

# Abatement

by Benjamin Hanson

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## Chapters Eleven through Fifteen

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### Statement and Disclaimer

The difference in the level of response between the first submission and the second was truly amazing. I've had so many people email me to tell me how much they are enjoying the story, and many of you offered helpful suggestions that I will definitely keep in mind. In exchange I have made sure that this submission came out even faster than the last, and I promise that I will stand by this story until the end. Please keep your comments coming! They are the inspiration that allows me to continue writing and developing this project into an actual story. There will never be enough words to express how important each and every email is to me, from the long to the very short. As always I can be contacted at [benhanson1980@yahoo.com](mailto:benhanson1980@yahoo.com)

If this story is illegal in your particular jurisdiction then please don't continue reading. If you are under eighteen, are offended by cross generational themed stories or the age regression genre doesn't interest you then don't read this either.

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### Chapter Eleven

As we walked together into the yard, I felt an awkwardness that I hadn't felt before. James seemed fairly stoic, his emotions unreadable. Colby on the other hand seemed more annoyed than anything. I had never had the opportunity to speak to him before, but I was fairly certain now that I wasn't missing out on much. I was immediately broke from my thoughts as David turned to look at all of us.

"Alright, you can be it Colby! Just count to twenty while everybody hides!"

Colby rolled his eyes and uncrossed his arms. "Sure kid..."

James nodded as Colby began to count. "1... 2..."

David giggled. "You have to close your eyes and cover them! Like this!" David quickly demonstrated proper hide and seek etiquette. Colby groaned but relented.

“1... 2... 3...”

Within moments we were off running. I lost sight of David as he went around the other side of the house. James motioned for me to follow and I did, the two of us running as fast as we could into the woods. As soon as we came across a tree large enough to conceal our forms, James grabbed my arm and pulled me behind it. He began to speak as we fought to catch our breath.

“I found out some stuff about your bidder last night.”

I nodded, my curiosity immediately peaked. My thoughts hadn’t returned to the previous evening until now, and a flood of emotions began to enter me again. The most dominate, curiosity, was definitely there.

“What did you find out?”

“His name is Mr. Terrance and he owns some shady company that nobody knows a whole lot about. He has been coming to the alley off and on for years to get whatever he wanted. He doesn’t like blondes, so I’ve never had him, but Colby has. Apparently he likes to pull hair and when Colby said it hurt, he put out a cigarette on his thigh.”

I immediately felt the blood drain from my face as I turned pale. Whatever hope I had for Mr. Terrance being somewhat human had immediately left me. Colby didn’t seem to be the most agreeable person in the world, but surely nothing would necessitate that sort of a punishment.

“What happened then?” I asked, shaking myself from my shocked state.

“Well naturally Horace took care of it, beat him up pretty bad. He just came back a few weeks later though. We don’t know for sure but Colby is pretty sure he must have bribed Horace or something because anyone that hurts us usually never comes back. I don’t know what kind of money he offered for you but it must have been a lot. Horace really watches him closely when he’s with one of us for just a couple hours.”

I nodded trying to absorb everything I had been told. It was difficult to imagine myself being with someone so cruel. “What can I do?”

James sighed, looking around us carefully before he replied. “If I were you I’d run away. I don’t think you’d survive him.”

I swallowed deeply. The idea of running away had crossed my mind but I knew the limitations I had as a child. If a cop saw me, he’d pick me up; if I was caught by Purity, then what? I’d still have to go and stay with Mr. Terrance either way.

“There has to be another way, I mean what if I get caught?”

James sighed, tapping his fingers on the tree in front of us. He appeared to be deep in thought.

"I know! There's a small town not that far from here and it has a train station. Maybe if you get on a train and just ride, everyone will lose track of you."

I nodded. It seemed fairly pointless to me but I supposed it was something to consider.

"So I should just leave now?"

James shook his head. "I don't think now is a good time. They watch the place really closely so they'd notice if you didn't come back up to the house soon. I think you should wait until after dark after they take me to Mass. As soon as everyone starts heading back they have jobs to do. They don't have as much free time at night as they do during the day."

I nodded; it made perfect sense to me. I would wait until night fall and at least give it a try. If I never tried, how would I ever know if I could reach freedom?

"Alright I'll go tonight!" I said with as much vibrato as I could muster.

"Not so fast. You just tripped out last night; I'd wait a few days and make them think you're getting used to the idea. They might even be watching us right now, but I hope not."

I nodded. I would take the time to perfect the plan for my escape at any rate. There had to be ways to overcome my obvious flaws. I wasn't sure what they were, but I'd figure it out.

"With that being said..."

Colby walked behind the tree and stared at us with a disinterested look on his face.

"Which one of you wants to be it?"

James shrugged. "I guess I'll be."

Colby shrugged and tapped him on the shoulder. Both of the boys stared at me afterwards.

"What?" I asked feeling confused.

"You are supposed to run to base." Colby said with the same disinterested tone.

"Oh..." I muttered. My mind was too consumed with the prior revelation to have given it any thought. I nodded towards my two comrades and ran back up the hill. I caught sight of David who was leaning against the porch.

"Hurry before he gets you!" He shouted, jumping up and down excitedly.

I nodded and headed towards him. I heard Colby and Jake running behind me, although I was fairly certain I was in no immediate danger of being caught. As soon as I reached base, James put on a fairly convincing show.

"Dang I have to be it? That blows! Oh well...." He covered his eyes and began to count.

As we spread out once more I decided to follow Colby. I was fairly certain I knew everything there was to know, but my curiosity as to whom he was held strong. Colby either didn't notice or care, because he never took a glance back at me. He chose a large rock behind which to hide, and I scooted behind it with him.

Colby turned his head slowly and stared at me, arms crossing across his chest again.

"Hi." I said simply. He was awfully intimidating to be ten.

"Hi." He replied; his icy blue eyes examined me as though I were a piece of merchandise. I felt a little repulsed by it.

