

A photograph of a two-story stone house with a dark grey roof and two dormer windows. The walls are covered in green ivy. There are six rectangular windows with white frames: three on the upper floor and three on the lower floor. The central entrance features a blue double door with a small pediment and a black lantern-style light fixture above it. The house is surrounded by lush greenery and flowers, including pink and white blooms. A brick path leads from the bottom center towards the front steps of the house.

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

The House on Heron Street

MARTIN COSTER

The House On Heron Street

Martin Coster

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Chapter 1: Arrival at Heron Street

The house stood like a monument to the past, three stories of weathered stone and ivy, with tall windows that caught the light in just the right way to look both comforting and watchful. It was the kind of house that whispered rules before you ever even knocked.

Nolan stood on the stoop, suitcase in hand, heart knocking harder than his knuckles did on the dark blue door. He told himself again that this was only temporary, and that Mrs. Evelyn Harrow was just doing him a favour and that he could leave whenever he wanted.

The door opened precisely two seconds after his third knock.

“Nolan.” Her voice was crisp, British, and unmistakably authoritative. She was tall, silver-haired, and impeccably dressed in a long grey skirt and blouse with a high collar. Not a single strand of hair was out of place.

“Yes, ma’am,” he mumbled.

Evelyn’s eyes scanned him. She took in the slight stoop to his shoulders, the nervous fidget of his fingers, the flush already rising on his cheeks. Her eyes rested, just for a second, on the curve of his hips beneath his too-tight jeans.

“This way.”

There was no warmth and no welcome. Just an instruction. He followed her in.

The inside of the house was older than he expected, with polished wood floors, a long central staircase, and rooms that seemed to echo the past with lace curtains, faint floral scents, doilies and old clocks. It felt like stepping into someone else’s memories.

“You’ll have the back room on the second floor,” she said, not looking at him. “There is no noise after nine. Breakfast is at seven. And you will keep your room clean.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“You will also wash your sheets weekly,” she added. “If anything happens to them,” and here she paused, finally turning to face him, “You will tell me.”

Nolan blinked. “Um... okay.”

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She tilted her head. "Do we understand one another?"

"Y-Yes, ma'am."

A smile came, barely a twitch of her lips, but unmistakably victorious.

That night, the house creaked around him as he lay on the unfamiliar bed. It was too soft and too quiet. He hadn't had a room of his own in years, not really, not without shouting outside the door or footsteps he couldn't trust.

He tried to relax, but his bladder disagreed. The sheets were already damp when he was startled awake around 3 a.m., heart pounding. He hadn't wet the bed in months, maybe longer. He peeled the sheets off in a panic, eyes darting to the door. There were no washing machines in the house as far as he could tell, just a laundry basin, and the line out back. By morning, the wet sheets were hanging on the line for all to see, the yellowed stain still faintly visible despite his scrubbing. He prayed Evelyn wouldn't mention it.

She did. "Nolan," she said quietly over breakfast. "I trust you found the soap under the sink."

His fork froze mid-air. "Yes, ma'am."

"A proper young man would've asked for assistance." Her tone didn't shift. "But I admire your honesty."

He swallowed hard. "I didn't want to bother—"

"And I trust it won't happen again?"

Nolan flushed. "No, ma'am. I mean... I'll be more careful."

"Good," she said. Then, more softly: "Accidents, Nolan, are only shameful when we hide them." He stared at her, unsure whether she meant to be kind or cruel. Then she added, "You'll wash and hang them yourself every time it happens. No exceptions."

That's when he realised that she hadn't said *if*. She'd said *when*. And for some reason, he nodded.

Later that day, Nolan passed the sitting room and saw something that made his stomach drop: his wet sheet still fluttered outside in the breeze. Two of the other tenants, Miranda and Sophie, were having tea inside, eyes following the movement of the fabric through the window.

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They didn't say a word, but when Nolan passed by, Miranda smiled at him over her cup.

The kind of smile that knew everything.

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Chapter 2: The Soft Trap

Three days after the first accident, Nolan found a parcel folded neatly on his bed. It was tied with a satin ribbon, with no note, and no comment, just a simple, deliberate message. He hesitated before touching it, but his curiosity won.

