

Wish Come True

By Fahzbehn

“He stole my purse!”

Amy looked up as she stepped out of the convenience store on 14th Avenue. Normally, in this neighborhood, it was better to stay out of things, but the guy holding the purse was running down the sidewalk toward her, shoving people as he was trying to run away. “Why do I do this to myself?” Amy muttered as she dropped her bag and coffee before pivoting, her arm catching the man across the neck. The man almost flipped mid-air before landing hard on the pavement. Amy grabbed the stunned man’s arm and wrenched it behind his back, putting all her weight on the guy’s spine to hold him down. She turned to look at Maribelle, the owner of the convenience store, as she secured the woman’s purse. “You mind calling this in for me? The last time I called, my ex showed up and I’d prefer to not deal with that nonsense.”

The woman who’d called out walked up to her. Her silver hair shown in the moonlight and the crappy street lights in this part of New York. Amy reached up and handed the woman her purse. “You okay?” Amy asked. Amy nodded to Maribelle, realizing she had a zip tie in hand, and proceeded to wrench the thief’s other hand behind his back, binding his wrists together.

The woman nodded. “That was a brave thing for you to do,” the woman said. Reaching into her purse, the woman pulled out a billfold. “Let me give you something for your trouble.”

Amy shook her head. “Right place, right time, ma’am,” Amy said, shifting her knee to holding the thief’s wrists down. “I’m just glad no one was hurt.”

The older woman smiled. “Please, at least let me get you a cup of coffee,” she offered, noting the spilled coffee cup on the ground.

Sighing, Amy relented. “Okay, but let me take my groceries upstairs first,” Angel said, gesturing at the door next to the convenience store. She noted to police siren as it pulled up. “I’ll be back down in five. You should probably wait inside Maribelle’s.”

The officers that got out of the car knew Amy from her time dating officer Reynolds, or, as one of them commented “Hey Amy, I heard you broke up with the ice queen. How’d that go?”

Amy rolled her eyes as the cops grabbed the guy. “She’s the one spreading rumors. Why don’t you ask her?” She sighed when one of the cops gave her a querying eyebrow. “Sorry, Scott. I’m still bitter about it. She refused to budge on something and you both know how stubborn Stacy can be.” Both cops laughed and nodded. “We good?”

“Yep,” Scott said. “Can you come down to the precinct later to give a report? I’ve already talked to three people that were willing to testify what you did, so you should be golden.”

Amy nodded and brushed her pants off, grabbing her groceries and looking at the older woman. She smiled at Amy like she was some kind of hero. Amy shook her head. She hated to use martial arts

against actual people, but her ex had insisted she learn. It was the only good thing that came out of that relationship.

"I'll be right down," Amy said, unlocking the door and heading inside. It was a sweet gesture, but Amy really didn't feel the need for a reward. She hurried up two flights of stairs and into her condo before setting her groceries, bag and all, in her fridge. She paused at the door, feeling the need to use the restroom. Smirking, her mind went to the diaper that was between her legs and concealed by her pants and blouse. She paused long enough to wet herself, savoring the feeling of the warm squishiness before heading for the door. She knew well enough that one wetting wasn't close to max capacity for the diaper she was wearing, so, without any worry of changing herself, she made her way out, locking the door behind her.

The diapers had been the breaking point for her and Stacy. What Amy had never admitted to anyone else was that she was an adult baby. It was how she unwinded after a long day crunching numbers at the office. When Stacy had found out, she'd demanded Amy see a shrink. Instead of trying to understand it, Stacy staunchly refused and had ridiculed Amy publicly over it. It was a gross breach of trust and the last straw for Amy.

She paused at the door outside when her phone chirped. "Still on for a movie tonight?" It was Amy's friend, Denise. The curvy woman had been friends with Amy since college a few years ago. While she'd intimated that she was curious about a possible relationship, Denise had never pulled the trigger. Instead, she went from boyfriend to boyfriend. Her current one was a scumbag named Phil who was a pompous, arrogant windbag that Amy was certain was embezzling from his company.

Shaking her head, Amy text back. "Sure thing. Usual place?"

"You bet. 10 PM?"

It was 6 PM now. That gave Amy plenty of time to have coffee and still get some video games in. "Sounds good. See you there."

Amy slipped her phone back into her coat pocket and headed to Maribelle's. The elder woman was still waiting outside. "Do you want to get coffee here?" Amy asked.

The woman smiled. "There's a new place down the way if you wouldn't mind."

Amy couldn't recall there being a coffee joint this close to her condo, but she didn't feel like arguing either. "Lead the way," she said, gesturing forward.

"I'm Isabella," the woman offered as they started walking. "I'm still surprised there are any good souls left in this wretched place."

"Tell me about it," Amy mumbled. She blinked at the red curtains that covered the windows of what, yesterday, she could have sworn was a vacant building. The glass had been replaced with more ornate stained glass and an old-style sign hung over the door that read: "Gypsy Brew Coffee". Isabella reached for the door and pushed it open, a bell at the top ringing. Amy followed her in.

Amy savored the scent of the place: a combination of coffee, cinnamon, cocoa, and nutmeg. The place was decked out in dark, rich reds, stained wood, and leather. Bookshelves sat between tables and

comfortable looking booths. “The booths are kinder to these old bones, if you don’t mind,” Isabella said, making her way to one of them.

Amy moved to sit across her. “Not at all,” she said, smiling at the Isabella.

The waitress brought over a couple of menus. Isabella ordered a coffee and a Danish while Amy ordered a mocha cappuccino with extra cream and a small sandwich. Amy’s thoughts went back to Denise and how much Denise would enjoy a place like this. She really needed to get her away from Phil before Denise got caught in the shit storm that would follow Phil’s eventual fall from grace. Amy focused back on reality when she felt Isabella touch her hand.

“You seem pretty lost in thought,” Isabella said with a kind smile. “Is everything okay?”

“Relationship issues,” Amy offered. “Luckily, I found out my ex was a cold-hearted bitch before I got too deep and the one friend that I have that seems like she could be interested won’t take my advice about her sleazy boyfriend. Add to that, there are parts of my life I’m sure that she wouldn’t understand.” Amy sucked on her lip, her mind going to the wet diaper between her legs.

