

The Pampered Curse: Chapter 4

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BZZZZZZZ-

“Nonono! NO! C’MON PWEASE!”

Whimpering like a beaten dog with his body half off the couch, a very frustrated Edan flopped back as his diaper ceased vibrating, leaving him dangling off the edge of a climactic cliff. His stomach gurgled and churned while he stared at the near-empty juice bottle resting a few feet away. He’d chugged more than a few bottles throughout the course of the day, constantly fueling himself up with water so he could pee and get his buzzy diaper purring again. Inevitably, all this left him with a bad case of blue balls that only got worse with each failed attempt and, of course, the diaper itself, which had swollen to utterly bulbous proportions with each drop of piss multiplying the girth of the thirsty wadding. And after a day of nothing but piddling to try and make himself cum, he was now rocking a nappy that was reaching the size of a small heater.

“O-One mo time,” Edan stuttered, pushing himself off the back of the couch and rolling forward onto his diaper; something that stimulated his sex tremendously, much to his chagrin. Part of him wanted to skip peeing again and try to hump his way to victory but he knew he’d likely fall short much like he did when he attempted the same thing earlier, albeit with a significantly smaller nappy. And with how sore and exhausted he was, he couldn’t afford to waste any shots.

Using the thigh muscles he’d acquired through years of taking daily walks, Edan lifted his supremely heavy diaper off the ground. Well...somewhat. The diaper was so wide that it now dragged on the ground no matter how high Edan lifted it. He eagerly threw open the door to his fridge and grabbed another juice bottle, never questioning where these bottles kept coming from. It was as if his fridge had an endless supply. With a new bottle in hand, he hurried back to the living room, ready to dive into another round of padded masturbation.

Arriving at the couch, Edan was presented with a new problem: his diaper was now too big to lift onto the couch as he sat down. He struggled for about a minute before giving up. After all, what good was a couch when he may as well have had a squishy bean bag tied to his hips?

SQUELCH!

Plopping down in the center of his new seat, Edan giggled as he sunk his hands into his plushy padding. It would be painfully obvious to any onlooker that Edan’s brain was succumbing to whatever diaper spell that witch cast on him as well as the subliminal messages that he was being fed via the cartoons on TV. If he had been more cognisant, he may have grown skeptical of why children’s animation had continued to play on his TV well into the evening. Sadly, from Edan’s perspective, it was as if nothing about his thought process had changed.

Eventually, Edan managed to pry his hands away from the mushy pillow between his legs long enough to slip the juice bottle into his mouth, his smiling face welcoming the same

titillating taste that had enraptured his taste buds since breakfast. The taste wasn't the only reason he was smiling, though, with his body reacting almost instantly as his bladder started to ache. But as much as he wanted to go, he knew he needed to hold out as long as he could. A small discovery he'd made throughout his day of play was that the more he peed, the longer his diaper vibrated, giving him plenty of incentive to lock down his bladder until the right moment. A moment that was fast approaching as he continued to chug his bottle in record time.

"Ah! Das gud stuffs," Edan said, his lisp out in full force as he chucked the empty bottle across the room. He'd done everything he needed to. All that was left to do was wait for the first of what he hoped to be many big explosions in his diaper. Something he wouldn't have to wait for long considering how fast the liquid zoomed through his body. His toes curled inward until the knuckles turned white, extending the time before his urination as far as it would go.

HSSSSSSSS!
HSSSSSSSS!

"GASP!"

All of sudden, Edan's body gave out on him with no warning, sending a juice bottle's worth of piss into the heart of his mega-mooshable nappy. Unsurprisingly, his diaper accepts his moist donation in kind, rapidly expanding outward like a water balloon attached to a faucet, delighting and arousing him to an absurd degree. His hands sunk into the crotch of his distended diaper in preparation for the vibrations to recommence. It was doubtful he'd even be able to respond with his name if someone were to ask him, with how lost in pleasure he truly was. His entire diaper had become an erogenous zone. And that erogenous zone was about to be amplified to the nth power as his cock sputtered out its final drops of urine, completing his longest piss yet and leaving him in a diaper the size of a full-on beach ball.

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!
BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

Rumbling like a magic wand set to top speed, Edan's diaper roared back to life. Almost instantly, he felt his body get put on edge to such a powerful extent that it was as if he was already cumming. Only unlike a normal orgasm, the feeling never decreased, instead building with each pulse and shudder of his vibrating, yellow cloud. And yet, no matter how much he kicked his legs and banged his head, no matter how much he forced his palms to massage the entire parameter of his padding, no matter how badly he needed the release, he couldn't bump himself over the final hump, leaving him trapped in intense, perpetual edging.

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BZZZZZZ-

Unfortunately, Edan's playtime ended in the exact same way as his previous dozen attempts. Depressed and more tired than he had ever been in his life, he barely attempted to lift his diaper again before making the formal decision to stay put for the night. Well, less decided and more slowly passed out in spite of his persistent desire to grind his diaper again.