Inside was a pair of cream satin pyjamas, soft to the touch, delicate, clearly vintage. The trousers were a bit too short, the sleeves billowy, and the top fastened with small pearl buttons. It was feminine, though just subtly enough to make it deniable. He ran his fingers along the fabric, then looked toward the door. There were no footsteps, and no creak on the stairs.

When he wore them that night, he told himself it was just to be polite. She had offered them... he couldn't reject kindness, but they felt *too good*. Smoother than anything he'd ever worn. They clung in places, especially at the hips, and the waistband was soft enough to forget about.

The next morning, Evelyn didn't mention the pyjamas. She simply poured tea and asked if he had slept well. On Friday, the bathroom was locked. Nolan stood awkwardly in the hallway, shifting from foot to foot, until Evelyn came up behind him.

"Ah," she said. "Yes. I keep it locked after midday."

He blinked. "Oh, I—I didn't know."

"You may ask in advance if you need it." She handed him a key from a small porcelain dish. "For now."

Nolan took it, but her fingers lingered a second too long. When he turned the key in the lock, her eyes stayed on him.

"Be quick," she added.

The second accident was smaller, just a dribble, and barely anything, but he still changed the sheet and still washed it in silence. This time, she stood at the back door, arms folded as he pinned it on the line. He didn't meet her eyes.

"You don't need to feel shame," she said calmly. "It's not uncommon in... sensitive boys like you."

Nolan felt his face burn. "I'm not—"

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"Hush. You're trying." She reached up and patted his shoulder. "That's what matters."

Miranda began teasing him the following week. She passed him in the hallway and gave a playful sniff.

"What's that scent, sweetheart?" she murmured. "Lavender... or linen and *just a hint* of little-boy shame?"

Nolan mumbled something and hurried past, but later that day, he found his soap swapped out. His new soap was lavender-scented. More rules came, all wrapped in politeness. Slippers must be worn at all times. No locked doors. Morning checks—"for hygiene." Evelyn would now launder his things personally... "to ensure no embarrassment."

One quiet afternoon, she knocked on his door with a folded cloth in hand.

"You may want to wear these at night," she said.

It was a thick pair of white terry training pants, soft, slightly padded, and childlike in its construction.

He stared.

"I... I don't—"

"I'm not asking," she said gently. "I'm looking out for you."

And somehow, he took them. That night, the sound of crinkling echoed under the satin pyjamas. Not much. Just enough to remind him, and when he woke damp in the morning, he didn't bother to hide it. He waited in bed, red-faced, until he heard her knock.

"I've had a little... accident," he mumbled.

Evelyn smiled.

"There now. Isn't it better, knowing someone will take care of you?"

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Chapter 3: Caught

It began, as many of Nolan's worst moments did, with temptation. The laundry room was warm, filled with the whirring of the dryer and the scent of lavender and starch. Nolan had offered to help just to be useful, just to keep things smooth between them. Evelyn had left the room briefly, tea still steaming beside the folding table. He should have walked away. But the basket was open and full, and right there on top, folded neatly but slightly askew, was a pair of silk briefs. Pale rose, with delicate scalloped lace. So much more feminine than anything he'd seen up close.

They looked freshly worn. His hand moved before his thoughts did. He picked them up gently, afraid they might tear under his fingers. He pressed them to his nose, breathing deep before he could stop himself. His eyes fluttered, and he didn't hear her return.

"Nolan."

He dropped them like they were on fire. She stood in the doorway, calm and still. Her eyes didn't widen. She didn't gasp or shout. She just watched him. The kind of gaze that pinned a soul in place.

"I... Mrs. Harrow... I didn't..." he stammered.

But her voice cut through like she'd already heard every excuse.

"Do you like my underwear, Nolan?"

He was silent and still. Her tone wasn't angry. It was curious, and that somehow made it worse.

"I... I didn't mean to..."

"Do you like it?"

He flushed so hard it ached. "Yes," he whispered.

She took a step forward. "Do you like the scent of it?"

He closed his eyes. "...Yes."

"Do you know where that scent is from?"

He nodded. There was a long silence. Then the kettle in the next room whistled softly, as if to punctuate the moment. She came closer, picked the panties off the floor, and handed them to him.

