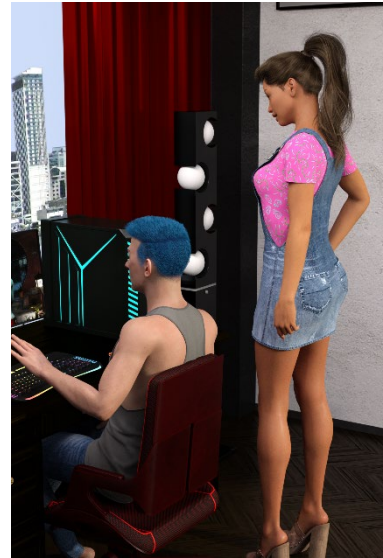


Robin looked at his computer in disbelief. The Master PC program was not only real, but it had changed the little statue he'd been staring at from plastic to pewter and then back again. "Okay," he admitted, "I could've done something far crazier to start with, but why risk it? He began to dig deeper into the program and had changed his hair color to blue before noticing that his live-in girlfriend, Amber, was standing behind him.

"Did that program just change your hair color?" Amber asked, her tone matching her astonished look.

Robin, a plain young man in his mid-twenties, had just graduated from college. Aside from his now blue hair, he was about as average as it got. At six feet tall, weighing a hundred and eighty pounds, he was a little heavier than he'd like to be. His girlfriend, Amber, was also a plain Jane with long, straight black hair that fell just past her shoulders. She typically kept it in a ponytail. Today was no exception.



Amber was almost as tall as Robin, with a body lithe from what she called a "runner's build". Her only complaint about her appearance was her lack of much in the way of breasts, having small B-cup breasts. Her clear green eyes, though, held more than a spark of intelligence. If Robin was honest with himself, the one thing he had to admit was that she was smarter than him. It was Amber that noticed the "revert timer" function.

"Oh, that could be fun," Amber said, reaching past Robin to take the mouse. The moment she did, the image on the screen switched to a digitalized version of herself. "Look, we can save our present states, and, at noon tomorrow, we'll revert to where we were," Amber explained. Robin watched as she navigated the menus. "It even logs how many changes have been made," Amber said with a grin. She kissed Robin's cheek. "Why don't we adjust each other for the day, each of us taking a turn?"

Robin rolled his eyes. This was going to get out of hand. Still, it was a good chance for him to get Amber to finally try a few of his kinks. "Only if I get to go first and no peeking," Robin suggested.

Amber moved over to sit on the edge of Robin's bed. Admittedly, she had her bed in the apartment for propriety's sake, but she usually slept with Robin. "Fine," Amber agreed with a pout.

Robin skimmed through the menus and noted a checkbox to "prevent the subject from being aware of the changes". It wouldn't prevent the number from going up registering that a change had been made, but Robin hoped Amber wouldn't notice the change.

Speaking of change, he noticed Amber sulking as she often did when he asked her to do some chores or anything else she didn't want. She'd thrown a tantrum when he'd pointed out that she left her underwear on the floor. "One way to fix both of those problems," Robin thought. It took time, but he located a "mass changes" prompt that allowed for a sentence to be used to alter reality. "Amber has always worn diapers and enjoys wearing them. While she does wear diapers all the time, she never uses them to poop in but loves how it feels when she wets her diapers. Whenever she experiences sexual pleasure in her ass, mouth, pussy, or tits, she will feel similar pleasure in whichever of her ass, mouth, pussy or tits was not being pleased."

Truth be told, Robin was what was known in kink circles as an ABDL: Adult Baby Diaper Lover. So far, Amber had never found his stash of diapers. As he pressed the enter key, he realized that would no longer be an issue. He grimaced when the change counter went to three. Amber, for her part, was completely unaware of how her reality had been before. Her pink panties thickened under her skirt and were replaced by a thick pink disposable diaper.

"I'm glad Robin loves that I wear diapers," Amber thought, fidgeting on the bed. She felt the need to pee and relaxed, flooding her diaper. The diaper had been dry before but, feeling the warm squishiness against her pussy caused her to gasp in pleasure. No one understood why she got so much pleasure, but then again, it was as if someone was caressing her boobs and pussy, while fingering her ass. She couldn't help but lick her lips as she imagined sucking on Robin's nipples. He was such a girl that way.

