

## It's the Little Choices

### Part Eleven

Commission – December 2021

Fiona may be the one sleeping here. But good god, I feel like I'm the one dreaming.

Here she is, curled up on the couch where I left her... or almost. The rumpled blanket has slipped free, and only half of her is still nestled into its warmth. The other half – her right half, from her waist down, is lying innocently exposed... and my eyes are already being drawn toward the crotch of those comfy lounge pants of hers. Underneath, I know there's a layer of adorably crinkling padding: padding which she put on this morning without me even encouraging her...

And as I bend down and brush my fingers over the delicate little bulge between her legs, I think I must be imagining things. *Is it- Wait, no. No way she would be-*

I press gently closer, feeling exactly the sort of yielding squish I could swear comes only from a wet pull-up... or diaper. *No. No way she would have wet-* I draw in breath sharply, longing to know what truly lies beneath. If only I could tug down that waistband a bit- Get a better look-

But then her eyes open, and I'm staring down into the sleepy gaze of my dear partner.

A flash of guilt courses through me even as I flash a quick smile and bend down to stroke her hair. *C'mon, Liz –don't be a perv!* Why on earth should I be so obsessed with the state of Fiona's Goodnites instead of being concerned about *her*? She's almost on her period, after all, and I should be caring for her, asking how she's doing, making sure she drinks enough, that she has an aspirin when she needs it...

Yet the look of guilty apprehension that's now suddenly dawning in her eyes tells me that there's something else going on. "Um- hi- hi, Liz! How was the gym?" She's surreptitiously squirming now, trying like a guilty toddler to scoot back under the protecting blanket. It's almost as if she doesn't want me to know something. Almost like a little girl who's embarrassed about the state of her-

"Hey, sweetheart," I beam softly, smoothing back her ridiculously frizzy and adorable hair. "It was good, thanks!" And it was. The pungent sting of my own sweat is still in my nostrils, and the warm burn of exertion is still glowing in my calves. "But how are you doing?" I ask in mild concern. "You

look a little... upset. Is something wrong?"

I can't help it. I need to know what's going on. And the flash of guilty chagrin in her eyes only confirms my suspicions. Something's going on with her, and I'm pretty sure it has something to do with those Goodnites of hers...

And so I do it. "Oh, no- no, I'm fine, really," she splutters like the terrible liar she is. "No- wait, it's okay! I- Liz, what are you doing-?" "Just checking my sweetheart," I smile, even as I briskly tug back the blanket and place one restraining hand on her tummy while the other begins probing between her legs. "I want to make sure you're not-"

"Wet?"

Her hands dart up in a desperate attempt to cover her reddening face. "No- no, Liz, I- I can explain..." But as my investigating hand slips under the waistband of her pants, there's no denying the soft bulge that greets me, nor the palpable squish under my probing fingers. "Fiona, you're definitely wet!" I exclaim, the incredulity in my voice needing no artifice. "Fiona, did you- did you have an accident? Oh, sweetie..."

She's mortified, clearly. And despite the secret, heady rush of mommy-space exhilaration I'm feeling in this moment, I know I need to dial it back. She's on the brink of tears now. I need to reassure her- tell her it's okay- give her a warm hug-

It tumbles out then as I nestle close to her on the sofa: how she put them on because they felt so nice. How she was bored after I left. How she started getting distracted. How she also had to use the bathroom... and how she decided at last to wet herself just a bit. How she'd begun feeling so- so-

"It's okay, honey," I smile, and I mean every word. This is more than okay. This is *perfect*. "Fiona, you were just having a bit of fun, that's all! I think it's super cute, personally." "Y-you- you do?" she hiccups, rubbing desperately at the tears prickling her eyes. "Of course, honey!" I beam, mindful that right now my every word counts. "Sweetheart, it's adorable. You found some pretty underwear that you like to wear? You wear them – simple as that! You like to have grown-up sexy times and thinking naughty thoughts while you're alone? Honey, everyone does that. You know that, right?"

