

Off the Rails and Into the Woods

Chapter Six

February 2023

It was too vivid to be a dream. Too real. Too heartstoppingly, mind-blowingly intense.

Or if it *was* a dream, she never wanted it to end.

Warmth against her breast. An overwhelming sense of peace and love coursing through her entire being. The soft touch of smooth, naked skin resting against hers. Beneath her fingers, a most delightfully soft and smooth head of hair, fitting beautifully into the curve of her palm as she stroked. And most intense of all...

The soft pulsing of three primal, interlocking rhythms within her: the thump of her own achingly happy heart. The responding flutter of her angel baby's heart, pressed close against hers. And stronger than everything, sending sparks of light and joy radiating through her with every pulse, the rhythmic, suckling tug of a needy mouth around her milk-swollen and leaking right breast.

Shh... Oh, my darling. Oh, my sweetest baby. Dearest one, drink your fill. Let me feed you. Let me fill you, satisfy you, pour all of me into you until you fall asleep here in my arms. You're safe. You're warm. You're here with me... with mommy.

A glance down. The lovely tangle of blonde hair against her naked bosom. Those rosy lips, contracting and relaxing ceaselessly around the heavy swell of her breast. He was hers. All hers. No one would take him away from her. He would never leave her. Always stay right here with her... always...

No surprise flickered through her – not even at the sight of Will's miniature face against her breast. Of course her little Will was hers. He was her baby, of course. Always. Always. Always...

The pillow was soaked with her tears when she awoke in the pale, pre-dawn light. Alone in that queen-sized bed she lay for some time, her consciousness filtering slowly back to reality. A dream, then. Dreaming? But god, how intense it had been! No, it had to have been more than that. It had been a vision... a directive... a glimpse of something important and precious. It was...

It was something she had to research over her morning smoothie and probiotic water. Visions, spirits, seeing the future, interpreting dreams... Topic after topic flashed before her eyes as she darted from site to site, clicking onward in ever-growing fascination. How incredible this world was! Reality was only the tip of the iceberg, she learned. There was so much more to be discovered – so much that spirits and crystals and the careful reading of dreams could reveal.

The realization dawned at last, and she sat back with a flood of emotions coursing through her. It was all about Will... and had been sparked by what she'd had to do with him yesterday. How she'd left him tied in that bed, letting him sit in his own piss all day, grimly and coldly spooning thick kale smoothie into his mouth for supper amid his splutters and pleas to be set free.

She had hated to do it, of course – and even now she thought of it with a wave of regret. But she had had to. She had *had* to. He had wandered away from her – no thanks to the wiles of that bitch Naomi – and she had had to bring him back.

And she would continue to do so. Yet she also loved him. Love and discipline were what her Will needed. Exactly like a child. Exactly like a wayward little boy who needed a strong, loving hand to set him straight. Exactly like... well, like a baby, honestly.

Just like her dream had shown her.

To mother was her predestined calling, she now read in increasing enthusiasm. Her entire being longed to find fulfillment in nurturing – mothering – nursing and nourishing the life of another. But of course! It all made sense now. All this time she had been trying to ignore her purpose, to replace it with silly empty dreams of career and friends and shopping...

No longer. Life had taken those from her and shown her her true calling. She was meant to mother and to love. Of course, an actual baby would require Will to... well, to love her like a man. Which was something that in his current state he might never do. And besides, he had always been dead-set against having a child, even before this dreadful pandemic.

But that no longer mattered, did it? Right now she didn't need an actual child to nurture. Will would become her baby, here in the safe retreat of their little cabin. She would set him straight, and make him hers, and find her fulfillment in him.

All that joking yesterday about him pissing himself like a baby had been exactly what she needed, she realized with a fresh gulp of her smoothie and an affectionate glance at the door to Will's little

confinement room. Will might not be a literal baby, but he genuinely *did* need to be made dependent on her. He needed her to control his basic needs, just as she had already begun to do yesterday. He needed to be fed by her, and dressed by her, and washed and kept clean by her. And yes, as her cheating man-turned-baby he would need her to control his every sexual desire.

The wheels in her head were spinning faster than ever now, the dots connecting at breakneck speed. The matter of Will's sexual needs would require some doing, she mused – certainly given his two-timing past. But perhaps some natural herbs might help with that? She would need something to stimulate his desire for her... Something to keep him aroused and needy for her. Something that would keep him on the edge, ready to thrill and moan at even her slightest touch...

And of course denied.

Because if she was to reform him and his unruly passions, naturally she would also need to keep him from pleasuring himself at any cost. And since she definitely wasn't going to keep him tied up anymore, that meant some way of keeping his dick – and his hands – out of mischief. Surely some women on the web had also found ways to keep their men pure and chaste and hungry for no one else but them, right? She wasn't sure what they would call it, but looking for "how to keep guy from masturbating" might come up with something...

Three hours later – and as the muffled sounds of the now-awake Will's pained moans reached her ears, she was finally done – at least for the time being. She had found, and ordered, so many solutions to her problems.

The Hannah of a month ago even wouldn't have been able to understand any of it. That Hannah would have laughed at the bundle of vitamins and natural supplements and aphrodisiacs and homeopathic remedies her present self had now purchased. She would have raised a skeptical eyebrow at the modest, matronly, back-to-basics clothes she had found for herself. And she would definitely have wrinkled her nose in disgust at the strange garments and oversized baby gear that now promised to deliver to their doorstep within 3-5 business days.

But that didn't matter.

As the new Hannah rose from her chair with a beatific smile on her face, the sound of Will's muted protests reached her once more. In her ears it was no longer the angry whine of a cheating bastard

deserving of punishment. It was the plaintive cry of her wayward little boy – an overgrown man-baby who was begging her to train him into perfect, loving dependence on her motherly care.

She couldn't wait to get started.