

## A Mommy's Love

June 2022 – Commission

### Chapter One

"Hey there, sweetie-pie! Now aren't you just the cutest little thing in the whole wide world?"

I glance up from my position on the floor and meet Mommy's gaze, suddenly conscious of the picture I must make. Here I am: a grown young man of twenty-three, lying on his tummy on the soft green carpet of our living room. I'm clad in the snug, all-encompassing warmth of a footed onesie sleeper, while in my nose is the powdery, comforting scent of lotion and powder. And most blushy of all: beneath my onesie's pastel, airplane-festooned surface, swelling thick and reassuring and ever so visible, must be the round bulge of my thickly diapered bum.

I'm Mommy's baby. Little Brandon, fresh from the bath and clearly, unambiguously infantile.

"Wuh-whuh," I assent self-consciously, my every utterance muffled by the large rubber nipple and intentionally massive shield of my dummy. It's my favorite – not simply because of its fire engine red color, but because it so perfectly and simply reminds me of what I am when I'm being little. It fills my mouth... silences my words... the gentle pressure of the giant plastic shield shushing me like a motherly hand over her baby's babbling lips. Sure, I can mumble out a few inarticulate sounds – but that's pretty much it. I become exactly what it's called – a dummy. A cute, burbling little dummy, pre-verbal and ever so babyish...

Not that Mommy minds. In fact, I'm pretty sure she prefers me this way.

"Now now, baby," she tells me, and she's bending down on her stocking feet, lowering her sparkling dark eyes and salacious curves to the level of my sight. "I know it's *super* fun playing with your little trucks and planes, huh? But Mommy has a better game in mind tonight for you! You were *such* a good baby for me this afternoon, you know: working hard on all your emails and chores and nasty big person stuff. And so I've decided you deserve a nice playtime with Mommy Marissa..."

She's not asking me if I want to. She's not even allowing for the possibility that I might want to fiddle here a bit longer with my model planes. She's simply telling me what is about to happen... and I, like a good little dummy-sucking baby, must obey.

All of which unequivocally signal the loss of control that is precisely what I love most about little space.

I scramble clumsily up from the carpet, noting in passing its soft texture between my fingers and the familiar tug and strain of my footed pajamas around my flexing limbs. Mommy is taking my hand then, and I find myself thinking about the delightful sensation of Mommy's own warm hands – so soft and strong and reassuring as they ruffle my reddish hair and slip down my back to pat my crinkling booty. "Come on, baby. Off to your nursery," she directs with a smile in her voice, and I shuffle obediently beside her down the darkened hall toward the warm light beckoning us in.

Sure, most nights we do share a bedroom, like any normal couple. But as I waddle into the cozy and pastel-hued space of what used to be the spare bedroom, my fuzzed-out brain simply accepts that tonight I won't be sleeping with Mommy. Baby Brandon doesn't belong in a big-person bed with Mommy, after all. No – he needs to stay safe and snug in his own little room. His crib. His baby nursery, replete with all the delightfully infantile things that make his heart sing...

"Into your crib, baby," she coaxes – and I start, realizing only now that Mommy has just shrugged out of her dress and is now standing beside the open bars of my giant crib wearing little more than lingerie and a smile. "Or do you need me to lift you up?"

I clamber obediently up onto the crinkling, powder-scented mattress, but all the while my eyes are gravitating toward the warm, generous curves of Mommy's dark green brassiere, my mouth instinctively redoubling its suckling. It's as if the babyish scents and sensations around me are turning my brain to mush, melting away all my big-person thoughts and leaving only those most simple and primal instincts of all. To preserve warmth by nestling close. To suckle and find comfort and nourishment...

Though there's another primal instinct that's apparently on Mommy's mind. And the sudden buzz of the magic wand in Mommy's hand tells me exactly what that is.

"I *told* you it was playtime, baby," Mommy giggles, and before I can do more than twist onto my back and sink down onto the softly crackling crib mattress, the vibrating head is humming insistently between my splayed legs. My nighttime diaper is thick – a MegaMax plus a thick stuffer plus a cloth all-in-one diaper "just in case" – and so the vibrations are slight at first. But that's just fine with Mommy. That's perfect. Because if there's one thing Mommy knows how to do, it's tease.

