



A London Little's Giraffe

Author: *Ellie Rose*

Category: Romance, Lesbian Romance

Description: When Mossie's beloved Giraffe is savaged in an incident with a dog, they run straight to Stuffie Hospital London to get him mended.

Usually, nothing phases restoration specialist Daniel, but faced with a tearful Little enby, he's bowled off his feet and into Daddy mode.

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Chapter One

Parking up outside the cottage, Rubie took a deep breath. She loved her job, and she was damn good at it, but there was something about leaving the world behind her for one week every year, that felt truly decadent. And besides, this was the one week when she got to indulge in everything her Little-self dreamed of.

Christmas.

She'd always loved Christmas. The magic of the decorations, the bracing touch of a cold winter's night, mince pies by the fire. Her favourite time of year from before she was a she. But since Rubie had transitioned, going to spend Christmas with her family was no longer the attractive proposition it once had been. And so, instead she made her annual trip to a remote cottage: in Scotland, in Wales, in Cornwall, in the Peak District—somewhere out in the countryside, in the middle of nowhere, with a high likelihood of snow. Because if there was something that Rubie loved almost more than Christmas, it was lying on the floor, gazing up at the sky outside and watching whirling flakes of snow tumble down.

She'd been doing this for about seven years now, making her own Christmas traditions, her own Christmas memories. Rubie went on other holidays, of course, but none ever quite captured the frisson of excitement that the final week of December brought with it. And besides, this was her week. In this week she got to do anything she wanted.

Admittedly, when she looked at the boot of her car and saw the bags and bags of food and decorations that she was going to have to haul into the cottage, she realised that

perhaps what she chose to do each year was a little over the top. Most people she knew didn't have four bags of Christmas decorations for decorating their own home—let alone for decorating a holiday rental for a week! But Rubie's Little was a Christmas fiend, and she only allowed herself to fully indulge in this aspect of her Little side once a year.

She got to have the magic of Christmas as the Little girl she'd never gotten to be.

As she played the Tetris game of balancing every bag she possibly could on top of her, she thought about her colleagues at Stuffie Hospital London. Most of the time she loved the fact that she got to do this, that she got to spend Christmas exactly how she wanted. But recently her colleagues had been pairing up, with her best friend Mossie falling in love with Daniel from the Restoration team. Rubie was genuinely happy for Mossie and Daniel, the same way she was for Tillie and Alex, and Billie with her Daddy doctor, but there was a small part of her that felt sad that she didn't have anyone to share this delight with.

Being Little was amazing, being Little and being on your own was less so.

Rubie's Little had never been dependent on someone else, or a Caregiver, but that didn't mean that she didn't want one. What Rubie wanted more than almost anything else was a Mommy Domme of her own. She wanted a woman to curl up with, to kiss her and read her stories, to fuck her until she cried. (Because crying after sex always felt like the best kind of release for Rubie). But instead she just continued on, being an excellent accountant, an excellent friend, and an all-round excellent member of society. Excelling at being excellent. On her own.

Sex hadn't been on the cards for quite some time, which is more than a little frustrating. That was okay though; she'd packed some toys for this week. A flogger, some dildos, and plenty of lube. She'd even included some pinwheels in her luggage. Yes, she might be on her own this Christmas, but that didn't mean that Rubie had to

have a sexless Christmas. Oh no, Rubie was very good at making sure that her December was filled with oh so much fun. In fact, last Christmas, she'd set a personal best record for most orgasms in an hour. And the year before, she'd manage to edge for so long that when she finally took a break, she almost passed out, because she hadn't hydrated properly.

Yes, Rubie had a very kinky Christmas planned out indeed. And never ever did she ever think about how much more fulfilling it could be, if only she was able to sink into submission for someone else.

She'd picked the Isle of Skye for her retreat this year, and the drive up to Scotland from London had been long, but the perfect way for her to switch from a working headspace into her Christmas headspace. The cottage itself was super cosy, exposed wooden beams and simple décor adding a rustic feel to the place.

And now she was here, there was only one thing on her mind: decorating time!

