

It's the Little Choices

Part Twelve

Commission – January 2021

Ooh, this is so much *fun!*

I know I'm probably being absolutely ridiculous right now... or at least, an annoying grown-up voice in my head says so. Here I am, sitting cross-legged on the sofa, flicking dreamily through the wonders of my new video game like an absolute kid. In my lap is Stompy the stuffed elephant, looking as cuddly and friendly as ever. In my mouth is my little nail-biting dev- oh, whatever. My pacifier. And beneath my booty, crinkling softly and almost comfortingly beneath my pajama bottoms, is my discreetly hidden Goodnites.

Yeah, I suppose I probably look like a weird overgrown toddler. But honestly... I can't find it in me to care anymore. Is acting like a little kid supposed to be a bad thing? Because frankly, right now I'm feeling more happy and content than I've felt in a long, long time.

Now, then. Back to my game! *Wow, these controls are a bit weird at first. They want me to use Y to do that? Huh. I guess I'll get used to it. Hold on... where was my character customization again? I want to give my player pink hair – done up in pigtails too, just like me. Ooh, and then after that I want to see if I can unlock that new part of the map...*

And so the time vanishes. I'm having the time of my life here with my new game, and Liz is doing her usual kitchen-y stuff behind me, and all is wonderful and safe and amazing.

After awhile, though, I can't deny that I find myself shifting a bit uncomfortably in my seat. See, Liz was probably joking when she told me to put on my pull-up so I wouldn't have to get up from playing my new game. But it's honestly pretty tempting now that I'm feeling a rising need to pee. I mean, I've already peed in one a few times before now, right? It actually isn't that bad, either...

My fingers slow to a halt as I stare intently into the screen, trying to relax, to pretend I'm on the toilet seat, to just let everything-

Dang. It's getting easier than I thought.

I'm sucking my paci intently as I feel the warmth blossom out between my legs in that strange, oddly tickling and even arousing way it has. And somehow, though I have no idea why, I find

myself tingling with a sudden wave of euphoria and pleasure. It feels so... nice. And relaxing. And *right*. You know, to be sitting here playing my little game and making a little accident in my pull-up like a sweet little thing...

Whatever. I shake off the lovely feelings and try to focus once more on my game – which is oddly easy to do. Sure, I might be sitting here in a wet pull-up now. But Liz doesn't know, and even if she did, she wouldn't mind. And I don't really mind all that much, either. I mean, I'll change out of it once I'm done playing. Just a little bit longer.

And really, if I have to go another time before then... well, since I'm already wet, no sense in holding it in, right? I have just a few more things I want to do in the game, after all...

Liz's kiss on the top of my head startles me out of my gaming trance at last. I have no idea how late it is, but she's grinning and gesturing to the darkened windows. "Hey, sweetie! You've been playing quite a long time, huh? How do you like it?"

"It's amaa-" I start as I pull out my paci and scoot over to let her sit beside me. But that's when I see and feel it: that cool wetness... that large dark patch of the sofa emerging from under my bum...

"Oh, sweetie!" Liz exclaims, even as I'm staring in sudden, petrified chagrin. "Aww, it looks like you might have had a little leak, huh?" "I- Oh, crap- Liz, I'm so sorry!" All the good feelings of the afternoon are vanishing, the happy world I'd been building coming crashing down around my ears as I stutter out my horrified apologies. "I- I didn't mean to- Oh, Liz, I'm sorry..."

But she's nothing but consoling as she helps me to my feet and turn me gently around to inspect the damp fabric of my pajamas. "Hey, honey, relax! It's just a silly little leak, okay? Nothing the washer can't fix!", she reassures me as I shuffle back to the bedroom before her, still feeling uncomfortably like a little kid... only this time a naughty toddler who's just made a mess of themselves. "Here, let's get you out of those wet things and into something dry," she offers sweetly, rummaging through my dresser. "Actually, better plan. It's already dark out, honey, so why don't we get you in your bath to clean up?"

And so we do. She's so sweet, too: pulling off my wet things for me, helping tug the heavy, clearly soaked Goodnites down my legs and tossing it briskly into the trash, getting the tub filling, and even heading out to hunt up new pajamas for me while I sink gratefully into the warm water.

I really don't deserve Liz. She puts up with such silliness and weird nonsense from me, you know.

And so even when she returns and tells me that she can't find any clean pajama bottoms and that I'll just have to go without, I nod and blush and accept the folded Disney T-shirt and fresh Goodnites she places on the toilet seat for me. I guess I kinda can't complain... even if this does mean I'll have to be walking around the house with my pull-up prominently on display for all to see.

Yeah, that was something, that Christmas night. But you know, I've gotten over it. I simply had an accident, as Liz says, and that's that. The couch and my pajamas cleaned up just fine, after all. And for the rest of the evening Liz couldn't stop talking about how adorable I looked in my mint-green Aristocats t-shirt and pull-up...

Yeah, I guess the paci probably helped the overall look, too.

"Hey, babe," she calls me now from the now strangely empty living room, where we've just finished taking down the tree in anticipation of the new year tomorrow. "I was wondering if you wanted to do anything special tonight for New Year's? I mean, I don't have anything specific in mind, but we could go out and see if we can hang out with folks until midnight or whatever. If you want?"

