

Miss Mommy's Pleasure

May 2021

"Hey, baby. Welcome home! How was work?"

Oh, how was it indeed. I'm drained. Beat. Defeated, even. I can feel my shoulders sagging as I step through the door, feel the fatigue oozing from me like an unpleasant aura. It's been one of those days of frustration, of delays, of simmering interpersonal conflicts, of caustic remarks and bottled-up emotions. And frankly, I need a break.

But she already knows. She's magical that way, in her wonderfully uncanny ability to sense my mood without me even saying anything. "Oh, honey. That bad, huh?" There's no use trying to put on a brave face as I so often do... and so I nod. "Yeah," I sigh, setting down my empty lunch box and leaning with open arms into her sympathetic embrace. "Yeah. It's okay, nothing catastrophic. Just... you know. A rough Friday."

"Want to talk about it?" No, not really, I shake my head. No need to relive it right now. "Okay, that's fine," she tells me simply, her hands running comfortingly up and down my back. "That's fine. But honey..." She's pulling away now and looking me in the eye with concern – and, might I say, a flicker of suppressed delight. "Listen, I think you need some Little time to help you unwind. Would that be okay? You want Miss Mommy to give you some special Little attention tonight?"

I flush, my eyes slipping to the ground. *No, I should be strong for her. I'm the man of the house, after all. I have to deal with life's shit, can't always be giving up and letting her take over when things get tough...* But even as those gut impulses bridle at her words, another, more mature part of me speaks up. *No, quit being silly. We all need down time. You have to know when to rest, when to take a little break... And you do want Little time badly – don't deny it...*

And so, I swallow my false masculine pride and nod, blushing. "Yeah... yeah. Thanks, honey. I'd like that."

At which her face lights up with the most delightful smile. "Aww, of course you would, baby! Don't you worry. Miss Mommy is taking charge now, and she's got just the thing her poor, stressed little one needs..."

We're quite the strange couple, I think to myself now. I'm seated at the table, watching with growling stomach as my wife – or Miss Mommy, as I call her at times like this – sets a plate full of steaming spaghetti in front of me. "Now, just a minute, honey!" she admonishes me with a smile and a loving pat of my head. "We can't have you getting sauce all over you, now can we? No, we can't!"

I blush once more, little tingles sparking and racing through me as I hear a quiet rustle and feel the satiny touch of a feeding bib slipping down around my neck and drawing snug. Yes, we are a bit strange. I'd absolutely die if any of my coworkers saw me now, sitting obediently here as my wife treats me like a messy, uncoordinated three-year-old. But I can't deny, as I glance up in blushing gratitude into her smiling eyes, that it's so wonderful to slip into this role. So wonderful to feel safe and loved and cared for...

Miss Mommy clearly loves it too, I can tell. I watch her hands as she slips knife and fork through my spaghetti, chopping repeatedly, turning my adult plate of spaghetti into a dish fit for the toddler that I am becoming tonight. "There, all nice and yummy for my sweet little boy!" she beams affectionately. And then she's slipping off to the kitchen, returning a moment later with another badge of my toddlerhood: a large sippy cup, decorated with cartoon fire trucks and prancing Dalmatians. "I can't forget a nice drinkie-drink for my growing boy," she giggles, and as she sets it beside my plate, my LittleSpace supper is complete.

Oh, but the surprise I get when I take my first tentative sips of my cup!

"Yummy, hmm?" Miss Mommy beams with a knowing smile at my surprised expression. "I thought you might like some super-special milk tonight after such a rough day..." Super-special indeed! It's not the first time we've had edibles in our food, of course. But as the taste of the warm, clearly weed-infused milk spreads across my tongue and down my throat, I feel my heart thump louder in anticipation. LittleSpace... plus milk... plus this relaxing substance... How wonderful this is going to be...

When our supper is gone – when, that is, I've drained my sippy cup and cleaned my plate and my dear Miss Mommy has playfully wiped my face clean with a warm washcloth – it's time for a bath. "Time to get my sweetie-pie out of those silly big boy clothes," she tells me, taking my hand in hers and leading me firmly down the hall toward the bathroom. "We can't have you all dirty and icky before bedtime, now, can we?"

The waves of thrilling tingles sweep gently over me, one after the other, as she pulls me into the

bathroom and begins undressing me with her dexterous fingers. I don't think it's nearly soon enough to be feeling the effects of the milk, of course – but even so I shiver in mute delight as she strips me gently of my clothes and herds me into the bath. "Time to get my little man all squeaky clean!" she giggles – and sets to work with her soapy washcloth. Of course I don't technically need such maternal attention, not really. But she loves it, and I love it, and as I sink down into the delicious warmth of the water lapping around me, I reflect simply that being little for Miss Mommy is the best feeling in the entire world.

Out I come at last, the scent of fresh soap clinging to me as she wraps me in the fluffy blue towel and guides me out toward the bedroom. "Time to get you all ready for beddie-bye!" she announces, and then I'm sinking down with the tiniest sigh of happiness onto our comforting bed. I don't need to say anything. I merely need to submit, to lay still, to watch as she bustles about, producing item after item that will guarantee not only my comfort, but my regressed status as her little baby...

The stroking of her lotion-covered fingers across my skin is nothing short of heavenly. "Gotta make my little one smell sweet!" she exclaims softly, smiling down into my eyes – which, I must confess, are drawn irresistibly toward the crinkling diaper now unfolding in her hands. "Aww, you seem so happy to see your dipie, don't you?" she giggles, and I blush as I feel my formerly flaccid penis stirring to life. It rises further at the velvety touch of the powder falling like snow onto my bare, exposed groin – but with a knowing smile, Miss Mommy puts a stop to it.