“Well, you never know,” Isabella said as the coffee and food arrived. “Is everything else going well for you?”

Amy sipped the coffee and sighed happily. She thought about Isabella’s question. “Honestly, yeah. I wish Denise would see Phil for what he really is and understand where I’m coming from. If that happened, life would be good, I think.”

“Well then, it’s good to wish,” Isabella said, lifting her cup. “May heroes get what they deserve.”

Amy tapped her cup against Isabella’s. “And may good prosper.” Isabella smiled and nodded.

The two chatted amiably for half an hour before Isabella stood up. “Well, it’s time I headed to work,” she said, standing up. “You take care, Amy.”

Amy stood and tried not to fidget. She needed to use the bathroom but didn’t want to wet herself in front of Isabella. “Do you need someone to escort you to work?”

Isabella laughed. “I hope not,” she replied, “given I own this store.”

Amy blinked before laughing. She felt herself leak a little bit into her diaper and sobered. “Well then, I’ll see you around.” Amy sucked on her lip as she put on her coat and made her way outside. Leaning on the wall, she let go and wet herself for the second time. Pondering it on the way back to her condo, she considered changing herself as soon as she got home. Instead, she decided she could wait a while and change before heading to go see a movie with Denise.

Arriving home, she kicked off her pumps and took off her coat before wiggling out of her pants and taking off her blouse. Amy slipped a pink t-shirt over her head down her sizeable chest before pulling her long black hair into pigtails, holding them in place with pink barrettes. She smiled at herself in the mirror. Aside from her breasts and cute rear, the petite woman looked almost childlike. She’d always been busty and had worn a 30D bra since she was sixteen.

Grabbing a bottle of juice from her fridge, Amy poured herself a cup and made her way back to the living room. She sat down on the couch, feeling the soginess of the wet diaper spread around her bottom

before turning her TV and PS4 on. About an hour into playing, Amy was startled by a knock at the door. Given the door into the condo building was locked, anyone that wanted to see her had to be buzzed in normally.

Pausing the game and looking around, she spotted a pair of pink pajama pants she'd neglected to toss in the hamper this morning. She reached for them, cringing that someone was going to realize that not only did she own something pink, but that they'd see her in nothing but pink. She only wore pink when she was trying to regress and enjoy being a little.

Pulling the pajama bottoms up her legs and around her diapered bottom, Amy made her way to the door. Peeking through the peephole, she was surprised to find Denise. She'd given Denise her spare condo key, in case Denise ever finally listened to her warnings about Phil, so she'd have a safe place to go if Amy wasn't home. Amy quickly unlocked the door to find her bestie with her luggage sitting behind her, tears on her cheeks. "Come in, come in," Amy said, grabbing one of the suitcases and leading into the living room. "What happened?"

"Paul got arrested," Denise said, stepping inside as she wiped her tears away, smearing her make up in the process. "He'd been stealing from his company and then blamed me for telling the cops." Her hand went to her cheek. "The idiot then attacked me in front of the cops. Add to that, we got evicted as they seized the condo and his cars, so I had to take a cab here, too. I don't know what I ever saw in him." Denise sniffed back more tears as Amy moved up to hug her. With Denise being six feet tall and voluptuous while Amy was five feet and two inches tall and pixie-like, Amy's head rested against Denise's bosom while her arms circled just above Denise's waist.

Amy looked up, barely able to see Denise's face past her chest. "If you need a place to stay, you're welcome here as long as you like. Stay in my guest room until you're back on your feet."

Denise smiled down at Amy. "Look, do you mind if we don't go to the theatre tonight? I really don't feel like dealing with people after that."

"Not at all," Amy said, stepping back. "How about I order us a pizza and we stream something instead?"

Denise nodded. "That sounds wonderful," she said, sniffing back the last of her tears. "I must be a mess," she said, laughing a bit. "Do you mind if I freshen up?"

"Not at all," Amy replied. "I'll go put your things in the guest room."

Denise headed to the bathroom as Amy wheeled the luggage into the guest room that had largely been unused since she'd bought the condo a year ago. It would be nice having Denise around, especially now that Phil was most likely going away for a long time. What an idiot. Attacking Denise in front of the cops? Good riddance. She used her phone to order delivery and started putting Denise's clothes away in the spare dresser.

Denise was sitting on the couch as Amy walked back out to the living room. Amy realized that she didn't have a good excuse to go to her own room and change herself and there was no way she was going to risk leaving a wet diaper in the bathroom trash for Denise to find. She was going to have to wait to change until she was ready for bed. The smile Denise gave her, though, practically melted her.

“You look cute in pink, Amy,” Denise said, patting the spot on the couch next to her. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen you in pigtails, either.”

Amy blushed and sat down beside Denise. She saved her game and pulled up a list of movies to stream. “I don’t usually, but I was feeling silly,” Amy explained. She didn’t dare tell Denise the truth. The movie started, and, to Amy’s surprise, Denise slipped an arm around Amy’s waist, pulling Amy against her gently. Amy smiled as she rested her head against Denise’s breasts.

The two had compared bra sizes back in college while doing laundry, with Amy being astonished at Denise’s 48G cup bra then. Denise had been embarrassed, especially as, according to her, the bra was growing a bit snug and that she’d never stopped growing after puberty. Three years later, Amy could only guess how large her friend’s breasts were. They did make wonderful pillows, though.

About thirty minutes into the movie, there was a buzz at the door. Denise got up, leaving Amy there on the couch. Answering the intercom, it was the pizza guy. Denise buzzed him in and waited at the door.

As Amy made her way to her feet to sign the receipt, she was startled when she realized that her diaper was warm again. Being held by Denise like that must have made Amy feel like a little girl and, feeling relaxed, she had wet herself without thinking about it. Her diaper wouldn’t survive another wetting at this point. She quickly signed the receipt and let Denise take the pizzas.

“I’ll be right back,” Amy said. She couldn’t risk leaking and almost waddled into her bedroom given how soggy her diaper was under her pajama pants. She locked the door behind her. Her diaper was so heavy, she decided it was easier to wiggle out of it and let it plop down on the hardwood floor. She wiped herself clean and debated panties or diapers.

