

The Pampered Cuse: Chapter 3

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SLAM!

Edan shut the door harshly behind him as he waddled into his home with a large, fluffy diaper poking out between his legs. No longer did his sweatpants conceal his soggy nappy, which had swollen to such an obscene size that it was obvious to anyone who looked at him for longer than two seconds. And if that wasn't bad enough, he could already feel his bladder straining yet again, begging for him to further fill his thirsty padding.

Trudging through his house, Edan arrived at his bedroom looking like a shadow of his former self. He face-planted onto his bed, allowing himself to lay still in silence for well over a minute. After wallowing in self-pity for long enough, he sat up and cracked his neck, readying himself for what he was about to do.

As embarrassing as it was to admit, Edan was still reeling from his buzzy fun at the library and was desperate to pleasure himself. If only he had masturbated the night before, maybe he'd have a more level head about this. Desperate to relieve his sexual tension, he stood up, closed his eyes, and envisioned a toilet in front of him again. If he was going to piss himself anyway, he figured it might as well be on his terms. Plus, if he could manage to make himself...reach completion in a diaper, perhaps he'd have a clearer head moving forward.

hsssssssss

Thankfully, Edan found it much easier to wet himself this time, not that he was particularly thrilled about that fact. For a second time, the heat of his urine warmed up his diaper front before spreading out between his legs. He did his best to relax, cursed with knowledge of what was in store once his business was finished. He flexed his midsection in an attempt to delay the inevitable, stretching out his piddle time until the very last drop.

BZZZZZZZZZZ!

Without missing a beat, Edan's diaper roared to life at the conclusion of his urination. Only this time, he was ready for his padding's sexual advances. He fell back onto his bed and clawed at the comforter with one hand while the other wasted no time nuzzling up against his nappy's crinkly plastic and squishy insides. In the back of his mind, he knew what he was doing was irrefutably immoral. And yet, somehow, the internalized shame he felt over his actions merely added to his overall titillation.

Were wet diapers normally supposed to feel this good or was his increased sex drive surrounding the disposable undergarment a symptom of that ghost's wicked curse? While the answer to that question was of the utmost importance to Edan, his concern over his current predicament fell to the wayside as he continued to mash his fist into his mooshy padding. Desperate to cum and knowing his time was limited, he snatched a pillow from the head of his mattress and quickly mounted it. His tongue slipped from his mouth as he rocked his hips atop

the fluffy pillow and fluffier diaper, with the underside of his cock rubbing fiercely against his nappy's soft, squelchy insides.

Sounding almost possessed as he let out a wild moan, Edan reached the peak of the mountain and kept on going as he began squirting a full load of hot, sticky semen into his diaper. He'd barely get the chance to catch his breath before he was hit with another orgasm, and then another, unaware that his diaper had stopped buzzing soon after his first ejaculation. The vibrations were no longer necessary. Regardless of how willing he was, his cock was now addicted to diapers. Unsaturated pee mixed with jizz trickled through his constantly shifting leg holes, not that he cared so long as another big O was on the way. As he finished off his sixth climax, his pleasure-enraptured body gave out on him. He fell back on his bed, panting heavily before slowly drifting off into an extremely deep sleep.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

Prying his weary eyes open, Edan glared at his alarm clock from the center of his bed. His heavy, tired arms were unwilling to reach across to snooze the blaring alarm. His heavy, tired arms were unwilling to reach across to snooze the blaring alarm. He had somehow slept from early evening until the break of dawn the next day, though he supposed he shouldn't be surprised after the intense masturbation session. Eventually, he managed to claw his way to the edge of the bed and slap the top of his clock before rolling back onto his bed and closing his eyes again, hoping that another 15 minutes would aid in his recovery. Sadly, as he attempted to roll to his side in hopes that a different position would alleviate his soreness, he was suddenly confronted by a thickness between his legs that had to be three times the size of what he woke up in the day before if not more so. Had his diaper swollen that much from two uses?

Sitting up in bed, Edan gawked at the state of his diaper completely dumbfounded. Gone with the comparably thin padding from yesterday, replaced by a diaper that was on par size-wise with what that diaper perv had been pleasuring herself in. The one upside to his unanticipated increase in nappy size was that it did come with a diaper change, meaning he wasn't stewing in a double dose of day-old urine. Hardly a consolation prize but it was better than nothing. He wondered if it reset like this every night, slightly concerned that his diaper was far from its maximum size.

Edan pushed that negative, intrusive thought out of his mind and lazily shuffled out of bed. "Youch!" he yelped, his butt crashing back down on the bed as standing on his own two feet felt like stepping onto a bed of needles. Maybe he had overdone his daily walks a little? Unlike his other ailments, this one came without an obvious explanation. Grunting through his obscure foot pain, he moseyed over to his closet, selecting an old loose-fitting t-shirt. To his surprise, it seemed a bit tight, hugging his torso far more than usual. And yet, it was also longer

for some reason. He decided to chalk it up to weight gain despite that making little sense in an attempt to deny anything else was wrong.

Looking at his options for pants and then down at his diaper, Edan sighed and resigned himself to the fact that there wasn't a single pair of pants that were wide enough to contain his diaper without the potential of cutting off blood circulation. He closed his closet door, deciding to skip wearing pants of any kind today. It wasn't like he was going to work anyway.

