

Movie Magic! by Cowkites

Pretending to look over the movie posters one last time, Jack took his time until he was certain he stood at the back of the crowd of girls. He always found himself thankful to be friends with so many beautiful women, Katy Perry more so than all, and when he found himself bringing up the rear to them he couldn't help but feel absolutely elated. The sheer amount of ass that swayed in front of him was almost hypnotic. If not for the crowd of people around him, Jack would have taken great pleasure at openly gawking at them; instead, he settled for staring at their backs, admiring their outfits, and on occasion letting his eyes drop to their round bubble-butts.

Hannah and Abbie walked together, as was normal for them. They were close friends despite Abbie's spoiled behavior. Hannah was of average height, with her dark-brown hair in a messy bob. She liked to dress casually: a pair of converse sneakers, some tight skinny jeans, and a shirt two sizes too small for her was usually her outfit of choice. Jack knew this all too well. He always looked forward to catching Hannah bending over to pick up one thing or another. She had a terrible habit of wearing ill-fitting panties as well. Today Hannah clearly wore a pair of black lace panties; the trim of which was easily visible in the space of exposed skin between her skinny jeans and her white tee. If that didn't make it obvious enough, her panty lines were more than noticeable. Jack didn't think it possible, but Hannah had seemed to find a pair of jeans that might actually be thinner than the panties she wore. Judging by how they curved to the shape of her ass, they were beginning to wedge themselves firmly up Hannah's butt much to her displeasure. With each step, more of the almost see-through fabric rode up Hannah's ass. Soon she began to walk with a waddle, reaching back and desperately trying to correct the annoying problem. Jack could hear Hannah complaining to Abbie as she found herself struggling to even get a finger into her tight jeans.

"Stupid panties are riding up my ass again..."

Abbie snorted in laughter as she stretched her neck back to see Hannah's struggling. "The panties look cute. I'm thinking it's those ridiculously tight jeans you like to wear that are causing the problem. You might as well not be wearing clothes at this point. I bet Jack can see every inch of you from back there."

Hannah looked back to see Jack sipping innocently from the soda in his hand. She stuck her tongue out and winked before turning back to Abbie. "Please, little-miss-frills, if that skirt you were wearing were anymore see-through they wouldn't have even let you in here."

Hannah wasn't wrong, of course. Abbie's skirt might have been fine with a slip or white panties, but the thin material of her skirt did little to hide her bright pink underwear. "Oh please, I just wasn't paying attention when I left the house..."

"More like you wanted attention."

Abbie was the opposite of Hannah in terms of dress. While she didn't like Hannah's nickname for her, she had to admit that she was a fan of frills and lace. Jack would oftentimes see her bent over a counter or chair when talking to friends, her panty lines prominent and the lace band of her panties poking out her skirt. Today was no different.

As a girl with a self-inflated sense of importance, Abbie liked to dress accordingly. Her long blonde hair was kept back in a tight ponytail and the light make-up she wore gave her a refined look but remained bright enough to hint at her surprisingly flirty behavior. Along with the somewhat transparent skirt and the frilly panties noticeable underneath, Abbie wore a white button-up blouse that refused to close completely. Her pink bra was just barely visible underneath the blouse and strained against the breasts that threatened to spill out at any moment. Though she would not admit it, Abbie craved attention and was more than thrilled when Hannah pointed it out.

Ahead of Hannah and Abbie was Natalie. Natalie was considered by most to be the attractive of the group, at least of those who weren't a celebrity. She prided herself on her looks and spent most of her time maintaining herself to the delight of those around her. Natalie worked out regularly, had her own makeup tutorials online, and spent hours each day working on her hair and nails. She was used to jealousy and part of her reveled in it.

For today's outing, she dressed simply: a pair of pink sneakers, black yoga pants, and a white crop top. Her long dark hair was down and flowed well past her shoulder blades and as she did often, Natalie went without a bra. The crop top struggled to protect her nipples from the cool air of the theater, but failed and left her nipples all too evident to passersby. The fabric of her pants was taut, causing their black color to dilute and reveal the tan skin underneath. Jack didn't need to see the whale-tail she sported to know what color thong she wore. The more than obvious panty-lines gave a full view to their hot-pink color, sexy design, and just how far up her ass the underwear had wedged itself. If Natalie was distressed by her wedgie, she showed no such concern. Like the rest of the girls, she took delight in teasing others and the attention it garnered. She didn't have to look over her shoulder to know Jack was fixated on her ass as she swayed with each step.

At the front of their group was Katy Perry. With her face obscured by a large pair of sunglasses and her quick pace, it was obvious she was eager to get into the dark theater before she brought too much attention upon herself. She wore a light green dress that fit her form well and a matching pair of heels that perked her ass up to the point that it seemed counterintuitive if she wanted to avoid attention. Her long, black hair fell well past her shoulders. Jack's gaze followed the silken strands down her back as she walked, admiring the sway of her hips as his eyes settled on the black lace thong that was so obvious underneath the thin fabric. The wide lace-band of the thong was settled far up her waist, leading Jack to the conclusion that the underwear had begun to wedge itself far up Katy's ass. With no desire to stop and adjust it, Katy

was forced to endure the annoyance and slight embarrassment as she rushed to push her way past the crowd.

Jack was sad to see their theater in the distance. The quicker they sat in their seats, the quicker he would lose sight of their gorgeous asses and be forced to endure the rom-com they had dragged him to.

“Jack! I thought you were hanging with that pack of babes today?”

Managing to tear his eyes away from Katy’s ass, Jack found himself face to face with his crush, Lauren. Despite not being part of the ‘pack of babes’, Lauren was a pretty girl. More importantly, she actually returned Jack’s affection. She wore a tight, dark-blue t-shirt and skinny jeans that Jack could tell made her ass pop even with only a fraction of it in his view. Lauren had naturally pretty features and gorgeous brown hair which reached her shoulder blades. Jack could feel himself begin to blush as he spoke to her.

“Hey, Lauren! I am actually; they’re just ahead.”, Jack pointed toward his friends. Katy calls out behind her, saying that she’s going ahead to claim their seats. The others stayed behind and waited for Jack, though to him it seemed like they were really wishing to observe his interaction with Lauren.

“Ah! Makes sense, what they drag you to this time? Are they holding you hostage like last time?”

Jack felt his face redden deeper as he looked back at his friends. Hannah was closer than the rest, appearing as if she had suddenly become interested in a movie poster nearby. Jack did his best to ignore her interest. “Some dumb rom-com. And uh...no, this is purely consensual.”

Lauren did her best to contain her laughter. “Oh? So they decided not to spread those pictures around? Don’t worry Jack even if they did...I think you looked pretty cute. Pink is definitely your color.” Seeing Jack’s face turn a deeper crimson, Lauren found it difficult not to break into a grin. “So you’re just here to stare at their asses then?” Breaking into a smile of his own, Jack found it difficult to disagree.

Doing her best to appear nonchalant, Hannah made her way behind Jack. She was annoyed that Jack had moved his attention elsewhere and even moreso that it had been focused in on Lauren. Winking to her friends nearby, Hannah turned quickly and bumped into Jack with such force that he headbutted Lauren.

