

## **The Cry Baby of Metropolis – A Review**

by DreamTales

What is it about the comic book story, “Cry Baby of Metropolis,” that so perfectly captures the essence of the appeal of age regression? First published in 1958, and reprinted several times thereafter, to this reader it still retains every bit of its power today. The best AR story of all time.

The premise is simple: Lois Lane, concerned that advancing age may lessen her appeal to Superman, inadvisedly experiments with a youth ray. We follow Lois as she slowly shrinks to a teenager, a girl scout, a little girl and finally a helpless little baby. The story is masterfully done, with beautiful artwork and wonderful caricaturization.

As we first see Lois, she is tossing and turning in her bed, experiencing a nightmare. Superman has warned her not to tamper with an important scientific instrument and she, unable to resist her overwhelming curiosity, does so with the inevitable results: The instrument explodes, and Superman chastises her, threatening to dump her for good. Thus the main themes are established: Superman as the godlike omnipotent ruler of Lois’ life, and Lois as the bumbling clown who desperately chases after him. Indeed, Superman ends up playing every conceivable male authority role for Lois: father figure (proscribing her behavior, chastising her for being bad), inaccessible love interest, and moral critic.

The heart of the story begins when Lois and Superman visit a scientist, who has invented a youth ray. In a telling scene, Superman admonishes Lois not to touch the machine as he and the scientist leave the room. Despite her self righteous denial, she wastes no time in trying it out on herself, quickly hiding thereafter as the pair returns. She hears Superman being told that the only antidote is the powerful rays of his X ray vision.

The next morning, Lois wakes up to find herself regressed to a teenager. Her reaction, though less mature than if she had simply confessed all up front, is reasonably adult: she arranges to attend a dance hosted by Superman, hoping to dupe him into using his X ray vision, thereby restoring herself to normal without his finding out her disobedience.

Even at this stage we can see that Lois has begun to regress mentally as well as physically. Her youthful face becomes a caricature of her adult emotions, lighting up in a broad grin or dropping into an exaggerated pout. But at this point she is still in charge: she enters a contest and asks Superman to guess how many beans are in a jar. He’s obliged to respond, but does so without recourse to his X ray vision. Round one goes to Superman, but at least Lois still has her dignity, and still feels her secret is secure.

When she returns home defeated, she discovers she’s become still younger, now reduced to a 12 year old child. Her shock is palpable: prior to this moment, she assumed that the youth ray had merely turned her into a teenager, and that she would continue to stay that

age until she could get the antidote. But now the stakes are multiplied a thousand fold - she's still getting younger, and unless she can trick Superman into using his rays, she'll shrink right off the face of the earth!

The next day finds little Lois at a girl scout troop meeting. Her child's face is beautifully rendered - you can even see the difference between the day before (when she still wore left over makeup). The scene opens with her kneeling on the ground, craning her neck up to talk to Superman, nervously asking him to help her with her tasks - the prototypical submissive posture. But now Superman, under no obligation to respond, teasingly requires her to do a good deed before he'll help, sending her into a spiral of confusion. We then see him smile as Lois is called over by the troop leader. Clearly he is toying with her, and enjoying it.

Although Lois, as a child, is now obligated to obey the troop leader, an adult authority figure, she still tries to turn the situation in her favor. But even this scheme backfires, as she makes what is clearly a childish mistake - bringing back a skunk instead of the lost cat. Superman takes the occasion to laugh out loud at her silly antics, then once again delivers the knockout punch by granting her request without recourse to his X ray vision. At this point Lois' becomes despairing, and her thoughts turn childish: "If I can't grow back, I'll have to confess my boo boo."

But still the helplessness and humiliation continues. When Lois returns home, she finds that she's shrunk again, now just a little 6 year old. Left with no more hand me downs that fit, she is forced to use an outfit she bought for her 5 year old niece as a birthday present. She knows that this is her one last chance to rescue all before one of two horrible fates befall her: either confessing everything to Superman, and risking losing him forever; or shrinking to a baby, and ultimately out of sight.

By now, any attempts at dignity are completely dispensed with. Tiny Lois simply goes outside and begins bawling her eyes out on a street corner, as adult passers by look down in parental concern. Her speech ("Me want my mommy!") is that of the most immature of children, as is her body language, rubbing her teary eyes and petulantly tossing away proffered playthings. Tiny and scared, she's brought to a police station until her mother can be located.

