

“Hey, look what I found!”

Paul looked up from the box he'd been digging through. He and his fiancée, Penny, had been at his house in the living room, working their way through all the boxes he'd received as part of his grandmother's estate. A true, dyed-in-the-wool child of the 1940s, the box Paul had been going through was full of dresses and petticoats from the 1950s. He swore that his grandmother had worn them when he was a child a decade ago.

Shaking his head, he paused long enough to brush off some of the dust that had collected on the front of his black button-down before making his way over to Penny. He took a moment to admire her backside from the side. Truth be told, he loved her curves. Wide hips, a nice ass, melonous breasts (she wore a 40F bra, he'd noted once). Straight, brunette hair that fell to the small of her back. She looked very motherly even though she was only twenty-four, if he thought about it, though she'd claimed she had no desire to have kids. Paul was okay with that. He focused on what she was holding in her hands. It was an old camera, probably from the late 1950s or early 1960s.

“Didn't know grams collected stuff like that,” Paul said, walking over.

Penny's smile widened. “Better yet, there's a bunch of film canisters in the box, along with the original box for the camera. It has such a cheesy slogan, too. ‘See the world in a new light.’ Corny, huh.” She turned and looked through the camera's viewfinder at Paul. “I wonder if it still works,” Penny said, a moment before pressing the button to take a picture.

Both Penny and Paul were startled by the flash. Paul shook his head and blinked his eyes. “Well, it obviously works,” Paul muttered. Penny was staring at him strangely. “What? Do I have something on my shirt?” He looked down at the purple button-down he was wearing. Purple? Wasn't it black earlier? He looked back over at Penny, blinking his eyes a bit. “Well, it works, right? Might be worth something.” Penny was still looking at him curiously. “You okay there, hon?”

Penny bit her lip. “Hey, would you mind if I took one more picture? I just want to make sure that wasn't a fluke.”

Paul rolled his eyes. “Sure. Why not? Hell, I'm surprised the battery is still working. Maybe grams replaced it before she passed.”

Penny walked around Paul, careful of the other boxes, and snapped a picture of him from the side. The light was so bright, it caused Paul to blink again. When he looked back at Penny, her smile was even wider. “Well, it works,” Paul noted dryly. He paused. There was something not right about his voice, but he couldn't place it. Putting his hand on his hip, he stared at Penny who was still grinning. “Okay, what's going on?” Paul asked. “I know that face. You have that face any time you have a juicy secret you're dying to share.”

Penny shrugged. “Notice anything different?” she asked in response. “By the way, I love your blouse.”

*My blouse?* Paul looked down at his pink button-down, his smallish boobs tenting it slightly, his nipples poking through it obscenely. Well, he had been admiring Penny's luscious curves. It was only natural that he was aroused. What he failed to notice, though likely would have shrugged away, was that his hips and ass were wider than before and his waist had narrowed. “I think you just like taking pictures of me,” Paul said with a pout, though they both knew his pout wasn't genuine.

Penny giggled. “Maybe. I’d like to take a few more, sweetie. You don’t mind, right?” Her sweet, singsong voice would get him every time and she knew it. “Why don’t you strike a pose and pucker up for a kiss?”

Paul rolled his eyes but leaned forward toward Penny and puckered his lips, eyes closed. He still was almost blinded by the flash, even through his closed eyes. When he opened them, Penny was already walking toward him. Her fingers trailed over his plump lips. Almost instinctively, he sucked one of her fingers between them, causing Penny to moan.

“I love your lips, sweetie,” Penny said. “So soft and sweet. Just like your breasts.”

For a moment, Paul wondered what she meant before he felt Penny caress his right breast. He couldn’t help but moan as her thumb brushed against his nipple. Looking down, he couldn’t help but admire the amount of cleavage showing. The top two buttons of his pink blouse were unbuttoned, leaving the tops of his softball-sized breasts exposed, the top of the silk and lace bra holding his girls up also showing. He felt his cock stiffen in his pants, likely tenting and showing through the stretch blue jeans he was wearing. He leaned into Penny’s hand, pressing his breast against Penny’s palm. “You can do more than touch them, you know?”