“Whoops! So sorry Jack! Oh, and uh, my bad Lauren. I’m so clumsy.”

Jack had dropped to his knees from the impact. It hadn’t hurt too bad, but the sudden jolt from the push and the impact from his head hitting Lauren made him dizzy. He looked to Lauren to

see if she was okay only to find her appearing to shift in his vision. Her bra must have disappeared, as the nipples of her d-cup breasts were clearly poking through the tight v-neck she wore. His eyes were fixated on them and Jack wondered if he just didn't notice originally, but he quickly realized that Lauren's boobs had begun to shrink. Soon her chest was completely flat and Jack was left baffled. In the corner of his vision he noticed that something else was changing. Lauren's crotch was expanding. The tight jeans were having difficulty adjusting to the new package that was straining against the denim. An all too obvious outline of Lauren's dick now pushed against her, now his, jeans.

"If you're not too busy staring at Lauren's dick, Jack, then maybe you should meet us in the theater."

Jack turned back to glare at the, now giggling, Hannah as she quickly joined her friends in heading into the theater. He was still reeling from the transformation he had just witnessed and was more than annoyed with Hannah's latest form of teasing.

"Need a hand?" Lauren was now crouched next to Jack, his hand extended to him. Not wanting to appear rude, Jack took the hand and thanked, the newly male, Lauren. "Hannah is a wild one, huh? ...anyway Jack, think I'm gonna head out. Gonna need a bit of relaxation after that mean headbutt you gave me." Despite the slightly more masculine voice, flat chest, and bulging package; Lauren seemed more or less the same. Giving Jack one last smile, he turned and headed toward the front of the cinema.

Standing there by himself, more confused than anything, Jack watched Lauren as he left. The bubble-butt still remained and the panty-lines usually visible underneath the tight jeans were still there too. Jack struggled with the arousal he usually felt from staring at that familiar ass, now on that masculine body. Shaking his head, Jack turned back in the direction of the theater and felt saddened that he had missed out on the last few seconds of his friends' asses for the next couple of hours.

The previews for various upcoming films were still running as Jack made his way into the dimly lit theater. He didn't have to look hard to find the group of giggling girls sitting toward the back of the theater. A spot had been left for him between Katy and Hannah, leaving Jack right in the center of all four of the beautiful women. Katy had done away with some of her disguise, now comfortable enough to do so in the low light of the theater, and was munching on some popcorn as Jack sat down in the seat next to her. Judging by the sound of furiously clicking off to his right, Natalie was busy sending message after message to people on her phone. Abbie was chatting away, while Hannah was finding it difficult to focus on the movie.

Hannah felt that something was off, but was unable to place her finger on it. As the opening credits drew to a close the feeling only intensified until she was able to nail down what was

going on. There was a pain down below her waist. A small discomfort that continued to intensify with each second. Hannah looked down from the screen down to her crotch. It took her eyes a moment to adjust to the darkness, but soon she could clearly see what was going on. Something was expanding underneath her tight jeans. Hannah was used to having jeans so tight she could barely fit a finger in. It made her ass pop and, more often than not, it gave passersby a pretty fine view of her pantyines.

Looking to her left and then her right, Hannah made sure that no one was paying attention to her and whatever was going on between her legs. She poked her crotch with her finger, causing whatever was underneath to depress and crinkle underneath her touch. Pulling her jeans down slightly no longer revealed the black lace of her panties; instead, some scrunched up material made it's way into view. Rubbing the mysterious undergarment between her fingers she could tell it was plastic on one side and soft on the other and, as the pressure of the expansion forced her legs apart, more and more of the material came into view.

"What the hell...", she whispered to herself. With each passing second her jeans strained more and more with whatever wanted to force its way out. With no other options, Hannah struggled to unbutton her fly.

It was a far more difficult task than she had anticipated. Whatever was expanding underneath had stretched her jeans so much that the pressure made it nearly impossible to unbutton them. The material crinkled loudly with each attempt, but Hannah ignored it. She was set on freeing herself.

"Hannah what are you eating? I can hear that shit crinkling from here." Abbie had leaned over their shared armrest, and was staring at Hannah's hands. Hannah froze desperately trying to think of an excuse before Abbie's eyes adjusted to the lack of light.

"Uh...it's just the plastic bag the candy came in. What's the point of the box if you've got to open the bag underneath, am I right?"

Abbie wasn't fooled. "Bullshit. Why the hell are your pants so stretched?"

Hannah clamped Abbie's mouth shut with her hand and leaned in close, her finger to her lips in a shushing gesture. "I don't know what's going on, but something's going on underneath my pants."

Abbie pushed her hand away. "Gross Hannah, are you really masturbating in a theater? That's new for you."

Hannah gave her friend a stare that didn't need to be clearly seen to be understood, "No...ugh, just feel." Before Abbie could protest, Hannah grabbed her hand and placed it on her crotch. Abbie looked as if she might recoil but, after hesitating, she gave the padding a firm squeeze.

Hannah stifled a gasp from the pleasure, not wanting to make things weirder than they already were. Things were way too tight for her. Even the slightest stimulation caused the thick material to rub up against her pussy and send waves of excitement through Hannah.

“So this is what was crinkling...you weren’t wearing this before. When did you change?”

Hannah shook her head. “That’s the thing...I didn’t, it just appeared and kept getting bigger and bigger. Please, you’ve got to help me.”

Abbie looked at her puzzled. “Help you...? With what?”

Hannah placed her finger underneath the waist of her jeans and tugged. Her pants stayed where they were, obviously unable to give anymore. “I feel like I’m going to pop. I can’t get my pants down.”

Rolling her eyes, Abbie leaned over further and got to work with both her hands. Between Hannah and herself, they were able to eventually get it undone. Hannah sighed in relief as Abbie pulled her pants down for her, one yank at a time, until they rested just below the intrusive underwear.

Hannah leaned back and breathed in deeply, “Thank god.”

“Uhhh...Hannah, I wouldn’t say that just yet...” Abbie spoke in between giggles as she continued to poke and prod at Hannah’s crotch. The crinkling was louder now, and before Hannah could realize what was happening, everyone’s attention was quickly focused on her.

“Hannah are you wearing a diaper?!” Katy was in front of her now, having just nearly toppled over Jack to get a better look at the spectacle.

“Wha-” Hannah looked down bewildered at what was nothing other than the biggest diaper she had ever seen. It was a plain white, with two wide pink tapes on either side. The padding was so thick that she couldn’t close her legs if she wanted to. Her panties had stretched themselves over them, not only ruining her favorite pair, but effectively trapping her inside the diaper until she could cut herself free.

Abbie gushed over her, “You look so cute Hannah! Stand up, I wanna see your butt!” Before she could even refuse, Katy pulled her up and into her arms. The three girls took turns smacking their friend’s diapered butt.

“Guy’s stooooop! This is so embarrassing!”

Katy continued to tease her friend, “Awwww, is the little baby gonna cry during her spanking? Lighten up little girl. You’re the one who wore pampers to the movies.”

Natalie agreed with a swift slap to Hannah's butt, "Yeah. Oh guys...you don't think this movie is a little inappropriate for our little girl do you? There is kissing and stuff."

