**Mikey and Milena**

**By Elfy**

Milena ran out to her car. Even in her flat-footed trainers she almost toppled over when she reached the driver’s seat door. There were a lot of benefits to having very large breasts but balance wasn’t one of them. Her seat was set a long way back from the steering wheel to fit her size 38K boobs. She quickly turned the key and the engine came to life.

“Come on…” Milena muttered to herself impatiently as she waited for a gap in the traffic. She slowly edged her car out into the street to try and force someone to let her on to the road.

It had been just a normal day until about fifteen minutes ago. She had been sitting at home reading a magazine and preparing for her next patient when the phone rang. As soon as she answered it she could sense there was something wrong.

“Hello, is this Milena Velba?” The professional sounding voice said through the phone, “I’m here at Woodside Hospital. We’ve had Nadine Jansen come in, do you know her? She has you listed as a contact in her medical records.”

Milena had frozen up. She knew Nadine, she would never be able to forget her, but they hadn’t been in contact for years. There was a time when Nadine had been the most important person in her life but after so many years of no contact she had assumed Nadine had forgotten about her. Just the mention of her name brought a flood of emotions forwards.

Milena and Nadine had met in college. They became roommates in their second year but they first met when they were freshmen and students of psychology. They shared a very obvious attribute, namely their large bosoms, and they quickly formed a friendship. Nadine’s 38H bust size was a little smaller than Milena’s but it was still much larger than everyone else. The two women were used to people staring but in each other they found kindred spirits.

Soon Milena and Nadine were inseparable. They eased into a casual relationship with each other, using their downtime from classes to explore each other’s bodies and make each other feel good. They weren’t alone though. It wasn’t long into their first meeting that Nadine revealed she was a mother of a very young child, Mikey. When they became roommates for their second year Mikey stayed with them. He would be at the university day care during classes and then back with the two women the rest of the time.

Mikey’s father was out of the picture having left shortly before Mikey was born and Milena became a sort of de facto second parent for the young kid. The trio became close enough that Nadine had even allowed Milena to breast feed Mikey. Milena had been honored and found the experience a great way to bond with the young child. It was thanks to this that Milena briefly looked at majoring in child therapy before settling on regression therapy.

Towards the end of their third year in college Milena and Nadine parted. It was acrimonious and although both sides regretted it neither of them had contacted the other since. Nadine had decided to wean Mikey as well as potty train him. Milena argued they should hold off on both those things, that Mikey still needed his two moms to feed him and change him. It was something she had learned in her regression therapy classes, an experimental and largely unused technique but one which resonated with Milena. Truth be told Mikey not being ready to grow up was only half the issue, the other half was not being ready herself. Looking after Mikey like she did fulfilled a void in her life she could scarcely imagine filling any other way.

The two women had argued and when Milena packed her things and left it was the last time she had seen Nadine or Mikey. In the meantime Milena had become a successful therapist using what she had learned with Nadine and Mikey as well as her natural assets. Milena specialized in regression therapy which meant she was often breast feeding her clients. She was paid well for her services and really felt she was doing good for some people to whom traditional therapy was ineffective.

No matter how much Milena helped other people there was always a hole in her heart. She desperately missed Mikey who had become like a son to her. To have no contact with him after the split was a great source of pain.

That was in the past though. It had been such a long time since college, Mikey would’ve had his eighteenth birthday a few months before the phone call arrived. Milena had received the call from the hospital out of the blue and was now rushing to get there in a half-panicked desperation. She didn’t know why she was being called or why Nadine was in the hospital, all she knew was that she had to get there to do everything she could to help her former lover and Mikey.

Milena hurriedly parked her car in the first available slot and cursed whoever made her buy a ticket before leaving her car. She dashed breathlessly into the main hospital building and straight to reception.

“Nadine Jansen?” Milena only realised how scared she was when she heard her own voice, “Michael Jansen?”

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*The previous night…*

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Mikey’s legs swung freely as he sat in the backseat of the car. Thanks to his small stature his mom felt it necessary for him to be sat in a booster seat and strapped in tight. He didn’t mind, he was used to being treated a little differently to most eighteen-year-olds. He had been born premature and it felt like he had spent his whole life trying to catch up with people his own age.

“Are you doing alright back there?” Nadine asked as she looked in the rear view mirror.

“Yes, mommy.” Mikey replied.

It was late at night and Mikey was tired. The two of them were making their way home from a holiday party at one of Nadine's co-workers houses. They had been celebrating a promotion and Mikey felt exhausted. He had spent the time running around with the younger children, the ones his own age didn’t seem too interested in him but some of the smaller kids seemed to find him entertaining.

It wasn’t a long journey home and Mikey was just leaning his head against the side of the seat and looking out the window. He couldn’t see much in the darkness but he found it relaxing to watch the stars pass by.

Mikey stretched and crinkled as he did so. Although usually only a night time thing Mikey was wearing a diaper due to the excitement of the party. His control was usually good enough to allow him to go to the bathroom during the day but Nadine sometimes put him in a diaper when unsure about how available bathrooms will be. At night Mikey seemed to wake up wet more often than not.

Thanks to Mikey’s size and timidity he was a victim of bullying at school throughout most of his childhood. It was rarely serious but there was a lot of teasing and he found it difficult to make friends. Perhaps it was because of these difficulties that he found the way his mother treated him as comforting when most would think it overbearing. He didn’t even mind the diapers too much, it made him feel good to know his mom was looking out for him.

Nadine’s decision to put Mikey in a diaper had proven to be the correct course of action. The padding was wet and squished a little as he moved around in the booster seat. He was looking forwards to being changed into a dry diaper before going to bed.

Mikey was just closing his eyes in the backseat when he heard his mom suddenly scream in a way that made his whole body flood with adrenaline.

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*The Present…*

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Mikey felt numb. He was sat in his hospital bed and looking out of the window. It had been a week since he had been brought in, seven full days of painful reality. His injuries had been surprisingly mild all things considered. No broken bones, no internal bleeding and no obvious long term disabilities. His most severe injury appeared to just be a mild concussion. Mikey had been told by several people that the booster seat saved his life, the extra restraints and padding had absorbed the impact and held him steady.

“You’re lucky.” That’s what the nurses and doctors kept saying when they checked Mikey’s charts.

Mikey didn’t feel lucky at all. In fact he felt like his whole world had collapsed and that it might’ve been better had he never got out of the car. His mother had died. They had told him it had been quick, that the impact ended things straight away so she didn’t suffer. They told him this as if it would do anything to help him.

At least Mikey was leaving the hospital today. With no injuries left to treat the hospital wanted the bed back and although it took a while they were able to get in contact with a person Mikey only had the faintest memories of. Milena and his mom had been friends but it had been a long time since he had seen her. He was eighteen-years-old but knew his mom wouldn’t want him to be out there on his own. It wasn’t like he had anywhere else to go anyway. Mikey really didn’t know what to expect but he didn’t really care. As he looked out of the window he had never felt lower in his life.

There was a small noise outside the room and Mikey turned to look through the window into the corridor. He saw a nurse and a doctor discussing something with a woman he faintly recognized. He saw her look into the room and he quickly looked away.

A minute later the door slowly opened. Mikey looked over to see the woman outside stepping into his room. He had assumed it was Milena and now he was certain it was her. His eyes were almost inevitably drawn to the woman’s large breasts, he felt a pang of pain as they reminded him of his mother’s.

“Hi Mikey.” Milena’s voice had that annoying tone that people always used towards someone who had recently lost a loved one. A quiet and unnaturally high voice alongside a hesitant little smile and a slow hunched over walk.

“Hi.” Mikey replied as he stood up from the bed. He picked up his bag, “Let’s go.”

Mikey looked up at Milena who seemed rather taken aback. Whatever she had expected it clearly wasn’t that Mikey would willingly go with her immediately. She probably assumed she would have to talk to Mikey a bunch to build some trust.

“Um, sure.” Milena replied, “Have you got everything ready?”

“Yeah.” Mikey replied simply.

“You can talk to me if you want.” Milena said softly, “The doctor said he’d give us as long as you need. I know it’s a big loss and it mu-”

“I’d rather just get out of here.” Mikey said quietly. His eyes were watering but he did his best not to cry. Whenever someone started talking to him about these things he felt his outer shell crack.

Mikey looked up at Milena and saw that she was similarly teary-eyed. He had been very wrapped up in himself but he started to realise he wasn’t the only one who was hurting. Milena, as far as Mikey knew, hadn’t seen his mother in a long time but she clearly still cared. Perhaps she had been hoping for a reunion that would now never happen.

Seeing Milena upset seemed to create a blockage in Mikey’s throat. A sob forced it’s way up and out of Mikey before he could stop it and it set him off completely. The tears started flowing and nothing he did could stop them.

“Oh, baby.” Milena pulled Mikey into a hug as she sniffed and cried as well.

Thanks to the height difference Mikey’s head was pressed against the woman’s large bosom but that was the last thing on his mind as he sobbed into Milena. Mikey felt the taller woman pull him closer until he thought he might suffocate on the boobs, he eventually had to pull himself away. He saw Milena with tears on her face and she reached into her bag for tissues for them both.

“Are you sure you’re ready to go?” Milena asked once the two had composed themselves.

“Yeah.” Mikey said. He was frustrated that his emotional walls had crumbled so easily.

“Then let’s go home.” Milena said as she bent over and picked up Mikey’s bag.

Mikey walked through the hospital and out to Milena’s car. He felt somewhat robotic as he sat in the passenger seat, he felt strange sitting down in a car without a booster seat. When Milena sat down she could clearly see something was bothering him.

“Everything alright?” Milena asked as she put the keys in the ignition.

“It’s just…” Mikey shifted in his seat and pulled the seat belt, “Mom has… had a special seat for me. They said it was what saved me…”

“What kind of seat?” Milena asked. She suddenly realised getting into a car might be quite traumatic for Mikey bearing in mind what happened the last time.

“A booster seat.” Mikey said quietly.

“Oh, well, I guess we can see about getting a new one.” Milena patted Mikey on the back.

Mikey was surprised. He had often been bullied or laughed at when people saw him sitting in a booster seat like a toddler. More than a few times he had begged his mom to stop making him sit in it but she always insisted. He hadn’t expected to miss it.

The car pulled out of the parking lot soon afterwards. Mikey looked out of the window, he felt tense for sure but it wasn’t as bad as he expected to be back in a car. He was grateful for a change of scenery after a week staring at the ceiling of the hospital. After a few minutes he started feeling more comfortable and started relaxing a little.

“If you are feeling up to it I thought we could swing past your place.” Milena said after a few minutes of quiet driving, “So you can pick up a few things. Is that alright?”

“I think so.” Mikey replied.

As the car pulled up at the curb Mikey felt like a chill ran through him. It was so strange to think that his mother wasn’t in there waiting for him. He supposed he was still in quite a bit of shock because he felt like the full weight of everything that had happened should make him inconsolable with grief.

“Come on.” Milena said softly with a hand on Mikey’s shoulder, “I’ll be with you.”

