

Brandon couldn't contain his manic grin as he signed for the package. The bored delivery person must be used to such displays, since he simply wished the husky a good day and departed, leaving Brandon alone with his new toy, tail wagging madly. It was a very good thing his roommates were all away at class, or he'd have to explain to them what he was so excited about. As it was, he had an hour or so alone before he had to head off to his own class, and he planned to spend it checking out his latest acquisition.

He ran off to his bedroom, tearing open the box on the way, exposing the shrink-wrapped form of a single extremely thick and puffy disposable diaper. It was plain white, and shared its plastic packaging with a small sheet of paper, doubling as product information and instruction sheet.

As he bumped his door shut with his foot, he extracted the sheet of paper and looked it over. For the first time, he started to regret buying a cheap knock-off of a better product. There were two major manufacturers of magic products for the market he was interested in. Both had high quality products, but with the accompanying high prices. Fortunately for college students like Brandon, other companies weren't above copying their features and releasing cut-rate imitations. The downside was dealing with what he now saw. The "instructions" looked to be a 10th generation photocopy, and were all in broken English, the list of features only decipherable because he had the features of the original product memorized.

'Let's think about use and function' probably meant it was thought-activated, like the better products. The meaning of 'Self-cleaning' came across clearly. There was a list of additional options, and a quick scan showed the main one he was interested in, 'Incontinence Causes'. A couple others also piqued his interest, presuming he interpreted them right, specifically 'Design Changes' and 'Time-release'. For now, in the limited time he had, he just wanted to try his main interests, and make sure the thing actually worked.

Brandon quickly stripped off his pants and boxers, having a moment of difficulty as his violently wagging tail slowed him down, and unfolded the diaper on his bed. He had never bothered getting mundane diapers. He had nowhere in the small apartment to hide a large enough quantity to have fun, and his three roommates would make disposal difficult. By going the magic route, he solved both those problems, and his excitement built as he prepared to pad himself for the first time.

The magic diaper crinkled delightfully, and had a soft, clean scent. Pulling it between his legs, he made sure to keep his mind on the options he wanted: plain white, extra thick design, and incontinence. It should adjust automatically to the proper size, which in Brandon's case was the upper side of large. As he affixed the tapes, his mind flitted back to the time-release option. It would be interesting to trap himself in diapers for week or so, having to hide it while in class, only allowing himself use of the self-cleaning feature when he felt he had 'earned' it. He'd definitely have to try that some time. He shivered as he did up the final tape, securing the diaper tightly around him. A tingle rushed through him as he finished, seeming to emanate from the diaper itself, and he sighed happily.

The padded husky patted his crotch, confirming that his mental instructions had been obeyed. The diaper was still plain white, and seemed to have grown slightly in thickness as he requested. His legs were forced slightly apart, and he crinkled loudly

as he giddily bounced on his toes. He had finally done it, finally gotten himself into a diaper. With a sudden gasp, he felt a warmth on the front of his diaper under his hand. He pulled it away and watched a yellow discoloration spread, a huge smile on his face. The incontinence feature worked too! He could barely even feel himself going, but he was on his way to being soaked. The warmth spread through the padding, and Brandon couldn't help but giggle. He was going to have so much fun with this.

The husky sat in his desk chair, giggling again as he squished the padding a little. The auto-clean could wait a bit; he'd enjoy being wet as long as he could before heading to class. He bounced with excitement, enjoying the soft, squishy padding and repetitive crinkling. If only he had more time to enjoy this, he could try out so many more things.

The sound of the apartment's front door unlocking jarred him out of his excited planning. Dammit, why did his roommates always choose the worst days to get out of class early? Brandon jumped up in shock and immediately tripped over his discarded pants. On his way to the floor, his hip caught the sharp edge of the desk, making him yelp in pain. A flickering from his waist caught his attention on his way to the floor. The diaper was rapidly cycling through colors and patterns, almost faster than he could see. Various colors, pastel and bright, patterns from a variety of modern and older cartoon shows, and stranger shapes he couldn't describe flashed across it, before it finally rested on a light pink. With the flickering stopped, he could see what caused it, a tear on the left side where the desk caught him. Crap. He'd only had it for fifteen minutes and already he had damaged it.

A knock sounded at his door, followed by his roommate Ryan's voice. "Hey man, you ok in there?"

Brandon cut off a curse, springing to his feet and rushing to pull on his boxers and pants over the diaper. They fit, but a keen observer would be able to easily detect the bulge of his padding. Satisfied he was ok for the moment, he pulled open the door to reveal the face of a concerned grey wolf. "Yeah, I'm fine, just hip-checked my desk."

Ryan raised an eyebrow, then shrugged. "Look man, if you were masturbating, that's fine. You don't have to answer the door, just say you're busy. Might want to keep the volume down, though."

The husky opened his mouth to protest, then stopped. Hell, it was a better answer than what he *had* been doing. He blushed. "Uh, right. I'll...keep that in mind."

"Ok, I've got some free time since class got out early, so I'm hitting the grocery store. You need anything? Maybe tissues?" The wolf winked.

Brandon blushed deeper. "Some cran-apple juice if you don't mind."

Ryan nodded. "Can do. Later!" He turned and walked away, stopping at his room to drop off his school bag before heading back out the door.

Alone again, Brandon closed his door and leaned against it, sighing in relief. Damn, that had been nerve-racking. The moment was definitely ruined, so it was probably time to put away the diaper before class. He dropped his pants and underwear again, revealing the soaked pink padding. That color definitely wasn't working for him. He thought hard about the original white design, and the diaper flickered through its various patterns for a moment before settling back on pink. Great, it was stuck on the worst color it could be. Hopefully the rest of it worked fine.

He couldn't put it away dirty, so he concentrated on the self-clean feature, and was rewarded with the strangest feeling he had ever experienced. It felt like an entire diaper change with exhaustive wiping and powdering condensed into approximately one second. It was strangely nice and left him feeling remarkably fresh. He shivered again as he felt the tingle from when he had originally put the diaper on spread through him once more, though far more intense. His legs went weak for a moment, and he had to grab his chair to remain standing. "...the hell?" Brandon shook himself, brushing off the strangeness. He figured weird effects were what you got when you settle for the budget option.

The husky tugged at the tapes, then tugged again when they failed to release. No luck. He growled and pulled harder, knowing he was risking further damage but eager to be out of the thing so he could get to class. It stubbornly refused to release, not even showing the faintest sign of being able to come off, and it was too tight around the waist to slide down his legs. Not good. With a sudden start, he remembered what he had thought when he put it on, about how fun it would be to be locked in for a week. Had that been enough to trigger it? It was just an idle fantasy; he hadn't meant to actually engage that option.

He groaned, and found himself hoping the problem really was that he had locked himself in. If it was a result of the diaper malfunctioning, he'd have to seek outside help to get out. Now, though, he had a problem. He had to leave soon in order to get to class on time. No choice, he'd have to go padded, and hope nobody noticed.

Brandon whined. The situation was potentially incredibly embarrassing, but he didn't entirely hate the idea. Going out in public diapered was a big part of his fantasies, much like being made permanently incontinent, and he felt another rush of excitement. He pulled on his boxers and pants again, hoping they were sufficient to hide his secret until he could make another attempt to get the thing off, and headed off to a potentially very embarrassing Writing class.

By the time his class was over, Brandon had discovered two new facts. One, that having a thick diaper on actually managed to make the hard plastic chairs the college favored comfortable, and two, that sitting in a wet diaper for over an hour starts to take away a fair amount of that comfort.

It was only a few minutes in to class that he had felt the sudden warming on his crotch that was his sole indication that he was wetting. There was no warning twinge and only a very vague sensation of flowing. His unconscious shiver at the sensation went unnoticed by his classmates, thankfully, but he delayed running the self-clean routine until he could get some privacy. Based on how it had felt last time, he doubted he could do it in the middle of class without drawing attention.

Discretion was key, especially given that he sat next to an attractive feline he was planning on asking out soon. Hannah, the comely lynx in question, had shown no interest in him thus far beyond a general friendliness, but Brandon was sure that as soon as he built up his nerve to make an advance he'd have success. Assuming she could possibly be interested in a heavier guy like him, of course.

Walking back to the apartment in a wet diaper was another new experience that Brandon ended up filing under the labels of 'embarrassing', 'awkward', and 'fun'. He swore that the crinkle must have been echoing off the buildings, but nobody else

seemed to notice. Wet, the diaper was even thicker, and it threw off his normal stride. It would be nice to get home and get clean if only to walk mostly normal again.

Back in the apartment, his other roommates had arrived while he was out. Ryan was joined by Jake, a jackal, and Rob, a panther, who they occasionally teased for being the only feline in an apartment otherwise fully canine. Brandon gave them a quick wave and carried on straight to his room, making the excuse that he needed to work on a project that was due soon. Hiding his situation from his roommates was going to be the hardest part of this problem, and he needed to plan.

Once alone and with his door locked, he stripped his pants back off and examined the problem. The pink diaper was still damp from his in-class wetting, so he figured the first step was to clean. A quick, clear thought about the self-clean did the job, again triggering the refreshing diaper change feeling, followed by the strange intense whole-body tingle that seemed to come in waves from the diaper. He'd had the sense to sit down this time, so he could focus on the feeling. It was like his entire body had 'fallen asleep' and he got the pins and needles sensation of feeling returning, but faster than usual. Overall, it wasn't objectionable, just very strange.

Shaking his head, he switched to examining the newly clean diaper. The tear remained on the left side, and he suspected that it would be easy to rip it further and get himself out, but that was probably a bad idea. A small amount of damage had broken whatever spell controlled its appearance; what would happen if he damaged it even more? There was no guarantee that removing the diaper the improper way would release the effects it had on him, most importantly the incontinence. While being made permanently incontinent was a fun fantasy, he didn't think he'd enjoy it for real.

Brandon groaned and sat back on his chair. He really didn't have many options. If he was unwilling to take the nuclear option and take scissors to the diaper, he would have to wait a week until it released, maybe longer since he couldn't remember exactly how long he'd imagined staying in the thing. And all the time, it would be pink.

The situation would almost be fun if it weren't *completely* out of his control, and if he could get any color but pink. He'd get a chance to live out a fantasy, but he just hoped he'd have some dignity left at the end.

With a heavy sigh, he pulled his shorts back on over the now-dry diaper. He couldn't hide from his roommates the entire time; they would just get *more* curious if he was never around. Brandon tried to walk normally as he returned to the common room, assuring himself he wasn't crinkling loudly, and that his baggy clothes would probably hide the puffy diaper.

His self-assurance was harmed by the intense stare he got from Rob when he entered. Usually, that wasn't that remarkable. Everyone in the apartment knew Rob had a bit of a crush on Brandon, though the panther had never admitted it, or even copped to liking guys at all. Brandon didn't want to embarrass his friend, so he was waiting for him to say something first in order to turn him down gently. This time, though, the look he got was far more appraising, like the black cat saw some puzzle in the husky that he couldn't quite solve. "Something up, Rob?"

The panther shook his head. "You get a haircut or something?"

Brandon relaxed slightly. At least Rob's attention was on the wrong part of his body to notice his problem. "No, not recently."

Rob cocked his head, said, "Huh...okay then," and returned to watching TV.

The only spot left on the couch was right next to Rob, a situation no doubt specifically arranged by the panther. There was too little space remaining for him to sit without touching the cat. Maybe Brandon would have to arrange to have that conversation a little sooner.

The husky took the open spot, not moving very much for the rest of the evening. Rob would occasionally shift his position and 'accidentally' rub up against Brandon, making him tense slightly as he listened for any incriminating sounds. He was constantly nervous that someone would catch a crinkle as he shifted and track it back to him, even though he knew it was unlikely that someone without an interest in diapers would identify the sound. As a result, he was the first to head to bed, rushing slightly while the others were busy elsewhere so they wouldn't notice his shorts sagging slightly from the damp diaper.

Brandon smiled as he stripped for bed. At least he'd get to indulge another little fantasy now. He collected a husky plushie from his closet and, wearing only the diaper, crawled under his covers. Not wanting to add a rash to his problems, he did a quick self-clean, again shivering as his entire body tingled for several seconds. All clean, he snuggled the plush to his chest and slowly drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, it took a bleary-eyed Brandon several seconds to identify the warm, damp feeling against his crotch. He was slightly disappointed when he realized his initial naughty thought was incorrect, but broke into a smile when he remembered the events of the previous day. He was a bed wetter now, and would be until that diaper came off. The husky was not at all displeased with this development. Another fantasy of his was satisfied, and rather completely given how soggy and swollen the diaper felt when he poked at it. He must have flooded the thing while he slept.