Giving Hannah's butt a firm squeeze, Abbie joined in, "We can just cover her eyes during the naughty parts. Oh gosh...we forgot her diaper bag! How on earth will we change the baby?"

"Let me goooo!"

"I knew we should have taken her to see Frozen."

"Oh this is too precious! Hey Jack, why aren't you join--"

Jack had been remaining quiet during Hannah's predicament, partly due to hiding his own arousal at watching Hannah being spanked by three hot girls; but mostly to avoid attracting attention to himself and his own odd transformation.

When Hannah had first been discovering the expanding diaper underneath her jeans, Jack had been squirming uncomfortable in his seat as his boxers transformed into a pair of black lace panties. He had felt them easily enough as they appeared and it wasn't long before they slowly began to wedge themselves up Jack's crack. He had tried to pick it free, but quickly found that his jeans were becoming tighter and tighter. Jack was unable to slip even a finger into the skin tight denim and ended up only worsening the wedgie with his movement. The tightness crept down his thighs and down to his ankles as the material became taut against his skin. His sneakers changed color and shape until they were identical to the converses on Hannah's feet. Jack's, previously baggy, t-shirt shrunk until it left his navel, and the waistband of his new panties, exposed. A matching, black lace bra far too big for his own flat chest appeared underneath his shirt. Lastly, unknown to Jack, a light layer of makeup appeared on his face.

"Oh my god, as if today couldn't get any better. Natalie get a fucking look at this." Katy released Hannah and placed herself in front of Jack. Thankful for the sudden shift away from herself, Hannah did her best to cover her diaper with her jeans. After struggling for a bit, she resigned herself to looking ridiculous and joined the rest of her friends in inspecting Jack.

"I don't know how it happened! Honest!" Jack was just as surprised as everyone else, but that didn't change the situation.

"So Hannah's back in diapers, and Jack is doing his best Hannah cosplay..." Natalie could hardly contain her glee. Pulling out her phone, she pulled up her camera and pointed it at Jack. "We didn't even have to do anything this time."

Before Natalie could take a picture of Jack, Katy put a hand on her shoulder and whispered in her ear, "You're not thinking big enough...watch."

“Well Jack...or maybe Jacinta would be better? You certainly look like you’re dressed like Hannah...well except you seem to be lacking her diaper fetish...”, Katy spoke with a tone that began to worry Jack. Her eyes said far more than her words could. “...but the only way to really see if Jack went all out is to check on one last thing.”

Giving Jack little time to question her statement or react, Katy quickly grabbed him by the waist and lifted him from the seat. Bending him over the back of the chair in front of them she gave him a loud smack to his ass and placed a hand on his back, “Be a good girl and stay still. We need to inspect the goods.”

“B-but...! Jack whimpered.

“Ah ah ah, you’re in no position to say otherwise...”. Gripping the lace waistband of Jack’s panties, Katy gave the material a gentle tug, as a warning, “...are you?”

Resigning himself to his humiliation, Jack shook his head.

“That’s what I thought...now Hannah, sweetheart, back when you could wear big girl panties did they look like this?”

Ignoring Katy’s dig at her, Hannah approached Jack’s backside. “Yeah, those look just like my panties!”

“At least you think they do. We won’t know until we see all of it, will we?” Taking Katy’s hint, Hannah agreed, “I think we might need to see more.”

Wrapping her fingers around the waistband, Katy pulled on Jack’s panties. He gasped as the lace material dragged across the head of his cock and put pressure against his asshole. “A little more...” Jack could feel his eyes beginning to water as the pain increased until the panties had been so far stretched that all but what was once the crotch remained inside his pants. Gripping the, now thin, material just above his ass, Katy tugged on it slowly before letting it go. She repeated this action, purposefully teasing the head of Jack’s cock as she spoke to her friends.

“Well Hannah, is Jacinta’s little outfit here spot on or what?”

Hannah nodded in agreement, more surprised by what was happening to her and Jack than anything.

“Well it’s picture time! Everybody get in close! Abbie, turn Jack’s head so we can see his pretty lipstick! Hannah don’t be shy!” Nervous to be photographed by Natalie while diapered, Hannah did her best to keep her ass out of frame. “Fantastic! Another wonderful picture to add to Jack’s

little album on here.” Jack groaned aloud, annoyed by just how much a hold these girls had on him.

Giving Jack one last slap on the ass, Katy let him be before turning her attention back to Hannah, “Well don’t think we’ve forgotten about you baby girl. There’s no way you’re getting out of a couple pictures. Let’s get you on Mommy Katy’s lap.”

Hannah moved to back away, only to find herself pressed against Abbie’s chest. Her friend locked her arms around her own and left her helpless as Katy and Natalie approached. Desperate for an out, Hannah looked for a distraction. Her eyes fell on Jack, still bent over the chair and struggling to remove the wedgie from his ass. Just as Katy’s hands moved to her waist, Hannah watched as the black lace material between Jack’s fingers began to change.

“W-wait! Guys, Jack’s panties! Lo--n-no...s-stop!” Katy had begun to tickle her mercilessly, “Please! I-I’m gonna piss myself!” This only intensified Katy’s tickling.

“That’s what your diapers are for, silly!”

Just as it seemed Hannah’s bladder might give way, Abbie spoke, “No wait...Katy she’s right! I-is that Natalie’s thong?”

Katy stopped dead in her tracks, her attention quickly diverted to Jack and his slowly transforming clothes.

The color of the fabric transformed and changed color. The lace disappeared, the material retreating away from Jack’s cheeks and closer to his crack as the panties became more of a thong. The dark underwear lightened to a reddish grey, then to a soft pink, until finally an exact duplicate of Natalie’s hot-pink thong was poking out of Jack’s skinny jeans; though the jeans had already begun to change as well. Jack didn’t think it possible, but it felt as if his pants grew even tighter. The stiff denim grew darker and stretchier, until Jack was certain his ass and crotch were clearly outlined by the new yoga pants he sported. His shirt crept further up his stomach, exposing more and more of his tummy as the ill-fitting t-shirt changed into a tight crop-top. Hannah’s black lace bra had suddenly gone missing from his chest, leaving Jack wondering what was better: wearing a lacy bra or having his nipples show through the thin material of his almost see-through crop-top. As a finishing touch, his rather unisex looking converses transformed into a pair of bright pink sneakers. Jack had never been so conscious of his shoes matching his underwear.

Katy’s eyes were wide with surprise, “You’ve gotta be shitting me...that’s Natalie’s outfit...panties and now a thong, Jack? This is not your day...” Katy grinned from ear to ear as she slowly approached Jack, pressed him back down into the chair, and got a full grip on the waistband of his thong. She paused, then spoke, “...wait a minute...first Hannah’s clothes, now Natalie’s?”

Natalie had been far too preoccupied with Jack's latest wardrobe change to have noticed when her thong had suddenly freed itself of her crack. By the time everyone else had begun to realize that Natalie was next to share Hannah's fate, a full inch of padding had expanded underneath Natalie's yoga pants. The plastic continued to gain in thickness, crinkling with each second. The fabric of Natalie's pants grew even tighter around the thick diaper as the plastic waistband poked its way free.

Natalie was in full panic mode. She had enjoyed poking fun at Hannah's diapers; but now that her own legs were being forced apart by the padding, Natalie wanted nothing to do with the situation anymore.

