

It's the Little Choices

Part Fourteen

Commission – March 2021

Goodness, I'm glad that mind reading isn't a thing!

My gaze drifts out over the gaily-decorated wall of my little cubicle, the pink and turquoise of my Hello Kitty calendar blurring as my mind wanders far away. It's lunchtime, and I have a welcome break from the teller counter. But while I ease my tired legs and munch on the last of my cookie, I am contemplating not my work duties, nor the low murmur of Manny's voice from the corner office, nor even the contents of the audio book I was listening to on the way to work. I'm thinking of something much more... blush-inducing.

About how tomorrow is Valentine's Day. And about what on earth I'm going to get Liz to celebrate.

Sure, we could go out to dinner somewhere. But she's probably already made reservations, and it makes no sense for us *both* to do that. I could get her some lingerie or something sexy like that. But it's really tough to know how something will fit her curvy body type without trying it on first... and that makes any kind of surprise impossible. I could get her a gift card, but that just feels so lazy and lame...

So that's why I'm starting to think less about *what* I can get her... and more about the things I can *do* and *be* for her. Which brings me to those blushy mental images in my mind that refuse to go away.

I shift in my seat, suddenly aware of how bare and vulnerable it feels to be sitting her with nothing more than my lavender panties on beneath my skirt. Oh, yes – my mind is buried deep in that bottom drawer of Liz's dresser. Thinking about the half-empty pack of Goodnites on one side... and on the stacks of white-and-pastel diapers that fill the rest. Diapers intended for me, and me alone. Diapers that, strange as it may sound, I've started to associate over the past few weeks with safety and warm cuddles and delightful intimacy. For when I'm wearing one, it's almost as if that soft cotton is an ever-present hug – and it gives me such an intense, wonderful feeling to be so surrounded in Liz's love...

My lips twitch, and I jerk back to reality with a blush, suddenly aware that my mouth and tongue is moving silently in a suckling rhythm. *God, why do I miss my paci so much?* I'm here at work, and I

shouldn't be thinking and longing for such silly, frankly babyish things as my anti-nail-biting device. And yet... when I think of our private little playtime and that drawer and the feeling of cuddling with Liz like that... well, I can't help it. I slip into the role. I feel myself melting down into that- that Little space, or whatever she called it. That place in my head where everything is happy and warm and nothing bad or stressful can ever happen. That place where I'd love to be on Valentine's, that one day of the year that most celebrates the joy and passion and pleasure found in another's love...

And yet... that's not exactly the most typical way to celebrate Valentine's Day, is it?

Maybe I should just go the sexy route, I muse with a sigh. I know Liz will be out late this week with some silly client who's always extra needy and talkative. So maybe I should just wait for her to get back while wearing some sexy lingerie... or maybe even nothing at all? Hmm. I could shave everything down there... greet her at the door stark naked and ready to please her...

But is that what she really wants?

My mind slips back over the last few months. "I melt a little every time I see you looking so incredibly cute," I hear her voice echo. "I like feeling like a mommy taking care of her little one.." "I'll just have to treat you like my little baby girl a bit more often..." And now I'm hearing her voice lower, her arousal unmistakable in my memory. "Can't get enough..." "...dressed up like the sweetest little baby girl..." "...such a relaxed, obedient little baby for me..."

As I shift in my seat once more, then grudgingly rise to go use the bathroom and wash up, I shake away the blushy, spine-tingling thoughts that are swirling ever more intensely through my mind. I've got a choice to make: another choice that, little as it might seem to anyone else, right now feels more momentous than anything else up to now. Should I give her a sexy, womanly partner for Valentine's this year: naked, horny, and practically begging to tumble into bed with her? Or will I embrace this strange new side of our relationship and of myself? Will I be her... well... you know...

Ugh, it's too blushy for me to even think about!

I've made my choice. And goodness, I hope I don't regret it.

But you know, if I'm really going to do this, I figure I might as well go all in. "Might as well be

hung for a sheep as a lamb," I think is what they say – though honestly I don't like to think of hanging anything besides picture frames. That's why as soon as I got home tonight, I've kicked off my shoes and shrugged out of my work clothes and sank to my knees here beside Liz's dresser. It's time to get changed into something... different.

