

“Well, at least there’s plenty of time to think it over,” Tigress thought to herself, gazing back down the long mountain path behind her. “I guess I should take this off first,” she continued, beginning to pull at the tapes around her waist. “But then again...” She hesitated. “Why would Shifu go through the trouble of sending these all the way up here if I was just gonna carry them back down?” With a troubled sigh, she decided it would be too risky to ditch the diaper now. She didn’t see the challenge or benefit in descending a mountain with a padded rear, but it also wasn’t worth taking the chance of failing whatever outlandish test Shifu had planned. Luckily, she had come prepared and packed a light qipao in case she had needed something a bit more formal to wear. This, however, was far from the kind of circumstance she had anticipated.

She got to dressing herself in the long, slender gown. As she finished tying the form-fitting garment around her figure, a glaring issue arose: her “form” was a bit different now. Where the dress would usually flow smoothly down from her chest to her legs, there was now a distinct bulge in both the front and back. She tried pulling at the cloth to cover the protruding padding, but this only took from the back, revealing her poofy white seat. Trying to conceal that had the inverse problem, exposing her padded crotch instead, pink pawprint pattern and all. Tigress fumbled with it for a minute, trying to tuck the diaper out of sight, or discover some other method of hiding it, before giving up. “Well, I guess it’s better than nothing,” she thought with a sigh. “Someone would have to be looking pretty closely to notice, I guess.” With a hopeful attitude, she began her descent down the mountain, wherein she was instantly reminded of the unmistakable crinkle that rang out with every step she took. “...Dammit.”

Over the long journey, she began to forget about the diaper entirely. Her mind had wandered far way from it, and she’d practically become accustomed to the feeling of wearing it as she trekked. However, approaching her village and all its inhabitants, she became more aware of her apparel than ever. Flaunting a diaper was one thing while alone in the mountains, but nearing the bustling streets filled with friends and strangers alike conjured a very different feeling. It was an unpleasant, terrifying sensation, and one that quickly became impossible to ignore.

Tigress was so close now that, with the help of her well-trained ears, she could hear faint voices ahead. She knew it wouldn’t be long before she’d be among others, and her walking pace decreased involuntarily. Only able to stall for so long, she soon found herself slowed to a halt on the outskirts of civilization, her legs shaking ever so slightly with nervousness. The once ferocious and dignified Tigress now sulked alone with her tail tucked shamefully between her legs. Noticing this, she was taken aback. The warrior-in-training had overcome so much: training so brutal that it would scare off any normal man, and foes fierce enough to send armies running. Yet she found herself trembling in a diaper, terrified that someone might see.

“I thought I’d conquered all my fears,” She mumbled with frustration. “Leave it to Shifu to find one that I’d missed.” Now confident that this was indeed her challenge, or at least a part of it, the headstrong feline was prepared to approach the task the same way she’d learned to handle all her training: without fear or hesitation. She fixed her posture, and let her tail out from between her legs. Taking a deep breath, she began her confident, diapered strut into town.

Facing your fears doesn’t mean that the fear is gone, however. This was extremely evident to Tigress, as before long she began passing folks left and right. As hard as she tried to maintain an innocuous walk, the feline couldn’t entirely control herself. Her heart was pounding against her chest, which was only drowned out by the loud crinkles of the diaper, each of which sent a shiver down her spine. She bit down hard on her lip, nearly drawing blood, and sweat began to bead on her face. Her breathing was heavier now than it was climbing the mountain. The anxiety became almost unbearable as she was forced to walk directly through crowds as the pathways of the village became more congested. The temple where she could find Shifu, her ultimate destination, was only about a mile in. Although, any way she mapped it in her head, there was no way to avoid a crowded market or

restaurant district. “Okay,” she thought, swiping a paw’s worth of sweat from her face. “You’re doing good Tigress. You can do this.”

Tigress walked on, and the crowds became more dense and unavoidable. She found herself at times having to shove her way through groups in tighter alleys, bumping directly into others. As this went on, her fear began to subside, and a realization was forming. As she explored the busy streets, it was becoming clear that no one was paying attention to her. Feeling relieved, her nervous shuffle developed over time into a confident stride. Her tail was now held high, swaying and pushing her dress about, exposing her diaper in flashes for the world to see, would anyone be looking. And still, no one took notice. She walked faster, letting go of any attempt to conceal the shameful crinkle she was producing, and yet not one person turned to look her way. Everyone was simply too caught up in their own lives to spot the padded feline.

“Huh,” Tigress thought, relieved. “I guess I got all worked up for nothing.” She spotted an outdoor bar past the crowds and felt that a drink might help her wind down from the anxiety she’d worked herself into. Fearlessly navigating past the other patrons, she made her way to an open seat. She climbed onto the hard barstool, her diaper cushioning her seat as she lowered her weight onto it. The padding bulged up behind her, peeking through her dress and advertising itself. “At least it’s good for something,” she thought to herself, completely careless of the display.

The bartender, a sable no older than Tigress herself, came to serve her. Most of the menu was off-limits to Tigress, by her own accord, as she restricted herself from drinking alcohol. After all, she was adamant that she hold herself to the very highest standards in all regards. Instead, she opted for tea, which the sable prepared for her right away. She sat for awhile, casually sipping the tea and recovering from the journey and the stress it entailed. Now, she thought, would be a good time to think over Shifu’s letter. She took a sip of tea before recovering the message from her belongings, then laid it out in front of her and got to work.

