

Growing into the Job

Post 515: Homework

by stevebasic



The sheets were cool against my skin, but I'd broken a sweat. I lay there still, but my heart raced. My body was sinking into the thin mattress, head into the pillow, but I felt like I might start running away.

She was over there, in the shadows, humming happily to herself.

The fabric of my pajamas hung loose around my thin limbs, the collar of my pajama top gaping open around my pencil neck. The shirt was too big, the pants too: baggy, loose at the waist, bunching awkwardly around my hips. Melissa had

insisted on this new set of sleepwear for me, something 'soft' and 'comfortable', something 'appropriate', something 'cute'. She'd bought me matching underwear for it, in fact. It had fucking *dinosaurs* on it.

She was still humming some tuneless melody, getting herself ready for bed.

She had had one of the girls pick up the pajama set today - someone with a wicked sense of humor, or just plain wicked. Melissa wanted, she said, to 'start the journey of my Regression', as Dr. Chou would have put it, on the right foot. The pjs were made for kids, of course, and yet I was practically swimming in them. I was just a couple inches over four feet tall, the size of a third grader - and who knew what I'd wake up to tomorrow.

I exhaled, trying to collect my thoughts by staring at the ceiling. This was the night after our first behavioral clinic appointment together and we had - <gulp> - 'homework'. I didn't know if, after the stress and excitement of the dinner meeting with the *Incarinato by Lucia* team, we'd actually do this. Both Melissa and I had been asked to be models for the new fashion brand. There'd been drinks, dinner, more drinks, and then - at the insistence of the young social-media girl - a little photo session at the end where Lucia had actually picked me up to the laughs of the other women and the wide-eyes of the whole restaurant. I had thought maybe that was enough excitement for one evening.

Nope.

Melissa wanted to get started on our assignment from Dr. Chou right away, the first night of our 'bedtime ritual'. The thought of starting this therapy, all the exercises and behaviors it entailed, not to mention the results it was trying to achieve made my skin crawl. But, Melissa was so excited for it and - if I'm being honest with you dear reader - part of me was, too.

Yes, I complained. Yes, I whined a bit. Yes, I questioned the motives and usefulness and pure humiliation it would entail. My male ego demanded to be heard. And I did it all vocally, to her and to Dr. Chou at the end of our session, on our time together in the car driving home after dinner, and as Melissa was getting me dressed and ready for bed. Even, for fuck's sake, as she 'held it' when I peed.

My complaints, though, were thin and half-hearted. I think even Melissa could hear it in my voice - or, god help me, see it in my head. What were we - Melissa and I - becoming? I was devolving into some type of shrunken cretin, an infantile one if she and Dr. Chou eventually had their way. I had my appointment at the endocrinologist tomorrow, to start to get to the bottom of this, but all the while and in the meantime Melissa was evolving, getting bigger and somehow more powerful every day, growing into this...this...

Laying there...my gaze was drawn to her.

Across the small room, in the shadows of the dim light, Melissa moved with slow, languid grace. The warm glow of the cheap bedside lamp cast her in chiaroscuro, soft and golden. She was taking her time, making a show of adjusting things - tidying up the space, taking off her earrings from dinner and setting them down. And smoothing out the skirt of a white nightie that barely covered her.

Good lord, I thought to myself, *look at her*. It was a delicate, ethereal piece of lingerie, her new nightgown, like a whisper of fabric. The thin white silk clung to her impossible curves, draping and yet struggling to contain the bulging masses of her body. The straps were laughably tiny against her broad, trimly sculptured shoulders, and the neckline was devastated by the weight of her chest where the soft, heavy curves of her breasts ballooned under the straining fabric. It cut right into her tiny waist, accentuating an hourglass that was mind-bending in its own right. Even the hem, meant to be modest, failed spectacularly, just barely grazing the immense, muscular swell of her upper thighs before it gave up completely. The slightest movement sent it shifting, teasing glimpses of smooth, tanned skin, the deep curves of her hips, the full power of her lower half. Her legs, bare in the dark shadows, throbbed with shapely, womanly weight. Her giant feet, with each step, made dishes rattle in the cabinets.

I swallowed hard.

