

It's the Little Choices

Part Five

Commission - May 2021

"Mmm-hmmm... Oh, Liz, I like that. You're so snuggly..."

Happiness radiates quietly through me as I nestle closer, my arms curled protectively around my little spoon of a Fiona. There's something just so wonderfully soothing about cuddling the form of your lover close, of feeling her settle and mold herself to match the sheltering curve of your own body. It's magical to feel her rhythmic breath, to sense her heartbeat pulsing under your hands, to know that this other living being is so incredibly close and so comfortable to lie with you...

It's also times like this that I can't help but become aroused at the thought of what intimate magic we can create together.

I hesitate momentarily, wondering if she's ready to reciprocate so early in the morning. *But she's clearly awake already. Let's try...* And then I'm grinding gently against the soft curve of her ass, relishing the sensation of my darling's cotton PJs against my bare pussy. Bare, you see, because my short black nightgown has already ridden up past my waist... And bare because right now I want her. I need her. I crave her.

She mewls softly and twists beside me, blinking up at me in sleepy amusement. "Are you- Do you want-" I nod with a blushing smile and plant a soft kiss full on her lips. "Oh, sweetie, I do," I affirm, my fingertips brushing the strands of her auburn hair gently back from her face. "I want you so much right now..."

It doesn't take more than a minute for me to wriggle free and hastily plug in our trusty Magic Wand. "Let's first have a little fun with our favorite toy, shall we?" And then, on a sudden whim I'm slipping the nightgown over my head and tossing it to the bed stand. "Now, why don't you show me what you can do, honey?" I tease – and with that, I'm back in bed and entrusting the wand to Fiona.

Of course the wand's vibrations are...well, magical – and I shiver in delight, gazing up into my beloved Fiona's face as she presses it gently between my legs. "Is that nice? Do you like that?" she asks with a shy grin. *Bless her, she's so sweet and concerned with the pleasure of everyone except herself.* "Oh, sweetheart, it's amazing," I murmur... and then, as I run my hands over my bare – and yes, reasonably ample – breasts, I make up my mind. *Time to see if those recordings are having any effect...*

"Honey, could you-" I drop my gaze deliberately, glancing knowingly at my naked chest. "They're so sensitive- Oh, I'd love it if you could-" Her hands are running over my breasts, and I can swear there's a spark of longing in her eyes. "You like it when I touch them, right?" *Oh, sweetie, so much more than touch.* "Yes, yes," I sigh, biting my lips as a wave of anticipatory pleasure shivers through me. "Please, honey, can you- can you maybe kiss- or suck- It would feel so good for me-"

I'm high with arousal, so perhaps I'm merely mistaking my darling Fiona's eagerness to please for genuine longing. But within seconds, her head is dropping obediently down upon me, and I feel, with a shudder of primal pleasure, the first tentative touch of her warm, yielding mouth on my hardening left nipple.

"Good, oh, yes," I manage, electric tingles racing through me. My hands are grasping eagerly, and I take the wand from my lover's hands as my arousal builds. "Go on, honey, I've got this. Why don't you focus- focus on what you're doing up here-" I can't see if she's blushing, of course. But her hands slip obediently upward, and then she's lying beside me with her suckling mouth full of... of me. And whether she knows it or not, my darling, lanky redhead is behaving most beautifully: just like a darling little baby girl, nursing submissively at her loving mommy's naked breast.

I want this moment to last forever.

Five entire orgasms later, I finally pull the wand away and shakily switch it off. "Oh, honey, you're amazing," I pant, and she glances with flushed cheeks from my breast, finally letting it slip from her parted and glistening lips. "Yeah?" she whispers, lighting up with her most sheepish and wetly adorable smile. "I- I really like that too. It's nice... Just as nice as cumming, almost. You know, I like feeling you cum when I'm so close..."

As I pull her close into a long-drawn kiss and feel her still sucking tentatively on my tongue, I can't help but shiver with a mixture of post-orgasmic bliss and elation. *She's never done breast play like that before, but damn, she seemed like a natural! Maybe those oral fixation tracks really are doing something...*

Sexy times are fun and all. And believe me, I'm still floating on a cloud from the memory of how happy I made Liz this morning – and how happy she made me shortly thereafter. But of course, real life is always there, insisting that we pay it attention. There's breakfast to make and dishes to

clean and laundry to wash, after all.

Oh, and Liz says there's taxes waiting for her, too.

"Fuck taxes," I hear her grumble over her morning coffee – and as I step out of the bathroom, hairbrush in hand, I see that she's glancing in disgust at the stack of paperwork on the far corner of our kitchen table. "I guess they have to be done sometime, huh?" I tell her, tugging at a snag in my ornery curls. "Sorry, Liz. Maybe I can help today? Would that be good?"

Even as I make the offer, I feel myself deflate a little. I've never done taxes in my life; Dad always did them for our family, and since growing up and moving out I've just let the tax folks downtown figure it out for me. Sure, I may work at a bank, but all those complicated forms and worksheets scare me – to say nothing of the horrifically threatening penalties there must be if the government thinks you're trying to cheat them...

"Oh honey, that's really sweet of you," Liz tells me, flashing that sweet smile of hers. "And I'm *sure* you'd be a big help. But I've always been able to handle it myself in past years, remember? And I bet you want to relax some too this weekend..."

I tug at the final snarl in my hair, then step momentarily back into the bathroom for two hair ties. Forget styling or braiding it on a weekend; just two ties for either side should be enough to keep it out of my way. "Well, yeah, I guess," I admit, emerging once more and glancing at the stacks of dirty dishes heaped beside the sink. "But I want to help, too..."

She follows my gaze to the cluttered counter, then brightens. "Hey, I know! I'll go ahead and start on the taxes now while the caffeine's hitting me, okay? And then it'll be up to you: you can either wash up the dishes for us and chill doing whatever you want after that... or else you can always pull up a chair and see what you can do to help me. Sound good?"

Dang it, another choice! But it's sweet of her to give me the option... "Well, I guess the dishes do need doing," I admit. "And I guess I could always try to help you after that, anyway..."

Maybe I took the easy way out, I reflect some time later as I finish drying the last cup and slip it back into our modest little cupboard. But I'd rather let her take care of those stressful things like taxes, to be perfectly honest. And if I can still be busy in the meantime cleaning up and being useful in other ways...

Though she seems pretty absorbed in the work when I check in. "Um, everything okay?" I ask tentatively, glancing over her shoulder at the bewildering maze of worksheets spread before her. "Yeah, yeah," she mutters, half to herself. "Now if I take this deduction, I'm going to need to fill out a Schedule C. But then we'll also need to remove 15% of the AGI from here-"

God, it's almost giving me anxiety just looking at her.

And so, the best thing I can do is to sidle up to a chair across from her, adult coloring book and a box of colored pencils in my hand. At least this way I can be close, but not bugging her. And it will help me de-stress a bit too, right?

Sure, maybe it's a little infantilizing, sitting her and literally coloring while my partner struggles through the impenetrable bureaucratic jargon of federal taxes. But if it works for us, and if we're both okay with it... well, I guess there can't be too much wrong.

Guess that applies to what we do in the bedroom too, doesn't it? I guess there's nothing wrong with sucking on my partner's beautiful breasts if she wants me to... right? Or with feeling so incredibly, strangely happy and satisfied while doing it?

I guess not.

But ooh, look at how pretty this flower is turning out!