-sized pattern for this. Some of the others like the onesie, I had to guess on scaling up the baby patterns.”

She excused herself to get ready for bed, and I went in and brushed my teeth. She came back wearing a purple satin gown. My jaw dropped. Gosh, this girl was beautiful. She led me over to the bed and tucked me under the covers. My desire that this was more than a school project was rushing through me. She bent down and kissed me on the lips. It was like someone put 500 volts through me.

“Pleasant dreams, baby. See you in the morning,” she said, turning off the light and leaving the room.

The next thing I recall it was daylight an Anna dressed in a tight fitting dress was changing my diaper. I was staring at her angelic face marveling in how lucky I was when another person came in view. It was Brad, one of

the biggest jocks in school, standing there smirking in his letterman's jacket. "What are you going to do with this baby?"

"It's only for the rest of the week, and then I'll be done with him. The babysitter's on the way to watch him. He won't interfere with our plans." She then threw her arms around him and planted a giant kiss on him. They sat there frenching. My heart broke. She had no interest in me other than this stupid project. I was being duped. I tried to shout at her, but I just broke into crying.

"Oh, shut up, Baby!" she snapped at me and crammed a pacifier in my mouth. Both of them broke into hysterical laughter as they left the room with me in tears. I spat out the pacifier and started crying in earnest.

Soon I felt rocking, and the pacifier was reintroduced in my mouth. It was oddly soothing, and I opened my eyes. It was dark again. Anna was holding me, and she was wearing the nightgown again. She made calming noises. "What's wrong baby? What's wrong?"

It took me a minute to realize what had happened. It had been a dream.

"Do you need a diaper change? Are you hungry?"

I shook my head, and she continued to rock me. I regained my composure sucking on the pacifier in her arms. Finally, I pulled it from my mouth. "Bad dream," I said.

"Tell me about it," she implored.

"No, it's OK now. Maybe later."

"Do you think you can go back to sleep now?" she asked.

I nodded, and she laid me down in the ersatz crib again. She pulled up the covers around me and leaned over and kissed me, longer and gentler than the last time. I suddenly felt all warm inside. She left, and I quickly drifted off to sleep.

I awoke without incident the next morning alone in my nursery. I had to pee badly, so I spent some time trying and finally had the flow growing in the diaper. This wasn't all that bad I thought. Might come in handy at times.

Soon, Anna entered the room. She was wearing a t-shirt and shorts and looked good as usual. She helped me out of the sleeper and pulled back the waistband of my plastic pants. "Somebody has a wet diaper," she teased in a juvenile voice. I just smiled.

Rather than putting a new diaper on me she wrapped a towel around me and led me to the bathroom. The tub was already full of bubbles, and she led me to sit down in it. I was getting a bath. I let her rub the soapy water all over me and then she took some shampoo and washed my hair. I was happy for a little modesty of the suds as my penis was as erect as I'd ever seen it.

She rinsed me off and then I stepped out of the tub and she carefully dried me off. At this point, there was no maintaining any modesty. She led me back to the bedroom, liberally applied powder and rediapered me. She put a shirt over my head and then pulled up a little toddler's romper into place. "There, that's really cute," she pronounced.

We went downstairs for breakfast. It was some sort of baby porridge. It was a finer consistency than normal

oatmeal but not bad. Afterward, she led me to the sofa and laid me down with my head in her lap and gave me the bottle.

After I'd pretty much consumed it all, I said, "You know, I don't know if it's the bottle or drinking it with the baby food, but the milk tastes different."

"Different good or different bad?" she asked in response.

"Well, just different, sweeter."

"It's because it's mine," she said with a sly smile.

"Yours?" I said not quite understanding.

"My breast milk. I've been pumping for a month to get ready."

I thought about that for a second. I didn't even know it was possible if you didn't actually give birth. My eyes were uncontrollably brought to Anna's breasts. The idea that I had been drinking the product of those was strangely erotic.

I set about my task of trying to read the book for English that morning. I got further than I had the day before. Lunch was more pureed baby mush of unidentified composition followed by another bottle. This time it was just given to me to hold. I leaned back on the sofa and watched Anna clean up. I sucked on the bottle while staring at her, wondering what it would be like to be suckling at her directly.

Progress on the Deerslayer in the afternoon was slower. Initially, my mind was occupied by the idea of Anna's breast milk. That changed as it became readily apparent that my bowels were full and needed relief. I tried sitting in various positions. Periodically, I'd get a cramp, and I thought I'd lose control, but then it would pass.

Anna seemed to sense my discomfort and asked, "Is anything wrong?"

"I need to poop," I said sheepishly. It still seemed weird having this sort of conversation.

"Just go, I'll clean you up," she said.

