

Pannpers

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/36325690) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/36325690>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings , No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Persona 5
Relationships:	Nijijima Makoto/Takamaki Ann , Takamaki Ann/Yoshizawa Sumire Yoshizawa Kasumi
Characters:	Takamaki Ann , Nijijima Makoto , Yoshizawa Sumire Yoshizawa Kasumi
Additional Tags:	Diaper , Transformation , Diaper Transformation , Reality Warp , mental changes , diaper use , Scat , Watersports , Hyper Diaper
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-01-10 Completed: 2023-10-22 Words: 9,148 Chapters: 2/2

Pannpers

by [SilverWritingDesk](#)

Summary

Metaverse navigation is always exhausting. Ann and Makoto are on their way home after a day of hard work and training when the MetaNav alerts Ann to something amiss. Though it's easy enough to just dismiss the silly alert. Things get strange as the world's perception morphs around them, while Ann morphs with it. Makoto has to hurry and figure out what's going on and how to fix it before Ann's changed... forever!

Commission for Anonymous! Inspired by DarkHatBoy's Persona 5 Diaper TF pics!

Chapter 1

After a long day in the Metaverse, the walks home felt longer than normal. Maybe it was the extra fatigue that weighed upon the Phantom Thieves' bodies after. As Ann and Makoto walked to the subway, they noticed how easily other people were able to pass them. On top of the normal fatigue of Metaverse exploration, the team had unfortunately failed in their foray into their target's Palace today. The enemy forces were too much, and they were easily overwhelmed.

Ann was constantly nursing a headache a weird curvy Shadow had given her with a rather rough blow, in particular. She hated being one of the softer members of the team, but that's how it was. It made her admire how Makoto was always jumping into danger to take blows for her teammates and make sure they made it out safe.

Behind her back, some of the members referred to her as the team-mom, but others debated that the title should've been Haru's.

"Hold on, let me grab a soda before we get on our train..." Ann sighed, adjusting her purse under her arm as her phone buzzed subtly.

"Really? I don't think a soda would be great for a headache," Makoto shook her head with a quiet sigh.

"But the caffeine would give me enough energy to not fall asleep on the subway," Ann countered with a sly wink as she jogged off to a vending machine with Makoto in tow. "Unless my Queen would want to carry me home!"

The brunette rolled her eyes with a little laugh, giving her a little wave as if to give her permission to go on with her purchase.

Makoto's pocket vibrated with her phone going off as she waited. Slipping it out, she expected a notification from her teammates, or maybe even her sister asking where she was being out so late. Instead, a notification had popped up from... The MetaNav? That was odd. Normally it didn't notify them like that.

Unlocking her phone, she tapped the notification, making sure to give enough room between her and anyone else around her besides Ann. Even though she hadn't input the code for a Palace, the last thing they needed was to bring some random in with them.

The interface of the Nav was cryptic as always, and as Makoto tapped away to figure out what the big deal was, a pop-up appeared suddenly.

[COGNITIVE DISRUPTION DETECTED. ATTEMPT TO RECTIFY?]

[ACCEPT] [DECLINE]

This... was a new one. A cognitive disruption? They had done this many times and she had never gotten a notice like this. Did they do something wrong? Was the app broken or something? It was probably a general error screen like any other app would have, Makoto figured as she tapped the Accept button.

[REWRITING]

Oh well. She shrugged as Ann grabbed her soda from the machine. There was a briefly noticeable pause before she undid the top and began to drink.

“Is the MetaNav acting up for you too?” Makoto asked, leaning against the wall near the machine while waiting for Ann to finish. She didn’t respond for a bit, finishing off half the drink in a few quick chugs before removing it with a little gasp.

“Ugh, so thirsty...” Ann mumbled as her hand slipped into her purse, taking out her phone and checking for herself. Her fingers swiped and tapped away while she took another quick sip. “All mine is saying is... ‘Rectification in Progress’. What’s that mean?”

“Rectify means ‘to fix’,” Makoto said matter-of-factly, ignoring the little annoyed pout Ann gave her before going back to her drink. “Mine said something was wrong, so I hit the button to fix it, and...”

Makoto’s eyes glanced up from her phone to catch Ann putting more money into the machine to grab another soda; the empty shell of the one she had finished dropping to the ground by her feet.

“Hey, easy there. The last thing we need is to get in trouble for littering. That’d just be embarrassing,” Makoto sighed with a disapproving shake of her head, kneeling down to swipe it up and toss it into a nearby trash bin.

... What was that smell?

It wasn’t an unpleasant one, and it smelled...

Fresh. Almost fruity? No, flowery. Lavender, perhaps? But not quite lavender. Soft and warm, maybe? It wasn’t any normal smell one would find in public transit, and it was so familiar, like something she hadn’t experienced in many, many years.

What was it?! The name was just on the tip of her tongue, but it was definitely coming from Ann...

“What’s the name of that perfume you’re wearing? It’s... nice,” she asked when she returned from the bin.

Just in time to see Ann starting on her third soda.

“Mmm...? Perfume?” Ann glanced over, answering between thirsty gulps, a bit of the soda dripping down her chin, soaking into her skin. “I usually don’t use any on Palace days... Mmh, Makoto, are you thirsty too...?”

Ann wiped her mouth off on her sleeve, letting the third bottle drop as she moved to put more money in for a fourth. Makoto was quick, however, grabbing her wrist and pulling it away, making Ann face her with a shocked expression on her face.

“Are you feeling okay?” Makoto asked with a raised eyebrow, moving her free hand to the back of Ann’s head. She didn’t feel hot or anything, but her skin felt soft. Almost unnaturally so. Her face was pale, more so than usual. She was practically stark white.