The tinsel was the first thing to come out. Rubie hung it up round the fireplace, above the mantle, and then around and around the Christmas tree that the owner had ever so helpfully placed by the kitchen door—just as promised. Then it was time to decant all of her food from cool bags into the fridge. She'd done a supermarket run earlier that week, picking up everything that someone might need for a Christmas dinner: turkey crown, potatoes, parsnips and carrots, stuffing and gravy, tenderstem broccoli—her favourite—and cream and Christmas pudding for dessert. There was the rest of her shop as well, including ready meals, so she didn't have to cook from scratch every day, and some bubbly to toast the winter season with.

She'd learned the hard way that first year, that staying in a remote cottage for a week was no good, if you didn't have enough provisions, and soon the fridge and freezer were filled to bursting, the food that the owner had left moved onto the top shelf, so as not to get all mixed up.

Rubie had just put away all of the food when there was a noise coming from the living room. She stopped, listened again. What the hell was that? The noise came again. And then a voice that said, “What the fuck is going on here?”

Completely confused, Rubie grabbed a wooden spoon from the kitchen side, and stormed into the living room to see who was encroaching on her Christmas retreat.

The woman in the living room took her breath away.

She was tall, with long dark hair tied up in a ponytail, a shaved undercut decorating the sides of her head. Her clothes were masc; a sharp blazer outlining a muscular build. Slightly bleary eyed, Rubie was startled to realise that she’d clearly just woken up and, from the look of the open door behind the woman, she’d been sleeping in the bedroom.

But even bleary eyed, and with her ponytail slightly mussed up, Rubie couldn't stop staring.

“Who the fuck are you?” asked the woman, looking in confusion towards Rubie.

“Who the fuck am I? Who the fuck are you?” retorted Rubie.

That made the woman laugh, briefly, before she looked disparagingly at the decorations. “I thought I said that you didn't need to decorate the place? This is my escape from Christmas, not an escapeforChristmas.”

Rubie looked at her in confusion. “Sorry, but who is it that you think I am?”

“The owner?”

“Nope, not me.”

That gave the other woman pause. “Well in that case, I repeat my original question: who the fuck are you?”

“I’m the person who’s booked this cottage for the week,” said Rubie.

“I don’t think so,” said the other woman, who got out her phone and started scrolling through it vigorously. Rubie grabbed hers out of her back pocket and did the same. But when they both compared confirmation emails, they both had the same information.

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“Fuck,” said the other woman. “I haven't got anywhere else to go for Christmas; not at this late notice.” Her voice had the hint of a Cornish accent and Rubie would have asked about it if it wasn't for the fact that she also had nowhere else to go for Christmas.

“I'm Rubie,” she said, holding out her hand for the other woman to shake. “Whilst we're here, sorting this mix up out, we might as well know each other's names.”

“Anna,” said the other woman, “I'm Anna.”

“Hey Anna,” said Rubie. “It looks like we're in similar position here. And it's not like it's easy to find somewhere local.” The cottage was literally in the middle of nowhere. “Is there a spare bedroom...?” But even as she asked the question, Rubie realized that it was very unlikely. She might not be able to remember the details of the booking off the top of her head, but she was fairly certain that one of the qualities of the rental that she'd considered to be vital, was it was perfectly designed for one person. Which meant one bedroom.

They stared at each other, reality hitting them. “Well,” said Anna. “I guess this won't be getting a five star review.”

Rubie laughed then, the sound loud in the quiet of the cottage. “Ha! Look,” she said, resigning herself to the situation. “I don't really have anywhere else to go either, and,” she walked to the window and peered out, “it looks as if even if I did have somewhere to go, I wouldn't be able to.” It had started to snow outside and Rubie had checked the weather before leaving. Being snowed in over Christmas had seemed very pleasant when she had imagined it previously. Now it just seemed like an

inconvenience.

Anna walked over to the window and stood beside Rubie. She didn't touch her; not even a finger grazed Rubie's hand, and yet Rubie could feel the other woman's presence as if she'd pressed herself up against Rubie.

“Oh,” said Anna. “I see.” She turned to look at Rubie, and Rubie was gratified to see that the other woman was just as tall as Rubie was. Most people weren't anywhere near as tall as Rubie, and it had made other cis women in the past wary of dating her, but Anna was tall and leggy, and met Rubie's eyes easily.

“I guess we're spending Christmas together, then.”

