

Joseph sat in front of his computer, waiting for his reheated pizza to cool, and began to browse one of the many forums he was a part of. At thirty-eight, the dumpy tech support specialist wasn't in the best of health. Sure, he could stand to lose fifty pounds and was pre-diabetic, but he could still jog a mile. If he had to. Still, his life had some small perks. He had his own place. He could afford his hobbies. He was simply lonely.

Of course, it probably would have been useful to Joseph to be himself more, to let people get to know the real him. What he wanted was a little excitement, though. He wanted a chance to live a fantasy. Little did he know how deep that rabbit hole was going to take him.

As he browsed, he came across a personal ad from a woman a few years younger than him going by the alias Abigail4aBig. She noted she was a submissive, into ageplay, and was looking for another woman who would be her dominant. The caveat, though, was that they had to be able to prove who they were.

To Joseph, this presented an interesting challenge as everything else about this woman, including her appearance, was right up his alley: cute with largish breasts, a love for anime and gaming, and a weird obsession with one of his favorite sci-fi series. Jo just had to figure out how to convince her that Joseph was a girl long enough to hook her, then play the fantasy out.

In preparation, Joseph skimmed through his pictures that he sometimes used for other catfishing exercises and altered three or four of them enough that they didn't come up on a reverse image search. He carefully arranged an empty piece of paper on each and readied the master stroke. He created a brand-new account on the forum and put the name of the account in each of the pictures. It should be plenty.

The woman he chose was bustier than Abigail by several cup sizes at least. She had a professional look about her that the pencil skirt and black blouse, its top two buttons undone, accentuated. There was something very familiar about the blouse that had caught Joseph's attention months before, but he couldn't place it.

Shaking his head, he messaged Abigail.

"Hey there, sweetie. I saw your personal ad. You look like my type, but I'm not all that familiar with ageplay. Be a good pet and tell me all about it and what you like about it. Don't hide anything or I shall be cross. – Phina"

To Joseph's delight, Abigail replied a few minutes later, just as he was finishing his pizza. "Well, miss, it means that I like to act younger than I am. While I'm thirty-five, I like to pretend that I'm three, up to and including dressing the part. Cute dresses, Mary Jane shoes, and diapers. Thick ones. I'm also super into the color pink. If this is something miss would be interested in, my only request is that you send me a couple of pictures proving who you are. Something with your alias and my name written on them on a piece of paper would be fine. – Abigail"

Joseph rubbed his hands together. He went to his files from earlier and edited them as planned, then sent two pictures. Part of him felt guilty about this, but it was the closest to interacting with someone even close to a kink he was into that he did it anyway. Smiling to himself, he typed a reply. "Oh, so someone needs a mommy to take care of them, is that it? Do you want to be my little girl? Such a naughty little one. Well, I'm obviously a grown-up, but I've never had a baby girl before. I've had a

submissive or two in the past but having a 'little' is new for me. Are you a good girl? How does being a 'baby girl' change the Dom/sub dynamic?"

Abigail replied a few moments later. "Well, for one, I'd want to pleasure mommy when she's horny. I love how your boobies are bigger than mine. I'd want to kiss them and suck on your nipples just like a baby. Would mommy cuddle me and let me suck on her breasts?"

Joseph smiled to himself and unbuttoned the top two buttons of his button-down shirt. He was completely unaware that his chest has smoothed out under his shirt. The area around his pecs had begun to fill out as fat redistributed from his waist to his upper chest. "Well, that would be nice, sweetheart, I think you need to earn it first," Joseph replied. "After all, if you want a 'dommy-mommy', you have to earn the privilege of suckling from my breasts. I sent you pictures of me, Abi. If you're into diapers as you say, I want you to take a marker and write 'Phina's baby' on the front and then put it on, then send me a picture."

A few minutes later, Abigail did exactly that. Joseph smiled to himself. "Good girl," he replied. "Now tell mommy what else you're willing to do to please her."

Abigail's answer should have made Joseph's cock hard. "I want to get on my hands and knees and lick mommy's pussy until she cums. If I did that, would mommy change my diaper and let me suckle on her breasts?"

