

A Mommy's Love

July 2022 – Commission

Chapter Two

Motherhood really is hard on one's sleep schedule, isn't it?

I'm not talking about being a conventional mom, of course. I've got a very different motherhood in mind: the sort of motherhood that involves a "baby" who's a full head taller than me, and whose twenty-three years have given him the ability to act as a mature, responsible adult... though maybe not the *desire* to.

I'm humming softly under my breath as I draw the nursery door closed behind me, and I feel a smile stealing across my lips. God, that was wonderful! My dear Baby Brandon is now locked safely away, a captive little baby in his adorable crib. He may be an adult in body, sure – but even in the unlikely event that he would surface from his regressed little space and want to escape, there's no way he can. Those bars are stout, the latches solid, the entire frame unyielding as stone. He's stuck there until I decide to let him out... which in this case, is definitely going to be tomorrow morning.

What even is it about this mommy-baby play that gets me so fired up? I'm pondering it as I venture down the hallway toward my far more adult bedroom. Of course I'm a nice, gentle mommy to him most times; I don't like to see him cry or hurt, and all those ideas about painful punishments that I can find so readily online just don't seem right to me. He's my baby, after all. He trusts me enough to regress around me, and in return I get to honor his trust by caring for him as best and lovingly as I can...

And yet... there's such a power differential between us. Power that I honestly love wielding.

It's not just about the fact that I'm a good twelve years his senior. It's not even about the fact that I'm naturally more outgoing, or that my curvy Latina body seems to hold an almost hypnotic sway over him and his desires. It's about... well, the fact that on nights like this I'm his all-knowing, all-powerful mommy. *I* call the shots – not him. He doesn't get to decide anything, and even if he *did* object, so long as it wasn't his safeword I'd laughingly ignore his words as mere childish prattle. God, the way he blushes when I do that! It's enough to make a woman...

Yeah, I'm horny, okay? Wouldn't you be too, if you just finished teasing your partner with a magic wand and making them cum in their pants... helplessly and uncontrollably as a toddler filling his diaper?

I ease down onto the bed now, hands reaching deftly back to unfasten the clasps of my bra and shrug it free, before following suit with my panties. *Won't be needing these anymore.* It's a balmy night, and clothes are simply unnecessary. Far nicer to lounge here completely naked before my bath, safely by myself in the comfort of our adult bedroom. The bed is large and luxurious, and here I'll be able to loll in solitude and dreamily dwell on all the delightful fantasies I wish...

I reach over lazily and grab the remote, easing back onto the yielding pillows with a quiet sigh. Time to check up on my baby first. Two simple clicks of the remote, and up on the screen it flashes: the green-tinged, nighttime view of my dearest darling baby, so sweet and snug and secure in his crib. The nursery cam has no problem whatsoever with the darkened setting. There he lies, that precious diaper booty of his upturned as if for my express benefit, his sleeper-clad form splayed out in the sleepy abandon of a drowsing infant...

He's fast asleep... at least for now. I suppose I didn't really explain everything that was in that formula bottle I fed him this evening, but that's no matter. He's a baby right now. He doesn't need to know how the melatonin inside has ensured he'll sleep deeply at first... nor how the castor oil will take effect sometime in the wee hours of the morning...

I sigh and rise, smiling once more at the adorable sight on the monitor. Who needs Netflix when I have the best show in the world to keep me company... all night long?

The bath is everything it should be: steamy, fragrant, comforting. I'm in there for what must be close on two hours, reveling in the comfortable silence and the knowledge that somewhere down the hall, deep inside the belly of my crib-enclosed little boy, a storm is starting to brew. He's probably still asleep, of course, but the more I think about it, the more greedy with anticipation I become. Out I step then, dripping and towel-clad, padding into the bedroom to check the monitor. He's still there, of course. Still asleep, though on his side now. He sure does love his side – which makes that extra cloth diaper all that much more necessary...

And so I settle down on the bed at last: clean, perfumed, and of course still comfortably naked. Open goes the phone, and up comes my favorite online network of kinky friends. Oh, the delightful content they have to share! Anecdotes of mommies and their big babies on shopping trips together... pics of diapered booties and nursing bras... stories about naughty adult babies and sadistic mommies and the thrill of forcing "little" brats back into the diapers they deserve...