"B-but I- I peed my pants-" "Yeah? So what of it, sweetheart?" I ask with a soft smile and a laugh. "That's what those things are made for, duh! Now if you'd have soaked the couch, on the other

hand..." She giggles despite herself and shakes her head. "No, I promise, Liz. No wet couch!" And then she sighs and leans closer to me, confiding and trusting and warm as a little kitten. "Liz... why am I so weird?"

"Because I'm weird, too, honey," I chuckle, my heart welling within me at her vulnerability. "We're all kinda weird, you know. And you know what? I love your weirdness better than anything in this whole world." She emits a happy little sigh, and I continue. "Listen. I *love* how cute those pull-ups are on you, okay? And if they help you feel good and happy and safe, then I think you should wear them. Wear them and wet them too, if you like, okay? Your underwear is your business, and no one else's!"

She nods at last, and I know I've gotten through to her. And now to seal the deal.

"Now, then. Since you were feeling so distracted, honey... why don't we take this little party into the bedroom?" I'm rising, tugging her gently upward out of the tangle of blanket. "After all, it sounds like you're already super wet..."

At that awful pun, she's groaning and blushing, and I lead the most adorable partner in the entire world back to the safety of our bedroom...

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That was all last week, of course. After I'd gotten over my surprise, and after I'd shown my squealing and panting partner just how good a wand could feel against wet Goodnites, we'd come back to our senses – more or less. She'd taken a warm bath, and I'd showered, and life went on just about as normal in the days that followed.

Though there are now significantly fewer Goodnites in that pack now than I remember.

But it's Christmas today! I'm floating now on a cloud of holiday cheer and mommy-type energy and rum-infused eggnog, reliving the adorable sight of my partner padding out in her pink pajamas and squatting down under the tree to tear into the presents we'd placed there. I don't think I'll ever quite forget the beautiful sight of her eyes lighting up on seeing her new skirt and video games, or the hugs she gave me to express her gratitude, or the delight and gratification in her eyes as she watched me unwrapping the scarf and shoes and cookbook she'd gotten me...

"Well, then! I think I already know what you'll be doing this afternoon, huh?" I'm laughing as she

darts over to the game console and prances before it, controller in hand. "Yes, yes, please!" she begs, giggling a trifle self-consciously at her own juvenile enthusiasm. "Please, can I play with them now? *Please?*"

"Well," I begin, relishing the incomparable sensation of a mommy about to instruct her little sweetheart on the merits of patience. "Well, it *is* Christmas, so I don't see why not. But sweetheart," I hasten, with a knowing expression on my face and a significant glance at her still pajama-clad waist. "I know how excited you are and how absorbed you get in your little games. Don't you think you'd better wear something a bit more... protective... if you're going to be playing so long?"

She's shifting impatiently from foot to foot, blushing under my condescending words. "Aww- but, well, I guess..." "It's your choice, honey," I smile, half-breathless with the exhilaration of our roleplay. "You can wear your big girl panties if you want, but you're gonna have to keep stopping your game and getting up whenever you need to go potty. Or, if your games are really that important, you can put on your pull-ups and play non-stop all afternoon. It's up to you, okay?"

Of course it's up to her. Of course she's not feeling the magnetic tug of the hypnosis, reminding her of how good it feels to be padded up safe and warm. Of course she's not hearing the siren call of her precious new games. Of course she's not already thinking of the seductive pleasure of that damp cotton padding pressing against her sensitive girly bits...

She disappears into the bedroom. And I swear that when she reappears, I can hear the rustle of the fresh Goodnites beneath her pajamas from the other side of the room.

"Aww, good choice!" I praise, as she plops with a little rustle and blush onto the couch. "Can't lose even a minute with those new games, huh?" She giggles and shakes her head, and I merely smile and plant a kiss on the top of her head before making my way back into the kitchen to tend to the dishes. This is perfect. She's made her choice once again, and I'm living for it.

What's more, I know much more than she does about those Goodnites. And something tells me that sooner or later, she's going to drastically overestimate their capacity...

But I won't get ahead of myself. I'll simply be here: watching, waiting, and ready to intervene should my dear partner find herself in... well, what would you say? A *wee* bit of trouble?