

It's the Little Choices

Part Nine

Commission – October 2021

"Okay, honey. You gonna be okay in the bath for now?"

A playful splashing. A little giggle. A bright grin. And then Fiona's nodding sheepishly up at me from among the suds. "Um, yeah. I'll be okay. Promise!" "No splashing water on the floor now," I caution, a trifle unnecessarily. My partner has never made such a mess of our bathroom, of course, and probably never has since she was six. But it's all part of our dynamic: our intimate little exchanges in which I'm the loving caretaker and she's the irrepressible little girl.

And so I say it anyway – setting her blushing and giggling all the more.

She really has become such an adorable little sweetheart, I muse as I step into our bedroom and begin tugging back the blankets for our impending bedtime. Of course Fiona has always been sweet and a trifle playful; that's what led me to suspect that she was secretly a Little so many months ago. But now... well, now with the passage of time and a bit of help from me, she's become out-and-out childish. And believe me, I'm loving every minute of it.

Yeah... about that "help."

I ease down onto her side of the bed and reach over to the little stereo on her nightstand. It's been working such miracles, this innocent little machine: tinkling out sweet little melodies and seductive suggestions for hours every night, softly playing each audio file I choose and letting them wash gently into my unsuspecting partner's ears. They've urged her to do so many things: to remember her childhood, to enjoy playing, to focus on how good she feels, to let go, to do whatever feels natural, to be impulsive and sweet and ever so happy...

And they've worked, too. Since beginning this admittedly unorthodox sleep treatment months ago, she's made such progress toward accepting her Little side. Choice after little choice, she's opted for childish foods, and playing on swings, and stuffies, and juvenile shoes and haircuts and nails. She's even begun suckling on my breasts during sex – quite possibly the most erotic sensation my mommy-self has ever experienced – and has recently begun sleeping with the over-sized pacifier I got her as a "nail-biting aid." So yeah, I guess you could say she's come quite a long way indeed.

But she can go farther. I know she can.

I slip the memory card out of the stereo and pad silently over to my laptop, where I pull up my discreetly hidden folder full of every relevant hypnotic audio file I could find. *Let's see: we did childhood regression for a long time. We did two-, no, three different oral fixation tracks. We did the attachment objects, too...* There's a lot of them, of course, which I pass over without a thought. I'm not particularly interested in encouraging my dear, sensitive partner to cry even more easily, or to think of herself as a submissive slave, or to orgasm only when I give a trigger word. I just want her to be happy... and small... and so cute and vulnerable and infantile...

Maybe I'm just too conscientious, but I still feel a stray twinge of apprehension when I think about how I'm doing all this behind her back. Maybe I ought to tell her, I muse once again. Maybe I shouldn't be playing these things without her knowing. Maybe this has all been a horrible, nonconsensual fuck-up, and I'm the one at fault.

But no, it's nothing like that!, I remind myself for the thousandth time. It's not like she's being forced into any of this. All of these changes have been given to her as *choices* – choices in which she has time and again elected for the more childish option. Sure, I might be encouraging her a bit subconsciously. But it's no different from *conscious* encouragement, is it? Hypnosis can't make her do anything she doesn't truly want to do. It just... you know, gives her a little nudge. Reduces some of her own apprehension. Helps her feel more comfortable giving in to those urges.

And besides, even while she has become so much more comfortable being childish, she's also become a stronger, more confident young woman! A spineless, hypnotized, infantilized little dishrag wouldn't have dared stand up for herself the way she did last month at work, right?

Anyway, where was I? Oh, yes, here we go. Interesting. "Sleep Like a Baby," it's called – and a quick scan of the contents shows me that it speaks not only of comfort and safety and relaxation, but also of the reassuring feeling of a pacifier in one's mouth... and what's this? The joy of a thick, soft, crinkling bulk between one's legs.

Is it time? Is it finally time to start my dear Fiona thinking about... that?

I'm not quite sure. But before I can stop to reconsider, I quickly click and drag the file over to the memory card and release. It's too late now. We're just going to have to see!

"Umm, honey? Liz, I think- Um, I need to get up-"

I blink groggily in the pale morning light, hearing Fiona's voice filtering through my nightly earplugs. *Uh. Oh. Oh, yeah. My arm's around her. Better lift it...* "Wassa matter?" I mumble, reaching up and uncorking one ear. God, it can't be more than five in the morning...

