

# Not the Master PC You Know

## Chapter 1

This was not the program I thought it would be. Well, it was, but it didn't work the way people have probably read about in the past. Almost all of those were wish-fulfillment stories with no consequences. That's how I knew my copy was real, or, at least, in this reality, it was real. Quantum mechanics and multi-planer theory will tell you that, on some level, every reality that could possibly exist does exist. If you push hard enough against a brick wall, after so much time, the probability of a quantum state will match up to the perfect conditions that you will pass right through. In my case, I ran into Clarke's "sufficiently advanced technology" that allowed just that.

It was called "Master PC". I'm certain you've heard of it. Let me tell you now. It does not work the way you think it does. It is not all-powerful. It has limits, but, within those limits, what one can do with the universe is breathtaking.

Perhaps I should start at the beginning, as all stories should.

My name then wasn't important. It's changed a dozen times since but, for the sake of clarity, let's say that my name was Mike. I was thirty-nine, going on forty in a few short weeks when a friend I hadn't heard from in ages sent me a package. Inside was a card wishing me a happy birthday and a thumb drive. Odd enough, given I hadn't seen Deanna since high school. I did remember having a crush on her but the two of us never got together. She ended up going off to college and we'd message each other every couple of years to stay in touch and keep track of each other's emails.

I plugged the USB drive into my spare laptop, just in case it was a prank. There was an executable file and a folder labeled "Interdimensional Pictures". I thought it was a late-night cartoon reference, which piqued my curiosity. Opening the folder, I saw a small text document and a bunch of pictures. The text file simply read "This is not altered in any way. The contents of this thumb drive stay the same even when you don't. You were always nice to me. You were the only one that ever was. Once you load the program, you'll understand."

When I loaded the first picture, I saw a picture of a guy who looked related to Deanna. After that was the same guy after losing some weight in a room that was decked out differently. I figured it was a before and after picture. The next picture, the guy looked like he'd lost more weight and had a cute girl with nice breasts staring over his shoulder. His hair was longer, too.

After that, I had to pause. It looked like the same room and the same girl but now the person sitting in the computer chair looked androgynous. Have you ever seen a guy who's perfected looking like a girl but isn't wearing makeup? That was what the person in the picture looked like. The next picture stunned me. It was the same person, only they had breasts and goth make up. There was no Adam's apple, either. Stranger still, it almost looked like Deanna. The last photo was the Deanna I remember, holding up our yearbook from twenty years ago, with a picture of the two of us sitting in Scholastic Bowl practice.

I paused and looked through the photos again. I remembered Deanna being a girl. I remember finding out that she'd asked Anna Silverstein to the prom and the scene it caused. I remembered Deanna.

What the hell was this?

I booted up the program.

It was called Master PC. "Master your destiny!" the program claimed. Got to love clickbait, right? The file itself was larger than most games I'd bought recently and that was before it installed on the laptop. I saw the light for my laptop camera flicker on then off as the setup finished and felt a chill go down my spine. The program launched with a minimalist interface. "You have been selected to be the next beneficiary of Master PC. Before full access to the system is granted, you must complete the tutorial and create an account. This is your last opportunity to opt-out of the Master PC experience. Proceed?"

To my surprise, there were no terms and conditions to accept so I decided "what the hell" and clicked "yes".

An animation showed up on the screen of a flat-chested girl typing at her computer, then her breasts growing larger, then so large that she was forced to lean forward. The girl then typed some more and became irate. The caption read: "Changes made with Master PC cannot be undone, so alter things with caution. Would you like to try?"

"Okay," I thought, "this is a simulator game." The screen had a flashing arrow icon pointing at "eye color". Clicking on it, I was given a limited number of natural eye color choices from blue to brown to green and everything in between. One tone's hex was crossed out: hazel. That was odd, considering it was my natural eye color. How the program knew that I had no idea. I'd always liked blue eyes, though. Figuring this was meant for the girl in the animation, I chose a nice, sky blue and hit confirm. I blinked a bit as my eyes were momentarily sore. The girl in the picture hadn't changed but both blue and hazel were crossed out.

The program then continued to the next part of the tutorial: "Changing You". "You can change almost anything about yourself that you want. The truth is that you can become what you've always wanted; however, no one will ever remember what you were like before because what changes is which universe that you're in. Your consciousness simply moves to a reality that matches the you that you've become. You will remember everything that you've known before from your old self. Your friends will continue to be the same friends. Your family will still be your family. Your job will still be your job unless that's what you changed. The only thing you cannot change is your own intelligence."

