

The Taste of Freedom

April 2024

"Umm... where are we going? This- this isn't the club..."

Joel's voice, deprived for once of the distorting sound of his pacifier, sounded oddly in the quiet car. He shifted uneasily in the back seat, more aware than ever of the thick padding between his legs and the soft tug of the onesie around his body. But his mommy-wife Tina was already sliding out of the car, a reproving smile on her face as she swung open his door.

"It most certainly isn't! But don't worry, baby. I agreed to meet with these folks here at one of their homes. Come on, don't be whiny now! You're just lucky to be here, you know that?"

Joel gulped as he obediently slid out of his seat and allowed his Mommy to shut the car behind him. She certainly had him there. It felt weird to be here: in shortalls and a knit shirt, with velcro shoes on his feet. And not weird in the sense that any grown man of his age should have felt such demeaning and juvenile clothes, oh no. Weird because... well, ordinarily he wouldn't have been wearing any of them, much less standing.

Like Mommy Tina said: babies didn't need clothes or shoes. And certainly not when they were, like him, more often than not trapped in the confines of their giant crib.

"Come on, baby," Tina repeated now, taking his hand and hustling up the wide footpath between immaculately groomed shrubs. "It's like I said, remember? You have nothing to be scared of. These are three nice ladies who just want your Mommy to teach them a few things. And since you've been so good lately, you totally deserve coming along and meeting them! Here – if you're scared, just use this so you don't need to cry..."

Into his mouth she thrust his pacifier, drawing an embarrassed blush to his cheeks. But he knew better than to spit it out. Besides, it wasn't like they wouldn't be able to tell he was just a dumb baby hubby anyway. Best not make Mommy mad – not like that time at the club last year-

"Oh, welcome, welcome! Come on in, Doctor! Yes, shoes off, if you don't mind. Aww... and this must be your little one, hmm?"

The brightly smiling, busty blonde who answered the door sent Joel's heart into his mouth. Not that she was scary – far from it. She was just so *hot*. With honey-bright hair done up in a massive bun, a low-cut and tight-skirted blue dress, and her generous breasts straining to burst free... well, poor Joel might not have had anything remotely close to adult intercourse for over three years now. But heaven help him if his eternally dribbling little penis wasn't already stiffening, deep within his

damp diaper.

"Yes, thanks! So nice to see you again!" Mommy Tina was beaming, bending down now and undoing Joel's shoes with a tearing sound of releasing velcro. "This is my little Joel. He ordinarily doesn't go out much anymore. But when you told me what you wanted to work on tonight... well, I mean, if there's one thing he's qualified for-!"

The duo burst into good-natured laughter, and Joel felt a shiver of apprehension ripple through him. What on earth were they talking about? Something he was... good at? But before he could do more than stare awkwardly about the elegant entryway, Mommy was tugging him forward once more: into the living room, where she as the medical professional was to give her lesson.

"Hi, so nice to meet you!" "Didn't I see you at the con last fall? I absolutely *loved* what you did then!" "Aww, thanks! I do enjoy a good public demonstration, you know..." The swirl of feminine laughter and conversation swelled around him, with two more women rising from their seats and greeting Mommy Tina. He stared once more from behind his muffling pacifier, more uncomfortably aware than ever of his pathetically regressed male status. The one on the right was Anil, apparently: her warm brown skin gleaming in the evening light, her dark eyes flashing as she tugged suggestively at the gentle curves of her bosom. And oh, the one on the left: Gabriella! She was eyeing him hungrily as well, smiling knowingly when she caught him ogling her own enormous breasts and plump figure.

"Well, no time like the present, ladies!" Sheila interrupted his anxious musings with her bright charisma. "Now that the Doctor is here, why don't we have her start us off? Tina, I think you already know why we're here, right?"

"Oh, yes – I was in the email chain," Mommy Tina smiled, nodding as the others took their seats and then guiding Joel firmly down to sit at her feet. "Let's see... Gabriella, you said your little one is two next month, right? And Anil, yours is almost one, but you're switching to formula?"

A chorus of assent reached Joel's ears, and he shifted uncomfortably on his bulgy bum. What on earth were they saying? They had actual babies-? But then the gorgeous Sheila was cutting in with a loud laugh and toss of her head. "And me – I'm not even pregnant! I just want to give this a try. You know, with supplements and whatever!"

