

Castles & Crinklebutts 1

By Champ (<https://champthehotter.com/>)

Brandon wishes his Castles & Kobolds adventuring group would act their age. Unfortunately, wishes have consequences. Especially when a devious bat vixen is there to make those wishes come true!

"Roll your attack!" shouted Brandon.

"Throbdor strikes with his mighty axe," said Barry, tossing his numbered icosahedron across the table. "16! Take that kobold!"

"That's not going to hit it," said Brandon, shaking his head. "Sorry, Throbdor."

"Wait, I'm on higher terrain, so I should get an advantage," said Barry, jumping up and slamming his meaty palms on the table. "It should increase my attack!"

"That's 3rd edition, dummy," said Harry, waving his lanky arms in the air, disturbing the smoke in Brandon's Mom's garage. "We're playing 5e."

"Whoa, whoa, guys. Come on. You know the rules. We never let Castles and Kobolds get personal."

Barry set down his big gulp, completely ignoring the Castle Master. "You want to have words, Hair Bear?"

"Hey, you know I hate that nickname," said Harry, gritting his teeth.

"Hey! You two! Knock it off!" said Brandon, standing up, his fiery red hair mirroring his own intensity as he slammed his hands on the table. "Barry. Stop rule doctoring the game. Harry. Leave the procedural explanation to el boss-o. Comprende?"

"Yeah yeah," said Harry, his voice trailing off as he began muttering to himself. "Think you're so fancy because you speak *French*."

"What was that?" asked Brandon, looking Harry in the eye.

"Nothing," said Harry, quickly.

Barry stuck his tongue out at Harry and blew a raspberry.

"Hey! I saw that!" said Brandon turning around to look at the other player.

A fourth person in the room coughed out a large amount of smoke, bathing the trio in a white haze.

"*Whoa, duuuudes*. Don't start the battle without me!"

"Have you been holding your breath this whole time?!" asked Brandon, fed up with his sucky Castles and Kobolds group.

"What?" asked Stoner Sam, scratching his head. "Oh yeah, I forgot to exhale. Hey, by the way, does anyone have an extra set of icosahedrons?"

"You know what?" said Brandon, getting red in the face, "That's it. I've had it! You're all a bunch of babies! You know, sometimes, I wish... I wish... I wish that you could all just *act your age!*"

Brandon's game notes glowed green for a second, but nobody in the room noticed it except for Stoner Sam, who was so high that he could only laugh at what he saw. Brandon stood up to leave, clutching his notebook tightly.

"Tonight's campaign... is cancelled."

Brandon was met with a chorus of pleases and sorries as he turned to go.

"No, man, don't cancel it!"

"We're sorry! Come back!!!"

"Duuuude! That's too harsh! It was just getting good!"

Brandon had made it halfway to the door when he turned around to give them a piece of his mind. "You know this is really hurting my f... uh... guys?"

Brandon shook his head. His three players were seated neatly at the table, hands folded. The big gulp was gone. The bong was nowhere in sight. The smoke and Cheeto crumbs had disappeared without a trace. The three guys were even *sitting* straighter than before. They all looked expectantly at him, quiet as church mice.

"Uh... that's more like it!" Brandon said, recovering from his shock enough to reclaim his seat. "Now, where were we?"

He flipped through his notes. "Uh.... uh... here... okay... uh... Okay is there anything you want to do with your turn, Throbdor? You still have your bonus action..."

"Yeah," said Barry. "I'm going to cast nullify on the kobolds."

"Okay, go ahead and burn a spell slot. And the kobolds fail their fortitude check. Alright, let's see what this does... it... hmm... I don't recognize this spell..."

"Here," said Barry, pulling up the spell list on his phone and showing Brandon. "The targeted creature is rendered sexless for 2 minutes. During this time they become passive, and if they fail a smarts check, they are submissive to the caster."

Brandon raised an eyebrow. "Okay... the kobolds fail the *smarts* check. They are submissive to Throbdor."

"Hehe, excellent. I'm not surprised. Everyone knows NPC kobolds are notoriously dumb..."

"Uh... okay that's a weird spell... anyway... next it's Harry's turn. What will Bardswell do?"

They won the first battle of the night handily and moved forward with two submissive kobolds in tow. Before the two minutes was up, Throbdor grabbed some enchanted collars from his bag - *had he always had those?* - and locked them around the kobolds' necks to maintain the effect of his spell indefinitely. The adventuring group went down the castle hallway, and through a door and... Brandon jumped up to announce his big reveal.

