

## The Pampered Curse: Chapter 5

Written By: CrissieBaby    Commissioned By: BlossomBitchDolly

“Mommy! Mommy! There’s a weird girl on the street!”

“Have you no shame?! What a disgrace you must be to your parents!”

“Hahaha! Hey, babycakes! Trick-or-treat was last Saturday!”

If Edan were to tally up every single embarrassing moment from his life and compile them all into a single highlight reel, he would gladly watch that footage on repeat so long as he could be spared the unreal humiliation he was experiencing in the present. Neither age nor gender nor sexuality nor astrological star sign made any difference. All who were in earshot were coming out of the woodwork to gawk, taunt, and degrade his infantile wardrobe. And worst of all, he couldn’t even blame them. If he had been just another bystander when some idiot came walking down the street dressed like he was, he’d be laughing his ass off. If only he had the luxury of such a lofty perspective.

Instead, Edan found himself waddling along the sidewalk of his very active neighborhood street, his diaper echoing a wealth of crinkles with each step as if the world had strapped an amp to his padding and cranked it up to 11. He didn’t even have his usual walking shoes to help him move faster, with his bare feet collecting dust and dirt as he continued on his warpath to that damned ghost’s mansion.

Unfortunately, by the time Edan found himself passing the final suburban house within his neighborhood, his need to pee had reared its ugly head yet again. “No! If I piss my diaper now, I might never be able to think straight again,” he thought, balling up both fists while he toddled forward. It wasn’t easy with control of his bladder falling to nearly zero but he somehow managed to keep from urinating as he reached the gravel road with the mansion at its end.

Trudging through the grass along the road was quite a difficult feat considering the ridiculously thick padding that Edan was dealing with but it beat walking on a gravel road shoeless. The bumpy terrain nearly had him tripping over himself but his determination and what remained of his speedy reflexes kept him upright. Before long, he spotted the mansion in the distance again, causing him to double his pace as he neared the finish line. His legs were nothing more than jelly as he rounded the structure and staggered up the creaky, wooden steps toward the front door. All the while, his heart threatened to leap out of his chest with how furiously it was pumping.

“Ghosts aren’t real. Ghosts aren’t real. Ghosts aren’t real,” repeated Edan to himself as he raised a fist to the door. For some bizarre reason, there was still a lingering part of himself that refused to face the fact that ghosts were a real and tangible thing as if the diaper alone wasn’t already proof enough. Regardless of what his beliefs were at this point, he’d come this far. Holding in a lungful of air, he reached out and shakily pounded his fist on the grand entrance.

\*KNOCK! KNOCK!\*

Unable to shake the haunting aura of the mansion, Edan stepped back from the house after two quick knocks, gaining as much distance as possible from the dilapidated structure. However, as he waited for the ghost woman or some other spiritual presence to show up, he found that he was still strikingly alone. It made no sense. Had he made this entire farce up in his head? If so, then the mortifying experience of touring his neighborhood with an overgrown pumpkin of a diaper on his hips would've all been for nothing.

Growing furious over the idea that his regression might have somehow been self-inflicted, Edan stormed back up to the door and proceeded to slam his fist repeatedly, his sanity draining all the while. "Open da fuqin doow and ged dis shid off me! Pwease!" he cried, beating the door as he finally broke down and began weeping openly. He no longer cared about his adult, hyper-masculine appearance. He'd shed as many tears as necessary at this point in hopes of guiltily his ghostly enemy.

Yet despite his obvious remorse and the clear evidence of a lesson learned, Edan remained on the porch of the estate with not so much as a single ghost in his presence. With nowhere left for his rage to go, he wound his foot back in front of the shabby door. If the ghost wasn't going to let him in, he had no choice but to break in. Tragically, as his leg swung forward, the diaper obstructed his forward motion enough to throw him off balance, sending him crashing to the floor on his butt. And while thankfully, the over-pump diaper cushioned the blow to his bum, the same could not be said for his bladder. With the impact jostling his body heavily during his harsh descent, he lost what little grip he had on the remnants of his potty training.

\*HSSSSSSSSSSSS!\*

\*BZZZZZZZZZZZZ!\*

Urine had barely made contact with the inside of his pampers before its vibrations roared to life like a chainsaw slicing through his adulthood. In the blink of an eye, his eyes fully glazed over as the most euphoric sensation he'd ever felt gripped his body, and refused to let go. His mind no longer had the fortitude to resist, losing himself to the carnal desires of his stimulated body.

Opening her front door the second that Edan's butt collided with the wooden ground as if waiting for her cue, the ghost of Madam Petunia Wick exited onto her porch with a smile that somehow toed the line between kindly and wicked. "Oh, dear! It appears someone left a baby all alone on my doorstep. Surely, a cute little pumpkin like you must have a Mommy hiding around here somewhere," she said, feigning confusion as she pretended to search the immediate area for Edan's missing mother, only to turn up empty-handed, "Though, I suppose "little pumpkin" isn't very appropriate considering a pumpkin of this size would be a sure-fire to win the blue-ribbon at a county fair. No, you, my horny little devil, are Mommy's HUGE pumpkin."

As the word, "HUGE," left Petunia's mouth, she leaned down and pressed her near-translucent hand into Edan's diaper, shifting its soggy, pulpy contents around his aching member. Edan's response was as expected as he threw his head back as far as his neck would

arch. With his grasp on reality fading fast, he wasn't sure why he was here or even where he was anymore. Heck, he probably couldn't remember his own first name as his brain turned into putty. Madam Wick's putty, to be precise.