Almost on reflex now, he thought of the self-clean, wiggling a bit as the tingle rushed through him, feeling stronger than the previous times. Brandon figured it must vary depending on how used the diaper had been, and didn't mind. He was coming to enjoy the sensation. He sat up on the bed and stretched, noticing how the diaper made his butt feel bigger. It seemed more noticeable even than the day before, but he chalked that up to being too nervous to notice earlier.

It was time for another day of class, but first he needed a shower. On a normal day he would make the run to the bathroom in his boxers, but that wasn't an option today. He grabbed a towel and wrapped it around his waist, then peeked out his door looking for anyone to catch him. Finding it clear, he rushed to the bathroom and locked the door behind him. He wasn't sure how he'd explain the sudden increase in modesty if he was caught, but he'd come up with something.

Turning to the shower, another quandary presented itself. The diaper wouldn't come off, so what would happen to it in the shower? It pretty much had to be waterproof, right? He could just run the cleaning afterward to get it dry. He shrugged, set the temperature where he liked it, and hopped in.

As expected, the diaper eagerly absorbed the water sluicing down Brandon's back. For several seconds it continued to swell, growing comically puffy but still clinging tenaciously to his hips and not falling down, but at last it reached full capacity and let water escape down his legs. The husky took a few moments to squish the

hugely thick padding, laughing at how he couldn't even feel it through the swollen front, then went about his shower as normal. He ignored the parts that were covered by the diaper. Based on how it felt when he got cleaned, they were plenty fresh anyway.

Once clean, he shut off the water and very carefully exited the shower, careful not to overbalance himself from the weight of water hugging his waist. First priority was definitely to get rid of that. Just standing was starting to wear out his legs.

Brandon knelt on the bath mat in front of the sink. This was by far the biggest cleaning yet, and he had no idea how it would affect him. He took a deep breath and thought about being clean.

Immediately his breath left him. An almost unbearably intense tingling washed through him. His skin felt like it was crawling and shifting. For a moment the diaper felt very tight on his hips, but then it let up again, returning to its previous snug fit. He dropped onto his hands, panting as he shivered and squirmed under the strange sensation. Most embarrassingly, the pleasure it brought him turned sexual, and he felt himself grow hard against the tight padding.

The feeling cut off as soon as it began, leaving only the usual freshness in his diaper area. Brandon groaned and raised slowly to his feet, freezing as he felt a shifting on his chest. That wasn't right. He was carrying some extra weight, so he was used to a slight jiggle from a minor case of man boobs, but this was different. Very slowly, bracing one hand against the sink, he brought the other up to his chest, feeling a swelling there that was larger and softer than he was used to. He whined, then hissed through his teeth as his fingers found a swollen, sensitive nipple at the top of the mound. No, not swollen, just large and stiff, feminine.

Now gripped by a deep terror, he looked over his body. A small pair of breasts graced his chest. Not impressive by any means, but they certainly didn't belong on his body. At least, they hadn't before. The rest of his body had changed as well, displaying a disturbing reallocation of his weight. His waist was slimmer, his hips wider. It wasn't dramatic, but his entire body now had an undeniably feminine look to it. Brandon anxiously wiped the fog from the mirror and checked his face. It was the same...mostly. There was some added softness, but no major single change he could pinpoint. In all, it was like looking at himself in a subtle funhouse mirror.

There was one final thing to check. Shaking, nervous, he reached a hand into his diaper, surprised to find the fur inside completely dry, as opposed to the rest of his soaked body. He could still feel his erection straining against his padding from how good the cleaning had felt, so he knew the damage down there couldn't be too bad, but he had to check. Brandon's hand wrapped around his stiff length, and he whined even louder than before. Even as hard as he was, his hand completely engulfed his dick, indicating a loss of more than half his previous length. The one part of himself that he had felt was above average had suffered the biggest blow.

He tore his hand away in disgust. There was no question in his mind what was wrong. It was the diaper. Somehow, every time he ran the cleaning function, it made him a little bit more into someone who would wear a pink diaper. His hands fell to the ripped section of plastic, and he just barely held himself back from tearing it off. The same arguments against it still applied. Leaving it on may be the only way to get his body to change back. He angrily grabbed a towel and started drying off, wincing as he

rubbed against his newly-sensitive nipples too aggressively.

Now he had a real problem. Hiding a diaper was trivial compared to hiding the fact that he was turning into a girl. He could hold back on the cleaning as much as he could -- hell, he'd even enjoy that a bit -- but he had as much as six days left. He'd have to do it some time, and he'd only end up changing more. One thing he was sure of, there would be no more showers. Brandon resolved to clean as little as possible, holding any changes off until they were absolutely necessary.

The husky finished his drying and paused at the door. The towel wrapped around his waist would hide the diaper, but there was nothing he could do about the breasts. They felt big, but he could see in the mirror that they weren't *that* noticeable, or much different from what he had before. He could only tell because they were on him. He'd just have to book it to his room and hope to remain unnoticed again.

A quick dash had him safely in private again. On some level, he was impressed with the diaper's abilities. There were products designed to change the user's sex, of course, but they were all massively expensive. In a way, he had gotten an incredible deal. It almost surprised him that he wasn't freaking out more. Really, he was just angry. At himself for damaging a magical object when even young children know to be very careful with them, and at the manufacturer for making a product that could break in such a disturbing way.

Brandon pulled out some clothes, hoping they would fit properly. Boxers and pants went on easily enough, though they felt a little tighter across his butt than he was used to. He split the blame for that between the diaper and a slightly rounder ass than he'd sported the previous day. With his hips now wider than his waist, his pants tried to hang low, exposing the plastic pink ruffle he badly needed to hide. He growled and put on a belt, cinching it uncomfortably tight to get his pants to stay up. Thankfully, his usual loose t-shirt fit properly, and didn't give anything away.

The husky checked himself in the mirror, sighing as he saw how large his butt looked. Nothing he could do about it, though, and the rest of him looked normal enough. He'd just have to keep his back away from people who would notice.

On that note, he needed to get to his first class of the day. He hoped he could pay attention well enough, but he suspected this week would be mostly a loss in terms of learning. He grabbed his bag and set out, keeping his head down to avoid talking to anyone he knew.

He sighed in relief as he neared the Science building. No awkward conversations, no comments about his ass, and he was even still dry. His tail wagged gently, then halted and lifted up. Brandon stopped walking as he felt a slight shifting in his gut. "Oh no." He was in the middle of a busy walkway, and it was suddenly very obvious what was about to happen. Running would only draw more attention to himself, so, thinking fast, he quickly reached into his pocket and pulled out his cell phone. The husky tried to hide a blush as he pretended to type out a text message, all the while he heavily messed his diaper. He barely suppressed a whine as he felt the heavy weight build against his behind, dragging down the seat of his diaper. He tried to clench down and stop it, but got no response at all from his muscles.

Brandon hadn't counted on this. Sure, academically he knew that incontinence would have included both types. There was no "bladder-only" option on his cheap

knock-off magical diaper, after all, but if there had been he would have chosen it. Messing never held much interest for him, but it seemed he better get used to it. He had been hoping that he'd have a chance to deal with it in private if it came up, not in the middle of a walkway.

The minute it took him to finish felt like an eternity to Brandon. He was sure everyone around him knew what he was doing, but was terrified to look up and check. Was there a bulge in the back of his pants? It sure felt like there was, and as he started walking again, very awkwardly, the mass pressed into his fur. That wouldn't do. Even if it hadn't felt completely disgusting, there was no way he could sit through class messy. People would notice the smell, and he'd be busted.

An almost manic laugh escaped him. His resolution to hold off the cleanings had lasted about an hour. Another problem popped into his mind as his short, slow steps brought him closer to the building. He needed to not be standing when he cleaned, but kneeling would be really suspicious. That left sitting, which he *really* didn't want to do. With a soft whine he eyed a convenient bench. No other choice. The squish as he sat and the sensation of his mess spreading all across his backside brought a wince to the husky's face, but at least he could tell himself it would be over soon. He had no idea what some people liked about this. Sure, the helplessness of not having any control at all was pretty great, but to feel the results squish into his fur all around...

Brandon gave a quick glance around to make sure nobody he knew was around, then thought very, very hard about being clean. The warm, sticky feeling on his rear was instantly replaced by the freshness of powder and wipes. He only had time for a quick sigh of relief before the tingling struck. It felt worse than when he had cleaned while slightly wet, but thankfully nowhere near the morning's shocking intensity. Unfortunately, the feelings continued their erotic turn, the warm tingling collecting in the parts of him he least wanted to change. In seconds, he had an erection straining painfully against the snug diaper and his new, larger nipples were taut and poking visibly through his t-shirt.

He shook his head to clear it once it was over. A discrete grope reassured him that his breasts hadn't grown dramatically, but he'd still want to check in a mirror soon. First, though, he had to hurry to class. The messy diversion had cost him several minutes, and he was close to being late. The husky broke into a jog, feeling the uncomfortable jiggle on his chest, and the even more unpleasant rubbing of his shirt against his stiff nipples. For a moment he wondered what he could do to cut back on the irritation from his shirt, but then realized they sold garments specifically designed to help both that problem and the jiggling. All he had to do was pick up a bra, and he'd be fine. There was no way he'd be doing that.

If anyone noticed his grumbling as he entered the classroom, they didn't comment. There were no attractive girls to sit next to him that he had to hide from, so at least he could try to concentrate on the lecture and ignore the people around him.

Brandon had all his classes in a row on Tuesdays, which today he was very thankful for. Usually he hated it, since it ran across his preferred lunch time, but he had a feeling he'd be pretty much fasting for the week. That didn't stop him from being wet by the time he got around to walking home, but he could deal with that. He would have to, if he was going to put off his feminization as long as he could. He knew his butt was probably looking very round, but there was nothing he could do about that. It

would only get worse before he could get dry again.

Back at the apartment, he grabbed some juice to quench a growing thirst, but passed on getting a late lunch. Maybe he could cut himself to just a couple messy accidents for the week. He could afford to skip a few meals, anyway. His waistline, or rather his hips in the short term, would thank him.

Again he retired to his room. He wanted a chance to properly assess his changes. Brandon stripped off his clothes and stood in front of his mirror. A pudgy husky with a slightly feminine build looked back. His breasts looked to be slightly larger, but it was hard to be sure. Overall, he was still on the male side of the androgyny line, but if he just looked at the gentle curve of waist and hips and ignored the too-broad shoulders, he could be fooled into seeing a female in the reflection. Adding in the thick, wet diaper wrapped around the waist, the image started to push his buttons hard.

For the first time since putting on the diaper, he started to get an erection not caused by the cleaning cycle. The thick, damp garment showed no sign of it on the outside, but he was soon uncomfortably trapped by the tight padding. Brandon whined softly. It had been a while since he last had some release, and he could definitely use some stress relief. The idea of sticking his hand into the damp diaper to get the job done didn't appeal to him, especially since he would be reminded of what he had already lost in that department. Fortunately, there were other methods he had been wanting to try.

He sat back on his bed, and pressed his hand against the front of the diaper, firmly pressing the warm, damp inner surface against his groin. A moan escaped his lips, the heated softness feeling better than he had guessed it would. His hand gripped cock through the diaper, necessitating a large, loose grip to accommodate the swollen thickness, and started to stroke, sliding the moist cotton over his sensitive length. Moans changed to whimpers as his hand sped up. He knew he must be leaking pre heavily by now, but it was just more moisture to the thirsty diaper.

Brandon became lost in a familiar fantasy, made nearly real by the reenforcement of the actual sensations he could only imagine before. In his mind he had been forced into diapers by someone else, kept in them long enough to lose bladder control completely. Now he was being teased, verbally and physically, gropes through the diaper accompanying taunts about his inability to hold his bladder.

He whimpered as he twitched in his grip, feeling himself getting closer, squeezing harder to get more of that warmth against his crotch. Drawn by a tight tingling, his other hand almost involuntarily slid up to his chest, cupping a small breast before delivering a light pinch to the erect nipple at the center. He jumped at the new pleasure that brought, a line of shock jumping from his breast down to his crotch. Moments later he tensed up, growling as his cock jumped, spurting heavily into his diaper.