The animation showed a guy who started to bulk up, the room he was in changing much like the photos I'd seen earlier. By the end, he looked like an Olympic athlete and was wearing wrestling attire. The people around him stayed the same, though.

I leaned back and stared at the laptop. Was this even possible? I looked at the blinking arrows and found one that showed "weight". Looking at the guy on the screen, there was no way that guy weighed three hundred and fifty pounds. I knew someone who did, though. Me. A thought entered my head. "What is done can't be undone." If this program moved me to a reality that I weighed substantially less, at worst, I couldn't use it to make myself weigh more overall. At least, that was my logic. I set the weight to two hundred and twenty pounds and hit accept.

My heart began to race as the world around me blurred a bit. A treadmill appeared near the flat-screen TV. A small dumbbell appeared near my feet. I watched as the fat around my stomach vanished, my waist slimming down. As my heart rate slowed, I lifted my t-shirt to see a flat stomach that hadn't been there in fifteen years.

This was real. Holy crap, this was real. I looked up at the computer to see the next part of the tutorial was there. "Changing Others: A Cautionary Tale". The animation showed a guy and a girl. The girl bulked up and became an Amazon. She then got angry and threw the guy across the room. The caption read: "Changes you do to others have limitations. You cannot alter the minds or feelings of others. In addition, any changes you make to a person in the reality you are in will not alter the rest of reality, so use caution. The person you change may not know it was you that changed them, but they will know that something has changed. Any changes to a non-sentient object will obviously not have any thoughts at all, given they don't have thoughts in the first place. In addition, you can only alter people and things within your line of sight. Would you like to try?"

I thought about that for a moment. That meant that changing anyone else would be extremely risky. Who knew what would happen if the authorities found out you were responsible for some supernatural change? It was a frightening prospect. Still, I had to go through the tutorial. Looking around, I spotted a dice set on the table nearby and, looking at the interface, found what was listed as the "items" listing. After several false leads, I found the dice and their properties. They were made, as expected, of plastic. I looked through the materials list and found gold. I couldn't recall which was better, but I guessed twenty-four karat gold was better than fourteen karat gold, so I selected twenty-four and then confirmed it.

While the next screen loaded, the dice took on a metallic tone. I got up and lifted the dice box. It was a lot heavier than before, but that was hardly surprising. Setting the box down, I moved back in front of my laptop. "As a last note, Master PC cannot be used to cause death or bring people back from the dead. Once you are done using Master PC, be sure to send it to someone who needs to master their destiny as well." There was a button to complete the tutorial, which I clicked. The screen opened to the full interface.

Before I changed anything else, there were small things in my life that I wanted to get situated. The trick with the dice earlier gave me an idea of how to, at least temporarily, fix my financial problem without several extra zeroes appearing on my balance. The more I thought about it, though, the trickier that got. Gold dice? Even if I tried to pawn them, people would be suspicious about where I got them. Then it hit me.

I had a bunch of fake pearls and costume jewelry that I'd picked up over the years to use for tabletop gaming as fun little props. Most of it was gold plated at best. Still, the fake gems and fake gold could be made real. As I already had experience changing the dice, it didn't take much to change all the costume jewelry into real jewelry. It would be enough to get me by for several months at least and quit the job I hated.

That out of the way, I pulled myself up on the screen. I knew what I was about to do, but I was still nervous as I checked through the possible alterations and started small. Eyesight? Corrected. The glasses on my face vanished and I could still see clearly. Eyelid droop. Gone. Balance issues? Fixed. By the time I was done with the small tweaks, I was the picture of perfect health. I even lowered my age back to twenty-six. I felt full of energy.

That wasn't what I was nervous about. I hated one thing about me that I hadn't changed yet, but it was such a big change. It was also a change that was going to be so drastic that I wasn't sure I wanted to change completely at first. Fortunately, there were a set of slider bars for just what I needed. I'd seen the way earlier because of Deanna's pictures. Truth be told, I hated being a guy.

I checked the slider bars to make sure I understood them. The first had three positions: Born female, born hermaphrodite, born male. The second had sexuality: from asexual to nymphomaniac. The third had hormone treatment: none to ten years. I had a hard time imagining my parents being behind me transitioning as a teenager, then remembered I would've been born almost fifteen years later in this reality, so that may not have been such a big deal.

The fourth had mental gender and was set to sixty percent female. I pondered that for a moment before recalling what the tutorial had said. I couldn't change what other people thought, but I could change how I thought. It was good to know that even the program agreed I thought more like a woman than a man, even if it wasn't by much.