Mikey briefly flickered a smile. He was grateful to not be alone and if his mom had decided Milena was the person best suited to look after him he wasn’t going to disagree. Mikey opened his door and stepped out on to the pavement, with Milena close behind he walked up the garden path. Against the front door there were some flowers that had been left by neighbours.

“That’s nice.” Milena muttered as she picked them up, “We’ll take these back to my house. I should have a vase for them somewhere.”

Mikey opened the front door and stepped inside. He let Milena know that his stuff was in his bedroom and he walked up the stairs. When he pushed open his room’s door he felt almost surprised to see that everything was right where it had been left. With the complete uprooting of his life Mikey almost felt like his room should’ve somehow been a mess.

Mikey’s bedroom was hardly usual for an eighteen-year-old man. In fact little had changed since he had been a baby. The walls were a baby blue with white clouds painted on the upper half though after many years they had faded and grown somewhat dirty. The bed still had childish sheets on it and a lot of his old toys, although not played with, hadn’t been thrown away.

Mikey pulled a suitcase out of his closet and opened it on his bed. He started taking as much clothing as he could and piling it into his case. It felt strange, he wasn’t sure if he would be coming back to this house ever again, he didn’t know what the future held at all.

Mikey walked over to his chest of drawers. He looked over his shoulder towards the bedroom door to make sure he was still alone and then pulled open the top drawer. He looked down at the diapers he usually wore to bed. The tightly packed white plastic underwear laid in piles and took up the whole space. There was no way he could transport the whole lot with him in his suitcase. He wanted to keep them secret as well, he didn’t want Milena to know he still needed them. Without his mom to protect him he felt an obligation to be a man, diapers were something he had to leave behind.

Pulling out a few of the diapers Mikey closed the drawer and went over to his suitcase. He had just placed the padding on top of his clothes when he heard the bedroom door suddenly open. He slammed the lid of the suitcase down and spun around to block the view. Milena was stood in the doorway looking a little unsure.

“Is everything OK?” Milena asked. It was clear from her voice that she suspected something was up.

“Yes.” Mikey replied a little too quickly.

“Do you need any help?” Milena continued after taking a moment to look around the room.

“I’m fine.” Mikey replied.

“Alright. I’ll be right out here if you need anything.” Milena gave a little smile, lingered for a couple of seconds and then left the room and pulled the door to.

Milena stepped back into the hallway and slowly walked down the landing. Her mind was going a mile a minute and her old friend’s house was only bringing up more questions. Mikey’s room didn’t look anything like she had imagined. She had thought there would be posters of women or rock bands, she had expected a mess on the floor and all sorts of teenage and young adult paraphernalia but had instead found something between a nursery and a child’s bedroom.

“What was happening here, Nadine?” Milena asked her dead friend.

Milena continued down the hallway and saw another bedroom with the door open. It was Nadine’s room. It had the strangest aura, a room that wouldn’t be used again but was ready for it’s owner to come home at any moment. She knew she shouldn’t go snooping around her dead friend’s things but she noticed something on the bedside table that made her pause.

After making sure Mikey was still in his room Milena stepped inside and walked up to the bedside table. Sitting on the top of the table right next to an alarm clock was a breast pump. Milena owned more than a few pumps of her own thanks to her therapy, it was unmistakable.

Milena picked the pump up and turned it in her hands. She was frowning as she tried to comprehend why Nadine owned one of these. Had she been expecting another child? Neither the hospital nor Mikey had said anything about it.

On a hunch Milena went back downstairs and into the kitchen. She pulled open the freezer and had to stifle a gasp when she saw a huge stash of what could only be expressed mother's milk in tell-tale bags, labelled and dated. Nadine must have been pumping milk for a local milk bank, she mused. Odd that she was still lactating so long after weaning Mikey, though.

She hurried out into the hallway just in time to see Mikey dragging his overloaded suitcase around the corner at the bottom of the stairs. He looked up at her but she had already donner her poker face.

“Ready to go?” Milena asked.

Mikey nodded.

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The drive from Mikey and Nadine’s house to Milena’s was about three hours. On the trip over the car remained mostly quiet. Mikey’s mind was focused on the diapers in his bag and how he would hide them, he just couldn’t let Milena know how pathetic he was that he still wet the bed. Milena on the other hand was still pondering the breast pump and milk. She had maintained her milk supply after inducing for Mikey so many years ago by a steady schedule of pumping for clients and the local milk bank, as well as her much preferred method of nursing her patients. Using the comfort of her breasts as part of her regression therapy sessions was a sure-fire method to take a patient back to the safety and comfort of infancy, and Milena herself found it enjoyable, but she didn’t know why Nadine would still be doing it. She had seemed so adamant about weaning Mikey when he turned 4 years old...

“So what have you been up to all these years?” Milena asked eventually to try and distract herself from speculation, “What did you do at school?”

“Not much.” Mikey replied.

“Do you like sport?” Milena continued, “I’ve been a big baseball fan for a little while now. Maybe we could get tickets to a game.”

“I guess.” Mikey shrugged as he spoke.

To Milena it was like talking to a stone wall but that was understandable. She had to be patient with her new charge, he was a young man trying to find his footing in life and had just been dealt a horrendous blow. In fact, considering the loss he had suffered it was remarkable Mikey was doing as well as he was.

When the car rolled to a stop in the driveway of Milena’s house they didn’t immediately get out. Mikey looked at the new place he would be staying, it was an impressive house. It was bigger than what he had been used to at least. He had to keep reminding himself this wasn’t a place he was just visiting, it was his home now. It was difficult to believe he may never go back to the house that had been his home as long as he could remember.

“Milena, how are you?” A voice came from the driveway next door, “Everything OK? I saw you rushing off earlier.”

Mikey watched as Milena got out of the car. The voice was coming from the fence and now he could see who it belonged to. A beautiful and young looking woman with black hair was smiling over the waist-high fence with a small child in her arms. Mikey followed Milena’s lead in stepping out of the car and grabbing his bag.

“Hi Demi.” Milena said, “It’s a bit of a story. I’ll tell you later.”

“Sure.” Demi was looking over at Mikey with a frown.

Mikey watched Milena take a deep breath and walk up to the fence. She leant forwards and whispered to the next door neighbours but Mikey was too far away to hear any of it. He instead stared at Demi’s breasts which were scarcely smaller than Milena’s or his mother’s. There must be something in the water in this town that caused women to grow much larger than normal.

Mikey saw Demi’s face go from a warm smile through shock, sadness and by the time Milena leaned back she was covering her face with her free hand and seemingly on the verge of tears. She nodded her head and gave Mikey a pitying look as Milena turned away.

“Come on, let’s get you settled in.” Milena said. She reached for Mikey’s bag to take it in for him but the young man pulled it away.

Milena just smiled and went to the front door. Mikey followed and they were soon inside. As the door closed behind him Mikey stood awkwardly nearby unsure of where to go. His first impressions of the house were positive, it was clean and tidy and felt comfortable.

“Let me show you up to your room.” Milena said as she passed Mikey and started up the stairs, “Can I help you with your bag?”

“I’m fine.” Mikey replied as he started dragging the suitcase up. It was clear to everyone that he was struggling with it.

Mikey was a frail boy and with even the best will in the world he would struggle to carry such a suitcase. He knew he was very small and weak but he wouldn’t let Milena help, partly out of wanting to show he wasn’t as pathetic as he might seem and partly because he didn’t want the woman to find his diapers.

“Why don’t you let me he-” Milena started as they neared the top of the stairs.

“Just let me do it!” Mikey exclaimed. His frustration boiled over.

By the time the two of them had reached the top of the stairs. Mikey was red in the face and sweating a little bit. As he took a moment to get his breath back he saw Milena looking down at him with concern. He took a deep breath and picked up the suitcase again. With a nod of the head he let Milena he was ready for her to proceed.

“It’s not much.” Milena said as she pushed the door open, “But you can have it for as long as you want and you’re free to decorate however you want.”

“Thanks.” Mikey said simply as he pulled his suitcase in and dropped it in the middle of the floor.

The room was doubtlessly bare but it also looked comfortable. There was a large window on one side that overlooked the road outside, a small desk was sitting underneath it. There was a chest of drawers to one side and a closet to the other. On the opposite wall was a standard wooden bed.

“I’ll let you get settled in.” Milena said as she gave Mikey a pat on the back, “I’ll call you down when dinner is ready.”

Mikey waited for Milena to leave before opening his suitcase. Seeing the diapers and clothes his mom had bought him he suddenly felt overcome with grief yet again. He flipped the lid closed and took a deep steadying breath, he could worry about unpacking another time. Instead he pulled out his laptop that had been in the backpack over his shoulders and started setting it up on the desk.

It was nice to be able to get back to some semblance of normality. Mikey logged on to his computer and found a few messages from people offering their condolences. He had never had many friends being the quiet bullied kid and most of the messages had come from family that he never really saw. He didn’t care though, he didn’t want to read any messages about how people were sorry for him and instead opened a folder of home videos and pictures of his mom to distract himself.

“Mikey! Dinner is ready!” Milena’s voice called from the bottom of the stairs.

Mikey was surprised. He looked at the corner of his computer screen and saw that he had been absent-mindedly staring at the screen for over an hour. The picture that had so occupied him was from Christmas morning several years ago. His mom was sitting on the sofa wearing her favorite comfortable robe, her large bosoms barely contained. He took one last long look and then shut the screen and went down for dinner. The smell coming from the dining room was mouth-watering and Mikey gladly sat down in front of a steaming plate.

“It’s not much but I hope you like it.” Milena said as she came over with a glass of water for her new housemate, “Probably beats hospital cooking at least.”

Mikey gave a thumbs up as he started eating. Milena was right, her cooking tasted like heaven compared to the last few days in hospital. He was quickly stuffing his face as if there was a risk someone would take it away before he was finished.

“So you’re finished with school, right?” Milena asked in between her own mouthfuls halfway through dinner, “Any plans for college?”

Mikey shrugged and didn’t look up from his plate. It didn’t seem like any plans he might’ve had in the past were still relevant. It was impossible to look to the future when he still didn’t exactly know what his present would be.

“What subjects did you enjoy at school?” Milena asked conversationally.

“I don’t know.” Mikey replied with another shrug. He didn’t really want to think of anything in the past because it inevitably made him think of his mother.

“Have you spoken to your friends?” Milena asked, “Told them you’re alright?”

Mikey put his fork down on his plate but didn’t say anything. He stared down at his food, he really didn’t want to tell Milena what a loser he was at school. He didn’t have friends, he doubted anyone would notice what had happened.

“Is there-” Milena started to ask.

“Stop!” Mikey felt his frustrated exclamation burst out of him before he could stop it. He simultaneously hit the top of the table with his fist.

Mikey looked up and saw that Milena looked taken aback. She leaned back in her chair with a nervous look on her face. Mikey didn’t think she was nervous of him as much as being worried about hurting his feelings.

“I’m sorry.” Milena muttered.

