

Sigma barely managed to get the box somewhere private before tearing it open. The package inside looked oddly normal, given how it was advertised. The only odd thing was that it was clearly labeled "Adult Diapers" instead of using some euphemism like "Protective Undergarments" like most normal versions of the product did.

Given how much people online raved about the things, he had expected them to be packaged in some kind of fancy box covered with high quality images. But no, it was an ordinary plastic package, with the brand name "Softies Extreme Plush" on one side and lengthy instructions on the other.

He knew perfectly well how to put on a diaper, though, so he had no need to read that wall of text. The cheetah carried the package to his bedroom where the rest of his supplies waited. He had planned to go see a movie, but the new diapers had arrived a day early, and he definitely needed to test them out first. He smiled. Or maybe he could do a test at the theater.

The black cheetah ripped open the package and pulled out one of the diapers. It was impressively puffy and pure white in color except for two yellow wetness indicator stripes. He unfolded it and rubbed a hand along the inner padding and purred. It was just as soft as advertised. Proper leak guards, crinkly plastic that didn't even try to be subtle, thick padding even when dry...they sure knew their audience.

He rushed to drop his shorts and boxers to the ground. He had to feel that against him. The diaper received a generous coating of powder and a happy sniff from Sigma before he threaded it between his legs. It fit around him perfectly, and the tapes latched on solidly. He patted the padding all around, feeling it grip him snug, but not overly tight. These were great!

He pulled his shorts back on and twisted around to look at himself. The loose shorts hid the padding well enough, and with the nice snug fit he didn't have to worry about it bunching up. It did make his butt look a little big, but nobody would know why with just a glance.

If he wanted to catch his movie still, he needed to get going, so he left the package out and hustled off, blushing slightly at the faint crinkling he heard from inside his shorts. Surely nobody else would notice that, or the lingering scent of powder that trailed behind him.

Sigma was thankful he wasn't seeing a major movie on opening day. It was fun to wear the diaper out in public, but having to stand in line with a bunch of people before it began would have been a little nerve-racking. As it was, he would occasionally pat his backside or adjust his t-shirt to make sure no bulge or waistband was showing. He didn't think anyone had noticed him, but tried not to look around too much, since looking around nervously would only draw the attention he was trying to avoid.

There was some further fun to be had if he tempted fate just a little, though. The bored teen working the concession counter served him a large Coke, and Sigma sipped it happily as he made his way to the theater. His diaper would be a little more thick by the time he left the theater, and he'd just have to see by how much.

The movie he chose had been out a couple weeks, so he had his choice of seats, deciding on a spot near the middle of a row halfway up. The seats were typically pretty comfortable, but Sigma found they were even better with a layer of thick padding on your butt. More people filed in before the movie started, filling in some of the spots on the ends of the row.

Sigma held his drink in both hands while he sipped, because otherwise he'd be too tempted to poke at the slight bulge in the front of his shorts and smile. The interior cloth really was so comfortable that he wanted to feel more of it. He somewhat regretted not having enough time at home to just rub against it a bit. Maybe after the lights went down.

He managed to mostly pay attention to the movie despite the pleasant distraction of softness wrapped around his waist. That lasted until about halfway through, when he started feeling a need to pee. He smiled and wiggled in place, debating whether to just let go or go somewhere more private. Without any warning, his body made the decision for him.

The sudden warmth in his crotch caught his attention, making him gasp and press his hands against the front of his shorts. The pressure let him better feel the urine splashing onto the inner surface of the diaper and across his equipment. He looked around nervously, and saw that some people had heard his gasp and looked over toward him. He forced himself to relax his hands and look at the screen, even as he helplessly wet himself. It was only a few seconds that his bladder released, but it felt like forever as he waited for his control to return. He didn't think he'd let out everything his bladder had in it, but he couldn't be sure.

Why was this happening? He had perfect control of himself; he shouldn't have started wetting as soon as he felt the urge. His body felt warm and tingly with embarrassment, but it was especially warm around his crotch. In fact, it was warmer than just his wetting could explain, and it felt really good. He felt himself getting hard, pressing against the damp padding, but not as much as he should be. He'd taped the diaper on pretty tight, so he should have been more constricted than he was.