The last slider confirmed something I rarely admitted to anyone. I was bi-curious. My problem with guys was that I didn't like dicks, but I'd always wondered what it would be like to be fucked as a woman. After the changes I was planning, I figured I'd re-evaluate that later. For now, though, I left my sexual preference as it was: mostly attracted to women. The sliders for mental gender and hormone treatment were moved up. I altered my mental gender to ninety percent female and adjusted the hormone treatment to five years. I took a deep breath before confirming the change.

As I looked around my room, my furnishings changed somewhat. Where most of it had been hardwood, steel, and glass, now there were pink accents to almost everything. A picture on the wall of my sister and I standing at her graduation now had me wearing a dress instead of pants and a nice shirt. I had to brush my hair back as my bangs fell in front of my face. This, in turn, caused me to look down at my chest.

I was still wearing a white cotton t-shirt, but I could see my arms thinning slightly and my breasts budding up beneath my shirt. There was a moment when a bra formed out of nowhere to support my breasts. I smiled. I had real breasts! My hands cupped them excitedly. I could feel them growing in my hands. I was, however, disappointed when they stopped growing. I looked around and realized that the changes must've stopped. I figured it was time to explore.

First stop? My bedroom.

Somewhat to my surprise, my sheets were still black. My blankets were still red. My main computer's LED lighting was hot pink instead of the blue I remembered it being before. My dresser was different and newer than my old one. I checked the closet. Gone were all the button-down shirts, and though there were a couple of cute blouses, almost everything in my closet was a dress, except the small collection of shoes at the bottom. I checked inside my dresser to find a myriad of bras and panties, mostly in pink, purple, and flesh tones. The other drawers had stretch pants, shorts, shirts, skirts, and socks. It all looked like women's clothes and that made sense. If I'd been on hormones for five years, I'd have been living as a woman at least that long.

There was one thing I wondered about, though. It was why I'd held off on checking the bottom drawer of my dresser. I knew what had been in there before I started making changes and I was nervous about whether it still would be. I'm a bit of a freak. When I was a man, I'd been into something weird. My fingers trembled as I opened the bottom drawer. I smiled as I saw what was inside.

On the left side were cute, pink, ruffled plastic pants. On the right side were disposable diapers, though they were smaller than I remembered until I thought about it and realized I had a smaller waist now. I'm what's called an "adult baby" or an infantilist. I like dressing up like a baby and acting like one. It's a good way to Zen out and relax, letting my cares wash away by pretending to no longer be a grown-up. For a moment, I considered putting a diaper on and decided I might as well. I took off my pants and panties and carefully put the diaper on. It fit different than I remembered. Then again, last time, I didn't have nice curvy hips or a curvy butt either. I did, however, have a notably smaller cock. Instead being worried about that, it was a relief as it would be easier to hide, and I wasn't sure if I was going to keep it.

I made my way back to the laptop to correct the one thing that I was still unhappy with. My information was still pulled up, so it was easy to check my physical stats. I'd lost another ten pounds, but my waist had narrowed from what I recalled while my hips had widened. What I was focused on was my breast size. As I mentioned, I was disappointed when my breasts stopped growing and the C-cup listed there confirmed my suspicions.

Most trans women are probably happy if they end up a C-cup naturally. That's almost like hitting the genetic lottery. I was not most trans women. I wanted to be bigger. I pondered for a moment about the option for surgical enhancement next to the prompt for cup size but remembered the tutorial. I couldn't undo something that had been changed by Master PC. No, I wanted to be completely natural. Well, as natural as someone that had a reality-warping computer program, anyway. I replaced C with F and kept the band size the same. I also upped the erotic sensitivity to pleasure.

I confirmed the change and almost moaned with pleasure as my breasts swelled inside my bra and t-shirt. I realized that any changes to myself took some time as if the program had to dial me through different realities to get to right one. As my breasts stopped swelling, I smiled. I'd usually used falsies before but having real boobs felt amazing. So amazing that I couldn't help myself. I kept playing with them. I felt what I'd previously thought of as my body approached an orgasm. It wasn't long before I came in my diaper.

Relaxing slowly, I realized that my back felt a bit sore. It was probably due to how heavy my breasts were, or so I reasoned. I hadn't thought of that when I changed it so that I had bigger tits. As I rubbed my lower back, I had an idea.

