

Growing into the Job

Post 607: Remember This?

by stevebasic

The bedroom around us was quiet except for the soft hum of the air and the occasional rustle of sheets. The light of the full moon filtered through the half-drawn curtains in cool silver tones, casting long shadows across the big bed. Melissa's place - her mother's house, really, while she was away - continued to feel bigger than it needed to be, like everything had been scaled up. But we all know the real story, right? It felt big because I'd gotten so small. I was no longer even four feet tall, so everything seemed super big. Reality, though, hadn't changed - even though to me it seemed that way. This was still just Melissa's regular-sized Queen bed, in her regular-sized bedroom with her regular-sized dresser, regular-sized lamps, and regular-sized teddy bear (well, actually, that was a pretty big teddy bear) watching over us from its regular-sized shelf.

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No longer regular-sized, of course, was Melissa herself. She'd giddily passed seven feet at her last measurement, and everything about her was just so...big. Big legs and big thighs, big hair and big smile. Big eyes. Big feet. And some of the biggest boobs the world had ever seen. The mattress dipped heavily under her weight as she lounged against the headboard, and I was curled against her like I belonged there.

My little head rested in her enormous lap.

It was becoming our new normal, how we spent a lot of our down time - me small and tucked against her, her long legs stretched out beside me, one hand idly playing with my hair while the other scrolled on her phone. She would take the chance to keep me bathed in her pheromones, casually keeping me blissful. She would call it bonding, and it was, more strongly day-by-day.

I would gaze up at her, from time-to-time. From this angle, from this position, everything about her felt enormous. Her thighs were thick, powerful pillows beneath my cheek, warm through the soft, heather-gray sweatpants she wore. But

it was her chest that dominated my world right now. The tight white top she'd changed into after her shower stretched obscenely across her massive breasts, the deep scoop neckline giving the world a view of soft, heavy cleavage, and me (from down on her lap) an overwhelming vista of underboob that rose and fell with every breath she took. Each subtle shift sent a gentle ripple through them - full, round, and heavy, breasts of a size that had begun making brains everywhere short-circuit. But though she was getting more and more popular through her assault on social media and through her television appearances - these enormous tits of hers leading the charge - at times like this she (and that bosom) was all mine.

Yes, yes. I'm a lucky fuck, I know.

I was no longer even four feet tall now. Her left breast alone - hovering over my face - far bigger than my head. The scent of her - warm vanilla lotion, clean skin, and that sweetly pheromonal, florally milky note that always seemed stronger when she was relaxed - wrapped around me like a blanket. I tried to focus on my own phone, but my eyes kept drifting up, drawn helplessly to the soft, warm curve of tit filling most of my vision like some eclipsing moon.

Melissa knew, of course, where my attention was. She always did.

Her fingers stroked through my hair again, slow and affectionate, and I felt her chuckle more than heard it - a low, gentle vibration that traveled through her body and into mine.

"Still staring, baby?" she murmured, voice soft and amused.

I had been, I think, gazing at her underboob for quite a while. I began to shift away, but she quieted me.

"Shhhh," she chuckled, "You can look as much as you want. They're yours to look at."

I didn't answer. Just instead shifted a little closer, letting my cheek press against the side of her thigh while my gaze stayed locked on the heavy swell of her chest. It was peaceful. Humiliating. Perfect.

My phone buzzed on my stomach.

I glanced down, expecting maybe a notification from Aegis (the new clinical AI at work), or a news alert announcing some new conquest of the RFC in Central America.

Instead, it was a text from...Tia? The teen lifeguard? My, um...busty swim instructor who had let me, um...?

I opened it before I could think better of it.

"Heyyyyy Dr. J. I can't stop thinking about our last lesson. You were so cute floating there 😊 I think I'm already stronger and gonna be even better helping you float next time. Wanna see why?"

Attached was a photo. Grainy, sort of out of focus. Tia was sitting on what looked like her bed, propped up on some pillows, wearing that same navy lifeguard one-piece from the pool. She'd pulled the straps down off her shoulders, letting the top bunch around her full, buoyant breasts, pushed together between her

arms as she looked straight at the camera with a suggestive pout. The caption underneath read:



"remember this?"