And here we can see that Lois' adult sensibilities have completely abandoned her. To attract Superman's attention, she locks herself in a safe, a dangerous ploy that literally puts her life at risk. When he finally arrives and rescues her without using the X rays, her reaction is a childish pout, arms folded over her chest. She crawls out of the safe, ready to finally confess all.

But in a brilliant scene, we find that it is too late: Lois has now shrunk to a baby, and can no longer talk. She's presented in a diaper, although where the diaper comes from is anybody's guess. In a subsequent issue a reader wrote a letter to point out this oversight, which was acknowledged as a mistake by the editors. So in reality we have a situation

where Lois has become a tiny, naked, helpless baby, desperately trying to communicate with her all powerful rescuer. Superman picks her up in his hands, smiling paternally at her as she desperately reaches out to him, babbling incoherently.

A baby needs a mother, and what more exquisite humiliation could there be than to have Superman take the tiny babbling child to her biggest rival for his affections, Lana Lang? Here Lana plays the role of sexy adult to the hilt, looking like a million bucks: poised, sexy and confident as she smugly shows Superman how she's prepared to care for the little infant, even as little Lois squirms helplessly in his arms. In each of the scenes that follows, Lana's mature figure is particularly highlighted by the artist, her full breasts straining at her tight sweater, while little Lois is shown stark naked, save for her diaper.

The disparity between Lana and Lois is incredible: while Lana is a sexy mature adult at the height of her seductive powers, Lois is a tiny sexless infant incapable of even the simplest activities - walking, talking, understanding speech, even controlling her bodily functions. She's utterly dependent on maternal assistance - in this case gleefully provided by Lana - for her very survival.

We next see Lois placed in a crib, watching helplessly as Lana drapes herself on the couch and puts the moves on Superman. Contrast Superman's nervous stutter, clearly intimidated by Lana's sexy advances, to his previous bemusement at Lois' infantile babbling. And here Lana gets to deliver her knockout line (repeated no less than 3 times - on the cover, first page and in the story): "Superman, let's get married and adopt this cute little baby!"

This scenario deserves to be explored a bit. Just imagine the incredible humiliation Lois would endure if Lana followed through on her suggestion. First, she would have to watch helplessly as her hated rival, a huge, sexy adult, married her dream lover. Think of the little wailing infant in her crib as Lana takes her vows, dressed in incredible finery at what would likely be the wedding of the century. And then, to compound Lois' agony, after watching her hated rival marry her lover (and listening to them consummate their vows in the room next door?), she would be forced to be legally adopted by her. Lois would literally be at the mercy of Lana, forced to depend on her for her very survival. And while tiny Lois would probably scream bloody murder, she'd soon be whipped into shape with some spirited spankings from her adult rival.

And what is Lois' reaction to all this? Shrunk to a helpless infant, she tosses baby toys at Superman, the stuffed animals and alphabet blocks bouncing off his invulnerable body harmlessly. All Lana has to do is simply stand up and walk away with Superman, leaving Lois to watch helplessly, trapped in the crib. We see Lana, her face set in an imperious scowl, breasts heaving, muttering as she stomps out of the room. "What a vile temper that brat has!"

Lois is left, a plaintive look on her little face, cursing her helplessness and Lana's utter and complete control. Not only has her biggest rival succeeded in stealing "the man I love," but now Lois is left with the certainty that, unless she can get Superman and Lana

to help, she will soon “disappear from view.” As humiliating as it is, she is forced to get on her hands and knees and crawl after the two adults. We are told that she finally catches up with them “five minutes later,” but imagine the frustrations Lois must endure as she slowly drags herself through her rival’s household.

And imagine what fun Lana and Superman are having in the meantime! We know from the ending that Superman knew of Lois’ plight all along, and it is obvious that he enlisted Lana’s assistance as part of his plan. Think of how thrilled she would be to hear that her own biggest rival for Superman’s affections was rapidly becoming reduced to a child. Would she be interested in helping to humiliate her rival? Of course!

It is likely that Lana planned every step of the scenario, possibly starting the day before, buying baby furniture and toys. That morning, we can imagine her carefully choosing her outfit, picking the tight sweater and short skirt to play up her sexuality. Possibly she even went to the beauty parlor, getting her hair done to have just that certain flair, while tiny Lois’ had regressed to an infantile mop, tied with a clownish red bow. Most likely she manoeuvred Superman onto the couch, then delivered the line about marriage and adoption with one eye on little Lois to see its effect. I doubt she was disappointed.