Penny smiled and stepped away. “And miss the chance to keep you horny? Not a chance. Maybe if you’re a good girl and take off those jeans and let me take more pictures, I might.”

Paul pouted, this time meaning it. “You’re such a tease, you know that, right?” Still, that didn’t stop him from wiggling out of his stretch pants. His dick, though on the small side, was tenting in his panties that matched the bra he was wearing. He stretched upwards, posing coyly, just as Penny took another picture.

“You’re such a cutie, Paula,” Penny said, lowering the camera. “I love that ass of yours. I still can’t believe my fiancée has boobs that are bigger than mine, too.”

Paula blinked her eyes, careful not to rub them. She knew she was wearing makeup and didn’t want to ruin it. It was wonderful that Penny was good with her transition. Still, Paula realized that it was almost a miracle that her breasts had gotten as large as they had through hormone replacement therapy alone. Her nipples were still rock hard as she looked at Penny. Paula smiled as she realized Penny’s nipples were hard, too. Paula longed to suck on them. Paula took a step towards Penny and paused. There was an unfamiliar feeling between her legs.

Moving her hand around to her bottom, there was a plastic feeling and then padding where she could have sworn she was wearing panties before. She couldn’t quite see over her shoulder, so Paula made her way to the bathroom. Turning on the light, Paula was shocked to see a pair of pink disposable pull-ups around her feminine hips and curvy ass. Turning back and forth, her melonous breasts swaying in her blouse, Paula wanted to be repulsed by the fact that she was wearing a pull-up instead of panties. Instead, she thought she looked cute. Unbuttoning and slipping off her blouse, she leaned forward against the counter and puckered her lips.

The camera flashed.

When Paula’s eyes cleared, she was still standing there, her massive breasts barely contained in her 36J bra. Her pink diapers – and there was no denying they were diapers, not pull-ups – caused her legs to

spread a bit. She turned to see Penny now only wearing her panties and holding the camera. “Naughty girl,” Penny said. “You’re a baby, not a big girl, and babies don’t wear bras,” Penny teased. She sat the camera down before wrapping her arms around Paula, their breasts mashing against each other. Penny kissed Paula’s bee-stung lips and parted them with her tongue.

Paula moaned into the kiss, sucking on Penny’s tongue while Penny undid her bra. “This is so naughty,” Paula thought, “but I know what would be even naughtier.” As the pair kissed, Paula relaxed. She felt her body respond before the warmth began to spread through her crotch.

When Penny stepped away, Paula took the moment to grab the camera and snap a quick picture of Penny, thinking about how great she looked. Penny blinked and shook her head before taking the camera from Paula. “Naughty baby. Only mommy gets to take pictures of baby,” Penny said, reaching around to pop Penny on the butt. “Someone needs a change, though. Show off your wet diaper for mommy, sweetie, and I’ll change you.

Paula leaned over at the waist, her soggy diaper drooping between her legs. Penny snapped another picture and the flash caused Paula’s eyes to blur again. When she stood up, her blonde pigtails bounced cutely, the tips dyed pink, and her huge tits jiggled. Her diaper was thick and wet. She was so horny that she couldn’t help but rub herself through her thick, wet, diapers. A moan escaped her lips. “Fuck,” she moaned, her voice higher than before, “like, wet diapers make me so horny, mommy.”

Penny clicked the camera again. This time, there was no flash. She checked the camera and the final picture of the roll had been taken. Frowning, Penny looked up at Paula. “Go be a good girl and wait for mommy on our bed. I’ll be right there.”

Paula twirled one of her pigtails with her finger. “Like, okay. Can I play with myself until you get there?”