Amber watched as Robin stood up and offered the chair to Amber. Much like Robin, she found the option to make it so that Robin wouldn't notice any changes. As she clicked it, she noticed that Robin had made three changes. That cheater. Add to that, she didn't notice anything different, so he must have also clicked the box where she wouldn't notice any changes.

"He thinks he so smart, huh?" Amber thought, scrounging through the menus. "Let's just fix that," she mumbled as she lowed Robin's IQ from 129 to 89. She applied the change, which reset the "unaware of changes" box, then changed his gender to female and cup size from "AA" to "J". She wanted Robin to realize what was happening and that she'd caught him. Besides, she'd overheard him comment about "the weaker sex" last week. What she didn't realize was he'd been responding to someone online in disbelief. Not that it mattered when she hit the "change" button.

Robin looked up curiously at Amber. "So, like, what did you change about me?" Robin asked. Robin's voice rose in pitch until it was positively girlish at the end. Robin looked down in alarm as his breasts began to swell outward inside his shirt. "You're turning me into a girl?" Robin asked, her tone alarmed. Robin wiggled out of her pants and briefs as her hips widened and her waist narrowed.



Her breasts continued to grow larger. Her cock and balls shrank into nothing until her groin reminded her of a doll's. She knew what was coming next. A slit appeared between her legs, not that she could see it easily beyond her still swelling tits. She tugged off her t-shirt and realized her hair was longer now, too.

Robin's hips swayed as she hurried to look at herself in the mirror, leaving Amber alone in Robin's bedroom. Robin examined her body as her massive boobs finally stopped swelling. She looked kind of like her sister, except that she had massive tits. As her fingernails, now painted bright pink, grazed against her gum drop nipples, Robin couldn't help but moan. She heard Amber giggle behind her.

Amber was standing there, holding a thick pink diaper that Robin knew was from her stash. “Looks like someone’s wet. Maybe we should diaper that pussy,” Amber said.

A minute later, Robin was wearing a diaper while Amber pressed a massage wand against her crotch. Robin moaned loudly, her hands squeezing her tits while Amber brought her closer and closer to climax. When she did cum, Robin’s thoughts shifted to making sure her next change to Amber would be even more effective.

Amber watched as Robin waddled over to the computer. She was a tad worried about what Robin would do. The fact that she might be completely unaware of what Robin might do to her was a little frightening, but fair was fair. She watched from her spot on the bed, completely oblivious to the fact that she was idly rubbing herself through her diaper while Robin typed away.



From Robin’s perspective, this was harder than she remembered. She could have sworn she was better at this. “I totally don’t want anyone thinking I’m the bimbo in the relationship,” Robin thought. She clicked the check box to make sure Amber wouldn’t realize what was going on as she lowered Amber’s IQ to 80. “Amber will be obsessed with being as sexy as possible,” Robin added, “but secretly gets off on being humiliated.” She hit apply. Robin giggled to herself, causing her boobies to shake. This reminded her of something else. She found Amber’s cup size. Robin knew that she was a J-cup now. Amber was barely a B-cup. “Let’s fix this,” Robin said out loud as she changed Amber’s cup size from a B-cup. She quickly realized that there was no limit to how big she could make Amber’s boobs, but the screen showed how big they’d be in proportion. Robin set Amber’s new cup size to N-cups and hit apply.

Amber’s clothing had already been shifting, as had the color of her lipstick and eye shadow. Her cute lips were now hot pink, and her eye shadow matched her lip color perfectly.

Her skirt and top had become a silky nighty and did little to hide Amber’s diaper. Not that she cared. She liked the idea of getting caught. It was so naughty. The only thing that might be more of a turn-on is if someone like Robin did a “diaper check” in public when Amber’s diaper was soaked. She felt the need to pee and wet her diaper again, glancing down to see her boobies swelling inside her silky dress. “Like, did you make my boobies bigger, you silly goose?” Amber asked as she began to rub herself through her diaper.

“Maybe,” Robin teased. “Do you like them?” Robin smiled as she watched Amber’s tits swell larger and larger. “They totes make you look hot, though, right?” She got up and made her way to her closet to look for something to put on.

Amber's hands ran over her still swelling boobs, then moaned as pleasure coursed through her body when her palms brushed even slightly against her nipples, even with them protected by the bra underneath. They were both as big as her head and still growing. That was fine. She liked looking sexy. She also liked how Robin stared at her.