“No… I’m sorry.” Mikey replied. He genuinely felt bad about his sudden loss of control, “Look, nothing in the past matters now. Everything’s changed. Mom’s dead and it’s time to grow up and forget all that childish stuff. School, people I knew, the stuff I used to do… None of it matters. I’m an adult now and I have to start acting like it.”

“What do you-” Milena was confused at what he meant. Childish stuff? Time to grow up? Did all this have something to do with Mikey’s old bedroom and the breast pump?

“You don’t need to worry about me, Milena.” Mikey said as he stood up, “I’m an adult now.”

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For all the confidence Mikey tried to project at the table he was still sat nervously on the edge of his bed when it came to dinner time. His suitcase was open and he had unpacked all of his clothes. He had taken the few diapers he had brought from home and placed them in the top drawer and was now staring at them.

Mikey had always been a bed wetter. He would have the occasional dry night but it was nothing compared to the amount of wet beds he had woken up in. The diapers had been essential.

The diapers were also one of the reasons Mikey had been bullied so much. In middle school he had a friend stay over, his best friend in fact, and thought he could trust him. As soon as he saw the diapers Mikey knew he had made a mistake. The next day it was all over school and he was taunted with it by the bullies that tormented him.

It wasn’t just that one bad incident though. To Mikey the diapers were a sign of his weakness and frailty. He wanted to leave all of that in the past, he was alone now and it was time to grow up. He was determined to be normal.

Once the sun had set Mikey undressed and laid down in the bed. It felt unfamiliar and he had an anxious feeling in the pit of his stomach. He struggled to get to sleep and at some point heard Milena coming upstairs, when his door opened a little he pretended to be asleep. Eventually he didn’t have to pretend and he drifted off into unconsciousness.

Mikey had no idea how long his eyes were closed for when they suddenly snapped open. He could immediately feel something was wrong and he winced as he rolled over and pulled his cover away. Mikey’s eyes descended to between his legs where he saw a dark patch that had stained through the sheets. It took several seconds for him to realise what had happened. He had wet the bed.

Panic threatened to overtake Mikey. He didn’t want Milena to know how weak he was, he didn’t want her to think he needed diapers when he was determined never to wear them again. He stripped the sheets off his bed and balled them upon the floor. He took a few deep breaths and forced himself to calm down. He could hide this, it would be easy. Mikey threw on some pants and picked up the wet bedsheets, he opened the door and stuck his head outside. It was all clear.

Mikey tiptoed downstairs in search of the washing machine. He hadn’t seen it before but he assumed it was down in the basement since it was the only place he hadn’t been. He opened the door under the stairs, flicked on the light and tried to quietly make his way down there, he cringed every time he stood on a creaky step. When he finally made it to the bottom he saw both a washing machine and a freezer against the far wall.

Walking over to the washing machine Mikey shoved his sheets inside and put in one of the cleaning tablets. He picked the slowest and quietest spin speed in the hope of not waking up his host. As the machine whirred to life he took a deep breath and leaned against it. Taking a moment to regain his composure Mikey looked around to the freezer and wondered what was in there. The freezer in the kitchen seemed to contain all the food after all.

Mikey idly opened the door of the freezer and gasped. The freezer was full of bags containing frozen white liquid. It was a liquid Mikey recognized well but he could hardly believe it was all in here. He reached inside and pulled out one of the bags.

“Milk?” Mikey said quietly with a frown.

A sound from somewhere else in the house made Mikey jump and he remembered that he didn’t want to be caught down here. He replaced the bag, closed the doors and quietly left the basement hoping Milena wouldn’t notice that anything had changed. Fortunately he was able to make it back to bed without being seen.

Mikey was tired throughout the whole of the next day and when it came to bedtime the next night he was more anxious than ever. He needed to find new sheets for his bed so he crept out of his room and walked down the landing. He knew which rooms were Milena’s and the bathroom but there was another door that he hadn’t seen open. He reasoned there might be a bed in there he could take the sheets from but when he pulled on the handle the door didn’t budge an inch.

“Is everything OK?” Milena’s voice made Mikey jump out of his skin as he turned to see the woman who was hosting him.

Milena was rubbing her eyes as she came out of her bedroom. She was wearing a pink silk nightgown which did little to hide the huge breasts underneath. Mikey forced himself to look away as he tried to come up with an excuse as to what he was doing.

“I was just…” Mikey paused. He couldn’t say he was looking for some sheets, that would arouse suspicion, “Curious. I’ve not seen what’s in this room.”

“And you thought you’d have a look in the middle of the night?” Milena asked with a yawn.

“I couldn’t sleep.” Mikey shrugged. It was a flimsy excuse but it was all he had.

“Well, I don’t think it’s a good time to see what’s in there.” Milena said with a smile, “Why don’t you go back to bed. Would you like me to tuck you in?”

“No.” Mikey replied quietly. He was trying to prove he didn’t need such childish things. Was it normal for a guest to offer to do that?

Mikey turned away and went back to his bedroom empty-handed. He nervously climbed into bed without any sheets. He knew he wouldn’t be able to stay awake long and he looked up at the ceiling to plead with whatever might be out there to let him stay dry. He closed his eyes and slowly fell asleep.

It felt like there was a small stream running down his thigh. It didn’t feel uncomfortable and Mikey’s half-asleep mind wanted him to ignore it and go back to sleep. It was only when the sheets next to his legs started to get damp that Mikey’s brain decided something was wrong. His eyes fluttered open and he had to cover his mouth to stop from screaming obscenities.

Mikey was still wetting the bed as he clenched down on his bladder muscles. With panic borne from his sudden wake up he wrapped a towel around his waist and ran out of the room. He went into the bathroom and sat down. When he finally unclenched he was able to finish emptying his bladder. He dropped his head to his hands. Two nights in a row he had wet his bed, his desperate attempts to prove he was a grown up were falling flat on their face.

Mikey sat on the toilet for several minutes as he tried to gather his thoughts. He used the towel he had brought in with him to dry off his legs and then finally flushed the toilet. When he walked dejectedly out of the bathroom he felt his heart stop when he saw his bedroom light was on. He was certain he hadn’t turned it on himself. He wanted to close the door and hide but he forced his trembling legs to move. The towel wrapped around him felt like very little covering.

“Oh, Mikey…” Milena was stood in her robe and looking in at a scene of chaos.

Mikey was stood in the doorway and looking down at the floor. He looked up just enough to see his cover on the floor, the clear stain of a wet bed and a trail of urine splashes leaving the room. He felt his cheeks reddening in embarrassment. His embarrassment wasn’t helped when Milena turned around and pulled him into a hug. His head getting squeezed against the taller woman’s humungous chest.

“I’m sorry.” Mikey managed to say as he pulled away, “I was asleep and…”

“If you’re having problems you should tell me.” Milena said warmly, “There are things we cou-”

“It’s just a one-off.” Mikey quickly interrupted. It was a lie and he knew it wasn’t convincing but he wasn’t ready to give up the pretense that he was a normal adult.

“You don’t have any sheets on the bed.” Milena observed. She let the implication of her noticing that drift in the space between them.

Mikey remained silent. The quietness stretched over several minutes and Mikey just wished Milena would go back to bed. He appreciated her concern but he didn’t want to say any more, he just wanted to go back to bed hopeful that his now empty bladder would mean no more accidents.

“Get some rest.” Milena finally said when she saw how uncomfortable Mikey was. She was a therapist and could read people very well, “If you need me just call.”

Mikey nodded and then watched as Milena left and closed the door behind her. Mikey sat on the edge of the bed and let the towel drop to the floor. He took a deep breath and thought about his mother again, he wished he could crawl into her bed like when he had a nightmare. Instead he only had himself, he wouldn’t go running to Milena, he was supposed to be a grown up…

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Mikey had cravings. He was having cravings for something he couldn’t get. When he had lived with his mother Mikey was often fed breast milk. His mother, Nadine, had tried to wean him when he was young but he had always thrown a tantrum until he got his way. Mikey drank from his mother all throughout his childhood, his mother would even express milk through a pump because she lactated so much.

Mikey would drink breast milk every day. He would latch on to his mother’s breast in the morning before school and then once more shortly before bedtime. He would also have sometimes use his mother’s breast milk in his other drinks or food. For instance, it wouldn’t be unusual for Mikey to add some breast milk to his cereal or use it when making a mug of hot cocoa. When he was sick or particularly stressed he would sometimes feed more often. The feeling of having his face pressed against his mother’s boob as she gently sang to him and rocked back and forth was incredibly soothing.

Mikey hadn’t had breast milk since the day of the crash and he was craving the sweet drink more than ever. He had never gone this long without drinking some and he felt a little bit like a drug addict desperate for a fix.

Mikey knew Milena was an alternative therapist but he didn’t really know what that meant. When he had snuck down to the basement to wash his sheets he had found a fridge full of what seemed like frozen milk. He didn’t want to jump to conclusions but it had been that night that had reawakened his hunger for the milk. The regular milk in the house just didn’t satisfy him in the same way.

“Mikey! Come meet Demi and Jack!” Milena called up the stairs.

Knowing he couldn’t hide in his room forever Mikey got off the bed and walked out to the landing. He didn’t really want to meet anyone but he knew he should. He had wet the bed the previous night yet again. It had been the third night in a row and Milena already knew. She had helped him change the sheets. He knew she wanted to suggest something to help but was worried of upsetting him.

Mikey heard voices in the living room and steeled his nerves before walking in. Demi was sitting on the couch with Milena opposite her, the young Jack was sitting on the floor playing with a plastic train. Everyone looked over as the door opened.

“Um, hi.” Mikey said as he gave the people inside an awkward wave.

“Hi Mikey.” Demi replied. Her voice was soft. Mikey was still getting the sympathy voice from people who knew about his situation, “Say hello, Jack.”

“Hewwo.” Jack looked unsure of the new entrant but quickly went back to his toy.

“Come sit down.” Milena patted the seat next to her.

The seat was really only meant for one person but Mikey was able to squeeze in next to her even if it meant they were almost uncomfortably close. Mikey tried not to stare at the huge breasts right next to him, he couldn’t help licking his lips but immediately felt guilty. He looked away but kept finding his eyesight drawn back to the boobs swaying temptingly in the corner of his eyes.

“How are you?” Demi asked with a sympathetic smile.

“I’m OK.” Mikey replied.

It wasn’t exactly a lie. It was hard for Mikey to know exactly how he really felt. He was still very upset over his mother of course but he was settling in with Milena well. He felt embarrassed that despite all his attempts to be an adult he couldn’t seem to stop wetting the bed, coupled with his desire for breast milk he felt like he was failing. He had always known that his childhood wasn’t exactly normal but he didn’t resent it for a second, it had been perfect when he had a mother looking after him.

The conversation started flowing a lot easier after the awkward initial greeting. Demi seemed like a really nice person and even though Milena said Mikey could go back upstairs if he wanted he continued to stay downstairs and converse. He mostly listened but it felt nice to be doing something normal again.

“I’m hungry!” Jack stated suddenly. His exclamation interrupted the conversation but being such a young child he was seemingly unaware of his social faux pas.