It was the same seductive pose she'd used to keep my eye when Melissa was sucking me off on the pool deck this past Sunday, but she looked, now, even bigger.

My face had immediately gone hot. My cock - always in a state of semi-arousal around Melissa - twitched harder in my sweatpants.

Melissa felt me tense. Her fingers paused in my hair. "What is it, baby?" she asked, voice lazy and warm.

I hesitated for half a second, then turned the phone so she

could see. *Better to show her than try to hide it*, I figured, *She can basically read my mind anyway.*

Melissa leaned over, her massive chest shifting heavily over me as she looked at the screen. I breathed in a deep lungful of her and sighed as I steeled myself for...something. Tension. A flicker of jealousy. Instead, she let out a soft, amused little laugh, low and rich.

"Ohhh, look at her, so cute!" she giggled, clearly delighted as she took the phone from my hand, holding it up so she could study the photo more closely, "Tia - that's her name, right? - is really...coming into her own, isn't she?" Her thumb brushed lazily across the screen, and she looked into it as if she was looking for something. "She's got such fresh, eager thing about her, huh? Like...an energy," Melissa continued casually, like we were talking about the weather, but there was something else brewing in her voice, an undercurrent, proprietorial or almost territorial, "I like her! Her mom - and her teacher, the social-studies one, the one using my Product - must be so proud..."

Proud? That their daughter, or student, is growing into a pneumatic vixen with sights on a guy more their age than hers? Tia's mother, as far as I knew, was a patient here at one of the clinics, either Aesthetics or in the HEOP (which is, uhm, lemme get this right...the 'Hormonal & Endocrine Optimization Program') in Internal medicine. And one of Tia's teachers was a study subject for the clinical trial of Evolution's new biosupplement...

And, wait...did she just call it "my Product"?

...which I now know is built from Melissa's genetics. So maybe it tracks.

"She's exactly the kind of girl who belongs in my little henhouse here. Sweet and strong and, like, already learning how good it feels to take care of somebody smaller..." Melissa booped me on the nose. "Like you!"

Not just 'My Product' but 'My Henhouse.' She said it so lightly, but the words settled in my stomach like a stone. I'd heard her use that phrase a few times lately - others might call it her 'hive' - and always with that warm, possessive affection. Like she was collecting girls. And the way she said it made it clear she wasn't just talking about friendship. She was building something.

Melissa glanced down at me, her golden-green eyes sparkling with amusement. She showed me the photo of Tia, from my phone. "You're blushing so hard right now," she teased, brushing a strand of hair off my forehead, "It's cute. She really got to you, huh?"

I swallowed. "Yeah um, I...I didn't expect her to send that."

Melissa hummed, scrolling up to read the text message again. "She's brave, huh? Bold? I like that." I could barely see her face past the mountain range of her chest, but as she looked at the picture of Tia, her brows were knitting. She bit her bottom lip in thought, fetchingly. "And, she's already connected, you know? Through her teacher at her school. *All* those ladies, everywhere, on my Product...and then *their* ladies...it's, like, little threads pulling tighter." She said it casually, but there was something deep in her tone, almost dreamy. "It's getting easier for me to feel them. All of them..." She handed the phone back to me, letting her big fingers linger against my smaller ones. "...there are so many now."

What the-? 'Getting easier for me to feel them'? What was she...implying? Suggesting? Saying?

"Text her back, baby," she said softly, encouragingly, "Tell her you remember. Tell her you can't wait either. Be sweet to her. She wants it." Her hand returned to my hair, stroking slowly, possessively. "Go on," she murmured, voice warm and amused, "Mommy wants to see what you say."

NNgh. No defense. "Wh-what should I write?"

"Oh, I dunno. All girls like to be told they look pretty," she told me plainly, "Tell her she looks pretty."

"B-but I..." I stammered, as I stared at the screen, heart hammering.

Melissa's fingers kept stroking through my hair, slow and patient, like she had all the time in the world. "Go on," she murmured again, voice warm and amused. She sat me up a bit, still in her lap, so she could watch me texting. "Tell her..."