With a loud sigh, he fell back onto his bed, one hand still resting on his groin. He pulled his hand away from his breast, trying to forget how good it had felt to add that to his play. That bit of stress relief helped a lot, and he didn't even have any mess to clean up. It would just get taken care of with the next cleaning cycle.

An increasing warmth under his hand distracted him from his relaxation. The climax had apparently caused a release of a different kind as well. Brandon shrugged.

He was stuck in the diaper anyway, so it didn't make any difference.

He pondered what to do with the rest of the day. He didn't have any further classes, and planned to skip dinner regardless of any complaints his stomach might register. He could easily sequester himself in his room and claim to be working on a project again. That would save him from going out in a diaper that was increasingly swollen and difficult to hide. Ideally he'd be able to hold off the next cleaning until right before the next day's class.

Hopefully that was the right move. It had occurred to him that the changes might be exponential with the amount of cleaning, where twice the wetness would result in more than twice the amount of feminization, but it was a risk he had to take. He could test it by intentionally pouring measured amounts of water in there and observing the changes, but that would be counter-productive.

Brandon pulled his shorts back on, noting that they were getting close to not fitting over the diaper. There was a very obvious bulge in front and back, and a couple more wettings would probably put him over the edge. Spending the evening in his room was looking better and better.

Decision made, he quickly set upon the little bit of classwork he actually had. That lasted only an hour before he ran out of work to do and moved on to random internet browsing. It was going to be a boring week if he had to keep himself away from the near-constant video gaming that went on in the common room.

Later in the evening there was a knock at his door. All three roommates had been home for some time, and they were no doubt wondering what he was up to. Brandon checked his pants, cringed at how obvious his diaper bulge now was, and went to the door anyway.

Of course it would be Rob who checked on him. "Hey man, we're gonna grab some eats. You in?"

Brandon shook his head. "Nah. I'm good. Just gonna stay in and work tonight."

Rob raised an eyebrow, looking at him appraisingly. "Are you feeling ok? You look...off somehow. I can't put my finger on it."

The husky barely kept the nervousness from his face. "Yeah, I'm fine. Just got this big project to do."

Rob didn't look convinced, but nodded. "All right, just don't kill yourself. Come out and chill with us if you get a chance." He put a reassuring hand on the husky's shoulder, letting it linger just a bit longer than he should.

Brandon nodded assent, and Rob went on his way. The husky smiled as he returned to his chair, dropping into it with a squish. One good thing about turning into a girl would be that Rob would lose interest.

He spent the rest of the evening bottomless, watching the diaper slowly swell, occasionally rubbing the front to enjoy more of the pleasant warmth. As soon as his roommates had gone he'd grabbed some more juice. He knew he'd regret that later, but he was feeling parched, like all the moisture in his body was being leached out to make sure he kept wetting.

When he stood to get ready for bed, he was surprised at the weight that hung from his waist. It was tough to get used to having a heavy diaper on. He again stripped to just the pink diaper, waddling around his room from the thickness between his legs. Crawling into bed, he cuddled his plushie tighter than the previous night, a

ward against his increased stress level. It was difficult to get comfortable on his swollen rear, but he eventually drifted off, thankful he got to sleep in the next day.

The following morning, Brandon almost fell over after rolling out of bed, forgetting to account for the weight of the diaper. He stumbled against his chair and shook the last bit of blariness from his head.

He had wet during the night, of course, a thought that under other circumstances would have given him an excited thrill. Now, though, it was just some extra changing he'd suffer when he ran the cleaning routine.

The husky sat down heavily, nearly three inches of soaked padding now separating his butt from the seat, squishing damply under his weight. His only class for the day was Writing in the afternoon, giving him most of the morning to hide before doing anything. His roommates knew he liked to sleep in, so they probably wouldn't bother him until noon at least. The situation was getting incredibly boring. There was only so much time he could spend on the internet to keep his mind off his situation before he started worrying again. How much would he change next time? How long until he couldn't hide it anymore?

He killed time until noon, when with a dry throat and a grumbling stomach, he decided to get ready for class. The first step was the one he dreaded most. Brandon sat on his bed, ignored the sinking sensation in his stomach, and triggered the cleaning.

As before, the welcome sensation of cleaning came first, the feeling of a powdered, dry diaper very welcome after over a day of varying levels of wetness. It wouldn't be dry long, but it was nice while it lasted.

Brandon clenched his eyes as pins and needles erupted across his body. He didn't want to watch as it happened. The feeling continued to build, reaching a peak just slightly less than what he had felt after the shower. That was a good sign at least; even as wet as he was now, it didn't match the comically full diaper he had then. Still, he couldn't ignore the increasing shifting on his chest caused by his heavy breaths, or the straining erection in his diaper that felt less constricted than the previous times.

Slowly, the transformation trailed off, leaving Brandon panting and shaking, afraid to open his eyes and confirm what he felt. Eventually he gathered his courage and looked down, whining as he caught sight of what his chest now looked like. Before, his breasts had been small hills, just enough to not be completely flat. Now they were larger, big enough to hang slightly and let the shocked husky feel their weight, capped with thick, stiff nipples that seemed to be begging for attention from a hand or tongue. He brought a hand up and gently lifted one, whimpering that it fit nicely in his hand. They were still too small to match his plump frame, but any size was too big for his liking.

Suddenly he had to know. He stood, faced his mirror and cringed. There was no doubt, the person in the mirror looked more female than male. A little butch, sure, but nobody would guess he was a guy if they saw him like this. He wasn't any lighter than he had been, but his weight had been shifted more, giving him wider hips and a thinner waist. His shoulders had narrowed slightly, and his face... His face was cute, looking like a particularly femmy boy. People who knew him well would probably notice the difference.

There was only one thing Brandon couldn't see, and it took him nearly a minute of staring at his reflection to gather the courage to check. He stuck a hand down the front of his diaper and found his erection, a pathetic two inches pressing into the padding. Below, his balls were pulled tight into his body, a tangible crease forming between them. He jumped as his hand brushed his dick. Small it may be, but it was hard as a rock, and extremely sensitive.

He yanked his hand back, ashamed at what he had lost. It wouldn't be long before he was fully female where it counted. The change-induced arousal stuck with him as he gathered his clothes, the soft inner surface of the diaper rubbing constantly against his sensitized cock, not letting it go down. He also had to deal with the shifting on his chest, and stiff nipples that seemed to find cool breezes in his otherwise still room. The husky was starting to see why bras were desirable, at least to those who didn't only have breasts temporarily.

It took him a moment to figure out what to do about a shower. Clearly a proper shower was off the table, but he wasn't about to forego cleaning entirely and slowly get smellier through the week. Eventually he made a quick rush to the bathroom and had a sponge bath while standing outside the shower. It wasn't ideal, but it would keep him fit for being in public. It was followed by another dash back to his room, barely avoiding being seen by his roommates.

He started to get dressed in his loosest clothes, the shirt still uncomfortable on his stubbornly erect nipples. His shorts had to be cinched even tighter on his reduced waist, making the contrast with his wider hips even more obvious. Brandon cringed, but grabbed his bag and headed off, hunching over to hide his breasts. Thankfully his roommates weren't in the common room so he could put off that embarrassing conversation for later, and keeping his head down and hurrying should get him to class without encountering anyone else he knew.

The primary problem he faced now was that he was on his way to Writing, and that the class he shared with Hannah, the lynx he very much wanted to impress. Showing up half-feminized was unlikely to help his cause.

The distressed husky whined under his breath most of the way to class. The stress and hunger was starting to get to him. He really just wanted to hide in his room until this was all over, but his studies would suffer too much. Not that he was paying a terrible amount of attention given his various distractions, but he'd at least be able to record assignments for completion when he was less distracted.

Brandon was one of the first to arrive in class, and took his usual spot near the back, remaining hunched over the table and ignoring the other people arriving, especially when he noticed Hannah take her seat next to him. His plan was to stay where he was, write down anything that seemed important, and then disappear without attracting attention. He badly hoped Hannah wouldn't notice anything different about him. If there was anyone he really didn't want to explain things to, it was her.

He had success until almost the end of class, keeping his head down and not drawing attention. Then the urge to yawn hit. Without thinking, he raised his arms and stretched, arching his back as he did. The shirt stretched tight across his breasts, again irritating his nipples into tightness, and immediately alerted him to what a bad idea that had been. He dropped his arms across his chest quickly, and looked around to see if he'd been noticed. Hannah was looking directly at him, one eyebrow raised

questioningly. Shit.

His ears went bright red in embarrassment and he hunched back over, averting his eyes from the searching gaze of his crush. He just couldn't deal with that right now. For the rest of the class he kept his head down, barely listening to the teacher, alternately blushing from being exposed and worrying that his chances had been ruined forever.

When the class ended he grabbed his bag and rushed out, only to be held up by Hannah yelling from behind him. "Hey Brandon, hold up!"

He flattened his ears and turned around, unable to look the pretty lynx in the eye. "Um, yeah, I can...this is..." What could he say? There was no good explanation for what she had seen.

Hannah patted him on the shoulder. "Hey now, don't be embarrassed. It takes real courage to do something like this while still going to class. Most people who make the change take a vacation and come back as a new person. It looks like you're doing a slow change to get used to it, is that right?"

Oh gods, she thought he was doing it on purpose, and she was ok with it! Now there was no way he could tell her the truth. It would be terrible to see the change from reassurance to disgust if she fully found out about his situation. "Yeah, it's gradual. It should be done around the end of the week." Not a lie, technically.

The lynx looked him up and down appraisingly, the way he would have killed for her to do a week ago. "Oh wow, you're going to be so cute. Do you have your new clothes yet?"

Brandon blushed again. If he had his way, he never would. "No...I can't be sure what size I'll be, you know."

She nodded. "Good point. Judging by the rest of your build, you probably have a good bit of growing to do up top, at least. You *have* to take me along when you go shopping."

How much bigger could he get? What he had was already way too much by his reckoning. And shopping? He hated to do it, but he had to lie. "Yeah, sure! I'll probably need some help picking stuff out." He'd let her down gently when he changed back, maybe pretend he got cold feet.

Hannah grinned and hugged him, giving the surprised husky the interesting sensation of his breasts getting squished against the slim lynx's similarly sized ones. "That's going to be so fun. So what kind of object is the spell tied to? It's usually panties, right? Can I see?"

Brandon almost groaned. It was like a perfect inversion of his fantasies. The girl he liked was asking to see him in his underwear, but there was no way he could cooperate. Just the thought of her finding out what was under his pants filled him with embarrassment. His tail would be diving down between his legs if it wasn't busy trying to raise up. *Oh no*. Anything but that. "Um, some other time maybe. Listen, I have to get going. Talk to you Friday?"

She nodded eagerly. "That's fine. I understand you're a little shy still. Don't worry, I'll help you embrace it. We'll arrange our trip on Friday. Keep your weekend open."

Brandon nodded, which was about all he could manage at the moment. He was too slow getting away, and his body was betraying him once again. He hadn't eaten in

a day and a half, so the mess that was filling his diaper was less substantial than the one he had to deal with last time, but it was exponentially worse to be messing right in front of Hannah. He desperately wished to be anywhere else. His ears laid back and he couldn't help but whimper as he helplessly soiled himself. "A-alright. See you then."

Hannah smiled reassuringly. "Aww, don't be nervous. I'll show you the ropes. Anyway, I'll let you go. It's really cool that you had the guts to follow your dream. Keep it up!"

And she turned and walked away, leaving him to finish messing his diaper alone. He sighed and mentally flipped a coin. Would it be worse walking home with a full diaper or cleaning in the public bathroom? In the end he chose the bathroom. The squishing even for that short walk was unpleasant enough.

He thought about what he could do about Hannah. Maybe he could use this as an icebreaker to get closer to her. Turn the awkwardness into a net win.

First he had to keep himself together until then. He secluded himself in a bathroom stall and braced himself against a wall. There was no way he was going to voluntarily sit in that again. Not giving himself time to worry about it, he gripped the coat hanger on the stall door and thought himself clean.