In the back of Joseph's mind, something was wrong. Even as he unbuttoned his slacks, his upper arm bumping into his now melonous breasts, it didn't click that he was changing. His slacks were now stretched across wide hips and, instead of cotton briefs, his fingers grazed against silk panties before moving further down. When his fingers brushed against his engorged clit, he let out a feminine gasp.

"Fuck, this is making me horny as hell," Josephine thought. Even in her mind, she was now Josephine, or "Phina" as most of her friends knew her. She could feel her nipples pressing against the cups of the silk bra underneath her blouse where, previously, there'd been a black t-shirt. As much as she wanted to also play with her tits, she wanted to reply to Abigail. With her left hand, she slowly typed. "Oh, that would be lovely. Yes, I think I would change your diaper, sweetie. Show mommy your wet diaper."

Abigail sent a picture a few moments later of one hand rubbing the front of her now wet diaper with a massage wand while the other played with her breast. The message was still there; however, the reply caught Josephine off guard. "I've shown you mine, mommy. I bet you knew exactly what I meant by ageplay. I bet you wear diapers, too, and were playing with your pussy while diapered, just like I was. Will mommy show me her diaper? I promise I'll make it worth it, mommy."

Phina reached up to adjust the webcam on top of her monitor. She then wiggled out of her slacks, again unaware of the changes that were happening. Her pink silk panties began to change, taking on a plastic sheen. A bulk began to form underneath her now plastic panties: a thick disposable diaper with an extra booster. She undid the buttons of her blouse and set the timer for the camera. Leaning back, she made sure the camera had a good view of her now narrow waist, feminine face, and thickly diapered crotch. Her nipples poked through her bra, proudly showing just how horny she was as she began to rub her crotch through her diapers with one hand while caressing her breasts, each as large as her head, with her other hand.

She didn't realize that she'd set the camera to start video recording instead of still photos, not realizing it was capturing her feminine moans of pleasure. She was so distracted by how good it felt to rub herself through her diaper, it wasn't until moans of pleasure filtered from her speakers that she realized something was off.

Staring at the screen, she saw a video of Abigail doing much the same: playing with her boobs while getting herself off with a massage wand. "Mommy is so pretty," Abigail said. "Baby girl wants to cum in her diapers. Can good girl cummies, mommy?"

Josephine smiled and continued to rub herself. "Cum with mommy, baby girl," Phina ordered.

Both women cried out.

After both women came down from their post-orgasmic bliss, Phina smiled. "Am I everything you expected, little girl?"

"Yes, you are, mommy. Do you want me to be your baby girl?" Abigail asked hopefully.

"Of course I do, sweetheart. You're perfect. I'm going to send you my address. If you don't live too far away, I expect to see you later this week," Phina replied.

"Okay, mommy," Abigail replied. She made a kissing gesture and turned off her camera.

Phina was considering using the restroom but, remembering her diaper, she relaxed and wet it. She closed the chat window and looked at her messages. She'd barely had this account open an hour and there were dozens of messages of women looking for mommies.

Shaking her head, she was willing to bet that most of them were guys catfishing. Getting up, she stepped out of her slacks before waddling to the kitchen. She loved how thick the diapers were and how they rubbed against her bare pussy. Putting another slice of pizza on a paper plate, she put it in the microwave and started it. Making her way to her bedroom to switch to her pajamas, Phina had a naughty idea. Stepping into the standing shower, she reached for the spray nozzle and slid it down the back of her diaper before turning the water on.

As the back of her diaper filled with warm water, Phina bit her lip. She gave one of her nipples a pinch and moaned. Shifting the nozzle around, it did get the front of her plastic panties a little wet before she could push it down the front. She moaned again as it began to fill. A moment later she turned the shower off and replaced the nozzle in its holder. Something warned her that the insides of the diaper she was wearing would need a bit to absorb all that liquid, but, after waiting for a moment (and wetting it again), Phina waddle out of the shower and dried the cover of her plastic pants off. Naked except for her diaper, she took a picture of herself in the standing mirror she hadn't owned earlier that day and sent it to Abigail.

It took a moment to get back in bed, the diaper smushing around her crotch. She reached for the massage wand she'd spotted on her nightstand earlier and pressed it against the crotch of her wet diaper, fantasizing about Abigail. Phina wondered if maybe she'd been the one caught. If so, she was looking forward to being kept.