

# You're My Baby Girl

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*Written and Edited by PgFalcon*

"Hey baby," says Eric walking up to Hannah. The two of them have been dating for almost a month now, and have gotten very close to each other.

Eric strides up close behind Hannah and reaches around her waist, caressing her body through the tight dress she likes to wear to show off her long legs and full ass.

Eric is a solid foot taller than Hannah, a skinny jock type, and as he holds Hannah his chubby presses against her thigh through his jeans. He's not short-changed in that department, that's for sure. In fact, ever since the two got together there hasn't been a night they haven't bumped uglies. Neither could imagine a more perfect relationship. It was like they were made for each other... and what's more they seemed to be extremely compatible in the bedroom.

"Oh, Eric!" Hannah giggles merrily. Her boyfriend's pressed against her is making her randy. It's all she can do to refrain from jumping his bones in public. "People are watching us!"

"I don't care: let them watch," he replies, turning her around and kissing her. His hand reaches across her belly and starts to make its way lower.

"Hey! *Not here okay?*" she says with a playfully, holding Eric tight. Her smile only grows more mischievous as he holds her, and she finds herself relaxing into his strong arms.

"C'mere," she says, her eyes snapping open. She turns around and grabs him by the collar, dragging him behind a corner of the school hallway and into the shadows underneath a stairwell. They immediately begin kissing in earnest, both of their hands traveling across each other's body. There's a strict school rule against this sort of behavior, but the threat of being caught only adds to the excitement both the teens are feeling.

Hannah breaks her lip-lock with Eric.

"Call me your baby girl! I love it when you say it!"

"You're my baby girl," he whispers in her ear, smiling. God, he could do her right now in this hallway.

"Say it again!"

"My sweet baby girl," he murmurs, his hand reaching across her front and groping her.

“Oh, yes. Just like that,” she giggles, letting her boyfriend touch her. She’s so hot right now.

Little do the two love-birds notice, above their heads floats an invisible poltergeist observing the situation. A joyous prankster at heart, he can’t help but grin wickedly at the scene below him. Time to sow a little mayhem!

The young couple is holding each other tight, the hallways long since deserted, when both begin to notice that something is amiss. Hannah feels like she’s getting smaller in Eric’s arms.

“Mmm,” says Hannah, once more prying her lips away from Eric’s. “I feel funny. Is something happening?”

“What? I don’t know. It looks like you’re... shrinking?”

Even as Eric watches, Hannah’s dress grows slack around her shoulders, and the hem that once barely covered her ass begins to drop down towards her knees.

But Hannah isn’t the only one experiencing changes. Eric’s hair is growing out, and he too is shrinking, although not as dramatically as Hannah. Rather, he’s just getting a little shorter.

“Eric!” Hannah says in a panicked voice. Already her dress is far too loose on her body. Eric stares dumbly at her as his own body changes without his consent. His toned muscles are disappearing, and his body growing softer and cushier. Fleshy bumps are growing in size on his chest, and Eric’s hips and ass are growing more... voluptuous.

“What in the hell?” he stutters, as the flesh of his chest blossoms forth with heavy fatty tissues, his nipples and areolas growing in size and pressing against his tight muscle-shirt.

“Hey! What’s going on?! What’s with this?” he says, cupping the growing mounds of flesh as they expand away from his chest.

“Eric! Help me!” cries Hannah in a panic. She’s gotten a lot smaller now, and is visibly shrinking. Her dress is draping over her body like a tent, and her panties can no longer stay up over her now much too narrow hips, and have fallen around her ankles. She wasn’t wearing a bra in the first place, but now she hardly needs one. Her breasts are shrinking in size rapidly, just as Erik’s new bust continues to swell.

Eric’s jeans no longer can hope to fit him as his waist narrows and his hips widen. He stops trying to hold them up and lets them fall to the ground, and Hannah is shocked to see that his man-hood, once so

proud, has officially retreated and given way to a... OMG a pussy! Even Eric's once messy and curly bush of pubes have transformed into a small and cute patch of grass above his newly cleft groin.

"Hannah! What's happening to us?!" Eric says in a loud whisper. Fear of being discovered in such a condition is even greater than the condition itself. He's shocked to hear his own voice: it's no longer rough and low. He almost sounds like his mother!

"I don't know!" Hannah cries fearfully. Her own voice has changed as well, becoming younger and younger, high and light as air. She looks like she should be in elementary school! Not high school!

"Oh God I feel so weird," Eric says as mammary glands develop in his still growing breasts, and both of his teats start to swell with milk as well. His bust is barely contained by his stretched tight t-shirt, and wet milk-stains dot the fabric where his erect nipples begin to leak.

"I think. I think I'm a fucking woman!" Eric whispers in pure astonishment. "Oh God I'm a fuckin *chick*! Just look at these tits!!"

"Well at least you're still big!" whispers Hannah back harshly. "I'm turning into a freaking *baby*!" Her voice is practically the tenor of a squeak toy as she regresses through her years. She's now about the size of your average toddler.

Eric gets down on his knees as Hannah continues to shrink in size until she has to be less than a year old. As she loses motor-control she nearly falls down, but Eric catches her and helps her sit on the pile of her clothes. Eric's breasts are full to bursting with milk, and staining great big splotches on the front of his t-shirt. They ache for relief from their swollen state, heavy with milk and jutting into the air like blimps.