And what of the little scenes no doubt missed by the story tellers? Wouldn’t Lana have reacted - as any young woman would on seeing a poor little motherless infant - by taking baby Lois into her arms? And how would Lois have felt, finding herself clinging to her huge rival, Lana’s large breasts looming up before her?

And after they had left the room, leaving Lois alone with her childish tantrum, the two likely had a good laugh over their little “gag.” Did you see the look on her face? And how she tossed her toys at us? But this was not enough, they must have decided - no, not yet. Why not have her crawl after us and humiliate herself once again before we end this exquisite torture?

We see Superman and Lana sitting together - Lana looking very sexy in her tight blouse, reaching out in maternal concern as she spies little Lois crawling towards a drain pipe. Again, all dignity has been dispensed with, and Lois now hopes only to gain their attention, to get the two godlike figures to notice her desperate plight. She crawls inside the dirty pipe and wails like the scared baby she now truly is.

While the scenes involving Lana all focus on her breasts (each but one includes them, and that is the last shot where she’s in the foreground, her huge mature face laughing at tiny Lois, struggling in the background), the renderings of Lois generally highlight her rear end. Either sticking out of the drainpipe, or dangling from Superman’s arm, Lois’ regression to a helpless infant is epitomised by her innocent baby bottom, presenting itself for a well deserved spanking.

The look on Lois’ face of pure shock, helplessness and resignation as Superman uses his fingernail to save her is absolute perfection. And then the dam breaks - Lois finally descends to a wailing, bawling infant, mindlessly hitting her “all powerful rescuer” with

her “little fists,” her “frantic” efforts merely causing Superman to “grin broadly.” Up until this point in the narrative, Lois has always - somewhere within her - held a reserve. Despite her childish antics she still retains the knowledge that deep down she is an adult play acting as a child. But now she tips over the edge, truly becoming the tiny, scared infant, kicking and screaming with every ounce of her being as Superman just stands there, invulnerable, holding her in the palms of his hands, laughing at her plight.

And then comes the moment she’s dreaded all along: Superman scolding her for her curiosity. But here the results of her actions are infinitely worse than in her dream, and plain to see. Again, the look on her face as Superman lectures her is priceless, her little mouth dropped open in wonder, tiny fingers clinging at her lip. She’s the most helpless human being imaginable - an infant - being chastized by the most powerful man in the universe.

The next frame compounds this by showing Lana - casually leaning on a tree, her arms folded over ample breasts, grinning from ear to ear as Lois dangles helplessly from Superman’s arm (the Lois Lane Annual described her as “laughing her head off”). Here Superman introduces the baby bottle which, in the next frame, he proceeds to stick in her face, producing a clownish image of baby Lois with her eyes crossed, helplessly gulping down the fluid. But notice in this frame how Lana’s breasts are in profile, their pointed nipples echoing the nipple of the baby bottle. If an infant can be fed from a bottle she can suckle a breast, and clearly Lana’s well endowed chest is more than capable of nursing tiny Lois.

But the final scene is perhaps the best: Lana’s huge face smiling in smug triumph as Superman bottle feeds her tiny naked rival, the exaggerated perspective causing Lois’ body to dwindle to the size of a baby doll, small enough to fit in the palm of Lana’s hand. We see Lois’ anger as she helplessly struggles against Superman’s all powerful hands, the baby bottle shoved in her mouth. And Superman, still teasing mercilessly: “Drink up baby, or Papa spank!”

Interestingly, Lois’ reaction focuses only on her embarrassment at having Lana watch her drink from the baby bottle. No mention is made of the truly humiliating threat made by Superman, to take her over his knee and smack her innocent little bare bottom in front of her sexy adult rival. Wouldn’t she have gone though the roof at even the hint of such a scenario?

And still another anomaly: Even though Lana’s smug line about marrying Superman and adopting Lois is repeated ad nauseum (by far the best being in the title page scene where she wraps her sexy body around Superman, using one hand to tousle his hair while the other gestures to her helpless rival), Lois still doesn’t pick up on it. In each case, she reacts only to what she sees before her “How dare they even sit on the couch together!”

And this begs the question: could she understand what Lana and Superman were saying?

As a baby, her mind had regressed together with her body, and it is entirely plausible that, no longer having the power of speech, she also no longer possessed the ability to understand it. Imagine, then, her state of mind - not only was she utterly incapable of competing with her rival for Superman's affections, but she was further unable to even understand what the two of them were discussing.

