

Amy had a problem. Well, she had several, but the biggest two were ones she'd never speak to anyone about. Not her closest friends, not her family, and especially not her step-sister Elise. Still, as she stepped into Elise's house, carrying the first of many boxes, her mind went immediately to both.

"You can stay as long as you like," Amy heard from the kitchen before Elise walked into the living room. The tall, busty, curvy brunette was a couple of years older than Amy and had been sixteen when their parents got married while Amy had been fourteen. Now, six years later, Elise was living on her own and had offered to rent out her spare room to Amy while she started at the local university. "I'm surprised that it took you this long to ask me to rent out my guest room," Elise added as she carried the box to Amy's new room. "Mom's never easy to get along with on a good day and Troy isn't much better. Did they finally make a curfew demand?"

Amy felt herself blush as she remembered the discussion she'd had with her step-mom, Pamela, but didn't reply. She didn't want to let Elise know the real reason. The caramel-skinned young woman grabbed the dolly instead and made her way back to the small panel van that she'd rented out to transport her belongings across town to Elise's place. Putting a couple of boxes on the dolly, she wheeled it back to the front door, her mind continuing to run the scene on repeat. Anger filled her the more she thought about it. Pamela had caught Amy making out with another girl that Amy had been tutoring. It was only then that she realized how intolerant Pamela and Eli both were. The girl she'd been making out with had been so frightened by Amy's parents, she broke up with Amy the next day over text. Two days later, her dad, Troy, had told her she had a month to find a new place to live. He didn't want a lesbian living under his roof. Amy spent the next hour crying before texting her friends and, finally, Elise, looking for a place to stay. Elise had messaged back a few minutes later, offering her guest room.

Shaking her head, Amy left the boxes in the living room. When Amy heard beeping from the kitchen, she paused to look at Elise, who hurried to the oven to get dinner out. Amy's gaze went to Elise's melonous breasts and her mind went to the fantasies she'd had around the time Amy had realized she was attracted to other girls. If she was honest with herself, Amy still had a crush on Elise. Elise was everything that Amy found attractive. She was sweet, caring, curvy, and oddly maternal. Elise worked at a daycare facility in the office and sometimes covered for the other girls there.

"I wish she'd take care of me," Amy thought, looking down at one of the boxes. There was a small red sticker on it. That was Amy's way of knowing which boxes she didn't want Elise to look in. Much like her crush on Elise, Amy was certain that the contents of that box would be something Elise wouldn't understand. Wheeling both boxes into her new room, Amy made sure to put the box with the red sticker into the closet first before setting the other box by the dresser.

Amy walked back out to note the casserole on the dining room table along with glasses and plates. Elise was nowhere to be seen but the front door was open. Amy hurried outside to see Elise grabbing a box. As Elise turned, her nose twitched. Elise gave Amy a curious look as she carried the box, which had a red sticker on it, to the front door and handed it to Amy. Amy bit her lip as the scent of baby powder hit her nose. "Looks like there are two more boxes. Why don't you go ahead and start dinner?" Elise suggested. "You've had a long day as it is."

Amy nodded and hurriedly carried the box inside. Setting it in the closet, she opened it up and grimaced. Inside were two still sealed packages of pink disposable diapers along with the baby wipes,

adult-sized pacifiers, and a bottle of baby powder she somehow had left open in her rush to pack. She reached in and closed the bottle before closing the box. If her parents had been intolerant about her interest in women, Amy didn't want to consider what they'd have thought of her main form of stress relief: dressing up and acting like a small child. She shook her head and made her way to the dining table, only to watch as Elise spooned a heaping helping onto Amy's plate. Amy smiled at Elise as she sat down, mumbling thanks before digging in.

Dinner passed with the two catching up over what had happened since they'd seen each other over the holidays. The reason for Amy moving out didn't get brought back up.

An hour later, a tired and emotionally worn-out Amy bid Elise a good night before heading into her new bedroom. Closing the door behind her, Amy took her clothes off and made her way to the closet. Fishing out her baby supplies, Amy popped one of her pacifiers in her mouth. She then powdered her clean-shaven mound before moving to the wall. She'd learned a while ago that the best way for her to get a diaper snug was this way. Sliding the unfolded diaper behind her, Amy pressed her ass against it before pulling the diaper snugly between her legs and taping the sides. She then repeated the process twice, adding more and more bulk between her legs, forcing them apart. Reaching into one of the other boxes, she leaned over and pulled out a cute pink nighty before sliding it down over her.