"I'm Ben." I smiled and held out my hand.

Colby smirked a little but made no effort to return the gesture. "I know who you are."

I let my hand slowly fall back to my side. I knew that there would be no opportunity to make friends with him. I wondered if I had done something to insult him, or if he was just a cynical person in general.

"Thanks for telling James all that stuff." I said, trying my best to get him to act somewhat friendly towards me.

"I told him because he means a lot to me. I don't really care about you." He stared down at a root rising from the ground, kicking it softly with his foot.

"Oh... Well thanks just the same." I smiled.

He nodded, allowing his eyes to rise to mine. I felt like a mouse staring at a cobra.

"How old are you?" He asked suddenly. I wasn't sure what made him curious, but I was intrigued. Just the same, I decided to be an asshole.

"I'm nine years and two months, yourself?"

Colby smirked. "Real cute, bet you think you're the life of the party huh? What's your real age?"

I frowned. There was no getting through to him. "I'm twenty-nine."

Colby nodded as his eyes fell once more; his foot setback on its task of kicking the exposed root. "Interesting..."

My eyebrow rose. "Why is that interesting?"

"I just took you as being younger."

I nodded, not completely understanding. There was something about Colby that made me want to get to know him, but it seemed an impossible feat. None-the-less, I decided to follow common courtesy and return the question.

“How old are you?” I asked.

His eyes rose once more to meet mine. “I’m sixty-three.”

I stared at him for a brief moment in disbelief. Naturally I understood that we three were adults, but I never thought of someone that advanced in age being forced into this. I suddenly saw an ornery grandfather trapped inside the body of a child. The way that he acted made sense to me.

“Sorry about that, I bet you must hate being like this.”

Colby suddenly did something that I hadn’t expected him to. He began to laugh. Not just your typical laugh either, but a full bellied laugh that echoed across the entire forest. I looked at him confused. I wasn’t sure whether I said something that amused him, or if I was wrong in saying that. It was difficult to be able to tell what was going through his mind at the best of times.

“You just don’t understand the gift you have do you kid?” He rolled his eyes as he settled down. The way that he stared at me was contemptuous; I felt incredibly uncomfortable in my skin.

“There isn’t a single one of us that didn’t deserve it. All of us are sick, chasing after kids. I made the decision to go down that alley and I’m damned glad I did.”

I felt confused at that moment. For one, I had gone with the intention of seeing young adults, not children, and for another he seemed to speak ill of what he was. Why did he call it a gift before?

“I had had my turn with several of the boys over the years. I blew my money on the only drug I loved, and it was a foolish decision. I lost everything I had; my wife, my job, my house, my kids... Then I found out that I had cancer and I knew my life was done. I didn’t have anything left but I wanted it once more. I wanted to feel like I had something left from my former life. I went down that alley and tried to get what I wanted, and I was punished for it. Do you know what though? Here I stand before you alive! Here I stand before you reborn! I have the chance to live my life over again; do you know how many people get that chance?”

I remained completely silent. I had never looked at my new life as an opportunity for anything. I resented the fact I was robbed of my accomplishments and freedoms. I felt as though I had done nothing wrong, and I didn’t deserve what was given to me. I didn’t want to tell him that though; he had every reason to be grateful I supposed. If his life had fallen to such a low point, then this was indeed his chance at a second life. For me, well my life wasn’t so bad. I didn’t have a lot of things and I worked at a job that I hated, but I had made it through the awkward years of my youth, attended college, and made it by myself into the world. There wasn’t anything more valuable than that.

"I bet you didn't have shit did you? I bet you worked at some crummy restaurant and spent your days lusting after the little boy as they walked in." He spit on the ground, looking at me with disdain. I immediately felt my blood begin to boil.

"You listen to me; you don't know a damn thing about me! I didn't go down that alley to look for some kid; I thought there were adults there! Plus I have a college education; I had a REAL job in the REAL world. What do you have to say about that?"

Colby shook his head. "Can't even admit when you deserve it huh? That's alright. Just remember that I'm not going to feel a damn bit sorry for you. You ought to go live with Mr. Terrance and do as you're told. At least you'll get a second life at the end of it."

"Why the hell are you picking on me? What did I ever do to you?" I asked, still as angry as I had been.

Colby sighed, looking up at the canopy above us. I couldn't tell exactly what was going through his mind.

"Nothing, you have done absolutely nothing. I just think it's a damn shame that you're looking a gift horse in the mouth."

I stood silent once more. There was no way that I could convince myself that this whole thing was a gift. He didn't know me, but he had good reason to assume that I was sick. Why else would people go down that alley? What had I ever done to convince anyone otherwise?

"Look I think I understand where you're coming from. I'm sure that this whole thing means a lot to you. I mean, I wasn't really happy with my life but I was okay with it. I never messed with anybody or anything... The only reason I went down that alley was because I was bored."

Colby looked at me once more and smiled. His hand rose in the air and patted me on the shoulder. "Then at least be glad that you aren't bored anymore."

I was about to speak when James rounded the corner and tapped me on the shoulder. I watched as the two of them began to run back towards the clearing ahead. I still didn't completely understand Colby, but I supposed that I saw his point. I would do my best to try and look at this as somewhat of a gift. With that being said, there was no way that I was going to live with Mr. Terrance no matter what anyone said. I would have my new life on my terms.

## Chapter Twelve

By the time lunch arrived I was fairly winded. Although I had regained a good portion of my youthful vigor, playing for so long was exhausting. David remained as close to me as he had the previous day, and couldn't seem to run out of things to say. He spoke of the games he wanted to play later on, of how he was worried about his brother, of what he wanted for lunch. There was no subject that was left

unsaid, and I was glad for each word. In the sea of discord and confusion I found myself in, David was my rock. He was the only sane person I was surrounded by and I was grateful for the gift of his company.

