

## It's the Little Choices

### Part Eighteen

Commission – July 2021

I'm walking. Walking. Just walking.

Every step is a jolt to my churning gut. Every segment of the sunlit sidewalk, another mile between me and Liz. And yet, right now they're not enough. I need more. I need- I need-

My thoughts are swirling, helpless leaves caught in the gusts of my stormy emotions. *Liz. She used me. She lied to me... at least, by omission. All this stupid, terrible, humiliating stuff I've been doing – stuff I'd never ever have dared to do on my own – it's been all because of her. She was making me do it, fucking programming me in my sleep... and all without telling me.*

How could anyone be so callous? So selfish? So utterly cruel and creepy and exploitative?

*There's someone coming down the sidewalk toward me. Gotta step aside. Six feet. And back on. Not too close to the traffic. Or... maybe I should step out there. Would be so much easier to be gone. Let all this shit just... go away...*

*No. No, not going there. I'm better than that. But still, Liz- I- I don't know. I just don't know anymore.*

When I finally reach the park, safe in body at least, I find myself heading further on. There's this bench I know: secluded, safe, away from pretty much everything. I seek it out instinctively – not because I think I need a place to recover, of course. That would imply that I can be fixed, and right now, I don't know that I can be. It's just... familiar. A place I can hide, where I don't need to see or be seen by anyone.

I'm there. Settling down on the bench. Feeling the sun-warmed, rough texture of the wood creaking gently beneath me. At least this is real. Unlike everything I thought I had with Liz.

I loved her. I want to love her still. But right now, as I blink through the haze of anger and pain at the bright world before me, it's hard to see how I can. Liz has been the beating heart of my life: my sun, my pole star, my center of gravity. She's who I get up for every morning, the person I trust more than anything, the lover whose touch I crave and whose very scent to me is home.

How do you get over someone like that betraying you?

Her voice is echoing in my head now: the faltering tones, the pleading words, the tearful breaks of emotion. She'd done it for me, she'd said. Hypnosis wasn't like that. It was more like positive affirmations. She knew regressing was something I needed, that she just had to give me a little push...

But if it was truly something that I needed so badly, why the fuck couldn't she have told me to my face? And more terrifying still is the thought that this might be just the tip of the iceberg. If Liz was willing to cover up this whole hypnosis thing... well, what other horrible secrets might she be hiding?

I lose track of the minutes as they drag by. Maybe there are birds chirping around me, or butterflies floating in the warm air. Maybe there's a swing around the corner, a little playground where ordinarily I'd be itching to go. But right now, all I can think of is Liz's confession, and the realization that maybe everything I've known and loved and enjoyed this past year is a lie.

Or... is it?

Liz didn't manufacture my liking for cute things, to be fair. I have to admit that. I loved Hello Kitty and sparkles and chibis even before I met her. Heck, I can still remember how anxious I was at first – how, before her first time coming to my old apartment, I'd actually hidden my pastel posters and stuffed animals so she wouldn't judge me for having such embarrassingly immature things. Nor could Liz have created my sweet tooth, or my habit of tilting down into babyish talk when I wanted something. And she definitely couldn't have invented the pleasure I felt when cuddling next to her... or having her stroke my hair... or hearing her sweet, almost maternal endearments in my ear...

Maybe, just maybe I've overreacted?

Before my eyes I'm seeing the past year flash by, like some clichéd scene in a cheesy rom-com. Liz helping me through that trouble at work. The two of us going and getting our hair and nails done together. Her laughingly giving in to my silly demands for a new video game. Her consoling me when I was hurt or scared or stressed, with never a demand for anything else. It's almost as if for her, the reward has simply been the sheer pleasure of fulfilling my needs.

So if that isn't love... then what is?

A twinge of regret swells within me. I just said such awful things to her. I just stormed off without even giving myself time to think things through. Yes, Liz has done something horribly wrong – there is no getting around that. And I'm still not sure I can forgive her. But I also see all the other things she's done for me, and deep in my gut I know that she couldn't have been doing it all out of selfish motives. Misguided she may have been. Maybe a bit selfish, too. But haven't I also been just as selfish? So engrossed in my own wants and cares? So close-minded to her needs that she knew I wouldn't ever be willing to try her unorthodox little mommy-baby play any other way...

