

## It's the Little Choices

### Part Sixteen

Commission – May 2021

"Okay... yeah, sure. Yeah, I can do that. As soon as I get the files from Priti I'll get on that. When do you need them again?" A pause, and I bite back a sigh of exasperation. "Umm... Manny, I think you're still muted..."

Frick all these Zoom meetings! Frick having to give up our friendly banter and cozy atmosphere of the office for a bunch of pixelated, talking heads on a screen. Frick everything about this stupid, crazy, frightening pandemic. Nobody asked for this, and nobody wanted it. And yet here we are, stuck at home, trying our best to keep the branch running from a distance...

I lean back in my chair once the call is done, letting out a peeved sigh and tugging the earbuds from my ears. Enough of that. I need a break, a little sanity check to keep the growing tension between my shoulders and the light throb of pain in my head from escalating. *Breathe, Fiona, breathe...* And so I do, letting my eyes slip closed and embracing the quiet of our little home. So quiet with Liz gone for the grocery pickup. So still...

Which makes the rustle of my padded bum sound that much louder in my ears.

I wriggle in involuntary pleasure, and even as my eyes crack open again, my hand is already reaching out. There it is: behind the computer monitor. My beloved paci. Into my mouth it goes, and a wave of quiet delight shivers through me at the familiar sensation of its cool plastic pressing against my cheeks and the corners of my mouth. *Mmm, yes. So nice, so comfortable.* Now all I need is Stompy and a blankie and I'll be in heaven...

A burst of warmth between my legs radiates out into the padding nestled between my legs, and I giggle softly. No need to worry. No need to be embarrassed. I'm in my Goodnites again today, and nobody but Liz and I knows. My eyes slip closed again, and I relax further, my lips slurping softly in the silence as the warm flow strengthens and I let my bladder empty completely. Oopsie. I'm a wet little girl... a wet, accident-prone little girl. Making nice warm potties in her pull-ups because she just can't be trusted to make it to the potty all the time...

I rise then and crinkle out toward the kitchen, only passingly conscious of the sight I must make. Up top is my nice, white button-down shirt, and a carefully brushed set of pigtails, and a neat sweater to complement the look. While down below... well, down where the folks on Zoom can't

see, there's a far different look. An exposed, now clearly soggy pull-up decorated with pink and purple flowers. Bare thighs and shaven legs, and fluffy pink ankle socks. The sort of look that most folks would associate with a three-year-old, not a smart young bank teller.

Whatever. It's a new way of living and working, here in quarantine. And frankly, I'm no longer caring that much about it.

I reach for a water glass... and then think better of it, choosing instead my favorite bottle from the dish rack and filling it with apple juice. It's like Liz says. Life sucks right now; the world is on fire; nobody knows what the hell is going on or how to fix things. We're scared and we're stressed. So if something as cute and simple as wearing kids' pull-ups or drinking out of a baby bottle helps us maintain sanity... well, why the hell not?

I pad back to my chair and settle in, drawing up my knees to my chin and staring unfocusedly out the window as I remove my paci and begin suckling on my juice. A year ago, I'd have been mortified to do something like this. I might have considered snuggling with a stuffed animal or playfully baby-talking to Liz as a joke, but never something this... juvenile. But here we are now! I'm enjoying it all, and to a much greater degree than I'd ever have possibly imagined.

Oh, sure. I still get a bit blushy thinking about just how infantile I act at times. There are some days now when I don't even touch real underwear, much less wear it. And it was only last night I slipped into bed with my nighttime diaper already wet... then woke in the early morning from a bathroom dream to find, my to my sleepy surprise, that I was actually wetting my diaper for real. But it really doesn't seem that bad, somehow. Liz is so very nice about it: so encouraging, so sweet, so kind and loving. She says she loves me like this, and deep in my gut I know it's true.

After all, I see her light up when I try to talk with my paci in. I feel her shiver with pleasure when I latch onto her bare breast and pretend-suckle like a real baby. I hear the loving condescension in her voice as she pats my padded bum and praises me for being a good girl, for wetting my diaper like a good baby...

*Good girl... good baby... babies love their diapers... babies have no control... babies let go...*

Another warm burst escapes me as I blink and shake my head, brushing back the strands of seductive words that now course through my mind every time I lose focus. I suppose it must be my subconscious or something. It's strange, and yet comforting somehow. It's like I have Liz within me: a warm, caring parent commanding me and teaching me and ordering me to become the very

best baby girl I can be...

Silly me!

Now maybe I'd better check my emails and see if Priti has sent those files yet. Though I suppose I could always finish my juice first... right? And maybe I'd better be careful not to wet too much more. After all, these Goodnites can only hold so much...

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"Can we, really? You think they'll let us do that?" I'm completely unable to hide the excitement in my voice, and I give a wet-bottomed wriggle of excitement in my chair. "That would be so awesome, Liz! Let's do it!" Into my mouth goes an entire mini cupcake, and I chew with relish as the delicious chocolate flavor floods my mouth.