Melissa caught my stare and - through the darkness - I could see her glittering eyes and tender smile. She turned, slow, deliberate, sauntering toward the bed, her every movement carrying the languid confidence of a woman who knew she was already in total control. Coming into the light, she stood at the side of my bed, peering down at me, and I up at her. She didn't ask if I was comfortable. She didn't ask if I was tired. Instead, she sat her mass onto the bed beside me, shifting everything towards her with the gravity of her weight, and smiled down at me gently. And then - softly, sweetly - she said:

"Okay, baby. It's time for your assignment."

I felt my stomach tighten. My fingers curled into the sheets. A sound came from me as my jaw opened but it was more of a groaned whine than actually what I was thinking - *Oh, fuck*.

I swallowed hard, staring up at her, knowing what was coming, feeling the weight of her presence above me. Melissa's perfume lingered in the air, sweet and soft but irresistible, curling around me like the silk of her nightie, already drawing me into her.

"Are you ready to get started on your homework?"

My pride, my ego and my last shreds of self curled up and prepared one final complaint, but before I could react - before I could even really process what was

happening - she was up fully onto the bed, legs curled under herself, my head on her huge, perfect lap.

My brain was spinning, even cradled into her soft, massive thighs. My body was tense, even as Melissa, glowing, traced lazy patterns on my thigh with gentle fingers. I had barely said a word, even though my throat was bursting with so much unspoken angst. .

We were back in my tiny apartment. Back in our pajamas. Back in bed. We were alone, the world was outside, a million miles away. I was with Melissa - this massive, overwhelmingly beautiful woman - watching me over the enormous shelf of her bosom, waiting for me to surrender even more of myself to her, more than I'd done already.

She smiled, her full, glossy lips curving like she knew everything I was thinking. "Hm, baby? Ready?"

I blinked up at her. Swallowed again. My throat was dry, my body already betraying me with a massive erection down my thigh. But this time I was able to answer: "S-sure, yes..."

Melissa beamed down at me, so proud.

"Okay, yes," she began, softly and tolerantly, "Now, this is the first night of your new bedtime ritual. We'll be doing this every night, before you go to sleep. You understand?"

"y-yes...I get it..." I agreed. Melissa was, apparently, going to review what Dr. Chou had wanted us to get started with. Brilliantly devious professional that she was, she wanted us to start small - nudging me gently down the slope in a way that felt natural but deepened my dependence on Melissa and reinforced her authority. All in the name of deepening our bond and, god help me again, making it more



intimate. Dr. Chou would eventually encourage her to take charge more openly, but for now these private moments were where our work started. "...I get it."

"Good boy. So, this is your 'Mommy Time'," she began again, "your private time with me, where you have all my attention, a bonding routine that reinforces our dynamic." She was, it sounded, repeating what Dr. Chou had told us nearly verbatim. The girl would struggle to pass an elementary-school spelling quiz, but when it came to something like this her mind was a steel trap. "You'll spend time being comforted by Mommy in a way that soothes you emotionally. We'll cuddle, I can read aloud to you. I can give you head-pats, little massages. Mommy can do anything that encourages relaxation and passivity. If you fall asleep while we're doing this, on Mommy's lap, that's okay."

"M-Melissa do I really have to call you M-?"

"Yes," she stopped me, "it's part of the exercise." She beamed down at me, and cocked her head. "Besides, it makes me happy. And don't you want to make Mommy *happy*, baby?"

I gulped again. There was only one right answer to that. "Y-yes."

"Good boy," she praised me, squeezing my skinny thigh in reward, stimulating my erection, "then let's practice. Address me as 'Mommy'."

I squirmed, seeing stars already, and looked up at her. Her bosom, above me, was enormous. "Like...right now?"

"Yes, right now," she repeated, her voice taking just one step towards stern, "It's for your own good. And for now, I don't want you looking at my breasts when you say it. Look in my eyes."

The fingers of one of Melissa's hands traced slow, idle circles against my scalp, the other grazing my thigh. Soft. Patient. Waiting.

"Say it," she cooed. Her voice was a lullaby, slow and honey-thick. Her fingers now curled gently under my chin, lifting, guiding.

I swallowed hard. My throat tight.

Her eyes gleamed in the dim light, expectant, warm - but firm.

"I..." My voice cracked. I shouldn't.

Her hand held my chin. Reassuring. Patient. "You can, sweetheart," she whispered, nudging, coaxing. "Go on."

