

Miles made his way as quickly as he could to the taco truck that was across the street from the park. The bulk between his legs was a bit odd at first, but, when he spotted Misty walking toward it as well, he hurried as best he could. He tried to piece together a logical explanation as to why he was running late. It wasn't as if he could tell Misty that he had transformed into a busty diapered magical girl and then back again. Given the line for the taco truck, he wasn't certain what kind of excuse he wanted to be overheard in the first place. Sucking on his lip, he was about to start explaining when Misty hugged him tightly.

"I'm glad you're okay," Misty said, stepping back. "I was worried you might have been hurt?"

"Hurt? Me?" Miles looked a little confused. Did she know?

"Didn't you see it?" Misty asked. Her eyes widened. "There was a strange man attacking people in the park. I was looking for you when I started hearing screaming. People started running past me. The guy was huge. He had to be on steroids or something. I've never seen a guy that jacked up. That wasn't the worst part, though."

"Wait, it got worse?" Miles asked, feigning ignorance.

"Oh, yeah," Misty said, nodding. "When he saw me, he gave me a grin that would put a horror movie psycho to shame. That's when the man grabbed me, mumbling something I couldn't understand. I was so scared." Taking a deep breath, Misty looked at Miles. "But that's where things got really weird."

"Weird?" Miles felt his stomach drop. "Weird how?"

"Out of nowhere, this cutey appeared, dressed as one of the seven legendary magical girls," Misty explained. "She was dressed just like the 'Babygirl' legend. The next thing I knew, I was being flung in the air and then landed on a huge pillow." Her eyes wide, she grinned at Miles. "It appeared there, poof, like magic, and saved me from a huge fall. That's when the girl smashed the man with a huge rattle that was bigger than my arm. The man vanished!" Misty's eyes darted back and forth. "You don't think that maybe he was a monster and that it really was one in of the legendary magical girls? They haven't been seen since my mom was a teenager."

"I mean, maybe," Miles replied, not looking at Misty. "I thought they were just an urban myth."

Misty shook her head before brush back her raven bangs. "My mom swore that she knew one of the magical girls but never revealed who it was." Misty blushed. "She was really adorable."

"Your mom?"

Misty laughed. "No, silly," Misty said, punching Miles's shoulder playfully, "the magical girl who saved me. She was such a cutie." She leaned toward Miles and whisper. "And get this. She thought I was pretty. It was quite sweet of her to say. I haven't had another girl find me attractive for a long time." Misty sighed wistfully. "She was so cute and a little sexy. I wish she hadn't run off. I liked hugging her." Misty sucked on her lip and was about to say more when she moved to the front of the line to order.

Miles kept his mouth shut but his mind was running in tight circles. Misty thought his alter ego was little sexy, even though she was dressed like a thickly diapered adult baby? He'd heard rumors that Misty might be bisexual, but he'd never asked, namely as it wasn't his business. Still, it was a bit of a shock to hear her say it.

He ordered his food and noted that Misty was staring at him curiously. "What?"

Misty narrowed her eyes at Miles. "There's something different about you but I can't place it," she said, cocking her head. "Did you get your hair styled?"

Miles blinked. Were the changes that obvious? He decided to try and play it off. "I'm trying something new," he said, which was technically true. "Do you like it?"

"I do," Misty said, smiling. "It looks cute on you. I always thought you were kind of androgynous before, no offense intended. Now you look a little girlish." Misty arched an eyebrow. "Anything you want to tell me? We are besties after all."

"Once we have our food, I'll tell you," Miles said. He didn't plan to tell her the whole truth. He wasn't certain he believed it in the first place. As he thought about it, his life hadn't really fit most gender norms. He'd played with dolls and video games in equal measure until he was in his teens. He'd turned his interest in dolls into an interest in clothing and art, which got him into drawing. Still, thinking about it, of Misty and himself, he was the more girlish in personality, if not in body.

Misty had him there in spades, even in his magical girl form. Then again, he found her body attractive. She was tiny except for her breasts, which on her frame were exceptionally large, but properly proportioned otherwise, with a thin waist and nice hips.

"Earth the Miles," Misty said, snapping her fingers.

