

It's the Little Choices

Part Nineteen

Commission – August 2021

I'm waking... but to be honest, it almost feels like I'm still caught in a dream. One of the most beautiful dreams I could possibly imagine.

She's here beside me, of course. Dear Fiona always sleeps with me, no matter where her head is at. We might joke and coo over the adorable giant cribs we see online, but they're not really an option for us right now – not in this little apartment. Besides, as she likes to lisp out from behind her oversized dummy, Mommy is the bestest stuffie in the whole wide world.

I glance over at her now, smiling despite myself at the way that ever-present dummy is still lodged between her rosy – and yes, drool-speckled – lips. Her frizzy red hair, still caught in the pigtails that have become her hairstyle of choice for more than a year now, catches the morning light in a shimmer of fire and gold. Down under the covers slips her flowered onesie, and I can trace the curves of her slender body beneath until it rises once more into the booster-filled, deliciously round swell of her diapered bum. Her legs, splayed wide and long, twitch feebly under the sheets, and I smile once more, thinking of my dear Little partner, prattling and crawling happily toward her bath just last night...

It's Sunday morning now. The day to sleep in. The day to relax, to let ourselves go, to just kick back and enjoy doing whatever we like doing best. Which, oddly enough for me, means easing up out from underneath the covers, planting an angel-soft kiss on my sleeping partner's head, and padding toward the bathroom to begin my preparations.

Because there's nothing I love more than being a good, dependable Mommy figure for my Little Fiona.

Okay, I grin self-consciously while I tug the low-cut sundress over my milk-swollen breasts and nursing bra. Maybe it's more accurate to admit that I'm going more for the slutty MILF look than anything today. But you know... my baby loves these boobies. I love them too. So why the hell not show them off... and maybe tease my orally-fixated Little the entire day with a generous dose of cleavage?

Whatever. She also needs some solid breakfast, as do I. So off to the kitchen I go. Toast and sausage and eggs for Mommy Liz. And a nice big bowl of plain oatmeal for Fiona: with plenty of psyllium

husk and flaxseed to keep her regular.

It's while I'm pouring the apple juice into her bottle that I catch the telltale thump and shuffle, accompanied by the increasingly audible crinkle of a thickly diapered rear. "Morning, honey!" I beam, as Fiona stumbles sleepily forward into my arms, her tousled head dropping heavily onto my shoulder. "Look at you, waking up all on your own! You must be hungry, huh?"

She nods silently, then blinks open at me. "Want changies," she murmurs from behind her paci, and I notice her left hand reaching down and tugging at the visibly sagging weight of her nighttime diaper. "Oh, really? Even before breakfast?" Another nod – and with a good-natured sigh, I shrug. "Okay, baby. Come on, let's go! Let's get my little super soaker all cleaned up, okay?"

By the time I've got her on the bed, her legs splayed and her drenched night diaper ready for removal, I can tell she's not fully Little this morning. The big Fiona is back a day early, casting self-conscious glances down across her exposed belly and urine-soaked diaper, clearly more aware than usual of just how dirty a job it can be to clean and wipe a grown woman's bum. She's not exactly loathing it, of course. Just... aware of the oddness of it all. Too aware to enjoy it.

Not to worry, of course. Because I have, quite literally, the magic words.

"Good girl," I commend her, my hands wiping gently and insistently across her exposed and adorably hairless vulva. "You're always such a good little girl for me, honey." I smile and watch as her eyes freeze on my face, losing focus as the seconds tick past and the hypnotic training surges to the fore in that dear brain of hers. "Good girls wear their diapers, remember? And that's exactly what you do. Good baby girls *listen*... good girls obey... good little babies *always* listen to Mommy..."

By the time I've fastened the fresh, booster-filled diaper around her, the Little Fiona is back: babbling companionably behind her paci, her eyes shallow now but bright with infantile glee. "Such a sweet, happy baby!" I exclaim with a giggle, tweaking her nose and pulling her upright on the bed, her pretty little breasts now hanging bare and shameless above her fresh padding. "Come on, honey. Let's go get you some num-nums, okay?"

Oh, she does: reaching eagerly for the oatmeal even before I've secured her in her oversized high chair, babbling and already drooling with excitement while I pull the pretty lavender bib snug around her neck. She's gone down into her beloved baby world once more: because it's Sunday, and Mommy's in charge, and there's simply no need for a big Fiona in the world right now. The only

Fiona we need to see is the Little Fiona. The baby. The gurgling, now-sticky-fingered, half-naked toddler messily devouring the breakfast her Mommy has so kindly made just for her...