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"You may sniff them again. But this time, look at me while you do it."

His hands trembled. He held them up to his nose, eyes flickering up to meet hers, and she watched without blinking as his penis quickly erected to full size. After a long moment, she took them back and laid them across his shoulder like a trophy.

"You'll wash them later by hand, carefully. And you'll do so every week going forward."

He swallowed. "Yes, ma'am."

"And we'll be keeping track," she added, walking past him slowly. "How many you sniff. How long you sniff, and whether or not you control yourself when you do."

He felt like the floor had vanished beneath him. 'control yourself' meant cumming, and he knew it. She paused at the door, looking over her shoulder.

"You're not in trouble, Nolan. You've just revealed your needs, and I intend to meet them."

That evening, on his pillow, she left a fresh pair of her worn panties, neatly folded with a handwritten note: "For smelling only. If you make a mess, you will be changed like a baby."

He didn't sleep. He just lay there with them curled in his hands, breathing in slowly the scent of her pussy, his heart racing, knowing something had shifted, and that somehow, despite the humiliation... He didn't want to go back.

Chapter 4: No More Privileges

The next morning, the panties were gone from his pillow. In their place was a note.

"From now on, panties only. No boxers, no briefs. You've proven you don't deserve them."

Folded beside it was a small stack of panties. All white cotton. Soft, feminine, some with lace, others with tiny bows stitched on the front. All in *his* size. Nolan stared at them for a long time. Then dressed in silence.

The waistband hugged him differently. Not tight but *known*, and every step reminded him he was in panties. When he walked downstairs for breakfast, Evelyn's eyes glanced at his hips. She said nothing. Just smiled faintly.

The toilet was locked again that evening. He knocked softly on the door to her study.

"Yes, Nolie?" she called, not looking up from her book.

"I... I need to use the bathroom," he said.

Her silence made him want to disappear.

Then, calmly added, "Did you ask nicely?"

He swallowed. "May I... please use the bathroom, ma'am?"

She raised an eyebrow. "Say it properly."

His cheeks went crimson. "May... baby Nolie go potty, pwease, Miss Harrow?"

Her lips curved into a smile. "There's my good girl."

She reached into her drawer and tossed him the bathroom key on a ribbon.

"You'll return that in two minutes. If you're late, you'll be changed like the little one you are."

He nodded, shaking.

"And no humping."

He failed, but not that night, but two days later.

It was the middle of the night. His training pants were already damp, and the panties over them clung to him. He was restless and aroused, shame building with every movement. He rubbed against

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the sheets, softly, trying not to moan before ejaculating powerfully. The relief was brief.

The guilt came next, but the worst part came in the morning. She *knew*.

"Nolie."

He stood in the kitchen, trembling. Evelyn walked behind him, lifted his nightshirt, and slid two fingers beneath the waistband of his panties and training pants.

She withdrew them slowly and held her fingers to his lips.

"Smell." He shook his head in shame. Her voice darkened.

"Now." He obeyed. "What did you do?"

"...I h-humped, ma'am."

"Without asking?"

"...Yes."

She let the silence stretch.

"Go to the nursery."

His heart dropped. "The... what?"

"The nursery," she said, calmly. "The room next to yours. It's been prepared."

The nursery was worse than he'd imagined, with pastel walls, a changing table, and a small crib, along with shelves filled with wipes, powder, rattles, and bottles.

And, laid neatly on the table was a thick cloth diaper, white plastic pants, a bottle of baby powder, and a pacifier with a ribbon.

Miranda was waiting inside.

She smiled sweetly. "Let's get you changed, little girl."

He tried to protest, but she already had the diaper unfolded, and once she pinned him in, once she tugged the plastic pants up his thighs, once she tied the pacifier around his neck... He stopped fighting.

He sat on the floor, diapered and pink, cheeks burning, heart pounding, and when Evelyn returned, she gave him a single nod.

"No more bathroom access. You've shown us who you are." She turned to Miranda. "Keep her in diapers until she earns the right to be dry again."

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Miranda giggled. "She's going to fail. They always do."

Evelyn smirked. "She doesn't even want to succeed. You watch!"