As we sat down for lunch, I could see that James and Colby were speaking in hushed tones. The mood Colby had been in originally had diminished somewhat, and I felt as though I had won a great battle with him. He would probably always see me as ungrateful, but at least he knew more about me than he had before. I tried to do my best to remember that he was just an older man with stubborn views. No matter how young he looked on the outside, his inside didn't change.

"Are you okay?" Jack suddenly asked, leaning over his brother. I shook my head and rejoined the conversation.

"Yeah, sorry, I was just thinking."

Jack smiled as he took a serving of mashed potatoes from the plates that had just arrived. David took a similar amount and deposited the same portion onto my plate.

"We can eat the same stuff too if you want." He grinned at me.

I nodded and smiled. "Sure anything you want."

By the time David had managed to fill my plate to the brim, I began to eat and it didn't take a long time to polish it off. All the energy I burned that morning had made me hungry and it amazed me what I was capable of eating. Surely this is why children never gained weight. As soon as everyone else managed to finish eating what they could, Bessie began assigning dishwashing duties once more.

"Alright everybody listen up! This time we have Jose, Colby and Benjamin on dishes."

I suddenly turned as pale as a ghost. My eyes shot quickly to Jose who seemed to be grinning in delight. Before I could gauge Colby's reaction David was already tugging on my shirt.

"Hey I'm going to be in the playroom while you do dishes. Come in there when you get done okay?"

I nodded, not entirely sure if I'd be alive long enough to actually finish the dishes. As David ran off and the other kids exited the room, I followed Colby's example and began to gather the dirty dishes.

Walking into the kitchen revealed something much smaller than I had expected. It was a fairly simply space, by anyone's standards, and had a normal sized refrigerator, stove, and oven. There seemed to be a little extra counter space than the average kitchen, but other than that it was fairly typical. I was amazed at how Bessie managed to make such large meals with just this small space. I slid the dishes I was holding onto the counter and felt someone nudge me from behind, it was Jose.

"So do you not want to be my friend anymore?" A feigned hurt expression crossed his demonic face. I looked up at him, wanting so badly to rip him apart with my bare hands, but decided to play it cool.

"Of course I do! Sorry about David earlier he was just being a kid you know?"

Jose smirked and I could hear Colby snicker. Jose turned his head towards him and growled. Colby said nothing in response.

"That's good to hear because I've really been wanting to finish our game. Want to come play after we finish dishes?"

I began to blush and the childishness inside me began to take hold.

"I don't want to play those games anymore..."

Jose cackled in an insidious manner. "Does that mean you can't finish what you start? What good are you?" He poked me in the forehead with his index finger. I began to feel tears roll up in my eyes. Colby immediately walked over and stared at the older boy with the same stoic look on his face from before.

"I don't think it's in your best interest to make him cry."

Jose laughed heartily, his slightly chunky belly shaking in response. I couldn't help but notice a complete lack of fear on Colby's face. I wasn't sure why he was standing up for me, but I was glad. I wasn't sure what he'd be able to accomplish but I decided I would support him any way I could.

"Just what are you going to do about it? James isn't here to protect you, you know?"

Colby smirked and closed his eyes. His arms lowered from his chest and for a brief moment I didn't think he was going to do anything. Before my eyes had a chance to react, he had drawn back his fist, punched Jose full on in the balls, and had begun wailing on his face as soon as he fell. Jose yelled out for help as I stood there in complete shock for a brief moment. I grabbed Colby by the arms and pulled him off before he could hurt the older boy too badly.

"I'll get you for this! This isn't the end! I'll beat you up you stupid kid!" Jose spoke between sobs, tears mingling with blood as it fell from his nose. He immediately rose to his feet and ran out of the kitchen. I let go of Colby and stared at him in shock.

"How did you do that?" I asked.

"Think I can't fight just because I'm an old guy?"

I shook my head. "No, because you're eleven now!"

Colby chuckled a little, rubbing his right fist with his left hand.

"Size is relative. You just have to know your opponents weak point."

I nodded, still in disbelief. I had never actually fought anyone in my life but I was fairly certain I wouldn't be any good at it. Colby must have had some experience before his regression or he wouldn't know half of this stuff.

"I don't think he'll be bothering you anymore."

I nodded. "Thanks."

"Don't mention it..." Colby replied as he began to walk towards the sink with a dirty dish. As soon as he had reached the sink Bessie burst into the kitchen.

"Which one of you did this?" She asked with her fists propped up on her hips.

"It was me." Colby said, depositing the dirty dish in the sink and turning to look at her.

"You come with me right now young man!" She walked over and took him by the arm, escorting him out of the room. Colby turned momentarily to wink at me as she did so. I smiled softly, suddenly having a new sense of respect for Colby that I had never had before. Maybe he wasn't as bad as I had thought? I looked around at the dishes that surrounded me and felt overwhelmed. How was I supposed to do all this by myself? I walked over to the sink and began to wash what I could. Maybe if I went slowly, Bessie would come and relieve me at some point.

I was nearly a quarter of the way done when the door opened once more. Bessie walked inside and over to me, kneeling so that we were at eye level.

"I don't know what you did to make Jose pick on you, but you should be glad you have a friend like Colby."

I smiled at her. "I am."

She nodded and shook her head a little bit, the look on her face becoming suddenly stern.

"Now don't get me wrong, what Colby did was wrong. You shouldn't ever hit anybody. Just the same, he stood up for you and that means his heart was in the right place. Now, is there anything you need to tell me about Jose?"

I stood there for a moment and fought hard against the child that I was. I wanted so badly to tell her what he had done, about what an evil person he was. I knew that I couldn't; I knew that she shouldn't know a thing about this. I couldn't bring attention to myself no matter what happened. I decided to take the safe out and simply hugged Bessie tightly.

"He's a mean boy but he didn't hurt me."

Bessie sighed and held me gently, kissing the top of my head. I felt very warm and safe, a complete turnaround from how I had felt all morning.

“That’s good to hear sugar. I’ll finish up these dishes you run along and play okay?”