My face was right next to her breast; her warmth basked over me. My thumbs hovered. I typed, deleted, typed again. All on this weird little flip phone Melissa had given me. Finally I sent something simple, cheeks burning:

"Yeah I remember. You look really pretty in this picture, Tia."

The reply came almost instantly.

"Aww thank you Dr. J That makes me so happy. I've been thinking about how nice it felt holding you in the water. keeping you safe and floating. You were such a good boy for me. Made me feel really strong and... mommy-ish? Is that weird? 😊"

Melissa read over my shoulder and let out a soft, delighted laugh. "Oh, she's so precious!" she said, clearly getting a kick out of it. "Look at her - already feeling that pull." She nuzzled the top of my head, her massive chest pressing warmly

against my cheek. "Tell her she's not weird at all," Melissa encouraged, voice dropping into that husky tone, "Tell her it's natural. That you liked it when she held you. Be honest, baby. Mommy wants to see."

I swallowed hard and typed, pulse racing:

"Not weird at all. It felt really nice. You made me feel safe." Of course this felt wrong - how old was this girl?? - but also...something about it felt so right. Was it just because I was, like, *obeying*? No, it felt like more than that. Like I was...helping. Helping Melissa...expand.

"I'm glad. I keep thinking about holding you again. Being your big strong lifeguard. Guard your life. Maybe even be your mommy for a little while? Would that be okay? I promise I'd take such good care of my little boy"

Melissa's breath caught beside me. Tia had struck something, said something right. I felt her shift, her thighs tightening slightly under me. When I glanced up at her, her golden-green eyes were darker, sparkling with...uh....

"Mmm. She's good at this, huh?" she purred, clearly pleased, "Go on, baby. Tell her yes. Tell her you'd like that. All girls love to play mommy these days... and you can be such a good little boy for them."

Her hand slid down my back, possessive and warm.

"Be sweet to her," she whispered, voice getting breathier, "Tell her you've been thinking about her big soft chest too. Tell her how safe it made you feel."

I was shaking as I typed, Melissa reading every word, her own breathing getting heavier against my hair.

"Yeah that would be okay. You made me feel really safe. Your chest was so soft and warm. I keep thinking about it."

Tia's reply was almost immediate, and noticeably more excited.

"OMG REALLY?? That makes me so happy. I've been practicing n wanting to be a good mommy for someone small and sweet like you. I'd hold you right here between them and rock you and tell you what a goood boy you are"

Melissa let out a low, throaty sound - half laugh, half moan. Her hand tightened in my hair.

"Oh my g-d, she's cute," she breathed, now fully worked up. Her free hand slid down to my thigh, squeezing. "Keep going, baby. Tell her you want that. Tell her you'd let her be your mommy. Let her take care of you..."

Her voice had gone husky, maternal, and unmistakably aroused. What was happening? Something between these two? Something I couldn't see? Whatever was going on, it was lost on me as she pressed my face gently but firmly into the side of her massive breast, the soft, heavy warmth enveloping me as she rocked me slowly.

"You'd look so perfect tucked between her big tits," she whispered, breath hot against my ear, "Just like you look...between mine...right now..."

My mind was already starting to fray - flashes of Tia's smile mixing with Melissa's overwhelming presence, both of them blurring into hazy, half-remembered images of long dark hair, soft arms holding me close...

...Mom.



...Mommy.

...Melissa.