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Chapter 5: Her First Full Day

The morning light filtered through pink curtains. The pacifier was still in her mouth, the ribbon tied loosely around her neck. Her diaper was warm and heavy, slightly squishy between her thighs. Nolie blinked slowly, then remembered. She wasn't allowed to get up, not without permission. She lay still in the crib, heart pounding.

It had been one night, but everything had changed. She was now a girl, apparently and nothing had been said or done. It was just assumed.

Evelyn entered not long after, trailed by Miranda with a bottle in hand.

"Well," Evelyn said, checking the diaper with practised fingers, "our little girl made good use of her new underwear."

Nolie whimpered behind her pacifier.

Miranda leaned down and teased a curl behind Nolie's ear. "She's soaked."

Evelyn nodded. "As expected. We'll need to double her for nap time."

She turned to the changing table. "Come along. Crawling only."

That was the new rule. From now on, Nolie's legs were only for toddling and crawling. No upright walking without permission. It was too "grown up."

The floor felt cold against her mittens as she crawled forward, diaper crinkling loudly with every movement. Miranda giggled behind her.

"What a sound. You'd think she *wanted* us to hear."

The change was slow and deliberate. Evelyn wiped, powdered, pinned her back into a fresh diaper and slid plastic pants over top. This pair had tiny pink bows on the sides, clearly meant for a baby girl.

"You've lost the right to feel grown," Evelyn said, patting the bulge with firm, matronly fingers.

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"We'll be keeping track of every accident, every humping attempt, and your speech," she added, tapping Nolie's pacifier. "No adult talk anymore. Baby words only."

Miranda leaned in. "Can you say 'Fank you, Miss Harrow'?"

Nolie flushed, but nodded. "F-Fank you, Miss Hawwow."

"Good girl."

Breakfast was a bottle of warm formula, held for her by Miranda. No solids.

Evelyn read the paper while Nolie suckled quietly from the teat, her face burning every time Miranda adjusted her grip or wiped stray dribbles from her chin. By the time she'd finished the bottle, her bladder ached again, but she dared not ask, so she let go, and both women smiled.

The rest of the day followed the new routine:

Tummy time on a mat.

Crawling laps around the rug.

A scheduled diaper check every two hours.

A cloth bib was pinned to her chest: *"Please Burp Me."*

At midday, Evelyn introduced a discipline chart, complete with categories:

Panty sniffing attempts

Unauthorized humping

Failing to ask permission to mess

Speaking without baby talk

Three gold stars for obedience.

One purple sticker for "good little wetter."

Miranda laughed when she saw it. "Oh, she'll have a full row of purples before long."

By the end of the day, Nolie was back in her crib, doubled up and sleepy, her thighs pushed slightly apart by the bulk. She had not spoken one adult word. She had crawled every step. She had used her diapers twice, once wet, once messy. She had earned five stars, and Evelyn stood over her with a final smile.

"You were always meant for this," she said softly, brushing Nolie's cheek with her thumb.

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“Not just panties. Not just shame. But *this*.”

Nolie didn’t argue. She just suckled her pacifier, eyes wide and wet.

“Ni-night, Miss Hawwow...”

“Good girl.”

Chapter 6: Company's Coming

"You'll behave for our guests, won't you?"

Evelyn's voice was calm as she pulled the frilly dress down over Nolie's head. It was white with little blue ducklings embroidered on the hem, trimmed in lace, and short enough to leave the plastic sheen of her bulging diaper fully exposed. Nolie nodded, pacifier bouncing between her lips.

"Uh-huh, Miss Hawwow."

Evelyn lifted one of her arms and tied a soft satin bow around her wrist. "You'll curtsy when greeted." She did. "You'll speak only when spoken to." She nodded again. "And you'll use your diaper during the visit."

Nolie's lip quivered.

"I... I always do..." she mumbled behind the pacifier.

Evelyn smiled. "Good girl."

The doorbell rang precisely at two. Nolie was positioned on the floor, sitting on a baby blanket with her rattle and plushie lamb. A tray of biscuits and tea waited on the low table nearby. Miranda opened the door, greeting two women with air kisses and wide grins.

"This is Georgia," Miranda called toward the nursery. "And Beth."

