

It's the Little Choices

Part Thirteen

Commission – February 2021

I feel like the luckiest woman in the world right now.

The grey light of another winter morning is filtering through our curtains as I roll over and catch sight of Fiona fast asleep beside me. It's still quite dark, but even in the gloom I can make out the pale green of her T-shirt... the rumpled sheets tangled around her legs... and best of all, the soft white thickness of her adorable, diaper-clad bottom, on full display for all to see. She's wearing it so naturally and so innocently, too – as if she knows that there's nothing more normal in the world than for her to be lying there in bed: diapered, pacified, and sound asleep.

Just like the sweet little baby girl I know she deserves to be.

I catch my breath, feeling the tingle of longing and pleasure blossoming within me. Not to put too fine a point on it, I'm horny as hell. It's been nearly a week since our last playtime together in bed – nearly a week since she'd given me such pleasure, since I'd pulled her close and we'd moaned together and I'd cum from the intoxicatingly beautiful sensation of my sweetheart suckling at my breast. Just the memory of that alone is enough to make my eyes slip closed and my hand to wander down between my legs...

And now?

Well, now that I see my sweetheart finally, at long last lying there in a diaper and T-shirt like the most precious, oversized toddler in the entire world, I'm practically shaking with anticipatory pleasure.

She's asleep. She won't mind, I'm sure. She won't notice me slipping my panties free... stroking slowly and sensuously, circling my clit, slipping between my nether lips, making me thrill and shiver with delight at the thought of her. Of my sweetheart, slipping back into infancy at last. Of her embracing her role, staring back at me with those gorgeous eyes of hers, waddling and crawling through our apartment with her sweet diaper drooping and sagging between her pretty thighs...

I'm drifting, eyes slipping closed once more, awash in the intoxicating pleasure that such fantasies are awakening within me. Oh, my dear Fiona – such a sweetheart! She's becoming more and more happy to slip back into the Little space we know she wants. She's soon going to be asking me to

change her... Lispering with maybe a hint of blushing cheeks from behind her pacifier... Dropping to her knees and bowing her pretty red pigtails submissively as she lets her loving Mommy take charge once again...

And then, at a barely perceptible beside me, my eyes are darting open... and connect with Fiona's inquiring gaze.

Busted.

But we're partners, after all. We've been together long enough that I don't need to be embarrassed to be caught masturbating. And so, I feel a smile spreading across my face as I snuggle closer, slipping an arm free and pulling her against me. "Good morning, baby," I murmur, planting a kiss on the tip of her nose. "Honey, I'm feeling very... excited... Can you- maybe..."

And then I'm pulling my nightgown over my head, my full breasts slipping free, nipples erect with longing. My breath catches as I see Fiona's eyes slip downward, widening, filling with a primal and wordless desire. "Yes, that's right," I murmur with a tremulous smile, tugging the pacifier free from her mouth and tipping her chin toward me. "Go on, baby. You know what you want, don't you? Open up, baby. Open up and be a good baby for me..."

She needs no further encouragement.

Primed as I am, the first orgasm comes almost immediately: a shivering wave of long-drawn pleasure, seemingly radiating outward from my core and sparking up to my left breast and Fiona's gently suckling lips. "Oh yes- yes- yes..." I murmur, arching my back in tingling pleasure – before pulling her head closer and feeling her obediently redoubling her efforts. "Oh, yes, yes," I continue, letting my fingers twine through her frizzy hair, glancing down in rapture at my devoted partner. "You love that, don't you? Being so sweet... so obedient... such a relaxed, obedient little baby for me..."

They're trigger words, of course – but of course she doesn't consciously know that. But she emits a soft little gasp and murmur, nodding silently, her entire body pulling close to me in mute need. She needs me... needs my protection... needs to please me and obey me and be the very best, obedient little baby she can be...

She doesn't even stir when the second orgasm ripples through me – doesn't even lift her head or pause in her suckling. She is deep, deep in Little space now, or at least she seems to be. And so,

once my moans have subsided and I've had the chance to catch my breath once more, I decide that now is the time to see just how deep she truly is... and how far the hypnosis has taken her.