Chapter Two

It turned out that Anna was not as big a fan of Christmas as Rubie, although that wasn't exactly difficult, considering the fact that no one was ever as big a fan of Christmas as Rubie. But in this case, Anna actively disliked the holiday. Rubie stared at her when Anna shared this information.

“You don't like Christmas?” she asked, aghast.

“No,” said Anna, “I mean, who likes Christmas? The pressure to give the perfect present, having to spend time with family, the forced frivolity of it all... At the end of the year, I just want to curl up and sleep.” She took one look around the room, taking in all the decorations that Rubie had managed to put up earlier and added, “I guess you like Christmas then?”

Rubie nodded. “Just a little bit. I love how magical everything seems at Christmas.”

“If it's so magical,” said Anna, “do you mind me asking why you're spending it up

here alone?"

"I'm trans," Rubie said. "Going home for Christmas isn't really an option for me." She paused and waited, anxiously darting her eyes up to take in Anna's reaction. There wasn't much of one, or at least not a trace of the reaction that Rubie feared.

Instead, Anna said, "I think I understand how that must be frustrating. I don't really have a huge amount of experience with wanting to spend Christmas with my family, but I suppose if you wanted to and couldn't, then it must be quite difficult."

"I don't think I want to actually spend Christmas with them," said Rubie. "I don't think it would be particularly fun for any of us, but it has meant that rather than rejecting Christmas, I've made it my own."

"You've certainly done that," said Anna. "Where did all these decorations come from? I didn't see them when I arrived."

For the first time since she'd arrived at the cottage, Rubie felt embarrassed. "I brought them with me?" she said, her voice raising in a question at the end of the sentence.

Anna looked at her. "You don't sound certain," she said.

"No no," said Rubie. "I am certain, I'm just embarrassed to admit it."

"Well," said Anna. "It's Christmas Eve, and it looks like we're going to be stuck here together. How would you like to do this?"

"Do this?"

"Christmas," said Anna. "How would you like to do Christmas?"

Rubie looked at her curiously. “But I thought you said you didn't like Christmas?”

Anna's face flushed as she answered, “I don't, but I don't care about it enough to mind if you celebrate it. I guess we can do Christmas together. Just expect me to Grinch it up on occasion.”

“I can cope with that,” said Rubie with a grin. “And we can make it nice for you, too. What were you planning to eat tomorrow?”

“I've got everything I need for a really good curry,” said Anna.

“Oh that food in the fridge was yours,” said Rubie, suddenly understanding. “Well maybe we could make ourselves a Christmas dinner with a difference. Spice the turkey the way you would a good curry but roast it instead, and do a really lovely gravy with stuffing and maybe we make a dahl with the vegetables.”

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“I do have lentils,” said Anna. She had a strange look on her face that Rubie couldn’t quite identify.

“You okay?” she laughed awkwardly and shuffled from one foot to the other. “I have a bit of a habit of micro-organising things; if you’re more of a spontaneous person then we could decide tomorrow instead?”

Anna raised an eyebrow. “Really? You really think you’d be okay with deciding everything in the moment?”

“Yes,” said Rubie, but she wasn’t sure she sounded convincing, even to herself. “Well I can try?”

Laughing, Anna offered Rubie her hand, and when granted it, tugged the both of them until they fell onto the sofa. “It’s okay, I don’t mind planning things out in advance. It makes things easier for you that way?”

Rubie thought of the spreadsheets that lived on her work computer, analysing data and pulling together all of the information that she needed for payrolls and Stuffie Hospital London’s accounts. “In most things I’m fairly happy-go-lucky,” she explained. But there are some things that I find easier to plan. I’ve got a cooking spreadsheet that we could use?”

Anna looked at her, bemused. “A cooking spreadsheet?”

“Yeah, so I can get the timings right on complicated meals.” Rubie flushed. “Okay, yeah, I’m sounding a bit weird.”

“No,” said Anna. “Like I said, I don’t mind planning things out; and I bet you don’t ever have cold potatoes with a meal.”

The warmth in Anna’s smile made Rubie feel a little more at ease, and she smiled shyly. “Nothing but piping hot spuds here!”

“Do you want to see what we’ve got in, and work it all out now?”