"Uh-uh-uh!" she chides now, tugging the diaper firmly closed over my resistant member. "Little babies like you can't help getting excited sometimes, I know. But that's not something you should know anything about. Not tonight..." I blush, feeling that incomparable mix of shame, arousal, and pleasure pulse through me. True, a very real part of me regrets that tonight I won't be bringing her the adult pleasures she deserves so much. Yet I can't deny how incredibly satisfying it is to be at Miss Mommy's mercy. She gets to decide what I can and can't do. She's in charge, and I'm just her sweet little baby, obeying her every whim...

Speaking of whims, it's apparently another of hers to make sure I'm well and truly helpless. For once the sleeper has been slipped over me and zipped up the back, ensuring I can't escape even if I wanted to, out come the padded mittens. "Sweet little ones like you just can't be trusted not to hurt themselves, baby," she explains patiently, and so the drawstrings draw snug around each wrist. "Mommy wants to make sure you stay all safe and snug, you know. And don't worry – you won't need to do anything with those sweet little hands, anyway..."

Oh my goodness. She's taking all my control, regressing me, making me obedient- The weed-laced milk is

clearly starting to take effect now, I realize absently, as my entire body seems simultaneously to thrill and relax at her every touch. "Okay, let's lay you here, baby," she breathes, and I sink wordlessly into the pillows at the head of the bed. I'm ready for bed now: bathed, diapered, dressed, and mittened precisely as a good little infant should be. But now, of course, it's *her* turn to prepare for bed.

How can I even hope to describe the delight – the arousal and longing and wordless joy – that surges through me as I watch my darling wife begin to undress before my eyes? How can I express the knowing, condescending smile on her face as first her shirt, then her jeans and socks, and then finally her bra and panties slip off, leaving her exposed and gloriously naked before me? And how can I ever explain how, as she slips into her soft, flowery nightgown and steps toward me once more as a pastel vision, my heart thrills and leaps up with longing to please and be pleased by her?

Though, I realize with a sudden pang of misgiving, there's clearly no way I can bring her *that* kind of pleasure tonight. Not like this.

Yet, even as my fogged mind begins to cloud in anxiety and regret at denying my wife a night of conjugal sex, I see her bending down, opening the bottom drawer of our dresser, producing... oh my god. Producing a device of buckles and straps and one very long, girthy-

It's our strap-on.

"Come here, baby," she whispers, slipping down on the bed beside me with a knowing smile playing on her lips. "I know you're Little tonight, and you're so, so very adorable. But you know, Miss Mommy wants some relaxation, too... and I bet you'd like to help her a bit too, wouldn't you? Even if a silly little thing like you doesn't know anything about such naughty fun yourself?"

I'm nodding, tongue-tied, watching with thudding heart as she slips the straps around my sleeper- and diaper-clad groin. She's tugging them then, drawing them tight around me, pulling the false, silicone cock comically erect atop my padded prison. *Oh, my god.* I'm still her helpless little one, true... but I'm becoming even more than that now.

I'm becoming her helpless little toy.

As she eases up onto the bed, slipping astride me and smiling down into my widened eyes, she giggles and tweaks my nose playfully. "Aww, you're just so cute like this! See? Now we're both going to have a lot of fun tonight, even if you're feeling little..." She shakes her head in amusement,

then leans forward earnestly. "Now listen, little one: there's one more happy surprise for you. Miss Mommy's been saving it up for a couple days now, waiting for just the right time..."

My eyes meet hers in mute questioning, at which she gives a gentle chuckle even as she begins rubbing her neatly groomed pussy suggestively against the strap-on's silicone cock. "Oh, don't worry, darling. I know you're going to love this. Trust me." She leans down closer, and my pulse quickens as I inhale her intoxicating scent, as my upturned face nears her full bosom. "Now, baby," she murmurs as she continues to straddle my sleeper-clad form, her gorgeous and utterly feminine form a stark contrast to my own helplessly padded and pampered one. "I know you're probably still hungry, aren't you? You need a nice warm drink before bed, don't you?"

She doesn't expect a verbal response. She doesn't need one. For right there, close before my very eyes, she slips down the left strap of her baby-blue nightgown, exposing the warm fullness of her rose-tipped breast. "Go on, baby," she urges softly, leaning forward still further as she slips the tip of the strap-on into herself with a tiny shiver of satisfaction. "Go on. You know you want this..."

God, I do.

Every nerve in my body is alight as my lips part, as I gently take the proffered nipple, as my mouth closes around Miss Mommy's warm breast thrust so temptingly before me. It's so delightful to play at breastfeeding, as we've so often done before. But it's then, with my first tentative suck, that a galvanic shock ripples through me. *Wait, how- What- Is this-*

It is. Her breast, full, round and satin-soft against my lips, is spurting milk into my suckling mouth.

As my eyes widen, staring in shock and mute questioning into hers, a moan of delight escapes her own parted lips. "Nice surprise, baby? Hmm?" I would nod – speak – question – but my mouth is full. And my heart is full. And – less eloquent to say but no less thrilling – her pussy, too, is full as she slips up and down atop me, riding my padded crotch, her bare hips thrusting up and down in pleasure as she rides the mute little toy I've become.

She'll explain it all to me later, I'm sure. She'll tell me how she's worked this magic and transformed her beautiful body into a nourishing, infant-sustaining masterpiece of femininity. For now, all I can do is suckle, feeling the taste of her warm, liquid love on my suckling tongue. And as my mittened hands quiver upwards, pawing in vain toward her beautiful womanly self, struggling mutely to express my love... and as her hips thrust in and out, finding their pleasure in my

regressed, momentarily infantile submission... I feel myself slipping into a state of transcendent bliss.

Miss Mommy is my love, my life, my universe, my everything. And as long as I can be that for her, too – as long as I can bring her as much pleasure as she brings me – then all is well.