I nodded and smiled up at her as she stood back up to her full height. I ran out of the kitchen and towards the playroom. David was waiting for me after all.

### Chapter Thirteen

David and I collapsed on my bed, every inch of our bodies were covered in sweat. It was hard to keep up with him even at this young age, but I had managed. I couldn’t believe that I actually saw David’s breaking point; it was something that I didn’t think existed. We both turned onto our sides to stare at each other, each of us grinning from ear to ear.

“You don’t think he’ll find out do you?”

I shook my head. The memories of what we had done flooded back to me. As soon as David showed me the balloons I figured that he wasn’t up to any good. I wasn’t entirely sure how he got me caught up in the act, but it seemed the right thing to do at the time. I few well placed water balloons later, and we watched in delight as the doctor who was attending to Jack became drenched. We ran as fast as we could around the house as he looked for someone on which to place the blame. The look of fury on his face was hilarious.

“I’m so tired!” I yelled out suddenly. It was true, I was completely exhausted, but I was also completely happy. I had never experienced something so amazing before in my life; existing in a place of wild abandon, not having to worry about bills or other adult responsibilities; life was so much better. I hadn’t even thought for a moment on the events of that morning, and the terrible revelations concerning Mr. Terrance. I was becoming lost in a world that I felt very much at home in.

“Me too!” David giggled and collapsed on my chest. He rose his head up to look in my eyes mischievously. I smiled back at him, glad to have him with me. My right hand rose up as I wiped a trail of sweat off his forehead.

“What do you want to do next?” He asked, squirming on top of me. My eyes rolled inside of my head as I fought to find an answer. A part of me wanted to continue to play even though I was exhausted.

“Whatever you want to do.” I said finally. He hadn’t come up with a bad idea up to this point, unless you counted the water balloon fiasco.

“I always come up with the games!” He giggled, climbing on top of me completely. Our sweaty bodies mashed together as he placed his forehead against mine, staring intensely in my eyes. I began to blush, feeling my now erect penis pressed against his leg.

“I know but I like you.” I said gently, not knowing how to feel or wanting to draw attention to myself.

“I like you too.” He giggled and pecked me on the lips, just causing me to blush even more furiously than before. I pecked back, not wanting to seem awkward.

“So...” He asked staring at me as his body rocked back and forth playfully. I knew that what he was doing wasn’t sexual to him, but my penis said otherwise. The friction caused me to gasp audibly, and he suddenly stopped to stare at me.

“Did I hurt you?” He asked, looking very concerned.

I smiled, patting his cheek gently with my right hand.

“Nope I’m okay.”

“Why did you make that sound?”

“It feels good when you rock back and forth.” I said without thinking about what I was saying. I immediately felt remorse and fear rise up inside of me. I was an adult and here I was so turned on by this seven year old. I wasn’t a pedophile; I had never spent any time looking at a child in that way before. All of a sudden with this transformation, I saw my sexuality from a completely different perspective. Everything was so different, the sensations that I felt were so strong. With that being said, I had knowledge of what all of this meant and David did not.

“Oh.” He giggled and started rocking back and forth again. My eyes shot wide open as my hands fought to stop him, grabbing at his sides and trying to get his momentum to cease.

“I don’t think we should do that.” I said as seriously as I could. David looked at me with a confused expression etched across his face.

“Why not?” He asked innocently.

“I don’t think I can explain that...” I said as gently as I could. I wasn’t prepared to open up the Pandora’s Box of sexual knowledge to this child. I may be a slave to my childhood perspective but I still had some semblance of my adult common sense.

“I think it feels good too.” He smiled at me, trying to calm my nerves. I smiled in return, in full knowledge of his ignorance. Should I allow him to continue so that he didn’t ask unnecessary questions? Or should I refuse to continue and take the chance of hurting him? I wasn’t sure what to do.

“Why does it feel good?” I asked looking up at him and letting my head fall onto my pillow.

“My thingy is rubbing you.” He giggled. My eyes became very large as I suddenly realized that his penis was indeed pressed against my stomach. I wasn’t sure why I hadn’t felt it before, but it was definitely there. Whether he realized what he was doing or not, he was aroused. This complicated my situation that much more.

“What if somebody sees us?” I asked, trying to rationalize with him why we shouldn’t do this.

“Jack and I do it sometimes and we’ve never been caught.”

I closed my eyes tightly. Did he know that what we were doing was wrong? Did he have any reason to feel shame? Before I had a chance to say anything else David was fiddling with the front of his jeans to trying to unbutton them. I shot backwards and sat back against my headboard.

“What are you doing!?” I asked in complete terror.

David stopped what he was doing and looked at me with a hurt expression on his face. “It feels better without any pants on. You said it felt good didn’t you?”

“It does, I mean, but you’re just a kid!”

David giggled a little bit, “You’re a kid too!”

His logic was fairly sound.

“I just don’t think we should be having sex, I mean...” My voice trailed off as I fought to find some reason to end this.

“What’s that?” David asked with a curious expression etched across his face. My eyes rose to meet his and a feeling on calmness began to fall over me. He had learned that rubbing together felt good, but he had no idea what it was or what it meant. David was innocent, and I felt that I had overreacted for no reason. Who was I to deny this moment? It was simply rubbing after all. We were two kids who were experiencing something that was exciting and invigorating. It wasn’t like he hadn’t done it before.

There it was though, the essential problem! I wasn’t a kid, I was taking advantage of him, and I felt horrible. I was stealing away his innocence, becoming the monster that people on television always talked about. I just knew that any moment someone was going to burst into the room and expose me for what I was. I was a freak to want this and even more of one for trying to rationalize it. Then again, it was him that had started it...

I looked into David’s eyes with a look of realization dawning on my face. “You have no idea what that means.”

David giggled a little. “Nope, do you still want to rub together?”