Rubie nodded eagerly. “Yes please, if that’s okay?”

She hadn’t expected Anna to get on board quite as quickly as she did. In the kitchen, she took stock of all the food supplies, and Anna dutifully took notes so that they could all put it together.

“What about tonight?” Rubie asked. “I was just planning on throwing together something quickly whilst I cooked the turkey.”

“Cooking the turkey tonight?”

“It’s better than waiting hours and hours to eat on Christmas Day; I can’t be waiting until 4pm to have Christmas lunch.”

“Well,” said Anna. “If you prep the turkey and do the marinade and whatever else you think needs doing for that, I’ll do us dinner for tonight. Just leave me one shelf in the oven. You got any dietary requirements?”

Rubie shook her head, bemused. “Okay, well, I’ll leave that up to you then.”

“Atta girl,” said Anna, and pressed a kiss to Rubie’s forehead.

They both froze, and Rubie’s eyes darted all over the place, not knowing where

exactly to land her gaze.

“Shit.”

Her gaze landed on the other woman.

“I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have...I mean, it felt...fuck. I’m sorry. I should have asked permission first. Are you okay?”

Rubie took a deep breath and leaned forward, her lips hovering just above the smoothness of Anna’s cheek. “May I?”

Anna nodded wordlessly, and she pressed a smooth kiss to the other woman’s skin. Anna smelt like jasmine.

It was enough to make Rubie heady.

“There; we’re even.”

When Anna looked at her, a question in the other woman’s eyes, Rubie just smiled. “At the risk of making things awkward, if you wanted to kiss me, I wouldn’t mind.” She did her best attempt at making her eyes twinkle cheekily. “I think I’d rather like it.”

“Well,” said Anna throatily, “I suppose we are snowed in for Christmas...we have to do something to pass the time.” She leaned in and her kiss was a whisper of a touch across Rubie’s lips. “So we’d best start with cooking.”

Rubie knew that she must have looked indignant, but Anna patted her cheek softly and with such affection, that Rubie found herself unwrapping the turkey in a slight haze of delight.

Chapter Three

By the time Rubie popped the turkey in the oven, the entire cottage was smelling of warm, fragrant spices. Throwing herself in a heap on the sofa, she watched as the fire flickered, the light catching the twinkle of the tinsel.

Anna popped her head around the door and said that drinks would be ready in five, and dinner in ten, throwing Rubie an affectionate smile, Anna's ponytail dancing as she moved.

This was...nice.

Different.

Rubie was used to doing all of this on her own, with no one else to help her. It was nice to have company—especially when the company was as delightful to look at as Anna. The brunette had a commanding presence that couldn't be denied, but it seemed to soften when she was around Rubie.

She'd laughed a lot, as they'd prepared their food, and she'd been intrigued by the curried gravy that Rubie had thrown together, using recipes from at least a dozen different websites. Though she hadn't laughed when Rubie had explained that once the turkey crown was cooked, she'd slice it and then cover it with gravy, so that the meat wouldn't go dry the next day.

A family tradition, she'd explained, and Anna had simply leaned over to squeeze her hand.

And she'd flirted with Rubie too, winking at her and laughing when Rubie had gotten flustered, and patting her cheek.

Affectionately.

Everything was done with warmth and affection.

It was more than nice; it felt right.

"Here we go," Anna said, bringing two steaming mugs into the living room. "I might not be one for Christmas, but mulled apple juice is a thing of beauty. Warm and spicy."

"Just like me!" joked Rubie, but the look that Anna shot her was anything but jokey. Fuck, there was desire in the other woman's eyes, desire that Rubie knew must be reflected in her own.

"Drink up, sweetheart. There's a good girl," said Anna, and Rubie's voice caught in her throat, just for a moment. It felt like...it sounded like...

There was a moment when she almost bratted back instinctively, but something held her back. She didn't know if anyone had called her a good girl before, and she wanted to wrap herself up in the words like a blanket. To lose herself in them, so that she never ever forgot that this was who she was, deep down. A good girl. Not intentionally difficult, or weird, or broken.

She was good, and she was a girl.

"Yes Mommy," she said.

Anna froze.

Rubie froze.

The entire scene was like a frozen tableau: two women by a Christmas fire.