He needed to get out and find out what was happening. At a minimum, he might be sick in some way, and there was no way he could enjoy any more of the movie. Sigma stood, then shivered as the movement made the warm, soggy diaper slide across his stiffness. He barely resisted grabbing the front of his diaper and rubbing, instead rushing to the end of the row of seats. Squeezing in front of the people seated there made his padded rear brush against their knees with a crinkle he was sure was obvious.

He rushed down the steps before needing to stop again at the bottom as his bladder released another long splash of urine into his diaper. The warmth that suffused him got stronger, and this time he couldn't keep his hands off himself. Sigma whimpered softly as he held the handrail for the stairs with one hand and rubbed the front of his diaper with the other. The increasingly soggy padding caressed his stiff member, and as he squeezed he became more sure that it was growing smaller.

Sigma whimpered louder, knowing he was making a scene, but unable to control himself. He stumbled toward the theater exit, still pressing on his diaper and feeling the warmth shrink his cock away.

Outside the theater, he glanced down at himself and gasped again. His shorts were no longer loose, as they had been when he left home. They'd transformed into short, tight, pink hot pants, and his t-shirt had changed to a feminine cut to match, leaving the waistband of the diaper peeking out for anyone to see. The fact that the diaper had also changed color to a pink that matched the shorts was not any reassurance. This just kept getting weirder. Sigma sprinted to the Mens bathroom,

moving slightly awkwardly from the swelling diaper between his legs. He made his way to an empty stall and locked himself in, panting with exertion and arousal.

He was worried about his clothes changing, but far more concerned about what was happening inside the diaper. The button on the tight shorts gave him some trouble, especially with an expanding diaper inside making them even tighter, but he got them down just in time for another rush of warmth to spread through him. Now that he had privacy, he shoved his hand down the front of the wet diaper to grip his cock, just in time to feel it shrink out of his grip, tugging his balls with it into his body, forming a deepening crease between his thighs.

Sigma yanked his hand out and shook his head. No, that can't have just happened. But the shifting, twisting feeling in his belly made it clear that it *had* happened, and was in fact still happening.

The heat that signaled his transformation started concentrating between between his thighs, though the growing emptiness there told him that he technically wasn't a 'he' any more. That emptiness called to her, drawing her hand back down into the diaper, almost against her will. She cupped her new sex, feeling heat radiate from it, and whimpered with need. Her finger brushed the damp lips, and she had to lean one hand against the bathroom stall partition to steady herself as her legs went weak.

Despite the quivering of her legs, she continued to explore her needy new femininity. Her fingers sank inside easily, her newly opened passage slippery with a wetness other than what she'd released into her diaper. She mewled softly as she stroked her inner walls, slowly satisfying the emptiness that gnawed at her, feeling strange muscles twitch and grab at her questing hand.

Her hand brushed her clit and she fell forward to lean fully against the stall wall with a loud squeal. The tight diaper pressed her hand against her needy sex, two fingers inside stroking across her sensitive places while her thumb flicked against her clit. Her body tensed and shook, limiting her voice to a series of quiet squeaks as she reached her first female orgasm.

Sigma leaned on the wall for several minutes, slowly recovering from her exertion. She pulled her hand from her diaper and looked at it, back damp with pee from her diaper, palm soaked with juices from her climax. It was difficult to be anxious in the afterglow of her orgasm, but she was still worried about what was happening. She had to get home and find out what was going on.

She bent down to pull her shorts back up and whimpered to find them changed again. In fact, they were no longer shorts at all, but a short, pink skirt bunched around her footpaws. She pulled it up and whined again as she found out exactly how short it was. With the feminine cut of her t-shirt, there was no way to pull the skirt up high enough to cover the waistband of the diaper, so she let it poke out a bit. She listened for anyone else in the bathroom, but it still sounded empty, thankfully. At least nobody had heard her masturbating.

She spared a glance in the mirror as she passed by and blushed brightly as she saw herself. Her body looked male, but her clothes were very girly. But the worst part was the skirt, which she now noticed was so short that her diaper peeked out below it, showing off her obviously-wet padding. For a moment she considered removing the diaper and rushing out, especially since she suspected it as the source of her troubles, but that could go even worse for her, given how her clothes kept shrinking and her

apparent loss of bladder control. She'd just have to hurry. Her diaper looked wet, but not quite soaked, so at least she didn't have to worry about leaking.