"Sorry," Miles replied as Misty handed him his food, "just thinking about the past."

Misty smiled and gestured toward one of the park benches nearby. The two of them walked over and sat down. "So, what's going on with you?" Misty asked as they sat down.

"I'm not exactly sure, to be honest," Miles said as Misty bit into her taco. "You ever get that feeling that you were meant for something else and that fate is pushing you at it regardless of if you want it or not?"

Misty pondered that. "Kind of like how I hated my judo courses until the one day I saved you from bullies?"

Miles looked down sheepishly. He'd been besotted with her ever since. "Yeah, kind of. You used to tease me that I was more of a girl than you were. It's why we were good friends."

"So, what, you're on hormones now or something?"

Miles frowned. "Not exactly," he said. "It's kind of hard to explain." He sipped his soda and felt the need to go to the bathroom. He fidgeted as he tried to figure out an excuse.

"Hey, it's okay," Misty said, putting her hand on his. "No matter whatever life changes you make; you should know that I'll always be there for you. Besides, I think you'd make a cute girl. You never did let me dress you up as one for Halloween."

Miles smiled at that. Misty had offered on more than a few occasions and, each time, Miles had chickened out. If she only knew the truth now. Part of him longed to have her hold him as she had earlier. Sucking on his lip, he decided he didn't want to ruin the moment by getting up suddenly. Given the noise of the park, he was certain no one would notice what he was about to do. Relaxing, he let

himself wet the diaper that was hidden under his shorts. As the warmth spread around his crotch, he decided he liked how it felt.

“Want to know a secret?” Misty asked.

Miles nodded. “Always.”

“The magical girl from earlier? I remember reading stories about the ‘baby girl’ from when my parents were teenagers.” Misty explained. “I always wondered about two things. First, if she was a baby girl, who was her ‘mommy’.”

Miles blinked at that. He hadn’t thought of it at all, but, as soon as he did, the thought of Misty cuddling him as his alter ego flashed into the front of his mind. He felt his cheeks redden. “What else?”

Misty sucked on her lip. “You’re going to think I’m a freak, but I wanted to know how it felt to wear diapers that thick.” She looked down and blushed. “I even tried it a couple of times. It was nice and all, but not me. I think I’d have been a good ‘mommy’, though. It’s too bad she had to run off.”

Miles smiled at Misty as she stood up. “I don’t think you’re a freak at all,” Miles said. “I’m just glad she saved you earlier.”

“Me, too,” Misty said, offering Miles her hand. “Are you doing anything else today?” Miles shook his head. “Why don’t we grab a movie then? My treat.”

Miles smiled and nodded. He wasn’t sure how many more wettings the diaper he was wearing would take but he was certain it would last through the movie at least. “What movie?”

“The Howling Heart?”

Miles smirked then shrugged. “I’ve already seen it, but, if you want to go, I won’t mind seeing it again.”

“Deal.”

The two of them sat down as the movie previews started. Miles insisted they try for the center of the theater for the best view. Knowing how long the movie was, Miles was glad he was diapered for a change. He just hoped it didn’t leak. It was embarrassing enough thinking about wearing it, but, on the other hand, part of him kept thinking about Misty’s confession. What would she think if she found out he was diapered? He decided to not think about it as the movie started.

About halfway through, he realized that their drinks and popcorn were empty. Not wanting Misty to miss any of it, he motioned to the cups and empty bucket before standing up and waddling out of the theatre. Making his way to the line, he started fidgeting again, realizing he had to pee again. Hoping no one would notice, he relaxed and felt his bladder release. The warmth spread around his crotch and he could feel the diaper bulking up and absorbing the wetness. He paid for the popcorn and drinks and waddled back, the thicker diaper making walking normally impossible.

As he entered the theater, he heard a loud tear and then people screaming. Rushing forward as best he could, he saw another large ogre standing almost twelve feet tall who’d ripped through the theater screen. Without thinking twice, Miles transformed in a flash to his magical girl form. Her diapers bulked

up even more and her pink skirt flared up and shortened, doing little to hide the pink ruffled plastic pants that surrounded her thickly diapered butt. The baseball bat sized rattle appeared in her hands. There was no way she was going to let this monster hurt Misty.