"You know, you've got a cute butt."

Amy's eyes widened as she spun around. The nighty did little to conceal the bulk of the multiple diapers that Amy was wearing from Elise, who was standing in an open doorway, her eyebrow arched. Amy began to sputter, trying to come up with something to say. All she came up with was "Why didn't you knock?"

Elise laughed a bit. "Since when? Neither of us knocked when we were younger. Though, I can see why you'd like some privacy," Elise teased. Amy looked down at the floor. Elise's voice became contrite as she realized how embarrassed Amy was. "Hey, I'm sorry. I just expected, as it was just us, things would be the same as they used to be. It's not like we haven't seen each other naked, though the diaper and pacifier thing is new. Is that why mom and Troy kicked you out?" Amy shook her head. Elise walked up and removed the pacifier from Amy's lips. "Hey, you can tell me," Elise said slipping a comforting arm around Amy.

"They caught me making out with Sandy Danielson," Amy replied. Her body trembled as Elise held her. Amy had always loved the perfume Elise wore. "They don't understand that I'm not interested in guys."

Elise stroked Amy's hair as she held Amy against her. "No wonder," Elise murmured. "I'm sorry my mom is an intolerant bitch," she added, "but, on the bright side, you're here now. I'm not going to judge, but I might be curious."

"Curious?" Amy asked, looking up at Elise. Elise was a good eight inches taller than the relatively short Amy. It was the first time in a while that Amy remembered that Elise's breasts were just slightly below eye level for Amy.

Elise led Amy over to the bed and sat down. When Amy moved to sit beside her, Elise tugged her onto her lap. "Well, how about this? You don't have to answer if you don't want to, but, if you do, I promise that I'll answer a question you ask me." Elise wrapped her arms around Amy who bit her lip before

nodding consent. "Okay, well, let's start with the obvious. How long have you known you were into other girls?"

"Remember the party right before you went off to college?" Amy asked.

Elise nodded. "Don't tell me that you had a crush on one of my friends," she teased. Amy shook her head then buried her face against Elise's bosom, suddenly shy. Elise's eyes widened as she realized what Amy was saying. "You had a crush on me?" Amy mumbled something. "It's okay," Elise said, her tone soothing, "you can tell me."

"I still do," Amy whispered.

"Aw, sweetie, why didn't you say something?" Elise asked.

Amy bit her lip and shook her head. "You have to answer my question first. You promised."

Elise smiled and stroked Amy's dark hair. "You're right. I did. What do you want to know?"

"Does it bother you that I'm attracted to you, being my step-sister?" Amy asked.

Elise's heart almost broke, hearing the fear of rejection in Amy's voice. After what had happened to Amy, Elise couldn't blame her for being worried. "No, Amy, I'm not bothered by it. I'm a little surprised, to be sure, but it doesn't bother me at all. It's a little flattering, to be honest." Amy smiled a little at that. Amy stiffened a little before relaxing when she felt Elise's hand move to her thickly diapered bottom. "Did you and Sandy both wear diapers?"

Amy bit her lip and shook her head. "No. Another girlfriend, Rachel, get me into them, pardon the pun," Amy explained. "We both would wear them while we made out. Would you like to try one?"

Elise shook her head only to feel Amy deflate against her. "Aw, sweetie, don't feel bad. I just don't see me wearing one," Elise said before hugging Amy. "They do look cute, though. Have you ever had someone take care of you?" Amy shook her head no. "Would you like me to?"

Amy blinked at that. She looked up at Elise's face. There wasn't any judgment there. All Amy saw was the beautiful, sweet, caring face of a woman she'd dreamed about for years. "You'd do that?"

Elise nodded. She began to rock Amy in her arms, one hand on Amy's thickly diapered butt. "I will if you ask me to," Elise said with a sweet smile. Her free hand moved toward Amy's small, B-cup breasts but stopped. Amy reached for Elise's hand and moved it to Amy's breast. "I guess you want me to touch you like a grown-up even though you're dressed like a baby?" Elise asked before squeezing Amy's breast, causing Amy to moan.