Out comes one of the diapers, the adorable pastel ponies calm beneath my shaking fingers. *Oh, bull-cookies – Liz uses some lotion and powder and stuff, doesn't she?* Into the bathroom I pad, stark naked and shivering – and then I catch a glimpse of myself in the mirror. *Oh, yeah – I was gonna shave down there! Gotta look all nice and bare and pretty for Liz...*

I'm not the best with a razor, but in the end, after grimaces and oww's and aggravated grunts, I sigh and straighten up, scrutinizing my work in the mirror. I'm bare now for certain: the reddish fuzz between my legs completely erased, and my bare pussy on display for all to see. *Well, not for long, I muse, reaching for the lotion and powder Liz has tucked into the cabinet. Silly me. Coulda saved all that time and effort if I'd remembered I won't even be naked when she gets here!*

Though now that I think about it, and now that my fingers are massaging the cool lotion into my smooth groin, I have to admit that the trim does further the whole baby look. Nice and smooth and naked – just like a sweet baby girl... And speaking of babies, this lotion smells so good – and super babyish! Like powder and lavender. Might as well make sure I *really* smell like a baby from head to toe...

I'm glad Liz isn't around to watch me struggle with putting on the diaper. First it's backwards, and then a tape sticks to my leg, and then it looks all lopsided and I have to try again. But finally I've got it on... and as I reach for my paci and crinkle out to find Stompy the elephant, I have to admit that I feel more self-consciously babyish than ever. Now all I have to do is wait... and hope to goodness I don't chicken out.

It's the thought of Liz's smile that keeps me there – that prevents me from taking off the diaper, or running to find a shirt and pants to hide my naked and fully exposed babyishness. I want to make her happy, after all. I want to make her fantasies come true, and I want to see her smile at the sight of her partner who loves and trusts her so...

But nothing quite prepares me for the actual moment when it does come. The key jingles in the lock, and the doorknob turns, and from my position on my hands and knees I quiver with expectant nervousness as she steps at last through the door. I gaze up at her, crawling forward with Stompy clenched tight in hand, and as I gaze up into her widening eyes I feel a shudder of pleasure unlike

anything I've ever felt before ripple through me. "Mah-mah," I lisp with a blush, faltering before I can get anything else out from behind my muffling paci. And as she bends down and presses her warm lips to my forehead, I shiver with wordless, anxious longing. *Please, Liz- Please, don't laugh. I- I'm doing this for you-*

"What a sweet little baby," she murmurs – and the keys clatter to the floor and she drops to her knees and pulls me close. "Oh, sweetie, you're such a good baby girl for me! You must be so ready for Mommy, aren't you?" She's quivering, and I bury my face between her warm breasts and feel my mind fogging and spinning down into dreamy, otherworldly pleasure. *She- she doesn't think it's stupid. She's not laughing at me...* "Such a good, obedient baby, waiting up for me! I bet you want to nurse, don't you? So hungry... so relaxed and obedient and sweet... Such a good little baby doll for Mommy..."

Why these tears are stinging my eyes, I don't even know. But Liz holds me. Liz pulls me close. Liz is everything to me in this moment, and I am hers. I'm in her arms, cradled across her lap, crying silently in wordless relief. And her blouse is lifting, and her fingers are caressing my face and prying my paci free, and then at last her warm, rosy nipple is slipping between my wet and trembling lips...

And I suckle. Pressing my face deep into her bosom, feeling in this moment that I never, ever want to leave.

Her voice murmurs in my ears, and with every phrase it's as if my brain shudders and clouds with puff after puff of comforting warm steam. "Shh, that's right. It's okay, darling..." "Relax, honey. Be a good baby... a good, obedient little baby..." "That's right. Suck for me, sweetheart. Babies like you need to suck..." "Good girl. Good girls listen. Good girls obey. Good girls wear their diapers..."

I'm good. I'm obedient. I'm wearing my diaper. Deeper and still deeper into wordless, primal pleasure I tumble, my fuzzy brain now echoing nothing but the infantile prattle of a babbling toddler. *Yes, Mommy. Yes, yes, yes. Me good. Me obey. Me your baby. Me good girl... good girl...*

Deep in my core, I feel it now. *I am a good girl.* And thanks to this one little choice, tonight I have found my way to a blissful place more pure and deep than anywhere I've been before. I'm here with Liz on this evening of love, and in this moment she is more than my loving partner. She is my mommy... my heaven... my nirvana... my everything.