Amy blinked as she recalled why she’d been diapered all day. She’d completely forgotten to do laundry and was out of clean panties. Amy had no choice but to diaper up again and hope that Denise didn’t notice. Given she’d wet herself while on the couch with Denise, it was probably for the better. Amy cleaned herself off with a baby wipe, diapered herself and pulled the pajama bottoms back on before making her way back to the living room. She gave Denise a smile before sitting down next to her.

“Everything okay?” Denise asked, grabbing a slice of pizza.

“Peachy keen,” Amy replied, scooting back against Denise. Denise smiled and kissed the top of Amy’s head and slipped her arm around Amy’s waist. “You know, you can move your hand up a little,” Amy said, reaching for a slice of pizza herself. “I won’t mind a bit.”

It took a moment, but Denise did move her hand from Amy’s waist to her breast, cupping it gently. It was both comforting and a turn-on for Amy to feel her friend’s hand caressing her breast. It was also a safer spot than close to her crotch. As the two sat and watched the movie, Denise continued to idly caress Amy’s breast. Amy wanted more but hesitated when Denise moved her hand down her belly. Amy shook her head. “I like what you’re doing now,” Amy said, sliding Denise’s hand back up to her breast. Given that she was diapered, Amy didn’t want to take the risk of a larger rejection. Amy wondered what it would be like if Denise was acceptant of her desire to wear diapers.

Amy almost fell asleep watching the movie. Yawning, she stood up and realized, thankfully, that she hadn’t wet again, but she did need to pee. “I’m going to hit the sack,” Amy said, turning toward her bedroom. “If you need anything tomorrow, it’s my day off, so I can run you wherever you need to.”

Denise smiled at Amy. "Don't worry about it. I'll try to clean up around here to earn my keep. Sleep well, boo."

Amy made her way to her bedroom, locking the door before letting go and flooding her diaper. She imagined Denise telling her that she was a good girl for using her diaper. Before she knew it, she'd taken off her t-shirt and pajama bottom and was in bed, rubbing herself through the warm, wet diaper. She bit back moan after moan as she pictured Denise being the one rubbing her. As she came, she was so exhausted, she barely had enough energy to pull the blanket over her.

Amy woke the next morning to a very soggy diaper. As she sat up, she was glad that she hadn't leaked but needed to get out of the clammy diaper soon. She cursed because she had forgotten to do the laundry last night, the baskets of dirty clothes still in the laundry room. Amy took off the sopping wet diaper and tossed it into the waste bin she kept in the closet. Peeking out of her room, she noticed Denise already doing the dishes. Grabbing a bathrobe from her closet and wrapping it around herself, she tried to sneak into the bathroom; however, Denise spotted her.

"I saw your laundry, so I went ahead and started it," Denise said with a smile. "They should be dry in an hour or so."

Amy frowned. "Well, I guess my shower can wait," she mumbled. Sucking on her lip, she decided baby wipes would have to do. She was running out of clothes to hide a diaper under, however. "Let me go slip something on then." She looked around, noticing the lack of pizza boxes and soda cans. "Have you been cleaning?"

"Yep, though I don't know where the dumpster is," Denise replied.

"There's a shoot in the hallway," Amy said, gesturing toward the front door before making her way back to the bedroom. She slipped the bathrobe off and grabbed her baby wipes to wipe herself clean. Looking into her closet, she cringed. She was out of the cheap diapers she normally wore to relax and was down to the premium ones that were a size too big. Sighing, Amy realized it was that or go commando, and that was not something she was willing to do.

Grabbing the pink diaper, Amy unfolded it and savored the baby powder scent the diapers were perfumed with before putting it on. It was so thick that it forced her legs apart a small amount. She pulled on a dark t-shirt and black shorts before checking herself in the mirror. She couldn't see her diaper, even if her legs were forced apart somewhat. She tucked in her shirt, just to be on the safe side. It would have to do. Grabbing her phone, she ordered more of the standard diapers she usually wore when she was at home.

Making her way back to the kitchen she found Denise looking through her cabinets. "Do you have any nine by nine baking pans?" Denise asked. "I was going to make a breakfast casserole."

Not thinking about it, Amy leaned over and reached into one of the cabinets. She pulled out the pan Denise had been looking for before standing back up, not realizing her shirt had come untucked. Denise smiled at her. "Thanks, boo," she said, giving Amy a kiss on the cheek. Amy smiled as Denise prepared the dish. Amy made her way to the living room, determined to get some time in playing a game or two, barely noticing when Denise grabbed three trash bags and headed for the front door.

About an hour into playing, Amy needed to use the restroom but, given how difficult the area she was in was, she decided it would be faster to wet her diaper and change later. She also heard the buzz of the drier. She grumbled and was about to get up when Denise poked her head out of the kitchen. "I'll take care of that," Denise said. "It's the least I can do."

Sighing with relief, Amy moved her character to a place where she would probably be safe for a moment and leaned back, letting go and flooding her diaper. She watched as Denise headed into her bedroom, clothes basket in hand. Amy didn't think about it for a moment, intent on beating the stage. When she finished the level and stood up, she remembered three things. First, she was still diapered and in need of a change soon. Second, the reason she was diapered was that her panties were all in the laundry. Last, that her dresser had two drawers full of ABDL items and that Denise was in her room, right now, putting her clothes in her dresser.

Amy got up and hurried to her bedroom door, only to see Denise open it. Amy's heart sank as she saw what was in Denise's hands: an oversized baby bottle and one of the premium disposable diapers. "Anything you want to tell me, Amy?" Denise asked, her eyebrow raised. Her expression was otherwise unreadable.

"Well, I... um... you see," Amy stammered, trying to come up with an excuse and not finding one.

Denise's lips curved into a half-smile. "Look, just be honest with me," she said, her tone soft, "is it a kink thing or a comfort thing? I'm okay, either way."

"A little of both," Amy replied, blushing. "It depends on my mood, I guess."

Denise stepped back into Amy's bedroom and set the diaper and the bottle on Amy's bed. "I found the bottle while cleaning up and doing dishes. Of course, when you got me the pan, I saw the diaper peek and added things up."

Amy cringed. "And you're okay with this?"