Holy fuck. It's as much my fault as it is hers, isn't it?

I'm standing up, walking fast, returning the way I've come. I still don't know what I'm going to say. I honestly don't even know whether she'll still be there – hurt and angry at what I've said – or if she's run off in a panic looking for me. But whatever the case, I need to go home. I need to apologize. I need *her*.

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I can't adequately convey exactly what goes down once I get back home. Tears and sniffles and apologetic hugs are their own form of communication, you know – as are the inarticulate whimpers and sighs and sob-strained words that accompany the making up of a lover's quarrel.

Suffice it to say that a half-hour after sadly knocking on the door and finding a red-eyed Liz waiting for me with open arms, we're together on the couch: a mound of wet tissues beside us, our eyes and noses damp with emotion, and our breath shaky from all the crying. "I'm just so sorry, Fiona," she murmurs, and her fingers twine tentatively through mine. "I know we've talked it out now and everything. But- I just wanna say..." and she trails off with a regretful sigh. "I promise I'm always, *always* going to talk anything through with you from now on, okay? I'm not just going to give you the choice anymore. I'm going to try to let you know exactly what I want..."

"Thank you," I whisper, burying my face in her comforting breast. She's so warm, and she smells so good, and after the storm of emotion I've been through it feels like paradise. The ugly, swirling tangle of fear and hate within me is gone now, and all I feel is quiet relief at being here once more: safe and quiet and together. "That- that sounds really nice..."

And maybe it's the proximity of her beautiful body, or the memories of my times nestled close like a little baby girl at her mommy's breast. But in this moment I'm struck by the realization that I'm in big girl panties – for the first time in over a week. I've still got an entire wardrobe of juvenile

clothes, and stacks of Goodnites and diapers in there, and a partner who loves nothing more than to see me wearing them. And most importantly... well, whether from the hypnosis or my own personal initiative, I have a sudden yearning for the security and cute comfort and intimate hominess that all those things represent.

*I'm a Little. Liz said so, and I know I am, too. Little Fiona. Sweet little baby Fiona.*

It feels so incredibly, utterly right. And in that moment, I know what I have to do. It's not a little choice anymore. It's a great big choice – and yet, I've never felt more certain in my life.

"Um, Liz?" She nods, pulls away and glances with those damp eyes into mine. "Yes, honey?" I've made up my mind. "You said you were using hypnosis files to help me become more comfy with being a Little... right?" Her eyes fill with uncertainty and shame. "Umm... yeah?" "Mommy," I enunciate, conscious like never before of the wonderful, intimate taste of the syllables on my tongue. "Mommy, I want to try listening to them more. Will you please let me listen to them tonight... maybe after my bath?"

Her face is a sunrise: beams of incredulous joy shooting through the clouds of apprehension and regret. "Wait- really? Are you sure? You're positive?" I nod firmly, feeling like a kid who's just decided that they're going to have this one particular flavor of ice cream and nothing else, come hell or high water. "Yes, Mommy. Please. I- I love feeling so safe... so small...so cute for you..."

I shiver with delight as she pulls me close, her lips seeking mine in an embrace that is at once mommy with little, lover with lover, friend with friend. "Oh, sweetie," she murmurs, and now I'm blinking back tears of joy, too. "Sweetie, if that's what you really want, I'll give them all to you and more. But only if you really, truly want them, okay?"

Visions of a Little future – me kneeling on the toy-strewn floor, gazing up in mute adoration at my beautiful mommy, oblivious of her bulging diaper and paci-filled mouth – fill my mind like an intoxicating perfume. And so I nod, firm in my conviction and unwilling to be swayed any further. "Yes, Mommy. I *want* them. Please, I- I want to learn to be *your* Little. A good Little Fiona for her Mommy..."

Well, judging by the joyful little sob she gives, Liz is more than happy to give me exactly what I've asked for. Which, really, is exactly what both of us now want – more than anything.