"Calm down, Natalie! There's no reason for you to try and waddle your way out of here..." Katy's voice was sweet, but as she slowly approached Natalie her intentions were clear, "...Mama Katy just needs to check your diapers."

Natalie turned to move away, but found walking at a reasonable pace to be extremely difficult. Her diaper crinkled loudly with each step and it seemed that with each one, movement was becoming impossible. In a matter of seconds, Katy had her arms wrapped around Natalie's waist.

"Ah ah ah, bad baby! Someone's just begging for a spanking!" Katy emphasized her last word with a firm smack to Natalie's butt.

Natalie yelped from the embarrassing punishment, desperate to free herself of the situation. "Let me go! Please! I can't have anyone see me like this, Katy!"

Reaching around Natalie's waist, Katy gave her friend a firm squeeze to the crotch of her diaper. "Well you're just going to have to behave yourself then, won't you? Keep up this little attitude and someone might just see you." At this Natalie grew quiet. She allowed herself to be spun around and deposited between Katy and the rest of the group, effectively leaving herself at the mercy of her friends.

With no pockets in her yoga pants, Natalie still held on to her phone from earlier. In one swift movement, Katy confiscated the cell and pushed Natalie into Hannah's arms. "Wanna distract everyone from those thick pampers around your waist, Hannah? Why don't you go ahead and put baby Natalie into your lap?" Hannah followed Katy's instructions without hesitation, grabbing Natalie's diapered waist and pulling her down into a chair with her. She kept Natalie in a firm hug about her stomach as Katy moved herself in front of the two.

"Seeing as how you took a picture of poor Hannah here, I think it's only fitting that we do the same for you, sweetie." Katy held the camera aloft as Natalie continued to struggle in Hannah's lap. With a flash, Katy documented Natalie's padded embarrassment. Turning the camera to the two diapered girls, Katy gushed over how well the picture came out.

Her face burning red, Natalie pleaded with Katy, "Please please please don't show that to anyone!" Katy pretended to think, tapping her finger on her chin as she admired Natalie's figure in the picture.

Eager to shift the embarrassment off of her own diapers, Hannah chimed in, "You know, I bet everyone on Natalie's Instagram would lose it over how cute she looks." Hearing this, Natalie redoubled her pleading. Her bottom lip had begun to quiver, her eyes on the verge of watering. "I'll do anything Katy, please!"

Tousling Natalie's hair, Katy cooed down to her friend. "Alright, alright. For you, Natalie, I won't post this online; I will, however, send this to myself to keep you behaving yourself and I ask that you do something for me."

"Katy, send it to me too." Hannah said, enjoying Natalie's embarrassment.

"I'll do anything! I promise..."

Grinning from ear to ear, Katy spoke to her friend, "First: you're going to promise to be a good little baby for the rest of the movie. That means no fussing, no crying, no being mean to your sister..."

Natalie looked at Katy as if she were stupid, "O-okay, I mean, I'm not an actual baby Katy. I wasn't going to do any of that anyw--"

"You didn't let me finish, sweetie. No interrupting Mommy. As I was saying...no being mean to your sister...oh yes! You'll be sucking your thumb for the rest of the movie and you're no longer allowed to use the potty. Not that you'd need to with your diapers, but I thought I'd make myself clear."

Natalie remained silent for a few seconds, not wanting to interrupt Katy again. "...ar-are you serious?"

"Yes. I'll let the fact that you spoke without your thumb in your mouth pass for now, but you better start sucking before I start putting filters on this pic and post it."

Seeing no way around it, Natalie does as she is told. "Oou on'd osd id wight?" She blushes at the sound of her speech around her thumb.

"No sweetie, mommy won't post it...that is once you do one more thing. Can you do that for me?" Natalie nodded in agreement, wanting to keep her speech to a minimum.

“Good girl! It’s easy, sweetheart. Even a big baby like you can do it. All you have to do is wet your diapers.”

Natalie looked as if she had just seen a ghost. Looking from Hannah, to Abbie, to Jack for some form of help and seeing none, Natalie nodded meekly in agreement.

“Don’t start just yet little missy. Mommy wants proof, and she’d like to hear you say it.” Katy put the camera back in Natalie’s face, the light on the side a clear indicator that whatever Natalie was about to say would be recorded.

“I’ll oo id...”

“No no no. Repeat after mommy: “I’m gonna pee-pee in my diapiies, mommy!”

“Okay...I’m gunna...pee-pee in my diapieth, mommy...”

“Good baby! Now Hannah, be a good girl and help Natalie pull her pants down to her ankles.”

Resigning herself to her fate, Natalie lifted her butt as Hannah pulled down on the stretchy material. Soon she was left wearing only her crop-top and diaper as she squirmed in Hannah’s lap.

“Hannah? If you could just keep a hand on Natalie’s diaper to feel if she starts to wet. I don’t want to miss it!”

Slipping her hand around Natalie’s stomach, Hannah rested her hand on her friend’s diapered crotch and gave it a gentle squeeze, “Yes ma’am!”

Natalie, normally the social butterfly of the group, had been reduced to a nervous wreck in front of her own phone. The act of wetting herself, diapered and being recorded no less, was incredibly humiliating for her. It wasn’t anywhere close to what she usually did in front of a camera, even during her less sober nights. Placing her faith in Katy’s promise to leave this within their friend group, Natalie set herself to the task. Natalie had expected the act to be difficult. Forgetting years of potty training in such a public setting wouldn’t be easy.

At first, Natalie had tried to force herself to wet. The more she strained in Hannah’s lap, the more difficult the act became. It wasn’t until she began to relax that something strange started to happen. Natalie’s breathing began to slow, the stress of the situation leaving her as her bladder began to let go of the muscle memory that kept it from constantly flooding her panties. Her thumb was no longer an intruder, but a familiar friend; comforting Natalie as she sucked happily. She squeezed her thighs together as the pee began to trickle into her diapers, the warmth of the liquid sending shivers down her backside. Without thinking, she pressed her hand against Hannah’s and pressed firmly against her crotch. Natalie had never felt something so delightful.

Katy watched through the video recording as Natalie gasped around her thumb. Her eyes were glazed over, her nipples erect and clearly visible through the thin fabric of her white crop top. The group was silent as they watched Natalie's display, the only sounds being the hiss from the pee flooding Natalie's padding and the slow rhythmic crinkling of her diapers as she humped Hannah's hand. Seemingly forgetting where she was, Natalie allowed her legs to fall on either side of Hannah's; spreading her legs as she became more involved in her public masturbation.

It wasn't until she was done peeing and several more minutes of sporadic humping that Natalie seemed to return to her senses.

"...O-oh no...I can't believe I just..." Even after the shock of finding herself post-orgasm in her pissy diapers, Natalie managed to keep her thumb in her mouth. As embarrassing as becoming reduced to such an act had been, she couldn't risk more people seeing it.

Katy was beside herself with glee. "Oh but you did! This is going right to our facebook group. We're gonna need an album for everything happening today...speaking of which, how've you been enjoying the show Jack?"