I squeezed my eyes shut. My whole body was hot, burning with embarrassment, with something worse. But she was waiting. So I opened my eyes again, looked up into hers.

"M-Mommy," I breathed.

"Mmmmm." Her pleased little hum thrummed against my skin.

She stroked my cheek, cradling me closer.

"There you go," she purred, "That's my good boy. Now, again,"

I shuddered but - sweet curses - I didn't hesitate this time:

"Mommy."

She purred to me again, and rewarded me with a gentle squeeze to my erection and another 'good boy' - both sent a shiver through my bones. "Now," she murmured, "let's talk about what Mommy did for you today. Can you tell me? Can you tell me how I worked so hard for you?"

She paused, and I hesitated. Dr. Chou had mentioned this - but I didn't know how to start.

Melissa sighed - not in frustration, but with that same indulgent patience, like she had expected this. "Okay," she cooed. "Let's start small. What's the very *first* thing I did for you today, hmm?"

I...I didn't know the answer. This morning she had left the apartment earlier than me, leaving me to get myself ready. So it wasn't that - scrubbing my face, choosing my clothes, brushing my teeth. So...so...

I swallowed hard. "I...I don't know?"

Again, the same sweet, indulgent patience, like she was helping a small child with a simple task. "Well, sweetie, that's okay," she began, "This morning I started by opening up a new, high-tech, fancy medical center. It was the first day of my new Far Horizons, and I made everything perfect."

'Her' Far Horizons? I knew I shouldn't argue, and it actually excited me to concede. "Oh...okay...yes," I agreed, already hearing myself sound breathless.

"That's right," she praised, running her fingers through my hair, "I got all the clinics up and running, and spent *all day* making sure things were perfect for us."

My stomach twisted. Who, exactly, was 'us'? She and I? Us and our staff? Or did she mean something larger?

"And after that?"

After opening? What else she did during the day. "I - um...I don't kn-"

"You don't have to think too hard, baby," she soothed. "I'll help you. Mommy always helps, doesn't she?"

I couldn't answer, but I nodded.

She stroked my cheek again. "I took care of all the new staff, dozens of them. I greeted the patients, I met with the media."

I felt so small.

"And what else, baby?" she prompted, "What else did I do for you today?"

"You - you...." Ah, this I remembered, as something she did. "You went with me to the Regression Clinic," I admitted.

"That's right, we did all your paperwork, answered all those questions, and we met with Dr. Chou for our first appointment," she cooed, "And Mommy held your hand through the whole thing, didn't she?"

I nodded again, my body - on its own accord - starting to curl into her.

"And then, Mommy went to do something extra special," she continued, voice like velvet. I felt her hand, down on my thigh, fighting to not grab my penis. "She went to the brain clinic, with her friends, for her first treatment. Do you understand what that was?"

I froze. I remembered. The electrowave cognitive treatment. She, Randi, Katie - and were there more? - were volunteered subjects for some experimental intelligence-enhancement procedure,

"Mommy's going to get *smarter*," she growled, now unable to help herself from grabbing my erection through my thin, dinosaur pajamas and giving it a squeeze. "All...for...you."

She waited, cock in her hand, letting me squirm, letting my body spasm under her grip. She waited until I calmed again, but I still felt the warm pressure of her hand around me. Oh my god, this woman...what else did she do?

"You... met with Rina," I whispered, not even thinking.

She hummed again, pleased. "That's right, your old girlfriend, the one that used to *baby* you," she cooed, giving my turgid cock another mind-bending squeeze. "But who babies you now, hm? Who treats you like *their* precious...wittle...*baby-waby*?"

She'd dropped into a doting baby-talk, like she was now speaking to an infant.

Oh god.

You like that do you? When I talk to you in baby-talk?

"Hmmm?" she pressed, squeezing my cock again, "Who does that to my *tiny, little Jay-Jay* now?"

oh no...oh no no no no...I'm going to...

"y-y-you do..." I stammered., clenching my loins, trying to- but *oh no-*

I'm going to...

"Who does?" she corrected.

oh goddd...

"M-M-Mommy does..."

My back arched, my hips pushed my huge cock into her hand and I clamped my eyes shut as I came, into my thin pajama pants. I whined, groaned, and grunted, and she stroked me through it, emptying me out until it was a sodden mess, all around me. She squeezed it, pushing out every last bit of seed.