“Okay? I’m... Yeah, I guess...” Though Ann was saying she was fine, it was clear as day that she was not. Her head wasn’t warm, but her skin was soft. Exceptionally so. Unnaturally so. It was like her hand sunk in a bit when she touched it. She felt remarkably light too, like the slightest bit of force could just knock the girl over.

“Come on, let’s bring you home,” her friend urged, giving Ann a gentle tug that brought the blonde down to her knees with her body not making a single noise as her knees hit the ground. Ann’s arms clung to Makoto’s skirt, like she was trying to get some support while bracing against her legs.

Makoto, understandably, was starting to panic. She didn’t let her hands leave her, kneeling with her to make sure she didn’t fall over. Did Ann shrink or something? She wasn’t always this small, and her skin was getting paler and paler.

“Someone call a doctor! An ambulance!” Makoto called out as pedestrians roamed by. Nobody was even slowing down to see what was going on! All they would do was glance at the pair, mumble something with a disapproving shake of their head, and continue on with their walk. Did they just not see that her friend needed help?! “Anyone?!”

Ann was shrinking within her arms. While her body grew pale and her clothes seemed to morph into her, leaving her naked in the subway, it seemed like her very shape was changing. She wasn’t really even humanoid after a minute passed; instead, she was... rectangular...? Her arms and legs had become little flaps or wings, with bits of tape hanging off the edge...

She blinked. Where was Ann’s face? Her friend had gotten so small, just a couple feet tall, with most of her mass having been shifted to her midsection. She looked so soft and plush, like a fluffy pillow she could just rest her head in. It took her a moment of adjusting her friend, listening to the soft crinkling noises she made, to discover what was left of her face. The imprint of her eyes was there, blinking slowly with a little pleasurable flutter to them, with what seemed to be her twin tails bouncing off to the sides.

Oh, God. Her friend was turning into a huge diaper.

“Ann...? Can you hear me?” Makoto tried to call out to her, unsure of anything going on at this point. Nobody saw this as weird. Even Ann didn’t seem too startled by this... Was this the cognition disruption being fixed? But that didn’t make sense! Ann wasn’t a diaper, she was...

... What was she again? Ann looked like a diaper now, sure, with her eyes staring at her in shock and alarm; as much as a diaper could emote, at least. Makoto could swear she knew

what Ann looked like! She was... White! Puffy, and soft, with cute little blonde streaks that highlighted when she was wet!

Wait. How did she know what Ann's wetness indicators looked like...?

This was bad. Something was messing with her head. She needed to get Ann out of here and to safety, as soon as possible. Maybe back to Lablanc? Futaba may know something that could help.

But how would she get Ann out of here safely? She might get hurt if she's stuffed away in a bag, and she didn't want people looking at her for just carrying a diaper around...

An idea flashed in her head, and it made her blush. Ann... certainly wasn't going to like this, but it was the best option she could think of.

Her eyes glanced around, looking for a quiet and secluded place to go, before darting to an alley tucked just out of view of the average passerby. There were plenty of halls where maintenance people slunk about to pass heavy loads between stations, so hopefully this one would provide her the security she needed.

Squatting down, it took some adjustments to take her stockings off and to slip her panties off from around her waist. Every few seconds, her eyes glanced up, paranoid that someone was going to turn the corner and catch her in her vulnerable state.

But she was lucky, for once. Though the voices of people grew louder as they approached, but never passed through the threshold to her private corner. Part of her heart skipped a beat when she thought about someone spotting her, but she pushed that thought so deep in the back of her mind for her to probably never unpack later.

Makoto picked the Ann diaper up, noticing the placid way her eyes etched in the seat gazed up at her. How aware was she of her current situation...? She'd have to apologize profusely later, but she'd understand for now, right?

She laid her bag down and gingerly placed Ann on it, her material spread out with the interior facing up. It took a good few seconds to work up the guts to plant her butt on the cushiony padding, with her skirt lifted to ensure it didn't get caught within. A handful of crinkles filled the air and made her freeze, eyes widened and staring at the entrance to her hidey hole.

... Nobody heard. At least, nobody had acknowledged the noise. That was a relief.

Makoto worked quickly, bringing the front of Ann to her crotch, and lifting the seat against her hips more, wrapping the wings around her waist to get in place, before taping it down to ensure Ann didn't fall off. The tapes seemed pretty sturdy, so there wasn't much of a risk of that, but she didn't want to take any chances.

She stood up, looking herself over in the reflection of a discarded glass display. Ann was huge. Even with her skirt tugged down in an attempt to cover the white padding, a good inch or four of bulging white plastic was still on clear display. Why did Ann have to be so thick? It

was near impossible to keep her legs closed, and the smell of flowery lavender was so strong now...

She bent over, sliding her leggings back up and grunting slightly as the material struggled around the extra few inches of bulk added onto her hips. She was half worried they'd tear at first, but they were sturdy enough, squeezing the thick cushy diaper against her hips - ensuring she wouldn't forget the garment she was wearing, especially with how the bright white material showed through the stretched fabric.

Her fingers splayed in the front of it, the plush padding sinking against her crotch as a shudder left her. It felt so odd... But she couldn't deny that it felt good, in some ways. Despite the fact she'd be walking like she constantly had to go, it seemed really comfortable.

It'd certainly make the train seats a lot comfier.

She gathered her things, putting her old panties that now felt far blander away in her bag, and starting to leave, only to stop when a familiar voice filled her head.