Her diapers thickened with each step as her massive boobs swayed back and forth. When she sat down at the computer, she had to think hard about what she wanted to change about Robin next. "Like, I know," Amber said, giggling. She tapped away and made sure to click the box to make sure Robin wouldn't realize what was happening. "Robin is only attracted to Amber. Robin is as obsessed with huge boobs as Amber is. Robin also has plenty of sex toys to play with." Amber clicked apply. She then adjusted Robin's waist and hips, giving Robin an hourglass figure, and hit apply. "Your turn," Amber said, making her way over to Robin.

Robin arched an eyebrow as she slid a pastel pink dress down her body. It went down to her knees. She also smirked as a tray full of adult toys appeared in her closet. She barely understood what they were but had a guess. At least she recognized the dildos. Thinking back to her dress, Robin shook her head. "No need to advertise that I'm wearing a diaper," Robin thought as she walked back to the computer. After the third step, she lifted her arm and twisted to look at her ass. Shaking her hips, she giggled. "And you totes gave me a bubble butt. My diapers are gonna make it look even bigger, silly," Robin admitted before sitting down.

"Like, that's totally the point," Amber said. She moved to the edge of Robin's bed and began to rub herself through her thick diaper again. She moaned as she did, her free hand going to her soccer ball-sized boob, groping herself, completely oblivious to the changes Robin was making.

"Amber wants Robin to be her caregiver. Amber is a lesbian and is attracted to Robin," Robin typed, again checking the box to make sure Amber wouldn't realize what had changed. She hit apply. "Let's see. Oh, yeah, with boobs that big, they totes need to be full of milk," Robin said. She didn't see Amber's eyes widen as Robin found a slider marked "lactates" and set it to maximum then hit apply.

Amber felt her bra change subtly. There were now thick pads in front of her darkening nipples. Her breasts felt heavier and fuller. She carefully made her way to her feet and wiggled out of the dress she was wearing, revealing the massive maternity bra that she was wearing. "Like, really?" Amber said with a pout. "I'm going to like a fucking cow, now?"

"A thickly diapered, horny, lactating cow, but yes," Robin said, standing up. "And if you're a good girl, I'll milk you and change you before we head out."

Amber muttered as Robin walked out of the room, her wide hips swaying. Amber moved to the chair. "So, I, like, have to be a good girl, huh," she said, skimming through the options. She wanted Robin to take care of her. If Robin was going to be her "mommy", she'd totally need to be smart. It took Amber a few moments to find the option, during which Robin was heating a microwave dinner. "How smart was smart?", she wondered. Amber wasn't good at anything other than looking sexy. She did find "intelligence", though it took her a few moments to remember what it meant. The maximum was 230. She checked her score. She looked around for something to write on. "Oh, like yeah," she said as she remembered how to do basic multiplication. "Eight times two is sixteen. Times ten is one hundred and forty. Wait, no. One hundred and sixty."

Amber beamed at having figured it out. She put one hundred and sixty in the spot for intelligence. She couldn't remember if Robin had been that smart before. Hell, she couldn't remember half of what she changed and half of what she didn't. Just in case, she hit the "prevent the subject from being aware of the changes" button and hit apply. She wanted her Robin to realize something had changed. Wait, if she had long hair that she kept in a bun, she'd look the part of a "mommy". She found a style tab and adjusted it. Amber knew how to look hot, and she wanted her "mommy" to be hot, too. She hit apply as Robin walked back in.

Robin felt her scalp tickle just as the fog in her head began to clear. She took stock of the situation. Amber was grinning at her like an idiot. "What did she change this time?" Robin wondered. When she caught her reflection in the mirror, Robyn's hair was now in a curly mass above her head, kept about as close to a bun as you could get given how curly it was. It was also still blue. "Well, that's not so bad," she admitted. She looked at Amber. "One more round then maybe we can go catch a movie?"

Amber pouted. "Like, I'm broke, mommy," Amber said, looking down.

"Well, let's fix that, baby girl," Robin said. If she was going to take care of Amber, Amber might as well have more than enough money so that Robin could afford to do it full-time; however, she had two last changes she wanted to make to her adult baby girl.

"Amber will not want to change back to the way she was yesterday. Amber is almost always horny," Robin entered. She again checked the box to hide what was happening and hit apply. Robin then found a "personal wealth" box. "Thirty dollars in your bank account? My poor baby girl. Let's see." A moment later, there was \$161803 in Amber's bank account. "A golden amount, one might say," Robin said smugly.