“Hey, stupid head,” she taunted, “you no hurt Misty lady. You a bad man. Me make you go away!” Miles waddled forward, swinging her rattle at the ogre. She looked around. “Run away. Bad man will hurt you!” The crowd scattered, running for the exits.

Misty, being in the center, had the hardest time getting free. As the ogre swung at her, she ducked behind the seat, narrowly being missed, or so she thought. She heard a loud crack only to find the magical girl standing above her, her rattle blocking the ogre’s club. “I said you no hurt pretty lady,” the magical girl said, knocking the club from the ogre’s hand before smacking the ogre’s hand with her rattle. “Play nice or me send you home.”

“Capture you and your mommy, I will,” the ogre roared. He turned in the dark theater to look for his club.

“You okay?” the magical girl asked, turning to look at Misty and offering her a hand.

Misty looked at the girl and recognition crossed her face. Those eyes. It couldn’t be, could it? She took the magical girl’s hand and stood up, only to see the ogre springing the club. “Miles! Look out!”

Miles dodged to one side on instinct as the club came crashing down between her and Misty. She spun on her heel and skipped her way up magical steps that formed under her feet until she swung her rattle down with a heavy thud on the ogre’s head. The ogre vaporized into green mist. “Stupid meanie head, trying to hurt Misty.” She floated to the ground only to realize what had happened.

Misty had called her “Miles”.

Looking around, Miles let off a sigh when she realized that there was no one else in the theater. Hopefully, her secret hadn’t been blown. She watched Misty walk slowly toward her. Sucking on her lip, Miles couldn’t meet her gaze. How did she figure it out?

Misty wrapped her arms around Miles and hugged her close. “It is you,” she whispered, tucking the smaller girl’s head under her chin. “It’s you inside that magical girl.”

Miles began to cry and nodded her head. She felt like a freak, though, with Misty hugging her, she felt the most whole that she had in ages. She needed Misty to make everything okay. She didn’t want Misty to think she was a freak. “Me not want to lie to Misty,” she said. It was frustrating, not being about to speak normally and being forced to talk like a baby, but she had to explain. “Me didn’t ask for this but am okay with it. Me starting to like being a baby.”

Misty kissed the top of Miles’s head. “You do make an adorable one, sweetie,” Misty said, “but then you know that.” She tipped Miles’s head up and smiled at her. “You’re kind of sexy, too. You’ve got quite the hot body underneath all that cuteness.”

Miles felt her cheeks flush. “So, Misty lady is okay with this?” Miles asked.

Misty nodded. “Is this why you looked more feminine when you showed up at the park?”

“Me think so,” Miles said, sucking on her lip. “Every time me become a baby girl, real me becomes more of a girl.” She sniffled and stepped back. “It harder to hide when me sad or happy. Everything feels so much deeper. Hurts thinking Misty lady wanted a baby girl and not Miles.”

With a pink flash, Miles costume vanished and changed back to his former clothing. Almost. His shorts were now pink yoga shorts that barely concealed his diaper while his t-shirt was now a pink crop top. He could also feel the bulk between his legs being just as thick as before but no longer damp. Looking down, he felt his bangs fall over his eyes before he noticed his boobs were now half again as large as his fists with a large amount of cleavage showing in the neckline and realized, for the first time, that he must be wearing a bra.

The steaming gaze that Misty gave him confirmed that Misty was attracted to his new form. “You know, you don’t look like a Miles anymore,” Misty said.

“There you two are!”

Miles and Misty turned in surprise to see a foot-tall pink fairy with rainbow wings, a diaper, and a purple tube top that matched her hair floating in mid-air. “I’m not seeing things, am I?” Miles asked.

“Not unless we both are,” Misty replied.

The fairy floated down to land on the back of one of the movie chairs, rubbing her hands together. “You finally found your mommy, Milly,” the fairy said, her tone ecstatic. “Now the real training can begin.”

Miles and Misty gave each other a confused look. Miles looked at the fairy. “Wait, my mommy? Training? What the heck are you talking about and who are you?”

