

The Dreamcaster: Chapter 6

By: CrissieBaby

“There we go! All nice and cozy!”

Jane giggled as Sarah praised her for getting dressed in her cuddly jammies. She was really happy to see her mommy-wife getting into the caretaker role tonight. She allowed herself to be enveloped by a huge hug. Her feet soon left the ground, causing her to squeal with glee.

Sarah carried her baby girl over to the bed, snuggling her into place as the two settled in for a bedroom movie night. While intense sexy times were always fun, there was nothing better than a bit of light, after-care snogging when all was said and done.

Meanwhile, despite still being quite horny, Jane was deep in Little space. She grasped onto Mommy’s waist and pulled herself in close, her diapered bottom grinding up against the side of Sarah’s thigh. After that amazing bubble bath session, she no longer had the restraint that she did an hour ago.

Chuckling at Jane’s rabid arousal, Sarah wrapped an arm around her baby-wife’s torso and pulled her in close so that she was forcefully cushioned by her modest Mommy milkers. “You want these, don’t you baby?”

“Mmhm,” said Jane, nibbling on Sarah’s shirt with her front teeth. She desperately wanted what was underneath. Her tongue lightly prodded at Mommy’s taut nipples, making her intentions crystal clear.

Though, Sarah didn’t need much prompting. She was wearing one of her loose-fitting maternity shirts for a reason, making it easy to pull out a yummy milkshake for her Little. She laid Jane out across her lap and placed a hand under her left breast, lifting it out of her shirt. “I hope you’re hungry,” she said in a sultry tone.

Licking her lips, Jane eagerly leeches on to Mommy’s teet and began to suck, slowly and rhythmically. The warm breast milk trickled out at first before unloading into a steady stream, filling her tummy with lots of fresh dairy.

Sarah leaned back against the bed frame, getting comfortable as she cradled Jane’s head in her hands. She flicked through their various streaming services looking for something fun to watch, occasionally pausing in her search from the ecstasy of it all. Milk gushed from her nipples, inspiring a pleasurable sensation that made her feel truly loved. She placed a hand on her baby girl’s stomach and proceeded to rub in small circles.

Jane greedily gulped down more and more of Sarah’s titty juice, suckling like a newborn piglet. As her Mommy’s boob began to run dry, she uncupped from her boob. She sucked harder, getting out every last drop she could muster. Sarah had been doing her best to stimulate her milk sacks, but she was still working on increasing her production. At the present, it still wasn’t enough for the tiny gremlin. In the back of her mind, she was happy that there were

plenty of leftovers downstairs because she'd probably want a midnight snack at some point. She wished that Mommy's boobs had enough milk to fill her up good and proper.

Suddenly, a burst of white cream shot from the end of Sarah's breast. Jane nearly choked from the increased level of liquid that was pouring down her throat. Contrary to the previous minute of suckling, she was now struggling to keep up.

Simultaneously, Sarah was loving whatever the hell was happening to her. With her hand behind Jane's head, she pressed her into her titty, squeezing out milk even faster. "That's right, baby girl, Mommy's got enough milk to fill up that cute, widdwe bladder of yours," she said, growing so horny that she was seeing stars.

Not only that, but an unbelievable pressure was building in Sarah's right breast. It had yet to receive any attention tonight, causing it to drip with copious amounts of mother's milk. Reaching into her shirt, she pinch her nipple, which forced an explosive stream of cream to burst forth. She moaned in a mix of relief and euphoria.

Back under the bust, Jane was noticing something very peculiar. Sarah's boob seemed to be growing larger against her face as if to make room for more milk. But...that kind of thing just wasn't possible on such a small timeline...wasn't it? She made just one attempt to pull away, but Mommy's grasp was too strong. All she could do was lay back and drink until her wife decided she'd had her fill. Her face was swallowed up by the swelling boob, turning her world dark.

Jane's blacked-out vision, combined with how tired Sarah's milk always made her, had her falling asleep as she suckled. That was the last thing she remembered from that night. Mommy's rich flavor seemed to linger on her tongue as she slipped into a milk-induced coma, smothered by Sarah's seemingly enlarged breast. She was completely unaware that as she slipped into dreamland, the silver ring was still in her hand.

"There we go! All nice and cozy!"

Rebecca patted Jane's diaper front, having just taped her into a dry pair of Bunny Hops. She then placed her hands on Jane's hips and helped her slide off of the changing table set had set up in her office for just such occasions. She giggled at her immature co-workers' babyish appearance, standing before her in a white onesie with rainbow accents all over it. "I love your clothes, by the way, Janey! You always wear the most darling things!"