I shrug and finish drying the last cup before slipping it into the cupboard. "Ehh, I dunno. It's pretty cold out, isn't it? Maybe we can just stay here and cuddle..." She's grinning now as I make my way into the living room and flop down beside her on the sofa. "Oh, really? 'Cuddle,' hmm? Are these R-rated cuddles you have in mind? *Sexy* cuddles?"

She's massaging her breasts with a twinkle in her eye, and I giggle even as I find my gaze drawn irresistibly down toward those undulating curves. "*Nooo!* I mean, well, not unless you *want...*" As memories of our last time in bed together fill my mind – memories of Liz humming and gasping in my ear as I squeezed and suckled blindly away on her gorgeous breasts – I flush and shrug once more. "Really, it's up to you. I just want to spend time with you, Liz. You know, just the two of us..."

And with that sappy sentiment, she's pulling me into one of her strong and amazing hugs.

"You know," she begins after we've sat there like that for a good minute. "There's actually something I was going to show you, babe. A surprise I got for you- I mean, well, kind of for both of us..." I straighten up, my heart lifting and eyes lighting up at the prospect. "Really? A surprise? You

mean another one, even after Christmas?!"

"Well... I mean, I don't know if you'll like it," she begins, rising awkwardly from the sofa. "To be honest, I'm afraid I went a little too far. But if you really want to see it... It's in here."

I haven't the slightest idea of what to expect as she leads the way into our bedroom. Is it some new sex toy? No, that's more of a Valentine's thing. New clothes? Oh, but she already got me that pretty new skirt. Maybe it's something for-

Whatever I was going to say, I forget it immediately. For before my widening eyes she leans down and slides open the lowest drawer of her dresser... to reveal stacks of what can only be the largest disposable diapers I've ever seen.

"Wha- I- Liz-" "Let me explain," she begins earnestly – and almost nervously, which is rare for her. "I know you're a grown woman, honey. I love you for that. And I wouldn't ever want to embarrass you or make you feel bad. Okay?" I nod, eyes still fixed on the stacks before me. "It's just... well, I see how much you've been enjoying those Goodnites. You're just so sweet and adorable in them, and when I see you dressed like that, it makes me feel all warm and happy and, well... motherly."

A nervous giggle escapes me at the last bit, but she's not finished. "And then, when you had that leak, you know... I thought, well. My sweetheart deserves something a little more... substantial. I hope you're not mad at me, Fiona? I just thought it might be worth... trying? You don't have to..."

I've rarely ever seen Liz as insecure and anxious as she is right now, and before I can even think rationally I'm slipping my arms around her, conscious only of how sweet and worried she seems to be. "Liz, thank you," I murmur, half-wondering to hear myself speak. "I- I'm sorry I'm so silly-"

"Silly?!" She's half-laughing as she hugs me close, shaking her head in exasperation at the open drawer before us. "I'm the one who can't get enough of seeing my favorite person in the world all happy and comfy and dressed up like the sweetest little baby girl-" "And I'm the one silly enough to like it," I return, speaking purely on instinct and conviction. "I'm the one who was silly enough to wet her pants and make a puddle on the couch, remember?"

"Then I guess we're both pretty silly," she sighs with a soft chuckle and a downward glance at the drawer full of diapers. "But really," and here her voice sinks into a conspiratorial whisper. "The pictures of these online looked absolutely precious. Look, did you see they? They even have carousel ponies on them!"

And now I feel it: the choice before me, unspoken and yet plain as day. Liz has gone to all the trouble of finding these silly, oversized diapers from who knows where. She's been so worried about my feelings that even her bold self hasn't even been sure of how to tell me. It's up to me now to choose, to show her just how much or how little I care about what she'd done...

And at the end of the day, they can't be that different from Goodnites, right?

"They do..." I admit with a blush. And then I'm gazing down into Liz's eyes with sudden resolve. I've made my choice, and I'm not going to change it. "I do like ponies. Umm... can you help me? Put one on... I mean?"

I don't even have the words to describe the rest of that evening. How on earth can I possibly explain how it felt for Liz to take my hand and lead me to the bed, one of those thick new diapers in hand? I don't know all the terms for what she was doing: undressing me, pushing me back on the bed, busying herself with powder and lotion and who knows what else. "Just lie still for me, babe," she said softly, pressing my paci into my mouth with a sweet smile. "Just relax and listen and obey..."

The wave of utter peace and relaxation that swept over me at those simple words was like nothing I'd ever felt before. My eyes were sliding shut on their own as my mind echoed her words. *Relax. Listen. Obey.* Oh, yes. Yes. I wanted to do those, so very much. I would lie still and calm and listen. I would be the best little girl that had ever been. I would- I would-

I was still in a sort of daze when she pulled me upright and helped me into my t-shirt, then herded me out, half-waddling with the unfamiliar bulk, to settle onto the couch with her before the TV. "Shh, cuddle time for baby," she murmured, and I felt my scalp tingling unaccountably at the word. Not "babe." *Baby.* Why did the word feel so right and so... so... wonderful?

"Good baby," she breathed as I slid with half-closed eyes down on her shoulder, and I heard the smile in her tone. "Such a good, sweet little baby girl. So sleepy... so cute and safe and adorable in her pretty new diaper..."

I don't even remember falling asleep. All I remembered afterward was that I'd slept wonderfully, and that I'd had the most amazing dreams. Dreams of sunshine, and sand between my toes, and a

comforting paci between my lips. And best of all, the warm embrace of someone wonderful... someone I knew instinctively was my mommy and yet had the face and scent and voice of Liz.