It's time to give her another little choice.

"Honey, you're being such a good baby for me," I murmur affectionately, and she cracks open an eye and looks up at me in mute attention. "But listen, honey. You've been sleeping all night long, haven't you? Sleeping just like a precious little baby in your pretty pampers..." Perhaps at any other time the flicker in her eyes might have seemed like uncertainty, or maybe even surprised embarrassment. *Can it be that she genuinely forgot what she's wearing...?*

But I continue on, and in her upturned gaze I see nothing but quiet inquiry. "I bet you need to go potty now, don't you? All night long you've been getting fuller and fuller, and you're soon gonna need to let all that pee-pee out..." Another flicker of agreement, a little nod, and then a look of uncomfortable distress. "Aww, yeah? Of course you do! You're like a full little balloon, ready to pop, aren't you?" I'm stroking her hair now with one hand, reaching down with the other to rub suggestively at her padding-encased groin. "Now, baby, listen. I'm giving you a choice, okay? Do you want to climb out of our nice warm bed and go run to the potty and go pee like a big girl? Or will you just be a good little baby and let it all out in your nice, soft diaper?"

I'm clearly tilting the odds in my favor with my wording – but as excited and horny as I still am, it's hard to present the two alternatives objectively. Yet Fiona doesn't seem to mind. She's nodding, considering, her eyes flitting from my face downward as if toward her padded nether regions, then darting back to me. "It's okay, baby," I murmur, and as I press deeper into the padding between her legs she emits a plaintive little moan of desperation – or maybe of arousal. "I won't be mad, I promise. Diapers are for accidents, honey, and nobody will be mad if you-"

The sudden burst of warmth under my hand tells me precisely which of the two options my dear Fiona has chosen. And fuck, if the feeling of her diaper warming beneath my fingers doesn't send me nearly careening over the edge into another orgasm – just like that.

"Aww, such a good little baby!" I'm moaning, pulling her close and feeling her sweet, parted lips close around my nipple and recommence their incredible suckling. "Go on, honey. Show me what a sweet, obedient little baby like you does. She cuddles- and, and wets- and sucks her mommy's boobies- so safe- so sweet... such a wet baby girl in her- her diapers-!"

Let's just say that by the time we finally emerge from bed a half-hour later, Fiona isn't the only one

who's soaking wet between her legs.

"Umm..." She's trailing off, her spoon circling like a meditative shark in the aquarium that is her cereal bowl. "That was- that was nice. This morning, I mean..." I may be dressed now and eating breakfast and doing all the things a normal, clear-headed adult does, but my endorphin-steeped brain is still having a hard time coming back to earth. "Oh, was it now?" I manage with a lopsided grin. "What was your favorite part, baby?"

Fiona shifts in her seat in embarrassment. "Umm... I dunno. I- I guess..." She's blushing now, and I fight back the urge to tweak her nose and tell her how adorable she's being. "It was- kinda weird, I guess. But when you said I could, you know- go... in my- diaper... And you said I was a good- *obedient*- baby..."

I chuckle to break the awkwardness, and she joins in hesitantly. "Honey, that was fucking *amazing*," I interject, and I meet her embarrassed gaze frankly. "I *loved* that. And that's why I'm so super happy to hear that you liked it, too. What do you think was so fun, though? Was it nice to let go of control, maybe? Or just the feeling of peeing? It's definitely a thing for some folks, you know..."

"No, no," she hastily adds, and now she's definitely embarrassed. "I don't think that was it. I mean- well, it didn't feel bad. But it was just- you know..." She trails off, eyes growing meditative for a moment. "It's like I was someone else for a bit," she finally resumes. "I don't know how else to put it. But when you talk to me like that... when you say those things about *baby* and *obedient*..." She shrugs helplessly. "It's like my mind just goes all fuzzy and soft and needy, you know? Like all I've ever wanted is to be exactly that: all soft and happy and warm, being a good little baby girl for you..."