"Where.... Am I? I feel so warm and... soft," Makoto froze as she heard Ann, looking around to see where her friend was, only to gaze down at her hips, lifting her skirt to peer at the diaper adorning her.

"Ann...? Don't... freak out. You... turned into a diaper. I don't know how, I don't know why, but... We'll get you help, don't worry!" Makoto whispered loudly, fully aware of how insane she looked, whispering assurances to her diaper.

"Makoto? Oh, it's you! I knew I recognized these hips... So toned and strong; I can tell you work out... I-I mean... G-Get moving! I don't wanna be stuck like this!" Ann's mourning whine rumbled through Makoto's mind. "I know I said I'd do anything to get out of tomorrow's test, but not THIS!"

Makoto let out a little chuckle, unable to help herself as she hurriedly waddled out from her hiding spot.

Leblanc wasn't too far away, just a dozen blocks or so, and the walk normally didn't take them too long, but with the added heft around her waist, each step took thrice the effort of a normal one. Makoto felt her cheeks burning with embarrassment with each step she took, her hands constantly tugging at the hem of her skirt to try and maintain some decency and privacy, but Ann was just too large to hide. The way she made Makoto's butt balloon out with padding was unmistakable, and she swore she heard people commenting on it as they passed.

"I'm so thirsty... Could you buy a thing of water and just... pour it in?"

Makoto bit her lip, her cheeks only glowing brighter as she heard the suggestion.

"I'm not pouring water in you..." She hissed below her breath, praying that nobody was paying attention to what she was saying. At least her diaper was large enough to distract anyone looking at her, which was a plus for once.

But now that she mentioned it, she did feel a stirring in her stomach. A pressure was building there, making her nethers tremble slightly against the cushiony padding constantly pushing into it. The feeling evaded her for a second, but she realized that she just needed to pee.

That was fine, there were plenty of restrooms nearby. She just had to go in there and...

Ann squeezing around her hips made her hesitate, freezing in place. Well, she was a diaper. That's what diapers were used for, after all. Ann did say she was thirsty, so she probably wouldn't get mad at Makoto for this...

Taking a slow breath to steady her nerves, she began walking forward once more, counting her inhaleds and exhaleds in her head. Her muscle memory was instinctively fighting against these urges to let go; after all, she had been potty trained for most of her life. Going in her pants was never an option!

Her feet paused as she reached a crossroad, waiting for traffic to stop before she walked on, and that's when she could finally let go.

All the soda and coffee that she had during their Metaverse exploration today was practically coming out at once. The warmth left her crotch, spreading across the face of it before gradually sinking into the material of Ann. Makoto felt her cheeks grow warm as it dawned on her that she was wetting herself in front of all these people, with none of them even slightly aware of it. She awkwardly shifted in place, feeling the gradually heavier feeling of her diaper sink against her leggings before moving two fingers to the face of it, pressing in to feel the slightly soggy squish.

"M-Makoto...? What're you...?" Ann's voice nervously echoed in her mind before a swoon followed. "That feels... so good! You're filling me! I'm... a-aah...~"

Hearing her friend so erotically excited over this made Makoto's eyes stare at her feet in hot embarrassment. Even with her skirt on, she could still see the rounded surface of her diaper pushing out and swore she even saw it sink a little as her piss flooded the front.

The light before her flashed and she quickly started to move forward through the crosswalk. Now that her diaper was heavier, her steps felt extra forced, spread apart in an awkward waddle that wouldn't go away no matter how much she pressed her legs together, making her thighs soak in her own piss further.

Even as she waddled in front of traffic, she felt her bladder still releasing. To her ears, the hiss of the plastic soaking it all up was as clear as day, but surely it couldn't be heard by the others, right? A quick glance around made her catch several eyes looking at her, either in passing or in direct staring. Did... they know? All these people on their phones; were they filming her? Snapping pictures? Local Class President is Actually a Huge Baby, she could already see the headlines read in the school paper.

She bit her lip. Why did that excite her?

"Mmmmh... So good...~ M-Maybe you can grab some tea or something? Fill me up a bit more? I'm still so... so empty."

Ann was really getting desperate. How far had her mind slipped thanks to this cognitive change? Makoto had to get to the others for help as soon as possible.

By the time she reached the next sidewalk, her bladder had emptied, but a twist in her gut made her hand rest upon her stomach. Makoto still moved forward, but this cramping gradually only grew with each step she took forward. Her rather brisk pace to get to the cafe slowed down to a toddle, and it wasn't long until a burst of gas left her rear, making her squeak in alarm.

Oh. She didn't just need to pee.

"Makoto? Are you okay?" Ann asked, probably able to feel her pace becoming more akin to a crawl with how slowly her legs trudged forward, holding her belly as the pressure increased almost exponentially, it felt like.

"Y-Yeah, I... Nnn, just..." Makoto hissed between her teeth, a rough rumble through her body making her stop completely and stick her rear out. Another burst of gas left her athletic rear with a gasp, while passersby took note of the display (and the smell), making sure to give her a good bit of room. "I just gotta... g-gotta potty..."

No, she couldn't! Not in Ann! Not in public! She was a big girl, and big girls used... potties, right? But then why was she wearing Ann? Why was she wearing... her diaper?

A grunt left her lips as she felt her bowels start to let go without her even needing to think about it. She could feel her own mess filling up the seat of her diaper, making it crackle and crinkle under the gradually growing weight. Her leggings grew taut around her diaper, having already been struggling in the first place to keep everything contained.

"O-Oh! M-Makoto, I... This...!" Makoto winced as Ann's stammering echoed in her head, right as another pound of her own mess sunk into her diaper, making it sag another inch behind her. She was going to be so mad at her...! "F-Fill me more! This feels amazing! B-Better than fighting, better than buffets...! C-Come on Makoto, keep it up!"