I checked through the settings and found a written input for change commands. In hindsight, I probably should have looked for that earlier. I entered a couple of small changes, just to make sure I could get by. After all, I knew nothing of what it was like to live as a woman full time. I'd only fantasized about it. The first command was straightforward. "I understand how to expertly put makeup on myself and others." Confirming that, I had a sudden understanding of all the cosmetics in my bathroom. I rubbed my back and remembered why I'd looked for the prompt in the first place. "My back will never be in bad health as long as I live and will not be sore due to however large my breasts are." When I confirmed that, I could feel my back muscles strengthening and the pain in my back ease. It was going to be a lot of work having such large breasts.

I paused when my phone chimed. There was a new email from my local alt club, reminding me about a munch that weekend. In my old life, I would skip them. I was too afraid of what people would think. For the first time in a long time, I felt almost comfortable in my own skin. I replied to confirm that I'd be there. Looking at the laptop, I decided that was enough changes for the day. Taking the jewelry, I grabbed my purse and keys and headed to my car: the same P.O.S. beat-up sedan I'd owned before. It was time to head to the pawnshop.

After a little flirting and convincing the owner that, no, I hadn't stolen them, I left the pawnshop. I told him I'd be back with the rest of what my grandma had left me in a few days. The eight grand in cash was more than I'd had in a long time and almost half of what I'd made last year. I stopped at the bank to make a deposit of most of it before taking myself out to dinner. I started forming a plan. I didn't want to flood the market, but I did need enough cash to live on. I wanted to get out of where I was living as it stood.

I almost goofed while I was at the restaurant when I had to use the restroom, even though I could've wet my diaper. Given I was almost a woman, or, at least, more woman than man, I ended up using the women's restroom. I didn't get a second look by the other women in there and thankfully remembered to sit down to pee. I remembered how tiny my dick was. Soon, it would be gone forever, I realized. The thought made me happy.

The next day, I put in my two-week notice at work, which was more like a four-day notice as I had six days of vacation time banked. I scheduled and had my time off approved before I told them. HR kindly told my manager there was nothing she could do as I followed the rules on it. Still, my boss, who never liked me to begin with, continued to try to find things to complain about. I kept to myself until Thursday. A few of my coworkers were sad to see me go but most knew that I was simply happy to be out of there.

If they only knew the truth.

That evening, I drove about the next closest city and dumped more jewelry. The next day, I found a few garage sales and picked up what I could to change from glitter into gold. After repeating this on Saturday to another cities, I'd amassed around thirty thousand dollars. It was a large enough nest egg that I wasn't going to have to worry about funds for a while.

My phone reminded me to get ready for the Munch. I put together a diaper bag with two extra diapers, a small bottle of baby powder and some baby wipes, then double diapered myself and put a onesie on that had a cute, matching pink skirt. I looked adorable and, unless you peeked under my skirt, it would be hard to tell I was wearing a onesie. I did one last check and made sure my hair and makeup looked fine before heading out. I pondered one last alteration to myself via Master PC before I left but decided against it. I was still getting used to living as a woman full time, even if I wasn't genetically one. I knew there was no going back to me being a guy, but I wasn't sure I was ready to commit to becoming fully female yet.

I felt completely out of my depth as I arrived at the hotel and received a wristband to show I was there for the "event". I'd left my diaper bag in my car as I didn't want to be too obvious. Still, clutching my purse, I thought I looked great. What I wasn't expecting was the variety of outfits people were wearing. From skin-tight spandex to leather and, in one case, faux hooves and "pony" gear, complete with loops to attach a cart I later found out about. I was still the same, socially awkward person I'd been before, but now, it took on an almost frightening level. I was genuinely terrified to talk to anyone. I found a spot on a couch that seemed away from everyone and curled up.

"Are you okay?"

I looked up and saw a goddess. Well, not a literal one, but she was gorgeous. With her red hair in a tight bun atop her head and decked out from head to toe like a naughty teacher, complete with ruler, the voluptuous woman standing in front of me exuded both confidence and caring. The fact that her breasts were as large as mine, or, given her frame, probably larger, put the exclamation point on her appearance.

I uncurled my legs from beneath me and moved to sit up. I could feel my body trembling. "Yes, ma'am," I replied, looking up at her. She had to be at least six feet tall. "I'm just not used to all of this," I added.

She smiled at me and offered her hand. "It's perfectly alright," she said as I shook her hand. "I'm Emily."

"Michelle," I replied, before looking away and blushing. "I don't mean to be a bother."

Emily leaned against the arm of the couch. "You're not, cutie," she said, patting my arm, "but when James said there's an adorable little thing all alone, I just had to check." She grinned at me. "He wasn't kidding. You're adorable." She leaned closer, her breasts inches from my face before whispering. "And I like adorable."

I felt my heart race and my mouth go dry. "Thank you, ma'am... I mean, Miss Emily."