Of course, one of the biggest questions regarding "Crybaby" is - What happened next? Certainly Lois wasn't going anywhere, as the effects of the antidote were not to kick in until the next day. And as a helpless baby she needed a woman to care for her - one like her rival, Lana.

Somebody should do a sequel...

### The Crybaby Variations, Part One

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What is it about the comic book story, "The Cry Baby of Metropolis," that so perfectly captures the essence of the appeal of age regression? First published in 1958, and reprinted several times thereafter, to this reader it still retains every bit of its power today - it gets my vote for the best AR story of all time.

The premise is simple: Lois Lane, concerned that advancing age may lessen her appeal to Superman, inadvisedly experiments with a youth ray. We follow Lois as she slowly shrinks to a teenager, a girl scout, a little girl and finally a helpless little baby. The penultimate scene is at Lana Lang's house, where Lois' sexy rival puts her moves on Superman, with Lois helplessly watching from a playpen. When we leave the trio, Superman has just finished telling baby Lois that he knew all along who she was, and was humiliating her to "teach her a lesson." In the last frame he's feeding Lois the antidote in a baby bottle, threatening to spank her, as Lana Lang looks on with a huge smile and a rather wicked gleam in her eye.

Of course, one of the biggest questions regarding "Crybaby" is - What happened next? Certainly Lois wasn't going anywhere, as the effects of the antidote were not to kick in until the next day. And as a helpless baby she needed a woman to care for her - one like her rival, Lana.

I like to think that Superman, having nothing better to do, flew the trio to a secluded island in the South Pacific, with Lana making a quick change into a bikini. Once on the beach they lolled about, Superman and Lana stretched out on towels while little baby Lois crawled around in the shade. Unfortunately Superman got called away to fight some baddie, leaving Lana alone with baby Lois. After waiting an hour or so, and unsure when Superman will return, Lana decides it's time to go get some baby supplies...

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“Lois?” Lana looked up from her nap. She was stretched out on her beach blanket, her lovely long legs and upended bottom glistening in sweat from baking the hot sun. Nearby, baby Lois was crawling under the shade of a palm tree, studiously ignoring her huge sexy rival.

“Lois, you doing okay? You getting hungry yet?” Lana pushed herself up to her knees, reaching behind her and tying her bikini top. She smiled as she saw the little infant crawling away from her, pretending she didn’t hear. Lois was stark naked - she’d long since soiled her only diaper - and Lana could see that, even staying in the shade, the tiny infant was starting to get a little red from the sun. Lana stood and walked over to the little tot, but when she reached down to pick her up, Lois squealed and crawled away. Then she turned around and made a face at Lana, waving her arms.

“Gaaaaa!” She said irritably.

Lana crouched down and brought her face up to Lois’, giving her a stern but compassionate look. “Now look, Lois. I know you don’t like this situation but, let’s face it - you’re just a baby now and you need an adult to look after you. Now I’m going to have to take care of you whether you like it or not, so you might as well just get used to it. Do you understand me, Lois?”

The little tot just pouted, but at least she stopped crawling away. With a warm smile and a sigh, Lana picked up the little naked child, cradling her in her arms as she carried her off the beach. Lois was mortified at being held by Lana, and did her best to squirm away, trying to keep her little head from getting buried in Lana’s large breasts. For her part, Lana giggled and gave Lois a kiss on her forehead, laughing as Lois frowned and tried to rub off the kiss with her little hands.

Unfortunately there wasn’t much of a town on the island, just a dirt road with a few single story wood houses painted in bright tropical colors. One had a small sign saying “General Store” so Lana headed for it, hoping for the best. A few adolescent island girls were hanging around on the porch outside, and they immediately crowded around Lana, excitedly admiring the cute little baby. Lana left Lois on the porch with the girls and went inside.

The ramshackle store was about as basic as they come - no air conditioning, no fan, just the sea breezes blowing through open windows. The walls held several rows of rough wooden shelves carrying a basic assortment of rusty canned goods and a few jars of pickled fish. Definitely a far cry from Wal Mart, thought Lana, quickly scanning the premises for anything baby related. A cute young copper skinned island girl entered through a back door and stood behind the counter, waiting expectantly.

“Can I help you, ma’am?”

“Well, yes...” said Lana, still looking about. “Let’s see... I need some disposable diapers, a few jars of baby food, formula, a couple of baby bottles, a sterilizer if you have

one, and a large roll of moist towlettes...”