“Ummmm...” Rubie’s voice stuttered to a halt.

Anna looked at her seriously for a second. “Let me take the food out of the oven, and then we can talk whilst we eat.”

Rubie nodded, but she didn’t look up, couldn’t meet Anna’s eyes. Instead she took a sip of the mulled apple juice and let the spiced drink warm and settle her.

When she came back, Anna had two bowls in each hand, and cutlery balanced precariously between her fingers. “Here you go sweetheart; have some foods. It’s been a while since you got here, and you should definitely eat up.”

Rubie wasn’t sure whether the fact that the other woman hadn’t mentioned her ‘Mommy slip up’ was a good thing or a bad thing. But the bowl of food looked amazing. Anna had made them a lamb pasta bake, with carrots and mushrooms, all topped with melted cheese that looked like it had been baked until almost crispy.

Taking a big spoonful, Rubie let the flavours wash over her, and she suddenly realised quite how hungry she’d been. There was silence for a few minutes whilst both of them focused on eating.

Finally, she took a breath and gathered up all of her courage. “So about what I said...”

“Yes?” asked Anna quietly. When Rubie looked at her, she saw that the other woman was blushing as well.

“That wasn’t fair; you didn’t consent for me to call you that. It was just in the moment, with the ‘good girl’, I forgot myself. So, I’m really sorry.”

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There was a long pause and Rubie wanted the ground to swallow her up, but she'd been the one to mess up, and she had to take responsibility for that.

"I've..." said Anna, "I've never had a Little before. I'm assuming that you are...?"

"Yes," said Rubie. "Yes I am. You know what Littles are?"

Anna smiled gently, "I do. I've been on the kink scene for years, but I've never been in that kind of dynamic before. Always been a Domme, just not...that."

"I see," said Rubie. "I'm sorry, I—"

"Give me a second, okay sweetheart? Let me finish what I'm trying to say." Anna's voice was firm but not stern, and for the first time since she'd uttered the honorific, Rubie felt the anxious tightness in her chest ease a little.

"I can do that."

"Excellent. Well, like I said, I've never done that, been that for someone before. But just now, when you said it? Something felt right, as if I'd been waiting to be called that my whole life. I'm not saying that I'll get it all right straight away, or that I even really know what I'm doing. But maybe I could be your Mommy for Christmas. Would you like that?"

Rubie could think of nothing that she'd like more, but seeing how nervous Anna was, how the cutlery between her fingers trembled slightly, she reached out her hand and touched Anna's arm gently. "I think I would really like that."

“Okay then.” Anna’s smile was less tentative this time. “Finish up your dinner, and then we can talk boundaries and safewords. No—” she added as Rubie went to protest. “—eat up first.”

“Fine,” said Rubie, and she pretended to grump a little bit, but really she was secretly delighted. A Mommy Domme for Christmas! What luck!

She ate more quickly than she usually would, so excited was she to get to continue their conversation, and made sure to help with the washing up, and check on the turkey adding its juices to the gravy, before perching on a stool by the cooker to stir whilst they talked.

“Shall we start with safewords?” she asked.

Anna grinned. “Eager, are we?”

“Yes, M—” Rubie stopped. “Is it okay if I call you Mommy yet? Or would you rather wait?”

“If you can call me Mommy and stay out of Littlespace, then sure. But I need you Big for this conversation. No negotiations whilst Little or spacy, understood?”

“Yes, Mommy,” said Rubie with an answering grin. That was best for everyone involved. Clear heads during negotiations, always.

“And safewords seem like a great place to start. What do you usually use?”

“I like traffic lights,” said Rubie, “because I’ve used them plenty of times so I don’t have to stop and think about it in the moment. And tapping out if I’m so overwhelmed I can’t speak.”

“Does that happen very often?” asked Anna.

“Fairly often,” explained Rubie. “It’s what happens when my autism gets overloaded by any kind of sensory input, and physical sensations are no different.”

“That makes sense, and traffic lights work well for me. Red, orange, green?”

“Red, yellow, green, actually. Red for stop; yellow for pause and check in with me; and green for this is fucking awesome, don’t stop.”

Anna raised an eyebrow. “Such language from such a Little girl.”

