

Vanessa's Diapered Day Off

Written by and Copyright Fahzbehn – 02/13/2023

Vanessa stretched out on the couch, enjoying her “day off”, which is to say that it was a Sunday and she'd done all of her homework for her college course on both Monday and Tuesday. That had been the deal she made before she'd been “allowed” to stay the night at Rachel's place. The young twenty-one-year-old woman was a senior at her local university, working on her bachelor's degree in music therapy, and treasured these weekends without a care in the world. It was her favorite way to decompress.

The young woman shook her head gently, her blond tresses bobbing around and bouncing along her shoulders. She hadn't meant to fall asleep, even if Rachel had intended exactly that. Vanessa smiled as she thought of the slightly older woman, a decade her senior, who was likely in her home office, plugging away at some project or another. Vanessa bit her lip thinking of the orgasm Rachel had wrung from her before Vanessa had fallen asleep.

When Vanessa's hand snaked down between her legs, she encountered the thick, bulky diaper that Rachel had put on Vanessa that morning, not long after the pair had woken up, Vanessa spooned up against Rachel's taller frame. Vanessa smiled and began to rub herself through the diaper for a moment, shifting on the couch so that she was sitting up just enough. She could feel her bladder needing to be emptied. The half-gallon bottle, now empty and still sitting on the coffee table, likely has something to do with that.

Vanessa bit her lip again and, pausing her masturbation, relaxed enough to wet her diaper. The quiet hiss of her flooding the thick, bulky diaper could barely be heard over the music Vanessa could hear from the other room. As the warmth spread between her legs, Vanessa smiled. “I'm a good baby girl,” she whispered. The diapers she was wearing were not because she was incontinent. Vanessa had good control of that and had never lost it; however, for Vanessa, acting like a baby girl, or somewhat like one, was her favorite way to unwind. In Vanessa's case, it was part of the “game” she and Rachel played. Vanessa would get to act like a little girl and Rachel would act as if she were Vanessa's caregiver.

There were certain differences in how they played, being adults, between how one would expect a caregiver to treat a child. Certainly, Vanessa dressed the part of a four-year-old that had never fully made her way out of diapers. The diapers themselves had pretty pink patterns on them and the baby doll nighty that Vanessa wore was rather childlike in appearance, though that was by design. Still, Rachel, in her role as “mommy”, made certain that her little diaper butt looked the part of an admittedly busty toddler.

Vanessa giggled, thinking about how “mommy” liked playing with her little girl's boobies and princess parts. Rachel was the main reason Vanessa had stopped considering breast reduction surgery. Rachel loved how busty her big baby girl was. She told her often how pretty Vanessa's “baby boobies” were. Not as big as mommy's boobies, of course, which was saying something. Vanessa's breasts were large D-cups that, on her tiny thirty-inch chest, looked massive. Rachel's, by contrast, were J-cups on a forty-inch frame that looked positively massive.

Vanessa smiled, thinking about what she and Rachel had been doing, just before Vanessa's nap. After she'd finished drinking the bottle of grape juice, Vanessa had laid on the couch, her head on Rachel's lap, gently sucking on Rachel's puffy nipple while Rachel had rubbed her through her then-dry diaper. Vanessa's moans had been muffled against Rachel's breast but had been no less intense than her cries when Rachel had made her cum the night before with the vibrating wand, each time making the little squirter cum in her diapers "like a good little girl". Vanessa liked being Rachel's good little girl.

It had been the semester before that the two had met at a kink munch. Vanessa had been thickly diapered and in a onesie that also doubled as a schoolgirl uniform. She had no less than six guys try to "become her daddy", which she'd turned down. Vanessa shuddered in repulsion, thinking about the last one tried, who had tried to "check her diaper", or, more accurately, tried to put his hand between her legs. Rachel had been walking by and managed to stop him. He'd been thrown out and banned from further munches. Rachel had been about to walk away when she noticed Vanessa squirming and then relaxing as the people running the munch had taken Rachel's account. The knowing smile on Rachel's lips as she moved to sit down next to Vanessa caused Vanessa to blush at the time.

"Someone needs a change, don't they, little girl," Rachel had said. "Where's your mommy, sweetheart?" Rachel had asked.

"I don't have a mommy," Vanessa replied. "But I wouldn't mind being 'adopted' by a mommy like you."

That moment changed both their lives. Rachel was the first woman that Vanessa had ever allowed to touch her in the ways she'd dreamed of. Her lips and skin were soft, her touch tender, the scent and taste of her as sweet as Vanessa had imagined. She'd never been interested in guys. Vanessa didn't want to claim it was love at first sight, but in the months since, she had eyes for no one else.

Vanessa shifted a bit and began to rub herself through her wet diaper. Her diaper wasn't close to being wet enough that she needed a change, but it was wet enough to turn her on. As she teased herself, she reached for the oversized pacifier on the coffee table and began to suckle on it, hoping to hide her moans as she thought back to the first couple of months of her relationship with "Mommy Rachel". Rachel had established three important rules in their relationship.