Denise pulled Amy into a hug, her hands patting Amy's diapered bottom. "It's weird, sure," Denise replied, "but not the oddest thing I've dealt with. It's going to be okay." She kissed Amy's forehead as she squeezed her bottom. "I bet this is why you didn't want me to touch you down there last night, wasn't it, Boo?" Amy nodded, speechless. "And I bet you're wet now, too, aren't you sweetie?" Again, Amy nodded. "Why don't I help you get changed, then?"

"Are you sure?" Amy asked, afraid to look into Denise's eyes until the taller woman tilted Amy's chin up with her finger.

"Of course," Denise said. "It's the least I can do given your generosity. You're going to have to walk me through it, though. I've never changed a diaper before."

Amy wiggled out of her shorts and reached into her closet for the baby wipes and baby powder. "I mean it. I can wear panties instead. You don't have to do this." She handed the wipes and powder to Denise who smiled at her before patting her diapered bottom.

"You always struck me as the independent type and were the little sister I never had," Denise said as Amy laid down on the bed. Denise sat the wipes and powder aside and undid the tapes on Amy's diaper. "It's kind of novel to have someone to take care of that isn't trying to tear me down."

Amy smiled. She walked Denise through how to put the diaper on and, inwardly, admitted that the diaper was snuggler than she was normally able to get it. "Now be a good girl and go wait for me in the living room," Denise said. When Amy reached for the shorts, Denise playfully popped Amy's bottom. "Babies don't need shorts. For that matter, they don't need a t-shirt either." Denise tugged Amy's shirt up, leaving her breasts hanging freely. "Go on," Denise said, "go play. I'll be out shortly."

Amy sucked on her lip and walked out to the living room, sitting down on the couch wearing nothing but a thick, pink diaper. She watched as Denise took the baby bottle to the kitchen before returning to the living room moments later, bottle in hand. Denise moved to sit by Amy to let the smaller girl snuggle against her. She slipped the nipple of the bottle between Amy's lips. Amy slid her hands around the oversized bottle while Denise stroked Amy between her legs. When the bottle was finished, Amy smiled and relaxed, comfortable in Denise's arms.

"I think someone's a happy little girl," Denise said, kissing Amy's forehead and taking the bottle from her.

Amy nodded. "I'm still shocked that you're okay with this," Amy said, staring up at Denise.

"Truth be told, I always wanted a baby to take care of," Denise said with a smile, "but without the screeching and childbirth bit." She sighed. "It's a nice fantasy, but not something I'll be able to do. I need to find a job soon and find a place to live."

Amy sucked on her lip and decided to go for broke. "Well, I could use a stay at home 'mommy'. If you wouldn't mind taking care of me, you could do that until you get back on your feet."

Denise stroked her fingers through her hair. "So, basic cleaning and I have to change you when you need me to?" Denise scrunched her nose. "What if, you know, number two?"

Amy giggled. "Blech, no, I use the potty for that," Amy said, scrunching her nose.

Denise nodded. "I'll do it if we set a few conditions and ground rules," Denise said. "First, even if it's your kink, no sex stuff unless I instigate it."

"Fair," Amy replied, "but what's second?"

"You have to wear twenty-four-seven," Denise said with a grin, "even to work, and the only time you can take them off yourself is if you need to go 'number two' in the big girl potty."

Amy's eyes widened. "I mean, I could wear all the time, but why?"

"Because you wet yourself while laying here in my arms and I bet you didn't even notice," Denise answered.

Amy blinked and realized that she had, in fact, wet her diaper again. "I guess you have a point," Amy said with chagrin, "but I don't need a change yet. These diapers are super absorbent. What else?"

"If it's your day off, you're a baby. Also, as I'm mommy, when you're a baby, I decide what you wear," Denise added.

Amy rolled her eyes. "That's silly, but okay. Anything else?"

Denise grinned. "Unless you're holding my hand or leaning against a wall, no standing up while you're a baby. You can sit down or crawl, but if you really want to be a baby, you crawl or toddle. Got it?"

Amy huffed but was secretly pleased. "Fine. You're pretty bossy for a mommy," Amy said before sticking her thumb in her mouth.

Denise smiled. "That's it. How about some breakfast, baby doll?"

"You mean you'll do it and all I have to do is follow those rules?" Amy asked, sitting up.

"Yes, baby doll. *Mommy* will take care you," Denise said, standing up and offering Amy a hand. "Too bad you don't have a high chair. I spotted a bib in one of your drawers, though."

Amy blushed. "Do I have to wear a bib?" Amy said with the smallest bit of whine.

Denise grinned up at her. "Don't give me any sass, baby doll, or I will spank that diapered butt."

"Yes, mommy."

After breakfast, Denise spent three hours cleaning, taking out another bag of trash in the process, while Amy continued with her video game. "We should probably get some groceries," Denise said as she sat down on the couch next to Amy.

Amy wiggled against Denise, still wearing nothing but a wet diaper. "Do we have to?" Amy asked, pouting. She was being a little and didn't want to be a big girl and "grow up" to drive. "I wanna stay here and play my games."

"Well, if we go shopping, I'm sure we can pick up some dessert," Denise offered. "Maybe some pudding?"

Amy smiled. She hadn't had pudding in a long time. It was such a kid food. "Chocolate pudding? With chocolate chips?" Amy asked, pausing her game.

Denise smiled. "Sure, but you'll have to wear your bib and eat whatever mommy makes for dinner."

"Okay," Amy said, turning off her game console. She stood up, grabbing the couch arm so that she could "toddle", but paused as her stomach cramped. "Um, but first I need to use the potty." She startled waddling toward the bathroom, going piece by piece of furniture until she reached the wall.

"But you're wearing your potty, baby doll," Denise said, looking at Amy curiously.

"Not for that," Amy said, opening the bathroom door.

Denise's eyes widened. Amy didn't wait for Denise. She shucked her diaper and partly closed the door before using the bathroom. Washing her hands once she was done, Amy opened the door to find Denise standing there with a fresh diaper and baby wipes. Denise took Amy's hand and led her back to Amy's bedroom where she changed her into a fresh diaper. "You're such a good girl," Denise said, patting the front of Amy's diaper before turning to Amy's closet.