The less intense tingling that passed through him let him feel the changes more than he had in the past, so he got a very good idea of what was happening. His shoulders scrunched in as he felt his breasts grow more to take up the slack in his shirt, stretching it slightly as they tented the front. He again felt the diaper temporarily constrict his widening hips, but disturbingly felt very little constriction up front, where his suddenly-erect cock was just barely brushing against the soft inner padding.

Brandon grunted as the arousal hit him harder than it ever had before. He spun around, leaning his back against the wall to free his hands, one mauling a larger breast, tweaking the tight nipple through his shirt, the other diving into his shorts to rub the front of the diaper against his needy groin. His hips bucked forward, unconsciously humping against his hand. The urge came upon him so fast that there was nothing he could do to resist. He worked feverishly with his hands, the irresistible need to get off driving him to imprudent haste.

Frighteningly feminine moans filled the bathroom, accompanied by the rhythmic crinkling of his diaper as he pawed the front of it, desperate for more friction against what was left of his cock. Though it was much reduced in size, the sensitivity had continued to ramp up, and every delicious stroke brought him closer to the edge. Not satisfied with what he could do through his t-shirt, Brandon moved his hand underneath, lifting and caressing his breasts, now amply more than a handful.

When he pinched a large, tight nipple at the same time he pressed hard on his crotch, his breath caught in his throat. It was the only thing that saved him from crying out in delirious pleasure as his orgasm rocked through him, body frozen in his erotic pose of self-pleasure.

Several seconds passed before he breathed again, with a sharp hiss and a muttered "Fuck." He'd never felt anything like that before, neither the intensity of the climax or the incredible arousal that compelled him to pleasure himself. It was then that he noticed the front of the diaper felt particularly warm under his hand. A quick squeeze verified it had a bit of a squish to it. He'd cum so hard he had wet himself. A

cute trait for a girl, he thought, but not really something he wanted to be doing.

With growing shame he arranged his clothes again, wincing as he realized that no adjustment of his shirt did anything to hide his breasts. They were growing faster, it seemed, and were already edging into 'respectable' territory. Remembering what his moans had sounded like, Brandon mumbled a few words under his breath to check his voice. It was definitely feminine. He was beyond the point where he could still consider passing as a guy.

The husky sighed and headed out of the bathroom, immensely glad it had been empty and nobody had heard his self-pleasure, on the way passing a rabbit who was entering. The other male stopped short, then backed up to check the sign on the door before turning to give Brandon a confused look. Just great.

Brandon rushed home, arms crossed over his chest to try and arrest the uncomfortable bouncing. If he weren't planning on being back to normal in a couple days, picking up a bra would be very high on his to-do list.

He didn't know what to expect when he got back to the apartment. Everyone else would likely be there, and he had to come up with something to tell them, but a good story eluded him.

Jake was the first to spot him when he unlocked the door and came in, and didn't recognize him at first. "Hey, you can't just barge into someone's-- whoa wait, Brandon?"

The husky blushed and folded his ears. "Yep."

The jackal looked him up and down. "Dude, you're...what the fuck?"

Ryan shouted from around the corner. "What's going on?" A moment later he appeared and also was taken aback by Brandon's appearance. "Yeah, this is definitely a what the fuck moment. Did you piss someone off? Lose a bet?"

Brandon shook his head. "No, I got a magic item for something else and it malfunctioned. This is an accident." He cringed as his choice of words. "I'll be back to normal soon."

Jake looked unconvinced. "Uh, you know that malfunctioning magic is hella dangerous, right? You see anyone about it yet?"

The husky sighed. "No, but I have it under control. I'll be fine."

Ryan was still shaking his head. "Wow. You know there are other ways to discourage Rob, right? You didn't have to go girly. He's going to be so disappointed when he gets in."

Brandon rolled his eyes. "Yeah, this was never the plan. I think I'll go hide in my room now if you guys don't mind."

The wolf held up a hand. "So...this is temporary right?"

"Definitely."

Ryan smiled ferally. "You play with the new goods while you can?"

Brandon blushed fiercely and diverted his eyes.

Ryan laughed. "Oh shit, you have! How was it?"

The husky dodged the question. "I'm still a guy where it counts." Mostly. For now. "This isn't hot for me; it's just annoying."

The wolf leered at him more. "Well, someone should get some enjoyment out of this. How about you show us what you've got? It's not like it's really you, right?"

That was *not* something he wanted to do. Anything that reinforced his growing

femininity was off limits as far as Brandon was concerned. "No way."

Jake sighed and walked off. "Whatever. I'll have no part of this insanity. You really should get checked out, Brandon, but it's your body. Hope it works out for you."

Ryan kept up his pleading. "Come on. It looks like you have a nice set of tits there. They deserve to be appreciated."

Brandon just shook his head again and departed for his room. Ryan would just keep it up, and there was no way the conversation would gain him anything.

Before he could make it to safety Ryan got one more question in. "So what magic object did you get that broke on you?"

To his credit, Brandon only froze for a second. "No comment!" God dammit, they were never going to let that go unless he gave in and told them. He'd have to make something up. Maybe something for weight loss. Those were usually relatively affordable anyway, so it would be believable.

Safe in his room, Brandon reviewed his day. It hadn't been a complete loss. He had broken the ice with Hannah, and though his body had betrayed him during the conversation he managed to keep it a private shame. It did buy him some bigger breasts, and some further loss down below, but that would have happened anyway.

It disturbed him how close he was to being fully female. He was vaguely tempted to have a closer look at the breasts Ryan had said were looking good, but didn't need to increase his worries. He decided he was done with going to class. His appearance had changed enough that his presence might be challenged, and he didn't want to explain himself in class.

Brandon groaned as he realized he'd be making one exception. He had to show up to Writing on Friday to meet up with Hannah. Even if she had been wrong about his motivations, he still didn't want to let her down by letting her see him chicken out of going to class. Damn, he must really have it bad if he was willing to do that to win her approval.

He eventually left his room when he could no longer stand his building hunger. While he grabbed a box of crackers, Rob returned, looking surprised and crestfallen at the feminized husky in the kitchen. "B-brandon...you... Why did you do this?"

If he was going to go to class on Friday, he might as well get used to explaining. "It was an accident, man. I'll be back to normal soon."

Rob's face lit up and he sighed in relief. "That's great!" He seemed embarrassed at his eager reaction. "Er, I mean because I was worried something bad had happened to you. I'm glad you'll be ok again."

Brandon sighed. "Yep, hopefully this weekend I'll be a dude again."

The panther looked like he was barely holding back from hugging Brandon. "Great to hear. So...you checking things out from the other side while you can? It's a chance to maybe see how it might be with a guy. It's pretty nice...so I hear, I mean."

That was subtle. "Wow, you and Ryan both. No, I have no interest in doing anything while I'm temporarily in this shape. I would really appreciate not having any more reminders, actually."

Rob nodded, looking a little disappointed. "I understand. I'll leave you alone then." He paused. "Did Ryan really ask you to..."

The husky shrugged. "He wanted me to flash him."

Rob nodded. "Oh. Meh. Well, good luck and...get well soon?"

Brandon chuckled. "I guess that's the right response. Thanks."
"Any time." And he headed off.

Brandon set about his nighttime preparations with a bit of trepidation. When he pulled his shirt over his breasts and felt them bounce back into place he whimpered sadly. Once his shorts joined the shirt in the laundry his curiosity got the better of him, and he turned to check the mirror. He gasped as he saw the female looking back at him. His gut had nearly disappeared, apparently redistributed to his hips and breasts. He didn't have a thin waist, exactly, since he was still far from being called thin, but it was narrower enough than his hips and shoulders to give a pleasant feminine curve to his shape. His breasts remained a little small for his frame if he were honest, but they had enough size now to weigh on him noticeably, and their shape was definitely pleasing.

What really got his attention was again his wide hips and shapely rear encased in the thick diaper. He lamented all the fun he would be having in his padding if everything had gone right. It was supposed to be a way to relax and have a little naughty time on occasion.

As he watched himself in the mirror, the front of his diaper started to discolor and sag as he helplessly wet it. Again the sight of a fantasy made real -- a curvy girl in his room wetting herself -- started to get to him. A warmth built in his lower half that added to the damp diaper, his excitement returning in a way he wasn't used to feeling. The uncontrollable arousal from earlier had been too intense for him to notice anything but the irresistible urge to get off, but now he noticed a distinct difference.

Rather than the focused hardness he expected, he started to feel a sort of aching emptiness, a need to have something *in* him. Before he knew it, his hand was on the front of the diaper, starting to press it against his smooth crotch. A moan escaped him as the warm padding teased into a sensitive depression underneath the remaining stub of his cock. He wanted more, and very nearly had a hand down the front of the diaper to more directly examine that new source of pleasure before he realized what was happening.

Brandon yelped and clasped his hands together. No, he wouldn't be exploring that. He didn't want to know how close he was to being female down there, especially since he was clearly very close.

He shook himself and turned off the lights before climbing into bed, the arousal still gnawing at him as the image of his own diapered body wouldn't leave his mind. He hugged his husky plush to his chest and the fur tickled against his nipples. Laying on his side he could feel the weight of his breasts tugging to the side. He whined, unable to fully get comfortable. It was nearly an hour before he was able to put thoughts of sexy diapered girls out of his mind and find a sleeping position that worked with his new weight distribution, at last getting to sleep.

The next morning Brandon slept late. There was no point in setting an alarm if he wasn't going to class, and the extra sleep would do him good. He also skipped the morning sponge bath. The schedule for the day involved nothing but hiding inside, so screw it. He put on a t-shirt so he could at least partially hide the reminders of his current situation, but stayed in just a diaper down below. As long as he avoided

looking at his breasts, he still got a thrill whenever he felt himself wetting and looked down to see his diaper swell slightly.

The excitement went unsated, however. Though the warm, needy ache returned whenever he thought of his incontinence or the way he had looked in the mirror, he held off indulging himself. There would be plenty of time for that after he changed back.

Brandon eventually put on some shorts to go and get a snack and a drink while his diaper was still thin enough to fit. He knew by the next morning there'd be no hiding it until he did another cleaning. The rest of Thursday was spent in his room, avoiding Rob's disappointed looks and Ryan's requests to see him naked.

As the day went on and his boredom grew, Ryan's ideas started to make more sense. It *would* be a waste to lose this body and not have some record. There was no doubt he was attractive, and he was willing to do all the things he wished he could find pictures of. If he could get over his embarrassment of his current body, that is. In a way, that helped too. Embarrassment and excitement were irresistibly coupled in his mind, and in a perverse contradiction, the more he didn't want to see his body, the more each reminder aroused him.

The saying about curiosity mentions cats, but huskies aren't immune. Not long before he could justify going to bed, Brandon decided to see what he could do. He had a digital camera and a sexy (if pudgy) body; he could do some good for the community. It wasn't like he'd have to worry about people recognizing him after a few days. The camera had a setting for time-lapse that would work fine for doing some solo posing. He set it on the edge of his desk pointing at his bed and went over to sit on it.

He had fifteen seconds between shots, which he figured was plenty. His ears lit up with a blush as he realized what was happening. As much as he didn't like thinking about his changed body being his, he still loved the embarrassment. What he was really afraid of was discovering that he liked his new form. His hand trailed over the curve of a breast, and the camera beeped and captured its first image of Brandon finding an erect nipple and gasping in surprise.

The blush intensified with that reminder that his actions were being preserved for posterity. He prepared for the next picture, imagining what he'd like to watch a girl do for him. He grabbed the hem of his shirt and lifted it, pausing with just the bottoms of his breasts exposed. Another beep from the camera and he shivered, slowly raising the shirt above his head, letting the camera capture a shot of him topless, thick nipples tight in the cool air.

Breathing heavily, Brandon turned around and got on his knees, undoing the button on his shorts and lowering them just enough to show the pink diaper ruffle peeking over the waistband. In his mind, the husky was disconnected from what he was doing, imagining he was watching a sexy, diapered husky girl put on a show for him. The needy, feminine style of arousal was back with a vengeance, but he ignored it, mentally transferring it to his performing subject, who was clearly turned on by her actions.

So it was that he didn't mind when his hips bucked with a spike of arousal as he lowered his shorts and showed the camera the soaked pink diaper hanging between his legs, accentuating his round, womanly ass. He didn't bother stopping his hand

when it pawed at his breast; rather he mentally urged on the heated husky girl as he directed from the point of view of the camera. *Beep*. She turned over and exposed the damp, swollen crotch of her diaper. *Beep*. He hand pressed against it, rubbing soaked padding against her obviously needy nethers. If only the still pictures could capture the lusty moan she made, Brandon thought, that shot would have been perfect.