"I don't suppose you'd let me do this on the toilet?" I asked hopefully.

"I'd rather not," she replied. "It won't be that bad. I'll clean you up," she paused and then smiled, "Give you a treat."

She continued to look imploring at me for several minutes. Finally, I couldn't stand it anymore, I succumbed to the next cramp and let it loose into the diaper. At first, I felt relief, but soon the expelled feces hit the restraint of the diaper and mushroomed back. It was worse than I imagined. I fought back the tears as a second wave hit, and I pushed more out in the diaper. I felt the diaper was likely at its maximum capacity but pushed a third time to get as much out as possible. It was the most disgusting thing I'd ever experienced. Tears were rolling down my cheeks.

"Through?" she asked. I nodded, and she led me back to the nursery. I laid down, and my rear squished into the pile of poo. She unsnapped the crotch of my romper and removed the plastic pants. The overwhelming smell of crap filled the air. I was crying for real now. She cooed at me and started to work. She removed as much of the bulk of it and took it away. She then attacked me with wipe after wipe until I was completely clean. She fitted me up with a new diaper and got me dressed again.

She stood and said, "I'll be right back with your treat."

Anna disappeared from the room, but a few minutes later she returned. She closed the door behind her. Now she was wearing a different shirt. She sat on the edge of the mattress and moved my head towards her lap. She unbuttoned her shirt, and I could see she had no bra on underneath. With one hand she guided her breast and the other she guided my head. She was moving me to her.

I opened my mouth and took her nipple and then closed around it and began to suck. It took a minute to get it right, but soon I was rewarded with the sweet, warm product of her body. I continued, and I could see out of the corner of my eye that she was getting affected by this as well.

"My parents probably wouldn't like this," she said in a breathy voice. I didn't care this was an incredibly intimate sensation. Any fear I had about Anna's motives was dispelled.

A flash filled the room. I was startled but maintained my position.

"Mom!" Anna cried. I realized that Anna's mother had come into the room and taken our picture.

"I thought you needed pictures of everything," her mother countered.

"I can't show pictures of this in school," Anna replied.

"OK, just trying to help," her mom said leaving the room.

I had released her while this discussion was going on but now looked up at her, "I guess your mom is OK with it."

Anna guided me back to her nipple.

I spent the rest of the afternoon trying to concentrate on the Deerslayer. Dinner was the fed to me, and I was back on the bottle for that.

Anna got me ready for bed and after I was tucked in gave me my goodnight kiss. A nice gentle solid one on the lips and I drifted off to sleep dreaming of the kind of passionate kiss she was giving the jock in my dream the other night.

Here, I am lying cradled contently in Anna's arms. Her lovely blond hair is draping gently along the side of my head as I suckle the sweet, warm fluid from her breast. My eyes catch an oblique view of her lovely face. I can't believe my good fortune, and then I hear laughter.

Laughter? I switch my gaze elsewhere in the room. We're not in Anna's house. We're in the lunchroom at school. I look down. All I'm wearing is a diaper. Everybody is laughing and pointing. I look for something to cover myself up with. I start bawling loudly.

"Baby? Baby?" I hear Anna's voice. I open my eyes. I'm back in my "nursery" at Anna's house. She's there in her nightgown leaning over me. "Another nightmare?" she asks.

"Yeah," I say sitting up.

She sits down next to me and takes me in her arms. "Tell me about it, baby."

I explain what had happened. She continues to rock me in her arms. "Oh, baby, I'm sorry that happened. I hope this isn't going to have a lasting effect on you. I'll be sure that you see anything I'm going to turn in just to make sure you're not feeling ridiculed."

"Thanks," I said.

"Was this the same dream as last time?" she asked.

I took a breath and then told her of the dream about her, and the jock and feeling abandoned.

"Oh, baby, no. That's far from the truth. I didn't just pick you because I couldn't find anybody else. You were the one that I wanted. If I seemed desperate when I asked, it was because I didn't know what I would do if you said no. I didn't want to do this with anybody else."

"Oh," was all I could manage, but I was feeling a wave of relief coming.

"I love you," she said. "Do you think I'd let someone I didn't care very much for breastfeed from me?"

"You have a point there," I said. A moment later I continued, "I think I fell in love with you the moment I first saw you."

She smiled that smile that warmed me to the core. She stretched her nightgown down to expose her shoulder and breast and moved it towards me. I happily took the offering without fear of anybody else laughing.

The next few days passed quietly. I concentrated on Natty Bumpo, and Chingachgook and Anna took care of everything else. I wet and occasionally pooped my diaper, and Anna changed me. I got fed regularly, sometimes from the bottle, sometimes from the breast and bathed regularly. All was right with the world.