Amy noticed that, as Denise looked for a dress for Amy to wear, that her diapers were missing from her closet. "Mommy," Amy asked, her tone curious, "where are my diapees?"

Denise smiled and opened Amy's top dresser drawer before lifting out one of the disposables from it. "They're in here, sweetie."

Amy cocked her head at Denise. "But that's my underwear drawer, Mommy," Amy said slowly.

"Babies wear diapers, not panties," Denise replied, grinning. "To make sure you're always diapered, I took those silly panties and locked them up in your storage locker downstairs and buried them pretty deep."

Amy gaped at Denise before laughing. "Well, that's one way to make sure I stay padded."

Denise kissed Amy's nose then made her way back to the closet, ultimately deciding on a denim dress with a white t-shirt. "This should work," Denise said, holding it up. "Long enough no one should see your diaper while we're out and it will make changing you easier."

"You wouldn't dare change me in public," Amy gasped, secretly turned on by the thought of getting caught.

"I might," Denise said, lifting Amy's arms over her head before tugging the shirt down. "Are you going to be a good girl?"

"Yes, mommy," Amy replied as Denise slid the denim dress down her arms and head. The outfit was like a pair of bib overalls from the waist up that flowed into a denim skirt. It was something Amy normally didn't wear out but, to play along, she decided that this once it was okay. It wasn't that outrageous or risky. The skirt went down to her knees, far longer than she'd need to worry about someone realizing that she was diapered.

Denise helped Amy get her socks and shoes on. She then grabbed Amy's car keys. "Hey, I can drive," Amy said as Denise took her hand.

"It's a weekend, remember?" Denise said with a grin. "You're a baby, so I'm driving."

Amy sighed. "Just try not to ding up my car. I just paid it off last month."

While the pair were out, Denise made certain that Amy got to make almost no decisions. She did relent once when Amy gave her a sullen look about the cookies Amy wanted. As the pair waited in line at the register, Amy began to fidget. Denise gave her a hug and whispered in her ear. "Are you okay?" Denise asked.

Amy eyed the bathroom. "I need to powder my nose," she whispered back, hoping no one would hear her.

Denise patted her bottom. "You're wearing your potty, silly," Denise whispered.

Amy blinked. Denise was right. She was diapered and supposed to be a baby on the weekends. Sucking on her lip, she tried to relax as best she could before letting go, wetting herself. As she finished, she

sighed before blushing. She'd never wet herself in public when someone else knew. It turned her on if she was being honest with herself. The pair paid for their groceries before heading out to Amy's car. Denise patted Amy's bottom and made sure no one was around. "Does my sweetie need a change?"

Amy shook her head. "Not yet," Amy said, blushing a bit. She knew the diapers could take three wetting easily before leaking.

"You just let me know, okay?" Denise said, putting the food in the trunk. "Now get in the car. I'll buckle you in."

Amy giggled at that. Denise was getting into this and Amy loved it. Sitting in the passenger seat, she waited for Denise to come around and buckle her in, closing the door after. Denise got in the driver's side, put the key in the ignition, and drove back to Amy's apartment.

Two weeks passed and, to Denise's dismay, she hadn't been able to locate a new job anywhere. Amy, though, wasn't sure if that was such a bad thing. She was growing to enjoy having Denise around all the time. Denise was her best friend, after all, and it was nice on the weekends to be able to simply be a little. Amy began to hope that Denise wouldn't find a job. Coming home from work on a Friday, Amy found a note from Denise on Amy's bedroom door saying she'd be back shortly. The day had been stressful, and Amy needed a release that she wasn't about to ask Denise to help with. Pausing as she wiggled out of her clothes, Amy sighed as she wet her diaper for the second time that day. Nude except for her wet diaper, she slid up in bed and grabbed the vibrating wand from inside her nightstand. As she pressed the wand against her warm, wet diaper, feeling it vibrate against her pussy, Amy groped her breast and moaned.

"Do you need a hand with that?"

Amy froze as she saw Denise at the doorway to her room. Amy realized that she'd forgotten to close the door, much less lock it. She blushed as she watched Denise walk up to her, taking off her t-shirt and bra before laying down next to Amy. Denise took the wand from Amy's hand and guided Amy's head to her breast. Amy wrapped her lips around Denise's nipple and began to suck gently while Denise petted her hair. "That's a good girl," Denise said. She turned the wand back on and pressed it against Amy's wet, diapered crotch. "I don't think I ever told you, but I'm not just into guys, sweetness," Denise admitted. Amy looked up at her but didn't stop sucking, her occasional moans muffled against Denise's breast. Denise smiled down at her, rubbing the buzzing wand up and down between Amy's legs until Amy's lips popped from around her nipple, a cute moan escaping Amy's lips as her body shook from the orgasm that overtook her.

"Like that, did you, you naughty little girl?" Denise asked, kissing the top of Amy's head. Amy blushed and nodded, burying her face against Denise's shoulder. Part of her was embarrassed that Denise had caught her. Part of her wanted more.

"What about you, mommy?" Amy asked, moving her head to rest against Denise's breasts. "Does mommy ever get horny?"

Denise nodded. "More and more when I see that cute diapered butt of yours when you waddle away from me or when you snuggle up against me," Denise answered. "I hope this didn't make things awkward between us."

Amy shook her head. "No, but... can I make mommy feel good, too?"

Denise watched as Amy slid down and reached for Denise's skirt. With her diapered butt in the air, Amy was one part timid little, one part horny woman. "Fuck, I hadn't realized how hot that is," Denise thought. She nodded in consent. Amy tugged Denise's skirt and panties off while Denise groped her own boobs, gently tugging on her nipples. When Amy began to lap at Denise's pussy, Denise couldn't help but moan. She moved one hand from her breast to Amy's head, gently holding her there. "That's it, sweetie," Denise said, her tone husky with need, "make your mommy feel good."

She'd experimented once or twice since college, but holy hell was Amy's tongue angle. The way it felt between her pussy lips and flicking against her clit. Her ex had never once gone down her like this and the two girls who had were inexperienced at best. Amy, though, knew exactly how to wring each bit of pleasure out of her. It wasn't long before Denise's cries grew louder, and she found her own release.