"Everyone clear the table! It's time." Brandon pulled away the tablecloth to reveal a large monitor screen under glass. It was a gaming table!

"Wow!"

"Whoa! No way!"

Brandon smiled proudly as his three friends gushed and geeked out over his *sweet* new setup.

"So *this* is what you've been doing alone in here for the past month," said Harry, elbowing Brandon in the ribs. *We* thought you were just whackin' off - sorry *clopping* off - to My Pretty Unicorn porn or something."

"Haha, what?! No!" said Brandon, his face going a little too pink at that comment. "Tha- **That's** ridiculous... have you guys been snooping around on my computer again?"

"Dude, this is sick!" said Sam, oblivious to Brandon's discomfort as he gazed at the screen. "You made a *nursery* dungeon. Nice twist!"

"Yeah, I... wait... what? I didn't make that..." On the screen was a top down view of a gigantic nursery, elaborately arranged with obstacles and artifacts lovingly crafted in pixel perfect detail.

"Don't be modest, my man," said Sam. "You obviously put a lot of time into it. It's even got a 'My Pretty Unicorn' theme."

"B- but I-"

"No need to be embarrassed, buddy," said Harry, throwing his arm around Brandon's shoulder. "I like the *Care Critters*. So what? We're your *friends*! We want to play your campaign."

"Yeah, but..."

Brandon looked down at his notes in confusion. They were all different than he remembered. Bottle monsters? Cursed Cradles? Rocking unicorns? He looked up at his players, who all stared back at him, wide-eyed and excited. For the first time they were actually *excited* about the game. About something *he had made*. Well, he hadn't exactly *made* it, but he didn't want to ruin the momentum dwelling on a little detail like that. Brandon took a deep breath and rolled his shoulders.

"Alright, I guess we're going into a nursery dungeon."

Brandon began to read the description from his notes.

"As you enter the nursery, a high female voice calls out. 'Those who enter the vixen's nursery, had *best* be on their *best* behavior. *Little* ones who misbehave will find themselves in *quite* a conundrum.' A bat vixen appears in the air high above the colorful nursery floor."

Brandon looked around in confusion. He could swear he had heard a vixen's voice echoing his words as he read the lines. Was that just his imagination?

"Wow dude, you have sound effects and like... *voices* and shit?" asked Sam, peering down at the screen. Sure enough, the vixen character was there, hovering in place high above the nursery floor.

"Oops I'm supposed to stay in character! Sorry," said Sam. "Uh... Who be you *strange* creature? What know you about the *Kobold's Crystal*?"

The vixen smirked, staring directly up at Sam the player. "My my, where are your manners, little one? You had better address Mistress Muskerella by her proper title. Naughty adventurers who act like *babies* will soon find themselves looking and dressing like they act. It's like I always say, adventurers should act their *age*."

Brandon gasped, covering his mouth when everyone looked his way. Brandon was sure the vixen had winked at him as she spoke those uncannily familiar words.

"Bardswell would like to see if he can *discern* anything about the creature," said Harry.

"Uh... uh... investigate. Right. Alright," said Brandon, shaking off his discomfort. "Roll a discernment check."

"I got a 23."

"On a 23 you see... uh... " Brandon read the description. "Holy shit! Okay, uh, it looks like Mistress Muskarella's working with powerful magic here. It doesn't look like she's got any weapons, but you can see that the nursery is actually set with traps all over. You should be very careful here, because although you sense that she is not malevolent, something about the way she is speaking makes you feel uneasy in the pit of your stomach. Do you relay this to the others? Okay. So you all know this now."

The three players at the table got an uneasy look in their eyes.

"I don't like this," said Barry. "I think maybe we should turn back."

"Yeah, maybe that's a good idea," said Harry. He moved Bardswell toward the exit when suddenly there was a clanking sound and a lock icon appeared on the door.

"H-hey, what gives?"

The vixen laughed. "Leaving so soon? But we're just getting started. Let me give you a taste of what's in store if you don't play with Muskerella.

She pointed at one of the kobolds and he began to glow, turning shinier and shinier, his eyes growing big and taking on a plastic look as well, now less alive and just fixed like a cartoon.