Rubie blushed and ducked her head. “No swearing?”

“Well,” said Anna. “I get the impression that you swear quite a bit, but maybe no swearingatme. Does that seem fair?”

She nodded vigorously. “Very fair. Other boundaries?”

Anna paused here. “I don’t really know how to...I know that everyone is different. Is Littlespaceseparatefor you?”

Rubie thought for a moment about Anna meant and then understood. “Oh! You mean do I like to have sex when I’m in Littlespace? No, my Little is pretty nonsexual, but Mommy as an honorific is just that, an honorific. So I’d tend to use it inside and outside the bedroom; unless that would make you uncomfortable?”

“No, that would be fine with me, I think. And speaking of bedrooms,” here Anna flushed, but she met Rubie’s eyes straight on and let all of her longing show. “Would you like sex to be on or off the table?”

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“Oh, on, please.” Rubie definitely wanted sex on the table. On the kitchen table, in fact. She let her imagination run away with her for a moment, pictured Anna sweeping all their food prep aside, and tugging her off the kitchen stool so she could ravish Rubie on the table. Rubie laughed. “Literally would also be fine.”

Anna rolled her eyes, but she was smiling. “That sounds great to me, sweet girl; is there anything in particular you’d like me to know about you and how you like things?”

“Well, I’m not self-lubricating,” said Rubie bluntly. “So lots and lots of lube, but I’m good with any and all holes; I do still have a prostate.”

She was delighted to see how Anna smiled. “I love how forthright you are,” the other woman said. “Truly, it’s so refreshing.”

“That’s the ‘tism for you,” laughed Rubie, and her laugh was genuine. She didn’t feel like she had to mask herself with Anna, that she had to pretend to be anyone other than who she truly was, and it was so damn freeing.

“So,” said Anna. “Yes to kisses, yes to sex, yes to you calling me Mommy and letting me look after you.”

“Yes yes yes,” said Rubie. She reached over and turned off the gravy. “Let me sort the turkey, take my pills and then we can cosy up by the fire, Mommy?”

“How about,” suggested Anna, “I sort the turkey for you—carved and gravied, yes?—whilst you take your pills and cosy up by the fire and wait for Mommy?”

“That sounds heavenly,” sighed Rubie. “Yes, please.”

As she waited by the fire, after taking her pills, Rubie grabbed Penguin from her luggage.

Rosie, the crochet queen of Stuffie Hospital London, had made Penguin for her birthday the previous year; a nod to Rubie’s love for Christmas, snow and everything penguin-y. Cuddled up to her, she chatted to the stuffie softly.

“Guess what, Penguin, I’ve got a Mommy for Christmas! Isn’t that lovely? She’s pretty and tall and has the coolest haircut and I likes her a lot.”

“You do?” asked a voice in the doorway, and she saw Anna peeking round from the kitchen, with this soft, caring look on her face. “Well, I happen to like you a lot too, sweetheart. Now, have you got any storybooks with you? Do you like stories?”

“Ilovestories,” said Rubie enthusiastically. “And Penguin has a book written about her! I brought it with me so I could read it to her.”

“You pop along and get it, and once I’ve put everything into the fridge, I’ll come and read it to you.”

“Yay!” said Rubie, not caring if she sounded like a cliché. Jumping up, she almost fell over in her eagerness to get to her suitcases. Anna must have moved them into the bedroom, because they were parked neatly there, next to a bedside table. She opened the smaller one up and riffled through her toys so she could get to the small parcel of picture books that she’d bundled up at the bottom of the bag.

Grabbing the one with a penguin on the front that looked remarkably like Penguin—which had nothing to do with the fact that she’d told Rosie that it was her favourite picture book before Rosie made her Penguin, no, not at all—and raced back

into the living room.

In the few minutes that she'd been gone, Anna had pulled blankets and cushions off the sofa, and laid them out on the floor. "Come along, baby girl," she said. "We can get all nice and cosy down here."

And that was exactly what they did. Anna tugged Rubie until she fell backwards into the brunette's arms, and then proceeded to read the story to her in an excellent voice, including different voices for different characters. It was really rather perfect.

Penguin thought so too, and nodded along and made little squeaky noises at her favourite bits. That made Anna laugh and ask to be formally introduced.