Hitting "apply", a few things changed in the apartment out of sight of both of them. Amber's room now had an adult-sized crib in it instead of her old bed. There was also what amounted to a milking harness: a bench that allowed Amber to relax while on her hands and knees while resting her belly and her upper chest on cushions, letting her massive, milky breasts hang free. An email notice popped up on Robin's computer reminding her that Amber was supposed to do a webcam show the next morning. Robin smiled. "It's one way to make money, but that much?" Robin thought.

Amber's phone chimed in the other room. She waddled back to her bedroom, and she still didn't know why Robin wouldn't just let her sleep with her in "mommy's room" all the time, but whatever. She checked her phone and then yelled out "Mommy? What are dividends?"

Robin's eyebrow arched. "Okay, see, that makes more sense," Robin noted. "Nothing you need to worry about, silly head," she called out. She made her way to Amber's room and found her naked except for her diaper, resting on the milking bench. Robin kneeled and maneuvered the suction cups to fit around Amber's engorged nipples. She was about to turn the pump on when she heard the tale-tell hiss of Amber wetting herself again. Amber whimpered as a little bit of pee leaked down her leg.

"Mommy, I need my diapee changed," Amber whined.



“After we milk you, baby doll,” Robin said as she turned on the machine. Amber moaned in pleasure immediately. Robin smiled as Amber got louder and louder. Looking around Amber’s room, she spotted what looked like a penis gag with a tube attachment. “Let’s also give you something to drink while you’re milked, sweetie.”

Amber nodded and opened her mouth as Robin slid the phallus-shaped gag between her lips. She was momentarily surprised that she had no gag reflex but, when orange juice filled her mouth, she happily swallowed and sucked on the dildo gag. “Who cares if I have an oral fixation? It makes pacifiers even more fun,” Amber thought. She almost screamed in pleasure as Robin pressed a massage wand against her soaked diaper. Amber began to buck against it, which caused her “mommy” to swat her diapered butt in a warning.

Amber came before her breasts felt more manageable and less “full”. She had to be helped up onto the changing table and continued to suck on the phallus gag as Robin removed her soaked diaper, added baby lotion, and powder, and rediapered her in a pink, disposable diaper with princesses and unicorns over the front. “The diapers were so thick,” Amber thought as she tried to pull her legs together. It made her happy. As she came down from her post orgasmic euphoria, Amber watched as Robin picked out a slinky red dress that not only showed off Amber’s athletic legs, but the left side would also likely show her diaper if Amber moved too quickly. Also, it was snug enough around the bottom that it would be almost obvious to anyone that Amber was thickly diapered. That thought alone turned her on again.

Robin helped Amber into the dress and a pair of red “Mary Janes”. Robin was worried that, given how thick Amber’s diapers were, high heels might be a bad idea. She then helped Amber off the changing table. Taking her hand, Robin led Amber back to “mommy’s room”. “Okay, brat, you get to make one last change to me, then we’re going to see a movie,” Robin said, moving over to her closet to pick out an outfit for the evening.

“Well,” Amber thought, “if you’re going to pretend to be my mommy, you might as well look the part.” She found the place to enter in changes via text after a few minutes, still not sure how this had seemed so easy earlier. “Robin loves dressing like a MILF,” Amber typed. She just hoped this program knew what a MILF was. “Robin’s boobs will always be as big as mine,” Amber added. “Oh, and she can forget that she was ever a guy. So can the whole world.” Amber thought she was being clever as she also added “As far as the world knows, Robin has always been female.”



Amber checked the box one last time and hit apply. Robin’s breasts began to expand as Amber continued to type. “Robin... umm... Robin...” Amber had trouble deciding. “Mommy, what should I change about you?” Amber asked, not thinking.

Robin looked up from the t-shirt that read “cougar on the prowl” that Amber had bought for her as a gag gift. Staring down at her basketball-sized tits, she paused to rub the small of her back. “How about something about my back always being healthy?” Robin suggested. She grabbed a pair of stretch pants and walked over to her computer. “No, honey, you need to put ‘Robin’s back will always be healthy.’,” Robin explained. “You know what? You’ve been such a good girl. Here, let me.” She reached past Amber and typed “Amber’s back and Robin’s back will always be healthy,” Robin typed then hit apply.

The strain on her back immediately alleviated. Robin imagined she’d have to keep up a decent exercise routine to keep her back in shape. She kissed Amber’s cheek. “Are you ready to go, baby butt?”