I looked towards the door to make sure there was no one around. I wasn’t sure what consequences would come from this, but I was going to enjoy it. As long as it was nothing he didn’t already know about, as long as I didn’t corrupt him, then there couldn’t be anything wrong with it.

“Sure,” I replied. David smiled and I watched as he finished unbuttoning his jeans, dropping them to the floor. Each milk covered leg came into view and I could almost feel the softness of his skin. As soon as he stepped out of them complete, he went one step further and I watched as his fingers found themselves inside of the waistband of his underwear. He slid them down, exposing his hard two

inch cock to me. It was truly a monument to behold, standing tall and proud. It jutted out of his body and his pink head dominated my vision.

I felt my body tense and my own member began to throb inside of my pants. I wanted him so badly and here he was giving himself to me freely. This wasn't in a perverted sense, but in a way that seemed innocent, in a way that seemed right. I undid my pants and slid them off, following David's example. I stopped momentarily at my underwear as I noticed David's eyes staring excitedly.

My fingers reached into the waistband and pulled them down, my own small cock sprung into view. It was probably about three inches long and not much wider than a marker in circumference. I had never taken the time to examine it but it was a delight to behold. It jutted out straight from my body and I was amazed at how similar it was to David's, apart from being just a little longer in length. I also noticed my balls for the first time. They had yet to descend, naturally, and drew close to my body. I let my index finger trace over them momentarily.

"Wow you're bigger than me!" David said as he stared at it. I blushed, and couldn't help but laugh a little. Only a seven year old could consider what I had to be big.

"What do we do next?" I asked, stepping out of my underwear and staring at David's face for any sign of distress or discomfort.

"Uh we just kind of rub them together." David said as he motioned for me to lie down. As I did so he climbed on top and the sensation of his nude body against my own felt incredible. The moment that we had in the bathtub was absolutely exhilarating, but in this moment where everything was on purpose, my senses were amplified. His penis smashed against mine and I felt my breath quicken as he began to grind his hips against me.

"It's like playing swords!" He giggled, staring me in the eyes with a playful expression on his face. I laughed and smiled, enjoying the sensation and the innocent way that he viewed the activity. My hands slid down his back and gently caressed his bottom, pushing him closer into me.

"Eww you touched my butt!" He accused, laughing and stopping his motions for a moment. I laughed, becoming aware of myself. The adult part of me refused to be silenced completely.

"I like your butt." I said as innocently as I could. My hands kneaded it for a brief moment before falling down to my sides. The skin on his behind was like silk, and just touching it for that brief moment was incredibly erotic.

David shrugged. "You can touch it if you want."

He began moving his hips again as our cocks grinded together. I blushed deeply, my hands trembling as they rose to grab his ass once more. Apart from a momentary giggle he didn't stop his movements. As my hands gently rubbed across their surface, I was amazed at how perfectly formed his cheeks were. Each was tiny, of course, but relatively plumped. They curved up perfectly, seeming to go

on for days. I couldn't remember a single adult who had an ass that even remotely compared to this one.

I kneaded each cheek gently, letting my fingers caress each globe as though it were some precious artifact. I found my own hips involuntarily grinding against his in turn, as the passion and eroticism inside of me intensified to a point I could barely contain. I began to breathe more heavily, not wanting the moment to ever end.

"I love you." I said involuntarily. It was something that was so easy to say but there was a deep part of me that felt that I meant it.

"I love you too!" He said, raising his head up to look at me better. His breath was as quick as mine and he seemed to have no desire to end the movements either. While my eyes stared into his, I knew that the love he felt for me wasn't the same that I felt for him in that moment. I was a dear friend, just another kid in his life. He knew what we were doing felt good, but he had no idea what it meant. I felt guilty, in that moment, but my body refused to listen.

Our bodies were sweating intensely with each movement and my hands fought roughly with his bottom. My breath became quicker and quicker as I began to feel a tingling sensation build up inside of me. I had no idea whether I was able to orgasm at this age, but I knew that it wouldn't take much longer for me to find out. My arms rose up, wrapping around his torso tightly as I closed my eyes and buried my face into his shoulder.

The tingling began in my stomach and continued on until it met my groin. It actually felt fairly similar to having to pee. The only way I could tell it apart was the pure intensity of it all. I let out a loud moan, feeling my penis twitch as the sensation ran up my shaft and completely overwhelmed me. My penis tried to find something to push out; even one solitary drop of semen, but it was to no avail. With nothing to stop it from tingling the feeling became stronger and stronger; I grinded hard against David, seeking an end to this eternal orgasm. I wanted relief, but there was a part of me that wanted to see how far I could be pushed. By the time the feeling became so intense that I felt I was going to pass out, the tingling began to disappear and I became aware of my surroundings once more.

I looked down at David whose cheeks were redder than I had ever seen them. He was grinding with the same level of commitment against me, and it didn't take long for his legs to begin to tremble.

"I have to pee." He said suddenly, trying to pull away from my grip. I refused to release him, holding him as tightly as I had during my own orgasm. I quickly flipped him onto his back and climbed on top, making sure that his penis had as much friction against it as mine had.

"Trust me, you don't have to." I breathed. My own penis was so sensitive that I wanted to stop but I knew that I couldn't. I wanted David to feel the exact same thing that I had. I felt David's hands as they grabbed at my back, squeezing tightly and fighting against the unfamiliar feelings that were building up inside of him.

"It tickles!"

David started to yell out as I quickly covered his mouth with my right hand, holding him close to me with my left arm. I felt his penis jerk against my groin as he reached his climax. I noticed that my feeling that my orgasm was lasting extraordinarily long wasn't just my problem, his seemed to last an eternity. I tried my best to comfort him as I knew how intense the feeling was for me, and couldn't imagine how it felt to someone who was experiencing it for the first time. As he reached the end of his orgasm I felt his muscles begin to relax and his penis begin to stop twitching. I removed my hand from his mouth and backed up, staring at his tired, red, and sweaty face. I felt bad for forcing him to continue but I knew how close he was to finishing. I wanted David to understand what could happen, even if it took the innocence of the moment away.