Nolie peeked around the corner, cheeks already pink.

Beth saw her first and gasped, hand flying to her chest. "Oh my goodness! Is that your... tenant?"

Evelyn stepped behind Nolie and gently nudged her forward. "This is Nolie. She's not a tenant anymore."

The women stared.

"She's a full-time baby girl now," Miranda cooed. "Diapers, pacifiers, bottles, the lot."

Beth blinked. "Are you serious?"

Nolie tried to curtsy but stumbled. The thick padding made her awkward. Miranda giggled and helped steady her.

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"She has rules," Evelyn said. "She uses her diapers. She crawls. She serves. And when she's naughty..." She trailed off, smiling at Nolie. "...we deal with it appropriately."

Nolie was made to serve tea. On hands and knees, bottle clipped to her bib, she crawled to each guest with the tray balanced on a pillow.

Georgia stared openly.

"She's leaking," she whispered to Miranda, who nodded cheerfully.

"She always does."

And it was true. Even now, the soft hiss beneath Nolie's dress gave her away as a damp warmth spread slowly between her legs as she knelt at Evelyn's feet.

"Sweetheart," Evelyn said aloud, "did baby just wet again?"

"Y-Yes, Miss Harrow..." came the trembling reply.

Beth laughed. "How often does that happen?"

"Every few hours," Miranda replied. "Sometimes more. She's not allowed to use the toilet anymore. Too many little... humping incidents."

Beth looked shocked. Georgia looked *fascinated*.

"Humping?" Georgia asked.

"Oh, she used to grind against the sheets, even against clean panties," Evelyn said, as if discussing the weather. "Now, she must ask before she's allowed to hump. Or sniff our worn panties. Or even look at underthings."

Georgia smiled darkly.

"And what happens if she doesn't ask?"

Miranda beamed. "She gets *changed*... by someone else."

The tea party stretched into late afternoon. The women took turns "interviewing" Nolie, making her answer humiliating questions in baby talk:

"What happens when Nolie gets excited in her diaper?"

"How many worn panties has Nolie sniffed this week?"

"What's Nolie's punishment when she makes cummies?"

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Each answer was greeted with either praise, mockery, or both. When she dribbled while sipping from her bottle, Beth wiped her chin with a tissue, giggling. "What a precious mess."

Before the guests left, Evelyn made an announcement:

"We're introducing a new rule. From today forward, she must earn her name. Until then..."

She paused.

"...we'll just call her *Baby*."

Miranda handed her a fresh pink pacifier with "BABY" printed in glitter.

Georgia clipped it to Nolie's bib.

Beth kissed her forehead and whispered, "I hope you make another mess before bedtime, Baby."

That night, lying in her crib in her fourth diaper of the day, Nolie did just that, and she cried, not because of the mess, but because part of her wanted the guests to come back, and tell her what a good girl she'd been.

Chapter 7: What a Good Girl Needs

Nolie's cries the night after the tea party weren't punished. They were *observed*.

Evelyn stood silently in the doorway of the nursery, arms crossed, watching the lump beneath the blankets tremble in her crib. The baby monitor blinked on the dresser beside her.

"Still wet?" she asked softly.

A snuffle. "...Yes, Miss Harrow."

"Good. It's where you belong."

The next morning, Nolie didn't get solid food, only mashed bananas and a bottle of formula. When she tried to protest, Evelyn tapped her on the mouth and said, "Babies don't question what they're fed."

Miranda brought a bib with ruffled edges and tied it tightly. "It says 'Feed Me, I'm Helpless,'" she grinned.

They spooned the banana into her mouth slowly, waiting for her to dribble before wiping her chin with a gentle, mocking *tsk*.

After breakfast came the grooming rules.

From now on, Nolie would be bathed by one of them every evening. Shaving would be handled by Evelyn personally, so there would be no more body hair, anywhere. When Miranda offered to wax her instead, Nolie burst into tears.

"That's not a no," Evelyn murmured. "That's just a baby having a little tantrum."

By Thursday, the *lockable clothing* had arrived, a onesie with a zipper in the back and two padlocks at the hips.

"Cloth diapers are so bulky," Evelyn explained as she tugged the onesie over Nolie's arms. "We need to ensure you can't take them off. Even if you're messy."