“Yes, mama,” Amber said, turning to capture Robin’s lips. Once again, she felt the heat inside her grow as she sucked on Robin’s tongue. Somehow, Amber made her way to her feet, and the two wrapped their arms around each other, their hands groping each other’s diapered butts. Robin was the one to break the kiss.

“Behave and I’ll make the movies double fun,” Robin said, her tone breathless with want. She had to keep control. The fact that her adult baby girl was horny all the time was Robin’s fault, after all, and it would be wrong to deny her what she now wanted.

“Promise?” Amber asked, putting up a pinky.

Robin hooked Amber’s pinky with her own. “Pinky swear.” That was that. Amber nodded and waddled to the living room. Robin grabbed her purse and the diaper bag they kept near the door. Robin popped Amber’s diapered bottom playfully before opening the door. “So, what movie do you want to see.”

The pair settled on the latest superhero movie and took the subway there. Somewhat to Robin’s surprise, one of the ushers asked to see what was in the bag, noting no outside food was allowed. Robin smiled at Amber. “Sweetie, tell the nice man what’s in the bag,” Robin said, teasing Amber.

“My diapers,” Amber admitted. She blushed beet red, her eyes going wide when Robin opened the bag to show the usher.

This time it was the usher’s turn to be embarrassed. “I apologize, ma’am. Didn’t mean to snoop but I have to check. It must be rough needing to wear them,” he said, his tone contrite.

Robin put her hand on Amber’s bottom. “Oh, she doesn’t *need* to wear them. She wears them because she likes them,” Robin said. She reached in the bag for the adult-sized pacifier inside with a ribbon tied to it and put it in Amber’s mouth. She then slipped the ribbon over Amber’s head so that it rested around her neck. “No need for it to get lost,” Robin thought before closing the bag and leading Amber into the theater, and leaving the stammering usher behind.

The pair made their way to the concession stand and then into the surprisingly empty theater. As was Robin’s custom, she got them seats in the center near the top. Amber had spit out her pacifier which now hung between her huge boobs and was already sipping on her oversized soda. The movie started and there were only a dozen people in the whole theater. Robin munched on popcorn while Amber leaned against her and enjoyed her drink.

Near the end of the movie, Amber took Robin's free hand and moved it between Amber's diapered legs. Robin smiled as she felt the diaper grow warm. "Good girl," Robin whispered into Amber's ear before beginning to rub her through the diaper. Amber bit back a moan and quickly popped the pacifier between her lips. Her hips rocked gently against Robin's hand, feeling the warm, wet, squishiness press against her pussy. Part of her wanted to get caught like this. Part of her felt embarrassed that not only had she wet her diaper in public but that Robin knew how much it turned her on. This just made the adult baby girl even hornier.

Amber had finished her drink earlier and her hand gripped the back of the theater seat. She was trying to hold back the moans and hoped the pacifier was blocking more of them. Still, Robin continued to tease her. Her "mommy" knew just when to pull back, letting Amber ride that edge of orgasm yet denying it to her. As the tension built in the movie to the climax, so did the tension in Amber's body. When people in the audience began to laugh, Robin quickened the rate she was rubbing her adult baby girl's pussy through her diaper. Her squeal of pleasure as her orgasm hit her was hidden by laughs in the crowd. Or so she thought.

As the pair left, Amber swore she heard one guy whisper to another "The real show was in the back row." The looks she and Robin got convinced her of that. Oh well. She was a diaper butt and a bit of a bimbo. She enjoyed the attention.

On the way back via the subway, Amber and Robin both were approached on multiple occasions by men that struck both women as creepy. A blond-haired woman sitting in the seat behind them, who looked like she was in her mid-thirties, shooed them off each time. As their stop neared, Robin thanked the woman.

"Oh, it's no problem, though, with that pacifier around her neck, I bet they thought she was a raver," the woman replied, "though, anyone who *knows* recognizes a diaper bag when she sees one, especially when she was on her way home to change." Amber giggled and Robin went slack-jawed. "Oh, don't look so surprised, cutey. It's a big city. Does your 'little girl' need a babysitter?"

Robin laughed a bit. "She might," Robin said with a grin. "Care to join us?"

"I think I just might. I'm Carol."