"Are you okay?" I asked, afraid that he would be mad at me.

"That felt really good..." He said quietly, blinking his eyes open and staring at me in disbelief.

"Yeah it did." I smiled. Apparently he wasn't too upset with me.

"I'm sleepy..." He whispered as his eyes began to close. I smiled at the small boy, kissing him gently on the cheek. I slid next to him and wrapped my arms around him torso, pulling him close to me. As I lay there, in the afterglow of my first underage orgasm, everything felt right with the world. I suddenly felt thankful for the transformation for the first time. My eyes closed and I fell asleep, my face buried deep within David's hair.

## Chapter Fourteen

A loud noise caused my eyes to open suddenly and I found myself grabbing for David. Upon not finding him there, I sat up, trying to determine where the noise had come from. The room was dark, I had been asleep for awhile, and I began to transition from half asleep to fearful.

"Hello?" I asked to anyone that would answer.

"It's just me." I heard the familiar voice of Frederick reply. I nodded, unable to see him for all the darkness, and scooted against my headboard.

"Can't you turn on a light or something?" I asked, mildly perturbed.

"Certainly, I was just enjoying watching you sleep."

A few steps later and the sound of the light switch caused light to stream into the room. I rubbed my eyes, allowing them time to adjust, and looked up at Frederick whose hair was now black and rather short.

"Why the change?" I asked in reference to his hair. Frederick simply shrugged.

"I occasionally like to play around with my look. Do you like it?"

I shrugged in a non-committed manner. I didn't really want him to think that I liked anything about him.

"Well that's fine; I'm not here to talk about makeovers anyway. I am, however, quite curious about the visitor you had in your bed this evening."

I swallowed deeply and stared at Frederick with a look of fear on my face. I had momentarily forgotten about my companion, and the wonderful experience I had shared with him earlier that day.

"I assure you you're not in trouble." Frederick laughed, taking a seat on my bed and turning to stare at me so we were face to face.

I smiled a little, relieved that that was the case.

"What do you want to know?" I asked.

"Well I suppose what we're dealing with here. Who instigated the whole thing, what was your general intent. Do we need to dispose of him?"

I felt a lump rise up in my throat at the last words he spoke.

"N..n..no! I mean, we were just playing around and it kinda got out of hand. He's done it tons of times with his brother so I didn't show him anything he hadn't already done." Most of what I said was honest.

Frederick nodded and smiled.

"Well that's good to hear. I'm glad to see that your predatory instincts aren't getting the best of you." He snickered a little.

"Can I ask you something?" I asked calmly. I was fairly certain after the previous evening that getting mad at Frederick was pointless. As the old saying went, you catch more flies with honey than you do vinegar. That being the case I didn't try to fool myself into thinking that I'd change his mind about anything, but I did understand that tranquility was a nice thing to have around.

"Of course." He nodded, tilting his head slightly as he stared into my eyes. I blushed.

"Why does everyone think I went down that alley because I like kids?"

"Well that's fairly obvious isn't it? There are child prostitutes down that alley."

"I know, but when my friend told me about it he said there were young men. I didn't know there were kids down there. I even told James the night I met him that he was too young for me."

Frederick sat back in silent contemplation for a brief moment. His eyes kept surveying my face for something, although what it was I couldn't be sure. Maybe age had taught him how to separate the

truth from lies, or maybe he just liked making me uncomfortable; if he did then he was certainly talented at it.

“I suppose you have an explanation for why the events of this evening occurred? David is, after all, a child.”

I sighed deeply. There really wasn’t an adequate explanation that I could provide. I couldn’t explain why I was attracted to David, and there was no way to prove that it was an isolated incident. Just the same, I had to try. I wasn’t sure what it would warrant me but I wanted some form of vindication. I wanted to not feel like a criminal whenever I sat in front of Frederick.

“I wish I knew why... I really like David a lot and what we did was, well, exciting. I’ve never felt like that before though. I’ve never felt that good before either. I guess maybe I could have liked kids but becoming a kid made it come out? I don’t know... I just don’t like feeling like I’m a bad person.”

Frederick smiled and patted my shoulder gently.

“I suppose I believe you. We’ve never regressed anyone that wasn’t already attracted to children, so we have no idea what that would cause. That being the case, you did go seeking prostitutes and that in and of itself is a bad thing.”

I nodded; I supposed I could accept that. At least I had partial vindication.

“Do you have any other questions?”

I shook my head.

“Good, onto the matters at hand. There are a few things that I need to discuss with you and I have little time in which to do it. I believe James will be back very shortly.” He glanced at the watch on his wrist for a brief moment before continuing.

“The first thing that I need to know is what James, Colby and you were talking about in the woods this morning. I suggest that you be honest with me.” Even though the last words he spoke were slightly threatening, I couldn’t help but notice a tinge of curiosity in his gaze. It was true what James said, they did watch the orphanage very closely, but maybe they weren’t able to see everything that went on? I knew that I had to take my chances and assume he knew nothing. It wasn’t like I had anything to gain by admitting I was developing a plan to escape, to avoid this horrible demon he had waiting for me.

“Well we played hide and go seek. James told me that I should meet Colby since he’s like us and I talked to him for a little bit. He’s not that nice though...” I giggled a little bit. I decided to try and make myself as innocent and convincing as possible.

Frederick nodded. He didn’t look entirely convinced but I could tell he wasn’t going to push the issue.

“Very well...” His voice trailed off as his eyes shot to the window and then back to me.

“Secondly, do you have any desire to change your mind?”

I sat in deep thought for a brief moment. I couldn’t be one hundred percent sure what he meant, but I assumed that he was referring to the original choice that I made. I didn’t know that it was a choice that I could back out of, so I didn’t want to say that.

“What do you mean?” I queried. It was a logical response to his question after all.