None of the girls needed to be inside Jack's head to know just what he had thought of Natalie's display. Now stuck in Natalie's yoga pants, Jack had the unfortunate circumstance of having every inch of his cock outlined in the hot pink thong he now wore under the tight fabric of his yoga pants. He shifted uncomfortably in everyone's gaze, eager for them to lose interest in himself and the erection he desperately tried to hide behind his hands.

"Maybe we should lay off Natalie, huh? I mean, it happened to Hannah and now her...it could happen to anyone, right?" Jack could feel himself shrink from Katy as she approached him, her hands reaching out for his own. Grabbing him by the wrists, Katy lifted his hands above his head and exposed Jack's obvious boner. "Please Jack, you're enjoying this more than anyone...that much is clear...and if you want us keeping quiet about your little crossdressing fetish then maybe you should do what I say."

Katy positioned herself behind Jack. She pinned his arms to his back and left him helplessly squirming as she spoke into his ear. "Unless you want everyone to see you all dolled up like this, I suggest you pay attention. Understood?"

Jack bit his lip, annoyed by his own arousal to the whole situation. "Yes..."

"Good Jacinta...now, you got to see Natalie masterbate...I think it's only fair the sissy shows everyone how much he loves being in his pretty..." Jack could feel Katy's nails sliding down his back as her fingers gripped his thong, "...little..." With a yank she exposed the girly underwear to everyone, the material stretched out of his pants and just barely reaching the edge of his crop top, "...panties!"

Jack gasped, the pressure on his cock from the stretching material becoming less painful and more arousing by the second.

“Katy, seeing as how Jack’s arms are a little busy, perhaps Natalie wouldn’t mind helping?” Abbie, tired of watching from behind Hannah seemed more than thrilled to return to Jack’s embarrassment. Katy looked expectantly to Natalie. The tall brunette looked miffed, but was trying to keep that from Katy, “There’s no way I’m touching his little dick after everything else I’ve done today! I--”

Abbie stepped forward and put a finger to the girl’s lips. “You need your diapers changed. Yes we’re fully aware, princess. Now if you’d stop being so cranky for a moment, we can get this over with.”

Katy pushed Jack into the closest chair as Abbie pulled Natalie over to join the two of them. “You don’t need to touch his cock Natalie. Little sissies like him prefer making cummies in their panties.” Pressing Natalie into Jack’s lap, Abbie continued, “You just have to put that squishy diaper of yours on there and he’ll be gasping in no time.”

Once again pulling out Natalie’s camera, Katy positioned it just above and to the side of Jack and Natalie. “Well Jack, I bet you’ve always dreamt of humping Natalie. I guess you just didn’t figure you’d be trying to pick a wedgie out of your ass during.”

“That and Natalie’s wearing a diaper that’s practically sagging to her knees.” Abbie and Katy were more than thrilled to watch the two humiliate themselves further. Despite her own predicament, Hannah enjoyed the spectacle from afar. She couldn’t risk drawing the attention of her two friends again.

Jack wiggled under Natalie. Her diaper took up the entire surface of his lap and then some, stifling his cock in it’s warm padding. He was already half-mast from watching Natalie earlier, now that the girl was in his lap, he had little chance of keeping himself from his basest instincts.

“What are you waiting for Natalie? The quicker little Jacinta here shows us how much she loves her thong, the quicker you can get back to begging for a diaper change.”

Grumbling to herself, Natalie looked over her shoulder at Jack. Her long, dark hair fell over her shoulder like silk. Grabbing Jack’s arms, she placed them around her waist and began to slowly gyrate atop his stiffened member.

“Are you even hard Jack? I know this diaper is thick, but I can’t feel anything back there.”

Jack would have fired back his own insult if he could; instead, Jack was lost in pleasure. His hands had migrated their way up Natalie's stomach to her breasts, his face was buried in her hair, and his lower body had dedicated itself to humping Natalie's diapered ass vigorously.

"I knew he was a little pervert." Abbie had her own phone out, intent on recording Jack's crotch just as he soaked his thong much like Natalie did in her diapers.

"We all knew that Abbie. He just thought he was good at hiding it."

Natalie's nipples had grown stiff again between Jack's fingers. While she'd never admit it, Natalie found the whole situation terribly hot. In a matter of seconds, Jack would be cumming in her thong while she struggled to hide her pleasure from being humped in diapers.

Soon Jack's breath grew ragged. His humping slowed and Natalie took control of the situation. She decided that if he was going to cum in her thong, then she would get to see it. Swinging herself around in his lap, Natalie redoubled her efforts and pressed her sagging diaper into Jack's crotch. His hands reached under her crop top and found her nipples once more. His gasps and moans became whimpers and it was clear to Natalie that Jack's cock was twitching underneath her. She slid back from his waist and watched as Jack's cock slipped free of the thong. Soon a long wet spot appeared on Jack's thigh as he shot his load into the yoga pants.

"Well well, Jacinta the sissy makes cummies in her pretty outfit and I've got it on camera." Katy looked down at Jack with an evil grin, "Guess you'll be behaving yourself from now on, won't you?"

Coming back to his senses, Jack felt his face burn red as he looked down at his softening cock retreating back into the thong. He could feel his semen drying on the side of his leg as Natalie freed herself from his lap.

Standing up from his seat, eager to leave the theater and put this all behind him, Jack suddenly found himself nearly falling as he wobbled on his feet.

"Jack, when did you get so tall?" Katy couldn't believe her eyes, but Jack was way taller than before.

Noticing the same thing, Abbie looked down to see Jack and Katy's feet right next to one another. They were wearing identical heels. "Jack's wearing heels Katy! I think they're yours!"

"Wha-!" A sudden feeling of vertigo came over Katy as she looked down to see that Abbie was right; however, the change in footwear wasn't the only odd thing going on. Even if Jack was now wearing heels, he was way taller than he should be to Katy.

“Katy, Jack isn’t getting taller...you’re getting shorter!” Abbie couldn’t believe her eyes. This was all too good. Being friends with a superstar like Katy Perry certainly had its perks, but it mostly meant being upstaged. With a diaper clearly beginning to expand underneath Katy’s dress while she shrunk in height inch by inch, Katy looked absolutely ridiculous.

Though she was shocked initially, Katy looked as if she was actually having fun. Lifting her dress, Katy exposed her newly diapered ass. She smacked the padding repeatedly with her free hand as she blew a raspberry at her friends. “The sudden loss in height is a bit weird, but I guess I should’ve expected the diaper thing.”

Taking pleasure in their height difference as she approached Katy, Abbie stood in front of her with her arms crossed. “Not so big now are you? Guess it’s your turn to pose for the camera, huh?”

Katy, her height seemingly having stabilized at about 4’10”, quickly hopped into Natalie’s lap and exposed her now slightly pudgy belly. “You better believe it is! Get a picture of us together! Maybe I can get Natalie to piss herself again!” Natalie groaned around her thumb.

“Katy! You’ve lost nearly a foot in height; judging by your tummy, your weight seems to have remained the same; and you’re wearing a diaper! How can you possibly be having fun right now?”

“Aren’t you gonna take a picture already? Does Mommy want me to suck my thumb?” Katy laughed at the confused look on Abbie’s face. Sticking her thumb in her mouth, Katy spoke around it with glee, “Oh come on, Abbie! Firth Hannah, then Nadawie? Id was bound do happen. I’m jus waitin for you to start changin!”