The young lady broke into an embarrassed smile. “Sorry, ma’am. We got none of that stuff here. Just what you see.”

There wasn’t even a refrigerator in the place, realized Lana incredulously. “Well, is there any other store? Something with supplies for infants? I have a little baby outside, you know.”

Again came the shy smile. “Sorry, ma’am. We the only store on this island.”

“ ‘The only store?’ ” repeated Lana with a look of horror. “Doesn’t anyone have babies here?”

“We got lots of babies, ma’am, we just don’t use all that stuff.” Said the young woman good naturedly. “Usually they just go naked. If the baby has to go, we carry her to the beach. If she needs be warm, we wrap her in a blanket. And if she hungry, she just go to her mama.”

Lana stood blinking for a few seconds as the lady smiled away. She looked distractedly down at her chest, then caught herself and continued. “B-but I’m not her mother. I mean, I can’t breast feed her.”

“Then we call for the wet nurse.” Said the lady, smiling and staring at Lana’s well stuffed bikini top. “But if you ask me, I think you can take care of her just fine.”

Lana rolled her eyes and, despite herself, broke into a huge grin, chortling at the absurdity of it all. She tried to imagine the look on baby Lois’ face - if she was angry at the thought of being bottle fed, just imagine her chagrin when the wet nurse showed up! Outside, little Lois was crawling around on the porch, stark naked, as the island girls giggled and smiled at their new plaything. Sure enough, with the tropical weather and sandy soil, going naked was probably more comfortable and practical than anything else. Maybe these islanders had a point?

“Okay.” said Lana. “Let’s get the wet nurse.”

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One of the girls outside agreed to go and find the wet nurse, so while they waited the shop lady demonstrated the islanders’ dress code. Little Lois was retrieved from the porch and placed on the countertop, looking around her nervously, while the lady produced a thin white blanket. She folded it into a triangle, then picked up Lois and expertly wound it around her, quickly covering her from her toes to her shoulders, leaving only her head in view. Lana smirked at the sight of the tiny triangular bundle, thinking she reminded her of a miniature mummy.

“Well, Lois? How do you like your new clothes?” asked Lana.

Lois had been so disoriented that she had just lain passively while the blanket was wrapped around her. But now that she had a few seconds to compose herself, she realized that she couldn't move a muscle - the tight cloth completely immobilized her, like a straight jacket. At first she squirmed, unable to break free, but after a few short seconds she began yelling and crying. Lois was incensed - here she was, lying on her back, completely helpless, unable to lift a finger, while Lana was towering over her, smiling down at her and wearing that revealing sexy bikini! Seeing Lana's large breasts jiggle above her as she laughed sent Lois into a hysterical fit.

“I don't think she like it much, ma'am.” Said the lady, grinning at the little wailing bundle, a cocoon of white topped by a tiny face of angry crimson. Lois was squirming so much Lana had to put her hands on her to keep her from rolling off the table.

Lana picked up the helpless screaming tot and held her in front of her smiling face. “Well, Lois, I guess there's a lot of things you'll have to get used to. But it looks like wearing clothes is not one of them.”

The two laughed as the lady quickly unwound the cloth. Even once free of her bonds, Lois was still crying, so they put her on a bed in a back room to give her a chance to quiet down.

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“Like I say ma'am, I don't know why you need call me.” The woman was a little younger than Lana, fleshy but well built with dark smooth skin and long shining black hair. “Any lady can do this - you don't need be mama.”

Lana watched as the lady went through her preparations. First she took out a jar of a sweet smelling paste and, after taking off her blouse, began rubbing it on her breasts. The room quickly filled with the smell of warm milk, and Lana noticed that the lady's nipples hardened almost instantly. As she kneaded her breasts in a circular motion, they seemed to swell and grow, becoming harder and more full.

“First you rub on the salve from the breadfruit tree leaf, it gets the nipples to working. The baby like it too - it give them something sweet to put in their mouth.” Then she held up a bottle of white juice. “But this the most important thing. The juice of the female guava plant - it set the milk to flowing.” She took a swig from the bottle and set it down, then went back to rubbing her breasts.

“You mean you just drink that stuff and you begin to lactate?”

“This all you need.” Said the lady. “You want try?”

Lana stopped and stared at the bottle for a moment, then shrugged and took a drink. It

was sweet tasting, very much like regular guava juice, but a little sticky. She waited for a few moments to see if anything would happen. After a while she began to tingle, and her breasts felt warm and full.