Her eyes went wide, her pale cheeks now completely crimson as her encouragement helped loosen her rear, more and more of her own waste sinking into the seat of Ann. Her leggings kept Ann hugging close to her rear, making sure both girls felt the warmth of Makoto's accident spreading against them, pressed close together in the tight space.

At least, until they finally gave out with a loud rip, piercing the air as now all eyes were on Makoto. She could feel the cool fall breeze against the exposed parts of her thighs, and the mushy mess in her pants kept her warm and cozy against the stark change.

It was just the seat of her leggings that had torn though, the rest holding up. The seat of her diaper was simply filling out too fast for her to contain it all; sinking an inch lower every few seconds, while the girth of it made Makoto's legs spread like an open invitation. Ann's moans of horny delight at being filled rung in her ears, making lines of drool drip out of the esteemed class president's mouth as the lewdness of it caught up with her.

But of course she liked this! Why else would she be wearing diapers if she didn't enjoy packing them full of her own crap? The high-honors girl wasn't aware of her own mind being morphed, shifted, and molded like the mush in her pants into something that made her accept her current reality.

She... did need diapers. She was helpless without them.

“Makoto... I-I'm cumming... Fill me more! C-Cram me full, make me squeal...!”

Ann's squealing, those erotic pleas for more... It fueled Makoto, making each ounce of waste dumped into her pampers feel more pleasurable than the last.

Another full load made her groan, the heavy weight of her overfilled pamp making her fall back on her rear, but she didn't have that far to fall. The sheer mass of waste within had inflated her infantile friend-garment to excessive sizes, resembling a portable and smelly bean bag chair more than anything else.

“M-Makoto... W-wait, I'm... I'm slipping... N-Nnnh, cumming... cumming, I-I'm... diaper...! Wait...~!”

Ann's desperate moans fell on deaf ears. Makoto was too far gone, lost in the bliss of playing around in her own waste; the warmth enveloping her waist and her brain, oblivious to how the cognition was settling around her.

The noise Makoto made as she sat in her own mess, feeling it churn and squish against the supple flesh of her bottom... She moaned openly, mouth hanging open with the lewd gesture as Ann's orgasmic mewls of delight channeled through her own lust, her own need, while her hands pressed into the front of her diaper, kneading the warm, wet front of it before she finally reached her own climax...!

Something snapped in her head as she came down from her euphoric post-orgasm high. Her chest rose and fell with her breaths as she panted, settling into her warm seat with her legs splayed out behind her. What... was she doing again? She was going to Lablanc, right? Right. But why? Did she forget something there?

“Someone needs to give that girl a change...”

“Is her mommy around somewhere?”

“Ugh, kids these days...”

She could hear peoples' jeering remarks as they passed by, but Makoto shrugged it off. She was used to people pointing out her absurdly filled diapers. Though she was sensitive about it, it was almost a point of pride. After all, despite her incontinence, she was able to have the highest grades and be an elected class official!

Her phone buzzed in her bag, and as she blinked back to reality, she checked it. Oh, Futaba sent her a message.

[Hey, what gives? You left your diaper bag at the cafe! You know Sojiro gets mad when we leave stuff here!]

Sure enough, a picture was included of her diaper bag stowed in one of the cafe booths, filled to the brim with cloud-like white padding, with holsters for powder and wipes on the side.

Makoto sighed, shifting on her messy behind while her diaper squished and crinkled slightly from under her. Given how big her current accident was, she definitely could use a change. Her attempt to stand up didn't lift her diaper from the ground, given its absolutely hulking size. She tsked and gave it a couple pats. It was going to be a long trip back to Lablanc for that.

[On my way. Might be a little bit. Think you can give me a change when I get there?]

She sent the message and hummed to herself as she began her waddle of shame back to the cafe, checking her phone idly as she walked. Part of her wondered if she'd even be able to fit through the front door.

And part of her wondered whose number was in her contacts that she didn't recognize anymore...

Embracing Violet

Chapter Summary

Ann isn't sure how things returned to normal. Reality fixed itself after a while, returning her to human form and Makoto was none the wiser. But she can't get those thoughts of her time as a diaper out of her mind. How fulfilling, comfortable, how blissful, it was... If only she could try it again...

Luckily, Sumire needs someone to talk to, and Ann is more than willing to lend her a shoulder to lean on, and then some...~

Commission for Magnaking!

Sumire was never one to lose her faith. Thanks to the help from her friends, her confidence was resolved, and she had never been better! Her acrobatic feats hadn't gone unnoticed, pushing her up the dextrous ladder faster than most girls in her age range could ever dream of!

But the pressure... It was a lot. Too much.

She was a resilient girl, but even she had her limits. As she went to tougher competitions with people far more experienced than her, she could feel her nerves threatening to seize her up mid-routine at times. When she'd be preparing to go out, the anxiety would make it harder for her to breathe; and even when the event ended, she found herself nervously sitting on the edge of her bed after, like a lost puppy in the big city.

Part of Sumire was worried that she was regressing back to earlier behaviors. Hiding within herself and coping poorly with the stress of her life. She didn't... couldn't go through that again; not alone.

Paging through her phone contacts after a performance, her knees hugged close to herself, she lingered on each of their names, trying to figure out who she should turn to. She didn't want to be a bother; she didn't want to be a burden. Senpai didn't need to be bothered with it, but...

When Ann's name passed her finger, she paused. She was used to the pressures of performing in her own way. If anyone could relate to her worries, it'd be Takamaki-senpai!