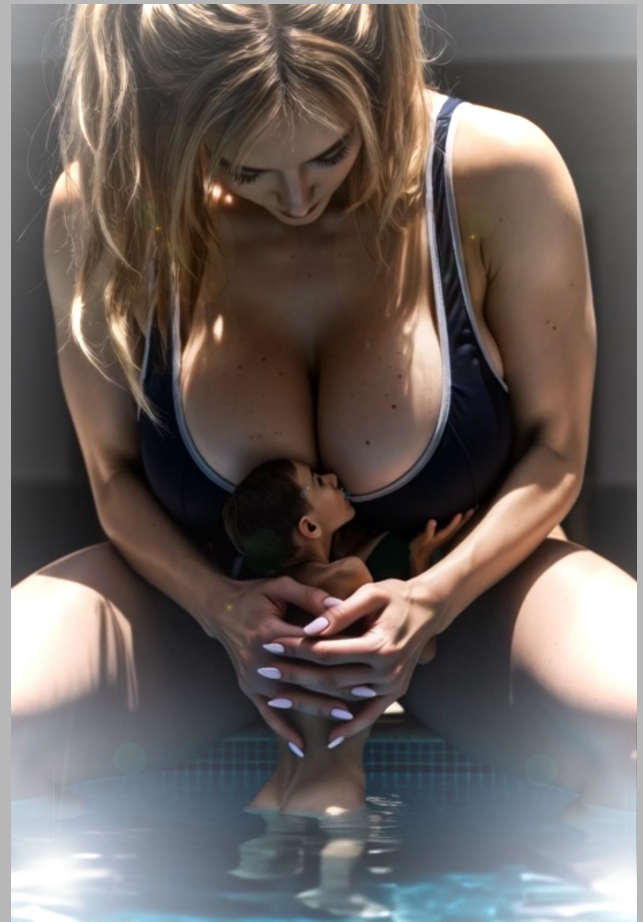
...Tia. She sent me another picture. A blown kiss, but basically otherwise all boob....

Her full breasts, that pout. In my head, I saw myself squashed in there. Then it blurred, melting into Melissa and her overwhelming warmth pressed against my cheek right now. And then - worse - it shifted again into something older, hazier: the long dark hair like a nest, a soft laugh that started low and built, a heart-shaped birthmark I used to kiss...

I whimpered, hips twitching involuntarily. The images kept overlapping - Tia's youthful eagerness, the swim lesson, Melissa's powerful certainty, her growth, my mother...oh my god my *mother*...and her half-remembered softness. They wouldn't stay separate. They kept folding into each other, warm and heavy and safe...I was in the pool, in the water, in a bath...warmth. The slickness of her suit, the softness of her skin.

Melissa knew me. She felt immediately what was happening. Her hand tightened gently in my hair as she felt me tremble.

"Shhh, baby," she cooed, voice dropping to a deep, soothing register, one she used more and more lately. "It's okay. Mommy knows. Your head's getting all mixed up, isn't it? Tia...me...*her*. Your Mommy. Me. Us. All of us. It's all blending together."



She shifted, easily maneuvering my smaller body so I was lying across her lap instead of just resting on it. My head ended up cradled in the crook of her right arm, my cheek pressed firmly against the massive, warm swell of her right breast. The thin white crop top did nothing to hide how heavy and full she was now.

"It's good for you," she murmured, almost to herself, as one hand stroked my hair and the other reached toward the nightstand. "Dr. Chou said regression would help us get closer. Help you let go of all that old stuff, bond to me. This is our therapy, baby. Mommy's helping you."

I whined: Was she??

She pulled from her cleavage a baby bottle - had it been there this whole time?? Full of formula, made for me by Evolution, designed to imitate what her breastmilk would eventually be, if she ever, like, had a child. She shook it gently, then tested a drop on her wrist like she was checking temperature for an infant baby.

"There we go," she whispered, voice thick with affection and something deeper, hungrier as she approached with it, "Open up for Mommy."

I tried to say something - anything - but the words wouldn't come. The spiral was getting worse: Tia's softness, "good boy," Melissa's overwhelming presence, the faint ghost of my mother humming while she rocked me. All of it swirling together until I couldn't tell whose arms were holding me.

Mommy, Melissa, Mommy Melissa smiled down at me, golden-green eyes warm and possessive. She adjusted me across her lap, cradling my head more securely against her breast, and brought the nipple of the bottle to my lips. "That's it," she cooed softly, voice dripping with maternal sweetness as she gently pushed the bottle into my mouth. "Drink for Mommy, baby. Let it all go..."

I struggled. Pulled away.

"Oh, shhh...shhh...relax," she purred, glancing down, "Look at your phone, sweetie."

It was still in my hand. Another text from Tia.