"Leave it to the pandemic to make a little trip to the park a major excursion," she wryly smiles, rising and reaching down to remove my now-empty dessert plate. "I know it's a weekday. But you know, nothing wrong with a mid-week sanity check, right? And you said you don't have anything going this afternoon-"

"Nope!" I manage to articulate through the gooey chocolate in my mouth. And then after a hasty swallow – "Priti still hasn't sent me what I need, so I'm kinda stuck-" "Great! And I don't have any meetings, either. So let's do it, babe! We can even bring some snacks in case we get hungry along the way..."

And then, as I rise from my seat, I hear an amused little *tsk*. "Now, now – what's that I see, honey? Did you have an accident while I was gone?" Of course I haven't – not really. I was pretty fully aware of my choice to wee myself this morning... just as I'm also aware of my currently-full bladder and how I'm refusing to let it go for fear of leaking.

But it's all part of the game, and so I nod shyly. "Umm... maybe? I dunno, Mommy..." She's stepping closer, her hands cupping my crotch, probing and pressing the thickened, clearly soggy padding between my legs. I let out a little whimpering moan and giggle, and she grins with that motherly, playfully sadistic expression that I love so well.

"Oh, really? Are you so little now that you don't even know when you've had an accident?" She's leaning close to my ear, and my breath catches at the sound of her next words. "Such a silly, wet

little girl! Maybe I'd better put your pull-ups away for awhile, sweetie. You're clearly not doing very well at keeping them dry. Maybe you're just not ready for big girl panties anymore, hmm?"

"No- no, please," I'm begging, though even as I beg I'm not sure what I even want. "No, Mommy, I can be a big girl! I promise-" "Oh, really?" Her smile is deepening as she herds me toward our little bathroom. "So it's not that you *can't* be a big girl. It's that you don't *want* to. And I guess if that's the case..." She rips open the sides of my saturated Goodnites, peels it away, and tosses it into the trash with a soft *thud*. "I guess we'd better find something more appropriate for a little girl who isn't ready to stop being a baby."

"No- I can stay dry, I can!" I'm spluttering, but now Liz is cocking her head and looking thoughtful. "Really? So what about this afternoon, honey? Out at the park? Do you really think you can be trusted to wear pull-ups and keep them dry?" She leans closer and runs the tips of her fingers gently across my bare thigh, prompting an involuntary shiver and shudder of delight. "Remember, baby... all of the bathrooms in the park are closed these days. You won't be able to go potty *anywhere*. And oh, how sad that would be if you were hopping along, so desperate, so scared that you might wee yourself and embarrass yourself in *public*..."

I'm blushing, shivering, caught between embarrassment and arousal as Liz lays it before me. "So what will it be, honey? I want to see you wearing that pretty red skirt of yours, and as wet as you were just now, we both know there's no way you're getting big girl panties. So what do you want under there? A pretty, thin little pull-up? Or something thicker, and much, much safer?"

Visions are floating before me as I stand here before Liz with naked crotch and blushing face. Once again, she's offering me a choice. I can go with the pull-ups, sure. But I'm already needing to pee; and even if I do get to use the potty now, I just gulped down two large glasses of lemonade for lunch, which I know far too well one little Goodnites won't handle. On the other hand, there's a diaper. I'd be undeniably safe, and dry, and comfortable. But oh, how humiliating if someone would see me! If my skirt blows up, or if I bend over too far, that thick white plastic will peek out. And how people will stare! How shocked they'll be to see a grown woman waddling around in public in a genuine, bulky *diaper*...

But then again, it's the pandemic. How many people are out, anyhow? And isn't it much less embarrassing to have a diaper tucked under your skirt than to have streams of pee dribbling down your legs?

And so, I shiver and gulp and mutter out my choice. "Umm... I- I think I'd better... I think... a

diaper. Please, Mommy..."

Liz's voice is radiating happiness and approval. "What a good girl! Such a good little baby, asking for her diaper. So very *responsible*..." She's murmuring now in my ear as she escorts me toward the bedroom and the stack of diapers in my dresser. "You know the truth, don't you? Deep down you know it, baby. Good girls wear their diapers. Good girls listen... good girls obey... good girls need their cute, wonderful diapers..."

Why am I suddenly mute with tingling pleasure? Why am I nodding silently, my brain awash in that swirl of words? All I can think as I sink down obediently and spread my legs in complaisant obedience for my diaper is that I am a good girl, a good baby. *Good baby. Obedient. Good obedient baby. Baby obeys, baby listens. Baby needs her diaper. Baby relaxes. Baby listens and lets go...*

"Aren't you simply precious?" I'm in a daze as Liz helps me up, the familiar, powder-scented bulk swelling and crinkling between my thighs. "And now the skirt over it..." Up over the diaper it goes, and into my mouth goes my paci, and then Liz is beaming at me with an expression of indescribable affection. "Such a good baby for me. You're gonna be such a good baby this afternoon, aren't you? Just a pretty little baby girl and her Mommy, out in the park together. And maybe afterwards, if you're *very*, very good, we'll get you some ice cream as a treat..."

Dazed and tingling as I am, all I can do is nod. Obediently. Submissively. Like a good little baby girl should.