The diapered girl continued to lose herself, urged on by Brandon's mental directions, her slow teasing movements growing faster, more urgent. The picture set was going to be spectacular, he knew, especially if he could capture the moment of climax he somehow knew was coming. If only he could have done video.

Fevered moans came continuously from the masturbating girl, oblivious to how depraved she would seem to an observer, desperately rubbing a wet diaper against her crotch, ass raising off the bed to arch against an invisible lover. Her breasts bounced gently with her movements, slightly restrained by the lone hand trying to control them while also pleasuring the tight, pink nipples capping them.

Brandon was delighted. He was witness to the hottest show he had ever seen, put on by a girl who loved being diapered so much she was about to cum from rubbing herself through her padding. Hell, it was so sexy, he was about to get off himself.

At that he was torn from his fantasy. Climax wracked his body, tearing a joyful feminine cry from him that drowned out the beep of the camera and the hiss of his diaper being further dampened. His toes curled, claws digging into the sheets, the added warmth against his nearly-female equipment making the orgasm even better.

The camera beeped five more times before Brandon moved again. He was shocked by what he'd done. He knew he got really worked up when he ignored his needs, but that had snuck up on him. Ignoring his situation had just made it worse when his fantasies got hold of him.

He slowly stood and staggered over to the camera, canceling the continuous shooting. He reviewed the first few images, smiling at how cute the pictured girl looked with her embarrassed expression, and how hot it was as she started stripping despite her obvious nervousness. The husky stopped his review before he found his hands wandering again.

A knock sounded at his door, followed by Ryan's voice, sounding like he was just barely suppressing a laugh. "Hey, you feeling all right?"

Brandon froze. How loud had he been? The yell at the end had just happened; he couldn't help it. He'd never been that vocal before. He yelled back through the door. "Um, yeah, why?" He leaned against his door to make sure it couldn't 'accidentally' open.

Ryan lost his battle and chuckled briefly. "Well, it sounded like you were either getting murdered or getting off, and if you're answering me I guess I know which it is. Well done, bro."

The husky whimpered. There was no possible counter to that.

The wolf gave one last tease. "Hey, no shame. I'd be doing the same if I got temporary access to new equipment. And that better have been your camera I heard beeping."

Brandon's ears flattened. How long had he been listening? "No comment, and I'll thank you to keep this to yourself."

Ryan laughed again. "Sure, sure. But I'm gonna bug you for those pics."

Brandon knew he would, too. Maybe he could crop some to hide the diaper and make them fit for sharing. "Whatever, I'm going to bed." He didn't listen for the wolf's response, just walked away from the door and got ready for bed. Since he was already nearly naked, that really only involved hitting the lights and grabbing his plush husky to snuggle.

Tomorrow would be a hell of a day. He'd get another cleaning and be even more girly, and then have to go to class to meet Hannah. There was a good chance a lot of people would find out that he was female, if only temporarily. Brandon hugged the plushie tight to his chest. He'd get through it somehow. It was only a matter of time until everything was back to normal.

Friday began as Wednesday did. Though Brandon usually had a morning class, he skipped it and slept in. Without the incentive of Hannah, nothing could get him out of the apartment. Entirely too soon after he dragged himself out of bed, it was time to start preparing for class. He put off the cleaning until after he had a sponge bath. Even if it only bought a few minutes of being less feminized it was worth it.

Upon return to his room, it was time. He waited until just after he wet to get more time before he next dampened his diaper. Being dry while talking to Hannah might give a little confidence boost. He knew pretty much what to expect now. With a couple days' worth of wettings in it, cleaning the diaper would produce a dramatic change, likely with uncontrollable arousal again. Given how much he'd already changed, that would probably lead to his first female orgasm. His curiosity was outweighed by the weirdness of the situation, and given the choice he'd remain ignorant of what it was like for the other sex.

But he wanted to see Hannah, so he couldn't let her down. It had to be done. Brandon sat on the bed, clad only in the diaper, and triggered the cleaning. His nervousness made the cleaning process feel longer than usual, anticipation of what would happen when he started changing gnawing at him.

The tingling struck, fierce and sudden, but it couldn't completely drown out the sensation of his body shifting. He squirmed on his covers as his guts churned and the weight on his chest increased. The diaper got tight again, and only let up slightly. His hips pulled it higher, snug against his crotch. He didn't feel anything but softness against his crotch; there was nothing left to be squeezed.

As expected, the arousal hit before his body even stopped shifting, making him gasp at the sheer intensity of the need. Both his hands dropped to his crotch as his hips bucked into the air, seeking out the penetration that his body suddenly desperately desired. He felt inflamed, empty, wet in a way entirely different from how he had been almost constantly for the past week.

The former male whimpered as her rubbing finally found the ideal spot, forcing soft padding into a newly-formed cleft and sliding it across a delightfully sensitive spot at the top. Brandon yipped as she humped her hands, lasting only seconds before her body tensed, muscles she had never felt before fluttering in her lower body, trying to grip something that wasn't there.

The husky gasped for breath as the feminine orgasm faded. It was amazing, similar to what she had felt during her performance for the camera, but more intense,

and there were clear differences in the anatomy down there. She tried to look down her body, but even in her reclined position her breasts were blocking her view.

She whined and sat up, examining how her endowments had grown. There was no other appropriate word, they were huge. She lifted one in a hand, marveling at the weight and size. Maybe they only looked so big from the angle, she assured herself. The mirror would tell the truth.

Brandon stood and stumbled forward, unbalanced by the weight of her breasts. She caught herself against her desk, the sharp corner that had started all her problems poking her a couple inches above her belly button. She froze. The desk had been level with her hips before, which meant she had lost at least five inches of height.

She spun and looked in her mirror, whimpering at her new appearance. It was clear where the mass from her lost height had gone. Her breasts *were* huge, even given her heavier build, dominating the view of her figure, and she could already feel that their weight would get annoying. Her hips were almost as wide, making her still-thick waist look thinner. The almost exaggerated femininity was exactly the opposite of what Brandon wanted to see. Would her clothes even fit her any more? The one bright spot she could verify in her reflection was that her diaper had stayed dry. As cute as girls in wet diapers were, she was happy to be starting the afternoon without that distraction.

Brandon turned away. She had known this moment was probably coming, and she'd been close earlier, but being fully was exceptionally strange. She idly felt the front of her diaper, tight and smooth against her flat groin, aftershocks of pleasure spiking through her. Her brief moment of masturbation had felt amazing, but she didn't think she'd be trying it again. It was just too weird being in a different body. She tried the tapes on the diaper, hoping that maybe now that it was finished changing her it would let her out, but no luck.

Getting dressed produced mixed results. Her shorts were tight across her hips and ass, but loose in the waist. The shirt benefited from her lost height. Without that, her breasts would have stretched it enough to expose her midriff. As it was, it was a close thing, and a stretch would likely lead to a view of her fluffy belly fur.

The tight t-shirt compressed her breasts slightly, making them look smaller, but also more obvious. Her nipples continued to be irritated by the cotton, poking through the shirt and grabbing more attention.

That was how she had to go to class, grabbing her bag and rushing out into the common room. Unfortunately, Ryan was there and saw her come out. "Whoa! In the event of a water landing, your husky can be used as a floatation device. Now those are some tits. Can I touch them?"

Brandon kept walking. "No."

Ryan stood from the couch and followed. "Come on, twenty bucks for a grope."
"No."

The wolf trailed her to the door. "Not even a quick flash?"

Brandon didn't answer, leaving the wolf to get the door shut in his face.

She got several interested looks on the way to class. A pair of large, unrestrained breasts, can do that, even if the owner is holding her arms across them to try and stop the swaying. Brandon kept her head down as hurried, avoiding any questions people might have for her.

The looks only continued once she got to Writing class, several people wondering who the busty girl was. Brandon took her seat in the back and waited for Hannah to show.

When the lynx walked in, she immediately caught sight of Brandon and waved happily. She dropped into the seat next to Brandon and looked the husky over appreciatively. "Wow, you look great. Those breasts may give you trouble, though. Did you custom order them that big?"

Brandon blushed. "No. It's just a gender swap. I guess I got lucky."

Hannah laughed. "Call it lucky after you've been carrying them around for a while."

The husky nodded. "They're already a little annoying."

The smaller girl patted her shoulder. "Well, a bra will help a lot. That'll probably be the first thing we pick up tomorrow."

Brandon gulped. "Tomorrow?"

Hannah smiled. "Yep. That's when we're going shopping. You look like you're done changing. Right?"

I better be, she thought. "I think so."

"Good! We have a lot of things to pick up. I've never helped get someone a full wardrobe before. This is going to be great!"

The husky tried to force herself to look excited. "Yeah, this guy stuff isn't all that great anymore."

Hannah nearly purred with excitement, short tail swishing behind her. "We can definitely fix that. I'll pick you up tomorrow, ok?"

Brandon found herself agreeing and sharing her address, only realizing a moment later that Hannah might end up meeting her roommates, who had completely different ideas about why she was a she.

It was then that class got called to session, giving Brandon an hour to formulate a plan on how to arrange that meeting to avoid Hannah finding out the truth. She'd just have to avoid having her actually meet the other guys; she wasn't sure they could avoid slipping up.

As she'd expected, she didn't manage to pay much attention to the professor. Pondering her own problems passed the time fast enough, and when they were dismissed she knew better than to try and run from Hannah.

The lynx jumped right back into their conversation. "Ok, be ready tomorrow morning. Doesn't matter what you wear, since you'll be getting better stuff anyway. Do you know anything about what you want? Have you been dressing already?"

Brandon blushed. "No...I hadn't planned that far ahead. I guess I'm good as long as it fits properly."

Hannah smiled. "Hm, sounds like you're a little tomboyish. I bet we can fix that."

The husky didn't especially want to be cured of that, but it would all be worth it if she could get an in with Hannah. Then when she changed back she'd explain it away somehow and everything would be perfect. Until then, the situation would be embarrassing, but hopefully bearable. Best case was finding a way to get Hannah to try on some clothes along with her. Just the thought of watching the pretty lynx undress had the warm ache building in her again. It was a relief to know that it was just her body that had changed and not her preferences. "I don't know how in to it I'll

be, but you're welcome to try."

Hannah seemed to take it as a challenge. "Oh, I guarantee I'll get you in pink by the end of the day."

Brandon blushed, declining to mention that she was already wearing one pink item. "Not my color, but fair enough."

The pair stood up and moved to the door. Hannah gave the husky a hug, less able to get her arms around the heavier girl now that her breasts were so large, holding on a few seconds longer than Brandon expected her to. "I can't wait! I can tell you're nervous, but you better not chicken out on me."

The husky enjoyed the embrace, happy the other girl's hands didn't go a bit lower and feel something she'd be surprised by. "I won't."

They parted company then, Brandon finding herself smiling as she made the walk home. Though she was nervous about managing the different stories, she was getting closer to Hannah, and that was definitely a benefit. She was still smiling when she made it back to the apartment, which had everyone present.

Rob jumped up as soon as he heard her enter, his face falling once he got another look at her. "Oh, it's worse."

Brandon waved him off. "Worry not, I'll be back to my manly self soon enough."

Ryan let out an "Awww" of disappointment.

The husky was feeling upbeat enough and dry enough to spend the rest of the night in the common room. For once, Rob didn't try to crowd her on the couch, and she was finding it easier to ignore Ryan's occasional requests to see her naked. For most of the night Jake wore an incredulous expression, like he couldn't believe he put up with the behavior of the other three, but that wasn't anything new.

Sleep came easy that night, though as opposed to previous nights Brandon wore a t-shirt to help keep her breasts in check. She was confident her problems would be over soon.

Morning started with Brandon being confused about why she'd set an alarm on the weekend. When she remembered her appointment with Hannah, she bounced excitedly out of bed, her spirits only slightly dampened by the heavy diaper clinging to her waist. She gave the tapes a quick tug but they held fast. Looked like at least one more day of being stuck. She could at least get clean, though. It wasn't like there was any more she could change.

