

**Blossoming into Babyhood**  
Chapter Two  
December 2022 – Commission

Oh, that evening more than a year ago had been quite the wild ride. Emotionally, at least.

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Lily exhaled a little sigh, arched her back, and thrust backward, nestling further into the protective concave arc of Adam's warm body. It just felt so incredibly good to lay in bed like this: in warm flannel pajamas, her boyfriend's glowing warmth surrounding her, her entire being feeling calm and at peace her in the safety of this little-spoon position. With anyone else she might have felt expected to thrust her hips backward provocatively, or purr about how sexy he was, or tease him about the stiffening length of his cock pressing against her ass. But right now, with Adam...

Well, she didn't need to do any of that. All she needed to do was relax and be safe and sweet and cute. Just like she had been this evening.

Oh, yes, cute was the operative word. Over the past months of their relationship, she'd come to live for that slow smile on Adam's face – and lately, it seemed to emerge whenever she did something silly and cutesy. Some might have even said *juvenile*. Like right now-

"Dat was nice," she whispered now with an affected lisp and babyish lilt to her tone. "I was a good girl tonight, wasn't I?" She'd picked up the "good girl" phrase from Adam, and she now used it with scarcely a blush – knowing full well the way it seemed to please him when she used it to refer to herself. "You were a *very* good girl tonight, baby," he rumbled back, and now she could feel his large, strong hand giving her flannel-clad ass a reassuring pat. "You were very nice to Zane, and you ate all your food without whining. And you didn't even make a mess on your pretty dress!"

She blushed into the darkness at that last sentence, but did nothing but give a little whimper of delight and snuggle closer. They both knew she was a full-grown woman, right? Maybe she was a *little* bit uncoordinated sometimes, sure. But of course he didn't *seriously* think she'd spill food down her front like some- some messy little kid...

"Zane was pretty nice, too," she agreed, partly to take her mind off the sudden – and slightly disturbing – mental image of Adam bending over to tuck a bib-like napkin into the collar of her dress. "He- he didn't seem to mind that we're, you know... together..." She was being serious now,

and Adam could tell, judging by the comforting gravity of his response.

"Baby, it's been *years* since he and I dated," he reminded her, and she shivered now as her vivid imagination reminded her of Zane's grave, bearded figure seated across from her, his dark eyes mild and yet somehow seeming to penetrate her very core. "You know that it didn't work out between us, right? And that it was entirely mutual? He and I are history, baby..."

"I know, I know," she murmured, burying her face in the pillow and trying to rid herself of the nagging suspicion that maybe, just maybe, her incredible boyfriend might want something more than her. He was bisexual, she'd known that virtually from day one. But somehow, having felt the smoldering hotness of Zane's presence tonight – not to mention learning that he was a super-smart psychologist with an advanced degree – she no longer felt so sure that her simple secretary self could ever be enough for Adam. She didn't like to think of herself as a jealous person, but...

Okay, maybe she *had* been jealous. Which, perhaps, explained why she'd instinctively leaned into her cutesy behavior at the restaurant. To do and be and say everything that Zane never could.

So she'd giggled. She'd clung to Adam's arm. She'd laughed and prattled on about how she and Adam did so much together, and how much they had in common, and how he was the sweetest guy and she was so lucky to have him. Though maybe it had been a bit... too much? Zane hadn't said anything, though. All he'd done was look on, and smile mysteriously, and take another sip of his wine like some inscrutable god...

"He's a good friend, that's all," Adam reassured her, and now his hand was sliding up to squeeze her petite, barely B-cup right breast. "Just a good friend who is back in town again. He doesn't really say much, but I know tonight must have meant a lot to him. Remember – it can't be easy, starting up a new psych practice on his own. And really, the least we can do is hang out with him now and then to let him know he has friends in the area, right?"

"Right," she agreed simply. And then, to distract herself from the disconcerting memory of Zane's quiet, imperturbable smile, she squeezed her eyes shut and let out a little mewl of sleepiness. "Okay, I'm gonna go sleepies now. Nite-nite."

"Nite-nite, baby-doll," he rumbled back, and in his tone she heard nothing but affection. "Sweet dreams to the goodest girl in all the word..."

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That had been only the beginning: her very first encounter with the second man who would transform her life so completely. But it was their second meeting that had sent things spiraling out of control and deep into realms of embarrassment she'd never before imagined.

It had begun simply enough. The local symphony had been putting on a festive concert of highlights from Handel's *Messiah* – and though Lily was more of a Katy Perry and Taylor Swift fan, as a good girlfriend she couldn't very well leave Adam to go by himself. And certainly, *certainly* not when Zane had invited them both: not only to the concert, but also to an undeniably nice sit-down restaurant for dinner beforehand.

The food had been good – great, even. The lobster ravioli had been phenomenal, and she'd loved the Mai Tais so much that she'd had two without even thinking. Perhaps in retrospect the alcohol had been the culprit behind her bubbly demeanor: her nearly uncontrollable laughter at Adam's puns, and her comical inability to properly say the word "psychoanalysis" when responding to one of Zane's dry comments. Whatever the case, she'd been having a great time – for even when she'd made such gaffes, she'd merely giggled all the louder, reassuring herself that being cute and adorable was exactly what Adam wanted from her...

Yes – it had all been wonderful and exhilarating and energizing. That is, until the lights went down in the theater, and the performance began, and an unaccountable, fuzzy sleepiness began to wash over her in heavy, irresistible waves.

Had she managed to stay awake through the entire performance? Later she couldn't have even said. She had a vague memory of people singing loudly, and the sudden shuffle of hundreds of feet as the entire audience – save her – rose as tradition required. She seemed to recall Adam's voice, coming as if from a mile away, and the strong touch of his hands supporting her limp body and guiding her noodle-like arms into her coat. And then... well, besides the heavy slam of the car door and the cool sensation of the leather seat back against her cheek, it had all gone dark.

Until, that is, a sudden flash of a garage light, and the murmur of masculine voices around her. One had been Adam's: "Oh, dear. I- I think we've got a problem." Zane's, calm and unperturbed as ever. "What's wrong? Did she... Oh, did something spill?"

Too groggy to do more than squirm in place, she'd slumped there, vaguely aware of what must have been Adam's large, strong hands probing around her seat and between her legs. "Oh, dear. Seems like she must've had an accident. I- I'm so sorry! I had no idea she might- I mean, she's never had

accidents before, as far as I know-

*Accidents? Like- like a car accident? But she- she wasn't driving-* "It's okay, really," Zane's voice now came, low and rather less reassuring than normal. "It's leather. I'm sure it will wash out... right?" He now sounded less certain. "Here, let me find a towel-

*Towel?* Her consciousness had begun to seep back into her brain, and she struggled to sit upright. Something... didn't feel right. There was something... damp. Wet. Very, very wet...

*Accident. Wet. Wet bottom.*

Her eyes blinked open into the light, staring down in sleepy, barely comprehending but growing horror at the sight beneath her. For radiating out from her entire rear, gleaming on the fancy leather seat of Zane's SUV, was a giant puddle. The kind of puddle that could only have come from her.

So much for being cute.

*(To be continued!)*