Ann, however, was going through her own problems.

Up until a few days prior, she was stuck as a diaper. A huge diaper that adorned Makoto's athletic waist for almost every hour of the day and night - except for showers. The fierce martial artist didn't even sense that anything was wrong the whole while. It was as if she was

always an incontinent baby with bean bag sized diapers, and the world didn't see anything wrong with it.

She could feel everything the whole while. Each warm accident pushing into the seat of herself, Makoto's longing humps and grind against the corners of tables when she felt the need to get off - and the bliss of her friend's orgasm when she finally reached her limit, and the weight of Makoto pressing down on her every time she sat.

It was awful! Humiliating! It was as if she never existed; like she was only ever Makoto's personal diaper. Nobody had asked where she was, only mentioning her name as if that's what Makoto named her or something!

But everytime Ann's mind lingered back to that time, all those vivid memories of being used and played with like she wasn't even there... She would find her hands trailing down to her nethers, idly playing with herself as she bit her lip or a writing instrument if she was using one.

Why did she miss it?

She couldn't deny that she did. Her search history looked insane from how rapidly her queries went from latest fashion trends and modeling agencies to diapers; the different brands, sizes, lewd material of them, and even some research into what had happened to her, as if there was any instance of this happening before. Ann felt the briefest pangs of disappointment each time her research turned up nothing.

Ann tried chasing that high, doing her best to find a way to fill that need, that lewd little desire buried deep in her heart. She ordered the biggest diapers she could, even piling on three layers when she wore them. Nothing. Wearing her smallest skirts, her sexiest shorts, her tightest jeans, parading around the city where anyone could see her... Sure, it gave her a few odd looks, but that was all. The feeling was nice, but it didn't scratch the itch.

She held her phone in her hand as she sat at her desk, diapers crinkling against the seat while two fingers pushed and rubbed along the front of its dry surface. The only person she could probably ask was Morgana... which meant texting Joker. Could she bring herself to mention this in hopes of Morgana keeping that big mouth of his shut...?

Doo-doo-le-doo~

Sumire! How long had it been since she heard from her! Ann's mood brightened as she tapped the message, pulling it up.

Ann knocked on her friend's door with a hum, carrying a bag over her shoulder while she bounced on her feet a little. Under her cute skirt was two layers of Extra Poof diapers; the size being bulky enough to just let an inch be seen between her soft thighs. In her bag was a change, just in case, along with some magazines and stuff for them to read together.

All Sumire needed was a bit of girl time! Rest, eat snacks, watch a movie... It sounded like she had devoted so much of her time to training, practicing, and competing, that she hadn't left any time for her to be her. Fortunately, Ann was the queen of slacking off.

She had expected her parents to answer the door but was more than a little surprised when the woman of the hour did it herself!

“Oh! Takamaki-chan, thank you for coming on such short notice. I hope I didn’t mess with your plans or anything,” Sumire said with a sheepish little bow, stepping aside so her friend could enter.

“Hey, I’m always down for a girl’s night! Better you than Ryuji butt-dialing me and leaving snoring voicemails,” Ann replied as she almost skipped in, her cheeks carrying a faint pinkness from feeling the plushness crinkling between her thighs.

Sumire could sense something was up as her friend walked by. She smelled... different. Her friend wasn’t one to shy away from perfume, but that lavender scent... Hm. When she turned to follow her in, that’s when she spied the little white bulge peeking out from under her skirt.

Her mind raced, quickly trying to do all the math in her head... only to freeze when Ann turned back to face her with a smile on her face.

“Hey, save checking me out later!” Ann teased before practically skipping up the stairs.

As she disappeared, Sumire’s blushing cheeks only felt warmer as the thought of her friend wouldn’t leave her head. Was she really wearing a diaper...? Shaking her head, she tried dismissing the idea as she grabbed a couple cans of tea for them.

The pair gathered in Sumire’s modest bedroom with the girls sitting together on the bed. Sumire’s television droned quietly in the background while they chatted, catching up on how things had gone since their graduations, with their careers and hobbies and each of their own struggles.

Sumire was very forthcoming with her problems, practically feeling the stress beginning to melt off as she unloaded her baggage with the help of her friend. That was part of the issue, she figured. Keeping it all bottled up just wasn’t healthy for her, and Ann’s experience with it was exactly what she needed.

“When was the last time you actually relaxed?” Ann piped up as Sumire paused for a few long breaths; her eyes practically drilling holes into her thighs. “Like... Gone out? Hit the town? Check out the newest restaurants, go on a date, see a movie...?”

Ann listed all these options, hoping Sumire would respond to any of them, only to be replied by silence.

“If I’m being honest, I... don’t think I’ve had any actual fun in months,” she admitted, holding her arm, and giving it an anxious rub, as if she had done something wrong. Hadn’t she...? “Even right now, I have this... pressure in the back of my head, telling me that I should be at the gym right now or practicing, instead of... this.”

Frowning, Ann leaned against her friend, wrapping an arm around her shoulder, and pulling her in for a warm hug. Sumire gasped for a second before following her lead, squeezing her close with their bodies gently pressed together upon the plush bed. At that moment,

Yoshizawa genuinely felt like everything was going to be okay. When Ann finally released her, she let out a big sigh and smiled at her friend.

“Mind if I ask what you do to have fun, Takamaki-chan? I’m not quite as... outgoing as you, but maybe you could break me out of my shell a little bit!”

Ann felt herself blush, as her mind instantly jumped to one thing, and one thing alone. That lewd padding that rubbed against her thighs. Truthfully, nothing had given her quite the same Zen and peace with herself as that did, except actually being one herself, despite how embarrassing it was to think about it. As her hand brushed against her lap, fingertips sinking into the crotch of the padding, she wondered if it was really fair of her to hog this all to herself. She brought spares, so maybe Sumire wouldn’t mind trying...

