

The Color of Love

December 2023

Thanks to Melly for suggesting this sweet story idea! :-)

"Here we go, baby. *Ooofff* comes the shirt now, 'kay? Can't have Elsa and Anna getting all messy, can we?"

Sally blinked as the darkness receded and the cotton t-shirt slipped over her head, drawn by Daddy's sure fingers. "Nuh-uh!" she agreed, before distractedly dropping her gaze to glance, first at the pile of hair dye paraphernalia on the kitchen table beside her, and then down at her freshly exposed boobies. Sure, as a thirty-year-old adult woman she wore a bra plenty of times – when she had to be a big girl and stuff. But she and Daddy both liked it much better when she went without.

She wriggled experimentally, watching in that ticklish mix of adult satisfaction and toddler-like glee as her naked breasts jiggled and juddered in response. "We gots'a keep dem all cwean and dwy!" she asserted in her lilting Little space voice, raising her head and noting in approval that Daddy had draped the princesses in question over the chair at the other end of the table. "'Cause dey is pwitty pwincesses and gots'a stay cwean!"

"That they do," Daddy grinned, and now he was coming back and gesturing at the thickened bulk of the diaper sagging heavily between her legs. "Clean and dry! Just like my baby... for like five minutes after I change her." His hands slipped over her bare shoulders and guided her toward the wooden chair, into which she lowered her padded butt with a barely audible squish. "Come on, now. I'm gonna need you to sit that puddle-butt down and stay put while I do your hair, okay? Can you promise to stay still for me?"

"Uh-huuuhhh," Sally drawled reluctantly, watching as Daddy leaned forward and tugged the cosmetic mirror into place in front of her. "Here, you can watch in the mirror while I do it!" he enthused. "That will be fun, right?" And before she could do more than nod, he was grinning and holding up her extra-large pacifier – the one that she secretly loved because it made her drool and burble so incredibly like a baby. "Oh, and just in case my baby needs something else to keep the fussies away..."

In went the dummy, slipping between her pliant lips and filling out her cheeks with its soft girth.

She let out a wet, muted murmur of assent, giving a few sucks and watching her reflection in silent satisfaction. It was just so right: the comforting look and sensation of that massive shield pressing firmly against her mouth! "Aaahhnn oooo," she managed – which, judging by the smile that lit up Daddy's face, was just as appreciated as a "thank you" articulated in the cleanest diction imaginable.

"You're welcome, Pookie," he smiled... and set to work. After all – as he told her amid the squeaking of rubber gloves and the crackle of her protective smock and the sharp scent of bleach – if her hair was going to be ready in time for the Christmas party tonight, they had to hurry.

There she sat, as still as she possibly could: Daddy's wife and babygirl, naked save for her soggy diaper and the thin, translucent plastic smock that barely covered her breasts. She gazed silently into the mirror, watching as Daddy's gloved hands began applying the bleach to her chestnut brown hair. *It's fricking bleach*, said the adult half of her brain; *it reeks, and it can hurt your skin – and heaven help you if you get it in your eyes!* Yet at the same time, her Little brain was gleefully shouting out its delight with the gooey, gloppy, white yogurt-like stuff Daddy was smearing all over her hair. It looked so fun! Her fingers twitched, itching to sink them into the depths of the bowl, to feel that cool gooey paste oozing up between her fingers-

"No, no touchie!" Daddy scolded, and Sally let out a meek little burble of disappointment, letting her hands drop back down onto her naked thighs. *Poopie*. Well, she'd just have to think about something else, then. Maybe about the bright dye that they were going to put on her hair once it was processed. About that glorious pink. Her favorite color. How amazing it would look, all done up to match her favorite party dress...

Her eyes fluttered, senses atingle as Daddy's hands stroked and tugged gently at her hair. Sure, the bleach stank. It made her eyes water. And when at last he began applying it to her roots, it began to sting her scalp. Yet none of that could take away from the primal, wordless tingles that shivered through her at Daddy's touch. It just felt so *calming*... just like when he shampooed her hair in the bath, with her sitting between his legs and leaning back against his warm, naked chest...

"Okay, all done! Let's just sit here for a half hour or so okay? And once that's processed, Pookie, we'll rinse it out and see how it looks."

She roused herself – nodded – and then burred out a grudging agreement. Her Little brain didn't want to wait, of course. She wanted to have pink hair *now!* But Daddy had said wait, and so she would. Sucking her paci all the while. And shivering with wordless happiness as he knelt beside her, and propped his phone against the mirror, and they together began watching one of their favorite

cartoon shows.

Because so what if she was sitting like a giant baby, naked and diapered and with goop in her hair? Daddy was with her. Daddy was here. And that was all that really mattered.

Thanks to the antics of Spike and Twilight Sparkle, the time flew past more quickly than her Littlespace brain had thought possible. And with a grin and a quick kiss, Daddy rose to tower over her once more. "Come on, baby! Let's rinse this out and see where we're at, okay?"

Talk about tingles! Oh, it felt divine, leaning backward over the tub and letting that warm water course through her hair and soothe her irritated scalp. Sally let out another burbling coo, feeling more than ever like a baby: so exposed, so wet, so utterly dependent on Daddy to clean her up. And in response, another smile lit up his face, and he beamed tenderly down to plant a kiss squarely atop her paci.

"Good girl," he murmured... and at those simple words, she melted a tiny bit more.

It was just so simple, so casual – this intimate everyday love. With no one else in the entire world could she squat here like a toddler, feeling the warm bursts of pee dribbling out between her legs and into her diaper, letting Daddy take care of everything. No one else was half so skilled, or kind. No one else would find her inner baby so endearing, so precious, so deserving of protection...

She was truly lucky, she realized for the thousandth time. And as she rose, newly bleached hair now bundled into a lopsided, toweled lump, she snuggled with a mewling little murmur into Daddy's arms. He needed to know just how amazing he was, after all.

The feels were still feeling some five hours later. She stood before a mirror once more: but this time, the full-length mirror in the quiet warmth of their bedroom. In it, she saw herself as she'd hoped and dreamed: the perfect, beautiful babygirl she'd always longed to be..

Pink pacifier in her mouth once more. Legs confined in thick white tights, and feet in gleaming pink mary-jane shoes. The rest of her wreathed in her beloved party dress: pink as well, with enough frills and lace to satisfy the most ardent lolita-fashionista on the planet. Beneath its ruffled skirt, double-layered petticoats – and beneath those, double diapers and plastic pants that sealed her excitedly dribbling princess parts into a gloriously thick and absorbent prison. But best of all?

Two cotton-candy pink pigtails hung softly down to her shoulders – and they were almost exactly the color she'd dreamed of for all these months. It was te kind of pink that made her feel all warm and fuzzy and happy. The sort of pink that only the girliest of girls and the sweetest of babies would wear. And it was all thanks to Daddy.

"Ihhh uuuhhh-iihhhh," she breathed softly, and Daddy stepped forward with a little laugh and plucked the giant pacifier from her mouth. "What was that, Pookie?" "I love it," she repeated, and now her eyes were filling with happy tears as she gazed at their shared reflection. "It- it's just the color I wanted. The perfect color... perfect. Just... perfect."

"Like you, baby," Daddy whispered in reply, and she let out a happy little hiccuping sob, flinging her arms around him and burying her face in his shoulder. "Perfect," he repeated in her ear, and in his every syllable she could hear his tender delight.

"Perfect... Exactly like you."