“It’s not that I am a merciful person, and please don’t think of me as one, but have you changed your mind about wanting to live with Mr. Terrance? Have you decided to do it or do you still want to remain here?”

I caught myself in mid-smile, forcing my face to contort back to its normal state. At once he made me feel hope, he made me feel as though there was an option beyond my current one. I didn’t want to runaway; I wanted to stay here at the orphanage. I didn’t want to have to make the choice between David and freedom, but I knew that the choice of David would lead to me being with Mr. Terrance. I wasn’t sure how to answer the question. On one hand he could be showing mercy despite what he said, and on another it could be a trick. Why he would choose to trick me in that way I wasn’t sure.

“Honestly?” I asked. As much as I racked my mind for meaning behind his question, I couldn’t find it. I wasn’t sure if it was a part of my mental regression or just that he was that complex an individual.

“Of course...” He replied, tapping his fingertips together in a methodical manner.

“I still don’t want to go. I wish I did, but I really like it here.”

Frederick nodded. “I understand. Understand that my asking you this question means nothing, so don’t hold onto some distant hope.”

I nodded. I already understood that before he even said it.

“With that being said I’m glad to see that your attitude has improved so much. You are making this whole experience much easier on everyone that way.”

I nodded and just looked down at the bed beneath me. I felt a single tear rush from my eye and cascade down my cheek. I was broken whenever I was with Frederick now. I was both frightened by him and dependent on him. He was my only source for so much information. I knew inside of my mind that what he said provided me with no hope, but it didn’t keep my heart from hoping. Frederick brought his hand to my face and wiped away the tear before it left my face. He lifted my chin so that I was looking at him once more.

“Try not to change too much.”

I nodded, not completely understanding what he meant. Frederick rose onto his feet and rubbed the wrinkles out of his pants.

"Sorry that we didn't get a lot accomplished tonight but I didn't want to wake you. I'll be back again tomorrow alright?"

I nodded, smiling just a little.

"Farewell."

I watched Frederick leave and shut the door behind him once more. I sighed, and noticed a definite lightening of the sky outside of my window. It was much too late to be thinking of going back to bed now, but I was still tired. Just as I decided to lie down and close my eyes for a moment, the door opened once more and James walked in. I sat straight up and waved at him a little.

"Hi."

He smiled and returned my wave. He immediately collapsed onto his bed and let out a sigh. I looked over at him with mild curiosity but decided to not say anything. I stood up and walked over to his bed instead, taking a seat next to him and gently rubbed his stomach.

"Why are you up so early?" He asked in a mildly disgruntled tone.

"Frederick just left." I replied, looking at him with mingled curiosity and remorse.

"Oh... Well that explains it." He said simply, rolling over onto his side and propping his head up on his arm. I lie next to him and did the same thing.

"He asked me about what we talked about earlier."

James raised his eyebrow for a moment but spoke fairly calmly.

"What did you tell him?"

"That you wanted me to meet Colby and that he was mean, nothing but the truth of course." I giggled a little.

James smiled and yawned.

"Well that's good."

I nodded.

"Did you hear what happened earlier with me and David?"

James laughed a little and shook his head in disbelief.

“Yeah I ended up carrying him back to his room. You’re a bad boy.” He poked me in the nose with each word of the last sentence he spoke. I blushed but decided it was best not to say anything.

“Nobody is mad about it or anything. You don’t have anything to worry about.”

I nodded. I already knew that of course, from the conversation I had with Frederick, but he didn’t have to know that.

“So you still think Colby is mean after he beat up Jose for you?” James asked, his eyelids becoming heavier with each word.

“I don’t think he’s so bad anymore. I really appreciate him doing that for me. I still think he’s ornery though.” I laughed a little.

James simply smiled, closing his eyes.

“That’s good; I really like him a lot.”

“I think he likes you too.”

I watched for a moment as James’ breath slowed and he fell into a well deserved slumber. I stood up and removed his shoes. With a great amount of effort, I managed to get him under his blanket. As soon as I tucked him in I smiled down at James and couldn’t help but feel glad that I had him in my life.

“Thanks for being my friend.” I whispered to the sleeping boy beneath me. He didn’t respond, naturally, and I was left all alone once more. I decided that the sun had raised enough for me to go downstairs and see what was going on. I slid out of the room and closed the door as quietly as I could.

## Chapter Fifteen

My fingers traced the bark of each tree as I walked quietly through the woods. The same trail that began a friendship was now the cathedral in which I could think. The damp morning air and the sound of birds awakening to greet the dawn permeated my entire being. There were many things that I hadn’t had the time to think about, and I wasn’t sure how much time I’d have left to think about them. I had a choice to make between staying and going; between abandoning a new life that I loved and trying to find freedom in a world that owed me nothing.

My precious David helped me to see what childhood could be for me. Yesterday, in such an amazing way, I felt myself become thankful for the transformation that had occurred. It wasn’t the fact that I was a child that was upsetting anymore; it was what I was supposed to do next. My great purpose, my enslavement, I couldn’t help but hate it. How could I not? I now understood Colby when he said that I should be grateful, but I wasn’t willing to pay the price for my second chance.

There had to be a way to have my cake and eat it too. I had to find some way out of my enslavement, and discover a life that could exist for me. Nothing could ever convince me that I deserved the price that they were forcing me to pay. I would bide my time, I would wait until all suspicion was removed, and then I would escape into the quiet of the night. I wanted to be with David more than anything, to grow right alongside him and enjoy every stupid prank, game and moment, but it wasn't possible. No matter what choice I made I could never be with him. I would lose my friend, and it would hurt.

There was a selfish part of me that wanted to ask him to come along, to go off and enjoy the miracle of the world right by my side. Unfortunately, I knew that he lacked the adult experience that I did. I could only take care of him so much in this size, and I knew it. Then there was the other problem, I couldn't grow. Colby would continue to age, to grow. All too soon he would be a teenager and then an adult. If I escaped without the cure I would be forever trapped in this childhood form.