Behind closed eyes, I whined. I turned my face away, pressed my cheek into her soft, strong thighs. I nestled my nose and mouth into her skin, the fleshy mass of her lap, and nuzzled, hoping I could crash out into sleep, an escape. Already dreams of women I knew changing, girls growing, were laughing me towards them. The Bliss....

"Open up, Jay," I heard her command, from high above me, "Look me in the eyes again."



I turned back to her, and opened. My vision was watery, my gaze pleading for mercy. I was so wet, now, down my thigh to my knee. *Can't that be it? Can't I please just sleep?*

She looked me in the face, over the massive mountains of her breasts. "Oh, sweetie," she cooed, in a voice still so serene and tender, "You may complain, but you've been looking forward to this all day, too, haven't you? Hm? Our homework?" She was pressing my spent, deflating cock into my legs, smoothing out the sodden fabric of my pajamas around it, squishing the jelly of my jizz back into me. "Yeah...this gives you an excuse," she murmured, "You may kick up a little fuss, say you don't wanna, but we both know you actually *like* it when I baby you."

oh my god yes I do.

"*Language, sweetie.*"

Sorry, Mommy.

"That's better."

Melissa let me lay there, let my eyes actually drift away from hers so I could study her breasts for a bit, the huge looming undersides of them, stretching the silky white fabric of her nightie out above me. She cooed to me, stroking my hair again, allowing me some peace as my vision, my pulse, my body came back to normal...whatever that was, now.

Horrifically, my cock was swelling again.

"Okay, honey, let's continue," she said after a bit, "You were telling me, sweetie, everything I did for you today."

Our assignment. Yes. I can finish this. With a bit clearer head, I continued.

"You-" I swallowed. "You helped me at the dinner meeting. With Lucia."

"*Mmhmm,*" she purred, "Good boy. I did. What else?"

My pulse, again, started to pound in my loins. What the hell was wrong with me?

"You m-made sure everything went smoothly?" I offered. *Am I right? Was that the right answer?*

"Yes, good, baby. I did. Mommy organized everything, made sure you didn't have to worry about a thing," she said, stroking my cheeks, "Mommy took care of it all, and she's going to decide tomorrow if we're going to let you help her by becoming a little manikin. Ooo. That reminds me..."

I hated how good this felt. How easy she was making it.

"And then, baby, after dinner was over," she continued, lazily drawing her right hand off my wet thigh and bringing it to her chest, "What did Mommy do for you then?"

She was fishing into her cleavage, with her fingers.

"She...she..." I began, struggling, "She drove me home... she carried me upstairs..."

"MmmmHmmm..." she purred, letting me continue. She'd found something, deep between her breasts. "There he is, still stuck nice..."

"...and she got me ready for bed. She took me out of my suit, she brushed my teeth..."

She was pulling it out.

"...and she put me in bed."

"That's right honey, good job," she praised, now showing me what she'd pulled from her cleavage. She held it for me, right over where my head rested in her lap: the little man. The little gray, plastic manikin. The little me. She'd had it in there the whole time, ever since dinner, somehow hidden under one breast or another.

"See, baby?" she murmured, playing with the figurine whose likeness was nearly exactly my own, twiddling it between her fingers, "That wasn't so hard. That was what I did today, for you. My entire day, all that hard work, all for you."

She tilted my chin up, peeling my gaze away from the manikin between her fingers, making me meet her eyes.

"Now," she whispered, soft and expectant, "What do you say?"

Whu...what d-do you mean?

"Did Mommy take care of you?"

"y-yes..?"

"Did Mommy make you feel safe?"

"y-....yes?"

"Did Mommy do everything for you that you need?" Her voice was tolerant, patient, measured. She was a natural at this.

"yes?"

"So what do you say?"

...

"I, um..."

"C'mon, Jay-Jay...you know what you need to say."

"uhhhh...?"

"I want you to thank me, baby," she said, still with forbearance and serenity, "Thank Mommy for all she did for you. You're going to do this every night, so let's get started. Thank me for my help."

"O-okay...th-...thank you, Mommy."

"Good boy. Now, how do you show your appreciation?"

What...what do you mean?

Melissa sighed as she smiled down at me. Was she reading my pauses, or my mind? "Tell me, baby, what did *you* do for *mommy* today. C'mon, think. What did *you* do to thank Mommy for all that she does?"