Penny nodded absently as Paula waddled out of the large bathroom. Penny made her way to the box she’d found the camera in. She read the instructions and rolled the film back before opening the camera. The film roll brand was “Fantasy Films”. She carefully put the film roll in the container. Setting the camera down, Penny searched through the box and couldn’t find another roll with the same name.

The cries of pleasure from the bedroom caught Penny’s attention. Making her way to the bedroom, Penny found her busty, adult baby fiancée on their king-sized bed, pressing the end of a massage wand against the front of her wet diaper. Smiling, Penny moved to sit at the head of the bed and took the wand from Paula. She wanted to be the one to make her baby girl cum. After all, Paula was now her fantasy and the old Paul was likely still in there somewhere, but this cute, adult baby bimbo was something she’d secretly fantasized about for years. “Move over to mommy’s lap, sweetie,” Penny said sweetly.

When Paula moved, stretching across the bed, her legs spread and knees bent, Penny moved one hand behind Paula’s back and held her so that Paula could wrap her plump lips around Penny’s nipple. Penny patted the front of Paula’s diapered crotch just to make sure. There wasn’t a bump at all. Penny was certain that, when she did get around to changing Paula’s diaper, there would be a cleanly shaven pussy there now. She turned the massage wand back on and rubbed it between Paula’s thickly diapered legs as Paula began to suck on Penny’s nipple.

A wave of relief filled Penny as the tightness that she had barely noticed in her chest eased. How had she forgotten to pump her breasts? She knew, of course, that it felt far more satisfying to have her adult baby girl drain her breasts of milk than to use a pump. "Such a good girl," Penny whispered as Paula switched to Penny's other breast. Paula's moans were muffled against Penny's breast, though her hips were rocking against the wand. It wasn't long before Paula's body stiffened and then shook as her orgasm overtook her.

Penny turned the wand off, setting it aside, and smiled down at Paula. "I think we can wait to change you for a bit, yet."

"Okay, mommy, but don't blame me if I have to cummies more," Paula replied, shifting on the bed so that she was laying next to Penny. Penny slid down so that she was laying down. She reached down to tug her panties off and kicked them off the rest of the way. "Can baby make mommy cummies?" Paula asked.

"Of course, sweetie," Penny replied. After all that, she was horny, too. She was a little surprised when Paula slid off the bed and waddled over to the dresser. She watched curiously as Paula pulled out a diaper just like the one Paula was wearing. Apparently, her adult baby girl *did* know about her secret fantasy. Penny lifted her bottom to let Paula slip the unfolded diaper under her bottom. She expected Paula to finish diapering her. Instead, the cute, busty, diaper bimbo moved onto the bed on her hands and knees, her thickly diapered bubble butt jutting in the air, and began to lick at Penny's pussy and clit. Penny gripped the pillows and moaned.

"Oh, fuck, sweetie, that's just what mommy needs. Mommy needs to cum, baby girl." Penny's panting grew faster. Her cries grew louder. At the moment she knew she was going to peak, Paula stopped, eliciting a whimper from Penny. Paula smiled up at her and pulled the diaper snugly between Penny's legs before taping the sides to the front. Paula slid back up next to Penny, her nipples grazing against Penny's. Paula's hand moved down Penny's body and down between her legs, rubbing Penny through the diaper and pushing Penny over the edge.

When Penny came to, it was to the soft kisses of her adult baby girl and the feeling of her breasts pressing gently against Paula's. She wrapped her arms around her fiancée, marveling at how nicer this was, how curvy, smooth, and sweet her fiancée had become. Well, her fiancée had always been a sweetie, but her lips were sweeter still. She kissed back and groped Paula's diapered butt. As she broke the kiss, Penny wondered what else was in those boxes.

Rolling onto her back and pulling Paula atop her, she smiled and wet her own diaper, a bare moment before Paula began to grind against her. Whatever else the boxes had in them could wait.