"Can I get my toy... mommy?" Amy asked tentatively. Elise giggled and nodded. Amy slid off Elise's lap. Her legs forced apart by the thick diapers, Amy waddled over to one of the boxes in her closet to get one of her vibrators out. When she turned toward the bed, Amy was surprised to see that Elise had taken off her shirt and was undoing her bra. As Elise slid the bra down her arms, her breasts looked even larger than Amy recalled. Waddling back over, she smiled when Elise moved to sit with her back to the headboard. Amy slid back onto the bed and carefully maneuvered her "buzzy" down her diaper and between her slick folds before turning it on. She moaned as she moved to lay beside Elise, who guided Amy's head to Elise's breast.

Amy began to suck on Elise's nipple as Elise gently rubbed Amy between her diapered legs. "That's a good girl," Elise said as Amy's hips rolled, rubbing her crotch against Elise's hand. "Everything is going to be okay. Mommy will take care of her little diaper butt and make her feel extra special."

Amy moaned against Elise's breast. She felt so happy being held by Elise. Elise wasn't repulsed by Amy's deepest desires. She was encouraging them. Amy's lips popped from Elise's nipple as she thought about her other fantasies. "Can baby girl cum in her diapee, mommy? Baby girl has been a good girl."

Elise smiled. "Only if you give mommy a kiss, my cute little diaper butt," Elise said. She slid her hand down the inside of the diapers that Amy was wearing and grabbed the end of the vibrator. When she slid the vibrator out a little bit, Amy lifted herself a bit to kiss Elise soundly. Elise's tongue parted Amy's lips as she began to dart the vibrator in and out of Amy's pussy, fucking Amy's mouth with her tongue. Amy's free hand moved to squeeze Elise's breast moments before Amy's orgasm overtook her. Amy's body shook as she broke the kiss, crying out in pleasure. Her orgasm was so intense that Amy only floated back to reality when Elise removed the vibrator from Amy's pussy. She snuggled contentedly against Elise only to hear Elise's moans.

Her head still being held by Elise, Amy looked down Elise's body to watch as Elise used the vibrator, her hand down her panties, the vibrator darting in and out of her pussy. Amy reached down, causing Elise to smile. "Can baby girl make her mommy feel good?" Amy asked. Elise smiled and nodded, sliding the vibrator out of her pussy and handing it to Amy. Amy moved to her hands and knees, her thickly diapered butt near Elise's face. Amy tugged Elise's panties down just far enough that Amy could lap at Elise's pussy, causing Elise to moan.

"Oh, baby, you do know how to make your mommy feel special," Elise moaned. "Mommy has never had anyone pleasure her like this. You're such a naughty girl." Elise popped Amy's diapered butt playfully before reaching forward to cup Amy's breasts as Amy continued to lick her pussy. To Elise's surprise, it didn't take Amy all that long to push her over the edge. Amy continued to lap every last ounce of orgasmic pleasure out of Elise before turning back around and laying next to Elise.

As Elise's orgasm subsided, she smiled and cuddled Amy against her. "Is my diaper butt happy her mommy walked in on her?" Elise asked. Amy nodded, then frowned as she felt Elise move off the bed.

"Mommy," Amy whined, "where are you going?" She moved to sit up, only to have Elise reach for Amy's nighty and lift it over her head.

"Mommy is going back to her room, and so are you, baby doll," Elise said, taking Amy's hand. "After all, I don't want you getting lonely so you can come and sleep with mommy," Elise explained with a smile. Amy made her way to her feet, keeping ahold of Elise's hand, and was led to Elise's room. Elise folded back the sheets and gestured for Amy to lay down. Amy did so, laying on her side, her bulky diapers keeping her legs a bit spread. She watched as Elise slid her panties off and slid into the queen-sized bed. Amy slid one leg over Elise's hip and snuggled close, her head resting on Elise's arm. "Such a good girl," Elise said, pulling the light sheet and blanket over them both. "You're going to be the best diaper butt for mommy. You're not the only one with a secret."

Amy yawned and snuggled happily in Elise's arms. "What secret, mommy?"

“Mommy wanted her baby girl, too, ever since I caught you kissing Rachel last year,” Elise said with a smile. Amy looked at Elise in amazement. “Who do you think got Rachel into diapers, silly? I was her Domme long before she met you. I only hoped that she’d make you into a diapered girl, too. Now I get to baby you, just the way I wanted.”

Amy smiled and kissed Elise’s lips before relaxing in Elise’s arms. “How we both wanted,” Amy added before yawning contently while Elise idly stroked Amy’s diapered butt. Amy was finally someplace she could be herself, in the arms of the first crush she’d ever had, and thickly padded. She wondered if life would get any better. As she fell asleep, she instinctively knew that it would.