

Pink Pamper Club

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Chapter 1

“Good morning, Jackie!”

The words were a needle, pricking the delicate bubble of blissfully oblivious sleep to rouse Jack reluctantly to consciousness.

He turned over with a groan, burying his head under a pillow, as if he might escape the notice of the coming day.

Jack had never been ‘good’ with mornings – or known anyone who was, for that matter – but for him they had come to carry a certain mundane and tedious dread.

Waking up meant returning to that dreary routine; the performance of his mandated role in life. The lines changed from day to day, but it was always the same scenes playing out, with all the same players. The headliners at the club. The regulars. His family.

His father, Lewis, an ex-footballer turned gruff and burly host of a struggling theater and restaurant, bickering with talent and creditors alike. His mother, Samantha, the former career executive, laid off but just as exacting and relentless in managing the nightclub as she had been in managing a company.

Amity, his bratty little sister, nose ever buried in a book instead of helping out, yet always managing to get her way – or in the way.

Of all those people in his orbit, somehow it was Jack himself who blurred into the background more than any.

He was in good shape, with short dark hair and a generally well-presented appearance, neither masculine nor effeminate. Plain brown eyes were set into a proportionate face, not especially handsome, and not in any way ugly. It was just what people expected of a young man such as he.

Bland was the best word for Jack.

He was an extra in his own life, playing a part that wasn’t really him at all.

“Time to wake up, sleepyhead.”

The crooning voice was almost motherly, but too high and insincere to be his mom.

It could only be Amity, back from college again to hassle him.

Reluctantly, he looked out from under the bedding.

He groaned, as he felt that familiar wave of envy at the sight of her.

Amity beamed down at her brother through her elegantly-swept side-cut, her perfectly-formed features wearing the expectant, imperious yet affectionate look she reserved only for her big brother.

She wore too a dazzling chiffon dress that cascaded off her curves, slit daringly high up the center and accentuating that magnificent figure outrageously, hugging, *emphasizing* breast and hip, the transparent layers teasing with glimpses of skin perfectly smooth and supple.

She, *she* was a protagonist.

"Sleep well?" she asked, the notes floating carelessly from her plush lips, which pursed a little too much with each word.

Not for the first time, Jack wondered if his sister knew how beautiful he found her.

"I could have done with a bit more. Why are you waking me up?"

His reply was blunt and graceless. That was how boys had to be.

"Well I figured that you'd want to be awake to go potty."

Jack stared at his sister, after that strange proclamation, however the odd look she wore didn't suggest a joke.

Sitting up, to face her properly, he felt something thick and round move under him, layers of fabric which had felt like twisted bedding adhering somehow to his hips.

He put a hand down, and felt the oddly thick bulge through the duvet.

It *crinkled*.

"What the fuck is that?"

Amity clicked her fingers, and the duvet was gone.

He blinked, yet there was no sign of how or when it had been removed.

What occupied his mind still more was what its absence revealed.

Jack was sitting in the middle of his bed, naked, in a soft pink, heavily padded diaper.

Decorated with frills and lacy embroidery, it totally encased his crotch and rear, bulging out his loins into a ridiculous ball. A rustle of pliant plastics and the comforting softness of cotton met his squeezing fingers. He spread his hand out against the implausible surface, and it sank in, the pressure transmitted directly to his dick, as the diaper deformed.

"I don't... how could you-"

Jack pulled at it, clawed at the seams, trying to push his nails under the edge, or simply to tear the fragile fabric and plastic layers... yet the garment hugged him so perfectly that there was no gap to open, and the materials of the humiliating underwear seemed totally unphased by his attacks.

Blood was rushing to his manhood, even as his mind was struggling to process what was happening.

"Magic."

Her eyes glowed, glittering with a thousand impossible colors as she spoke the word.

"But you're just a *sociology* student!"

"Hey, some of my friends are sociology students! But as it happens, I'm not one of them. And I didn't go to state college like mom and dad think, either. I went to the *Lyceum*. A conclave for acolytes of Gaea, where we all teach one another. Not about graphs and surveys and social trends, but about how to guide the fabric of reality itself, into any form we please. Such as your new, permanent accessory."

"You're a *witch*?!"

Jack shouted the words louder than he meant, but Amity seemed unconcerned.

"Precisely," she said, "and you're my b- well, no, the elder sisters taught me about how terms like that lessen all of us. Let's just say you're my new sister, *Jackie*."

"You're delusional," he gasped.

