

It's the Little Choices

Part Ten

Commission – November 2021

Ugh, I hate rainy fall days! Why on earth does it have to be so dark and dreary, anyway? Why can't the rain just fall at night so we don't have to put up with days full of crummy grey skies and water pelting the windows?

Okay, maybe I'm being a bit bratty: flopped here on the sofa and whining like a spoiled little princess who doesn't get her way. But I've been looking forward to this Veteran's Day holiday for weeks now, and as soon as it arrives I'm stuck inside because of the stupid weather! So of course I'm a bit miffed!

Pff, maybe it's my period on its way that's making me extra grouchy. I do feel a bit of cramping going on, and it's about that time again...

I let my gaze wander toward our bedroom, thinking no longer of the cold wind lashing our windows with spatters of rain, but of a small plastic package tucked into my bottom dresser drawer. It's a package Liz got me almost a month ago, after that particularly unfortunate leak I had. And yes, inside it – though fewer now than previously – is a small stack of neatly folded, cloth-like pull-ups.

Pretty pull-ups. Pull-ups with flowers and butterflies and nice pastel colors. But still pull-ups.

Why is it that I'm thinking so much about them lately? It's embarrassing to think of wearing something like that, obviously. "Goodnites. #1 Nighttime Underwear," the package proclaims in its brightly discreet way. But everyone knows what they really are. They're not actually period products. They're extra-big pull-ups for folks who still happen to wet the bed. They're essentially... diapers.

So why do I keep thinking about wearing them?

They feel so soft, I guess. They're far softer inside than I ever expected, and they don't make much noise, either. I've only worn them a few times, but I have to admit they felt pretty comfy. And maybe more importantly, they're almost... comforting. That first morning of waking up and finding my entire mess so neatly contained with not even the hint of a bloody leak... well, it was honestly nice. Reassuring. Comforting to know that I wouldn't be making Liz do the laundry all over again.

Sometimes it's almost like I can hear a tiny little voice in my head, too. Just a quiet, calm little voice, reassuring me and telling me how lovely it is to be secure and safe down there. I'm just imagining things, of course. But even though I'm no mental expert – heck, back in college I barely managed to pull a B+ in Psych 101 – I can't help but feel that it's my subconscious telling me that I need them – or more specifically, the reassurance they give me. I truly don't want another embarrassing leak in the sheets, after all, and so it's only natural that even something as silly as wearing a big pull-up doesn't seem that bad after all...

Honestly... hmm. I don't suppose Liz would mind if I put one on now? You know, just in case my period hits this morning while she's away?

Of course she wouldn't. She'd want me to be a responsible adult, after all – and taking precautions is about as adult as it gets, right?

"Hey, babe. I'm going to head out to the gym in a few minutes. Want to come along?"

Liz and I have just finished a belated lunch – belated because her appointment with a client ran late, and also because (and I quote) "the god-damn assholes around here don't fucking know how to fucking drive in the fucking rain!" Thankfully, there's very little angst in this world that warm soup and grilled cheese sandwiches can't fix. And as we clean away the dishes and I feel Liz's warm hand on my shoulder, I know that she's better now.

"Um, I dunno," I respond to her query, glancing out the window once more at the beastly weather before padding after her toward the bathroom. "I mean, I probably should. But it's so nasty out, and you know..."

Liz is listening, even as she pulls out our toothbrushes. "Dental hygiene is important!" she reminds with an affectionate grin, handing me my brush with the paste already applied. "Go on, be a good girl and brush up!" Which, of course, I do. Mainly because she just told me to.

"Anyway, it's no big deal," Liz resumes once she's spat into the sink and is drying her mouth on the towel. "If you want to stay, that's okay too. All up to you, really..." "Iff whhy bheewiuh," I manage through the foam – and then splutter and spit as Liz erupts into a giggle. "Sorry, hon, I didn't get a word you said," she laughs, and I lift my red face to clarify. "My period's almost here," I articulate,

and instantly her expression –sweetheart that she is – instantly changes to one of earnest care.