The fairy rolled her eyes. “Yes, your mommy, silly baby girl. All magical girls have a special someone that helps take care of them. The magical baby girl has a mommy, the sorceress has her familiar, the cowgirl has her cowboy and so on. The power of their caretaker’s love powers all the magical girls. It why you’re strongest around your mommy, duh.” The fairy grinned. “Also, how can you forget me? I’m Gemma. I’m your one-stop source to the Fairy Queen who protects Fredonia.”

“Wait, I’m supposed to be her mommy?” Misty said. Her eyes widened. “Is that why I like diapers?”

Gemma shook her head. “Nope, pure coincidence. I can’t say that it hurts though. You two are soulmates after all.”

Misty sucked on her lip. Miles gave her a worried look. Misty looked back at Gemma and nodded before smiling. “Then it’s a good thing that I want to be her mommy more than anything,” Misty said, turning to an astonished Miles. “It’s a good thing we were already besties. This new you, though, makes me want to take you home, spank you for not telling me, then have my way with you.”

Gemma smiled and flew over Misty, causing a rainbow to course over Misty’s body. “Guess I better make you the best mommy ever, then,” Gemma said with a grin.

Misty moaned as her breasts began to swell inside her top. She could feel them growing fuller and her bra changing subtly. Her breasts had already been large. After all, she didn’t know any other woman personally who wore a 30G bra. Now, though, her breasts were growing into territory she had a hard time contemplating. “Why are my boobs growing, you silly fairy?” Misty asked.

Gemma land back on her perch on the back of the theater seat. "Because mommy's milk will help heal her baby and make Milly stronger."

Misty and Miles gave Gemma an odd look. "Why do you keep calling Miles 'Milly'?" Misty asked.

Gemma pointed at Miles's book bag that had appeared in the theater seat below her. "Well, that's because it's her name. It's on her driver's license."

Miles reached into her bookbag, noting her pink nail polish for the first time. Inside was a makeup kit, more diapers, her books from school, and a small wallet. Inside that were credit cards and a driver's license all made out to Emily Kirkpatrick. The driver's license had "F" in the gender. She showed it to Misty. "Gemma's right."

"How is this possible?" Misty asked before looking at Gemma.

"The Fairy Queen is trying to make things right," Gemma explained. "Milly was always supposed to be a girl but King Nightmare changed things, hoping to make you hate what you'd become. Now, the world's slowly correcting itself."

"That does kind of make sense," Misty said. Looking at Miles, she could see the girl mulling it over. "Are you okay, sweetie?"

Milly blushed. "I, um, I think I need a change, mommy," Milly said. She had been stunned by how different wetting her diapers as a girl felt as was certain that, when Misty changed her later, she was certain that she'd no longer have any boy parts.

Misty smiled. "Come on then, baby girl," Misty said, sliding her arm around the smaller girl's waist, "let's get back to my place so we can get you a nice clean diaper, okay?"

Gemma smiled. "I'll be by later this afternoon so we can start training," the fairy said before vanishing into a cloud of purple dust.

Misty led Milly out as the cops arrived. The pair explained to the cops that some strange man had shown up and threatened everyone but a cute girl in a pink outfit with a baseball bat had chased him off. The cops seemed confused but took their statement and allowed them to go. As the pair neared Misty's car, Misty felt her breasts ache. They had an odd fullness to them. Her eyes widened when she remembered what Gemma had said. As she buckled Milly in, her breasts pressed against Milly's face, causing Misty to moan. Closing the door, she caught part of her reflection in the mirror. The front of her shirt was damp around her nipples.

Grinning, she hoped Milly was hungry.

The pair paused in front of the spot Misty's small house should have been. The quaint one-bedroom house had been replaced with a large ranch style house with pink accents. Milly looked at Misty and squeezed her hand. "I'm not just seeing this, right?" Milly asked.

"I don't think so," Misty said, slowly leading Milly up from the sidewalk. Misty fished her keys out from her purse and was a little surprised when they worked. Opening the door, both stood, mouth agape, at the well-furnished room inside. Everything was white, silver, or pink. A picture of Misty and Milly hung

on the wall near the front door. Milly reached up to touch it as Misty closed the door behind them. "I remember taking this picture... only I was still Miles then, wasn't I?"