"Fear not, my sweet, autumn child. You can call me Mommy from now on," said Petunia, gracing Edan with her intoxicating, ear-to-ear grin as she placed her arms around his torso and lifted him into the air with ease, diaper and all. In no time at all, she had him flipped over and cradled in her arms. To anyone watching from afar, the height difference between herself and Edan would've made for an awkward look. But from the point of view of the loving mother and her reborn newborn, no image could be more perfect.

Closing the door behind her, Edan was given his first chance to see the inside of the ruins that the formerly pristine mansion had become. Unsurprisingly, its interior was a decaying mess, with caved-in ceilings or crumbling walls making up the once-Grand Hall. For Edan, whose mind was now mushier than his diaper, the ramshackle manor was more frightening than his babyish brain would've preferred. He clutched his new Mommy's torso, hugging his face to her enormous sweater puppies.

"Hehe! I'm sorry, pumpkin. I should've done this before we entered. Go ahead and close your eyes, sweetheart. And when you open them, you won't have to be so scared anymore," she said, watching her baby with pure, motherly affection as he happily shuttered his eyelids for her. She felt the core of her spirit form flutter as she leaned in and pressed her lips to Edan's forehead.

If Edan's eyes were open, he would've borne witness to an incredible sight. Unbeknownst to him, Petunia's magical kiss was laced with a powerful spell to usher Edan into her realm, welcoming him into the place between life and death. As her spell took effect, the mansion around him slowly returned to its prior glory. Soon, the run-down, old manor that Edan had grown so familiar with had disappeared, replaced with the inviting home that Madam Wick had made for herself and her beloved friends to live out their kinky fantasies for all eternity. And now, Edan was one of them.

As the mansion retook its shape, so too did Petunia's form. Color returned to her cheeks, filling her face with a warm glow while her tattered, ghostly outfit repaired itself, the fabric shifting and stitching itself back together until her sultry nightgown looked as pristine as it did the day she bought it. The Lady of the house had to look her best, after all.

With Edan's soul now as bound to the lush mansion as hers was, Petunia lifted her plump lips from her baby boy's head. "You can open your eyes again. The bad dream is over now," she said, relishing in the adoring expression and widening smile that befell Edan's face as he gazed around his new home. Any animosity she may have felt toward him disappeared with his old life. It didn't matter who he used to be or how rudely he used to behave. He was her baby, now and forever more, "Okay, my yummy pumpkin. After such a long walk, I think it's time you settled in for a nap. Doesn't that sound nice?"

Nodding his head rapidly, there wasn't anything Petunia could say that Edan wouldn't think sounded nice. He must've looked incredibly tired to his Mommy because the moment Petunia mentioned the idea of a nap, his brain and body instantly felt sluggish. A large yawn escaped his mouth, forcing his gob open for several seconds.

"Hehe! That's a BIG yes from you," said Petunia, climbing the winding staircase that lined the parameters of the Grand Hall to the second story. As she entered the main upstairs hallway, Edan was treated to a wide variety of blushy sights. From a sissy in the midst of some major nipple torture to a pair of lesbians engaging in a bit of rope play, it appeared that the newspaper had been spot on in its reporting of the fetish-filled house, much to his doughy-eyed delight.

Edan's delight intensified as Petunia arrived at a pastel blue door near the end of the hallway. Upon opening the soft-colored door, his excitement reached new heights over the nursery that he now had the pleasure of calling home. It was the perfect room for a BIG baby boy like him, with everything he would ever need from an oversized crib and changing table to a seemingly endless supply of both childish and naughty toys.

Laying Edan down on the crib's soft mattress, Petunia didn't even bother asking if he needed a change before sleepypime. With a diaper that size, he likely wouldn't get the chance to test out that changing table for a long time. He didn't seem to mind, though, raising his arms up and cooing for his Mommy, not a fresh diaper. "So restless for someone so drowsy!" she exclaimed, placing her hands on each of Edan's cheeks and rubbing them until he was a giggly mess, "I think I may have an idea of how to zap that energy right out of you."

Resting a hand against Edan's diaper, Petunia amended her previous spell, permitting Edan to cum so long as it was her hand that instigated it. And since her hand was already nuzzled into the crotch of his plush padding, Edan's reaction couldn't have been more predictable.

"H-huhHHHHHHHMMMMMMMM!!!" moaned Edan, his eyes going cross as his body skipped all of the build-up, launching him into the single most intense climax of his life without any means of bracing himself. His body quivered in Mommy's arms as her touch electrified every sensory neuron in his body. The head of his cock spewed cum into his diaper until his entire pelvis was coated in a thick layer of stringy semen. It was pure ecstasy and he never wanted the blissful feeling to end. Sadly, while he lasted far longer than he ever managed to do his own, his weary body could only go for so long, exhausted from three days of unending stress.

Luckily, Edan would never have the misfortune of feeling such stress again. Not with Petunia watching over him and filling his soul with every infantile desire that she kept locked away within herself. He may have once taunted her for what she enjoyed but now he was going to share in her joy for diapers and all things Little. She landed one, final kiss on Edan's forehead as his eyes slowly drifted shut. "Sweet dreams, pumpkin. And welcome to your new life."

THE END.