

It's the Little Choices

Part Seventeen

Commission – June 2021

I've got everything I ever wanted. And yet somehow... it's still not quite right.

I glance around the darkened bedroom, then down to the slumbering figure of Fiona in the bed beside me. Half-concealed by the blankets as she is, her babyish side is nonetheless obvious. From the pacifier working softly between her slackened, rosy lips... to the sparkly pink T-shirt around her shoulders... to the telltale bulge of her diapered booty, hidden beneath the sheets... well, it's undeniable.

There's a big baby in my bed. And she's blissfully content with exactly what and where she is.

I shiver slightly, a guilty smile tugging at the corners of my mouth as I think of the sight she made not a half-hour ago: rubbing sleepily at her eyes, crinkling and yawning out from her little nursery closet with Stumpy in hand. "I- I wanna sleep wif 'ooo," she'd mumbled behind the garbling bulk of the pacifier in her mouth, and I'd melted inside. Of course she could, I'd told her, guiding my frizzy-haired, pigtailed partner toward the welcoming sheets. She could sleep with Mommy in the big bed. And under the covers I'd helped her, my hand under her nakedly diapered bum, humming softly as I'd tucked the sheet around her and planted a kiss on her sleepy cheek.

It's all so perfect. My partner has finally accepted her Little side thoroughly and completely... and yes, with a little help from me.

'Help.' Is that what you're calling hypnosis these days? My conscience is upbraiding me now, nagging at me every time I muse on what a perfect delight Fiona has become. How on earth can you possibly pretend that it's okay to hypnotize her with those tapes of yours? Without her knowing? And for MONTHS on end?!

Of course I can rationalize it. She's still an adult a lot of the time. It wasn't like she's been deprived of her adulthood, or turned into some helpless baby captive like I've read about in those fantastic, kinky stories online. Hypnosis couldn't have done that anyway, even if I wanted it to! Fiona has simply received encouragement... affirmations... nudges in the right direction...

And who decided that this was the right direction, hmm? Aren't you being more than a little bit conceited? You know damn well she didn't consent to being hypnotized!

But that isn't how hypnosis works!, I argue back uncomfortably. *It's most effective when the listener isn't expecting anything, when they don't have their guards up or hold unrealistic expectations. I had to do it this way!* And so I wrestle with myself, alternately relishing and loathing the sight of my slumbering partner beside me. Because what if... what if it's true? What if I really have forced Fiona into this against her will?

What kind of monster would that make me?

I've made my choice. I have to tell her. And so, the next morning, over our breakfast of eggs and toast, I scrape together my courage and shakily, uneasily, say the words.

"Hey, um, Fiona? I was wondering... have you ever wondered why you enjoy your baby things so much these days?" She's blinking, staring over the rim of her upturned Moana cup at me, then sets it carefully down. "Huh? Like, what do you mean?" She's clearly confused by the question, and so I rephrase it. "Well, I was wondering. Haven't you ever wondered why you started getting into so many cute baby things this past year? You know, like your pull-ups, and diapers, and your paci..."

"I- um... I dunno?" She's looking a bit troubled now, and I catch a quick, suddenly self-conscious glance down at herself and her exposed, clearly wet diaper. "I guess I never really... I guess it all just happened so naturally, I never really thought about it." She takes up her paci from the table. "This was just for my nails, remember?"

"Was it?" I ask softly... and then, I know I can't hold back anymore. "Fiona, I- I'm afraid I have a confession to make. I don't- I mean, I haven't been feeling right about this lately. I... I thought you should know..."

And so it unfolds: my halting, guilty explanation of everything I've been doing these past many months. The stereo under the bed. The audio files, designed to soothe the listener and help them think of themselves as a baby, to embrace everything that came with infancy. My well-meaning intentions: how I'd done this for her because I'd suspected that she was a secret Little – just like those people I saw online-

"You- you're saying that you've been... hypnotizing me?" Her eyes are wide. Confused. "Well, not exactly," I hasten, blushing and stumbling over my words. "They're files that anyone can listen to.

It's not like being taken to a real hypnotist. They're more like affirmations, you see. Words to help you think differently and be more open to other ideas-

"You did this to me? Without telling me?" Her voice is flat now – flat and unnaturally quiet. "Why... why didn't you tell me, Liz? Why on earth would you *bide* something like that from me?" Then, even as I splutter and try to explain that hypnosis can't make anyone do anything they don't really want to do, she cuts in, her voice rising now through confusion and pain into anger. "So you're telling me that this- this baby stuff- all this. All these past months. All our play times, and our whole mommy-baby thing- You *made* me do that?! By fucking around in my brain without even having the decency to *ask* me first?!"

She's on her feet now, her eyes hurt and filled with a cold light that I've never before seen. "Please – Fiona!" I beg, and I'm rising too, approaching her with pleading, outstretched arms. "Please, I'm sorry! It's not like that! I love you, I really do. It's just that I saw what you could be, and what you were too afraid to try yourself, and I- I decided to help..."

But she's backing away, tugging fitfully at the sparkly pink shirt, tearing it off over her head. Eyes welling with angry tears, she reaches down with shaking fingers and tears the tapes of her visibly wet diaper off. "Get this stupid- stupid, fucking thing off-" The soggy mass falls to the floor... and the thud might as well be the sound of my heart slamming down into the pit of my stomach.

"Keep away from me!" she wails – and now my naked partner is fleeing into the bedroom, slamming the door behind her. Every fiber in my being is urging me to follow her, to open that door and beg forgiveness and try to help her calm down... and yet, I can't.

For what right do I even have? I fucked up – over and over and over again. I crossed lines, I hid things from her, I hurt her in ways she didn't even know she could be hurt. And for what? For nothing more than my stupid ego and my weird, kinky fantasies...

When she emerges, with red eyes and a lumpy backpack slung over one shoulder, she refuses even to look at me. "I'm outta here," she snaps, and from the crack of pain I hear in her angry voice, I intuitively sense that any attempt of mine to stop her will only hurt her more. "Where- where are you going, Fiona? You can't just leave-"

"Watch me," she snarls, and now she's opening the door, staring hollowly down at the threshold. "Liz, I just- I can't. I *trusted* you. I counted on you. And here all this time you've been manipulating me- stringing me along... *using* me..."

"Fiona, please," I start, voice breaking with emotion... but she's not listening. "Goodbye, Liz," she mutters softly. "I can't stay here right now. I need space..."

And then she's gone. Leaving me staring after her like an idiot: with tear-swollen eyes and a churning in my gut and the bitter taste of regret on my tongue.