Misty nodded. "Yeah, you were," she said, frowning. "Is this what Gemma meant by the world correcting itself?"

Milly pondered that. "I suppose so." She turned and blinked when she saw the front of Misty's chest. "Um, Misty," Milly said, sucking on her lip, "I don't know how to put this, but I think you're leaking."

Misty grinned. "I know," she said, lifting her breasts up with her arms, "but at least you're not. How about we get you changed? If you're a good girl, you can have some when we're done."

Milly had never considered the idea of suckling from a woman's breast as an adult, but part of her was still the baby doll magical girl and found the idea appealing. Gemma had called Misty her "mommy" and caregiver. A mommy breastfed her baby, right? It was kind of weird, but it made sense. She looked back up as Misty took her hand.

"Come on, sweetie," Misty said with a smile. "Let's see what else is different."

Milly nodded and followed along, her thick, wet diapers forcing her to waddle as Misty led her room to room. Misty quickly realized that all her furniture was either accounted for or had been improved upon, either being newer or plusher in the case of her couch. There was a room that was set up with two computers and matching computer chairs. Milly waddled over to the second computer and realized that it was the one from her old apartment. Fumbling in her purse, she checked her driver's license. Her eyes widened when she realized the address now was Misty's. She showed it to Misty.

"Well, I suppose that makes sense, too," Misty said, patting Milly's bottom. "If I'm your caregiver, it would be silly for you not to live with me, right? How else am I supposed to take care of my adorable baby girl?"

Milly smirked at that. "I guess I'm going to have to get used to being diapered, huh?"

Misty nodded. "Looks that way," she said with a smile. Her look shifted to one of concern. "You're okay with that, right? I guess it was a little thoughtless of me given it's my kink to think you'd be okay with it."

"It's fine," Milly replied, looking down. "It's as big a change as having boobs, I suppose." She sighed and watched as her breasts bobbed up and down, smirking. "The weird thing is that a month ago, I'd have given almost anything to have a girlfriend that I could grope her boobs and now I have my own to fondle." Milly cupped her hands only to have Misty touch Milly's chin.

"If you're good and behave, I'll let you play with mine," Misty said, smiling at Milly and taking her hand. "Now, come on. It's time to get you out of that wet diaper."

Milly nodded and followed Misty as she continued exploring the house. Both of their eyes widened as they opened the door to what looked like a nursery decked out in pink and designed for a baby that was Milly's size. Misty grinned and led Milly over to the changing table. "Arms up, sweetie," Misty said, grabbing the pink crop top from the bottom and lifting it up. Milly held her arms up. Milly watched as Misty took Milly's top off and then reached around her to unhook Milly's bra, slipping it down Milly's

arms. "Good girl," Milly said before patting the changing table. "Do you need mommy's help to get up on the table, baby doll?"

Misty shook her head and hopped up onto the padded table, reminded again of how pillow like her thick diaper was. She laid back and tried to watch Misty. Milly giggled when she realized that, as Misty pulled Milly's yoga pants down, she couldn't see Misty past her own boobs. "What so funny, sweetie?" Misty asked as she moved to the side and removed the tapes from Milly's diapers.

"I never thought I wouldn't be able to see someone because of my boobs," Milly answered before moving her thumb to her lips. She was sucking on it before she realized what was happening. Milly pulled her thumb from her mouth only to have Misty slip a large pacifier between Milly's lips. Almost reflexively, she started sucking on the binkie.

"Well, that's interesting," Misty said as she patted Milly's inner thigh. "Bottom up, sweetie."

"Waz interes'n?" Milly mumbled around the pacifier. She moaned as Misty began to wipe between her leg with a baby wipe. While she was fairly certain she no longer had a dick, Milly hadn't had the chance to explore what she did have. The feeling of a baby wipe against her nether parts, though, felt completely different from what touching her dick had been like. Milly watched as Misty grabbed a bottle of baby oil and drizzled it between her legs, only to rub it in a moment later, eliciting a second moan.

"Baby doll likes that, does she?" Misty said, grinning as she slid two fingers inside Milly's new pussy. Milly's hips bucked against Misty's hand causing Misty to stroke Milly again. "It looks like she does." Misty pulled her fingers out and wiped them off with a baby wipe. "Let's get you diapered, just in case."