Nearly an hour went by and Tigress’ concentration was wearing thin. There simply was no concrete answer she could draw from the cryptic message. The glass in front of her, which had been refilled so many times now that she’d lost count, was nearly empty yet again. “Important to let go,” she read to herself, frustrated. “Let go of what?” Her concentration was eventually broken by the unignorable discomfort of a nearly bursting bladder. Surprised that she had been so focused that she was distracted from her basic needs, she decided it was best that she take a break to relieve herself. After all, she wasn’t exactly making progress on the letter.

Tigress discreetly made her way to the bathroom, a small single stall as was commonly found in bars of this size. The handle, however, didn’t budge. Instead, she was met with the very unsatisfying click of a locked door. “Of course,” she thought, her discomfort becoming even more apparent now that relief was out of sight. The pressure was still building, and it was becoming worrying. “I can’t believe I didn’t notice I had to go this badly.” Not wanting her struggle to be noticed, she squirmed her way back to the bar, and took a seat with her legs clasped tightly. From here she could keep an eye on the bathroom and pounce on the opportunity when it arose.

Agonizing minutes passed by as Tigress’ eyes stayed locked on the door. Whoever was inside was taking their sweet time, she thought. Her leg was tapping frantically now, and her discomfort was becoming unbearable. Desperate, she thought about searching for another nearby establishment that could accommodate her pressing need. Attempting to stand, however, she realized that the window for that plan was long over, and there’s no way she’d make it.

Sulking with her head in her paws, she caught the attention of the bartender, who must have noticed her now very obvious distress. “It’s none of my business,” he told her, “but I couldn’t help notice that you seem a bit... troubled. Is there anything I can help you with?” She looked up at the man, who was nonchalantly cleaning a glass, but appeared genuinely concerned.

“Well,” She began, making a great effort to sound calm and collected. “I-I’m undergoing training in kung-fu. My master sent me this letter. I can’t make heads or tails of it.” Unable to cope with the embarrassment of her more present issue, she panicked and covered the truth with a different truth. She hastily handed over the letter, hoping that reading it would at least take his eyes off of her for some time. He laid out the letter on the bar and hunched over it, scanning it intently. With the sable’s gaze averted, Tigress was now tossing and turning in her seat, paws gripped tightly around her crotch.

“It’s definitely vague,” the sable commented, eyes still glued to the message. Tigress was hardly processing his words, helplessly focused on her own dilemma. With the situation looking increasingly dire, she formulated a last-ditch effort plan. “Okay,” she thought frantically. “I’ll let out a little trickle. Just enough to make this manageable until I can get to a bathroom. They’ve gotta be done in there soon” She could feel that she wasn’t far from giving in, whether she did so willingly or not. “Just a little slow trickle. Not enough to make a sound. Not enough that anyone would even be able to tell by looking.” Barely able to hold out long enough to finish the thought, she widened her legs, and leaned back into a more comfortable stance. The very moment she began to let her guard down, she felt a light trickle, as if she’d spring a leak into her diaper. She let out a heavy sigh at even the slightest bit of relief. “Just a few more moments of this,” she thought, feeling the slow dampening of her padding. “Just a little more and I should be good to go.”

Becoming worried as she felt the front of the padding getting quite saturated, she decided to call it and cut herself off. She closed her eyes and concentrated on stopping herself. To her dismay, the flow didn’t decrease in the least. And without warning, as if the floodgates finally burst, she began helplessly and uncontrollably wetting herself, and let out a soft squeak in surprise. As she had wished to avoid, the stream pouring into the soft padding created a distinct, and very audible sound.

*Pssssssssssssssshhhhhhhhh...*

Before long, her accident was pooling up around her crotch, and she was forced to lift her bottom up off the stool, allowing the contents to soak the diaper from front to back. She could feel the padding grow and expand as it absorbed everything that it could, leading to an increasingly heavy, warm cushion pressing against her from all sides.

As if the physical sensation of peeing all over herself in public wasn’t enough, Tigress was now also overcome with the shame of the situation. Whereas she’d always practised complete mastery over her body, she was now powerless to do anything but squat over this stool and wait for her bladder to finish emptying itself, feeling every last drop pooling between her legs. Just as she resigned to this fate, she was interrupted with a painful reminder.

“Uh, mam?” The bartender inquired. Tigress nearly fell out of her seat in shock. She’d been so caught up in her own misfortune that she completely forgot that he’d been at arms length this whole time. Still actively peeing, she struggled to lift her head and make eye contact with the sable. Certain that she appeared very obviously flustered, and that it was likely that he could hear what she was doing, she nervously answered as best she could. “Y-yes?” While it was far to late to offer any comfort whatsoever, she felt the stream finally trickle off and come to an end, leaving her diaper bloated and nearly bursting at the seams.

“Why don’t we stop in the bathroom.” The bartender said, more calmy than Tigress had anticipated. Without much left to lose, she was willing to follow his request without question, taking only a moment to collect herself first. Stepping off the stool, the diaper immediately sagged low between her thighs, catching her off guard with the weight. She fondled her drooping padding with her paw, surprised at the heft of the recently light and poofy material. Discretely taking a peek, she noticed that the sodden padding was not only visibly larger, but stained from top to bottom in a way that made her accident evidently clear.

“Come on, don’t be shy,” the sable called, now waiting for her by the door. Tigress began waddling her way over, feeling the diaper sloshing with every step. She moved slowly and awkwardly, fearful that the slightest pressure on the sagging diaper would have to cause a leak, given the status of it. After what felt like an eternity, she’d caught up with the sable, and stood before him uncomfortably.

“Actually, I-I think someone’s in there.” She shyly told him. Without hesitation, he pulled out a keyring, unlocked the door, and swung it open to reveal a vacant bathroom stall.

“So, have you got a spare change with you?” He asked.