

Blossoming into Babyhood

Chapter One

October 2022 – Commission

Pppphhhhhhhhtttt. Pffittt. Pppbbbttt.

Lily squeezed her eyes shut into a silent cringe, trying her best not to let out the defeated little whimper that threatened to slip from her pacified mouth. Her tummy gurgled ominously under her sleeper, and as a fresh wave of cramps gripped her belly she wriggled helplessly against the straps holding her captive. *Bbbloooooortttt.* Out came a fresh burst of gooey excrement into the already full seat of her diaper – and as she felt it squelching up between her legs and around her sensitive princess parts, she realized that in this moment she was perhaps closer to a genuine infant than ever.

"Aww, noo! Not again!" Laughing exasperation tinged every syllable that came from the front passenger seat, and now Papa Zane was turning back to gaze, with those dark, merry eyes of his, at the young woman strapped securely into the oversized car seat behind him. "She's really quite a little stinker today, isn't she?"

From the driver's seat came an assenting chuckle, and Lily could now see Daddy Adam glancing back with rueful affection. "I guess she is! And here I thought that explosion earlier was the end of it. I don't suppose she's allergic to that new formula we're using now, surely?" "No, no, I don't think so," Papa assured him, reaching back and patting Lily's stocking-clad leg in reassurance. "It must be just something that disagreed with her. And besides, what does Shrek say? Better out than in, right?"

Lily gazed back in mortified silence over her pacifier, fingers tightening reflexively around the stuffed tiger in her lap. Locked deep inside her well-soiled, pastel-pink diaper she could already feel her poor bladder dribbling once more, turning the messy mass within into slick mush. But there was nothing else she could do – literally. She was strapped in: an overgrown baby girl in her carseat, helplessly filling her pants while her two doting daddies piloted the way back home...

As the humiliation of the whole situation washed over her, she blinked back the tears stinging her eyes and turned to gaze despondently out the window at the world flashing by. How?, she found herself wondering. How on earth had she ever possibly ended up like this? And where had it even begun in the first place?

aftercare weren't better than anything else she'd ever experienced! How she'd felt herself crumbling into wordless happiness as she had lain, naked and panting, in his arms. How she'd blinked through her tousled dark curls, and sighed in rapturous exhaustion, then let her blue eyes slip closed again in eloquently wordless happiness. And how he'd held her the entire time: patting her bare ass comfortingly, repeating what a good girl she was, reassuring her that his baby was safe and sound...

Oh, yes. As far as she was concerned, he was a veritable god in bed.

And so their dynamic had begun, without her even really noticing. Was it kinky for anyone to call their girlfriend "baby," after all? Of course not. Was it weird for Adam to pat her ass and call her a good girl? Not really. Was it off-putting to have him tease her by promising to make her lose control?

Hell, no. In the world of her foreplay-heated imagination, it was all incredibly sexy. And so, before she quite knew what was happening, she'd found herself – multiple times every weekend – lying moaning and whimpering beneath him, fingers twisting in his satiny sheets as he would take her from behind yet again. Closer and ever closer to climax he would bring her, thrusting methodically and with masterful control, until – right at exactly the correct moment – he'd pause. How she'd quiver and writhe and moan for him, hanging there on the edge of orgasm! And into that terrifying, delicious pause would come his voice in her ear as he bent low over her naked and vulnerable self, thrusting once more with every syllable...

"It's okay, baby. Just let go. Let go for me. Just let it all out... now."

Which she always would, of course – in a burst of babbling cries, and flailing limbs, and yes, even sheets drenched with the intensity of her orgasms. Not that she had had much of a choice, given the circumstances.

Sex? Had that really been the way it had all started?

How ironic, she mused now, her blue eyes blinking at her pacified reflection in the window. How supremely ironic that the very thing that had defined her as an adult had become the place from which her own hapless regression had begun. Maybe she couldn't pinpoint precisely how she'd gone from Adam's horny adult girlfriend to helpless adult baby – at least, not right now. Not with her tired and anxious brain. That would be a task for another day, when she was feeling a little less

She couldn't have really said. Sure, Adam had been caring – dotting, even – since the day they'd met. She'd found it one of his most attractive features... besides that sandy hair, and roguish grin, and wiry frame, of course. Even before they had begun dating, she'd seen him around the office now and then and developed a months-long crush on him. How nice that new guy was to everyone! How he looked at her with those grey eyes of his! How amazing it must be to have him nearby... slipping his arm around her, maybe whispering about how sweet she was...

Yeah, she'd had the hots for him bad. And wonder of wonders, he'd actually noticed – and reciprocated! It had been a wonderful dream come true, those first months of their dating relationship. He really *was* amazing, and he really *did* care about her – that much was clear after only a few months. He wanted to make sure she was okay, that her day was going all right, that she wasn't depressed or sad about something that he could help fix. He would text her to see if she had slept well, and ask her if she was taking care of herself, and... and..

And yes: before she'd known it, she'd fallen hopelessly and helplessly in love with him.

Maybe it had begun that first night they'd slept together. Oh, how excited and nervous she'd been! Lily had been no virgin, sure – but this was different. Adam was special. Adam was everything she ever wanted. And so that evening, as he'd slipped closer to her on the sofa and slipped his arm around her, she'd shivered and smiled and let the words evaporate in the rush of hormones flooding her entire body. She'd fumbled with rapidly fluttering heart at his hands as they wandered suggestively over her petite breasts. She'd frozen with tingles racing up and down her body as he had bent close and breathed out those syllables...

"Aww, what's the matter? You're acting like a silly little girl who doesn't even know what to do! Don't worry, baby. I'll help you. I'll teach you exactly what I want you to do..."

Holy fuck. She'd never in her life had someone whisper such sexy nothings into her ears. And she'd melted for him. She'd let out that first little whimper of submission, and gloried in the pleasure that it brought her. She'd thrilled in how he'd led her by the hand into his bedroom and teasingly ordered her to stand still. She'd almost fainted with delight as he'd slowly, meticulously undressed her, smiling and commending his sweet little baby doll for being so good and obedient...

Of course they'd fucked – like the horny young adults they were. And yeah, maybe – just *maybe* – she'd had better orgasms in her life than those that very first night. But god, if the foreplay and the

overwhelmed...

For now, all she knew was that she was a well and truly confirmed baby. For just as she was unable to wriggle free from the snug straps of this car seat, she knew that she stood practically zero chance of ever squirming free from the babyish life in which she was now trapped.

(To be continued!)