"It's okay. Mommy's here"

I nearly dropped the phone, but Melissa caught it, took it...and tapped an icon. We were now on videocall with Tia.

"Wh-wh-why..?" I pleaded. And then the bottle's nipple was back in my mouth.

"Oh, sweetie, *'why?'*" Melissa cooed, coddling me, "Because Mommy knows what you need. Even better than you do."

She set the phone down to the side, propped on a pillow, so Tia could watch.

The bottle slipped deeper between my lips, and - as if on reflex - I began to feed. The formula - warm from her, thick, faintly sweet, designed to taste and sustain me like what her own milk would - flowed slowly as she tilted it. I suckled instinctively, the act itself so humiliating and comforting at the same time that my eyes fluttered half-closed. Each pull sent a soft, wet sound through the quiet room - rhythmic, unmistakably babyish. The liquid was warm, almost body temperature,

coating my tongue with that creamy, slightly floral sweetness that always made my head feel fuzzy and small.



Melissa held me cradled across her lap like I weighed nothing, one powerful arm supporting my back and head while her free hand gently stroked my hair. From this angle I was tiny against her - my whole body draped over her thick, muscular thighs, my head nestled in the crook of her elbow as her enormous right breast pressed heavily against the side of my face. The soft, heavy weight of it shifted with her every breath, warm cotton and even warmer skin brushing my cheek. I could feel the thump of her superhuman heartbeat through it, steady and strong, like a lullaby made flesh.

Tia's voice, from the phone. *"Oh my god Dr. J - Ms. Monroe - this is too incredible..."*

Melissa rocked me slowly, the motion making her massive chest sway gently above me, a living landscape of soft, overwhelming curves.

"You need this, baby," she murmured, voice low and indulgent, thick with affection, "Especially now that I know the truth about your first mommy. How she left you when you were so little...how you never really had that safe, warm place to just be small. That's not right. Every little boy needs a mommy. Or...mommies."

"*Ohh...*" came Tia's voice.

Melissa tilted the bottle a little more, encouraging me to take deeper pulls. The formula filled my mouth again, warm and sweet, and I swallowed with a soft, helpless gulp. The sound of it - wet, submissive, needy - made my face burn hotter. I looked up at her with wide, pleading eyes.

"That's right. We can *all* be your mommy," she continued softly, almost reverently, as if the idea thrilled her. "Me, Tia, Lakshmi, Randi, Shanette, Josie...everyone who loves you. The more mommies you have, the safer you'll be. The more loved. The more taken care of."

Her fingers traced slow circles on my scalp, nails gently scratching in a way that made my eyes want to roll back. I kept nursing, small rhythmic suckles, the bottle making quiet little sounds as she fed me. My legs dangled uselessly over her thigh - I was so small now that my feet didn't even reach the mattress. Her breast rested heavily against the top of my head, a warm, pillowy weight that made me feel utterly enveloped.

"And since you're going to help me grow... since you're going to be my good little support for my...my..." she whispered, voice getting breathier, more excited, "...for my *change*, this is perfect practice. Mommy-baby time helps you stay in your proper place. Submissive, soft and needy. It reminds you that you don't have to be big or strong or in charge anymore. You just have to let your Mommy - let *us* - take care of everything."

She adjusted me slightly higher in her lap, pulling me closer so my face pressed more firmly into the soft side of her breast. The scent of her skin - warm vanilla, milk, and that deep, feminine pheromone sweetness - flooded my senses with every breath I took around the bottle nipple.

"You're going to get so much attention, baby, I promise," she pledged, rocking me gently, "Even when I'm busier. Even when I'm getting more and more important. There'll be more of me, more Mommy. You'll always feel Mommy's love. Always feel small and safe and wanted."

I whimpered around the bottle, the formula flowing steadily as I suckled. My mind was already starting to fray again - flashes of Tia's smile and big breasts mixing with Melissa's overwhelming warmth and the hazy, half-remembered feeling of long dark hair and soft arms holding me when I was very, very small...

"That's it, baby," she cooed, voice low and thick with affection, "Drink for Mommy. You remember? Being a little one? Being Mommy's little man? Let it all go. You don't have to be big right now. You don't have to think. Just let Mommy take care of everything."