Her hand had barely touched the door to leave the bathroom when she felt a warmth growing in her diaper again. Her bladder had cut loose again, feeling especially strange this time as it emptied through her rearranged equipment. She reached down and pressed on the diaper, squirming at the feeling of her pee splashing across her still-sensitive nethers.

The heated need started to build again in her new pussy, this time joined by a growing sensitivity in her nipples. She didn't delay this time to find out what was happening. It was more important to get home, so she pushed through the door and jogged across the movie theater lobby. Her skirt bounced upward, revealing her diaper even more, but she didn't stop, even as she heard giggles behind her. She could feel her padding still getting wetter, but the stranger feeling was her shirt brushing across her stiff nipples. In addition, she started to feel a bouncing from her chest, growing more intense with each quick step.

Sigma pressed an arm across her chest, trying to stop the bouncing of the small mounds that now graced her chest. A tingle around her calves caught her attention, and she spared a glance down to see her socks creeping up her legs. They had changed from plain white cotton to some thinner material, and had acquired pink horizontal stripes. The clingy stockings spread up to her thighs before stopping, leaving some of her dark fur visible between the tops of them and her diaper. She fled the theater and rushed out to her car, avoiding looking around to see how many people were seeing her humiliating underwear. She sat in the car with a squish from her diaper and sighed.

Now in slight privacy, she looked down at the changes on her chest. She had breasts now. Not big, but noticeable, especially with the nipples poking into her light t-shirt. She palmed them, huffing softly at the touch on the sensitive nipples, and unconsciously ground her crotch into the warm, squishy padding beneath her.

It was all she could do to resist humping her seat to another orgasm, and she had to grip the steering wheel tight to keep her hands out of her diaper. The drive home was challenging, as she was constantly distracted by the empty feeling that was growing again between her legs.

She avoided having an accident on her way home. At least, not the kind that involve crashing her car. She suspected the other had happened at least once, but it was getting harder to distinguish between the warm dampness of her incontinence and that of her heat.

With great difficulty, she kept her hands off herself until she was back inside her house. Her run from the car was especially challenging as she dealt with her growing breasts bouncing more, despite being partially restrained by a bra that had somehow appeared around them. Hopefully none of her neighbors saw the wet diaper sagging below her skirt.

Once inside, she leaned back against her front door with a sigh, but the relaxation only lasted a moment before her hands were all over herself again. One in her diaper, fingers diving into her wet slit, the other rubbing a breast that now made a solid handful. Moaning softly, she stumbled toward her bedroom, only to be stopped as she saw a picture on her wall. It showed her with a group of friends, as it always had,

but she was a girl in the picture. It wasn't just her body and clothes that had changed; everything else was changing too.

She rushed to her bedroom, still playing with herself, and found it redecorated in lighter colors than it had been previously. Her open closet door showed a rack full of feminine-cut shirts and dresses. The open diaper pack was unchanged, save that the diapers within were pink instead of plain white, sitting where she had left it on her bed.

Sigma dropped to her knees beside her bed, playing with herself as she pulled the diaper package over and searched it for any clue as to what was happening. Her body twitched with pleasure as she found it. Tiny text on one side gave a warning she wished she had seen before putting on one of the diapers.

Product guaranteed to be the softest and most pleasurable you've ever used. WARNING: Possible side effects include incontinence, gender change, forced heat cycle, and reality alteration. If you experience any of these, avoid sexual contact, as orgasms may render any changes permanent.

Reading that final line, she tried to pull her hand out of herself, but it was too late. Her retreating fingers stroked across her g-spot and pushed her over the edge into another shaking orgasm. She could do nothing but press the warm, soft, soggy padding against her sensitive pussy as she mewled and twitched through the orgasm that locked her into her fully female body.

Sigma whimpered as she caught her breath, standing on shaky legs to look around her room at what she now had to live with. The clothes she found were all cute, she supposed, but surprisingly revealing. That was especially concerning after she opened her underwear drawer to find nothing but stacks of diapers and cute diaper covers. This female version of Sigma was clearly badly incontinent, and owned no normal underwear at all. She only hoped that the diapers in the drawer would lack the side effects she'd just experienced, and the strange arousal would end once she got into a clean one. She sighed and pulled one out, preparing for the first change of her new life.