What did I do today? I...I couldn't...I couldn't... "I, um...I can't remember."

Melissa giggled. "That's okay, sweetie. I know homework is *hard*." She'd dropped again into baby-talk. "Mommy will help. You got smaller, didn't you, baby-waby? During your nap?"

I did. I did do that. Was that good?

"Yes, baby, that *was* good. That was *so* good. Mommy likes that, that's all she needs you to do - just keep getting smaller and smaller."

But how...how am I supposed to do that?

"Just listen to me, and do what Mommy says. Did baby do a good job listening to Mommy today?"

"I...I think so?" *Did I? Did I do a good job?*

"You did do a pretty good job, sweetie," she said, allowing herself a little giggle, "You were a good boy. But what can you do tomorrow to be an even *better* boy for Mommy?"

"I...I can listen better," I tried, hoping that was right, "And I can...I can get smaller?"

"That's right...Mommy wants you to get so small. So, so small, so she can do *this* with you."

I watched as, nonchalantly, Melissa took the little plastic figurine she still had between her fingers, and gently slid it back into her cleavage, tucking it in until it completely disappeared again. "There you go, little guy," she cooed down to it, "you stick right there."

She looked back down at me.

"And how can we make you smaller? So I can do that to you?"

How...what? I was feeling confusion. But I knew what I needed to say to be right.

"You can...make me your baby?"

"That's right..."

She'd started to lower the strap of her silk nightie down off of her left shoulder.

"A-and...and you can keep growing bigger?" I added. *Was that right, also?*

"That *is* right too, good job pumpkin," she beamed, watching me look up at her with such awe. The promise of her lowering that strap had me rapt with anticipation. "You love my body, don't you, Jay?" she asked, plainly.

"Y-yes...I do love your body," I answered, without hesitation, "A-and...I l-love you."

That...that changed something, in the air between us. Under me, I felt her tremble, a quake from deep in her thighs. Above me, she visibly reacted, her posture changing, languidly stretching and arching her back. Around us, the room shivered - the bedside lamp flickered, the air itself vibrated.

"I love you too, sweetie," she purred, her voice deeper and huskier now with a new arousal. She'd gathered herself from a momentary spell, one that seemed to make her more monumental, and now her nipples were visibly thickened, pushing through the silk of her nightie.

My mouth went dry.

"Dr. Chou was so happy to hear we were doing some of this already, playing Mommy and Baby," Melissa continued, petting my cheek tenderly, "It's so good for us, so good for *you*. She likes what we do. And you wanna make her happy don't you, just like you want to make me happy?"

I know this was weird but - "Y-yes..?"

"Yes you do," she praised, "That makes me proud, that I have such a good boy. And you wanna make Mommy proud of you don't you?"

She lowered the other strap down, off of her right shoulder.

I'd frozen, as if suddenly dazed. "Y-y-yes..." I finally managed. I could barely speak.

Her smile was patient, tolerant, indulgent. Purposeful. And when she calmly lowered her top, peeling the silky fabric down over her breasts, exposing her shockingly swollen nipples, I audibly gasped.

She. Was fucking. Enormous.

Her hands were already underneath me, strong arms gathering me into a cradle. She was lifting me from under the head and upper body to her chest, pillowing me in towards her soft, overwhelming bosom. Affectionately, sweetly, she spoke to me. "Come here, baby. Come to Mommy's breast."

Already my mouth had gaped, and she was moving me towards her nipple. Words had begun to come from me, mumbled and groaned as I stared at her smooth, silky skin, spherical shape and sonsie swells. What was I saying?

"That's right," she said, charitably, "you can call them 'Mommy' too..."

Mouth met nipple, and it was an immediate latch. My face plastered to her tit, held confidently in her arms: this was where I was supposed to be, and I groaned in heady pleasure when I felt her strong hand around my hard-again cock. My pants had been brought down, and the cool air was on my hips.

"That's right, good boy," she cooed, as I'd begun to dry-nurse already. This was our thing, this was our way. This was how I'd fallen asleep, night after night. "You did good tonight. Mommy will let you come again," she said, having begun, gently, to stroke me, "Come for Mommy, and then you can spend all night on the breast. Would you like that?"

Yes, Mommy, yes Mommy I would.

Good boy.

=====