First, Vanessa was required to keep her grades up. No excuses. Until Vanessa graduated, mommy expected her diaper butt to get good grades. Having someone to unwind around and share her life with had helped Vanessa's mental health a great deal. Vanessa found that she was better able to focus on school to the point where she made the dean's list that first semester and was on her way to doing it again.

Second, Rachel would take care of all of Vanessa's "baby clothes", but only if Vanessa was Rachel's and hers alone. Further, Rachel got to decide what Vanessa was going to wear any time they were together. As Rachel put it, "a baby girl doesn't get to choose what she wears. Her mommy does." So, that was that. Even when they went out on dates in public, Vanessa always met Rachel at Rachel's house and would leave wearing whatever Rachel changed her into. Usually, this involved diapers underneath her clothes and outfits that, while childish, never fully exposed the adult baby girl's true nature underneath.

Lastly, and Vanessa was knowingly breaking this rule at this juncture, while in Rachel's home, Vanessa was not to orgasm unless Rachel said she could. There were "punishments" for doing so if she got caught. Vanessa was hoping that Rachel was far too busy to notice. If Vanessa was lucky, Rachel would think she was still napping.

As Vanessa rubbed her diaper rapidly, the plastic of the disposable diaper crinkling under her fingers, her free hand moved to her naked breast. Her fingers plucked at her stiff nipple, exciting her further. She sucked on the pacifier, imagining that it was Rachel's nipple.

A moment later, her body shook as she came, her pussy squirting her juices into her diaper.

"Well, that was quite the show."

Vanessa's eyes widened and her hand froze, hearing the southern drawl behind her. How long had Rachel been standing there?

"Oh, don't stop on my account," Rachel said, moving to sit in the recliner next to the couch. Dressed in a pair of wine-colored pajama bottoms and a black tee that covered her melonous breasts, Rachel's eyes were on Vanessa's crotch, partly hidden by the light blanket that she'd covered Vanessa with a couple of hours before. "You're already in trouble, little lady."

Vanessa blushed even as her heart was racing from her orgasm. She pulled the pacifier from her lips and moved to sit up, the blanket falling away and exposing her thickly diapered crotch. It was obvious that her diaper was soaked. "Mommy, I couldn't help myself. You know how I get when I wet my diaper."

Rachel let out a snort. "Oh, you're horny whenever you're diapered. Being wet just gives mommy's cute diaper butt an excuse to rub her princess parts," Rachel said, teasing Vanessa. "You know the rules. Baby only gets to cummy when mommy says she can. What do you say, sweetie?"

Vanessa blushed again and looked contrite. Or tried to. If she was being honest with herself, she wanted to get caught. "I'm sorry I came in my diaper like a naughty diaper slut," Vanessa said as an apology. If *anyone* ever called her a slut except Rachel, it was a surefire way to cause Vanessa to throw hands. With Rachel, it was different. This was their kink and being shamed for being horny while diapered just made it hotter. She wasn't a slut, really, but Vanessa was a very horny adult baby girl, especially where Rachel was concerned. Rachel had once teased her that the reason Vanessa was kept in diapers was, otherwise, she'd ruin her panties because she came that often.

The thing was that panties didn't make Vanessa anywhere near as horny as wearing diapers did.

Rachel stood, took Vanessa's hand, and gently pulled the adult baby girl to her feet. Vanessa bit her lip as she was led to "mommy's room", where she knew at least partly what was going to happen next. Rachel took off Vanessa's nighty and had Vanessa lay down, before removing the tapes from the disposable diaper. She got out baby wipes and cleaned Vanessa's bare snatch clean along with her bottom before rolling up the diaper and getting a fresh one.

Vanessa watched as Rachel added two boosters to the diaper. She knew what this meant. Barring Vanessa needing to go number two, which was the only time she was allowed to use the potty, Vanessa wouldn't be changed until tomorrow morning before leaving to go to class and before Rachel had to go to work. Rachel slid the thick padding under Vanessa's bottom and then applied plenty of baby powder

to Vanessa's clean-shaven crotch and breasts. Vanessa couldn't help but moan at Rachel's tender touch but part of her was worried about what her "punishment" would be.

"Since you can't help but touch yourself, I decided I needed a solution for that," Rachel noted. She took each of Vanessa's hands and slid a mitten covered in pink silk over both. Vanessa pouted. "Don't start, young lady," Rachel said, her tone stern, though Vanessa knew Rachel wasn't being serious. "This is just part one. Now sit up, sweetie."

Vanessa did as she was told and moved to the edge of the bed, the bulky diaper forcing her legs apart somewhat. She couldn't see Rachel moving to the walk-in closet. When Rachel did move into view, Vanessa's eyes widened in surprise.

Rachel was holding a large "spreader" diaper in one hand, designed to go over Vanessa's already thick diapers and held in place by lots of elastic around the waist and legs, and a pair of pink plastic panties in the other. "Don't want baby leaking, now do we, sweetie?" Rachel teased. Vanessa shook her head as Rachel helped get each foot into the plastic pants and then stood so they could be pulled up and over her diapers. This was repeated with the spreader diaper. Once it was up and around Vanessa's crotch, Vanessa couldn't pull her legs together no matter how hard she tried. Rachel just smiled.