“You see?” said the lady. “It working now, just like I say. Here, put on the breadfruit salve.”

Lana hesitated, then reached behind her back and untied her bikini top. Her breasts were already tingling from the juice, but rubbing them with the salve made them feel like they were glowing with an inner heat. She was amazed at how sensitive her nipples became, quickly springing erect and hardening in the warm ocean air. She caught a glimpse of her reflection in a glass picture frame and marvelled at the sudden change - her breasts had definitely become larger, higher and firmer. While she was always proud of her well shaped chest, her breasts now seemed to stick straight out in an almost embarrassingly overt fashion. Her reflection brought to mind an image of twin guided missiles with pointed warheads.

With a little mischievous smile, Lana tiptoed over and peeked into the adjoining room. There, sitting on her tummy on the bed, was little Lois, crawling and looking about her in open mouthed wonder, her innocent little bare bottom pointing towards the sky. She caught sight of Lana and started wailing angrily, obviously still incensed at her humiliation at the hands of Lana and the shop girl. Careful not to disturb her any further, Lana ducked back through the door and stifled a laugh, thinking of what was to come.

“Look, miss.” Said Lana, whispering to the young girl out of earshot from Lois. “This baby is really pretty fussy today. I’m afraid if I go in right away she’ll get cranky and won’t feed. I think it’s better if we start with someone who has nursed a lot of babies before, to make her feel more at ease. Once she’s relaxed, I’ll take over.”

The wet nurse was game, and Lana watched through the door as she entered the room and picked up the little naked child. Sure enough, Lois was cranky, as she certainly wasn’t expecting to be picked up and held by a strange young woman. They struggled for a few minutes, Lois crying and beating her little fists against the wet nurse, while she patiently tried to guide Lois’ mouth to her engorged nipples. It was all Lana could do to keep from laughing out loud, and she cursed herself for not bringing a video camera.

“You one of the fussiest babies I ever did see!” huffed the wet nurse. She pulled Lois up by her arms, sitting her on her lap, and lectured her angrily. “Now you listen to me! You do what I say or there be trouble!”

But Lois just cried all the harder, swinging her little fists and wailing at the top of her lungs. The wet nurse looked over at Lana with a question in her eyes. Lana just smirked and nodded back.

“Okay. You asked for it, little girl.” Said the wet nurse, flipping Lois over her knees. She gave the bare little upended bottom a half dozen loud smacks, then set the wailing infant

back on the bed. Then she leaned over and shook her finger in Lois' angry face, wet with tears and a runny nose. "There! Serve you right! Now maybe you listen to me!"

As Lois wailed inconsolably, the wet nurse ran her finger across her nipple, coating it with thick white milk. Then she stuck her finger in Lois' mouth, interrupting her in mid-scream. At first Lois stopped, a confused look on her face, then she started licking her lips and opening and closing her mouth.

"So you like that do you? (giggle) Well, I got plenty more where that came from!" Said the wet nurse, picking up Lois and holding her to her chest. This time there was only a half-hearted struggle, then the little infant clamped onto her large breast, timidly placing her mouth on her nipple. After a minute the tiny tot was sucking eagerly, oblivious to everything but the huge breasts before her. The wet nurse looked up and gave Lana a wink and a big grin.

Poor Lois was almost at her wit's end. To the little infant, the last few days had been an emotional roller coaster. First she went through two days of gradual shrinking, becoming ever more helpless and humiliated as she slowly regressed to an infant. Then, reduced to a helpless baby, she was teased mercilessly by Lana and finally scolded by Superman right in front of her rival.

But this afternoon was possibly the worst of all - left alone as a helpless naked infant and forced to rely on Lana, her worst rival! She was so angry at Lana, acting so smug and sexy in her revealing bikini, getting Superman to fall all over her, and then teasing her helpless rival - even wrapping poor Lois in a straight jacket! No wonder she cried when she was accosted by a huge strange woman who yelled at her and spanked her! Lois was tired, hungry and her little bare bottom throbbed in pain. What she really needed was a Mommy - someone to protect her from her big, nasty, teasing rival Lana. And this nice lady might just be it - a grown up woman who would care for her, hold her in her arms and feed her. It looked like she finally found what she wanted - this nice big strange lady with the warm milky breasts.