Abbie frowned. She hadn’t considered her own transformation; though, at the rate of how things had been going she should have suspected as much.

“Besize! Look ad Jack! He’s weawing heelth and a dwess! You can thee hith thong!” Katy was right. Much like Natalie and Hannah before her, Jack’s outfit had switched to Katy’s just as she had begun to transform. He kept his back to the girls, determined to keep them from seeing his unwedged thong and getting any ideas.

“Would you get your thumb out of your mouth! You’re talking like an idiot!” Abbie couldn’t believe that Katy was the one in the diaper, and she was the one who was upset. She could only fume as Katy winked back in response, stood, walked over to Jack, and wrapped her arms around his waist. “You’re only mad ‘cause I make a cuter baby than youuuuu! Don’t I Jack?”

“I give up! There’s no embarrassing you...you’re such a freak!”

Giving Abbie another sly smile, Katy turned and looked up at Jack. "I think Jack would certainly say that. Then again, he's a bit of a freak too! I mean look at the cute thong he's wearing. I bet you get all the boys Jack." Already forgetting about Abbie tantrum, Katy quickly slipped around Jack's backside and reached underneath his dress. "Lookie what I founnnnnnd!" Once again grabbing his thong, Katy teased it slowly up and down his backside. "You know, I bet if I yanked up on this your little cock would slip right out...that'd be so embarrassing!"

"Katy nooooooo, this is like the third tim--" Jack's words caught in his throat with a 'yelp!'. In one swift motion, Katy had managed to bring Jack's thong nearly a foot up his backside. Sure enough, Jack's dick had slipped out during the motion and was clearly visible underneath the almost see-through fabric. "Wedgie!" Taking the opportunity to enjoy herself and Jack's humiliation, Katy held Jack up by his thong with one hand, while she mercilessly spanked his ass with the other. "Awww, don't worry Jack. I'm sure you'll get plenty of butt rest once you're in diapers like the rest of us...I just wonder who will be first..."

Katy looked over at Abbie. Their eyes met, and Katy's evil grin sent a shiver down Abbie's spine.

Just what does she plan on doing to me...

A sudden feeling of fabric in Katy's hands caused her to look back down at the nearly atomic wedgie she had given Jack. The thong in her hands was changing color and shape. The fabric was becoming frilly and pink, something only Abbie had the audacity to wear day after day.

"Oh ho ho, this is too good! Looks like whatever is doing this is taking you for another spin Jacinta! I hope you like prissy panties and frilly tops."

Katy couldn't contain her glee. Abbie's outfit was the most blatantly feminine outfit that any of the girls sported. While Katy's dress had been one thing, Abbie's frilly, almost transparent clothing was another. On his frame, the white blouse was rather loose in the chest, exposing the bright pink bra underneath to his friends. A quick inspection to his rear revealed the same frilly waist band that had always poked out of Abbie's skirt. It wasn't until Jack looked back to his friends that it occurred to him that drawing attention to his panties probably wasn't the best idea.

This time, it was Natalie's turn. After all the humiliation she had endured at the hands of her friends, she figured it was time she joined in on the fun. Jack moved to hide his backside, only to have Hannah bear hug him and position him in front of Natalie. Her hands were soft to the touch and, for a moment, Jack relished the feeling of Natalie's warm hands on his lower back. Combined with Hannah's ample bosom pressing against his front, Jack was finding it difficult to contain his arousal.

Natalie pulled up on the frilly panties gently, exposing more and more frills with each inch exposed. Jack gasped as the panties tightened around his cock, only worsening his predicament.

“You know, Abbie, these aren’t my style; but they’re really cute. Maybe you and Jack should go shopping sometime? His fashion sense might actually improve.” Then, after yanking the panties further into Jack’s crack, she pressed herself into Jack’s back. He could feel her nipples through the fabric of their tops, stiffened by the chill of the theater. Natalie’s knuckles dragged across his lower back as she continued to pull the silken fabric. As the panties continued to tighten around him, Jack’s cock threatened to publicly humiliate him once more. With one last tug, Natalie pressed herself forward further and rested her chin on his shoulder. In a whisper, she spoke to him, “I bet you like this don’t you? Don’t worry, we won’t tell...” At this, one of Natalie’s hands dropped to his skirt. Her fingernails grazed Jack’s thighs and sent a shiver through his body as she exposed his backside, “...so long as you’re a good girl.”

Jack’s panties no longer covered even a single inch of his butt. The pink underwear had been wedged so far up his ass, that his cheeks were completely exposed. Pressing her diapered crotch into his left side, so as to hold up his skirt, Natalie brought her palm to Jack’s right butt cheek. Gripping it firmly, she called out to Katy behind her, “Be sure to get this one on camera Katy. It’ll be good to remind Jack, or rather, Jacinta here, in the future.”

“Way ahead of ya. Get to work girl!”

With that, Natalie began to spank Jack like a naughty child. He squirmed and wriggled as she punished his rear, but she kept him in place with his panties like a puppy on a leash. It wasn’t until Jack’s legs were weak and his ass was bright red that Natalie let him free. Determined to avoid further punishment, Jack quickly placed himself in his seat. He quickly regretted his decision as pain shot through his lower end. Shifting uncomfortably in his seat, Jack began to work on ridding himself of the painful wedgie. He kept his legs pressed together to hide the obvious bulge in his panties.

During Jack’s embarrassing ordeal, Abbie had begun to wonder what she should do. Everyone had been so preoccupied with Jack in her clothes, that they had completely forgotten what else would happen upon his switching outfits. Doing her best to appear nonchalant, Abbie put her hands behind her back. Giving her butt a gentle squeeze, she reaffirmed what she already knew: it was her turn; however, she was confused. Hannah, Natalie, and Katy had extremely noticeable bulges from their diapers. Her padding was definitely there, but something was off. It wasn’t expanding any further. The padding was definitely thick, but it wasn’t nearly as ridiculous as her friends. Slipping her finger underneath her skirt, she traced the edges of the diaper. Growing lost in her thoughts, Abbie didn’t even notice when the attention of the group turned to her.

“Alright little-miss-frills, your turn.” Hannah had moved behind her, cutting off her only escape if she had dared to run crinkling through the cinema. Wrapping her arms around Abbie’s waist, Hannah grabbed her friend’s skirt and exposed her new underwear.

Abbie had been right. She hadn’t been placed into the same thick diapers as her friends; instead, Abbie’s new underwear was a pair of pastel-pink princess pull-ups. The padded underwear was decorated in cartoon princesses and hearts that elicited a collective ‘Awww!’ from her surrounding friends.

“Of course Abbie would be the one wearing princess diapers! Did you even swap underwear or were you wearing those the whole time?”

Ignoring Katy’s teasing and freeing herself of Hannah’s grasp, Abbie held her own skirt up and laughed aloud. “That’s right, get a good look! Though I will say, Katy, you’re quite wrong. These aren’t diapers, as adorable as they may well be. These are pull-ups. Something you three babies wouldn’t understand. If we were to all walk out of here right now, I could hide mine under my skirt and at least give a semblance of being potty-trained. You three would be waddling around like toddlers just learning to walk. In fact, they’d probably think I’m your babysitter! Can you imagine having to change all these pissy diap--” Abbie’s words died on her tongue, an expression of shock on her face.