"Well, then! Ladies, you're all in the right place," Mommy Tina beamed. "Now, for those of you who have already been nursing, this will be a piece of cake: hardly different at all, really. The main thing will be for you to see what it's like to have... well, you know, a rather *bigger* baby at the breast..."

Joel started, stiffening even as he felt Mommy Tina's hand tugging him upward. "Adult nursing relationships can be incredibly rewarding," she continued with a smile. "Now, personally I don't nurse my little Joel right now, mainly because of my crazy work schedule. But believe me – he'd love it if I did! Wouldn't you, baby? Aww, of course you would... my sweet, orally-fixated little *baby!*"

Joel blinked mutely, realizing too late that he'd been furiously and reflexively suckling at his pacifier for comfort. But the women were laughing, and Mommy Tina was propelling him forward on his knees, and now he was approaching uncomfortably close to Anil of the flashing eyes. He felt a burst of urine escape him as he knelt there, a quivery feeling of anxiety and shame fluttering in his belly. Surely she- she wasn't going to-

Oh, yes she was. For under Mommy Tina's instruction, Anil rose, then dropped to her knees before him. Mommy thrust him down onto all fours. And there before his wondering eyes, Anil tugged down her blouse and revealed her visibly heavy, milk-swollen breast... ready and waiting just for him.

"Now, just like with older babies there's the teeth to worry about," Mommy was instructing... but he was hardly aware of what she was saying. This lovely woman was reaching out and pulling him close, filling his nose with the pungent, heavenly scent of sandalwood as she forced his head deep into her chest. Her right nipple slipped between his lips, and he gave the first polite suck... releasing a shockingly sweet, creamy burst of flavor into his mouth. He sucked again in surprise, and then again... feeling Anil's breath catching and shuddering in sudden delight.

"Oh, you like that, hmm? It can be pretty intense!" "Oh, that's adorable!" "Super cute – and hot..." The comments swirled around as he obediently suckled on... until, after several minutes, he was being tugged away with cheeks red and the taste of shame and Anil's milk on his tongue.

"Now then, Gabriella? You look like you want a try!" And down Gabriella knelt, her smile gleaming as she gracefully pulled back her top and allowed her dark, massive left breast to burst free. "Oh, I do. Come here, li'l man..."

Joel did – quite simply, because he had no choice. His mouth filled with her leaking breast, and heavy as she was it seemed like he would be there drinking for all eternity. Humiliating minutes ticked by once more. His stomach was rapidly filling, his cheeks flaming... and yes, his poor little cock straining the entire time in his babyish padding. Because mortifying as this treatment was, it was precisely what turned his subby little self on more than anything.

At last Mommy tugged him away, amid the cheers and admiring exclamations of her friends. "It all

looks so simple," Sheila marveled, and now Joel blinked in rising chagrin and arousal as she strode over and stared down at him in undisguised envy. "I know I- I don't have anything. But can I... maybe...?"

"That's why we're here, dear," Mommy Tina laughed – and before Joel's wide eyes she reached over and began briskly unzipping Sheila's dress. "Looks like you have a normal bra under here, honey? Here, let's get that off you..."

Joel shivered, fighting back the urge to rub desperately at the bulging diaper between his legs. Mommy Tina – oh, she was-! She was undressing this beautiful lady... But then Sheila was dropping to her knees, and Mommy was pushing him close, guiding his mouth up to that rosy nipple. His lips parted in humiliating, lusty need. He pressed forward. And there the little diapered hubby knelt: caught between his Mommy and yet another lovely lady, suckling in mingled shame and desire, while the others looked on laughing and cheering them on...

This little taste of freedom was incredibly mortifying, to be sure. But it was also quite possibly one of the most intensely arousing experiences of his entire life. And so, he mused as the shivers of impending orgasm pulsed through him, maybe it was worth it. Because odds were good that in days and weeks to come, he'd be thinking about it over and over... humping mindlessly in his crib... seeing once more these beautiful ladies and tasting their lovely creamy milk...

Little did he know what lay in store for him the next weekend: when those three smiling ladies would step into his nursery, eager to use him for another lesson.