"I was going to give it to you for your birthday next week, but it seems my sexy little diaper brat couldn't help herself," Rachel teased. She took Vanessa's hand and led her back, toddling the whole way, to the living room. She smiled and moved to sit down. "I think someone was supposed to be taking a nap, Rachel noted. Vanessa struggled to lay down on the couch and was forced, due to the thick padding between her legs, to lie down on her back, knees bent. Which, for Rachel, was exactly the point.

Rachel reached into the drawer of the end table and pulled out a massage wand. "Now, if you promise to be a good girl for mommy, we'll see if mommy can make her baby girl cum through all that padding."

"I pwomise," Vanessa lisped. She smiled as Rachel stroked her hair, tracing her bangs from the front of her face. Vanessa moved her mittened hands to her breasts, moaning as the silk rubbed against her nipples. Rachel had to set the massage wand to high and press hard between Vanessa's diapered crotch before Vanessa could feel it. Almost instinctively, Vanessa lifted her hips to grind against the wand. She could feel Rachel shifting and, when "mommy" started moaning, Vanessa knew that Rachel was playing with herself as well.

"That's it, sweetie. I know you can't help but be mommy's special horny adult baby girl. That's why you're still in pre-school and diapers. You just can't help yourself. You want to cummie for mommy, don't you, sweetie?" Rachel teased. "You want to be mommy's naughty diaper butt."

"Please can I cummies, mommy?" Vanessa begged, her hips bucking against the wand. "My pussy feels so good. I want to be mommy's diapered butt and cum in my diapers like a naughty girl."

"Since you asked so nicely this time, sweetie, but you're still stuck in those diapers until tomorrow," Rachel teased. She rubbed the vibrating wand up and down between Vanessa's thickly diapered crotch, stopping again and again over where Vanessa's clit was until Vanessa cried out and shuddered, cumming for the third time that day, blissful in her diapers.

To Rachel's surprise, Vanessa shifted off the couch and to her hands and knees. Vanessa's naked breasts hung pendulously as she moved between Rachel's legs. "Mommy, can baby show you what she's been learning?" Vanessa asked cutely. In Rachel's experience, Vanessa only spoke in the third person when she was feeling either very vulnerable or very submissive. Or both.

"Sure, baby girl," Rachel said, admiring the poof the spreader diaper added to Vanessa's bottom. Her hands went to her much larger breasts. Rachel watched Vanessa tug down Rachel's pajama pants and panties. Her eyes widened as Vanessa began to lick Rachel's slick folds. In the months that she'd known Vanessa, she'd never suggested or ordered Vanessa to lick her out. She'd wanted it, sure, but things hadn't ever led to it. Now, as her adult baby girl's tongue flicked against Rachel's engorged clit, Rachel couldn't help but moan. "Baby girl's been watching mommy's porn collection I see," Rachel teased. Vanessa only nodded and continued to tease Rachel's clit and pussy.

As Rachel's orgasm neared, Vanessa leaned back and away, resting on her knees. Rachel wondered for a moment why her big baby girl had stopped until she heard the familiar hiss of Vanessa wetting herself before leaning forward again, returning her very agile tongue to pleasuring Rachel's pussy. Rachel rarely admitted it, but Vanessa knew, just how much it turned Rachel on when Vanessa wet her diapers. Between Vanessa's tongue, her own hands groping her tits, and the thought of her baby girl soaking her diapers, it pushed Rachel over the edge. Her body shuddered as she came.

Rachel felt Vanessa tug Rachel's panties back up before laying back down on the couch, her lips kissing the bottoms of Rachel's breasts.

"Maybe mommy should be in diapers, too, if her baby girl can make her cum so well," Vanessa teased.

The thought of being diapered, something Rachel had never done, appealed to her. "Maybe, sweetie, but not right now. My little girl is supposed to finish her nap," Rachel said softly. She managed to drag the light blanket back over Vanessa before turning on a streaming app. As cartoons began to play, she stroked her adult baby girl's hair. At this moment, she was content. She hoped that her baby girl was a good girl and kept her grades up. She wanted Vanessa to succeed. More importantly, Rachel wanted Vanessa to be her adult baby girl forever. She knew how much the adult baby girl meant to her and smiled.

After graduation, she was going to take the next step with her adult baby girl and "adopt" her. More to the point, Rachel planned to ask her "little" to marry her. Rachel didn't want to distract Vanessa too much from school, though, so it could wait. She patted between Vanessa's thickly diapered legs and kissed her forehead. Vanessa smiled up at her and then closed her eyes, at least pretending to nap. As Rachel continued to stroke Vanessa's hair, she watched cartoons, happy as she'd ever been.

Maybe next week, she'd wear a diaper as a birthday present for Vanessa.

Maybe.