“So... Uhm. This is going to sound a little crazy,” Ann began to say as she looked away bashfully, the blush only growing as she crossed her legs. A shudder passed through her as a subtle crinkle rubbed directly against her sex. “But I was... hanging out with Makoto recently and...”

And so she explained the situation, leaving out the details she knew were too embarrassing. Instead of framing it as the best she ever felt, she instead described it as the most relaxing experience, as she had no worries or cares, no job, or responsibilities. Just life making one of her best friends happy while being constantly comfortable.

All the while, she was keenly aware of how her heart was beating faster and how she shuddered at remembering each accident Makoto had in her... Her thighs rubbed together slowly to curb the horniness that was overtaking her, unaware of a little drool running down the corner of her mouth.

Sumire laughed. A polite chuckle at first, hand moving to her mouth to cover it, which only made her let out a little snort as she stifled her giggles.

“I-I’m sorry, but... That’s quite a story. I didn’t know you were a writer. I’m ah, glad you found an audience for your... specific niche!” She tried her best to give her friend a straight smile, but she couldn’t help but let out a couple more chuckles. Was this her plan? Tell her something so absurd and silly that it’d just brighten her spirits? Well, it was working!

But Ann’s cheeks puffed out, taking hold of Sumire’s wrist, and pulling it down to her crotch. Sumire tensed up, and then froze completely when her palm contacted the plush material through her skirt.

“... I’d remember something like that... Right? Makoto’s never needed diapers before. I can’t even imagine...” Sumire tried her best to think, trying to find any plausibility in Ann’s story, but... her memories from that time felt weirdly faded. It was almost like the Actualization.

“It was like... a cognition change, but on a severe degree. Like, Maruki’s power. We all thought it was normal, and only after did we realize that it was all wrong. But this time, nobody remembers,” Ann confirmed Sumire’s idle theory, and it only made more sense as she thought about it.

“Could there be a problem in the Metaverse?” Sumire mused, absently opening her phone to check for the Nav, but Ann put her hand on her wrist to stop her.

“I mean... it’s not hurting anyone, right?” Ann said as innocently as she could, trying to hide the hints of excitement in her voice. “I enjoyed my time with it, and even though she doesn’t remember, I’ve seen how relaxed Makoto has been since. Maybe this is just what you need.”

Sumire’s heart ran a marathon in her chest as she thought about it, the connotations, the risks... What if she had never turned back? Just stuck as a diaper forever...? The idea might’ve excited Ann, but herself...?

“I... don’t know.”

Ann couldn’t force her. But the thought was nagging her constantly. This had to be just what she needed! An idea sparked in her head, and she turned to her bag sitting on the floor, shifting through its contents before she pulled out a pristine white diaper, dry as a bone.

“Try one,” Ann said as Sumire took it with some hesitation. She squeezed it, listening to the comforting noise as it gave way to her movements. It almost reminded her of a bag of microwave popcorn. “No judgment. If you don’t like it, I won’t push any more. But if you do... I’m more than happy to help you. I’m here for you every step of the way.”

... Could it really hurt to try? Sumire’s glasses fogged up as she gazed down at it, turning it over and noticing the little rosy patterns that adorned it. Seemed to be Ann’s size, so it might be a bit big on her, but...

“... Okay. B-But no pictures!” She relented before puffing her cheeks out at Ann. She knew that her friend would never do that, but she wanted to feel like she had some control.

“Aww, not even if you look absolutely adorable~?” Ann snickered, bumping her elbow against Sumire as she nudged against her playfully.

When their arms made contact, a spark traveled between them; the girls letting out a duet of sudden yelps as it shocked them, before they broke out into soft chuckles.

“I’ve... uh, never put one of these on myself,” Sumire admitted after an awkward moment of silence, sheepishly unfolding the padding in her hands. It seemed... simple enough, but what if she messed up? What if it fell apart while she was wearing it and she was just exposed...?

Her anxiety was kicking in, and she shook her head to make them go away.

“Well, it’s easy. Take your jeans off and I can guide you through it. Unless you want me to do it~”

“A-aawaa! No, no, I’m fine!”

Ann chuckled to herself before starting to stand, only to find herself uneven on her feet. She held her arms out, ready to catch herself from a fall, but Sumire was quick on her feet to take hold of her arm and waist, dropping her diaper on the ground as she did so.

“Easy there... Did you get up too fast?” Sumire asked her quietly as she guided her back down onto the bed.

“I’m... fine. Just a little dizzy, won’t worry about me,” Ann said with a smile, trying to dismiss her friend’s worries as she felt a little tickle in the back of her mind. A warmth, an inviting mist telling her to relax. She... had felt this before. The memory was fuzzy, but the way it weighed down on her brain was unmistakable.

... That’s why this felt so right.

She knew this feeling; she had practically given up on trying to capture it ever again! A sly grin spread across her lips as she set the drink down, head rolling back as she sighed happily. Almost on queue, Sumire’s phone buzzed, making her jump slightly.

[COGNITIVE DISRUPTION DETECTED. ATTEMPT TO RECTIFY?]

[ACCEPT] [DECLINE]

“Ann...? What is this?” Sumire asked as she looked at the prompt before her, finger hovering over the decline button. “This seems dangerous; maybe we should contact the others.”

But Ann leaned into her friend, hand resting on her thigh as she gave her a sheepish, blushing smile, so nervous to show the anticipation welling up in her gut.