"This is Penguin, Mommy. Penguin, this is Mommy, who I was telling you about."

"Very pleased to meet you Penguin," said Mommy, and shook Penguin's flipper formally.

Rubie snuggled up against her then, nestling her head between two rather comforting breasts, and allowing herself to breathe out slowly.

This was her favourite thing about Littlespace. Everything was so immediate. She felt everything so much more acutely, but she also felt so much calmer. Or at least she did with Mommy.

She turned to say this to Mommy, but when she met Anna's eyes she didn't feel Little at all. She felt quite quite Big.

Putting Penguin to the side, Rubie slipped into a cross-legged position; kneeling was far too hard on her joints, and with her soft belly and thighs, sitting like this was much more comfortable. "Mommy," she said quietly. "Can you kiss me please?"

Anna's eyes flared with desire, her pupils dilating as if she were trying to take in every inch of Rubie's face. "Of course, my darling," she said. And then she kissed her.

If their first kiss had been like a whisper, this was like shouting from the top of the highest mountain. Not that it was particularly hard; no harsh angular movements, but softness. So soft that they almost melted into one another in a meld of lips and tongues and then hands that cupped Rubie's face and intensified everything.

It was a kiss that wanted to be heard, that wanted to leave a mark, and Rubie suddenly realised that having Anna as her Mommy for Christmas might not be enough.

Chapter Five

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Their next kiss had desperation in it; Rubie could taste their equal desire, rising like a wave that threatened to drench them both, so that when Anna pulled away, she felt the loss as a pang.

“Rubie, sweet girl, I want...” Anna was almost panting, as if Rubie had stolen each of her breaths with her kisses. “I want you.”

“Please Mommy, please,” she replied, and when Anna stood, she followed less elegantly, stumbling to her feet, and taking the hand offered to her as if it was where hers had always belonged.

Anna pulled her forwards until they were at the entrance to the bedroom. “You know we can stop at any time,” said Anna.

“I know,” said Rubie, “but please don’t Mommy.”

The noise Anna made then was somewhere between a moan and a growl, and Rubie found herself being pushed forward onto the bed, until she lay on her back, looking up at where Anna braced herself above her.

And then she was being thoroughly kissed all over again, and Anna’s hands were running all over her, dancing across the thin cotton that prevented them from touching skin to skin.

Rubie felt her nipples responding, tighten, as sensitive as they’d been back when she’d first started hormones. Fuck that felt good. She said as much, and Anna pulled her lips away from Rubie’s and pressed them up against her neck.

“What feels good, baby girl?”

“Everything, Mommy,” she said. “Everything.”

“No no,” said Anna. “I want specifics.”

“My nipples,” said Rubie.

That was clearly the right response, because the next thing she knew, Anna was tugging at the buttons on her shirt. “You want me to take this off, to touch you skin to skin?”

“Fuck yes, please pleaseplease, Mommy!”

Anna tugged, once, twice, and then harder a third time and buttons went flying every which way, and Rubie gasped as the cool air hit her skin.

She wasn’t wearing a bra; she’d experimented with them when she’d first grown her breasts, dizzy with gender euphoria, but now she liked how they looked, perky on her larger frame. Soft handfuls amidst softer curves.

Anna swore at the sight of them. “Damn if you aren’t the most delicious thing I’ve ever seen, baby girl,” she said.

“Can I see you too?” she asked, shyly.

In one swift movement, Anna discarded her shirt, sitting up and stretching her arms and torso as she did. Rubie stared, entranced. Anna’s breasts were smaller than hers, but they looked perfect, and she gazed at them longingly. She wanted touch, feel, lose herself in this woman who looked at her with so much care, with so much affection.

“Touch me, please,” she whispered, and this time when Anna did so, it was with a tenderness that made tears prick behind Rubie’s eyelids.

Taking Rubie’s nipple into her mouth, Anna’s hands held her close, caressing and stroking and making Rubie long for more. Made her ask for more.

“Please, more,” she begged, her yearning colouring her voice.

“Where’s your lube?” asked Anna gruffly, and when Rubie gestured towards the bag that she’d gotten the picture book out of, Anna grabbed it and hauled it up onto the bed beside them.