Amy smiled and slid back up against Denise, cuddling against her. "Am I a good girl, mommy?" Amy asked, kissing Denise's lips.

Their kiss deepened and Denise gave Amy's wet, diapered butt a squeeze. Denise broke the kiss slowly. "You are, sweetie, but I think someone needs a change," Denise added.

"Maybe in a bit, mommy," Amy said, content to be held. She looked at Denise. "You know, you don't have to sleep in the guest room, right?"

Denise's eyes widened a bit. "Is that my baby's way of asking her mommy to sleep with her?" Denise said, her tone playful. Amy nodded, trying to give her cute, puppy dog eyes. Denise giggled and kissed Amy's forehead. "How could I say no to that?"

Amy smiled and kissed Denise's lips again. Once more, their kiss deepened, Amy's lips parting to let Denise's tongue between them. She'd be changed later, she was sure. For now, she wanted to enjoy this newfound dimension of their relationship.

The next day, Amy woke to a dry diaper and stretched out on her bed. She looked around and wondered where Denise had gone. Sucking on her lip, she relaxed a bit and wet herself, knowing that, all else fails, she'd change herself. The thought of going to work wet did enter her mind. Given she didn't have to leave for work for a couple of hours, Amy figured she'd wait it out to see. Making her way to the kitchen, Denise was still nowhere to be seen. There was, however, a note on the fridge.

"Had to meet a client about one of my murals, baby," the note read, "but there are frozen waffles in the freezer."

Amy pouted and then felt guilty. While she'd gotten used to Denise making her breakfast, Amy didn't want her thinking she was taking advantage of her. Popping a couple of waffles in the toaster, she waited there, wearing nothing but a soggy diaper. She waited for the waffles to cool a bit before munching on them. It wasn't until she heard the door open that she realized that she was barely

dressed. Turning, Amy sighed with relief when she saw Denise carrying an easel and a bag of supplies from the local art store.

"Looks like someone got mommy's note," Denise said, closing the door behind her. She set the easel and bag down and opened her arms for a hug.

Amy waddled over and hugged Denise. "How did your meeting go?"

Denise hugged her back. "Very well, actually," she said with a smile, kissing Amy's lips. "Chuck wants me to do some paintings for his new store and, if he likes those, he wants me to paint a mural at his new place."

Amy grinned broadly. "Really? That's great. That's..." Amy paused and frowned, stepping back.

"What's the matter, little girl?" Denise asked, her voice laced with concern.

Amy looked down. A tear fell from her cheek. "That means you can afford to move out and are going away."

"What?" Denise blinked. "Honey, I'm not going anywhere." She closed the distance between them and hugged Amy close. "Sweetie, I'm not leaving you. Why would you think that?" She stroked Amy's hair before kissing Amy's forehead. "Silly baby. Mommy would never leave her little one."

Amy sniffled as Denise held her. "I believe you," she whispered. "I'm sorry. I really like this. I like you being my mommy."

"I know," Denise said, kissing Amy's forehead. Her hand went to Amy's diapered bottom. "Now let's get you changed."

The next three weeks seemed to fly by for the pair. On workdays, Amy would be diapered before work and changed when she got home. Denise spent her days painting and taking care of the house. In the evenings, the pair would usually cuddle up on the couch, with Amy either playing video games while Denise read or the pair watching a movie or cartoon. It was during one such evening, with Amy curled up against Denise in nothing but a double diaper while Denise was wearing a t-shirt and skirt, that Amy got a bit of a surprise. Denise lifted her shirt to expose her breasts. Amy giggled. "New bra?" Amy asked.

Denise nodded and lifted the flap away from the front, exposing her nipple. "Go ahead, sweetie," Denise said, "I know what you want." Amy giggled and turned to face Denise. Denise smiled at her, moving one arm down around Amy's waist, her hand patting Amy's thickly diapered bottom. Her other hand guided Amy's head to her breast. "That's it, sweetie. Mommy knows her baby doll is hungry." Wrapping her lips around Denise's nipple, Amy was surprised. When she sucked on Denise's nipple, a drop of liquid fell on her tongue. Denise moaned in pleasure. "That's a good girl," Denise said. "Do you like how I taste, sweetie?" Amy sucked on Denise's nipple again to show just how much she did, savoring the taste of Denise's milk as it filled her mouth.

"I've been pumping the last few weeks while you've been at work and my milk finally came in," Denise explained, her hand caressing Amy's diapered butt. "I always had this fantasy about wanting to lactate,

but you being my good girl gave me extra incentive.” Denise stroked Amy’s hair as Amy continued to suck on her nipple. “I think my little girl likes her mama’s milk.” Amy nodded and continued to suck on Denise’s nipple.

After a few minutes, Denise shifted Amy to her other breast. Denise giggled when Amy slid her hand between her own legs, rubbing herself through her wet diapers while continuing to suck from Denise’s breast. “Is my naughty little girl trying to cummie in her diapee?” Denise teased Amy. Amy only nodded; her moans muffled against Denise’s breast. “Go ahead, baby doll. You’ve been such a good girl for your mommy.”

Amy tilted her head back as her orgasm overtook her. She cried out in pleasure. She felt so infantile and cared for yet sexy at the same time. She loved how Denise took it all in stride, letting Amy get the best of both worlds. As her orgasm subsided, she smiled up adoringly at Denise. “Can baby make her mama feel good now?”

Denise giggled at Amy. “You already have, sweetie,” she replied. “It felt so much better having you suck on my breasts than the milk pump.”

Amy grinned and licked around Denise’s nipple before sliding off the couch and to her knees. She slid her hands up Denise’s flowing skirt and reached for her panties, tugging them down. Denise watched Amy curiously as she moved to her hands and knees before Amy’s head nuzzled up Denise’s skirt. Denise grinned and spread her legs. Denise moaned at the sight of Amy’s thickly diapered butt wiggling in the air while Amy began to lick up and down her pussy lips. “Oh, baby,” Denise moaned, her arms going to the back of the couch, her hands squeezing the cushions, “that feels really good. Mommy’s going to cum if you keep that up. But that’s what my baby wants, isn’t it?”