“Do you trust me?” There was a pause. The two shared a look, with Sumire’s eyes glancing back down at the Nav. Was this what caused Ann’s transformation before? Would this do it again? What if she didn’t turn back this time? What if...-?

“Yes,” Sumire said after stealing her resolve. If this is what her friend truly wanted, and if she really thought it’d help her... she had to give it a try. “I’ll... uh, see you later, I guess?”

Ann’s eyes practically shone like stars as her friend pressed the [ACCEPT] button.

[Rectification in Progress]

The first thing Sumire noticed was the smell. That lovely lavender scent Ann was sporting when she came in was only getting stronger, with the dry hint behind it making her realize it wasn’t perfume, but baby powder. Her friend absolutely smelled like the floral aroma now, and as Ann climbed onto her lap, she couldn’t help but take another big whiff and feel her heart fall at ease.

She could see Ann’s blush fading as her skin turned pale, slowly at first, but soon too obvious to ignore. Even her hair was growing lighter from that platinum shade of blonde, looking more silver than anything else.

“Last time, Makoto and I could still hear each other, but...” Ann explained, feeling the dryness spread across her tongue and lips. Her hand instinctively went to one of the cans of tea, but she had to restrain herself. She wanted to savor Sumire’s first accident when it happened. “As she used me, reality sort of... set in, if that makes sense...”

Sumire could only watch in wonder as her friend seemed to shrink before her eyes. It was subtle at first, only a couple centimeters here and there, before Ann was already down to eye level. With her arms around her morphing friend's waist, she could feel the material of her clothes melting into her body, being replaced with an overwhelming softness that was somehow even plushier than the diaper she had been given moments prior.

“W-Wait, I'm not incontinent, though,” Sumire noted with a little gasp, though in the back of her mind, she knew that it wasn't completely true. She had a nervous bladder for sure, and thankfully she had brought her diapers with her to her contests to prevent on-stage humiliation...

Or did she? That didn't seem right, but as she tried to reconcile her memories, all that came to mind were the accidents. Her cheeks burned as she remembered the first time she wet herself during a routine; she had to fight through her own anxiety to keep going, finishing with her leotard absolutely soaking wet...

“Aren't you? Why else do you have all these diapers?” Ann responded, now no taller than four feet tall. Her arms and legs were so short and practically flat looking. Her face was so plush and soft that Sumire had to resist nuzzling against the padding that was her friend's cheeks.

“Th-They're not my diapers! You brought them here!” Her glasses fogged up again as she tried debating these claims, but... did she? She always had a good supply on hand, especially when her nervous accidents on stage began happening at home, and worse, at school. How humiliating to be brought to the nurse's office and told she has to start wearing training pants again, and then regressing to diapers even after that.

Ann's white skin was gradually shifting hue once more. While her body grew plusher and softer, like a pillow starting to spill over the sides of Sumire's lap with its girth, little colored designs began to swirl around the surface of her padded body. Pink lines and twirls, stretching like flower stems, ending in lovely but faded red roses that adorned her cheeks and nose.

“Can't put me on while wearing those cute jeggings now, can you?” Ann's voice told her, though with the Metaverse magic swirling around them, Sumire had no idea if she actually heard it or if it was just within her mind.

“Right...” She hesitated for a moment, like she was hoping Ann would help her out with that, but she laughed at herself after some seconds of waiting. Of course Ann couldn't assist; why would a diaper help you undress?

Already, Sumire's memories of Ann began to shift and warp as she set her lightweight companion beside her on the bed, listening to the satisfying, oh-so-inviting crinkle. Memories of hanging out with Ann and her friends were shifting to her hanging out with her friends, sporting an absolutely massive diaper that they never bullied her for. They understood her problems and were more than accepting of them.

Even if they thought it was a little weird how she kept calling her diaper 'Ann', like an imaginary friend.

Undoing her jean leggings and tugging them off, she let out a laugh at seeing the panties she wore. So plain and simple. She was lucky she hadn't wet them yet, or worse!

Now that she was set to get changed, to unfold her favorite diaper, giggling idly as she found it amusing how it covered so much of her bed. If she was smaller - or if Ann was bigger - she could practically use her like a blanket! Her fingers pressed against the face of it, patting it a few times and kneading her knuckle into the plush material, feeling it give way from her longing touches. Though, it wasn't the 'face' of her diaper. Diapers didn't have faces. That was the crotch of it. Silly Sumire.

Her athletic butt sat upon the seat of her diaper, and she felt like a little girl again as she hummed, hands moving about to pull the padding into place. She could feel the small explosion of her favorite lavender baby powder poof out from the impact, and she even rolled her hips on the seat to let the powder coat her rear and crotch.

"Someone enjoys her diapers~" A voice said in her head, soft and playful.

"I can't help it... You're just so comfy!" Sumire said to herself seemingly as her smile never faltered. "Can't believe I didn't put you on this morning... What if I had an accident? Mommy would've been so angry with me."

Sumire's memories were far gone, now covered with an ever-changing facade of what her new reality was. Ann knew that she was slipping further and further, and even faster than Makoto had done. A small, still logically thinking part of her pampered-out brain made her wonder if it was because of her past Actualization trauma, but she didn't care about the whys. She felt empty, and so thirsty. How long was Sumire going to keep her in suspense of finally taping her on...~?

As her hands worked on pulling the material up, hugging it against her body, her muscle memory felt so unsure of the movements. She had changed herself like a million times before, since she was given permission after her parents grew tired of it, but she felt like the process was so foreign to her.