Perhaps he was hoping it were so, yet he'd already seen the impossible evidenced twice that morning.

"I assure you this is entirely real, sis," Amity murmured, as she stroked his hair, "you'll be spending the rest of eternity as my pampered little pet."

"No," he croaked, throat painfully dry.

At the same time, he felt his manhood growing wet, stiffening against that insistent surface which embraced him with its pliant hug.

Hips bucked, phallus pressing against the folds of fabric which trapped his inexplicable erection, and he groaned at that prison of silky cotton, so tightly wrapping his most sensitive parts.

"I see that my magic worked in rewriting your sexuality too," she purred, as her hand trailed down his chest, to sink into his pampered crotch, "from now on you're going to *delight* in all this – being my adorably diapered, utterly incontinent plaything, a beautiful young woman kept nice and snug and sexless, dicklet shrunk to nothing and safely locked away, blissfully defiling yourself, padding your prick with dung as you perform in the center spotlight."

It was outrageous, nonsensical, yet that vivid, degrading mental image she so expertly conjured seemed to awaken a lust unlike any Jack had ever known.

"Never!" he whined... even as his hips betrayed him, with an eager, pleading thrust.

"Forever."

As their eyes met, he saw the deadly sincerity in her smile, and the promise of her words.

"Although I'm not convinced that my magic had *that* much work to do in some areas...."

"Y-you can't do this to me!" he exclaimed, squirming away from her touch.

"Really? But you *need* me to...."

Her fingers sank all the deeper, brazenly squeezing her brother's throbbing erection.

Jack groaned, as he pressed his sex into that wonderful hand, his lips tingling at the brush of her breath, her own hovering mere inches away, smugly smirking with that infuriating, unfair amusement.

Even if she was a witch now, Amity was still *such* an asshole.

Their eyes met, and his hand, trying to push hers away, gripped tighter.

Their fingers were intertwining, as his heart and loins pounded with twisted stimulation.

His little sister beamed at him, watching the color rising through his face, staining his cheeks and forehead, even tingling in his ears as they too heated up into an ashamed, infuriated red.

"I love seeing you squirm like this, sis."

Her teasing voice was only half-heard over the rushing of blood, past the aroma of this unreasonable, impossible young woman, gazing with such feverish glee into his eyes.

Jack kissed her.

Amity seemed almost surprised, at least at first, but the taste of those plush lips spread through him like nectar, holding him against her.

A moment of lapsing will and perverse, taboo sensuality, it lengthened into two... then many.

Their touch deepened still further as his sister recovered herself and retook control – and those heavenly lips started to kiss him back.

It was so wrong.

She was his *sister*, the smug, spoiled brat of their family, ever a cause of pain in his ass and knots in his shoulders... yet as they made out, Jack felt all his stress simply melting away.

The siblings hands were locked in a grip as intimate as their smooches, his hips twisting with need for this suddenly alien, yet intimately familiar woman.

Jack felt the resistance leaving his body.

He was relaxing, into that absurd kiss, his angst subsumed into the playful, imperious curling of her tongue in his mouth.

Tension released throughout Jack's body.

Without thought or warning, wholly outside of his control, he felt his anus spreading.

Slick folds of newly-engorged sphincter pressed out against the plush, crinkly padding which captured it. Involuntarily, a groan reverberated into Amity's lips, as he experienced the shocking sensuality of that puffed-up pucker. Instinctually his abdomen contracted, and he thrust back his rear. Hands clutched at Amity's, toes curling in shocked, disgusted degradation as he clung to her, and felt his bowels release.

Jack was pooping himself as he made out with his sister.

His face was pink as his pampers, at that shocking rush of taboo expulsion, yet the sense of shame was intertwined with a surging thrill.

He was totally helpless to control his anus in any way, save to more tightly hug at the streaming torrent spilling forth from his body. The realization made him shiver. There was a perverse, *licentious* pleasure in that depravity somehow. A lustful, giddy glee, at his own inability to contain his waste.

The sensations were absurd, wholly unreal – a trip to the toilet had never felt like *this* – yet as that thick, muddy mess pushed out through him, the pleasure eclipsed that of his crotch. The slow, teasing licks of lumps passing out, the sense of stretching, of swelling, as his anus expanded about his load. Even the futile attempts to clench, to close off his sphincter with

his already-dirtied buttocks, served only to further stimulate his erogenously enchanted, incontinent asshole.

The release was exquisite.

Amity broke their kiss first, beaming at her depraved sibling amid the endless excretion.