"L-Lemme...pew...pew..." he muttered as his eyes shuttered and his sleepy brain drifted off to dreamland. Meanwhile, the TV in his living room continued to run, playing the same cartoons with subliminal messages over and over again for his sponge-like brain to absorb.

October 31st was a cloudy morning. If only Beggar's Night had been as dreary. Perhaps there would've been fewer kids running about out of fear of rain. Perhaps then Edan would've never wandered down that fateful gravel and arrived at the decrepit mansion. And perhaps then, he never would've landed himself with the most humiliating curse in history.

Forcing his glossy eyes open, Edan's hands immediately moved to nurse his sore neck. A beanbag did not make for the most comfortable bed, regardless of how squishy its contents were. However, to his shock, he awoke to a diaper that was far from squishy. Instead, the diaper he came to consciousness in was as clean as a whistle, exactly as it had been the day before. Though, this morning's diaper cleaning came with one horrific caveat; a fact Edan was alerted to as he attempted to roll onto his hands and knees.

CRINKLE!

Gone was the slightly above-average-sized diaper he'd been locked inside of, replaced by one that put the term "above-average" to shame. His diaper may have been spotless but it hadn't shrunk by so much as a single inch overnight, leaving him in a dry diaper of beach ball dimension. As if that wasn't bad enough, the nappy was also appropriately themed being that it was a bright orange diaper with a cutesy jack-o-lantern face on the crotch. "Sewiouswy! Can I gets one fweakin bweak!" he yelled at the top of his lungs, wishing he could curl up in a ball and disappear at this point. At least then he'd be spared the unending embarrassment of whatever fresh hell his diaper had in store for him every sunrise.

Wincing as he pressed his fingers to the bridge of his nose, Edan knew it was time to do the one thing he'd avoided doing all this time: call for help. The last thing he wanted was for someone to see him in his pathetic, padded state but desperate times called for desperate measures. He decided to call the local mental hospital to pick him up, believing institutionalization with strangers to be a far better option than calling up anyone he knew. Besides, after the shit he'd been through, some psychiatric care wouldn't go amiss.

Tragically, as Edan managed to scoot himself back to the couch where his phone was located, his anxiety spiked again as his cell phone had been replaced by a toy phone one might find in the hands of a toddler. If it wasn't obvious that the curse he was under was affecting the objects around him beyond the diaper, it certainly was now.

hsssssssssss

"W-Wuh?! N-NO!" shouted Edan as a stream of hot piss entered his diaper without any control or even so much as an internal warning. Gone were the bladder muscles he had spent his youth acquiring. He was now officially and unequivocally incontinent.

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

Unlike before, Edan's diaper did not wait for him to finish pissing, revving up its vibrations after a few seconds. There was nothing to compare the feeling to. It was like being electrocuted and melted at the same time. He barely handled staying conscious throughout the

experience, though he did start to fade in and out a few times. The one thing keeping him from passing out was the utter euphoria he felt mixed with the sheer determination of a man with no thoughts beyond smooch and ejaculate. If only both of those things were possible. He didn't even notice when his diaper stopped vibrating, his humping turning instinctual and automatic as another morning and afternoon passed him by without much notice.

It took until early evening for Edan to return to his senses, his lips cracked and his face sweaty from a second day of failed self-love. He clasped his hands together as tightly as his strength would allow, fearful of what they might do if left unattended. Enough was enough. One way or another, he needed to settle things with this ghost girl and get her to remove the diaper. Otherwise, he wasn't sure that he'd ever know peace again.

Staggering to his feet, Edan was pleased to find that the diaper was far lighter than it was yesterday despite maintaining its two-foot radius. He looked down at himself, grimacing at his babyish appearance as he spotted a row of buttons lining the bottom hem of his shirt, which had grown in length again and was resting gently against the plastic front of his diaper. Of course, his shirt had turned into an orange, jack-o-lantern onesie to match his diaper, not that anyone would ever pull off snapping the buttons together anyway. He wanted to change but the prospect of carrying both himself and his diaper up to his bedroom felt like a Herculean endeavor, especially when considering that he might find the rest of his clothing transformed, making the effort less than worthless.

As humiliating as it was certain to be, Edan knew his best course of action was to avoid wasting any time and make a break for the mansion dressed as is before his devious diaper took control of him for good. He gritted his teeth as his fingers wrapped around the door handle. Hopefully, the streets would be quiet for a Tuesday evening. Though knowing his luck, he'd stumble into Beggar's Night part two or some other event that may as well have been tailor-made to squeeze as much blush out of him as possible. Bracing himself for social suicide, he threw his front door open to be greeted by the cool colors of a twilight sky.

TO BE CONTINUED...