"Oh, sweetie, I'm sorry! You got the ouchie-ouchies down there in your tummy?" She's not making fun of me, I swear. Even though to someone else it might sound absurdly condescending, I know well how sincerely loving her words are. "Yeah, it's ouchy," I agree... then gulp in sudden trepidation as her hands slip down over my lounge pants, there to encounter my little rustling secret.

"Oho, what do we have here?" Liz queries, and for some reason I'm blushing like mad, my cheeks almost as red as my fiery – and more frizzy than ever – pigtails. "It seems like someone decided to wear extra-good protection this month, didn't they?"

"I- well, uh," I blush, then nod reluctantly. "It's just that I thought it would be better to be safe for when it does start..." "As well you should, honey," Liz smiles. "As well you should!" And then she's leading me out to the living room and thrusting me gently down to the couch. "Here, I know what will make you feel better! Doesn't a nice little nap on the couch with a blankie sound better than going to the gym?"

God, it does. And so I nod and gaze up gratefully – and blushingly – into Liz's eyes as she hands me Stompy the elephant, and tucks the blanket around me, and slips my paci between my lips. "Perfect... just a nice, warm nap on the couch for my sweetheart. Here, let me get you some water too so you can stay hydrated..."

She really is the most wonderful and caring partner in the entire world.

Though once the door has closed behind her and the silence of a rainy afternoon descends over our little apartment, honestly I can't help feeling a bit bored. I'm not sleepy enough to drift off, and I'm tucked in so nicely that I don't want to get up for my Switch. And so, my thoughts begin to drift toward... well, what most of us think about when we're bored. Sexy times. Things that make us feel warm and tingly. Things that Liz and I do together in the privacy of our bedroom...

God, why does it feel so strangely good when I press my fingers into these pull-ups?

I know it's probably super weird. But I'm by myself, and Liz won't be back for two more hours, and I'm getting more and more horny with every minute. Here I am, with my paci in my mouth, my hand working softly beneath the blanket, my eyes closed as I think about what I want to be doing with Liz. God, she'd be there in bed, holding me close to her naked breast, guiding my mouth

down to her wonderful warm nipple. And all the while I'd be grinding on her leg, my needy pussy thrilling to the touch of her skin...

Oh, crap. Why do I have to use the bathroom right now?

It doesn't go away, either – no matter how I try to ignore it. I'm about to rise in peevisish frustration at my own poorly-timed urges when the thought hits me. I'm literally wearing a... a... you know. Something designed, and even intended, to deal with leaky bladders. Something that will take care of soaking up that kind of... accident... So why not use it?

Just to see what it's like?

It's maybe a little unnerving, just how easily that first little spurt of warmth bubbles out of me. I'm a fully-grown adult woman, and I shouldn't be so blasé about literally wetting my pants – should I? But my pee disappears into the padding with barely a warm trace, and my probing fingers search in vain for even the tiniest drop of moisture. And so, thus reassured, I take a deep breath, close my eyes, and focus on letting another burst flow out and into my pull-up. Just to ease the pressure in my bladder, just a little bit more...

Deep in concentration as I am, I'm not even aware of just how fervently I'm suckling on my paci.

Once that warm stream floods out, and my anxious fingers slip over the warm and slightly swelling material between my legs, I shiver with unexpected delight as their pressure slips down over my most sensitive regions. *Oh- oh my- Why does this feel so good? Why does this feel so incredibly nice?* I don't know. But there's no one to see me, and so I stroke harder beneath my blanket, shivers of pleasure thrilling through me, eyes squeezed shut as I think not about what I'm doing, but about- about...

Liz. Pulling me down to her breast. Patting my rear. Whispering to me about what a good girl I am, such a good girl for her, so needy and wet...

I don't really remember just how many times I quiver and cum, alone with the silence and my naughty thoughts and one warm pull-up. I don't even recall when I fall asleep. The next thing I know, I'm feeling a strong hand on my shoulder, and fingers stroking through my frizzy hair, and a familiar voice warm with smiles.

"Hey, there, sleepyhead! Time to wake up, honey..."