Mikey watched as Jack stood up and then climbed up on to the couch with his mother. Demi continued talking to Milena as she reached down and started unbuttoning her blouse. Mikey did a double-take and then started watching Milena’s hands moving down her blouse. He was shocked at what he was seeing though everyone else was continuing as normal.

Jack crawled across Demi’s lap as her clothing spilled open. Mikey’s mouth opened as he stared at the scene unfolding opposite from him. Demi wrapped her arms under Jack and pulled him up against her chest. Jack’s mouth opened just as he reached Demi’s nipple. He started feeding as if it was the most natural thing in the world. Throughout all of it both Demi and Milena continued chatting, Mikey was shocked with how casual they were being.

Try as Mikey might he couldn’t look away from Jack’s liquid lunch. He wasn’t following the conversation at all, instead he was just mesmerized by Demi. At three-years-old Jack was quite old for breast feeding, Mikey had never met someone who had breastfed past the normal age.

As soon as Jack finished he let go of the nipple and dropped back down to the floor to continue playing. Mikey just saw a bead of milk forming on the end of Demi’s teat as the blouse was closed back up. He was full of questions but felt like he couldn’t ask any of them.

After around half an hour Mikey felt a fullness in his bowels. He could’ve gone straight to the bathroom but it didn’t feel too pressing and he was very comfortable sitting against Milena. He didn’t want to disturb the conversation or anything so he decided to wait until the visitors left.

Fifteen more minutes passed and Mikey’s need was growing. He could’ve got up and headed to the bathroom but just as he was about to go Demi started telling an interesting story about how she got started in her job of seamstress. Mikey shifted a little and felt Milena put her arm around his shoulders, he smiled up at her and settled back as he listened.

“Mommy, Mommy!” Jack suddenly jumped to his feet. One hand was in the air whilst the other was clutching his backside, “I need the potty!”

“Do you mind if I..” Demi looked up at Milena as she climbed to her feet.

“Of course, go right ahead.” Milena replied.

Demi and Jack must’ve visited Milena at least a few times before as Jack quickly hurried out of the living room with his mom right behind. Mikey watched nervously. He had been waiting to use the bathroom and all of a sudden the only toilet in the house was occupied. Just the knowledge that he couldn’t immediately get up and go to the bathroom seemed to make his need that much worse.

“Are you alright?” Milena asked, “You’re getting very fidgety.”

“I’m fine.” Mikey forced a smile on to his face but he was feeling panic rise from deep within him.

Mikey could feel the pressure steadily increasing and he was unable to stop his foot from tapping the air. He felt hot and clammy, he needed to get up and move around. More than anything he needed the bathroom!

“I’m just… I’m just going to get some air.” Mikey said as he forced himself off the chair.

Mikey walked out of the room and started pacing in the hallway. Every time he stood at the bottom of the stairs he looked up and saw the bathroom door still closed. He let out a small whine of irritation and anxiety.

A cramp increased Mikey’s need and he had his fears confirmed. This was not just anxiety, there was a real need to use the bathroom and it was fast becoming something Mikey couldn’t stop. He walked up the stairs praying that he would hear a flush and see the door open, when he reached the top and there was still no sign of progress his need reached critical levels.

Mikey didn’t have long left. He was having to clench as hard as he could with the pressure trying to pry open his tensed ring. His hand went round to his rear end and he felt his battle coming to an end. His mind drifted to the diapers in his bedroom, they would’ve allowed him to maintain a modicum of dignity but with how desperate he was they might as well have been on Mars. Not to mention the difficulty he would have getting rid of the evidence.

Mikey put his head on the bathroom door as he felt his battle coming to an end. He couldn’t move because he knew one step would spell disaster. He was going to let go in his pants and it was going to happen within a couple of feet of the toilet. Defeat was inevitable.

“Mikey? Everything OK?” Milena’s voice came from the bottom of the stairs.

Knowing his humiliating accident was about to be witnessed by the woman who he wanted to think he was an adult, Mikey let out a moan of frustration as his bowels cramped one more time. Mikey waddled desperately down the landing as he felt his poop already causing his pants to expand behind him. He let out a loud whine as he turned into his bedroom and forlornly reached for his diapers. He pulled one out just as he heard the toilet flush. If he had only been able to hold out for one more minute…

Mikey looked up and towards the doorway. His mouth fell open and his eyes filled with tears as he saw Milena looking in at him. She looked shocked though she kept a remarkable composure. As the bathroom door opened she turned to face her two guests. Mikey pushed down and felt his pants expand a little further as he completely emptied his bowels. His eyes watered as he furtively looked up at Milena whose face was still miraculously stoic.

“Demi, it’s been wonderful seeing you. Is it OK if you let yourself out?” Milena said. She was speaking towards the bathroom. Thankfully Mikey was hidden from view, “I hate to be a bad host but I have to deal with a few things.”

“Of course, we’ll talk soon.” Demi’s voice came from the top of the stairs, “Come on, Jack.”

Mikey could hear two sets of footsteps slowly going down the stairs and he remained frozen to the spot. The half open diaper hung limply in the air. The load in his pants pushed against his skin uncomfortably. Milena watched Mikey but didn’t say anything until the front door opened and then closed.

“Get yourself cleaned up.” Milena said softly, “I’m not upset or anything. We’ll talk afterwards.”

Mikey was in no position to do anything other than what Milena wanted so he just nodded his head. Milena gave the young man a quick smile before turning away and walking downstairs herself. Mikey sniffed and dropped the diaper, he slowly waddled out to the shower.

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“What’s going on, Mikey?” Milena asked when Mikey sat down on the armchair next to the couch she was sitting on.

Mikey was still in shock. He couldn’t believe Milena had seen his diapers yet alone the situation that led to him holding one. He was mortified and he brought his knees up to his chest to try and make himself as small as possible. He was supposed to be an adult and yet he had filled his pants helplessly, even Jack was bigger than that.

Mikey remained silent. He didn’t know if there was anything he could say to make this better, he didn’t know if he could resuscitate his dignity. He couldn’t even look up at his new caretaker. If Mikey saw the disgust he was sure was on her face he thought it would break him. It was just like at school when people would find out his shameful secret and he was ostracized.

“I can’t help you unless I know what’s going on.” Milena’s voice was very gentle. She leaned forwards on her seat and her heaving chest became more prominent.

Mikey snuck a look up at Milena and saw her breasts practically spilling out of her shirt. He tried not to stare but his mouth was practically watering as his mind went back to his mother and the milk she used to feed him. He couldn’t help but be distracted, drinking from his mom was the most relaxing thing in the world and now he couldn’t do it despite the very stressful circumstances. He never thought he would be jealous of a three-year-old but he here he was wishing he was Jack.

“Is that why your bed has been wet?” Milena asked, “Do you need to wear diapers?”

It pained Mikey but he nodded his head slowly. The walls of adulthood he had built so precariously were crumbling under the smallest interrogation. He cheeks blazed with embarrassment, they acted like a beacon of shame.

“Your accident just now… Do you need to wear them in the day?” Milena asked. Her voice was so gentle.

“No!” Mikey quickly said. The exclamation surprising himself as much as Milena.

Milena sat patiently and waited for Mikey to continue.

“I… I wet the bed.” Mikey said quietly as he stared determinedly at his feet, “I’m a bed wetter. The accident just now was a one off.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Milena asked softly.

“Because I’m supposed to be an adult!” Mikey’s frustrated statement seemed to explode out of him, “There’s no one looking after me now. I have to be a proper adult and forget all these stupid babyish things!”

Finally putting voice to the things he had been feeling since the crash Mikey felt tears start to flow as a sob closed his throat and made him take a deep shuddering breath. He hid his face behind his palms.

“Oh, sweetie.” Milena stood up and walked around to where Mikey sat. She crouched down in front of him and reached around to hug him. Her shirt quickly grew wet from his tears but she remained there like a rock for Mikey to cry against, “I’m here to look after you.”

Eventually the tears started to subside and Mikey pulled back away from the cuddle. To Milena he looked so small and lost, she could see he desperately needed someone to tell him everything would be alright.

“Mikey, do you not what one of the most grown-up things you can do is?” Milena asked softly and with a small smile. She watched Mikey think for a second as he shook his head, “Admit when you need help. It’s really, really difficult but shows a great maturity. If you need to wear diapers at night the grown up thing would be to do it rather than causing all this stress trying to do something which may not be possible.”

“I know, but…” Mikey paused and sniffed loudly, “Everyone else made fun of me.”

“And I’m telling you now.” Milena looked into Mikey’s eyes to show him how sincere she was being, “If you need to wear diaper at night that is fine. No one in this house will judge you for that. Ever.”

Mikey sniffled as he looked down at the floor. He used the bottom of his shirt to dry his eyes.

“You know… If you need help with your diapers I would be happy to lend a hand.” Milena offered warmly, “Putting it on, taking it off… Whatever you need.”

“I’ll be fine.” Mikey replied quietly. He could feel the temperature rising in his face. He was embarrassed that he had to even think about it. He used to love the way his mother took care of his diapers after all.

There was a brief silence before Mikey suddenly leaned forwards and wrapped Milena in an even tighter hug than before. Milena patted his back and yet again felt her shirt get wet from the young man’s tears.

Once Mikey pulled away the day returned to a relative normality. Milena spent her afternoon and evening in front of her computer doing work whilst Mikey kept mostly to himself in his bedroom. The two got together at dinner and throughout all their conversation the subject of what happened earlier never came up.

That night when Mikey closed his bedroom door to get ready for bed he went over to his drawers and took one of his diapers. He laid it out on the bed and sat down on the soft padding. When he had lived with his mom she would often come in to put him into the diaper, it was a nice intimate moment that really helped the two bond. Mikey could do it himself but it never quite felt like it fit as nicely. He thought about Milena’s offer again and whether he should get her to help him but after a few seconds he laid out his diaper himself.

When Mikey woke up the next morning he was unsurprised to see that the diaper was soaked but the bed remained dry. He took the diaper out to the trash once he was dressed for the day. He developed a routine and he was left to look after his diapers which still felt at least a little bit grown up. Just when he was starting to fear he was running out of diapers he walked into his bedroom to see a new pack sitting on the bed, Mikey appreciated Milena keeping it all low-key.

A week after his first night back in diapers Milena knocked on the door. It was early afternoon and Mikey had been relaxing with his feet up reading a comic book. He told Milena to come in and saw she was dressed a little differently to how he was used to. Her hair was pulled back in a ponytail instead of hanging free and her face had make-up on. She was wearing more formal clothes than usual though they did little or nothing to hide the bosoms underneath.

“So, you know I’m a therapist, right?” Milena started, “Obviously I took some time off to get you settled in but I have a client coming today. We’ll be just down the landing, you don’t need to do anything I just wanted to let you know what was happening.”

“OK.” Mikey replied simply.

“Alright, I’ll need you not to disturb me whilst my patient is here.” Milena continued, “Unless it’s an emergency, of course.”

Mikey smiled and nodded.

“Thank you for being understanding.” Milena smiled and closed the door again.