"They're turning into a toy. Isn't that *fun*? You can have *hours* of fun with this little toy if you want. They're still nullified of course, but that doesn't mean you can't use their *other* holes. If you still know how to use your pee-pees in the next 10 minutes, that is!"

Mistress Muskarella's laughter echoed across the room..

All four guys at the table blushed, hunching over to hide their hard-ons.

"Yo, that's really perverted, Brandon," said Sam, blushing.

"Yeah, I would *totally* stop playing if I didn't work so hard on my character. Uh... but let's just see where this goes," said Harry, trying to keep his voice steady.

"As you can see, Muskerella's Magic is no joke," said Muskerella. "If you want to escape, you'll have to play my game. But you're all such *big strong* adventurers it'll probably be too *easy* for you." The vixen threw her arm across her forehead in mock dismay.

"Y-yeah!" said Barry. "That's right! Throbdor fears no sorceress. Axes speak louder than words!"

"Uh... roll a *subjugation* check," said Brandon, remembering that he was supposed to be leading the game.

"Uh... oh, shit... natural one," said Brandon, his voice cracking as he said, "I'm... tough, lady... don't mess with *Limpdor*... I mean... uh... oh, boy..."

"Oh yes, Mr. Warrior. You're *very* scary. You've got Muskerella shaking in her boots! Well, if you're all so tough, then I'm sure you won't object to a little handicap just to make this fair. Otherwise, I'd have to take *drastic* measures."

"We'll play your game, Muskerella," chimed in Sam. "Krendall steps forward to accept her challenge."

"Very good, wizard. Okay then. Open any of the toy chests before you."

Before Krendall could even ask *what* toy chests, seven chest icons appeared on the screen in front of the player characters.

"They all have different effects. Some are very minor, and others..." Muskerella nodded toward the subby kobold toy who was nuzzling Throbdor's loincloth, "others could be *quite* an inconvenience."

"I'm not afraid!" said Sam, but on a *bravery* roll Krendall also rolled catastrophically low. Sam's knees were practically knocking into each other as he moved Krendall the wizard to the third chest from the left. "I open chest number three."

The icon turned green and faded to reveal...

"...A *diaper*?" asked the bewildered group members as the big, thick, block print garment appeared on screen. The item description popped up just below the image.

"Cursed diaper of regression. Diaper instantly replaces whatever gear the player was wearing below the waist. They are left with only a thick colorful baby print diaper on instead. Player becomes completely incontinent and must make a diaper-check roll each turn. Wet and messy conditions will affect speed, and charm respectively. For every 10 minutes that pass, the character loses 1 point of smarts and regresses mentally and physically."

The description minimized as the pants on Krendall's sprite were suddenly replaced by a cute diaper.

"Uh... guys..." said Sam the player, as his jeans began to glow. "W-what's happening?"

Everyone jumped back as if Sam's Pants were about to explode.

"I think his pants are on fire..."

"Sam, put it out!"

"No wait, it... what the *hell?!!*"

Sam was suddenly wearing a diaper, just like his character on the screen.

The vixen laughed.

"Ohoho! You thought this was just a little bit of *make-believe*? No, no. This is *very* real. You can thank your Castle Master for that, thanks to his very special *wish*."

Suddenly, the whole group was glaring at Brandon, who held his hands up in supplication. Muskarella continued.

"*Now, now*, boys, no fighting. That's what got you into this mess in the *first* place isn't it? Now go on and open your chests, like good little adventurers before your friend loses all of his smarts and turns into a real baby!"

Muskarella pointed a claw and laughed as they all watched Sam transform, looking suddenly like an older teenager of about 19 again, acne and all.

"Uhh... guys?" said Sam "I think I failed my potty check...."

The others all made various noises of disgust. Barry tried to run out of the room and only to find that all exits from the garage were locked - just like the dungeon.

"Time's ticking, boys!" said Muskerella, looking at her pocket watch. "Better hurry!"

"Well, what are you waiting for? You heard the Mistress! Go on and open your chests so we can all get out of here!" yelled Brandon.

The guys all looked at each other and gulped.

"You first!"

"No! You first!"

"Tick tock, six chests left," said Muskarella, managing to look pretty comfortable in the air hovering above them all.

"W-well, I guess Throbdor will be next," said Barry, advancing his character forward. He picked the chest furthest to the left.

"Excellent choice," said Muskarella, with a laugh. The chest icon on screen turned green and faded away to reveal...