Jack should have been revolted.

Horrificed.

Instead, as his diaper filled, his mind emptied.

He kissed Amity anew, leaning into the caresses of hands roaming lovingly over his figure, sighing with pleasure as he pooped, his erotic defecation displacing all other concerns.

Such as any worries, about how his massaged waist seemed to narrow with each log released. Or the remarkable sheen of smoothed skin everywhere she caressed, totally depilated and enchantingly soft. Even the growing of hair and lips and the shrinking of limbs, as Jack's entire body changed shape, excreting unneeded mass and masculinity in a total makeover of his frame.

Jack should have been resisting, fighting somehow... but he couldn't remember why... or what.

Amity whispered to him, cradling his cheek as they kissed.

"Just-"

Kiss.

"-let out all that-"

Kiss. Kiss.

"-silly *maleness*."

Still shitting, shivering and squirming in pleasure, Amity's plaything abandoned androgyny, growing petite and delicate, body becoming a thing of beauty in the witch's tender embrace.

"Good girl," she murmured, stroking her pampered playmate's hair, "you love to poop yourself for me, don't you, *sister*?"

Jackie nodded.

It was strange, unsettling, to experience such intense, twisted sensuality from her own dung, squishing down into her diaper and spreading out, to hug her rear and creep over her taint, yet how could she not love it?

Jackie squirmed in place on the bed, and a hot, sticky squirt of shit pushed up, between her legs, to slide along her girlhood.

Reflexively, she bucked her hips, and like a beast she howled, to feel the hot, sticky tingle, of her own shit, soaking her erection.

Licking and squishing over it, like so many lips, kissing her with filth.

That was it, she recalled. Her favorite pleasure. The only way she could find release, as a woman permanently imprisoned in pampers.

Both arms went to work at once, clutching chunks of shit-filled plastic, mashing it together against her erection, grinding hip and hand as she defiled her sex with her own shit.

It was heavenly, Jackie remembered, to start each day this way, filling her diaper and pleasuring herself with the disgusting waste, as she made such sweet love to her wonderful, doting sister.

Her dick squelched into denser logs now, and she shuddered, sucking Amity's tongue harder as the slurps and pops of her wholly-contained sewage pleased her better than any stimulation fingers or lips might have granted her phallus.

This was sex for her.

Masturbating with her own effluence, as her turds pushed out through her rear, making love to her asshole.

Finally, Amity pulled back, as the blissful gushing of shit slowed to a trickle.

"Feeling better?"

Jackie peered up into the deep, warm eyes of her sister, and a smile spread easily across her face.

"So much."

There was a dreamy softness to her words, fitting that of her delicate, effeminate frame and padded crotch.

She couldn't quite recall what had been bothering her so much earlier, or why they'd argued, but if Amity was happy, then everything must be alright.

Jackie was forgiven.

“But you know you can’t just jerk that little wiener of your all day, can you? There’s lots to do, so you need to get up and get dressed!”

Jackie was suddenly self-conscious of how shamelessly she was masturbating with her midden, when she was *meant* to be helping get the club ready for the day. That was selfish of her.

Blushing, she scrambled to her feet.

She felt a surprising lurch as she stood, her legs somehow expecting to hit the floor a good few inches sooner than they did.

Everything seemed normal when she examined them – two elegant, female legs, pushed into a wide stance by the diaper at their top – Jackie couldn’t see any reason why they might malfunction like that. Nor could they have spontaneously shrunk overnight.

Of course there was no time to ponder such irrelevant mysteries.

She had to do her makeup, after all.

As she worked, she found a smile growing on her lips.

Applying foundation, blush, mascara and all the other powders and unctions which went into her personal, highly-produced look was one of her favorite parts of the morning ritual, a meditative process of cultivated patience and rewarded exactness, which saw a pretty but slightly plain face transformed, into a captivating vision of femininity.

She couldn’t help but break into a bright, beaming grin by the time she was finished.

As she moved on to picking clothes, Jackie was practically dancing.

A few minutes later she was clad in a pink tube-top that matched her diaper and showed off her lithe figure, and her favorite short and frilled skirt, the pastel blue folds hugging her diaper like petals, perfectly decorating off her most important feature. Added to that were pristine white stockings and a suitably high set of heels, to both show off her delicious legs and push out her diapered derriere.

Giving a spin in front of the mirror, she giggled at the euphoric image of her beautified body.

She body felt light, her mind clear and uplifted.

Excited to meet the day ahead.