Brandon sat on her bed almost casually and ran the cleaning routine, shivering as she felt the phantom touch of a cleaning wipe on her rearranged privates, reaffirming that things were completely different down there. Though she was convinced there would be no further changing, the husky still braced herself for strangeness as the cleaning process ended. What she got was a quick wave of tingliness, then nothing more. It made her nipples perk up, but damn near everything got their attention it seemed.

It was almost disappointing that it didn't feel like it had before with the change. Being forced to masturbate to relieve uncontrollable arousal was pretty humiliating, but it had felt great while it was happening.

Now that she was "out" with her roommates, she only had to hide the diaper while she ran to the bathroom to clean up, making it much easier to get there and back with

minimal stress. Even though she'd confirmed the changing was over, she didn't take a proper shower. Too much unpleasant association, and not worth poking the fate bear by overloading the diaper. Brandon got dressed quickly, as Hannah had ordered not worrying too much about style, just making sure she had on a t-shirt that wouldn't be stretched to see-through by her breasts. She didn't bother with a belt; her hips held up her shorts fine, and it would just be annoying when trying on clothes. Satisfied she looked as good as a curvy girl in poorly-fitting guy's clothes could, she went to wait in the common room. She wanted to make sure she got the door when Hannah arrived.

The lynx showed up several minutes early, cueing Brandon to jump up and rush the door just as Ryan emerged from his bedroom. The wolf saw Brandon trying to hurry out to her friend and couldn't resist saying something. "So, found a girl-stuff coach?"

Brandon looked back at him with pleading eyes, then jumped as Hannah answered for her. "Yep, we're going shopping. I hope you've been supportive of her through this. It's a big decision."

Ryan could barely contain his laughter, but eventually managed to react seriously. "Oh, you bet. We love being supportive." When the lynx turned to talk to Brandon, Ryan made a cupping gesture with his hands near his chest, clarifying what he'd like to be supporting.

Brandon rolled her eyes and shouted a quick goodbye to Ryan, then almost pulled Hannah out the door. "I'd like to get going if you don't mind."

Hannah beamed. "Excited, eh? Sure, let's go."

During the drive to the mall, Hannah tried the probe the increasingly nervous husky for her clothing preferences, but didn't have much luck. "Wow, you are seriously fashion-deprived. Do you even like looking at girls?"

Brandon blushed. "Yeah, I definitely do, I just don't pay that much attention to the clothes."

The lynx giggled. "So I guess that makes you a lesbian now?"

The husky was silent for a moment. "Yeah, I suppose it would. As if I won't have enough trouble finding someone when I'm a less than ideal shape." She was admittedly fishing a bit, but it was a safe way to find out if she would have a shot when she turned back male. Hannah waved without taking her eyes off the road. "Pff, you're still plenty cute, and those boobs would get you plenty of attention even if the rest of you was an amorphous blob."

Brandon laughed, rejoicing on the inside. Hannah called her cute! "Thanks, I think."

Hannah smiled. "But seriously, you'll find out. Nobody is safe. So back to clothes, what do you think you'd enjoy seeing a girlfriend in?"

That was easier to answer than her preferences for herself, though she had to resist simply listing off what Hannah was currently wearing. "Well, something that shows off curves, but not too exposing or slutty or whatever. Skirts are pretty cute, and I like ladies in..." *Don't say diapers.* "...Cute underwear."

The other girl nodded. "That's very doable. But you better be careful, an addiction to cute undies can get out of hand."

Brandon thought things were out of hand with her current underwear, but wasn't going to try to one-up Hannah. "I can see that."

Hannah looked thoughtful for a moment. "Do you have a new name picked out? I don't expect you to have done the official change yet, but Brandon isn't a really appropriate name any more."

Brandon suppressed a whimper. "Not yet. I didn't plan this as much as you might think. It just turned out to be possible and then...happened." She was getting better with explanations that were technically true.

The lynx hummed. "So you went for it before you got cold feet? Understandable."

The newly-feminine husky got more nervous as they arrived at the mall. She could probably afford the clothes she'd be buying, but she dreaded Hannah finding out about the diapers.

Brandon trailed slightly behind Hannah as they walked through the mall, keeping her eyes down so she didn't have to know if people were looking at her. She almost didn't notice the lynx come to a halt in front of the store she'd been most nervous about visiting. "Do we have to do this first?"

Hannah patted the husky's shoulder. "Yep, it will be a good introduction for you, and you need to be wearing the right underwear to make sure everything else fits properly."

Brandon sighed, nodded, and followed her into Victoria's Secret. She'd never been in the store before, and felt like an interloper, even though the weight on her chest was a constant reminder that she did belong.

Hannah led the shy husky up to a salesperson. "Hi! My friend here is new to being a girl, so we need to get her measured and geared up."

The husky did whimper at that. She hadn't expected to be outed so casually.

The lynx gave her a one-armed hug. "Don't worry, I'm sure you're not the first, and it explains why you're showing up dressed like a boy and not knowing your sizes."

The salesperson, a cute rabbit, smiled and nodded. "Yep, we get some new girls on occasion. Pretty much all of them bring a friend too. So let's take you back and get measured, eh? You want your friend to come?"

Brandon looked to Hannah, then nodded. It would increase the risk of certain discoveries, but she needed the moral support. "Yes, please."

All three made their way to the fitting rooms, the rabbit retrieving a measuring tape from the sales desk on the way. Once in the more private area with the door closed, the rabbit produced a fairly large bra. "Ok, take your shirt off and we'll get started."

The husky blushed, but hesitated only a moment before pulling the t-shirt over her head. She held it over her breasts, looking embarrassed.

Hannah suppressed a giggle, but the rabbit just smiled. "You're going to have to get over that. Even though you're impressively perky for your size, you need to be wearing a bra to measure right, so I'm going to have you put this one on and then we'll find your proper size."

Brandon nodded and put her shirt off to the side, fully revealing her ample assets. Hannah whistled appreciatively, making the husky blush harder. The new girl took the offered bra and awkwardly got her arms through the straps and positioned the cups. It was a strange experience, and one she never expected to have. She reached behind her to fasten the band and fumbled for several seconds.

Hannah giggled again, and the salesgirl stepped up and helped. "Here you go."

It takes some practice.”

The bra cups dug into Brandon’s breasts uncomfortably, making her squirm and try to adjust them. “I think it’s a bit tight.” Despite the discomfort, the support was welcome, though the lift did make her chest even more prominent.

The rabbit nodded. “I expected it to be, but this is the biggest one I already had back here. Just bear it for a moment.” She wrapped the measuring tape around the husky, passing it across the band fastener on the back and along the top slope of her breasts. “Ok, band size thirty eight.” She slid the tape down to wrap directly across the husky’s nipples. “And forty three and change there. You’re a bit compressed, so we’ll call that forty four. Congratulations, that makes you a thirty eight triple D.”

Brandon gulped. “It goes to triple D?”

Hannah was grinning widely. “Yep. You’ll also hear it called F.”

The husky whined. She knew she was above average, but that was a hell of a size. “Ok, wow.”

The rabbit unfastened the band. “I’ll let you be comfortable again there. We don’t have all that much selection in your size, I’m afraid, but we can get you started. Has your waist size changed?”

Brandon nodded. “Yeah, I used to be a lot thicker there, but now it’s all on my hips.”

“Ok then.” The rabbit wrapped the tape measure around her waist, then moved it down to her hips, making the husky tense up as she worried she might be asked to pull down her shorts. “Looks like you’re an extra large for panties. Would you like to come and pick some stuff out, or should I just grab some selections for you?”

Brandon shrugged. “Um, I don’t have any preferences really. Just nothing too racy. And I don’t need panties. I’m fine on that, really.”

Hannah bounced up. “Oh, I’ll help. Wait here, Brandon. I’ll make sure you have fun stuff to try. And no being a tomboy! You will get panties and you’ll like it.”

Brandon whimpered, but nobody heard because lynx and rabbit had both left her alone as they fetched new undergarments for her. She looked around nervously, still holding the too-small bra against her breasts modestly. At least she wouldn’t have to try on any panties they brought for approval. It wouldn’t be hygienic, so at least she could hide her diaper a little longer.

A couple minutes passed before Hannah returned, hands full of things that seemed to be made of quite a lot of very little. The lynx held up a pink lace bra. The cups seemed huge to Brandon, but they were cutely trimmed and lacy enough to see through. “You will look adorable in this.”

The husky blushed. “Went for the pink right from the beginning, eh? Fair enough, I’ll try it. Is that really my size?”

Hannah set the rest of her pile on the low seat in the fitting room. “Yep, you’re a big girl. I wouldn’t blame you if you got a reduction at some point, but those are some really nice breasts as they are.” She held out the bra for Brandon to put on.

As she dropped her breasts into the large cups, Brandon wondered about Hannah’s compliment. It seemed like a bit more than a reassuring comment, but she had no idea how girls usually talked to each other about such things. Maybe it was normal for them to compliment each others’ bodies that way.

The lynx helped her fasten the back again and adjusted the shoulder straps.

“How’s that?”

Brandon shifted side to side and jumped gently. Her breasts still swayed quite a bit, but they were far more in control, and the support was very welcome. The weight was a little heavy on her shoulders, and she was glad the bra she was given had relatively wide straps. “Much better. I don’t know about the pink or the lace, but this is a big help.”

Hannah hugged her from behind. “Glad to help! You should get at least one set of cute things. I have some plainer ones in boring colors for you as well.”

The testing continued with the other styles of bra that were on offer. As the salesgirl had mentioned, the selection was limited, but that bothered Hannah more than Brandon. It was when the panties were brought out that things got embarrassing again. Hannah held up a pair that looked to be made of three pieces of string and a small triangle of pink cloth.

Brandon raised an eyebrow. “Why did you bring an eyepatch? Because those can’t be panties.”

Hannah giggled. “It’s a V-string. Very cute. You’d look great in it.”

The husky looked doubtful. “Are those really comfortable? Seems like they wouldn’t be.”

Hannah shrugged. “You get used to it. It’s really helpful when you wear tight pants. No visible lines. See?” She turned and bent over, giving the husky a good look at her pants clinging to her shapely rear, with no panty line.

Brandon blushed and admired the view for several seconds before answering, the new kind of heat returning to her nethers. “Ok, an excellent point, but I probably won’t be getting anything tight.”

Hannah stood and winked at her. “We’ll see about that. But I still think this would be very cute on you. Take off your shorts. I want to hold them up and see, but those are way too baggy for me to get a good idea of your shape.”

That was exactly the reason Brandon was wearing those shorts. “Um, I’d really rather not.”

The smaller girl frowned. “Come now, I’ve already seen your boobs. How bad is it if I see your boxers? Or are you wearing the panties that changed you? Oh, I bet they’re really cute! Can I see?” She jumped forward and started undoing Brandon’s shorts.

Brandon yipped and backed up, but in her surprise she hesitated long enough for Hannah to get the shorts unbuttoned— an easy task given they were loose at the waist—letting them drop and expose the ruffled pink top of her diaper. She tripped over her feet and fell onto her soft rear with a gasp.

Hannah clasped a hand over her mouth. “Sorry! I didn’t expect you to react like that. Here.” She held out a hand to help Brandon up.

Brandon blushed. She just wanted to get covered again before Hannah figured out what she’d exposed. “It’s ok.” She took the proffered hand and pushed off the ground with her other arm, leaving neither free when her slight slide across the carpet pulled her shorts further down her hips, leaving them to rumple to her feet as she stood. She froze, looking in horror as Hannah stared at her damp diaper.

The lynx cocked her head in confusion for several seconds, then blushed and quickly turned her back to let Brandon pull her shorts back up. “Oh man, I’m so sorry. I

had no idea. I really shouldn't have done that. Do you hate me now?"

Brandon whimpered softly. Her worst fear had come true. She should have known she couldn't get through a shopping trip with her problem still secret. Her eyes teared up slightly as she answered. "I-it's all right. You couldn't have known."

Hannah was silent for almost a minute. "Um...I noticed it was pink."

Brandon whined again. "Yeah...you were partially right. It's what did the change for me."

The lynx looked over her shoulder and found Brandon decent again. "Oh. I guess it would make sense to have them in that form for people with...problems. And it explains why you didn't want panties."

Brandon rushed to protest, too eager to save some dignity to think of the consequences of her explanations. "Oh, no. I don't have the problem except when this is on. It's part of what it does."

Hannah looked confused again. "It causes the same problem it's supposed to help with? Why would they sell something like that?"