And after all her troubles, she had given in to her, and found the most wonderful feeling of warmth, of maternal care. She'd forgotten how blissful it could be to just suckle warm milk from a mother's breast. In the back of her mind she still remembered Lana, and suddenly she shivered with embarrassment, wondering if her rival might see her like this, helplessly nursing. But then she relaxed - the nice lady would protect her from Lana, her nice Mommy would care for her. She wouldn't let that nasty Lana tease baby Lois again. She snuggled closer to the huge nipple, greedily sucking up her milk.

Lana snuck into the room. She decided to use a blanket to cover Lois' field of view, placing it over the little nursing infant while she was still at the wet nurse's breast. Then she sat on the bed, careful not to disturb Lois and gently reached her arms around the nursing tot. She could feel the resistance as she pulled Lois from her mother figure, and the tot started kicking and wriggling in protest. When she finally got her away, little Lois went into a whimpering cry, twisting her head back and forth and flailing her arms. For a

few seconds she struggled, searching desperately for her large warm mammaries.

Gently, Lana carried Lois to her chest, taking care to keep the covering blanket in place. As the little warm bundle reached her breasts, Lana felt tiny fingers on her nipples, soon followed by a little mouth. In a few moments, Lois settled in, and started happily suckling Lana's breast. Lana was grinning from ear to ear, and whispered to the wet nurse that she could leave for the day. She'd take it from here.

For a moment, Lois was frightened - big hands were pulling her away from her Mommy, and when she opened her eyes to look everything was dark! She fought and wriggled, but couldn't find her Mommy! But then, she felt the big breasts again - they seemed a little different, maybe even bigger than before. But they tasted the same, they must be the same. Little Lois relaxed and nursed on the big nipples, dreaming warm dreams of her big, warm Mommy. Her Mommy that would care for her, protect her from that nasty Lana person. As she drank, she wondered who the strange woman was. She decided she liked the woman. Yes, she liked her very much.

As Lois nursed away, Lana slowly pulled the blanket from her. Lois' little eyes were closed, in a blissful gesture of ultimate trust. Lana just smiled down at the innocent tot, amazed at the warm maternal feeling of nursing a child - and nursing her rival at that!

There was a whooshing sound, like a strong breeze, and suddenly a blue suited figure appeared outside the door - Superman! Lana quickly raised a finger to her lips, admonishing him to be quiet. He tiptoed inside, and sat beside Lana, smiling at her. She leaned over and gave him a wink and a warm kiss on the lips.

"Well, well!" whispered Superman, grinning at the sight of the little tot happily nursing away. "You two are getting along better than I could have imagined."

"I think she's almost asleep." Said Lana quietly. She gently pulled Lois away from her breast, and the two watched as the tiny infant scrunched up her face and wiggled her arms, then relaxed into a deep sleep. Lana set Lois on the bed and put the blanket over her, then the two adults quietly sat down on a bed on the other side of the room.

"They gave me this special lotion so I could feed her." Said Lana, sitting next to Superman, her topless chest brushing against him. "It really worked wonders."

"So I see." Said Superman, grinning as he eyed Lana's spectacular bosoms. He took out a baby bottle and motioned to Lois. "Well, I suppose we should wake her up. The doctor said I should feed her the rest of this antidote before she goes to sleep - she needs it to grow back to her normal size."

"Superman?" said Lana, going into a sultry pout as she wrapped herself around him. "Do we have to give her the rest of the antidote? She's so cute. Can't I just keep her like this?"

"Now Lana, you wouldn't want to take advantage of poor Lois, now would you?"

“Me? (giggle) Heaven forbid!” said Lana, taking the bottle away from Superman and placing it on a table. “I just thought we might give her just a few more days of being a cute little baby. I mean, it can’t hurt, right?”

“Well...”

“And I hate to wake up a sleeping baby. She might start crying.” Said Lana breathlessly as she began pulling off Superman’s uniform, kissing him on his face and chest. Once she stripped him, she lowered herself against him and began rubbing her breasts against his bare chest. “And besides, we adults need our privacy, too...”

Superman’s reply was cut off as Lana leaned in and planted a big kiss on his mouth, easing him down on the bed. She wrapped herself around him, kissing him all over his face, her hands groping his hard muscled body. Suddenly she stopped, giggling. then sat up with her legs straddling him, her large breasts jiggling above him, a wide grin on her face as she paused in thought.

“Hey, Superman (giggle). You want to try a little... scientific experiment?”

Lana reached for the breadfruit salve. She kneaded it into her breasts, sighing in erotic stimulation as the mixture took effect, her nipples once again hardening and swelling. Then, giggling mischievously, she pulled down Superman’s pants and, before he could protest, quickly rubbed in some of the mixture.