“Yes, mommy,” Amy said from under Denise’s skirt. Her tongue flicked against Denise’s clit, savoring the taste of her. She never got tired of this. She loved that she could not only share this part of her desire with Denise but doing so thickly diapered.

Denise sucked on her lip, her hips rocking. “Such a good girl,” she moaned. “Make your mommy cum, baby girl. Show mommy you’re a good little diaper butt.”

Amy redoubled her efforts causing Denise to cry out in pleasure again. She felt the thick padding between her own legs grow thicker and warm as she did. Instead of distracting her, the fact that Amy wet without thinking while pleasuring Denise only heightened her desire, merging more of the baby girl with the woman that sought to pleasure her lover. When Denise’s hand moved to hold Amy’s head against her and her legs squeezed around Amy’s shoulders, Amy smiled and continued to lick, trying to wring every last drop of pleasure out of Denise.

As Denise’s body settled, Amy climbed back up onto the couch and reached for Denise’s hand, moving it between Amy’s thickly diapered legs. Denise giggled. “Does someone need a change?” Denise asked with a grin.

“Not yet, mommy,” Amy said, resting her head on Denise’s lap. “Am I mommy’s good girl?”

“You’re the best, sweetie.”

The next day, Amy woke up to a wet diaper. It had been months since she'd woke up wet. She also realized that Denise was not curled up beside her. Checking her bed to make certain that she hadn't leaked, Amy sighed with relief. Sitting up, she sniffed the air, her eyes widening as she recognized the smell of pancakes and bacon. Waddling out of the bedroom, she went in search of Denise. "Mommy," Amy cried out as she made her way through the living room, "I need a change."

Amy paused, wide-eyed, as she saw an adult-sized high chair next to the table. Denise walked into the dining room from the kitchen, a plate of pancakes and bacon in one hand and a sippy cup in the other. "Good morning, baby doll," Denise said with a grin, setting the plate and cup on the table. "Happy birthday! Do you like your first present?" Denise lifted the tray from the high chair and set it down. Amy nodded. She moved to sit in the chair but the bulky diapers between her legs made it difficult. "Do you need help sweetie?" Denise asked. Amy nodded and let Denise help her up onto the highchair before clicking the tray back into place and setting the plate on the tray along with a fork. "I'm going to trust baby to eat her pancakes like a big girl. If you do, there's a big surprise for my baby girl after breakfast."

Amy smiled at the pancakes and bacon and took the fork. "I wet my diapees last night, mama," Amy said somewhat proudly. "Does that make me a good baby?"

Denise kissed Amy's forehead and handed her the sippy cup. "You're always a good baby, except when you're a brat," Denise said with a smile before turning to get her food. "I'll change you after breakfast and the rest of your presents."

Amy ate her pancakes happily. She was grateful that Denise had insisted on her not only doubling up last night but also wearing a booster pad, too. Her diapers were so thick and so wet that... Amy paused as she felt herself wet her diapers again, the wet mushiness spreading even further. She wiggled in her seat, savoring the feel of it before finishing her breakfast. Amy sipped on the milk from the sippy cup and watched Denise finish her own breakfast. She hoped she hadn't leaked on the highchair.

Finishing her breakfast, Denise stood up and took the plates into the kitchen and placed them in the dishwasher before returning to help Amy out of the highchair. She patted the front of Amy's crotch and grinned. "You're a very soggy baby, aren't you, sweetie?" Denise said before hugging Amy, her hands giving Amy's wet diapered bottom a squeeze. "That's okay. Mommy loves it when you wet. It reminds me that you love being my little girl."

Amy smiled back at Denise and hugged her back. "Mommy should change me soon, though," she said, wiggling her soggy bottom against Denise's hands. "I'm pretty sure I'm going to leak soon."

Denise giggled. "After the rest of your presents, baby," Denise said, moving and taking Amy's hand. Amy's waddle was exaggerated even more by how wet and thick her diapers had become. She followed Denise into the living room. Denise helped her sit down on the couch before ducking into the guest room. Denise came back out with three wrapped gift boxes. She set them on the couch before handing the first gift to Amy. "Go ahead, sweetie," Denise said, standing and watching.

Amy tore at the paper with abandon and opened the first box. Her eyes widened when she saw a spreader diaper that she'd been looking at online a few weeks ago. It was designed to go over her normal diapers to force her to waddle. It had been quite expensive, and she couldn't justify buying one when doubling or tripling up on disposables had a similar effect. "Thank you, mama," Amy said with a

smile, setting it back in the box before setting the box aside and opening the second gift. Inside was a cute, pink sundress. She giggled. "I bet this won't hide my diapered butt at all, will it, mama?"

Denise shook her head and smiled. "Not. At. All. But that's the point, isn't it? I don't want anyone confusing you with a big girl when you wear it," Denise said, trying not to laugh. "Now be a good girl and open up your next gift."

Amy blinked. "Next gift?" She looked at the remaining present. "You mean there's more than just that one?"

"You'll see," Denise replied.

Amy opened the last present there and smiled, holding it up. It was a pair of pink bib overalls. "They're pretty, mama," Amy said, hugging them. "Can I wear them today after you change me?"

Denise nodded and offered Amy her hand. Amy took it and let Denise take the overalls before helping her to her feet. "Speaking of," Denise said with a smile, "let's get that soggy butt of yours into some clean diapers before we go to the arcade, just like you wanted." Amy started to head for her bedroom when Denise pulled her toward the guest room. "That's not where babies get changed, silly," Denise said, leading Amy to the guest room. Denise opened the door and led Amy inside. Amy's eyes widened once more. The bed that had been inside was now gone, replaced with an adult-sized crib. On the other wall was an adult-sized changing table. The closet door was open to reveal the cases of adult diapers that Amy normally wore. "I've been saving money from my commissions to buy all of this. Every baby should have a nursery. I finished setting it up while you were 'playing grown-up'," which was what Amy and Denise called the times Amy was at work, "and wanted to surprise you."