"Oh, honey!" I exclaim, scooting my chair closer and patting her shoulder reassuringly. "That's has to be one of the sweetest and most adorable thing you've ever said! It just means you trust me, right? That you know I'm going to take care of you..." "Well, yeah!" she admits, but then continues, a frown upon her face. "Liz, you don't think... Like, okay, let's face it. It's not normal to pretend to be a baby, is it? Is there- is there something wrong with me, Liz? Like," and here she emits a short, forced laugh full of anxiety. "Is my brain really that fucked up? I mean, there's the paci, and now these diapers..."

Oh, no, here it is. The anxiety and self-doubt and loathing – none of which I want for her. "Fiona,

listen to me,” I respond, my tone more serious than ever before as I lean forward earnestly. “You are not fucked up. There is nothing wrong with you – or with me, for that matter. Okay?” She gulps, but her eyes show that she is listening intently. “You and I have found things that we both like, both in the bedroom and out of it. You enjoy feeling cute and little, and I like feeling like a... well, a mommy taking care of her little one. That’s all – and there’s nothing wrong with that!”

I sigh and watch her fingers tracing out the pattern on the tablecloth before I resume. “Listen. I don’t know if you know this, Fiona, but there are thousands of people like us all over the world: people who like to play at being kids again, or who like to play at being moms or dads taking care of them. Thousands and thousands and thousands. Where did you think those pretty diapers of yours came from, after all? They’re not exactly selling them for grandmas, you know...”

She’s staring now, wide-eyed with wonder. “Wait, really? There’s other people... who do this?” “Of course there are, darling!” I giggle, shaking my head at her apparent naivete. “Hasn’t the internet taught you anything? Rule 34? As in, if something exists, people have made it into something sexy?” I sigh and lean forward once more. “Fiona, trust me. It’s not wrong and it’s not fucked up, okay? It’s no weirder than people dressing up like schoolgirls or police officers, you know...”

“You really think so? Even with the- you know... *diapers*?”

“Even the diapers,” I affirm, and now she’s finally smiling behind her blushes. “Even the paci and everything. They help you feel safe and loved and happy, right? And honey, just so you know, I melt a little every time I see you looking so incredibly cute. So don’t ever let anyone tell you that you shouldn’t like them. Ever.”

I gaze off reflectively, then brighten up. “Hey, you were saying it felt like you were a different person, right? I’ve read that that’s exactly what being a Little is all about. They call it little space, you know: that feeling you were describing of just being cuddly and needy and soft...”

“Wait, really?” She’s clearly astonished. “Liz, are you for real? How do you know all these things?” “Research, baby,” I giggle, and glance toward my computer. “You can find all kinds of stuff online, and on social media. Here, want me to show you-?” But she’s shaking her head firmly now. “No, Liz. I mean, not right now. Maybe someday... but right now, I- I dunno...” She shrugs. “I mean, thanks so much for telling me all this, Liz. Seriously, I’m glad to know I’m not a complete weirdo. But... I guess I like the idea that it’s just our own special thing? Our own little secret?”

“Our own little secret. You got it,” I smile, giving her a kiss full on the lips. “Don’t worry, baby.

We'll figure it out together, okay? And if you don't actually like it-

"No, no, I like it," she hastens eagerly. "Please, Liz- I mean... *Mommy*..." I catch my breath at the title, and now we're both blushing. "Oh, do you now?" I inquire, and I'm giggling as I stroke her tousled head. "I guess I'll just have to treat you like my little baby girl a bit more often, hmm? Sure you don't need a diaper today, too, little puddle pants?"

"Li-iiz!" she wails, but now we're both laughing – and I know that the worst is past. "Okay, maybe not a diaper *all* the time, then," I concede, and she agrees. "Yeah. Not even every night. But whenever... you know. Whenever you say I should..."

And with that submissive little burst of consent, I give her a final kiss and hug. We're good now. She knows what's going on – or at least most of it. Perhaps later on I'll tell her about the hypnosis files and how for months now they've been helping her toward this point. But right now, all we need is time: time to play, to explore this new phase of our relationship, and to become more comfortable with exactly who we're becoming...

That is to say, Mommy Liz and Baby Fiona.