"You're teasing me," Milly said, pulling the pacifier out of her mouth. "And you never answered me."

Misty winked at Milly as she got a large disposable diaper from the closet. "What? Oh. Baby doll doesn't have any hair down there. It's cute." She unfolded the diaper and slid it under Milly's bottom before pushing Milly's hips back down onto the diaper. "I like it. On the bright side, it makes it easier for mommy to clean her baby."

Milly pondered that. "If you like it then I'm okay with it," Milly decided. She laid there as Misty pulled the diaper snugly between Milly's legs and expertly taped the sides.

As soon as she taped back the second set, Misty jumped back. "Well, that was a surprise," Misty said.

"What?"

"Well, the diaper tripled in thickness as soon as I put it on you," Misty said, patting the front of Milly crotch. "Guess you're stuck in thick diapers from now on." Misty slid her hand under Milly's back and helped her sit up. "Such a good girl for mommy. I should reward you."

Milly smiled around the pacifier as Milly helped her off the changing table. Misty got a cute pink dress that Milly knew would barely hide her diaper and slid it down Milly's arms and body. Misty smiled. "Such a cutey," she said, patting Misty's diapered butt. "So, since you've been so good, what does baby want to do."



Misty pulled the pacifier out of her mouth and wrapped her arms around Misty. "I'm hungry, mommy," Milly said.

Misty trembled in anticipation. "Couch. Now."

Taking Milly hand, Misty led the waddling, thickly diapered adult baby girl back to the living room and the plush couch that awaited them. Misty sat down and patted beside her. Milly stretched out on the couch, resting her shoulder and head on Misty's lap as Misty tugged her top off to expose her melonous breasts. The pads inside her nursing bra were saturated. Lifting the flap away from both of her nipples, Misty guided Milly's head to her nipple. She moaned as Milly began to suckle. Misty had to switch Milly to her other breast to at least lessen the throbbing from her breasts being so full of milk. Milly's tongue teased Misty's nipples, causing the pleasure to increase threefold. Misty moaned. "Naughty girl, teasing her mommy like that," Misty said before slipping her hand between Milly's thickly diapered legs. She began to rub Milly through her diaper, causing the baby girl to moan against Misty's breast. "Much better. If you tease me, I get to tease you, sweetie."

Milly's lips popped from around Misty's nipple. "Me like teasing mommy and having her rub my diapee," Milly said before returning to sucking on Misty's nipple, savoring the taste of Misty's milk. It was better than the best milkshake she'd ever had. She'd much rather have this than any other dessert. Her lips popped free as Misty slid her hand down the diaper, Misty's fingers slipping between her slick nether lips. "Oh, mommy," Milly moaned. "That feels so good. Can baby cummies for her mommy?"

Misty smiled, quickening her pace. "I'd like that sweetie," she said, kissing Milly's forehead. "Cum for mommy. Show me how much you love being my baby girl."

Milly felt pleasure course through her whole body as her back arched, her hips pressing against Misty's hand. Her first female orgasm overtook her, a high-pitched scream of pleasure escaping her lips. Her body thrashed as pleasure shot through her again and again, the tremors slowly subsiding, leaving Milly breathless. Misty guided Milly's lips back to her nipple. Milly's lips latched onto Misty's nipple instinctively, the taste of Misty's milk a perfect follow up to such a wonderful orgasm.

Her last thought before she dozed off was how much better a female orgasm was over a men's orgasm and wondering how any woman ever spent time doing anything other than play with themselves if orgasms felt this good.

Milly dreamed of Gemma chattering at her, of another woman wearing a purple sorceress outfit, and of a woman wearing a cow print top, a cowbell around her neck, and a pair of cute horns atop her head. All of them were thickly diapered. In the distance was a shadowy knight. In her heart, Milly knew she wouldn't let him win, no matter what he did to her. Turning to look at the mirror in her dream, she saw her old, male body wave goodbye before the reflection of her new body took his place. She made peace with this. She was never going to be Miles again. Now, she was Milly, the Baby Girl, and one of the foretold Magical Girls.