The three got off at the next station and walked the short distance to Robin and Amber's apartment. Robin quickly excused herself to turn off the computer, just in case. By the time she got back, Amber was naked except for her diaper and resting with her head on Carol's lap, sucking on Carol's breast, while Carol stroked her hair. Carol had taken off her top and bra, though Robin couldn't spot where Carol had tossed them. While Carol's breasts were nowhere near as large as Robin or Amber's, they were still quite large and about the size of grapefruits. Robin smiled. "Looks like she's taking a liking to you," Robin said. She bit her lip as the need to pee became urgent. "Why don't I get you a drink?"

"A soda would be fine," Carol noted, continuing to caress Amber's hair and either oblivious to or not caring that Amber was rubbing herself through her diaper.



Robin poured two glasses of citrus soda over ice. The sound of the soda being poured helped Robin relax enough to wet her diaper. She bit her lip and took off the remainder of her clothes. It was rare that she got to act like a baby. She quickly quaffed her drink before taking the other to Carol. Carol's look of surprise was genuine. "Oh, so you're both little girls, are you?" Carol asked.

Amber's lips popped from around Carol's nipple. "I'm a big, naughty diaper butt and am mommy's little baby doll," Amber explained before going back to sucking on Carol's nipple.

Robin smiled. "I'm usually mommy, but I do like to be a baby sometimes if that's okay."

Carol nodded. "I imagine I could cuddle you both much easier on a bed than here on the couch," she suggested.

Robin nodded and made her way to the bedroom. Carol and Amber followed shortly thereafter with Carol holding Amber's hand. Robin laid down on the bed and was about to shift to her side. "Why don't I change you girls first?" Carol said with a smile. Amber giggled and nodded before laying down. Carol moved to the open closet door and grabbed two clean diapers and the tray of sex toys. The powder, baby wipes, and baby lotion were already on the nightstand.

Untaping Robin's diaper first, Carol cleaned the young woman (she'd find out later than Robin was in her mid-twenties and not late thirties as she suspected) before putting a clean diaper on Robin. She then repeated this with Amber. Carol then looked at the toys Robin had and, adding the app to her phone, set her Bluetooth to control two "buzzy eggs" that she moved down both women's diapered crotches to press against their clits.

Wiggling out of her skirt and exposing that she, too, was diapered, Carol slid up between the two adult baby girls and set the "buzzies" to vibrate before setting the phone on a nightstand and guiding both women's lips to her breasts. Robin and Amber moaned and turned their hips so that the fronts of their diapers were against Carol's legs. Both sucked gently on Carol's nipples, causing Amber's pleasure to increase even more.

It wasn't long before Amber came in her diaper. Carol kissed her forehead and called her a good girl. "I wanna be a good girl, big sis," Robin said. After all, if Carol was Amber's "aunt" that would make her Robin's "sister". "Can I please cum in my diaper?"

Carol reached for her phone and turned Robin's "buzzy" up to its maximum setting. Robin cooed in pleasure then moaned as her body shook.

Carol left the two women to cuddle, promising she'd be back. Getting dressed, she made her way out of the house just as it began to sprinkle. She had a couple of days off, so packed an overnight bag. Slipping on her raincoat, she made her to the subway station.

When she got back, the rain was an almost torrential downpour. Robin was waiting just inside the apartment complex door, wearing a sedate blouse and skirt. Carol barely noticed by the slight bit of poof at the front that Robin was still diapered. The power was out.

"Everything okay?" Carol asked as she got out of the rain.

"Lightning strike to the apartment, or that's the guess. The supervisor is checking the fuses," Robin explained. "I had to take the stairs down but wanted to make sure you could get in."

Carol kissed Robin's cheek. "That was sweet of you."

A moment later the power returned, and the pair took the elevator up to the fourth floor where Amber was waiting on the couch, laying on her side. She'd put on a bra and t-shirt, but her diaper was still exposed. Carol moved to the couch and Amber shifted so that she could go back to resting her head on Carol's lap. Robin made her way back to her bedroom and restarted her computer.

Or tried to.

After several minutes, she gave up.

It would be two days before Robin found out her computer was fried. The external that she'd backed the software up on was likewise fried. She and Amber were stuck like this, but that suited her just fine. "Robin, sweetie, are you about done? I'm thinking of ordering pizza," Carol called out from the living room.

"Coming!" Robin yelled, making her way back to the living room. As Carol ordered pizza, Robin teased Amber that she was going to make her answer the door as she was dressed now.

Amber's eyes widened but a smile crept on her lips. "Whatever you say, mama."