"I need to get up," Fiona whispers, slipping free and half-rolling, half-scooting awkwardly for the edge of the bed. "I think I might have- Oh, crap! Yeah..." She's standing now, staring remorsefully down between her legs – and for one crazy moment I legitimately think she's gone and wet the bed.

But, no – that dark stain on her lavender pajamas tells of quite a different leakage. "Oh, honey, I'm sorry!" I'm up now, stumbling forward to assist. "Pad couldn't handle it, I guess. Must be heavier than usual this month, huh?" Our periods are pretty regular – and synced up – most months, but every now and then nature decides to throw us a curve ball. "Here, babe, go clean up and get a fresh pad, okay? I'll get a towel..."

The sheets are definitely stained, and though it's not the very first stain they've seen, it's by far the largest and darkest. *Good luck getting blood out of anything*, I remember my mom advising me years ago. *Best way to get blood out of something is to cut it out!* Well, neither of us is going to cut anything. But it certainly is going to take a lot of scrubbing.

If only she'd been wearing something that didn't leak so easily. Something like, you know, a pull-up. Something she's been hearing about every night for the past two weeks...

Over breakfast, I weigh in with my motherly advice. "Don't worry, honey," I reassure her as I pour the milk into her cereal. "I'm sure some of it will come out. It might leave a stain, though..." Fiona's blinks remorsefully up at me. "Sorry, Liz. I don't know what happened-" "I know, I know," I soothe with a sympathetic smile. "Now, you did remember to use the most absorbent pads, right?"

"Uh-huh," she nods, mouth half-full of cereal, pausing to gulp it down before continuing. "Not that they worked. But what else can I do, Liz? I really don't think I want to try a cup; I tried one once and it felt so awful-" "No worries!" I smile once more. "I don't really like cups either, babe. But if your pads are leaking, then we're gonna have to find something better. We can't have leaks every month, you know..."

And then I take the plunge. "You know, I think I read somewhere that they make some really cute underwear-type things that wouldn't leak so easily. Why don't I see if I can't find you some while

you're at work today, hon?"

Well, vague as that description is, she isn't very well in a position to argue. And so, once I procure the wry "well, I guess as long as it's cute and it works" from her, I'm off to the store that afternoon to purchase, with thumping heart and barely concealed glee, my first-ever pack of extra-large girls Goodnites.

Yeah, I know about them. No judging, okay?

And of course I also get a pack of tampons and a cup too, just so she has some other options. After all, I want my sweetheart to go back into pull-ups *voluntarily* – not because I forced her, but because she considered all her options and then deliberately, blushing, asked for them.

Oh, her eyes go a bit wide when she sees the first Goodnite that I pull from the package that night. She murmurs something about it being something a little kid would wear. But then I helpfully point out that they're sized for grownups, and they're almost bound to save the sheets, and that I bet they'll look and feel pretty nice. "Well, I guess they *are* pretty cute with those flowers and stuff," she concedes, her fingertips wandering over the cloth-like exterior, her face a study in indecision. "And I guess it's just for a night or two..."

It's not all that much of a surprise, really, when she finally nods. "Guess it's worth a try," she admits with a nervous smile... and I agree as enthusiastically as I dare.

And oh, what a sight she makes, too! Once she's bathed and dried off and steps timidly out of the bathroom in her freshly laundered pajamas, my heart nearly bursts with motherly affection. For I can hear the subtle crinkle beneath that lavender (and yes, still slightly stained) cotton. I can see the color rising to her cheeks, the half-embarrassed glance downward as she sits down on the couch beside me, the delicate little bulge between her legs that tells me precisely what she's wearing.

"Good girl," I say simply, sliding closer and slipping my arm around my beautiful, brave sweetheart. "Such a good girl." And maybe I'm pushing it too far – but in that moment I don't quite care anymore. "Here, let's keep those pretty fingernails safe, too," I smile, and in between those darling lips goes the rubber nipple of her pacifier. *Pigtailed, pacified, and now padded... oh, Fiona, you're closer than ever to becoming the perfect little baby girl I know you are deep inside...*

"Now, then. You said you found a new type of fish in your game, right? Can you show me?"