Then one morning I was just getting dried off after my bath when Mrs. Anna's mother popped in holding a bottle of something. "I think you should probably take care of his skin before today's activities," she said. "I used to do yours after every bath."

Anna took a look at the bottle and said, "OK."

She led me back to the nursery and poured some of it in her hand and started to massage into me. A baby scent reached my nose. "What is that?" I asked.

"Baby oil," she replied.

"Are you going to apply that to all of me?" I asked.

"Uh huh," she answered and continued. She rolled me over on my stomach and spent a good amount of time rubbing my rear end and then proceeded down my legs. She flipped me over again and came up my legs. My penis was already as erect as it could be by the time she started on my scrotum and then worked her way up the shaft.

I groaned. I was sure to cum. I guess Anna suddenly realized that as she threw a diaper over my member just in time for the spasming to start. She giggled. "I was warned that little boys might geyser while being changed though I don't think they had this in mind."

I turned red a bit. She removed the diaper and cleaned me up and put a new diaper on and the plastic pants.

"How's the book coming," she asked.

"I'm pretty close to being finished," I said.

"Would you like to go to the mall today? I'll let you have some real food.

"OK," I said enthusiastically. Much as I found drinking her breast milk very intimate, the baby food was really getting to me.

She pulled out an outfit for me I hadn't seen before. A toddler shirt and pair of shorts. "You OK with wearing this?"

It was a little juvenile, but I was game. "Sure."

She packed a small bag and off we went.

We got to the mall and Anna grabbed me by the hand. The warmth of her hand and being with her wiped out any embarrassment from the rather juvenile looking clothing I was wearing. We made our way to our first stop, which was an art supply store. "I've got to get some things to do my presentation." We entered the store, and Anna picked out some markers and glue sticks and paid for them. I offered to carry the bag.

We went down the mall, just generally window shopping until we came to a toy store. In the window was a large collection of teddy bears. Anna immediately dragged me inside. "Baby needs a bear I think," she said. We found the display, and we started looking through them. We decided on one medium sized one and took it to the cashier. The purchase was rung up, and Anna said, "He doesn't need a bag, I'm sure baby would like to carry it." The cashier looked at me and giggled a bit and handed over my purchase, I reddened a bit but hugged the bear tightly as Anna led me to the food court.

"Now sit down here, and I'll go get us lunch." I plopped down at a table with my new bear in my lap and waited for her to return. In a minute she returned with a tray of chicken nuggets and dipping cups. "Set Teddy down, so we don't get sauce on him," she said. I placed him in a spare chair. Anna dug into the bag and extracted something and moved behind me. It was a bib she placed around my neck. I looked around nervously, but nobody seemed to be noticing.

She took a nugget and dunked it in the sauce and fed it to me. Then she took one her self. One for me, one for her. I was having a good time. After we'd eaten the nuggets, she grabbed a napkin and wiped my face. She then again went into the bag and pulled out a bottle. "Now drink up while I clean things up." I looked around, but it didn't seem that our little meal was attracting any attention and popped the nipple in my mouth. I got the first few drops and realized it was her breast milk again. I smiled and continued to suck.

Anna packed up our trash and took it away while I drank. I looked around again and a small boy, perhaps about four years old, was staring at me wide-eyed. I finished my bottle and set it down. Anna put it back in the bag and removed the bib. "Ready?" she asked.

We resumed our window shopping. We paused at a clothing store with displays of long gowns in the window. "Those are real pretty dresses," I said.

"Yeah, but unless someone asks me to the prom, I'll never get to wear one."

I stopped in my tracks. I knew we were having an intimate week but was still uncertain that it would continue, but I decided to make my move. "Will you go to the prom with me?"

Her eyes turned wide at me. "I wasn't trying to pressure you into asking. Really."

"No, I mean it, will you go with me?"

"Of course, baby." She leaned forward and kissed me. She then grabbed my hand and led me inside. We looked at dresses for a while, and she even tried several on. There was one silver one that was just unbelievable on her.

"That's the one," I said. She looked at the tag.

"I don't have that much with me. I'll have to come back with Mom."

The clerk heard the conversation and offered to lay away the dress for her and Anna completed some information. I realized that I had to pee and was a little nervous about it. Anna came to me and asked why I was suddenly fidgeting.

"I gotta pee," I said.

"Well, go, silly. You're wearing a diaper."

I couldn't really argue with that, so while Anna and the clerk continued their transaction, I tried to relax and finally got the flow going. I looked around. Nobody seemed to be noticing.

"Did you say he was wearing a diaper?" the clerk asked.

"Yes, he's being a baby for my family living project." The clerk just smiled. I held the bear closer.

Anna led me out of the store. "Did you go?"