In the dead silence that followed, a familiar hissing noise began to grow louder and louder as Abbie stood with her skirt still lifted and her legs awkwardly spread. Her friends watched with delight as the front of her pull-up began to sag and discolor.

“No, no, no, no! No, please!” No matter how much she protested she remained still, wetting herself as all her friends watched. Just when it seemed the pull-up might burst, it began to expand. The stretchy material at her thighs shifted and separated, as two wide, pink tapes formed on each side. Her legs were forced apart as the padding continued to expand into a diaper far thicker than any of her friends. Walking would be impossible at this point for her at this point. With a diaper so thick, she would need to crawl or be carried. Finally, as the hissing died off Abbie felt herself free to move again. She looked down at the thick padding that threatened to force her into a permanent squat. There was no hiding her diaper, nor the gratuitous soaking she had just given it.

Natalie was all too thrilled about the sudden turn of events. “So...you were saying something about pissy diapers, Abbie?”

Abbie began to stammer, her lip quivering as she tried to process what had just happened. She had never found herself in such a humiliating situation in her entire life. Grasping for any idea that might save her further embarrassment, Abbie fired back at Natalie, “Says the little girl that pissed herself in Hannah’s lap! You looked real cute sucking your thumb you big ba--” Once

again, Abbie's words had been cut short; only this time, it was the thumb she eagerly sucked on that kept her quiet.

"Wha appen! Why mm I ucking my umb? I can'd sdop! I...I...uhh...mmmmmm..." Abbie's words quickly devolved into grunts and moans as she bent over. A loud, wet fart sounded from the seat of her diaper and soon her friends began to realize that their dignified Abbie had begun to mess herself. Seemingly lacking any restraint, Abbie used her free hand to rub herself through her diaper as she continued to fart. Hannah found herself wondering if she should laugh or gasp as the seat of Abbie's diaper began to discolor and sag from the weight of the mess being pushed into it. Natalie and Katy stood in genuine shock as they watched drool dribble from Abbie's chin and down her chest, her gasps and quickened massaging clear indicators to how close Abbie was to cumming. In a matter of moments, Abbie dropped to her knees and finished her act. The poop filling her diaper mushing against her backside. It was only after she finished, that her thumb finally fell from her mouth and her intelligence seemingly returned to her. Finding herself wet, messy, and coming down from one of the best orgasms of her life, Abbie was left speechless. Realizing that there was nothing she could do to put an end to her humiliation, Abbie managed to pull herself back into her seat and mumble a slurred 'I'm sowwy' to her friends for her behavior.

Jack was in shock. The entire evening had been one crazy thing after another. Now he was left wedgied, red-cheeked, and sitting with four diapered women. Women who'd poke fun at one another's diapers and Jack's wedgied panties, rather than try and figure out just what was going on. He couldn't blame them. He had given up on removing his wedgie, finding himself terribly aroused by the pain and humiliation of it all.

Am I really enjoying this? He wondered.

Looking to his left, Jack could see Hannah and Abbie now focused entirely on the movie. Natalie and Katy had also switched their attention from their phones and onto the big screen. Jack couldn't understand the fascination girls had with such boring movies. With nothing else to do, Jack resigned himself to watching the film.

The screen threatened to blind him with its bright colors. The live-action romantic-comedy seemed to have taken an odd turn. Gone were the two adults desperately trying to find love in the big city; instead, an animated unicorn was talking to a princess in an enchanted forest. Jack's pupils dilated and, though he never considered himself a fan of cartoons (especially ones so girly), he found himself completely enthralled with the movie.

What interested Jack most, oddly enough, was the princess's dress. Something about it just stuck with him, and soon he couldn't take his eyes off of it. The dazzling pink material sparkled in the light as the princess danced. Her dress was absolutely adorable with its puffy cap

sleeves, long flowing skirt, and a sash that went about the waist and formed a large pink bow just above her butt.

As Jack grew more and more distracted, his clothing began to change colors and shape. The frilly panties wedged in his butt began to retreat and stretch as a thick, pastel pink diaper took shape and expanded around his waist. His skirt and blouse stitched themselves together and formed a bright pink dress very similar to the one the princess on screen wore. The major difference between the two being that Jack's dress didn't reach to his ankles like her's did; instead, it shortened even further than the already short skirt he had been wearing. The waist of the dress slowly rose upward until it fell just below his nipples, giving the dress a babyish look. His frilly panties and diapers were left completely on display as his legs were forced apart by the, still expanding, thick padding. A pair of pink slippers materialized on his feet and they were soon joined by a pair of white ankle socks. A pink frill took shape around the top of the sock as it began to stretch up Jack's lower legs, past his knees, and then settled around the upper part of his thigh just beneath his thick diaper.

Meanwhile, to his right, Natalie had begun to fall asleep. Her thumb was still in her mouth as she settled her head on Katy, drool covering her chin as she began to snore softly. Slightly stirred by the act, Katy found the strength to tear her eyes away from the screen. Looking from Natalie to her left, Katy wondered just what her friends were up to. Abbie and Hannah were clutching each other, scared of what the evil queen might do to the princess on screen. Then she laid her eyes on Jack. Katy couldn't tell if she was giddy or jealous. She pretended not to be jealous.

"Oh my gosh, Jacinta! What a precious dress! I thought Abbie was cute, but I could just eat you up!" Katy's fawning quickly drew the attention of the other girls. Jack looked as if he was more surprised than anyone else, completely unaware of the girly baby clothes that he was dressed in. Natalie couldn't be bother to wake up from her nap.

"Awwww oou're oo cudddde!" Abbie couldn't be bothered to take her thumb from her mouth.

Leaning over her seat, Hannah began to poke and prod at Jack's padding. She even went so far as to stick her fingers into the waistband of Jack's diaper.

"Hannah, quit it!"

"I'm jus checking to see if da baby girl had a widdle ackident. Dun get mad at your big sistew!" Jack glared at Hannah, annoyed at the baby voice she had suddenly adopted.

"Quit makin' fun a meeeee!" Jack felt on the verge of tears. It didn't make sense to him at first; but the more he talked, the harder it was to actually form sentences and coherent thoughts.

"Jacinta need a diapie change! She sa a widdle babyyyyy!" Katy had begun to join in now.

“Nuh uhhhhhh! Abbie went poopies! Nah fair! She sa baby! I--” A familiar look came over Jack’s face. A look that almost all of the girls had shared over the course of the evening. Without thinking, Jack grabbed a large pink pacifier that was pinned to the front of his dress. After plopping the nipple in his mouth, he began to suck on it eagerly as he grunted around it. In a matter of seconds, all of Jack’s potty training disappeared. He didn’t have to relax or force it. All he had to do was just focus back on the princess on the screen and it came easily enough.

Hannah and Katy were too busy giggling and fidgeting with their new baby to notice when Abbie joined Natalie in taking a nap. No longer able to even understand the meaning of the word dignity, Jack sighed in relief as a loud fart escaped his backside. He leaned forward in his seat, completely unaware of Katy and Hannah patting his diapered butt, as the seat of his diaper filled with his mushy load. Jack moaned in pleasure, an obvious bulge in the front of his diaper.