Mikey went back to his comic book but found himself distracted again. Just looking at breasts was enough to make his mouth water these days. He was so thirsty for something that was unavailable and he hated it. Not for the first time his mind drifted down to the basement and the contents of the freezer. The temptation was strong.

The doorbell rang twenty minutes later and although Mikey stayed in his seat he stopped what he was doing to listen. He heard Milena go downstairs and answer with enthusiasm before both her and the patient’s footsteps came upstairs. They walked past the door to Mikey’s bedroom and into the locked room.

Mikey couldn’t help himself. He knew Milena would be occupied for some time and he had a desperate craving he needed to satiate. He climbed off his bed and, as quietly as possible, headed down to the basement. He could feel his heart hammering as he approached the freezer. It felt like he was heading to grab the elixir of life and he wouldn’t have been surprised to open the door and find it all gone.

As the door pulled open Mikey could see the freezer full of bags. The white liquid within could only be milk and Mikey licked his lips as he reached inside. The bags were heavier than he expected and if this was indeed from Milena’s breasts then she was certainly expressing a lot. He still didn’t know why she was doing this but that question could be saved for later, right now he needed to get one of the bags back to his room.

Mikey felt paranoid about being caught so pushed the bag up under his shirt. He exhaled suddenly as the coldness touched his skin. He hurried up the stairs of the basement and back up to his room as quickly as possible. When he closed the door behind him he let the frozen bag fall to the ground.

Mikey felt like a teenager who had just stolen one of his father’s cigarettes. He guiltily looked at the bag now lying on the floor. He picked it up and placed it on his bed. He had waited for this for so long. He knew he had to wait for it to thaw but he was so impatient. He wrapped the bag up in his cover and went over to his computer.

Knowing he needed to wait Mikey loaded up a video game and started playing. He was desperate to distract himself but he found himself constantly checking the frozen milk for any signs of thaw. He was so impatient that despite it being a warm day Mikey turned on the radiator and placed the milk next to it. He finally felt like he was making progress as he saw a little bit of liquid milk sloshing about in the bag.

Mikey’s excitement rose another several notches. He forgot about the computer now and just watched as the milk slowly returned to liquid. Eventually there was a pool of milk in the bag that was big enough to drink. He grabbed an empty glass from his bedside table and carefully tipped the bag into it.

As the glass came to Mikey’s lips he found himself shaking. It wasn’t his mom’s milk and he wasn’t sure if anything could ever be as good as hers but he just needed the drink so much. He tipped the glass back and could see the sweet white liquid slowly get closer and closer to his lips. As he felt the first drops hit his tongue he felt every muscle relaxing. He hadn’t even realised he had been tense. As he gulped the milk down he closed his eyes and smiled. He put the glass back on the table and flopped backwards on his bed.

Over the next hour the milk melted completely and Mikey poured it all into the glass to drink. A part of him felt guilty, this was an intimate thing after all but his desperation for human milk pushed his scruples aside. As he basked in the afterglow after finishing the last drop his mind returned to the question it had been asking when he first saw the freezer. Why on Earth did Milena have so many bags of what was unmistakably breast milk?

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“There you go, good boy.” Milena gently stroked the hair of Alex Rodriguez.

Alex had been referred to her when conventional methods of therapy failed to help him with past trauma and anger management issues. She had listened to Alex’s story and then got to work with him. Six months later he hadn’t had an angry outburst in the last couple of months and had made major breakthroughs with his past.

Milena looked down as she cradled Alex’s head against her breast. The young man was wearing a crinkly white diaper underneath a stretchy red onesie. He was laid across Milena’s lap in the crib with his eyes closed as he gently fed from her breasts.

Milena leaned her head back against the headboard and closed her own eyes. She squirmed slightly as she squeezed her legs together. She could feel herself slick with excitement. She couldn’t help it and it wasn’t why she did this job but sometimes she found breastfeeding to be very exciting. She never orgasmed when a client fed from her but she certainly found it very exciting.

Looking down at the breast that wasn’t currently in use Milena could see some milk beading on the tip of her nipple. She bit her lip and held her breath for a second as Alex shifted and latched on tighter to her breast, he quickly regained his rhythm.

Breast feeding was a key part of Milena’s therapy which also used regression techniques. She spent a lot of her time feeding her patients and that meant her breasts were full often. She produced so much milk that in addition to her patients she also had to pump often to prevent leakage.

As Milena’s breast was slowly sucked by Alex she felt a building of tension deep within her body. She took some deep breaths as she tried to keep her body as still as possible. The pleasure built and built but refused to crash over her. She was torn between being desperate to cum and wanting to maintain her professional aura.

It didn’t matter in the end. Milena was left feeling a little frustrated as she was taken to the edge of orgasm but not pushed over. This was how breast feeding usually went for her. She found it pleasurable but could never quite finish.

“What a good baby.” Milena whispered. She could tell her voice was a little huskier than usual but she hoped it was only obvious to her.

Alex’s face flushed red as he finally let go of the nipple and shifted around to get the other breast. He hungrily latched on like a baby desperate for more food. Milena stroked Alex’s hair and her thoughts turned to Mikey, she thought about the bags of milk at Nadine’s house and the diapers Mikey clearly still needed. She had found herself deep in thought about Mikey quite often recently, often zoning out as she considered the young man.

Back when Milena had been in college the straw that had broken the camel’s back had been when Nadine heard Mikey call Milena “Mommy.” Milena had not seen an issue with it, they were a little family unit after all, but Nadine had been very uncomfortable. That night the two large-chested women had an argument that woke the neighbours. Nadine brought up how Milena’s breasts were very sensitive and accused her of getting sexual gratification from feeding Mikey. Milena was shocked and denied everything before saying she was a better mother for Mikey.

Milena had regretted her comments immediately but was too angry to apologize and after the argument it was over for the two of them. Milena moved out and she never spoke to Nadine again. It was why she was so surprised to be the person Nadine had wanted Mikey to go with after the accident. Maybe she had been listed as a contact ages ago and the file was never updated. Milena felt a sudden wave of concern, what if Nadine had never wanted Mikey to come here in the first place?

“I think our time is nearly up.” Milena said as she stopped reminiscing and looked over to the clock, “Are you feeling relaxed again? Going to stay out of trouble?”

“Yes, ma’am.” Alex replied as he pulled his face away from Milena’s chest. He had a big smile and looked incredibly relaxed. He wiped his mouth as he stood up.

“Are you going to be good for the next two weeks till I see you again?” Milena asked as she stood up and put her bra back on.

Alex nodded his head quickly as he watched his therapist put her huge breasts away. Milena’s shirt was buttoned up hiding the fleshy orbs underneath. She ruffled the man’s hair again.

“Good boy.” Milena smiled, “Let’s get you changed and on your way.”

Alex hopped up on to the changing table and laid back. Milena walked over and stood between his legs. She removed the tapes from the diaper and let it spill open. With a handful of wipes she gradually cleaned the wet crotch of her patient. She had to smile as Alex sighed blissfully. Alex had been a major success story for her, someone who really benefitted from her attention.

A new diaper was unfolded and slipped underneath Alex’s butt. Milena sprinkled some baby powder over waiting man’s genitals and then pulled the front of the diaper up to cover his crotch. When she had taped the underwear tightly closed she gently patted the crotch a couple of times. As she stepped away Alex jumped down from the table and put his pants back on.

“Thank you.” Alex said as he wrapped Milena in a quick hug.

“It’s my pleasure.” Milena said though she was sure her patient didn’t know quite how much pleasure, “Come on, I’ll see you out.”

Milena followed Alex downstairs and let him out with a final wave goodbye. As she closed the door she went to her usual post-appointment ritual of a nice hot cup of tea. She walked into the kitchen to start preparing the drink. As she waited for the water to boil she felt a wetness on her chest.

“More? Come on girls, enough is enough!” Milena spoke to her breasts as if she could talk them into stopping production.

With a raise of her hands Milena could feel two wet spots already appearing on her shirt. She had always been prolific at making milk which helped her professionally but could be very annoying at times. She usually milked herself often but since Mikey had arrived and all the upheaval that had come with it she hadn’t been quite as attentive to her breasts as she usually was. The bags of milk Milena produced could be useful in a lot of different ways. Some of her patients paid a little extra to take some home with them and she sometimes used it in her own drinks.

Milena needed to check her stocks of milk so as she waited for the water she walked over to the door to the basement. She started going downstairs and then stopped halfway, she looked over to the freezer with a frown.

The freezer door was open and had clearly been so for a little while. Some of the freezer ice had thawed and dripped down on to the floor though as Milena got closer she could see most of the milk was still frozen. She tried to remember when she had last been down here, when she had last opened the freezer door for any reason.

“Wait a minute…” Milena crouched down in front of the freezer and looked inside.

There was a very clear gap where a bag had been taken out. Milena could see the outline of the bag that had been there from the ice that had built up around it. She traced it with her finger and frowned in deep thought.

Milena remembered the milk at Nadine’s house again. Whilst she had been with her patient there had been only one other person in the house. There was just one other person who might’ve experienced breast milk in the past and missed it. There was just one person who could’ve come down to the basement to help themselves…

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Mikey heard the door that Milena had disappeared into open. There were two sets of footsteps that walked past his door and went downstairs. He waited for a few seconds before scooting over to his door and opening it a crack. He tip-toed to the top of the stairs and carefully leaned around the banister to look down. He saw Milena waving goodbye to someone. He was about to go back to the room when he noticed something was different.

The door to Milena’s therapy room hadn’t been closed. It was still open a crack and the lure of curiosity was too much for Mikey to ignore. He heard Milena walk through to the kitchen and he slowly walked over to Milena’s work room. He didn’t know what he expected to find, he was just extremely curious about the room Milena had never let him see. She was a therapist, Mikey expected rows of bookshelves against the wall and a couch for patients to lay down on.

“What the…” Mikey’s breath was taken away as the door creaked open. It looked like the room beyond the door didn’t even belong in this house.

The pastel nursery was not what Mikey was expecting and he walked into the room with a look of wonder on his face. Suddenly the milk in the freezer made a little more sense and Mikey wondered exactly what was going on in here. Mikey walked over to a long table with a soft surface. On the shelves underneath he saw big padded rectangles, he gasped as he reached for what was clearly a stack of diapers.

These diapers were very different to the ones Mikey was used to. He always wore plain medical diapers. The sort of thing advertised on television to old people with continence issues. These diapers were bigger, thicker and adorned with cartoon pictures of teddy bears and building blocks. These looked just like baby diapers that had been scaled up for adults. He put the diaper back as he found it, he definitely didn’t want Milena knowing he had snuck in here.

As Mikey looked around his attention was taken by something lying on the top of the chest of drawers. In the room full of oddities it was a particularly small one that drew Mikey’s attention. A small baby blue pacifier was sat on top of the drawers with it’s amber teat facing away from Mikey. It had the words “Baby Boy” stenciled on it. Just like the diapers this pacifier was scaled up as if to fit an adult. As much as the milk had satisfied him he still missed the other part of breast feeding. The feeling of a soft nipple in his mouth squeezed between his lips as he sucked, he needed that tactile sensation. The amber teat sat on his tongue and filled his mouth.