"Good girl... There you go! Now pull the wings nice and tight..." Ann cooed within her mind, guiding her along as the unsure woman diapered herself up. She had to spread her legs nice and far to ensure it fit properly, and even then, as she laid back to secure the ties, she could feel her hips and waist elevated off the mattress from how bulky her diaper felt.

Once she was fully strapped in, she remained on her back, gazing up at her ceiling with a smile on her face. Her thighs gently, slowly rubbed together, a lewd glow of bliss filling her as she lost herself in the lewdness of it. Some part of her mind knew this wasn't right, that this wasn't normal, but that couldn't be any farther away from her attention now.

In her diaper, she felt like all was right with the world. Like everything was normal; far better than things were in those dumb grown-up panties. Lowering her hand down to her crotch, she let her lithe fingers press into the material, a dry crinkle rumbling from its surface before she felt the familiar warmth flood her panties.

With the silence of her room, the hiss rang out loud and clear, like a streaming faucet left on high. A wry little smile passed along her lips, and she just sighed. All that nasty pressure in her bladder was leaving her like the wind, leaving no knots or stress within her to dwell on. As the damp sensation soaked through her diaper, she gradually began rubbing slow circles against her slit; all that puffy, heavy material grinding against it.

She knew how lewd it was to masturbate, especially when her diaper was so full, but there was no better way for her to unwind. This is how she got herself to sleep, she could vividly recall, and how she would limber up before practices. Something about the release was just too good; just the medicine she needed.

“F-Fill me more...” She could hear Ann’s voice quietly echoing in the back of her mind. “I’m so empty, Sumire...!”

“Mmmh, of course...” Sumire didn’t question the strange voice begging for more within her head. It had a name, she knew, and... that was it. She couldn’t place a face to the name, but of course she couldn’t. Diapers didn’t have faces. Duh!

Lazily, she rolled onto her front, hugging one of her stuffed animals close to her chest as the accident she was having gradually tapered off. Sumire’s well-toned thighs rubbed together in a rhythmic motion, while her free hand darted between her legs, a knuckle grinding right against the crotch to really push that warmth into her needy sex.

She gasped and panted into her pillow, squeezing her plush closer and practically smothering it into her bust as her hips rocked forward, humping against her bed the best they could despite the beanbag chair adorning them. The entire bedroom felt hot as her heart raced, the bed creaking under her with her fervent, lusty motions, her breaths only getting faster as she edged herself closer, closer, closer to the edge!

“F-Fuck... Fuck! A-Ann... Ann...!”

Her squeals echoed throughout the house, uncaring if anyone was home, as her body tensed up, then relaxed, her orgasm flooding the crotch of her diaper bringing her such a high that she’d hope would last for a while...~

BRRRRPPPPPT~

All her muscles were so relaxed from the afterglow, she couldn’t even begin to stop herself as messy blasts of potently thick gas escaped her soft rear. Not that she’d want to stop them, anyways. Just meant her body was all ready to go for the big finale...~

Sumire’s hands sunk deep into the plush material of her stuffy, body tensing up as it needed just enough assistance to aid in letting the first loads of messy waste into the seat of her pamp, and...!

BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPLLLBBBBBTBBBTBBBT...~!

Outwards and outwards it grew, gross, wet sticky noises coming from her ass as each load of crap bunched together, squishing and morphing together to create one large pile that only

grew larger and larger. The white material covering her ass gradually darkened as the mess made its mark, forcing it to push outwards as uneven lumps pushed against the surface, like molehills in a garden.

“Aaaaahnn... Haaa... Haaaaa...” Sumire couldn’t stop herself from drooling on her pillow while her hair cascaded around her in an absolute mess. So warm, so soft, so good...!

As she felt the piles of shit finally coming to an end, she stayed in place, just savoring the moment. She managed to shit herself silly every day, often cumming herself equally silly just from the pure ecstasy of a good, messy accident, but something about this one just felt all the more special.

And so she was alone. Silence mingled with her own panting and the idle crinkles of the remaining dry parts of her diaper, with nobody there to join her. She swore there was something talking to her in the back of her mind, but... She dismissed the idea entirely. It was probably her little lusty thoughts playing with her lewd mind.

Sumire finally managed to roll herself to be sitting up, giggling to herself as her own mess squished and churned in her seat, even bouncing on it like it was a small trampoline, before she finally stood up. The weight of her diaper absolutely sagged, making her legs part a couple feet to give it enough clearance to waddle around her bed.

Slipping her feet into her jeans, she gave them a good, strong tug upwards, another moan subconsciously leaving her as her diaper squished and splatted all her mess against her body with the pants now pulling it so taut against her. Sumire was barely able to get the pair to fully button! This had to be a new size record for her, she thought to herself with a smile as she admired herself in her mirror.

Her jeans were so worn looking thanks to the number of times she had totally ruined them while wearing her pamp, and she swore that some of the seams along the back would tear one day.

And as she gave her own messy butt a firm swat, she couldn’t help but hope it happened soon~

Her stomach growled and she gasped, checking the time. It was almost dinner! She almost forgot! She turned to leave to make something for herself, only to stop when she noticed a pack of diapers leaning against her bed, and a couple cans of tea nearby.

“Are those... mine?” she asked herself, moving over to the package and kneeling down. It was open, with one diaper removed but... These definitely weren’t hers! They were far too small and wouldn’t even begin to contain her for a couple hours, let alone a full day!

Sumire took the cans and turned to leave, idly sipping from one as she went, waddling with that weight squished against her but still swaying like a restrained pendulum.

Why would she need more diapers when this one was all she needed?

And as she went about her day, she was all too oblivious to how blissful her garment was to hug her best friend's waist~

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!