She shifted me slightly, pulling my sweatpants down with one smooth motion. The cool air hit my skin, then the familiar grip of her warm hand wrapped around my huge, throbbing erection. I whimpered around the bottle, hips twitching helplessly. My body, now, was weak and meager in comparison to my erect cock. The sensation - so much of it, so much of her hand around it - was nearly too much. I convulsed.

"Shhh, sweet boy," she murmured, starting to stroke me slowly, her grip firm but gentle, "Mommy wants to take care of this too. Is that okay? Will you let me?"

Of course, yes, I nodded, I needed, *please Mommy*

"Good boy," she lauded, stroking me with practiced confidence now.

"*Good boy*," came Tia's voice, echoing Melissa's. Wait - what was happening? Why did she suddenly sound more like M-?

"Good boy," Melissa repeated, "Let Mommy take care of you. That's right...there we go. Do you like being babied by mommy? You *do*, don't you? Yeah. You do. You like feeling comfortable. You like being close to me."

I whined.

"And you like how big my hand feels now? Hm? Oh...but you still want me to get bigger for you, don't you baby. How big? Oooo, I'll get as big as you want me to be. As strong. As powerful. I'll grow and grow until the whole *world* feels small next to me...if that's what my little boy needs."

I whined, again, helplessly, but her hand moved with steady, loving rhythm - long, slow strokes that brought pulses already to my cock against her palm. The wet sounds of me nursing mixed with the soft, slick sound of her hand working me, both embarrassingly loud in the quiet room. Melissa, though, was murmuring something, something to the phone, something to Tia. It sounded - if I didn't know any better - seductive. Was it...was it even in English?

But then her attention was back fully on me.

"You'll never be too small for me, baby. Never," she whispered, leaning down to kiss the top of my head. Her massive breasts pressed heavily against the side of my face, warm and enveloping. "The smaller you get, the more I'll treasure you. The more I'll protect you. The bigger you make me...the stronger you make me...the more I'll be able to keep you safe. Forever."

I moaned around the bottle, the formula still flowing as she stroked me faster, her voice growing breathier, more excited. I knew, I knew I couldn't last long, not with thoughts of her, of mother, of fantasies of them being one in the same, of women like Tia and Lakshmi and Aubrey and all women everywhere growing but Mommy Melissa being the biggest of them all-

"It's not imaginary with me, sweetheart," she promised, her hand twisting gently on the upstroke, back on the downstroke, "It's not just a fantasy. I can be your giantess. I can be your *mommy* giantess...if you let me, if that's what you want. I can hold the whole world in my hands and keep you right here, safe between my boobs, tiny and loved and *mine*."

My hips bucked weakly into her hand. The sensations were overwhelming - the warm mass of her body cradling me, mother, the heavy softness of her breast against my cheek, Tia, girls, the steady rhythm of her stroking, Melissa, the sweet taste of the formula filling my mouth. Melissa. Mommy. Mistresses. Everything blurred together.

Her voice dropped to a husky whisper, full of love and hunger.

"Will you let me, sweetie? Will you let me grow to be your *giant...pretty....mommy?*"

The words pushed me over the edge.

I came hard in her hand - hot, helpless pulses spilling out of me and over her fingers as I groaned around the bottle nipple, body trembling in spasms in her lap. The orgasm rolled through me in long, shuddering waves, shame and relief crashing together until I couldn't tell them apart.

Melissa kept stroking me gently through it, milking every last drop, cooing soft praises against my hair.

"That's my good boy...give it all to Mommy...such a good little boy..."

"*Such a good boy...*" said Tia, though her voice sounded different, almost an echo of Melissa's.

"That's my good, good boy..."

...

"Ms. Monroe. L..." Tia mentioned, " I felt that..." And then something, something more, again in words I could barely understand.

Melissa smiled down at me, but spoke to Tia

"I know you did, sweetie..." she answered, "Welcome to Far Horizons..."

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thank you once more to theBasic's Artist-in-Residence Joshua67 for his work on this one