Then, in the middle of an intriguing fantasy about a locking diaper cover, out of the corner of my

eye I see it: the first blur of motion in my baby's crib. He's stirring, first stretching his arms, then kicking with his legs, and then reaching down to fumble restlessly at his fabric-covered stomach. From the angle of the camera I can't see his face, but my imagination has no trouble helping me picture it: his sleepy eyes blinking open in the dark, his expression confused, only gradually realizing that he's been roused from deep sleep by a growing, insistent cramping in his belly.

Oh, yes, I want to coo in his ear. It's okay, baby. It's simply what has to happen eventually – and certainly after three whole days with not a single number two!

He's rising, trying to swing himself out and over the side as if he's in an adult bed... but as his legs connect with the bars, the realization finally seems to dawn in his sleepy and clearly agitated mind. He's locked in: just like a real baby, safe and snug, with zero choice over what is about to happen. Mommy wants it that way. She knows he's okay, and that nothing's going to hurt him. She knows it's all for the best, and for his own good...

"Yes, baby," I breathe, not caring one bit how perverted – or corny – it might seem to be talking to the on-screen image of my agitated partner. "Aww, what's the matter? Is your tummy feeling icky? Hmm? Well, that's just too bad, honey!" My hand is slipping down between my splayed legs, and I shiver in delight at the pleasurable sensation. I may be his mommy, sure – but I'm also a woman. A woman who just happens to derive very real pleasure from watching her dear little Baby Brandon learn how little say babies truly have: over not only their place in the world, but their own bodies.

I can see his hands clinging to the bars now, and I thrill with unspoken pleasure at that simple sight. He's becoming desperate, clearly hoping for some way to escape what's about to happen, but I'm not about to accommodate him. Sure, I may be a loving mommy – and sure, I know that technically speaking there's nothing wrong with letting him out to use the toilet. But he's in character as my baby now. He's safe and protected, and there's not even a slim possibility that one messy little diaper can hurt him. It's all normal. It's part of the experience. And really, it's exactly what we do with real infants, isn't it? So my little baby simply needs to acknowledge that it's what Mommy wants for him, and that it's unquestionably going to happen... no matter what.

Onto his knees he slips – and as I watch with quickening breath, I spot his hands reaching out. No longer are they grasping for the bars and escape. Not anymore. There they are, fingers closing on the pacifier that was lying unheeded up to now beside his little pillow. And into his unseen mouth it goes – the perfect consolation for a needy baby – before those hands reach out once more for his stuffed lion.

Down he wriggles, bum on display once more, and I'm shivering and melting with the sheer cuteness of the spectacle before me. *Incredible! My little boy is already becoming more of a baby than I thought...* For there he is, in clear and obvious discomfort – and what he reaches for is not some means to assert his own adult identity, but rather the basic items a true baby might yearn for. A dummy: something to fill his mouth and silence his whimpers and fulfil that primal, instinctual need to suckle. And his stuffie: something soft, and comforting, and ever so adorably infantile.

"Good baby," I croon to the screen, and my slippery fingers are hard at work now. "No need to get up. No need to do anything else. Just suck your dummy and hug your lion, baby. Let it happen. Let it all out..."

Of course he does in the end. Thickly diapered and clothed as he is, I unfortunately have no clear visual evidence of the mess when it finally emerges and fills his diaper with what I can only imagine must be wave after wave of oily mush. Nor does the nursery cam, poor as its audio quality is, pick up the sounds that signal his infantile act. But I can see the drawn muscles, tensing and flexing with effort. I can watch him wriggle and squirm, jerking softly back and forth under the influence of the alternating cramps and relief of finally letting go. So that... well, it's more than enough for me.

Time ceases to matter, lost as I am in the scene before me. In my mind I'm there beside him, urging him on and commending him sweetly for such a babyish deed. "Good little one," I moan out, one hand massaging my right breast while the other works furiously between my shamelessly open legs – and in the mingled pleasure of my own sensual masturbation and the motherly crooning to my baby I find my bliss. "Such a good, *messy* little baby! See how good it feels, honey? Let it all out. Fill up your diaper, honey. You know you want to. You need to. You have to. Fill it nice and full for Mommy – yes, just like that..."

When I drift off to sleep at last, worn out from repeated orgasms and the sordid delights of my private fantasies, I'm still smiling. He'll be drifting off to sleep like this, too; the melatonin will see to that. And come morning, whether I wake before him or he wakes before me doesn't matter. He'll be safe and sweet and smelly in that crib of his: waiting meekly and submissively for his Mommy... the best and blushiest little baby that ever was.