Miranda helped clip the plastic pants into place.

"Lift your arms, Baby. That's it. Stretch. Good girl."

The final lock clicked, and suddenly Nolie had no access to her body, to the toilet, or to anything. She sagged a little, not in protest, but in infantile surrender.

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That afternoon, Evelyn called her into the sitting room. Georgia was back. So was Beth, and this time, they brought a small gift bag. Nolie waddled in, blushing before they even spoke.

"She's quieter than last time," Georgia noted.

"She's learning," Evelyn replied. "She's begun wetting without telling us. Just doing what she's told. Humping only when permitted."

"She hasn't earned sniffing rights in days," Miranda added. "Too many secret touches."

Nolie whimpered. Beth leaned in. "Would you like permission to sniff some worn panties today, baby girl?"

Nolie hesitated. Then nodded. "Pwease..."

"And what will you give us in return?" Evelyn asked.

Nolie's lower lip trembled.

"Wear... pink dressies all the time. No pants. Be your baby."

Miranda clapped softly. "Well done."

Georgia reached into the gift bag and pulled out a pair of *her own* pale blue panties. She handed them to Evelyn, who held them just out of reach.

"You may sniff for thirty seconds. No touching. If you cum down there, you get powdered in front of everyone. Understand?"

Nolie nodded quickly. The sniff was slow and intoxicating, the smell of a different pussy. Her eyes fluttered as she inhaled, nose pressed deep into the fabric, knees trembling. When it ended, she had to be laid down and changed as she had ejaculated as expected and not just because of the wetness, but because her pacifier was now soaked with drool.

That night, Evelyn cradled her in the nursery rocker.

"You're such a good girl when you listen," she whispered.

"You want to be our little panty-sniffing baby forever, don't you?"

Nolie didn't answer with words. She just buried her face in Evelyn's shoulder and sobbed.

Because yes, that was exactly what she wanted, especially if the panties were from different women and he could enjoy their varied pussy smells.

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Chapter 8: A Walk in the Garden

The stroller creaked slightly as Evelyn pushed it down the cobbled path toward the garden. The breeze was warm as it was midsummer. Birds flickered between the hedges, and somewhere nearby, a fountain trickled quietly into a stone basin.

Nolie sat nestled in the stroller's wide seat, her hands tucked into the sleeves of a knitted cardigan. The sunhat Evelyn had tied beneath her chin bobbed a little with each gentle bump in the path. Her diaper crinkled softly beneath the hem of her pale-yellow romper.

She wasn't sure what to feel. Nervous, yes. Exposed, but not unsafe.

Evelyn's voice was calm behind her, steady as ever. "You're doing so well, little one."

Nolie didn't answer and just clutched her plush lamb tighter. She felt smaller than usual today. And somehow... that felt right.

They passed under an archway of blooming wisteria. Sunlight filtered down in patches, speckling the stroller canopy. A butterfly landed on the tip of Evelyn's hand as she paused by a bench. She smiled and gently shooed it off.

"I used to bring my niece here," she said softly, almost to herself. "She used to cry every time we left." Nolie looked up. "I think you'll feel the same way soon."

They found a quiet spot beneath a tree. Evelyn helped Nolie out of the stroller and onto a thick picnic blanket. The air was sweet with flowers. The sky overhead was wide and bright. Nolie sat cross-legged, her diaper rustling beneath her. She took the bottle Evelyn handed her without thinking. The formula was warm and familiar. As she suckled, Evelyn began brushing out her hair with slow, gentle strokes.

"You're peaceful like this," Evelyn murmured. Nolie blushed and nodded behind the bottle. "I think the outside suits you."

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A gentle wind passed through the trees, lifting the edge of her dress. Evelyn smoothed it back down with a motherly pat and adjusted her bonnet.

For a long time, they just sat like that with no shame, no teasing, just calmness. When Evelyn finally packed the stroller for home, Nolie didn't ask if they could stay longer.

She just looked up, pacifier now clipped in place, and whispered, "Fank you, Miss Harrow."

Evelyn kissed the top of her head. "You're welcome, baby girl."
Everything was exactly how it was intended to be.