It was then that the biggest dilemma facing me became clear; I couldn't age. Part of my servitude was the promise of an end where I was regressed to toddlerhood and allowed to age once more. Escaping this place as a nine year old, a permanent nine year old, meant that I could never hope to be completely independent. Perhaps I could find someone to take me in, to raise me as their own, but what would happen two years down the road when I never outgrew my shoes or hit puberty? Then what?

I wasn't sure what I would look like to a doctor. Could he see the genetic alterations that had been done? If he couldn't, would he consider me a medical oddity and examine me under a microscope for years? What kind of a freedom would that be? Perhaps stopping the aging process suited more than one purpose, maybe it was a way to keep me imprisoned. No matter what I did I would look like a child. I wasn't gifted with unusual height or anything; in fact I was fairly short to be nine. I looked as much like a nine year old as a nine year old could.

Then what would happen as my personality continued to regress? Would I forget being an adult, would I be able to detect danger? What if I ended up in a similar situation with people that didn't look out for my best interest? All at once I felt completely hopeless for the first time. Even if I managed to escape, I had no way of knowing whether there was a better option waiting for me on the outside. I was trapped; trapped by youth, trapped by the inability to age, trapped by my declining mental state. In the hands of Purity I was nothing more than a disposable commodity and they knew what power they held over me.

I fell to my knees, my eyes watered up as they had so many times over the past few days. What I was experiencing was the ultimate emotional rollercoaster, and all I wanted was for someone to care, to save me. Frederick had the nerve to tempt me with hope, to act as though my opinion even mattered. He knew that it didn't matter; he just wanted to see me hurt. As I wrapped my arms around myself, crying as loudly as I could remember ever having done, I had no idea what to think anymore. I didn't know whether I'd ever feel happy again. All that I could do was decide whether to stay in a place where

nothing but evil waited for me, at least secured of what my future would be, or to escape to freedom and watch myself deteriorate further. There wasn't a good option but I had to choose something.

My hands rose to wipe the tears from my face. I couldn't be sure what decision I'd make, but I was certain of one thing; I was never going to cry again. I didn't care if I had no control over my mental regression or not, I could at least control that aspect of my life. I would be tough, tougher than anyone expected me to be. I wasn't just any boy, I was me. I am Benjamin and nobody could take that from me.

With my resolve held strong, I knew that thinking any further on the whole situation was pointless. I would live my life as close to normal as I could for the next few days, and when I saw my time running thin, I would make my decision then. I knew that my friendship with David was doomed, but I wouldn't let it end this soon. As I stretched to my full height and felt the warmth of the sun cutting through the canopy above, I forced myself to smile. I had to put on a happy face for David, it was what he expected. And with that, I began to walk back towards the orphanage.

As soon as I reached the clearing I saw a familiar face snooping around the hedges surrounding the porch. My eyebrow raised, curious as to what he was doing.

"David?" I half called, half asked.

The look of delight on his face was the same as it always was. He ran towards me, arms outstretched, and hugged me tightly.

"I went to your room and you weren't there!"

I smiled, genuinely this time, and returned the hug.

"I woke up early so I thought I'd take a walk."

"Oh okay..." His voice trailed off for a moment as his face dawned with realization.

"Oh! Guess what?"

"What?" I asked; my curiosity peaked.

"It's visitation day! We might get adopted!"

My mind twisted for a moment as I tried to understand what he was saying. Suddenly it dawned on me. We were in an orphanage after all.

"Adopted?"

"That's what I said!" He giggled, pulling my left arm towards him.

I smiled. I couldn't help but be happy for him. He had a way in which he could escape, whereas I didn't. I wasn't sure what I should be doing but I guessed I would figure it out.

"We need to hide."

“Huh?” I asked, suddenly confused.

“I can’t get dopted! We have to stay together!”

All at once I felt conflicted. There was a part of me that was happy he cared for me this much, especially after the events of the prior evening, but I also knew that my place in his life was doomed to be temporary. He should be looking for a way out, a happy family with which he could live the rest of his childhood in bliss.

“Don’t you want a family?” I asked, not really sure what to say.

“Well maybe... I’d rather stay here with you though.”

I sighed, looking down at his alarmed expression.

“What if someone adopts me instead?”

David began to speak and then he went completely silent. I could almost hear the cogs inside of his head turn as he tried to think of a logical argument.

“If you hide too then you won’t get dopted either!”

I laughed a little. I probably should have played along but I didn’t want him to miss out on the opportunity of a lifetime. I placed my hand on his shoulder and looked deep into his eyes.

“I really think you should try to find a family. I know you like being with me but you deserve to have your own room, your own family. Don’t you want a Mommy and a Daddy?”

David backed up immediately, looking at me with a hurt expression on his face. His lip began to tremble as he spoke.

“Do you not want to be my friend anymore?”

My heart broke inside of me. I couldn’t stand to see him so sad, but I knew that I was looking out for his best interest. I knew that I shouldn’t have offered what I was going to, but I decided that it couldn’t hurt. It wasn’t like I was going to be picked or anything.

“Of course I do! In fact, I think we should work together so we can get adopted by the same family!”

I saw an understanding grin cross over David’s face.

“Do you think we should go tell Jack?”

David was quiet for a moment before he responded.

“I don’t want him to live with us.”

I stood back and felt shock wash over me. I had been afraid that my presence would leave Jack being left out but had David truly replaced his brother in his mind with me? I didn't understand.

“Why not?” I asked simply.

“People don’t want some kid on crutches, plus I’ve been with him for seven years now.”

I sighed. I wanted to fight, to preserve the relationship he had with his brother, but I didn’t want to hurt him again. The chances of us being adopted (myself especially) were fairly low weren’t they? I would play along for the day and everything would work out for the best.

“Alright then, you’re the leader, what do we do next?”

David grinned.

“Follow me!” He grabbed my hand and began running back towards the house. I kept up as best as I could.