I'm the adult in the room, not her. Which also means, as it so happens, that I get to be the one feeling very adult things as I watch her over my own breakfast. My dear little Fiona, so naked and innocent and beautiful. What a greedy little thing she can be, too! In my mind's eye those memories are surging forward, and I can practically feel her already: the hungry searching of her soft lips across my milk-gorged breasts, swollen and aching for release...

Is it wrong that by the time her bowl is empty and she stares brightly up at me, her cheeks and chin and fingers sticky with the creamy remnants of her meal, that I'm almost dripping with lust for her?

Oh, not in that way. I'm her Mommy, and I know exactly what and where I need her to touch me.

"Come, baby," I manage to smile, as the warm rag in my hands tidies away the mess of her exuberant eating. "I bet you're super thirsty, huh? Mommy has a warm drink ready, just for you!" And down she slides, her eyes fastening on my undulating bosom as I beckon her forward. "Come on! Let's settle down on the couch, okay?"

We do. She knows the position well by now, dropping her shoulders and pretty head into my lap with hardly a peep. "Good girl," I repeat softly, and she blinks in mute agreement as the hypnotic training redoubles. "Good, hungry baby. Come on, open up for Mommy..." Which she does, of course. Eagerly. Greedily. Tongue out, brushing warm and wet against my engorged left nipple, eliciting a burst of hot pleasure within me. "Ohhh, *such* a good girl," I half-moan... and then she latches on, and I'm practically in heaven.

It's partly the induced lactation, of course, that makes it so intense. But I've always loved my breasts stimulated, and Fiona has been a pro at it virtually since day one. And now that she's, well... interested in them for other reasons, and now that I've come to associate her suckling with the entire beautiful ambiance of our dynamic – of her as the trusting little baby suckling mindlessly and happily on her doting Mommy – well, it's literally more erotic for me than penetration.

How else can I explain it? For here I am, lovingly forcing my devoted and hungry Little partner to guzzle down streams of milk from my own bountiful breasts. I'm in charge, I'm in control, I am her goddess and Mommy and food source and entire reason to live. She submits, and suckles, and gurgles and gasps and suckles once more, a naked and trusting little girl in my arms. My heartbeat

thrums in her ears, and her every gulp pulses through me, and between us the primal bond of nurturer and nurtured welds itself tighter with every luscious minute that slips by...

Then, in the soft silence of it all, I feel it: the stiffening of her body. A moment later, almost as if by accident, the first little toot of gas reaches my ears, followed closely by another. And before another minute has passed, my dear Little partner is lying in my arms, her bowels emptying amid a splutter of toots and burbles, depositing a soft load into the seat of her exposed diaper.

While all the while, her eyes remain closed... and her suckling scarcely pauses. She's baby, you see, and she does precisely what any breastfeeding baby might do. Just like I've always wanted.

That first orgasm rocks me – hard. I'm biting back my guttural groans of pleasure, not wanting to disturb my dear Fiona mid-feeding. But oh, what eroticism there is in all of this! Such helplessness, such infantile sweetness! And god, how my sweetly mindless little babydoll suckles and nuzzles and clings to me, setting delectable fire to every sensual, mothering nerve within!

When I finally come down off that high, and my eyes crack open once more, I find myself staring down into Fiona's inquisitive gaze. It's time to switch breasts, and she's pulled away, milky lips parted in innocent puzzlement at the convulsions that have just rocked her dear Mommy. "Burp time, baby," I pant out with a wobbly smile, the glow and buzz of orgasm still hot within me. And up she goes, guided by my arms, to flop warm and limp against my shoulder while the milky bubbles of gas rise to her lips and make their noisy escape...

It's as we shift to my other breast, then, that her hand brushes directly down between my legs, pressing firmly against my now-soaked panties.

She may be regressed, but unabashedly wet as I am there's little way she can ignore it. In her eyes a cloud of innocent puzzlement builds, and even as I pull her hand hastily away, her lips open in confusion. "Mommy... wet?" she lisps softly, and I shiver in mute pleasure at the sound. "Shh, baby," I hastily assure her. "It's okay. Mommy's fine. Mommy's okay..."

And down onto my other breast she goes, the fresh rush of milk easily drowning out all other thoughts in her sweet Little mind.

So as the pleasure builds once more, and I shiver with the heady delight of all the wonderful sensations around me, I can't help but croon to her, in a voice that trembles with mingled love and longing and lust...

"Oh, yes, baby. Mommy's more than fine. Mommy's perfect, actually... just like you."

THE END... or is it?