

Pink Pamper Club

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Chapter 2

City life seldom lacked for stimulation. There were always new and surreal sights out on the streets, people both mystifying and bizarre abounding in so large a metropolis. Jackie was also well accustomed to the stares that some of the odder folks could turn, unprompted, on an innocent passer-by – that too wasn't unusual if you lived in those wilder reaches of the city, where clubs such as hers operated.

Especially if you looked as gorgeous as she did.

What was odd was the *density* of such people today.

Jackie was about her normal business of a morning, running errands before the club opened that afternoon, yet everywhere she went there were eyes lingering on her.

Some admired her stylish attire, captivated by her immaculately composed outfit, lingering in particular on her well-filled diaper, which squelched sensually with each step... however others met her eye directly, with quizzical, or even outright disapproving gazes.

She ignored them all.

Nothing as trivial as a few odd looks could burst her bubble that morning.

Waddling along the boulevard towards the bus stop, the bustle of pedestrians and cyclists harmonized with the chorus of crinkles and creaks from her beloved padding, hugging her loins so lovingly. Being properly pampered as she was had always made Jackie feel safe and secure, *confident*, thanks to the embrace of her permanent companion, holding her snugly and caressing her sex with her own feces, all through the day.

Jackie sighed happily, feeling, listening to the slop and squelch of her mess, jiggling with each step and smearing itself all over her erection as it rubbed against the tented front of her diaper.

It was hard to imagine how normal people managed, with just mere underwear to support them.

At the bus stop, she broke into an especially intense series of farts, and as her asshole rocked from the vibrations of those bubbling belches she moaned aloud, shivering with pleasure.

Especially as the loosing gases brought with them more hot, tingly feces.

Of course she wasn't some sort of pervert – she kept her hands on her purse and phone, like any woman should while soiling herself in public.

Her arousal could be satisfied later.

Admittedly it was a little embarrassing that as she boarded the bus her words to the driver were drowned out by the sounds of her flatulence, and the gurgles of compacting scat pushing through her diaper to bulge it out front and rear, but it was nothing the woman hadn't seen before – this was Jackie's regular route after all.

A few stops later she was still swaying in place on the bus, minding her own business as she waited out the ride, enjoying the wonderful caress of feces slopping through her throbbing anus.

Each gurgling squelch drew fresh stares, even glares as her ring rippled with uncontrolled release and her diaper grew steadily larger, pushing up the hems of her skirt stylishly.

"I don't know what's up with everyone today," she murmured to herself, as she squeezed her thighs together, adjusting the distribution of mass.

"Jack?!"

A young man had just boarded, and as their eyes met, hers lit up with pleasure, recognizing the face of her dear college friends.

"Dylan!" she replied, beaming as she held out a hand.

Strangely, he shied away from taking it, instead looking askance at the glittering nail polish she'd worn for the day.

At his side, Kahukura gave her a similarly dubious look, while behind them Francisco and Omar were whispering with some heat.

All four gawped openly at her diaper, as it sagged and bounced between her thighs.

Jackie spread her arms, as if to offer the whole group a warm, affectionate hug. "Sweeties, what ever's the matter?"

Dylan hesitated at that.

"I, uh... I was going to ask you the same thing."

"Is that a *diaper?!'*" Omar cut in, ever direct.

Jackie frowned at the nauseated look on his face.

Perhaps he was coming down with something.

"Of course," she said uncertainly, "you know that, don't you? You're not feeling too hot are you? Dry throat? Heachachey?"

He stared at her blankly.

"Come on, you know I never go anywhere without a diaper, don't you?"

She'd been through college with these four, so it was hard to imagine how it could be such a surprise to them *now*. She'd been in it when they went out together just last week. Yet far from recognition, all four shared looks of increasing unease, even disgust.

"Is it... *soiled*?" Kahukura queried, after an especially vivid fart, which should really have left no doubt about the matter.

As if the bulging mass within wasn't already enough of a giveaway.

"Well yeah, duh?" Jackie replied, rolling her eyes. "Come on, guys, you *know* I'm totally incontinent! Don't you remember me pooping myself in class every day? Getting stuck in doorways towards the end of the afternoon, and popping boners whenever I got the runs? I even had to leave the room during finals because I shit so much that I couldn't fit in the seat!"

As obvious as it was to say, her friends were still staring – as were many others on the bus.

"Come on, guys, you're acting like you've never seen an incontinent chick pooping in her pampers before...."

Jackie was starting to feel embarrassed, even a little confused, by the sudden attention on something so ordinary.

At least until her next bowel movement emerged.

That rapturous release brought a moan to her lips and filled the air with the messy noises of defecation, her diaper filling out nicely with the extra mass entering it.

Simultaneously, the concern and disgust apparent on the faces all around her seemed to fade. With each log she pushed into her own pampers, Jackie saw the gazes grow softer, the alarm alleviating.

"Sorry, I guess I just... kind of spaced out for a minute there." Omar murmured.

"So anyway," Kahukura said, "did you see that new horror movie? The one about the mutant woman absorbing people?"

“Oh yeah, that was fucked up,” Francisco said. “I’m gonna have nightmares about that poor girl who ended up on the ass.”

“Kinda hot though,” Dylan said, “right Jackie?”

She was caught off-guard by the surprisingly normal conversation, after such intense queries seconds before.

“Oh, uh... I dunno, I’m not some sort of vore weirdo.”

The others laughed at the predictable response.

Jackie always had been one of the more prudish members of the quintet.

None seemed perturbed by her diaper now, or by the steady stream of sounds emanating from their incontinent friend.

It must just have been a weird moment that came over them, Jackie surmised.

That seemed to be a running theme for the day.

She was just glad they were back to normal.