I nodded. She led me down the mall to a side hallway and into the family bathroom. "I better change you."

"I can probably wait until we get home," I said.

"Nonsense, you don't want to get a rash." She dragged me towards a counter and spread out a changing pad on it. She had this planned for sure. "Hop up," she ordered. I tested the counter with my weight, and it seemed strong enough. I got up on the pad, clutched the bear to my chest and let her go about it. It was almost like the bear was a shield from public scrutiny.

I felt the shorts come down and then the plastic pants. The wet diaper was removed, and Anna was wiping me when the door opened. Anna set out a clean diaper and positioned it in place and started to fasten the pins. A woman and the same toddler who was watching me drink the bottle entered. His eyes again grew wide.

"Mommy, that big kid is wearing a diaper," he said.

She hustled him into one of the oversized stalls.

"Why is he wearing a diaper?" the boy asked.

His mother attempted to shh him. But he just repeated the question.

Finally, in exasperation, she said, "Because he still wets his pants and if you don't shape up, you might be wearing diapers again."

That shut him up for a bit. Anna got the plastic pants up and then the shorts. I was hopping down from the table, and Anna was washing her hands.

"He has a teddy bear, too," the boy announced. His mother just quietly acknowledged that.

"He was drinking from a bottle. Why was he doing that?"

Anna and I made our way out the door. I'm sure that woman was going to be answering questions about me for the rest of the day.

At last Saturday came. This was my last full day of being a baby. Tomorrow, I'd put on my big boy clothes and go home. I was determined to make the best of it. After I was changed, bathed and fed, I sat up with my teddy bear in Anna's room. I had finished the Deerslayer, so I didn't really have anything to do.

Anna offered to let me read what she had written in her report so far, and I did so. I guess if I had read this before this week, I might have been embarrassed, but now I found it very reassuring. Nothing was particularly degrading for me. I suspect I might get some teasing if my friends found out, but I could also point out that having Anna bathe and breastfeed me makes up for the rest of it.

I started to leaf through the other stuff in her room. She had tons of books on baby care and some motherhood magazines she was obviously using for research. I idly read through one of the magazines, looking at diaper advertisements and skimming the articles. I came upon one that really struck my interest. This one I'd have to try when the time was right.

The day progressed, and soon it was bedtime. Anna got me into my sleeper, and I set into action. "I was reading something in one of those magazines in your room," I started.

"Really? What about?" Anna asked.

"Co-sleeping," I replied.

Anna thought about it for a second. "I guess I'm not going to have to worry about crushing you if I roll over like the article brings up," she said. "I don't know what my mother would say."

I motioned to my outfit. Not too much trouble I was going to get in dressed like this, a full-length sleeper with a diaper and plastic pants underneath.

Anna disappeared, and I grabbed my bear and made it to her room. A few minutes later she came back and said her mother said it was OK. I sat there smiling and clutching teddy to me. Anna paused for a second and started to get undressed. I was getting extremely aroused seeing her in her bra and panties and then she undid her bra. I motioned at her breasts and made "goo goo" noises. She smiled and came and sat on the bed and I moved to her nipple. I touched her bare skin with my hands as I fed. I felt like I was going to burst. She reached down and massaged my diaper, and suddenly I lost control.

Anna stood up and slid her panties down. I didn't know the reason, but hers were damp. She slid her long nightgown on and got into bed beside me. I pulled her close, and we kissed for a good long time. The next morning I woke up in Anna's arms. I needed to pee, so I just let it go. A week of this and I was getting truly relaxed. Soon Anna stirred and sat up. She offered her breast again, and I took it. After being satiated, we kissed again for a long time. Anna took me to the bath and bathed me and soon I was dressed again in my big boy clothes. I grabbed my copy of the Deerslayer, kissed her goodbye, and headed home.

EPILOG

I might have worried about what would happen once we had returned to our normal lives, but I shouldn't have. Anna transitioned into being my girlfriend rather than my mommy. We hung out at school, dated, and generally acted like teenagers in love. The night of the prom came, and I put on my tux and grabbed her corsage and headed to Anna's house to get her. She was radiant in that gown we had picked out that day in the mall.

Returning from the dance Anna announced something to me.

"I've got a surprise for you. My mom's letting you stay over tonight."

"Oh, I'll need to..." I started.

"She's already cleared it with your mom," she interrupted.

So it was. We headed to her house, and she led me to her room. She carefully removed my tux and set it aside. She diapered me and helped me into my sleeper. She slid her gown off and undid her bra and guided us to the bed. We kissed, and she moved my mouth to her nipple.

"I've continued to pump in anticipation of tonight," she said.

I happily sucked away. Life was good.

THE END