It was then that Rubie remembered what else was inside the bag.

She hid her face as Anna opened it and gave a low whistle. “Well well well, Rubie girl, what do we have here?”

“I forgot,” she said, embarrassed, but Anna was chuckling to herself in delight, and as well as grabbing the bottle of lube, Rubie could hear her fetch something else.

“What...I mean...I...?”

“Yellow,” said Anna, and leaned forward to kiss her. “Can we check in quickly?”

Rubie nodded.

“You’ve got some fun stuff packed in here. Would you be okay with us using them together?”

She flushed, but nodded again.

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“You sure?”

She met Anna’s gaze head on. “Yes, green.”

“Okay then, baby girl. Now, the next thing is do you want me to check in with you first, or do you want the surprise?”

That deserved proper consideration. “I think check with me for anything penetrative, but surprise me with the rest?”

“I can definitely do that.” Anna leaned across to where her coat was lying on a chair by the dresser, and rummaged around until she found a scarf which she brandished triumphantly. “How do you feel about blindfolds?”

Rubie nodded, and then caught her breath as Anna went to tie it around her head.

Anna paused. “You sure, baby girl? We don’t have to.”

“No, I...I would like to.”

“Okay then; just remember that you can use your safewords anytime.”

“Yes, Mommy.”

And then the soft material came down about her eyes and her vision was cut off.

In the darkness behind the scarf, everything felt heightened. Every time Anna shifted

on the bed, Rubie felt herself tense.

“Relax, sweet girl,” Anna said, her fingers stroking down Rubie’s body. “Now, trousers on or off?”

Rubie didn’t even bother with words, eagerly undoing the buttons and zip so that she could wriggle out of the material.

Those stroking fingers moved lower, dancing across her hips, stroking behind her knee, up the inside of her thighs, but always avoiding her cunt.

Then there was a faint sound that Rubie couldn’t quite place, before a slight prickling darted across her skin.

Oh.

She’d forgotten about her pinwheels.

There were two of them: one which had a single row of spikes, and a second that had seven wheels all lined up next to each other. She wasn’t a fan of them being used hard—pain slut wasn’t quite her thing—but when tracing lines across her skin like that...

Fuck. She felt alive.

There was something about the vulnerability of letting someone use them on her that made the whole experience that much more intense.

It felt dangerous. And though she knew that it wasn’t, that Anna would always look after her, that was part of the thrill of it. Knowing that she was giving of herself so freely in that moment.

“You are so fucking beautiful,” said Anna, and she smiled, basking in the compliment.

“Thank you, Mommy,” she said. “You are too.”

Rubie could almost hear Anna’s smile. “My sweet girl.”

And then she heard the slight sound as the pinwheels were placed next to her on the bed, and Anna’s hands paused.

The tension grew.

She wanted to move, to peek, to know what was coming next, but she waited, like the good girl she knew she was.

“Baby girl?”

“Yes, Mommy?”

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“What do you need?”

“You Mommy,” she said, knowing instantly what it was she craved the most. “Please fill me up.”

Fingers, slick with lube, teased her at both ends, and rather than taking her hole by hole, Anna slid a finger into each simultaneously, stroking the inside of her pussy, and then nudging at her prostate as she slid deep in the back.

And Rubie was lost. She moaned and gasped and called out “Anna” and “Mommy” over and over until it was almost too much to bear.

“Hold on for me, baby girl,” said Anna, “Can you wait? Can you hold it right there on the edge for me?”

Rubie felt tears leak from her eyes but she nodded, “I can try, I promise I can try, Mommy.”

Then Anna added one and then two more fingers into each hole, in movements so synchronous they almost felt choreographed. Then she leaned over Rubie, her breath batting against Rubie’s lips, and whispered. “Come for Mommy.”

And Rubie came apart.

She was still crying when Anna removed the scarf from her eyes, and gathered Rubie to her. “I’ve got you baby girl,” she said, “I’ve got you. And I’m never letting you go.”

“Mommy?” asked Rubie, her eyes wide, clinging on to Anna’s shoulders for comfort.

“Exactly, baby girl. You are not just for Christmas. I’m yours, if you’ll have me?”

“Yes, Mommy,” said Rubie. “Please.”

The End