She leaned back. "Ma'am is fine, too," Emily said, her eyes twinkling with amusement. "You don't mind me being so forward, do you? I'm told I come on pretty strong when I see something that I want... or, in this case, someone."

I shook my head. "Not at all," I said. I felt my cheeks heat up as I blushed again. "I like the attention. Well, I like your attention. You're the sexiest woman here, by far." My words rushed out in my nervousness and I couldn't believe I'd been so brash.

"Oh, you are a keeper," Emily replied with a cackle. She took my hand and pulled me up to standing, causing me to realize that she was a few inches taller than me. "You're my arm candy for the rest of the night, understand."

Me? I was her arm candy? Was she kidding? I looked up at her and started crying. It was too much. The next thing I knew, we were both sitting down, and she was stroking my hair, telling me everything was okay. Given how stressed out I was, how emotionally shocked that I was, I felt so childish that, when the urge to pee came, I didn't hesitate. I wet my diaper there and then, being held by Emily. "I'm sorry," I whimpered, "I'm not used to people thinking I'm pretty, much less wanting me to be arm candy."

Emily kissed the top of my head. "Oh, please," she said, "I bet guys flirt with you left and right."

I sniffled back some tears. Before I'd quit, all my male co-workers knew I was trans and that was a non-starter for them. "No, Miss Emily," I whispered, "not once they find out I used to be a boy."

Emily hugged me. "Then they don't know what they're missing out on."

I sighed as she held me. It felt so nice. "Thank you," I said, feeling myself calming down. I then froze when I felt her hand on my diapered behind.

"Well now," Emily said, giving my rear a squeeze, "I thought I heard a familiar crinkle."

Blushing again, I looked up her, expecting a look of disgust. Instead, Emily seemed amused. "I mean, it's... well... um..."

Emily kissed my forehead. "No need to explain, little girl," she said. "I thought the onesie and dress looked familiar. I've seen other babies wear it online." She gave my bottom another squeeze. "I just wanted to check for myself." She then whispered in my ear. "Does my little girl need a change?"

Her little girl? I felt my heart race again. I sucked on my lip and shook my head only to have Emily lift my skirt then and there, where a half a dozen other people could see, and press her hand between my legs. I knew that, as I was double diapered, the outer diaper wouldn't show I was wet, but Emily could likely feel the squishiness. "I'm only a little wet, Miss Emily," I said, blushing again.

"Well, you let me know when you need a change," she said. "In the meantime, we should go fix your hair and makeup, baby doll."

I nodded as Emily pulled out a hairbrush from her purse. Before too long, my long hair was in a pair of cute pigtails. Emily stood and accepted her hand before standing up. She kept my hand in hers as we made our way to the women's restrooms. It was weird having someone else work on my makeup, but it brought out my inner little even more. I felt like a doll. Emily's doll.



The rest of the evening was spent with Emily introducing me as “Shelly” and telling people that I was stuck with her all night for being a bad girl in class. I got to know a lot of the people Emily called regulars. It all seemed fine until I saw another woman who took the adult baby thing further than I ever had. She was petite and wore a pink silk gown with petticoats that did nothing to hide her thick diapers. She had an oversized pacifier in her mouth and was kneeling at the foot of a man wearing a nice suit. I wanted to go meet her, but when the girl looked at me and Emily, she took out her pacifier and stuck out her tongue. I could feel Emily tense when she did.

I let Emily guide us away. We returned to the couch where we’d met. I could tell Emily was upset. Curling up next to her, I rested my head on her shoulder. “What’s wrong, Miss Emily?”

“That was my ex flaunting her latest conquest,” she growled. “She was looking for a sugar mama and, when I wouldn’t give her everything she wanted, she left to find a sugar daddy who would spoil her rotten ass.”

I hugged Emily. “She didn’t know what she was missing out on,” I said, using Emily’s own words from earlier. “I’d love to have a mommy like you.”

Emily hugged me back. “Need a change yet?” Emily asked.

I sucked on my lip and reached for her hand, sliding it between my diapered legs. It felt so naughty, but I peed my diaper and made sure she knew. I could feel the warmth spread between my legs. “I do now, Miss Emily.”

Emily laughed. “You’re adorable, you know that, right?” Emily said, patting between my legs. “Sadly, I don’t have any diapers, sweetie.”

“That’s okay,” I said, “my diaper bag is in my car.”