Mikey debated internally whether to take the pacifier or not. He was spurred into action when he heard footsteps on the stairs. Without giving it another thought he grabbed up the small pacifier and stuffed it into his pocket. He hurriedly left the room, closing the door behind him, and went back to his bedroom. He had just managed to sit down in front of his computer when Milena appeared in the doorway.

“Everything OK?” Milena asked.

Mikey nodded as he looked up from the screen. He turned and for the second time in as many minutes found himself open-mouthed and speechless. Milena’s breasts which were prominently stuck out in front of her as always had two wet patches right where the nipples would be. Mikey quickly turned away with cheeks blushing, he couldn’t help but notice his mouth was watering.

When Mikey heard Milena walk away he quickly hurried over and closed the bedroom door. With some degree of excitement Mikey returned to his bed and pulled out the pacifier. He looked around guiltily before pushing the latex teat into his mouth. As Mikey sucked on the pacifier like he was so used to with breasts he felt relaxation come over him like a wave.

Mikey went to his computer and sucked happily for the rest of the day. The only times he took it out of his mouth was when he had to go downstairs for dinner. He said nothing about what he had found in Milena’s therapy room though his curiosity burned intensely.

That night Mikey put on his diaper had usual. As he taped the disposable underwear on he couldn’t help but think about those baby printed diapers in the other room, he wished he could have one of those. Before he fell asleep he looked at the pacifier one more time. With a smile he placed it inside his mouth and closed his eyes.

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Milena sat on her bed as she read a crime thriller. She usually did this at the end of the day, some reading to help unwind and prepare her for sleep. As she sat up she could feel wetness pressing against her breasts again. She lifted her nightgown up and saw distinct patches where she had been leaking.

“What is going on?” Milena asked no one in particular.

Milena’s breasts seemed to be in overdrive. They had never started producing milk this often and consistently. She had even breast fed a client that day, normally having someone empty her like that would stop any real leakage for a little while. She reached over to the bedside cabinet and opened the little door. Inside the cabinet was a pair of breast pumps, she attached the collection bottles and lifted them to her chest.

Even as Milena attached the pumps to her breast she felt a trickle of her thin milk running down her chest. She settled back against the headboard as she started the pumps up. The pressure inside the suction area quickly grew as Milena secured the pumps and started to pump. As Milena watched milk started to run out of each of her breasts. The thin liquid ran down from the pump and fell into the bag. Milena looked down and saw her large nipples being rhythmically sucked as she squeezed the handle.

Not for the first time Milena wondered what was going on with her breasts. The last few days had seen a huge uptick in her milk production despite her diet and pumping schedule remaining unchanged. There was only one alteration to Milena’s schedule and she was starting to understand that it had changed her body.

“Mikey…” Milena said with a quiet sigh.

Ever since Mikey had moved in Milena’s body had responded as if she had a new born baby. She had tried desperately to treat the young man like the adult he was but her body was rebelling. Milena had encouraged Mikey in every way she could, she had helped with his problems but had made sure not to coddle him too much. Despite her best intentions Milena’s body was acting as if Mikey needed the mother he had just lost and that she could be that role. Her body was overriding her brains attempts to not infantilize her guest.

Milena didn’t know whether it was because of how she breast fed Mikey when he was a baby and young child but her breasts seemed to want to pick up where they left off. Milena opened her eyes just briefly to see the bottles half full already. Milena didn’t know if she had been sat in bed longer than she thought or whether the milk was just flowing so easily, at this rate she would need to reload the pumps with two new bottles.

After another few minutes Milena felt the bottles hanging from her breasts getting very full. She leaned over to grab a couple of new containers. Just as she did so she heard a crinkling noise coming from the doorway. Her head flicked up to see a blur like someone walking past the door. Milena felt frozen to the spot for just a second.

“Hello?” Milena called out.

There was no answer.

Milena stood up and walked out into the landing. There was no movement now. Milena felt the pumps still working away and filling the bags with her milk as she tip-toed down towards Mikey’s bedroom. She pushed the door open a little and stuck her head inside. She could see Mikey under his cover and facing away from her.

As Milena pulled back and closed the door again she bit her bottom lip. She started to wonder if she really did see someone at the door or if she had imagined it. There was no one else in the house so if it was a person it could only be Mikey.

Milena’s eyes fell upon something else that was very strange. On the bannister there was an object that should most definitely not be outside of the therapy room. Milena walked over and picked up a small pacifier, there was no doubt about where it had come from. Milena recognized it as one that she kept stocked in the nursery.

“Damn it…” Milena felt a drip falling on to her foot. One of the bottles was leaking slightly.

Milena took the pacifier and hurried back to her room to swap out the bottles. She would have to take them down to the basement when she was done but for now she had a lot to think about.

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Mikey hungrily sucked on the boob filling his mouth. He moaned slightly as some milk dripped from the side of his mouth as he flicked the nipple and enjoyed the sweet liquid that came out. Feel the warmth of the fleshy boob pressed against his face he felt himself almost melting.

“That’s it, Mikey.” A soft, familiar and comforting voice practically whispered, “You’re a special boy.”

Mikey smiled around the teat that filled his mouth. He looked up from the breast to see his mother, Nadine, looking down at him. Her heavy boob pressed against Mikey’s face and he reached up with his hands until he was essentially hugging it. He closed his eyes, everything felt right with the world, he could’ve stayed under those two pendulous breasts forever.

“Do you like Mommy’s milk?” The voice sounded a little different but not enough to worry Mikey.

The breasts seemed to be releasing more milk than Mikey could handle. The milk was starting to fill his mouth no matter how fast he swallowed. Milk started dribbling out of his mouth on all sides as he tried to keep up, it was as if someone had suddenly turned the handle on the faucet.

“You need more milk.” The voice said. This time it sounded very familiar but it certainly wasn’t Nadine, “You know where to get the milk…”

Mikey, struggling to swallow all the milk now pouring from the breast, opened an eye and saw Milena smiling down at him from above the gigantic chest. He was startled from the change but not too worried whose breast was in his mouth, Mikey’s concern was that he was drowning in the milk!

Mikey kept swallowing as his arms and legs started writhing. As much as he was desperate for more of the milk he had to pull away before he drowned. No matter how hard he tried he couldn’t seem to disconnect. The breast seemed to be getting bigger and pinning Mikey to Milena’s lap. He couldn’t keep up, he was going to drown!

Mikey woke with a start and sat up. It took a few seconds to realise it had all been a dream, his heart was going a mile a minute. He still had the pacifier filling his mouth and drool running out of both sides of his lips. He wiped his face with his cover and laid back down. The dream had left him with very confused feelings. As he rolled over on his bed he heard the diaper between his legs crinkle.

Mikey had struggled with his place after his mother had died. He had desperately tried to prove he was an adult with no need of childish things but had failed. As Mikey sucked the pacifier, felt the diaper and remembered the taste of the breast milk he felt content being not quite as grown up as his age suggested.

Lying still in the darkness Mikey heard his caretaker walk quietly past his door. He heard Milena visit the bathroom and then go to her room. He was used to the sounds of the quiet house now, he could recognize the steps walking around the bed, he heard the bed sag as Milena sat on it with and he heard the sound of the bedside lamp being turned on.

Mikey sighed happily. After such a troubling time he felt the first rays of happiness threatening to break through the fog of depression that had been enveloping him since the crash. He felt a sort of euphoria caused by feeling content, he’d almost forgotten what it felt like to not be constantly looking back at the past.

After fifteen minutes of chewing on the pacifier and feeling incredibly thankful for Milena Mikey sat up on the edge of his bed. His diaper crinkled as it settled into the new position. He stood up and walked out of his bedroom. He saw the light creeping out from underneath the bottom of Milena’s door, it was ever so slightly ajar.

Mikey only just remembered that he had a pacifier in his mouth before reaching the door. He quickly pulled it out and placed it on the wooden bannister separating the landing from the stairs. As he approached the door he heard a clicking noise, it was like someone was repeatedly pulling on a handle of some kind. He moved his head to the gap in the door and looked inside.

“Wha-!” Mikey covered his mouth. He was glad his gasp of shock was almost entirely inaudible.

Milena was sat in bed with her nightgown pulled down under her enormous breasts. Mikey saw a couple of very familiar items attached to her nipples. There was no doubt about it, Milena was doing exactly what Nadine had done most evenings. The milk in the freezer, which Mikey already assumed had come from Milena, suddenly made more sense. Milena’s huge bosoms were lactating and judging by the bottles that were quickly filling she was producing even more milk than Nadine used to.

Mikey felt his mouth watering automatically. He looked at the pumps and started to feel jealous. He had tasted Milena’s breast milk and he wanted more. He wanted to be latched on to those nipples and suckling. His dream had felt so real, he wanted to make it reality, he wanted to walk in and be the container for that delicious milk.

Mikey watched the milk getting pumped as if he was mesmerized. He couldn’t tear his eyes away from the nectar filling the containers and he was tempted to push the door open and demand a share of that wonderful drink. He was equally excited by the idea of running down and grabbing some more of the frozen milk but he didn’t want Milena to notice the bags missing.

Mikey was like a statue looking in through the small gap and watching as Milena’s milk pumped out of her breasts. She was sitting with her eyes closed and smiling idly. Milena eventually leaned over and as she did so Mikey shifted his own position. As he moved his leg his diaper crinkled, it wasn’t obnoxiously loud but in the otherwise quiet house it was noticeable.

Without taking a second to think Mikey sprinted away from the door. He ran quickly and quietly to his bedroom and straight to his bed. He pulled the covers up and over him. His breathing was heavy and his body felt heavy with tension as he tried to remain absolutely still. He was trying so hard to stay still he could feel his muscles trembling.

“Hello?” Milena’s voice was quiet but loud enough for Mikey to hear.

Mikey remained motionless. He heard footsteps approaching his door and subconsciously held his breath as if it would help him avoid detection. He had no way to explain why he had been watching Milena, his only option was to hope Milena wasn’t sure anyone had ever been there.

After a few seconds Mikey heard his bedroom door close and then after a few more moments Milena’s footsteps returned to her own bedroom. Mikey took a deep shuddering breath of relief. He reached out for his pacifier and then froze. The soother wasn’t on the bedside table. Mikey sat up and looked around the bed, he checked the floor underneath and even the drawers next to him. It gradually dawned on him that his pacifier was no longer in his room.

Mikey mentally retraced his steps. He remembered having it whilst trying to get to sleep and then getting out of bed with it. The memory of him placing the pacifier on the bannister came to him and he froze in shock.

“Oh God…” Mikey muttered.

Climbing out of bed and going to the door, Mikey carefully opened it a tiny amount. He could see the length of the bannister and there was no pacifier on it. Mikey felt his stomach drop as he closed his door and went back to bed. If the pacifier wasn’t there it meant Milena had found it. He mentally kicked himself as he laid back down. His theft had been discovered. Milena must know his secret!

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“Hi, Mikey.” The door to Mikey’s bedroom opened and the young man jumped.