Brandon turned bright red and whimpered loudly. There was no good answer but the truth. She tried to tell herself that it would have come out eventually if she wanted a relationship with Hannah, but that did little to ease the embarrassment at the moment. "Because...there are people who like wearing diapers...and using them."

Hannah thought about that for a moment. "Huh. That's a new one."

The embarrassed husky averted her eyes. "I'd understand if you want to cut this short. I know I'm pretty weird for this."

Hannah scoffed. "Meh, I've heard of worse. We all have our unique interests." She paused a second. "For example, and I admit this is a bit more mainstream, but I'm especially fond of pudgy girls."

Two thoughts ran through Brandon's head almost simultaneously. The first was lamenting that the revelation meant she wouldn't have a chance with Hannah once she changed back. The second was a voice that seemed to be screaming, 'Fuck that, you have a chance with her *right now*.' All of which was mixed with intense relief that Hannah wasn't horrified. She stammered for a moment. "O-oh. So you're..."

Hannah nodded. "Yep, a lesbian. Just like you are now."

Brandon was dazed, the roller coaster of emotions taking its toll on her. "Right... like me."

The lynx gave her another lingering hug. "I should admit that was part of the reason I was so excited to go shopping with you. You're welcome to kick me out of the changing rooms from now on."

That would be a bit too hypocritical. "Um, I also came partly because I was hoping to see you get changed too."

Hannah laughed. "So that balances out. I still need to make up for embarrassing you, though. Anyway, you still need to pick out some panties."

Brandon was too off-balance to counter Hannah's suggestions. In the end, the husky walked out of the store with a selection of the flimsy V-string panties that the lynx had picked out, and nothing more modest. She also had a few bras in her size, the original pink lace one supporting her under the t-shirt.

As they walked to the next store, Hannah grew curious again. "Um, one more question if you don't mind. I understand you like...what you're wearing, but why wear

it out shopping? You clearly weren't happy to have it seen."

The answer was embarrassing, but much less than what had already been revealed. Her ears folded, but she answered steadily. "Oh, it has a time lock feature that's a little too easy to turn on. I can't get it off."

Hannah laughed out loud. "I'm sorry. I know I shouldn't laugh, but you have to admit that's kind of funny."

For someone else, yeah, it probably was. "True. I should be able to get out in the next couple days. I can't remember exactly how long it was set for."

Hannah chuckled again. "Ok, I'm assuming it's self cleaning or else it would have looked a lot more used than it did."

That got Brandon to whimper in embarrassment again. "Yeah, but it feels kinda weird, so I only do it in private. I've gotten used to being wet."

Hannah nodded. "Aww, poor girl. I'm sure you'll be housebroken soon." She gave the husky's padded seat a quick squeeze.

Brandon shivered at how closely her actions matched some of his fantasies. "Yeah, hopefully."

They hit several more stores, Hannah dispensing more clothing advice than Brandon could possibly remember. She collected an assortment of skirts, the first choice of both of them once Hannah realized that tight pants were out of the question until they could be tried on without Brandon in a diaper. The lynx still made her pick up a couple shorter selections, even though they came perilously close to displaying her diaper if she made any wrong movement.

Both girls were loaded with bags as they exited the mall, and Brandon's "for emergencies only" credit card had taken a severe beating. Even a minimal wardrobe isn't cheap. The husky was wearing some of her new clothes: a swishy black skirt that covered to mid-thigh along with a matching top that showed off her breasts more than she really preferred. She still felt like a cross dresser in the feminine clothing, despite the fact that they fit far better than her male clothes had.

Brandon was sure they'd be heading back to campus after the mall, and got curious when Hannah instead turned down a side road. "I thought we were just getting clothes."

Hannah laughed. "Don't be silly. That's not all you need."

Much to Brandon's surprise, she pulled into the lot of a store he had never visited before, though she had seen and laughed at the sign. She definitely hadn't expected to be making a stop at Adult World. "What do I need from here?"

Hannah smiled cryptically. "I'll show you. Let's go." She exited the car, forcing Brandon to follow along. The lynx led her companion directly to a wall covered with an assortment of phallic objects in myriad shapes, some realistic, some outlandish.

Brandon was blushing from the moment they entered the store. She wasn't really fond of the idea of anything looking like a penis being inside her. "Ok, there's no way I'm getting one of these."

Hannah tsked. "Every girl needs one. But that's still ok. I'm getting it for you to make up for embarrassing you."

Brandon looked around. The store wasn't empty, but the other customers were all minding their own business. Still, she didn't like being seen there. "I'm pretty embarrassed right now."

Hannah looked skeptical. "What, you never came here before?"

Brandon shook her head. "Why would I, when I have the internet?" She gestured to the wall of dildos. "It's not like these would have been useful to me."

Hannah laughed. "Oh, how mistaken you are. You were missing out. But enough of that. We have to choose your first vibrator. Since you're a canine, you'll probably want one with a knot, but that's not a beginner level thing. Keep it in mind for later."

The husky whimpered. The talk of sex was getting her hot, especially thinking of Hannah using one of the objects she was about to get for Brandon, but the mental images of being on the receiving end of sex were disturbing. "Um, anything is fine then. I'll defer to your expertise."

Hannah traced a finger along several boxes, checking the pictures on them. "Very wise of you." She picked out one item and handed it to Brandon. "How about this?"

It was a simple bullet shape, thankfully not realistic, seemingly made of brushed aluminum. Brandon almost expected to see an Apple logo on it. It was likely the least objectionable one on offer. "I guess that's ok."

"Excellent!" Hannah took it to the counter and paid, Brandon trailing behind shyly. She handed the vibrator to the blushing husky to carry, and headed out. "Ok, *now* we're done shopping, but your lessons aren't finished. Wanna come back to my place and get some more education?"

Brandon's gut tightened. She was torn about how to respond. On one hand, Hannah had mentioned finding her cute, and admitted to a general preference for Brandon's body type. It was entirely possible the lessons she had in mind were the kind Brandon had wanted to have with her almost since she first saw her. But she was in the wrong body. She wanted to be with the lynx as a guy, not in her current very female form. She didn't even know if Hannah also liked guys. This could be her only chance at all. "Um, sure."

The sly grin on Hannah's face implied her motives were exactly as naughty as Brandon had surmised. "Excellent. I have a lot to teach you."

Brandon was silent most of the rest of the ride, staring at the boxed vibrator in his hands. She finally got the courage to ask what had been on her mind. "So, if I could ask a question. You said you like girls, do you like guys too?"

Hannah shrugged. "Nah, I love me some curves. I'm sure you understand."

Brandon's heart sank. "Yeah. No denying the allure there."

#

They arrived at Hannah's apartment complex, off-campus as opposed to Brandon's more convenient arrangement, and the lynx led the way to her unit. "My roommate should be out. She was kind enough to indulge my request to have some private time with you."

Brandon blushed. She knew what was happening, but was too unsure about her situation to go with it easily. "We need privacy?"

Hannah purred and ran her hand along Brandon's side. "Don't play coy. I know you know why I invited you up. I've given enough hints. Are you having second thoughts?"

She was, but a part of her strongly linked to the warm ache building down below was urging her to just have fun, worry about the strangeness later. “No. Just nervous. This is all new for me, remember.”

Hannah giggled, sliding her hands up under the husky’s shirt, ruffling her fur and working her way up to the large breasts held there. “Oh? Haven’t done any exploring yet?”

Brandon didn’t think she could blush any deeper, but her face was giving it a shot. The warm flush seemed to extend all the way down her body, especially collecting in certain very pleasant places. “A little when half done, but not since I finished changing.”

Hannah removed her hands and hummed, taking Brandon by the arm and leading her gently to the bedroom. “Well then, this is going to be *very* educational.” She guided the nervous husky to the bed, petting her calmingly. “You can stop if you want, but I think you’ll have fun.” She started to undo the buttons on Brandon’s top.

The husky breathed heavily to control her nervousness. She did nothing to help or hinder, starting to blush as the lacy pink bra was revealed. It was still staggering that she needed such a thing, and she would be glad when it was over. She mewled as the lynx’s hand rubbed across her breast through the bra.

Hannah purred and pushed the husky’s top down her arms, then reached behind and expertly unhooked the pink bra, freeing the heavy breasts that sagged only slightly. “Mmm, let’s get a closer look at these.” She helped Brandon out of the bra, blocking her arms as they came up to cover herself. “None of that now. I want a good view of those things.”

Brandon blushed. Her nipples were already tight with excitement, poking eagerly through her thick fur. “I’m still not used to having them.”

Hannah put a hand on the other girl’s shoulder, guiding her to lay down on the bed. “I’ll make you appreciate them.” She leaned over the husky, resting some of her weight on the thicker girl’s plush curves, nuzzling at the deep valley between her breasts. “Mmm, big tits and husky fluff. This is the best thing ever.”

Brandon huffed, her inner heat building at the close contact with the lynx. She wasn’t sure how she felt about her female body being the source of the pleasure she was feeling, but the enjoyment was rapidly overriding her nervousness.

Hannah drew her hands down Brandon’s waist, squeezing her ample rump with a crinkle. “Hmm, do whatever you need to make this clean, cutie.”

The husky woofed gently. Clean it? “Um, since it won’t come off, I thought I just be doing things for you.”

The smaller girl stood and wagged her finger. “You could do that as a guy. That would hardly be a proper introduction. Besides, clothes don’t need to come all the way off.” To prove her point, she slipped a hand down the front of her pants, gasping sharply as she moved it around. She climbed back on top of Brandon and slid her damp finger across the husky’s nose letting her smell the evidence of her arousal. “I want you wet, but in the same way as me. Go on and clean up for me.”

The scent of aroused female assaulted Brandon’s nose, as enticing now as it ever was when she was a male. She moaned and squirmed on the bed as her heat built, the dampness that Hannah asked for already building. “O-ok.” She thought of being clean, the new wetness at her crotch disappearing momentarily before it was

refreshed, the gentle spike of arousal a cleaning now brought becoming far more intense with her being already worked up. Her back arched as her need doubled, the ache to have something inside her returning, like a deep-down itch that needed scratching. "Ah!"

Hannah pinched Brandon's nipple, making the heated girl gasp once more. "Oho, you didn't tell me it felt so good. Now let's see how much the new girl is enjoying herself." She removed the husky's skirt, the other girl unconsciously lifting her hips to help out, leaving panting canine in only her puffy pink diaper. Her hand wasted no time snaking down the front of the padding, seeking to introduce Brandon to feminine pleasure.

A moment of worry worked its way through Brandon's arousal. She had avoided paying too much attention to the changes down there. Being covered by the diaper, they were easy to ignore. But now Hannah's hand was dipping down, about to bring significant attention to her new anatomy, and she found herself unwilling to stop it.

The touch started at her pubic fur, teasing there for only a moment, then a finger traced along the damp lips of her sex, a soft pad tickling her swollen, aroused flesh. Brandon whined, unconsciously lifting her hips against the pleasurable touch. The ache was almost painful now, an emptiness that begged to be filled. She no longer worried about it being strange; she just wanted to sate the intense need she was feeling.

Hannah moved her hand as the husky's hips raised, denying her the increased pleasure she sought, instead continuing to stroke along the shivering girl's crease, giving just enough pressure to hint at penetration. "How does that feel? Anything like what you're used to?"

Brandon whimpered, trying to shift against the teasing finger. "No. It's...stronger. Empty. Please."

Hannah pressed just slightly harder, barely parting the slick lips with her finger. "Please what? What does my girl want?"

The lynx probably thought she was helping Brandon get used to being a girl, but really her words were just embarrassing to the former male. She whined at the humiliation of having made herself like this through her own mistake, given herself the impressively feminine body that Hannah was now playing like a fine instrument. At the same time, the words fed her arousal, her belly muscles jumping every time she was called 'girl', a tightening and increased wetness down below as she was forced to admit what she wanted. "Put it inside me. Please. I need to feel it."

Hannah purred and pressed her body against Brandon's. "Hmm, sounds like I've gotten you feeling properly girly then. Here it comes, hon."