“Wooks wike Jacinta wikes her poopies!” Even with her vocabulary becoming that of a toddler’s, Katy was still thrilled to see one of her friends reduced to using their diapers.

Hannah yawned loudly as she slapped Jack’s sagging diaper playfully. “She’s jus a dumb baby...imma...imma big guwl...” Popping her thumb in her mouth, Hannah’s eyes drooped as her will to stay awake lessened. As sleep took her, Hannah’s bladder finally lost its strength as she flooded her diapers. She smiled around her thumb. “...wike my diapies...”

Completely oblivious to her friends practically passing out around her, Katy squeezed Jack’s crotch through the diaper. “Peepee stiffy! Katy wike id!” Katy’s other hand had found its way to her own crotch, massaging herself through the soaked padding.

Finally sitting back down, his diapers full from his messing, Jack whimpered at Katy’s touch. So lost in his own erotic, jumbled thoughts, Jack didn’t even notice when Katy’s hand retreated. She had quickly joined her friends in thumb-sucking sleepy bliss.

“Me Jacinda...siwwy baby...dum head...poopy pandies...bah bah...” Jack’s speech degraded further until he was babbling around his pacifier, drool collecting on his chin and dripping down to his pretty pink dress. It wasn’t long before he joined the girls in their napping.

Unknown to the friend group, they had been transported out of the movie theatre during their nap. The five were no longer snoozing on one another in their seats; rather, each of them was suspended from the ceiling in pastel colored, over-sized baby bouncers. While Jack’s clothing remained the same as before, his captors seemingly more than fine with Jack’s baby doll dress and tights, the others had been dressed in patterned onesies. Their bare legs dangled just above the soft carpet of the floor below them, Katy’s higher up than anyone else given her new

stature. Each of their bouncers moved up and down, ever so slightly, as to keep their fussy occupants from waking.

The rest of the room was no less infantile. Just as the bouncers were sized to fit their adult passengers, the rest of the room was more than accommodating for the five of them. Multiple changing tables and cribs lined the back wall of the massive nursery. A playpen, the mesh walls of which reached to the ceiling, took up the entire front right corner of the room. It was filled with all kinds of oversized stuffed animals and toys. A couple rocking chairs occupied the corner opposite the playpen and appeared more than large enough to fit several of the 'babies' (on a caretaker's lap of course). The bright pink carpeting stretched from one nursery design covered wall to the other, and was soft enough to leave a baby's knees soft after hours of crawling.

Given a few modifications, it was clear that the room was intended for more than replicating an actual nursery. Pink leather restraints were attached to each crib and changing table, in case any of the overgrown infants proved to be a handful. Toy chests to the right of the bouncers were labeled 'Naughty' and 'Nice', a naming scheme far more sinister once one knew the contents of said boxes. Finally, directly behind the bouncers (and out of sight of the snoozing captives), there was a long padded bench equipped with restraints. A number of paddles and pacifier gags sat in a toy bin nearby. Perhaps if Jack had seen that first, he might have had the strength to resist the fog in his mind that left him stupid and aroused; but he did not.

Jack was the first to stir from his deep sleep. Sex-filled dreams of diapers and dresses still lingered in his thoughts as he rubbed the sleep from his eyes. He still sucked on the pacifier like before, only now a leather strap kept the nipple firmly in place between his lips; not that Jack minded. Jack's mind had been weakened over the course of the events at the cinema and further still since his arrival at the mysterious nursery. Rather than find a way out of the embarrassing situation and the soaking wet diaper around his waist, Jack busied himself with the various toys and buttons that lined the tray in front of him.

While they looked like larger versions of ordinary baby bouncers, they were far more advanced than their plastic counterparts. Much like everything in the nursery, the bouncers were designed to distract and further the infantilization of their users. Each button, knob, and switch on the bouncer did something. Jack didn't think to wonder what might happen if he began to play with them; in fact, Jack hardly thought at all anymore. Thinking had become simply too hard for Jack.

Jack's first action was to slap a large pink button with the palm of his hand. He giggled at the noise whirring noise it made, and hardly even noticed as a pair of headphones slipped down over his ears. As Jack decided on the next switch he would play with, an audio track began to whisper in his ear.

My name's Jacinta, and I'm a dumb baby!

Though the voice wasn't his own, Jack's mind had been empty for the last five minutes that he had been awake. Whatever the new voice was, Jack (now Jacinta) accepted it as her own thoughts.

I can't read! Mommy does that for me!

Jacinta's fingers began to have difficulty working the switches, her tiny brain struggling to accept her new thoughts and make use of her motor skills. Finally, with some effort, Jacinta gripped a large yellow switch and pushed forward on it.

I'm not allowed in big girl panties! The potty is scary! I'd rather tinkle my diapers!

Mechanical arms descended from the ceiling. One found its way to the back of Jacinta's head and began to loosen the strap to her pacifier as the other two removed the pacifier and stuffed the nipple of a large baby bottle into her mouth. The bottle's pink contents shimmered in the light, a special formula intended to rid Jacinta of what remained of her potty training. Without a moment of hesitation, Jacinta's mouth quickly went to work on sucking the formula down.

Walking is hard! I'd rather crawl or being carried around like the baby I am!

In a matter of seconds, Jacinta's bowels and bladder relaxed to the point of letting completely go. With no means nor desire to stop herself, Jacinta messed her diaper. She felt the crotch and seat of her diaper grow warm as her stomach and bladder emptied themselves. Though she couldn't hear through the headphones, Jacinta's diapers did little to muffle her loud farting as she finished unloading into her diapers.

Big words are impossible! Little words make my widdle bwain huwt! I dun wana tawk!

Between the whirring of the hands retreating into the ceiling, Jacinta's grunting, and the sounds of her messing her diapers the other girls began to wake in their bouncers. One by one they began to play with their own bouncers. More headphones and bottles lowered from the ceiling. Seats began to vibrate and moans of pleasure were muffled by the pacifiers in their mouths.

With a flick of a baby blue switch, another hand appeared; this time wielding a large pink paddle aimed directly at Jacinta's sagging diaper.

Mommy does my finkin for me! I do whateva Mommy sayth!

FWAP FWAP FWAP

Jacinta bawled like a baby with each spank from the paddle. Though the impact was greatly reduced by the extra thick padding of her diaper and the mess in the seat of her diaper, the big baby didn't like being spanked.

I'm Mommy's widdle baby! And I wanna be hewe forevew!

Jacinta did want to be here forever; Abbie had no desire to talk; Katy would never be bothered to walk; if Hannah wore a pair of panties ever again, she'd have them soaked within the minute; and Natalie hadn't read a book since junior year of highschool. That's just what babies did, and that's exactly what their new thoughts were telling them.

They didn't have to hear the footsteps approaching the room to know they were about to see their new Mommy. It was as if they just responded to her proximity. With the last bit of their adulthoods trickling into the already drenched padding of their diapers, the five baby girls bounced eagerly in anticipation. Their past lives already forgotten; Jacinta, Katy, Hannah, Abbie, and Natalie couldn't wait to start their new, diapered lives.