Amy sniffled tears of joy as Denise helped her up onto the changing table. "I haven't been in here since you moved in," Amy said before slipping her thumb in her mouth. She sucked on her thumb as Denise began to change her. She finally had her own nursery. She watched as Denise changed her soggy diapers and wiped her clean, a moan being muffled by the thumb in her mouth as Denise wiped her clean shaved pussy with a wet wipe. Denise powdered Amy's crotch before pulling one of Amy's pink adult diapers snugly between her legs and taping the sides. Amy giggled as she realized that Denise had to have snuck a booster onto the diaper when Amy wasn't paying attention. When Denise pulled out the massage wand and began to rub Amy through her diaper with it, though, Amy couldn't help but moan.

"That's it, baby doll," Denise said, smiling down at Amy and replacing Amy's thumb with an oversized pacifier, "show mommy how much you love being my baby girl."

Amy blushed and nodded, her moans continuing to be muffled by the large pacifier between her lips. Her hips bucked against the wand as Denise rubbed it up and down, pressing it against Amy's diapered crotch. Amy's hands groped her own breasts as she felt her orgasm nearing. She tugged on her nipples and looked at Denise.

Denise stroked her cheek. "Does my little girl want to cum in her diapers?" Denise asked. Amy nodded. Denise pulled the pacifier from Amy's lips. "Only naughty baby sluts cum in their diapers. Does that make you mommy's naughty diaper slut?"

"Yes, mommy," Amy moaned.

“Yes, mommy what?” Denise said, pressing the massage wand against Amy’s crotch again.

“Yes, mommy, I’m your naughty diaper slut,” Amy cried out. “Please, can I cummies in my diapees?” Amy begged.

Denise smiled and pinched Amy’s nipple. “Yes, you may, my diaper slut. Just for that, though, my naughty baby is getting birthday spankings after.” Denise slipped the pacifier back into Amy’s mouth just before Amy moaned, her body shaking as her orgasm overtook her.

Her body weak, Amy could do little to resist Denise helping her off the changing table. She let Denise lead her back to the living room where Denise sat down on the couch and pulled Amy over her lap. “Let’s see. You’re turning thirty? Wait, that can’t be right. You’re a baby. You must be turning three,” Denise said as her hand came down against Amy’s diapered bottom three times. “One, two, three,” Denise said in time with the playful swats. Amy barely felt them through her diapers and giggled as Denise helped shift Amy to sitting on her lap. Denise began to brush Amy’s long hair into pigtails. “Now, are you ready to get dressed for the arcade?”

“Yes, mommy,” Amy said. She couldn’t wait.

The pair spent the next four hours at the arcade, going from game to game. Amy was certain that while no one could tell she was diapered under the coverall, she looked and felt like a kid. Also, each time they switched games Denise patted Amy’s diapered behind as her way of reminding Amy who was in charge and who was the “grown-up”. During one of the games that Amy was winning, Amy felt the need to pee and paused to let go. Denise gave her a knowing look which caused Amy to blush. Amy still won that game.

As the fourth hour ended and the pair headed toward the door hand in hand, Amy grinned and tugged Denise toward the bathroom. Denise gave her a questioning look and put up two fingers. Amy shook her head and winked. Denise followed curiously as the two stepped inside the women’s bathroom. Making sure there was no one else inside, Amy took Denise’s hand and pressed it against Amy’s crotch before letting go with a sigh. Denise giggled. “You’re such a naughty girl,” Denise said, feeling the warmth spread. “Good girl, using your diapers.”

Amy grinned and kissed Denise’s lips. She was quite horny but didn’t want to do anything here. She needed an excuse. Smiling at Denise, she pressed her crotch against Denise’s hand then blushed when her stomach rumbled. “Mommy, I’m hungry,” she whispered.

“I can tell,” Denise laughed, “but for what? Chinese?”

Amy glanced at Denise’s breasts. “How about take-out and then some milk for dessert?”

Denise took Amy’s hand and led her back toward the exit. “Only because it’s your birthday, sweetie,” Denise said.

Half an hour later, with Amy wearing nothing but her diaper, the pair finished their takeout on the couch in the living room and were cuddling on the couch. As Amy wet her diapers for the third time and, as

she adjusted herself on the couch, she thought she heard a telltale rustle between Denise's legs. She sighed contentedly as Denise caressed her diapered butt. "Someone needs a change," Denise said, giving Amy's bottom a pat.

"Is it me, mama?" Amy asked cutely.

"Maybe," Denise replied. She fidgeted a bit and helped Amy to her feet. "Off to the nursery with you," Denise added, standing up. Amy glanced at Denise's bottom and was almost certain Denise was diapered. She let Denise lead her into the nursery and up onto the changing table. Amy noticed several times that Denise stopped mid-action on occasion while changing her.

"Is mommy diapered?" Amy asked as Denise taped the fresh diaper on her.

Denise blushed and lifted her skirt, revealing a pink disposable. "As it was baby's birthday, I wanted to be a little babyish, too," Denise said. "I really need to pee, too."

Amy smiled and hopped off the changing table, sliding her hand against Denise's diapered crotch. "Go ahead," Amy said, her grin broadening, "baby doll knows you want to. We're both just big babies, right?"

Denise's blush deepened as she finally let go with a sigh. As the warmth spread between her legs, Denise understood better why Amy enjoyed this so much. Especially when Amy began to rub her through her now wet diaper. "Oh, fuck, that feels nice," Denise moaned.

"Just you wait," Amy said, lifting Denise's t-shirt off and tossing it aside. She then tugged Denise's skirt off.

Denise grinned at her. "Hey, who's the grown-up here?"

"Hush, you," Amy said with a smile, taking Denise by the hand and leading her to the oversized crib, grabbing the massage wand along the way. "If you're diapered, you're not my mommy. You're my big sister. Besides, it's my birthday. Didn't someone promise me dessert?"

Denise laid down and pulled the flap away from her bra, exposing her nipple. She moaned as Amy crawled up next to her began to suck on her nipple while using the massage wand against Denise's warm, wet crotch. Amy presses her own crotch against the wand on the other side. It wasn't long before the pair both came. Turning the wand off, Amy continued to suck on Denise's nipple while Denise stroked her hair and back.

As the two lay there in each other's arms, Amy couldn't be happier. Her best friend and lover had not only become her mommy but finally tried wearing diapers herself and had enjoyed it. It was a wish come true. Sighing contently, she felt herself wet her diapers again only to have Denise pat her diapered butt.

"Happy birthday, baby."