Jane giggled as she turned around and looked up at Rebecca, noticing she was even taller than normal. Her eyes seemed level with her belly button now, which made her feel ridiculously small. But it wasn't just Rebecca. Looking around the room, she noticed everything was much bigger than before. Even the ceiling seemed distinctly far away. It was as if she were the size of an actual child now. Her giggling slowly faded out as she became more and more aware of her surroundings.

Before she could finish gathering her bearings, Jane's hand was grabbed by Rebecca who started pulling her towards the door. She pulled back against her colleague's steel-like grip to no avail. "W-where are we going?!" she asked, her embarrassment of her size and wardrobe rising with every step.

"Aww, what's wrong, baby Jane? You were so excited when you ran into my office and pooped yourself," said Rebecca, doing away with the struggle and deciding to just lift Jane into her arms. The girl was far too tiny to fight back anyway.

Meanwhile, Jane was in a bit of a panic. Rebecca seeing her like this was one thing, but for the entire office to see would be far too much for her. Secretly, she was relishing every second of this kind of attention, but that didn't stop her surface-level fears from rising up. However, there was no dissuading or even delaying her very imposing caretaker, who was on a warpath towards the exit. As Rebecca reached for the door handle, Jane buried her face in her work friend's plentiful bosom and prayed for no one to see them.

That was a prayer that would go unanswered, as the second the door creaked open, their diligent office admin, Laura, was ready to greet them, "Oh, Rebecca, I was just about to knock-

"Shhhhh!" Rebecca's loud shushing caught Laura off-guard with her voice squeaking to silence, "Let me get Jane all settled, and then we can talk, okay?"

Laura nodded, "O-okay." She then looked over at Jane, smiling brightly before patting her head. "Hello, Jane. You weren't supposed to wake up for another hour. Did you have a bad dream and go running to Miss Rebecca?" she cooed, pushing her face close to hers.

Jane was far too mortified to answer. She turned her head in, hoping Rebecca would take the hint and shoe Laura away. Unfortunately, luck was not on her side.

"Nope, not only did she sneak out of her room for no reason, but when I tried to send her back she squatted down and unleashed herself in my office. I swear I'd never seen a diaper get so full in my life," laughed Rebecca as she jubilantly recounted a past that Jane didn't remember. Regardless, her words were certainly having the desired effect, as the baby girl in her arms squirmed and turned redder than a tomato upon learning of her infantile actions. "You should've been there when she turned to me after mushing her tushy. *Miwth Webecca, can I's habe a changie*. Haha! She tried to look so innocent too!"

"She was having a wetting problem too, wasn't she?" asked Laura, as if Jane wasn't even there.

Rebecca patted Jane on the butt and leaned down to kiss her on top of her head. She then looked to Laura, responding, "Indeed, poor thing just can hardly keep her pampers dry for longer than 30 minutes, and don't get me started on the bedwetting."

The teasing was far beyond what Jane was normal to her, which was both scary and incredibly arousing. She pressed her hands to her ears and shut her eyes tightly, hoping to block out the horrendous chuckling from her co-workers that she had no choice but to suffer through.

Jane woke up with her face squished against her wife's much larger breasts, though she had yet to notice due to how groggy she was. Not long after she drifted off, Sarah repositioned herself so that they could fall asleep in each other's arms. A sweet gesture, but one that made escaping without detection quite a task. Carefully, she extracted herself, moving as stealthfully as possible to avoid waking her doting Mommy.

As she backed herself up to the end of the bed, Jane felt the pleasant squelch of a wet diaper wedging itself close to her genitals. It had been a while since she'd wet in her sleep, but it was as wonderful to wake up to as she remembered. Passing out while nursing must've done the trick. Oddly enough, though, despite how wet her diaper obviously was, it felt surprisingly loose. She brushed it off, assuming a tape must've come loose.

Eventually, Jane managed to wiggle herself away and scooted towards the edge of the bed. She hopped to her feet like she normally would, only this time, her journey to the ground seemed to last a lot longer. Not only that, but the second her soles hit the floor, so did her pajama bottoms, along with her sopping, wet diaper.

"Eeeep!" shouted Jane as she clumsily moved to pick them up. However, as she raised the fallen apparel to her hips, she became acutely aware that her pants and diaper no longer fit like they did last night. Not only that, but her head was now barely taller than the bed. She couldn't explain it, hell, she could barely process it, but it was true. Jane had shrunken in her sleep.

By this point, Jane had made enough noise to stir Sarah from her sleep. She stretched her arms wide, allowing her voluptuous boobs to jiggle about in the loose-fitting shirt she had on. She looked down at her VERY little girl, with a sincere smile on her face, as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

"Good morning, pumpkin. Is my baby girl hungry for breakfast?"

TO BE CONTINUED...