And then, with shocking suddenness, Hannah's finger was *inside* her, the first type of penetration Brandon had ever experienced. The feeling of her body surrounding the invading digit, holding it tightly, squeezing it like her intense pleasure was being milked directly from it was unbelievable to the husky. Her hips drove upward, and Hannah didn't pull away, shoving deeper herself, curling the finger to drag across Brandon's moist, sensitive internal walls. Brandon yelled, clawing at the bed. Muscles she'd never felt before fluttered, brand new nerves lighting up with unknown pleasures.

Hannah held her through the tremor, not a climax, but something very close,

nuzzling the pudgy girl's neck. "Mmm, good girl. Tell me how much you like it."

Brandon mewled, barely able to find her voice. "Oh gods, it's amazing! More!" The desperate feminine moans she was making turned her on even more. She bucked as Hannah fucked her with one, then two fingers, feeling her juices trickle through her fur to collect at the seat of her diaper.

The husky's reactions made Hannah purr in delight. She sped up her fingers, exploring Brandon's virgin anatomy with expertise, locating the spots that would make her mewl and shake the most. Her other hand toyed with the large girl's plentiful breasts, pawing at them as she pinched and brushed across the nipples. "More you say? Get ready." With that, her thumb found a little nub of flesh at the top of Brandon's tight slit, a spot she'd been intentionally ignoring. A quick stroke and a firm press and her work was complete.

Suddenly Brandon couldn't breathe. Every muscle in her body tightened at once, back arching high off the bed, tail wagging below. Her face scrunched up, climax roaring through her body, every nerve alight with pleasure from toe to nose. The orgasm right after the final change had been powerful, but it was nothing compared to this. A polaroid next to a Van Gogh. Her body squeezed down on Hannah's fingers even as a spray of her juices soaked the other girl's hand, followed closely by another form of wetness.

As Brandon relaxed, she felt the spreading warmth in her diaper where she was wetting, catching Hannah's hand in the flow. Shame immediately cut through her afterglow as she tried to stop, as ever finding herself unable to express any control at all. "No no no! Why?" She started to tear up as she looked to Hannah to see how angry she was.

To her surprise, Hannah patted her head and kissed her. "Hey now, relax. I should have seen this coming. It even happens to some girls who aren't under the influence of magic. Oh, the stories I could tell you if I hadn't promised to never share." She pressed her hand against the dry spots on the inside of the husky's diaper. "It's just pee. No big deal. Be right back, you get clean." She stood and walked into the bathroom.

Brandon listened to the lynx wash her hands, staring at the doorway in amazement. How had she gotten so lucky? She knew she had to repay the lynx, and that would have to be done before she changed back. All thoughts of how to do that were lost as Hannah reentered the bedroom, wearing not a stitch of clothing.

She was the most beautiful figure Brandon had ever seen, from her face with the predatory grin to her small but pleasantly-shaped breasts capped with stiff nipples, to the matted, damp fur around her crotch. Her body was wonderful normally, but in her current state it showed a sexual power and dominance that utterly melted the husky.

Hannah padded back over to the side of the bed, placing her crotch right at head level of the reclining husky, freshening the scent of feline arousal that still lingered in her nose. "Hmm, I thought I told you to get clean again. Hop to it, girl."

Brandon shook her head and meeped, rushing to comply. "Sorry." The freshening of her diaper was welcome, as it removed the dampness that had collected across her rear. The wetness from her powerful climax was also cleaned, though that spot didn't stay dry for long as another rush of arousal blew through the still-sensitive girl. Despite the thunderous orgasm she just had, her body was telling her it was

about ready to go again.

Hannah rubbed the front of Brandon's diaper, pressing it against her slit. "Shame this is here. It's time for me to get off and this could be far more educational if I could teach by example." She fiddled with one of the tapes holding the plastic garment on, and to the surprise of both, it easily released. Hannah grinned widely. "Oh my. Were you lying to me about being stuck?"

Brandon shook her head. "No! I just tried this morning and it wouldn't come off." She stared in amazement at the loose tape.

Three soft pops accompanied the releasing of the other tapes under Hannah's quick hands. "Mmm, we're going to have some fun now." She unfolded the diaper, exposing Brandon's vagina for the first time. "Beautiful. You can tell the company they do good work." She leaned in and sniffed, murring at the scent of heated husky that wafted up. "Oh good, you're still in the right mood."

A blush again tinged the husky's cheeks. She couldn't see her new anatomy from her angle, but knowing it was uncovered somehow made her feel far more vulnerable even than when she had just the diaper on. With a shock, the implications hit her. The diaper was off, and *she was still female*. Shouldn't she change back? She tried to tell herself it was all right, putting the diaper back on would probably reset it, but her thoughts were interrupted as Hannah started to crawl on top of her. The part of her concerned with making progress with the lynx cut her off with a message of, 'Table that "stuck as a girl" thing for now, hot naked chick needs our attention.'

Hannah laid across Brandon, squishing her large breasts and wiggling against her, enjoying the larger girl's softness. "Even though you make a wonderful huskypillow, we're going to play a little game now. It's like Simon Says, except there's no talking, though tongues do play an important part." She turned around, placing her face at the husky's crotch, her own nethers tantalizingly close to Brandon. "I want you to do what I do, ok? If you don't keep up, I'll stop, and you probably won't want that."

Brandon took a deep breath, inhaling the sweet scent of the lynx. She could feel herself twitching and dampening down below in reaction, even before she felt the first slow, gentle lick of that slightly rough tongue across her lightly furred sex. She gasped and waited for it to come again, but Hannah remained still.

The smaller girl lowered her hips, moving her damp slit to within inches of Brandon's muzzle. "You know the rules. We're starting easy. I know you can do it."

Brandon huffed and lifted her head, using her long tongue to gently stroke across the moist lips of the lynx's pussy, just enough to sample her flavor. Hannah had just assumed that Brandon needed lessons for this, but she was mostly correct. The new girl welcomed the opportunity to learn more. "Like that?"

Hannah murred, dipping her hips further against Brandon's face. "Mmm, yep. Now, as I do it." She lowered her face again and licked more deeply, parting the husky's swollen, sensitive lips to explore her intimately.

Still sensitive from her earlier orgasm, the attention nearly knocked the breath from Brandon. She managed to gather herself and bury her face in Hannah's slit, licking eagerly to make sure she wouldn't stop again, moving more aggressively than the lynx was.

To her disappointment, Hannah did pull back. "Ah! If I weren't so worked up already I'd give you a lecture about starting slow to tease and get your partner ready.

As it is, I'll let it slide, but if that's how you want this to go..." She dove into the husky's needy slit, using her rough tongue to great effect as she started licking deeper, giving the occasional swipe to Brandon's clit.

Brandon mewled, raising her hips reflexively. She didn't respond to Hannah's instruction, other than to continue copying her. Though her tongue lacked the smaller girl's texture, she could make up for it with length, at times extending it fully to see how deep she could reach. By the lynx's shudders and mews, she assumed it was working well. It was surreal feeling an almost mirrored sensation of what she was doing to Hannah. The feeling of something inside her was still alien and more than a little embarrassing, but it felt so good she couldn't summon much objection to it. The strangeness just made it hotter somehow. She would be yelling her delight if she didn't need to continue her own work to keep the pleasure coming.

Hannah eventually upped the ante, lowering herself down and resting her weight completely on top of Brandon again, nearly muffling the husky with her sex. Her efforts, along with her moans, grew more frantic, and she fairly assaulted Brandon's clit, dragging her slightly rough tongue over it in one long stroke, making her jump and twitch.

Brandon at last lost her focus. The cuddliness of being pressed against Hannah, the lynx's soft fur caressing her tight nipples, and the intense pleasure from the tongue working her pussy overwhelmed her as she reached another body-shaking female climax. Her head fell back away from Hannah's sex as she growled and yipped, shaking under the lithe lynx.

Hannah continued to lick her through the orgasm, lapping up her juices as they flowed from the husky's twitching passage. This time it was only Brandon's sexual juices that Hannah had to deal with, and she purred happily for several seconds before deciding the other girl had enough time to recover. She continued gently licking the damp fur on the husky's thighs as she pressed her own heated pussy against Brandon's face, making it very clear that she still had a job to do.

Brandon was happy to oblige. As soon as she caught her breath her tongue was working again, probing the lynx's depths, slurping lewdly at her nectar, flicking her tongue over the tight clit, trying to bury her muzzle inside the tight slit. She knew she had success when Hannah let out a long yowl, gripping her sides with powerful thighs, covering her face with a warm flood of wetness.

Several seconds passed while both girls breathed heavily, Brandon having a harder time of it with Hannah still resting on her. Eventually Hannah turned around again and rolled off to the husky's side. She cuddled up against her and gave her another kiss, letting the new girl learn what she tasted like. "Excellent work, girl. You learn quick."

Brandon blushed as she tasted herself, finding it not at all unpleasant. "Um... thanks." She returned the cuddles, knowing Hannah liked feeling her softness. "Are there any other lessons coming?"

Hannah giggled. "Nothing specific. Shower time?"

"Sure!"

The shared shower was extremely enjoyable for Brandon. Hannah used it as an excuse to play with her some more, using her own flowery -scented shampoo to wash the husky, paying particular attention to her round rear and heavy breasts. Brandon

appreciated having a proper shower for the first time in several days.

Brandon didn't want to admit it, but she was starting to feel more comfortable in her female body. She no longer felt like her shape was wrong and off-balance, and was getting used to seeing a female in reflections. It was exactly what Hannah was trying to do for her, but it wasn't what she wanted.

Once they were both dried off, Hannah ran back to the car to grab some more of Brandon's new clothes. In particular, now that the magic diaper was off, Hannah made her put on one of the skimpy pairs of panties. Brandon blushed as she pulled them on, feeling the string in back disappear between her cheeks. Joined by one of the sexier skirts, she felt exposed, knowing a wrong movement would reveal her entirely bare rear. It was better than showing a diaper, but not by much.

Nonetheless, Brandon still had a smile on her face as Hannah drove her home. Much of the horror she had felt about possibly being stuck as a female had faded. Sure it wasn't ideal, but Hannah was so supportive and liked her so much this way, she was starting to think she could get used to it.

Brandon carried her new wardrobe into the apartment on her own, braced to deal with the comments that would likely be coming from her roommates. She got the expected wolf whistle from Ryan, who peeked inside her Victoria's Secret bag as she went by, complimenting her on her choice of panties and making her blush. She was glad she hid the vibrator and diaper at the bottom of one of the bags of clothes.

Now she had a hard decision to make. It was possible the diaper would change her back when she next put it on, but it was still broken. The smartest thing would be to consult an expert first, and she resolved to do that, as embarrassing as it would be to spend the next few days explaining things to people. At least she didn't have to hide the diaper any more.

It may have been lingering afterglow from her introduction to sex as a female, but she was happy the rest of the night. She only accidentally flashed her roommates by forgetting to cross her legs twice, making Ryan smile and Rob cringe.

Her good mood lasted until she woke up the next morning in a wet bed.

Brandon returned to the apartment with a blank expression on her face. She ignored her roommates and stalked to her room, closing the door behind her, and tossing her bag in the corner. She sat on her bed, looking dazed. The visit to the magic expert had not gone well.

She reached under her bed and pulled out the half-empty package of mundane diapers she stored there. One was missing for each night since the night of her shopping trip with Hannah. The wetting hadn't continued through the day, but she hadn't had a dry night yet. That was the limit of what had been reversed when the magic diaper came off. Being induced by broken magic, nobody would be willing to attempt to reverse the effect with another spell because of the large probability of an unpredictable result that would be even worse. She'd be in diapers at night forever.

According to the magic consultant, she would have been stuck with nighttime incontinence from the moment the diaper had been damaged. If she had gotten help then, the magic lock could have been easily released before she started turning female. The spells on the cheap knockoff diaper were simple, even more so than anything sold by a reputable company since they lacked safety lockouts. Because she

had delayed, her transformation was permanent as well.

The last week had gone better than she expected. Telling her parents why there was a huge charge on the “emergency” credit card hadn’t been fun, nor had washing her sheets that first wet morning, but that was the limit of the negativity. Friends had been supportive of her, with only a minimum of good natured teasing. Hannah had invited her over again for further lessons, both ordinary and erotic.

Brandon cracked a smile as she remembered that. She had made excuses to Hannah about why she sometimes seemed less than enthusiastic about embracing her femininity, but there was no longer any point in denying it. With a sigh, she pulled out her cell phone and dialed the lynx’s number. “Hi, Hannah. Can I come over? I need help picking out a new name.”