“My, my!” said Lana, looking down at Superman with a huge grin. “You seem to have a... er...rather strong reaction to this stuff!”

Laughing, Lana climbed on top of him and the two began making love, moaning in the early evening stillness. As the two lovers began reaching their climax, their shouts of ecstasy became louder and louder, rousing the little tot from her sleep. Lana looked over, smirking as the tiny helpless baby began waving her little arms and blinking, finally looking across the room to see the two adult bodies intertwined on the bed. Lois was shocked and incensed to see her sexy rival making love to Superman - and right in the same room! She sat up and started crying, but Lana just smiled and winked at her, sending her into a paroxysm of wails.

“Waaaaa!” cried Lois, red faced, desperately waving her little fists, scowling at the sight of Lana’s naked sweat soaked body, the sharp curves of her sexy rear bouncing as she ground her hips into Superman’s.

“Ooops! (giggle) I think a little somebody wants her Mommy!” Said Lana, pausing and giving Superman a long kiss on the mouth before she rolled off the bed. She stood up and swaggered over to little Lois’ bed, grinning down at her, then lowered her big smiling eyes down to meet Lois’ angry little baby face.

Lois was so angry she almost peed herself. Here she was, shrunk to a helpless naked baby, and forced to watch as Lana made love to Superman right in front of her! And then the sultry redhead had the nerve to come over and laugh right in her face! She swung her little fists at Lana, but her huge grinning rival was just out of reach, laughing at her helplessness.

“Oh come, Lois - I thought you liked me!” said Lana teasingly. As Lois watched, Lana’s big grinning face slowly rose out of sight, and her large breasts came into view. At first Lois was enraged, and tried to hit the large nipples dangling before her eyes, but as they hovered, just inches from her face, she suddenly stopped, recognizing their look and smell. Pausing, she opened her tiny balled up fist and timidly reached out her little open fingers to touch Lana’s breasts, remembering the feel of the warm smooth skin. Her little mouth dropped open in shocked recognition - it was her beloved mammaries! In the space of a few moments, Lois’ feelings of hatred for Lana were suddenly replaced by an overwhelming desire to suckle her breasts. While a small part of her still raged, knowing that her hated rival was looking down from above, watching her helpless surrender, her instincts overwhelmed her - after all, she was just a little baby, one that desperately needed her Mommy.

“See something you like, Lois?” Lana was now kneeling before Lois’ bed, looking down with a huge grin as her tiny rival reached out to fondle her breasts. As gently as possible, Lana scooped up little Lois, taking her in her arms and guiding the little mouth to her nipple. In just a few seconds, tiny Lois was once again wrapped around Lana’s breasts, nursing contentedly.

Lana stood, grinning in maternal triumph, and turned back to her bed. Superman was lying on his back, stark naked, having watched the whole encounter. From the twilight streaming through the window it was pretty obvious that the breadfruit salve was still having its stimulating effect on him.

“Well, Lana.” Said Superman, sighing in disappointment as the little infant clung to her chest. “Too bad she woke up - we were just getting started. I guess that’s it for making love tonight.”

“Why Superman! (giggle) I think you underestimate me.” said Lana, grinning down at his super erection. “Besides, I hate to see a magnificent hard on like that go to waste!”

With Lois still firmly clamped to her breast, Lana carefully climbed up on the bed and straddled Superman, slowly lowering herself down onto his thick hard member. She groaned in ecstasy as he penetrated her, then started rhythmically grinding her hips into his. She was sitting on his groin, her legs wrapped around him, her torso upright and bouncing with each of Superman’s powerful thrusts from below.

As they quickly returned to their heights of passion, Lana began sighing and moaning with the incredible intensity of her stimulation, her body shivering with hot flashes, her face flushed and sweating. Little Lois was jumping too, her tiny body bouncing along

with Lana's bountiful chest, still clamped onto her nipple, suckling with the single minded determination that only a tiny infant could muster. In the midst of her ecstasy, Lana bust into wild laughter at the situation - she was holding her tiny rival, nursing away happily as she made love to Superman! He gave another huge thrust, almost tossing Lana and Lois in the air, the little infant scrambling to keep her mouth on Lana's big nipple. Lana squealed in raucous pleasure and tightened her grip on baby Lois.

"Better hang on tight, little Lois!" cried Lana happily. "It's gonna be a long and bouncy ride!"

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