“Go get it and meet me in room 203,” she said, giving my lips a soft kiss. The kiss deepened and I parted my lips, feeling her tongue tangling with mine. She tasted like cherries and I loved it. The kiss broke slowly and left me breathless. “Hurry,” Emily said before standing and making her way to the lobby. I waddled out of the room, grateful to be wearing the onesie as my diapers were starting to sag.

I knocked politely at the door, my anxiety having one last flair, worrying this was a sick joke. When Emily opened the door, I smiled broadly. “Baby doll,” she squealed, pulling me into the room. She took the lead and had laying on the bed with my skirt on the floor a moment later. She unsnapped the crotch of the onesie and patted the front of my diaper. “Who’s mommy’s diapered good girl?”

“Is it me, mommy?” I asked, playing along. I’d never had the chance to be a “little” to an actual “mommy” before.

“Yes, it is, sweetie. You’re such a good girl for mommy,” Emily replied. “Let mommy help sit you up for a moment.” I giggled as she helped me up and pulled my onesie up over my head, exposing my bra covered breasts. Emily’s eyes widened. “Damn, girl, I figured you were wearing falsies. Are those real?”

“Good genetics, I guess,” I said. I smiled and giggled as she poked my breast. I reached behind my back and unhooked my bra.

“Naughty, naughty,” Emily said, smacking my hand gently. “Babies don’t undress themselves.”

“Sorry, mommy,” I replied, grinning up at her. “Does that make me a brat?”

Emily slid my bra down my arms and checked the tag. “36F. You’re a big girl, but not as big as mommy.” Tossing the bra aside, Emily cupped my breasts with her hands. I should have warned her because I was moaning instantly. If I thought me playing with my boobs felt great, it was even better when Emily played with them, especially when her tongue licked around my nipple. “You’re definitely a naughty girl, my Shelly,” she said before sucking my nipple between her lips. My hips jerked and it wasn’t long before Emily’s tit play had me cumming in my already soaked diaper, my cries of pleasure filling the hotel room.

“Did you just cum from me playing with your tits?” Emily asked, her tone astonished.

“Um, yeah,” I said, panting. “Ever since I’ve been on estrogen, my boobies have been sensitive, especially to pleasure.” It was a little white lie, but she wouldn’t believe the truth.

Emily smiled and caressed me between the legs. “And what about here?”

“Not so much,” I said, blushing. “Besides, I prefer it this way. I can’t tell you how amazing that felt, mommy.”

She kissed my lips and began to caress my breasts again. Breaking the kiss, Emily smiled down at me. “Oh, I could tell.” Moving off the bed, she reached into my diaper bag and pulled out the supplies. She paused only long enough to put my pacifier between my lips before changing me. She even double diapered me. I felt so cute and attractive at the same time.

And then she blew my mind.

She took off her blouse and exposed her bra covered breasts. I instantly recognized the bra. It was a minimizer bra and Emily’s breasts were much larger than expected. She tossed the bra at my face and I couldn’t help but peek. “44H? Mommy’s boobies are so pretty and so big.”

Emily laughed as she wiggled out of her skirt and panties before sliding up against me. “Like them big?” Emily asked as she reached for my hand and slid it between her legs. “Go ahead and suck on mommy’s titties while you make mommy feel good, baby.”

“Yes, mommy,” I said, wiggling down the bed. She wrapped an arm around my shoulder and held me there as I worshiped her breasts and fingered her slick sex.

It was heaven.

I stayed the night with her, though I regretted not bringing a change of clothes. I woke up to her typing on her laptop, writing something. I peered over her shoulder. She tilted her head back and kissed my cheek. “Morning, baby doll. I had some business emails that came in that were urgent. Did you sleep well?” Emily asked.

I nodded. “I’m used to sleeping alone, but I could get used to this,” I said, hugging her from behind. “Can I use the big girl potty?”

Emily pondered that for a moment. “It’s up to you, sweetie. I’m surprised you didn’t duck and run at the first opportunity.”

I laughed at that. "Last night was wonderful. I want more like it." With that, I stepped into the bathroom, wiggled out of my diaper and rolled it up before using the facilities and taking a quick shower. I wasn't happy about wearing the same clothes and had brought a spare pair of panties, just in case. Emily had other plans. Luckily, I'd brought three diapers with me, so she had me lay down so she could diaper me. "How can I reach you so we can spend more time together?" Emily asked.

I jotted down my phone number and email address. Getting dressed, I started to think about Master PC again. "You know, other than my being an adult baby, I don't know of anything else we have in common," I said.

"We both like big tits and we both like women," Emily noted. "I've got a few other kinks I like that we can explore sometime."

"While I'm curious and would love to explore that, I meant other interests. What do you like to do for fun?" I asked.