Mikey had hidden in his room ever since the previous night. He didn’t want to be questioned on his nocturnal activities the previous night. He hadn’t even gone down to breakfast, he was still in his wet night diaper as well. He was sat at his computer desk, rather embarrassingly he wasn’t even wearing any pants leaving him strangely exposed to Milena.

“Oh, sorry, I didn’t realise you…” Milena stuttered to a stop as she looked away. She was blushing a little, “I just wanted you to know I have another client coming today.”

“R-Right…” Mikey stuttered, “No problem.”

“If you need me you know where I’ll be.” Milena said. Was it Mikey’s imagination or did her gaze linger on him a few seconds longer than what was natural?

As the bedroom door closed Mikey took a deep breath. He slowly let his head fall backwards so he was looking at the ceiling. He felt strange, he had assumed being seen in his diaper like that would embarrass him terribly but instead he didn’t feel all that bad at all. In truth it seemed like it was inevitable to happen sooner or later and now that it had he didn’t need to worry about it so much.

Mikey was pleased that Milena hadn’t brought up the pacifier. Maybe it was just going to be something neither of them brought up again, Mikey could only hope. In any case he was soon back to his computer. He was looking through old photos of him and his mom, he had never liked having his photo taken but now he was grateful to have so many pictures he could look back on. It made him sad but also felt like it was good for him. He knew his mother was never coming back but looking at the photos was almost like a reminder that she would never really be gone. He felt very emotional but it didn’t seem like such a bad thing.

After a while Mikey was starting to get antsy and he finally decided to pull some pants over his diaper. He didn’t normally stay in his diapers long after waking up but he was finding it relaxing and calming. After skipping breakfast that morning and being full of nervous energy Mikey was feeling hungry, it was lunchtime and Mikey needed to eat.

Mikey stepped out on to the landing and started towards the stairs. As he reached the top step he heard a sudden noise coming from another room. He looked up as he heard a crinkle that was very familiar to him. He froze on the spot to make sure it wasn’t coming from his own wet crotch, after a few seconds of silence he heard it again.

Mikey turned and went back along the landing. He crept quietly until he reached the door of Milena’s “therapy room.” Mikey couldn’t quite believe it but the door was cracked open again, just like Milena’s bedroom had been the previous night. Was this some sort of test to get Mikey to prove he had been peeping in at his guardian?

For a full minute Mikey grappled with what to do. He was scared to be caught and yet he really wanted to see what was happening in there. He couldn’t shake the feeling that maybe Milena had deliberately left the door open, that maybe she wanted him to see inside.

It was with a shaking hand that Mikey touched the wooden door and very gently pushed it. The door moved so slowly Mikey was sure no one would notice it was opening at all. Mikey could see some feet horizontal in the air, the door opened a little more and he could see a large padded butt. Mikey’s eyes were as wide as dinner plates as he stared at the diaper.

Mikey was in too far to stop now. He nudged the door again see a bare leg supporting the weight of a young woman who seemed to be Mikey’s age if not a little younger. Mikey swallowed as it felt like the tension grew. Mikey had one last thought about leaving but he stayed where he was with his eyes fixed on the nursery.

“Good baby.” Milena’s voice came through the gap in the door, “That’s it. Keep going…”

Mikey thought what Milena was saying was meant for whoever was in the room with her but it seemed strangely apt for himself. It was like she was encouraging Mikey to keep going and to see what she was doing but surely she couldn’t know he was there…

Mikey gave the door another small push and this time he had to stifle a gasp. The door opened just enough to show Milena. The woman was laying across her lap and her head was nestled against one of Milena’s enormous breasts. Mikey could see beads of milk on the other nipple, either it had recently been used or soon would be. The woman seemed to be slowly feeding whilst Milena rubbed his back. The woman couldn’t see Mikey, she was facing the other way, but that wasn’t the case for Milena.

Time seemed to freeze as Mikey saw that Milena was looking right at him. He expected her to be livid, he was certainly intruding on something very private, but she had a small smile on her face. Mikey was lost for words which was fortunate because Milena put her finger up to her plump lips to tell him to be quiet.

Mikey salivated as he thought about being in the young woman’s position. His mind took him back to when he had been at home with his mom. He remembered having his face pressed up to a large round breast, the milk inside seemingly straining to get out, he felt suddenly very emotional. He became teary-eyed.

Time slowed down and it felt like Mikey was stood in the doorway forever. Mikey couldn’t turn away, his gaze fixed firmly on Milena’s breasts. He brought his thumb up to his mouth subconsciously and started sucking on it, imagining it was one of Milena’s prominent nipples. He imagined his own belly filling with the milk and could barely stop from whining in longing.

“Careful with your teeth.” Milena said as she winced suddenly.

Mikey was just flooded with conflicting emotions. Watching the feeding made him miss his mother more than at any other point since the accident. He couldn’t stop himself from starting to silently cry, his bottom lip trembling as he missed his mom so much it physically hurt. Mikey could see Milena’s face changing from small smile to sudden horror, this was clearly not the reaction she had been expecting.

There was sudden coughing and spluttering as the young woman in Milena’s lap pulled her head away. It took her a few second to recover and when she looked up at Milena the large-chested woman was looking back down at her.

“Sorry.” The young woman coughed again, “A whole lot came out suddenly!”

Mikey moved to the side of the doorway and flattened up against the wall. Tears streamed down his face and he took several silent deep breaths to try and calm down. He could no longer see into the therapy room but from the wet sounds it seemed like the feeding was continuing without interruption.

Mikey went back to his room shortly afterwards. He ripped off the diaper that should’ve been removed hours ago and dived under his covers where he continued to cry quietly. He punched the pillow above his head a couple of times, he just missed Nadine so much. He wanted Milena’s breasts, he wanted to be feeding from them and yet he felt guilty for wanting that. That was something he shared with his mother, he just didn’t know if he could or should do it with anyone else.

After around half an hour there were footsteps outside the door, one set went downstairs and out the front door whilst the other paused outside Mikey’s bedroom. There was a knock on the door prompting Mikey to go quiet. He didn’t want to talk about what he had just seen or how he was feeling, he just wasn’t ready. He pretended to be asleep and refused to answer the door. After a few seconds the footsteps went downstairs.

Mikey ended up hiding in his room until the smell of dinner permeated the house. He put on a pair of underpants and some shorts and then descended the stairs knowing dinner would be served soon. As he turned into the hallway at the bottom of the stairs he walked straight into Milena going the other way.

“Ooh, careful!” Milena said as Mikey stopped himself at the last second, “I was just going to call you for dinner.”

Mikey was face-to-boob with Milena. His cheeks turned red as he took a step backwards. Milena turned around and walked back to the dining room with Mikey following a few feet behind. As they started eating there was an awkward silence, Mikey was torn between wanting to talk about what he saw earlier and being far too embarrassed to bring it up.

Dinner was slowly finished and when Milena tidied away the plates the elephant in the room still hadn’t been addressed. Mikey stood up and awkwardly hovered next to his seat as if expecting something to happen, when Milena seemed more intent on washing dishes than anything he turned to the door to head back upstairs.

“We should talk.” Milena finally said with a sigh, “Do you want to go into the living room? I’ll be through in a few minutes.”

Mikey swallowed and went straight through to the living room. He sat down on the couch feeling nervous. As he fidgeted he wondered exactly what Milena was going to say or do, it felt like their relationship had somehow evolved past just sharing a house together, Mikey had no idea what it was now but he was certainly intrigued to talk about it. He found himself getting emotional despite just sitting alone, it felt like there was a lot of feelings waiting to burst out of him, feelings he hadn’t even known he had.

Milena walked into the room a minute later. She closed the curtains and turned on the lights before sitting down next to Mikey. For a few moments the only sound in the room was the ticking of the clock.

“So I think we both have things we want to talk about…” Milena eventually said.

“Uh huh.” Mikey didn’t look up. He was watching his fingers as he played with them.

“Is there anything you wanted to say?” Milena asked gently.

“I… I…” Mikey hesitated. There didn’t seem to be a way to say he wanted Milena to feed him with her body without coming across as exceptionally weird. After trying and failing to find the right combination of words he finally blurted out, “You first!”

“Alright.” Milena cleared her throat, “I know your Mommy used to breast feed you. I saw the milk and pumping machines at your house.”

Mikey’s face started blushing more intensely and tears filled his eyes. Even the mention of Nadine and their relationship made him want to cry, he was fine right up until she was mentioned by someone else. Every time someone talked about his mother it felt like he had run straight into a wall.

“I know that you took some milk from the freezer in the basement.” Milena continued softly, “And you “borrowed” a pacifier from my therapy room.”

Mikey’s body involuntarily forced out a sob. He tried to stop it resulting in a strange choking noise, he lifted one of his arms to wipe his eyes. He felt embarrassed and ashamed.

“I know you saw me expressing milk last night.” Milena continued, “Well, it couldn’t have be-”

“I can’t do it!” Mikey suddenly exploded, “OK? Is that what you want to hear? I can’t do it!”

Mikey’s eyes welled up and tears fell down his cheek before he could wipe them away. He leaned forwards and rested his face against his hands as he sobbed lightly. It felt like there was a valve slowly releasing the pressure as his outbursts continued.

“Can’t do what?” Milena asked. Her voice was positively angelic.

“I can’t grow up!” Mikey wailed, “I tried, I really did! I couldn’t stop myself from wetting the bed and I couldn’t stop myself craving your…”

Mikey stopped himself before he said “milk.” He cried harder and felt Milena’s arm going around his shoulder. The very breasts Mikey had been lusting over rubbed against his side, they were impossible to miss.

“I miss my Mommy…” Mikey sobbed through his tears, “I’m not ready to be grown up.”

“It’s OK, it’s OK.” Milena whispered soothingly. She leaned over and hugged Mikey, she had to turn her body and the young man almost seemed to get lost between her breasts. She reached up with one of her hands and gently stroked Mikey’s hair, “No one’s going to force you to grow up.”

Just the proximity of Milena’s breasts seemed to comfort Mikey. He was reminded of when he was at home with his mother and she would hug him in almost the same way. It seemed as if Milena noticed his reaction as well, he could feel her rubbing of his hair slowing down. Being this close to Milena’s breasts was like heaven.

“You know… You don’t necessarily have to grow up.” Milena said very quietly, “You watched me with a patient earlier. I practice “regression therapy” which mainly helps people who feel that the world is just a little too big or scary for them. It can help them come to terms with traumatic events or just help them cope in general.”

Mikey pulled himself away from Milena and rubbed his eyes. He looked up into the face of the taller woman and wondered if she could possibly mean what he thought she meant. He could feel the emotional barriers against feeding from Milena cracking but he still wasn’t sure if he could do it. Milena seemed to sense Mikey’s hesitation. A small smile spread across Milena’s face and then she started pulling her shirt over her head.

Mikey’s mouth dropped open as the shirt lifted up and Milena’s heaving bosom bounced slightly. The bra trying to keep the massive milk mounds under control looked like it could break at any moment, it didn’t seem like a fair job though Mikey wasn’t sure there was a bra in the world that could be doing a better job.