Speaking of work, Edan figured he'd better call in sick before the office opened. Snatching his phone out of his sweatpants pocket from the day prior, he proceeded to call his boss, straightening his posture and clearing his throat in preparation to sound professional.

"Hey, Edan. What can I do ya for? Are you on your way to work?" said Edan's boss casually. He always had a friendly demeanor about him, something that Edan was especially grateful for given the circumstances.

Rubbing the back of his neck as if his boss could see his mannerisms through the phone, Edan responded, "Actuawwy, das wuh I..." His response was immediately cut short, however, as a very noticeable lisp came flooding out from between his lips. He promptly coughed to cover his immature speech pattern.

Fortunately, Edan's boss didn't call him on it, instead believing something was up with Edan's throat. And considering the loud coughing that followed, it didn't take him long to connect the dots in his head for Edan. "Oh, gosh. You sound awful. I take it you're too sick to come in today?" he asked, a glimmer of hope still hidden within his voice that he wouldn't have to scramble to find someone to cover Edan's shift.

Sadly, Edan was quick to dash those hopes. "Yeah...am sick," he said, choosing his words carefully to avoid any tricky letters.

"Alright, well, I hope you feel better soon. Gimme a call later if you start feeling better," said Edan's boss, alleviating his anxiety somewhat.

Nodding his head with the phone pressed to his face, he instinctively returned his boss's kindness with a polite, "Fankooos," cringing as he realized his error. He ended the call before his boss could say anything else, "Wuhd a fwickin disastew."

Pressing his fingers to his tongue and working his jaw around, it was safe to say Edan was sufficiently panicked over his latest development. The arousal, the sore feet, the long shirt. All of these things could be explained via alternative means. But as far as his newly acquired lisp went, there was no plausible reasoning he could come up with. Like it or not, someone or something was actively regressing him and unless he found a way to stop it, things were likely going to get worse from here.

Heading into his kitchen, there was one problem that Edan was more than capable of solving and that was the issue of his growling stomach. Tragically, as he opened the fridge, he was left to lament over his failure to acquire groceries being trapped in diapers. He still had some cereal left but he'd have to eat it dry and out of the box since he was without milk or any clean bowls, his slothfulness over doing the dishes biting him in the ass at the worst moment.

Shuttering the refrigerator door, Edan stopped right before it was fully closed, spotting an odd bottle he didn't recognize stashed among his various condiments. Snagging it from its spot in the fridge, he stared at the orange liquid inside the labelless glass bottle. "When did I buy orange juice?" he mused, figuring it must've been left behind by his previous ex since he had no memory of purchasing it himself.

With the juice bottle and the box of sugary cereal in hand, Edan trudged into the living room and sat himself down on the couch to enjoy his breakfast of kings. He'd need his strength today if he was going to get back out there and figure out a way to remove the unwanted padding. But before he could start chowing down, he needed to set himself up with some entertainment. He clicked the TV on with the expectation of watching the news or a morning talk show. However, no matter what channel he turned to, he found nothing but cartoons and children's programming. With his tummy still shouting for attention, he figured this was just how weekday morning television and left it on a re-run of an old Scooby Doo cartoon, surprised by how engrossing the charming classic was.

Absentmindedly sticking his fist into the open cardboard box, Edan pulled out a handful of cereal and shoveled it into his mouth, struggling to chew around such a large bite. He eventually managed to choke it down without truly choking, drying out his mouth considerably and causing him to chug several gulps of OJ after swallowing. "Ah, das so yummy," he said, savoring the heavenly sweet and sour flavor. Lost in the tangy goodness that was dancing across his pallet, he lifted the bottle to his lips again and drained almost half the bottle.

By the time his lips and the bottle parted, Edan's stomach was sitting much heavier. It was as if the orange juice he drank had shot through his digestive system and directly into his bladder. Switching positions to relieve some pressure off his lower gut, he fought to keep his mind from pondering the pleasure he'd given himself the night before. He'd never admit it but there was a big part of him that was eager to play with his diaper again. Though, in order to do that, he'd have to soil himself again.

Biting his lip, Edan's internalized embarrassment grew as he placed a hand against his nappy and closed his eyes in an attempt to relax. No longer did he find it necessary to stand and imagine a toilet; a fact that he was blissfully ignorant about. Instead, all it took was a bit of pushing and some soothing breaths to get things going. Soon, he was graced with an all-too-familiar warmth that brought a smile to his face briefly before he caught himself. This wasn't the part he was supposed to enjoy...was it?

BZZZZZZZZZZ!

Once Edan's pissing slowed to a stop, his diaper wasted no time returning to life. He gasped as his purring padding turned what should've been another average pee session into a euphoric experience. It wasn't as intense as cumming but it was damn near close and served to elevate his horniness to new heights. He was so turned on that he didn't even notice that he was peeing for far longer than normal, loading his diaper up with more urine than his previous two wettings combined.

“Y-Yes! M-Mo buzzy,” Edan stuttered in a pathetic display of self-indulgence, losing himself to unparalleled ecstasy. Much like before it wasn’t long before he was reaching the build-up of what he assumed would be his first of many orgasms. However, after several seconds of edging himself, he was shocked by his inability to jump the final hurdle. His rubbing increased in ferociousness with his body both ready and willing to cum. And yet, for Goddess knows what reason, he simply couldn’t, “UGH! WHY I NUH CUMMIN?!?!?!?”

TO BE CONTINUED...