"Camping, reading, and sewing when I have the time," Emily offered, "though my work keeps me pretty busy." She snapped the onesie crotch in place before patting me between my legs. "I'll make time for you, though. You're something else, my Shelly."

I smiled. It was weird being objectivised, but I liked it. I liked the idea of belonging to Emily. "I try to be," I said before hugging her. She held my skirt so that I could step into it and zipped it up. "Out of curiosity, when you said you liked big tits, how big?" I asked, trying not to betray my interest too much.

Emily looked thoughtful for a moment before smiling. "Truth be told, I'd never thought about it. I'm pretty big but I've always wanted to be bigger, not to mention wanting a girlfriend whose breasts were even bigger than mine."

I smiled, having a plan. "Let me look into a few things," I said. "You never know what you can find on the internet. Have you considered inducing lactation to make yourself bigger?"

"You're just saying that because baby wants to suckle from her mommy's titties," Emily said, popping me on the bottom. I knew she was teasing, but she wasn't wrong. Not that I was going to admit that. "I'd consider it, though, running my company, it would be inconvenient." Emily shrugged. "Who knows? Why don't we get together for lunch on Wednesday and talk more then?"

I smiled. "I'd love that. I know this great buffet."

Emily giggled. "You're just saying that because they probably have all you can eat pudding."

I laughed. "That, too. I'll text you and we'll figure out when."

We said our goodbyes and I made my way to my car, diaper bag and purse in hand. Getting in my car, I headed home. I had made up my mind and there were a few changes I needed to make in my life.

Booting up Master PC, I knew that I wouldn't be able to effect Emily until I had her and the laptop in the same room. I could, however, change a few key things about myself. I changed into a new skirt and a V-neck tunic before sitting down in front of the laptop that I kept Master PC on.

I pulled up the gender information again. I tried to move hormone therapy to zero and it wouldn't let me. I tried to change the "born" slider and it moved to female with no problem. The slider for "hormone therapy" dropped to zero but rose back to nine years if I moved "born" back to male or hermaphrodite, given I hadn't confirmed the change.

"Here goes," I said, sucking in my breath before changing my born gender to female and confirming it.

I wish I could say I noticed the changes as they happened. Truth be told, my body felt like an orgasm ripped through it that was so intense that I blacked out. My room had changed subtly. There were dolls where there once had been teddy bears. My posters were the same. I, however, was different.

As I stood up, my balance felt a little weird. It took me a moment to realize that my hips were wider than before. Also, everything was a little bigger. That's when I realized I'd shrunk. I remembered being almost six feet tall earlier. Checking my stats on Master PC, I was now only five feet and six inches tall. I also weighed almost a hundred pounds less. Looking at the pictures on the wall, I now was slightly shorter than my sister in each of the pictures.

Even though I was eager to explore my new body, I had one more change to make. Scrolling through my stats, I found breast size again. I was still an F cup, though my band size was now thirty instead of thirty-six. That was going to change. I thought about one of my fantasies that I'd always wanted to indulge in and decided to kill two birds with one stone.

I took off my shirt and bra before changing the letter in cup size to K. Or, at least I thought I did. As I clicked "confirm", my eyes widened as I realized my finger had slipped and put in "M" instead of K. As my tits swelled on my chest, I couldn't help but play with them. Watching them swell like this made me even hornier. I was about to be an adult baby girl with bigger tits than most porn stars had.

Which was kind of the point.

The room didn't change much but the bra laying on my desk was a lot bigger. I imagined most of my bras were bigger, too. I went over to my PC and adjusted my webcam so that it was pointed at my bed, giving myself about thirty seconds before it started recording. I laid down, my legs spread and hefted one of naked tits so that I could suck on my own nipple while I rubbed myself through the diaper using the massage wand. It made me so hot and, thinking about Emily playing with me got even further into my head. I was planning on sending this to Emily first. After that, it was time to develop a fanbase.

It was about half an hour and two orgasms later that I slid off my bed and made my way back to my computer. I'd gotten so into playing with myself that I'd completely forgotten the camera was running. As I stopped the recording, I realized quickly that having boobs this big made typing difficult as my boobs tended to want to end up on my keyboard. Still, I loved how big they were and, as I started to edit the video, I grew to love just how hot I looked. It was a good thing that I was diapered as editing the video of myself kept me horny. I was also feeling the need to pee. Sucking on my lip, I decided to do one more video, though this one would introduce me to the people I was hoping would soon pay to see more of me.