"What did you do?!" accuses Hannah with her tiny voice. She sounds like she's on the verge of crying.

"I didn't do anything!"

"You kept calling me your baby girl! That couldn't have been a coincidence!"

"Yea? Well you asked me to. What? You think I *wanted* these fucking tits? You think I wanted *this* to happen to my body too? My dick is gone!"

"And just what is so wrong with that?" Hannah says with a wry laugh. "Is there something wrong with the fairer sex?"

"Hell yes! You're the lucky one here: you just got twenty years added to your life! What do I get? A fucking uterus. What the hell good does that do me I ask you?"

Eric crosses his arms over his ample boobage moodily.

“We need to stop fighting! I don’t care which is worse: just figure out what to do! We need to fix this! I don’t want to be a baby all over again!” whispers Hannah.

“Fine, fine. First things first I guess,” Eric admits, leaning back and letting out a frustrated breath of air. He runs a hand through his now very long, golden hair.

“We can’t stay here,” he says after thinking a bit, then reaches down and picks Hannah up.

“Hey!” she says.

“Sorry, but you’re in no condition to walk, and we need to scam. We can go to my house: my folks are never home.”

“Don’t forget my dress!” Hannah cries, and with a sigh Eric picks up her dress and his jeans and quickly gets the heck out of Dodge.

In the parking lot, he realizes his truck doesn’t have a baby seat, and tells Hannah so.

“Just drive careful, okay?” she says grumpily.

“Whatever,” Eric says back.

Hannah’s face is smashed against Eric’s tits as he holds her, and the smell of milk is full-on. Hannah very quickly realizes she’s starving.... But.... No! She absolutely isn’t drinking breast-milk!! There’s just no way!

But her stomach voices her mind for her, growling quietly, and she can’t keep the unhappy look from her face as her belly aches for nourishment. None of this escapes Eric’s notice, although it takes a second for everything to click in his brain.

“No. Oh-no. I am *definitely* not doing that.”

“Hey! It’s not like I want to either!! But I’m a freaking baby for crying out loud! I’m starving, and it’s not like I can just eat a freaking cheeseburger!”

“You never know until you try,” Eric murmurs.

“Like hell! I’ll get sick! You *know* I’d get sick! Babies can’t eat normal food!! I can’t possibly be more than six months old here!!!”

“Well just ignore it then. You can eat after we fix this.”

“But I’m hungry *now!* Who knows how long we’ll be like this? We could be stuck like this forever! If you don’t do this for me I’m going to start screaming.”

“Fuck! Fine! Whatever! Just let me get in my truck!”

“Good. Fuckin try to starve me to death.... What kind of mom are you?”

“The kind that ain’t your mom. Here.”

Eric shuts the door behind him with a bang and lifts up his shirt to reveal one of his glorious teats. A bead of white milk is hanging off the end of his nipple. Behind the tit resides a rather gorgeous body, but Hannah couldn’t care less at the moment.

She immediately grabs hold of him, puts the teat in her mouth, and starts sucking. The sensation of which is a rather pleasant surprise to Eric.

“Ooo that feels so much better,” he coos as Hannah sucks away, slowly emptying him of his milk. After a few minutes, he pries her away from his nipple.

“Hey!” she shouts.

“Hey yourself, suck on the other one. It’s so swollen it hurts.”

“Fine,” she says, and grabs hold of his other tit and resumes sucking. Eric practically melts in the seat from relief.

It doesn’t take long for Hannah to drink her fill, as starved as she was her belly is still very small.

“I’m done,” she says with a hiccup. “My belly hurts.”

Eric rolls his eyes, picks Hannah up over his shoulder, then burps her.

Her face is full of surprise as he sets her back down in his naked lap.

“I would never have thought of that,” she says.

“Yea, well, you’re welcome. Hold your bladder on the way home. I don’t want you pissing on my leg just because you’re an infant.”

“Don’t talk to me like I’m a real baby! I can hold it in!”

“Fine,” grumbles Eric. “Just so long as we’re clear- HEY!”

“Sorry.” Hannah says, flushing with embarrassment. Apparently she *couldn't* hold it after all.

Eric lets out a long sigh, then cleans off his leg with his rolled up jeans, then turns Hannah’s dress into a make-shift diaper.

“Um... Eric?”

“What now?!” he cries, leaning back in his seat and holding his head in exasperation.

“I’m hungry again.”

Eric looks back down at the tiny Hannah, rolls his eyes, then lifts his shirt back up.

“This is going to be a loooong day isn’t it?” he asks.

“Mmmph,” agrees Hannah, latching on happily. She falls asleep as she drinks the warm milk, and Eric drives them back home.

Hannah and Eric later go on to discover that their entire world has changed as if nothing were out of the ordinary. According to legal documentation and friends, Hannah is now Eric’s biological child, begotten out of wedlock. Hannah died in a freak accident earlier that day and never went to class. Eric had to adjust to living as the mother of a child with the mind of an adult, and found that he rather enjoyed the task despite his initial repulsion to his strange reality. A large part of this acceptance came when he began to explore his new sexuality. Hannah used her added years to her advantage and studied relentlessly, graduating law school at the astounding age of 8 years old, and going on to live a very successful life with her very supportive and similarly successful mother, who aside from a rather scandalous career in porn also became a renowned actress and super-model. The two are, to this very day, inseparable.