Milena reached behind her and just a couple of seconds later the thin material holding the breasts in place dropped off. As Milena pulled it off her body and dropped it to the side Mikey felt like he might faint. This had seemed like such an unobtainable goal and yet here it was, right in front of his face. The breasts were inches away, the nipples sitting invitingly as if begging to have Mikey’s lips wrapped around them. There were little beads of milk already forming.

“Why don’t you come over here?” Milena suggested as she leaned back and patted her lap.

Mikey didn’t need telling twice. With his face red and his mouth salivating he turned sideways and pushed himself across Milena’s lap. When in the right place he felt one of Milena’s arms cradling his head, he turned his face to see Milena’s face looking down at him with a smile, her breast was centimeters away.

There were a couple of seconds of hesitation before Milena lifted Mikey’s head ever so slightly. Mikey opened his mouth and felt the nipple brush past his lips. He immediately latched on and couldn’t stop a small moan escaping as he started sucking. The milk squirted into his mouth and he moaned as he greedily swallowed it up. He had missed this so much. As soon as he started sucking the teat all reservations disappeared and he felt like he could never let go.

Milena instantly knew this was different. She leaned back in her seat and had to catch her breath as she looked down at the young man now latched firmly to her breast. Usually when a patient fed from Milena their suckling was slow and measured, Mikey had immediately started drinking like a real baby. His sucking had an urgency to it that Milena wasn’t used to, the only time she had experienced this was when Milena had fed Mikey when he was really a baby. She closed her eyes and settled backwards.

“Ooh…” Milena could feel her heart hammering as she relaxed into the feeding. She could feel a sticky wetness between her legs.

Mikey was in heaven. He pressed his face against the giant breast as he drew the nipple as deep into his mouth as possible. His hands went up and he gently held the boob as if frightened it would suddenly disappear if he didn’t keep it there. After so long without drinking the milk from the source he was ravenous.

The only pause in Mikey’s feeding was to let out a loud belch. He barely paused for a second before latching on again. The milk flowed freely into his mouth as he tried to press himself even closer to Milena. He could feel his belly filling with the greatest drink it was possible to have.

Milena’s face flushed red as she shifted in her seat. It was impossible to stay still as electricity seemed to flow through her. She squeezed her thighs together and tried to rub her sensitive crotch, she couldn’t help herself, breast feeding had always excited her but the way Mikey was doing it was like another level compared to how she usually felt.

Mikey flicked the nipple in his mouth. He used his tongue to squeeze the nipple against the roof of his mouth and felt a fresh squirt of watery milk. His taste buds were awash with the sweet goodness. If he had his choice he would never let go, he had visions of himself ballooning up as he filled with Milena’s milk.

Milena was panting and rocking back and forth a little. She could feel her muscles tensing deep inside her body, a pressure growing and growing ever higher with every one of Mikey’s eager sucks. The way he fed so quickly but also keeping a perfect rhythm was very impressive. Milena was increasingly of the opinion that Mikey had been born for this, he was the perfect breast feeder.

Mikey didn’t need to be told to swap breasts. Once he felt he had drained most of the milk from one boob Mikey quickly scooted over and took the other within his mouth. The first few sucks were unrewarded but then milk started flowing and Mikey’s desperate and insatiable thirst was indulged once again.

Milena knew she was about to orgasm. The ball of pleasure that had started behind her breasts had expanded and now seemed to fill her up, she almost felt like she was glowing as she teetered on the precipice of climax.

“Just like that…” Milena breathed, “Yes, baby, just like that.”

Milena shuddered as she felt an orgasm rush over her. It was unlike any climax she had ever enjoyed, it felt like a pulsing wave that started in her centre and moved out like ripples on the water. She couldn’t quite disguise her high-pitched whine. It was only after a minute when Milena’s need was sated that she realised her hands had gripped Mikey’s head and had been pushing him so hard against her breast that she might’ve been suffocating him.

“Sorry.” Milena said as she released Mikey’s head. The young man was looking up at her, a trail of milk coming out the side of his mouth.

Mikey went straight back to the teat and continued to feed. He didn’t know what had happened to Milena but he didn’t care, as long as he was allowed this wonderful drink he wouldn’t complain about anything. As he sucked down the milk he felt his bladder wanting to release. Despite not being diapered and knowing where he was he just couldn’t seem to stop himself from letting go.

Mikey sighed as he relaxed. He felt a sudden rush of wet heat on his thighs, it soaked his shorts and ran down on to Milena’s lap. Mikey didn’t let up in his suckling for a second. Even though it wasn’t the biggest wetting of all time it was impossible to ignore and Mikey wondered if Milena felt it soaking into her pants the same way it was for him.

When Mikey had finally had his fill a couple of minutes later his head finally separated with Milena’s breast with a wet slurp. He was still being cradled by Milena and he looked up at her with reverence. He didn’t feel like he ever wanted to leave this position for fear that Milena would never let him do this again. The silence felt cozy with both Mikey and Milena panting and lost in thought.

“I think you need a bath.” Milena finally said, “And I need a change of clothes.”

“Sorry.” Mikey bashfully apologized.

“Don’t worry.” Milena said softly, “I would’ve said something earlier but you seemed so relaxed. It looks like you really needed that.”

Mikey went to sit up but Milena held him in place. She rose to her feet and turned Mikey so he was held vertically to her chest. Mikey’s head nestled comfortably in between the two fleshy orbs on Milena’s chest. He could feel Milena’s hand under his butt and settling Mikey against her upper body. Mikey didn’t complain, he leaned against Milena and listened to her heartbeat.

Mikey was carried up to the bathroom before he was set down. He wasn’t totally sure what was happening but after the feeding he felt sluggish and agreeable to anything. He was still lost in the bliss of a proper feeding. Any thoughts of adulthood now felt a million miles away.

“I’ll run you a bath.” Milena said softly.

As the tub started to fill Milena pulled down Mikey’s wet clothes and stripped him naked. She smiled, the young man seemed to have very little embarrassment about being naked in front of her. She noticed he was acting like this had happened a thousand times before, whether Nadine used to do this as well or not Mikey seemed comfortable.

“I’ll be right back. I’ll get changed and then be back.” Milena said. When Mikey nodded she patted him on the head and left the bathroom.

Back in her bedroom Milena took a deep breath in through her nose and then out through her mouth. She couldn’t believe how much had happened. She pulled her shirt over her head and looked into the mirror, her nipples seemed a little red from all the attention but otherwise she looked physically the same. She stepped out of her wet pants and panties, not all the fluid soaking into her clothes was Mikey’s. As she looked back into the mirror she cupped her breasts and then let her hands wander downwards. She touched her most sensitive area.

“Nadine, I promise I’ll take care of Mikey.” Milena said.

Milena turned away from the mirror and walked over to her closet. She unhooked a bathrobe and slipped it on. As she tied the cord around the middle she had to be careful to stop her boobs from spilling back out of them. She took another deep breath and walked back down to the bathroom. She saw Mikey sitting in the tub and reaching for the sponge.

“Let me…” Milena said as she took the soap and a flannel.

Mikey sat in the tub as he was soaped up by Milena. He felt so relaxed, that he almost fell asleep whilst leaning back against the tub. Milena’s breasts were still uncovered and swayed over the edge of the bath, they were almost hypnotic for Mikey who watched them happily as he was washed. Milena hummed a tune Mikey didn’t recognize and yet felt strangely familiar.

“Do you remember when I used to bathe you when you were little?” Milena asked with a smile as she brushed Mikey’s hair out of his eyes, “I used to hum to you just like this. It always used to make you smile. Some things never change, eh?”

Mikey smiled lazily up at Milena. The more things change the more they stay the same and after all these years Mikey was still satisfied and made happy by the same things that had pleased him as a baby. The only thing that had changed was the size of his appetite.

Mikey relaxed and laid back as Milena soaped up and rinsed him off. She took her time and kept up a pleasant stream of casual conversation. Mikey only interjected when Milena started rubbing his belly a little too hard, he was still full of milk after all. He had drunk more milk from Milena than he had ever done before. Mikey stayed in the water until the water started to get cold.

When Milena was finally pleased with Mikey’s cleanliness she drained the tub and lifted him back to the floor. With a large fluffy towel she dried the young man who swayed on the spot, it was clear he was very tired after everything that had happened.

“I think a nap is in order.” Milena said as she finished drying Mikey, “For both of us.”

Mikey nodded his head as he was led by the shoulders back to his room. He was like putty in Milena’s hands as he followed her unspoken commands. He laid down on the edge of the bed and looked up at the ceiling. For some reason he knew what was coming, it just seemed right.

“I think one of these is in order.” Milena said as she tapped her fingers on the plastic padding of a diaper, “We don’t want another repeat of downstairs after all.”

“Umm… Could I… Umm…” Mikey stuttered as he looked up at Milena. Despite everything that had happened he still found himself blushing at what he wanted to ask.

“What is it?” Milena’s smile faltered, “You don’t have to wear one if you don’t want to. I just thought…”

“Oh, I do!” Mikey said perhaps a little too enthusiastically. He looked to the side and took a deep breath, “I was wondering if I could have one of the ones from your therapy room…”

“The one’s with the cute little pictures?” Milena asked.

Mikey nodded his head and then covered his face. He felt like he was going redder than a tomato. He heard Milena make an “aww” sound and when he dared to peak through his fingers he saw Milena smiling in understanding.

“Of course you can.” Milena gave Mikey a little wink before turning and walking out of the room.

Mikey couldn’t believe what was happening. Just the day before he had been increasingly desperate to drink some milk and have some of the comfort he had experienced with his mother. He had never thought it could be replicated, that the bond between him and his mother was irreplaceable. Mikey wasn’t thinking that Milena could replace his mother, nobody could do that, but his relationship with Milena was blooming into the motherly sort of thing he so desperately needed.

Milena returned half a minute after leaving. She was holding one of the thick diapers Mikey had seen from the other night. He felt his heart flutter a little at the sight of Milena walking in with it. As she unfolded it Mikey lifted his butt into the air. When he lowered back down he could already feel the increased thickness.

Milena had brought back more than just the diaper. She twisted the top on a bottle of baby powder and started lightly sprinkling it over Mikey’s crotch. She was well-versed in changing adult diapers but had never felt such devotion to the person she was pampering as she did with Mikey.

The diaper was pulled up between Mikey’s thighs and taped closed seconds later. Milena tested the fit by pulling on the waistband and leg bands. She ran her hand over the front of the smooth plastic. Somehow the infantile looking diaper was perfect for the young man who already looked ready for his nap.

“Add done.” Milena said as she patted the diaper a couple of times.

He crinkled as he rolled over and slipped underneath the covers. Milena sat on the edge of the bed and gently stroked the young man’s hair. She felt some conflict about what happened though. Had she simply been giving Mikey, and to a lesser extent herself, what they both needed? Or had she taken advantage of a young man still grieving for his mother?

“Have a nice rest.” Milena finally said as Mikey rolled over to face her, “I think after our naps we need to have a discussion about the future of our… relationship.”