I fished through my dresser for something to wear over my boobs and found this adorable, pastel pink crop top. I put my bra on from earlier, grinning at the sheer size of it now, and then pulled the crop top over it. I began to fidget as I put my hair in pigtails as I really needed to pee. Turning on the camera, I adjusted it to point at the foot of the bed, where I moved to. "Hey there, everyone," I said, smiling. "I'm Michelle. Thanks for coming to play with me. Like, I'm totally a mommy's girl and can't wait for her to get home. The thing is, she's made me wear these thick diapers because I've been naughty and keep playing with myself." I patted the front of my diaper, acting the tease and pretending to be a bimbo. "And, well, I really need to pee. If I, like, wet them before mommy gets home, she'll probably make me wear an even thicker diaper." I relaxed and let go, flooding my diaper, sighing with relief. It felt different from when I'd wet it as a guy.

I rubbed the front, feeling it squish around and against my pussy. My free hand went to my breast and I moaned. "I guess this means that I've been naughty again." My hand between my legs began to dart, rubbing my clit through the warm, wet, squishy diaper. I moaned louder. "Do you want to play me? Me in my thick, wet, diaper? I, like, know you want to. I know you want me to... uhnn... cum like a naughty little slut. That's good because, like, I am totally a diaper slut. I can't wait to get fucked and have my big, baby boobies played with." When I pinched my nipple, my eyes rolled back and my body shook. It pushed me over the edge and I screamed as I came.

When I floated back to reality, I smiled at the camera. "Did you like that?" I asked, licking my lips. "Did you like seeing me cum? I hope so. You'll totally be able to see a whole lot more of me, both in diapers and out. See you soon."

Stopping the camera, I moved back into the office chair and almost moaned at the feeling of the warm, squishiness as it spread up my ass cheeks. I edited the video and then started looking at how to verify who I was to a couple of cam sites. It took me a little over an hour to send off what was needed. By the time I was done, my diaper was starting to feel a bit clammy. I took off my crop top and bra and made my way to the bathroom. As before, there was a diaper pale inside. I untaped the diaper and rolled it up, putting it in the bin before stepping into the shower. I made the mistake of pinching my nipple and it wasn't long before I was cumming again. I was insatiable.

If I was this horny all the time, I wondered if it might be better if I was diapered all the time. Drying off, I pondered a few of the other things that would likely come up now that my body was completely female. Looking in the drawer by the bathroom sink, I was unsurprised to find pantyliners there, though I'd apparently purchased the thickest ones I'd ever seen. Grabbing one, I made my way back to my room, fished out a cute pair of pink panties, put the liner inside and tugged my panties up. It didn't quite feel like a diaper, but the thickness was a comforting reminder of what could be there. I slid my skirt and crop top back on and sat back down in front of my computer.

I spent the rest of the day shopping online for things that I thought would be fun to use on camera. I texted Emily asking if she'd like to see how naughty her baby girl had been all day. I got a reply back a couple of hours later explaining that she was at work but was looking forward to it and to go ahead and show her. I linked both videos and sat down to play some video games before realizing I could be streaming. That could be interesting.

After about an hour, I realized that I'd gone from a few people watching to almost a hundred. I'd gotten so into the game that I hadn't realized there were people commenting, most of them saying I was hot and wanting to know about me. "Before anyone asks, I'm totally not single. Yes, I like gaming and plan to stream more, but my girlfriend would be really unhappy with me if I was flirting with anyone while streaming. I am planning on releasing some videos of myself and they will be totally not safe for work. If that makes people upset, I don't care. I love my body. I love how it feels. I love my kinks. If people want to try to shame me for it, let them. Haters got to hate, right? Also, no, I will not be doing a topless stream and yes, my boobs are one hundred percent natural."

Hoping that answered all the questions, I changed games. I paused and looked back at chat. There were a lot of people offering to donate to me. "Give me a bit, everyone," I said, browsing the web in another window. "I've never set up a tip jar."

It took a bit, but, after I added it, small donations started coming in. People also started subscribing to my channel. It was really cool. By the end of the stream, I'd made almost \$200, though, part of that was to go to a game one guy wanted me to stream. Still, it was more than I'd made in a day working at a call center, though not quite as lucrative as steel into gold. It was a lot less conspicuous, though.

I ordered delivery and put a movie on to round out my night. Emily texted me back with a big smile. "I plan to spank that diapered butt the next time I see you," she wrote.

"Does that mean I should be diapered on Wednesday?" I asked in reply.

"Thickly, sweetie," she answered, "as you said, mommy is going to make sure you wear thicker diapers for wetting yourself like a naughty girl."

"I can't wait."

((To be continued...))