Yet oh, what loving teasing it is!

She tends me with all the soft, maternal care of a mother tending their infant. Her hand smooths

back the hair from my forehead. Her fingers trace their way down my cheeks, slip across my onesie-clad form, pause to circle my tummy in caressing, gentle swirls of affection. Her voice, at first little more than a low, feminine hum, rises gently to murmurs of endearment. "My darling," she breathes in my ear, and I tremble in mute pleasure as she plants a fairy-soft kiss on my cheek. "My dearest little *baaayyybeeee...*" – and now a kiss lands on my forehead. "My sweetest, more adorable little boy..."

I'm shivering and squirming, mewling softly behind my dummy with all the inarticulate delight of an infant. The minutes are slipping away, and time no longer matters. My brain is melting slowly like snow in the spring sunshine – warmed into dribbling nonexistence by the sweetness of her loving words. She's covering me with kisses... whispering of how beautiful and sweet and babyish I am... promising me so much care and love and attention. And yet, through it all thrums the insistent pressure of the wand, coaxing my adult body into attention and sending thrills of carnal longing sparkling through me. It all seems so innocent, and yet so paradoxically mature and sexy...

And in my silly, regressed and hormonal brain, there's only one possible resolution. Mommy's playing with me. She's training me to love my baby clothes, and my diapers, and being her sweet, helpless, adorably regressed little baby-toy.

Of course I can't help but cum. What adult baby wouldn't, with the lilting, smiling voice of their Mommy in their ears, and the throb of a wand pressed against their captive manhood, and the entire world around them having morphed into the embodiment of the most delightfully infantile fantasy they could ever imagine?

It's when I finally rouse from my post-orgasmic haze that I discover that I'm still suckling – but this time on the nipple of a large, pastel-hued feeding bottle Mommy has gently substituted for my dummy. It's warm... and creamy... and in my dream-like state I can do little more than blink up at her and think distantly of just how earnestly, deeply, and intensely I love this woman. I'll drink for her, if she wants. I'll drink it all. I'll do anything for Mommy... my sweetheart... my angel...

Even if there's a strangely oily, bitter aftertaste to this formula.

"Such a good, hungry little boy," she smiles, and I let out a sticky, infantile burp as she slips the now-empty bottle from my lips. "Playtime can be *so* exhausting, after all. I have to make sure my wee little man stays fed and hydrated, you know..." Ah, hydrated. Of course. Mommy likes it when I have to wet my diapers. And of course, knowing me and the inflexible bars of my crib, I'm quite sure I'm going to be a soggy baby before morning comes.

But now she's saying something different, even as she wipes my mouth with her beautiful fingers and helps roll me onto my now-full belly and tucks my stuffed lion under my arm. "Aww, and you were such a good boy, too! Playing with Mommy... Making a sticky mess in your diapers... Drinking your medicine all up..."

*Wait, medicine?*

But before I can articulate the question in my eyes, the fat, gag-like rubbery bulb of my pacifier is being forced once more between my milky lips, and my beautiful Mommy is giggling openly. "Oh, baby, why so surprised? Of course my silly little baby doesn't remember, but it's been two whole days since you had a boom-boom in your diaper. And so..." She bends down and plants a few more kisses on your forehead and cheeks. "Don't worry! Mommy's medicine will make it all better, I promise. No more ouchy tummy. Just nice, full pampers and a happy, stinky baby..."

The kiss that she now bestows, with a smile and a murmur of delight, on the thick bulge of my diapered crotch is like a motherly benediction. I'm startled a bit by what she's just told me, of course. But sleepy and foggy as my mind is, and deep in submissive little space as I am, all I can do is blink and suckle harder on my dummy. Up go the bars of my crib in her strong hands, and shut they click with a gentle, reassuring finality.

I'm locked into my crib now. Just a baby in his baby crib, safe and snug and secure. I'm not getting out until morning – not because Mommy is punishing me or putting me in time out, but because it's simply what I need and deserve.

"Nite-nite, baby," she breathes, and out goes the light. The warm glow of my night light fills the room, playing across the gleaming bars of my crib and the soft curves of Mommy's beautiful figure as she reaches for the door. "Sweet dreams, baby. And don't worry. Mommy will be here if you need her. Mommy will be watching you all night, honey... promise."