"A pacifier!" A bright blue pacifier with stars around the shield appeared in the avatar's mouth as well as Barry's own. He mped in surprise and immediately tried to remove it, but it wouldn't budge.

"This ought to cut down on the arguments at least," said Muskarella. "I might have just done you a favor."

The item description appeared on the screen.

"Cursed pacifier of silence. Player is now pacified. Player cannot communicate through vocal means. All spells with spoken components are immediately disabled for the affected player. Player can only remove pacifier if it is replaced by something else. Player must make a pacification check for every ten minutes the pacifier remains in their mouth. If they fail, they become passive and will no longer fight for the rest of the round until someone rouses them. Player is immune to fear effects."

While Barry was frantically pointing at his mouth and panicking, Harry was puzzling over the turns of phrase in the description.

"Replaced by something else... what does that *mean*?"

"Uh, guys?" said a squeaky voiced Sam, who was covering his yellowed diaper front as best he could with his bag. "Please hurry. I only have nine minutes until I regress again..."

"Does that mean ten minutes in game time or real life time?" asked Harry, still scratching his chin.

"Well, I'm pretty sure that timer over my icon is a good indicator," said Sam. Sure enough, there was a small red timer over Krendall's icon that was counting down the seconds until his next regression, and Krendall had a minus one to both speed and intelligence hanging over his head as well.

"Hurry up," said Brandon, "We haven't got all day. You're the last one."

"Okay, okay," said Harry, looking around nervously. "Don't push me..."

"Nobody's pushing you, dude, but we don't exactly have all the time in the world, either," said Sam, his eyes glued to the timer. Meanwhile, Barry was still trying in vain to remove the pacifier from his mouth. He was trying everything he could get his hands on to 'replace' it but nothing was working.

"Okay, fine," said Harry, steeling himself. "I'll take... the *middle* one."

The chest turned green and faded away to reveal...

"A teddy bear?" Harry laughed. "Whew, I thought that was going to be something more serious for a second. What's the harm in a little teddy bear?" However, he wasn't laughing when his clothes began to dissolve away.

"Oh geez!" he yelled, covering up his bits. So distracted was he by the disappearance of his clothes that Harry didn't even notice as the teddy grew in size, unzipped itself, and floated toward him. By the time he noticed, he was already too late. The bear engulfed him whole, zipping up around him like a comfy plush sleeping bag.

"Uh, guys? Guys!" The real Harry's muffled yells could be heard as he was encased in the plush covering, the cool comfortable satin interior pressing in on him as his clothes seemed to dissolve away. The more he squirmed, the better it felt and soon his cries were replaced by moans of pleasure as the soothing feeling of the teddy bear surrounding him calmed and comforted him.

The other three quickly looked down at the screen to find out what the effects were.

"Cursed Teddy Bear Suit of Protection. A life-sized teddy bear encases the player. Attack is reduced to 25% while defense is increased fourfold. Movement is reduced to half. Player is immune to fear effects.

"Well, I guess it could be worse," said Harry. "I'm just the shield now."

Muskarella laughed. "So appropriate for a teddy bear. You'd just better hope you don't slow everyone down too much. But of course there may be faster ways to get around. Good luck, little ones. Muskarella shall see how you fare. Just know that you must work together to escape this dungeon if you dare." And with that she was gone in a puff of smoke.

"Well, that was something," said Brandon. "Uh... I guess it's Krendall's turn now."

"What the hell did you do, man?" asked Sam. "Did you program this game to do this to us?"

"No," said Brandon. "This isn't how I made the game at all. Obviously something is very wrong."

"And just what did Muskarella mean when she said you were responsible?" asked Harry, his plush paws on his hips.

"I... uh... may have accidentally made a little wish..."

"A wish?! Oh, that's just great," said Krendall. "And now look what happened," he said, holding his hands out and looking down at his diaper.

"Look," said Brandon. "I just wanted you all to act your age. Since when do wishes come true? Also, you have to make a diaper check roll."

"Crap," said Sam, as he failed once more to beat the diaper check. The wet spot on the front of his diaper quickly doubled in size as he found his bladder emptying of its own accord.

"It doesn't look like that diaper will hold much longer, bud," said Brandon. "Maybe you should look around for a way to get it off."

"Uh, okay. That's not a bad idea," said Sam. "Krendall looks around for some way to get the diaper off."

"Are you looking in a particular area or just the room as a whole? The room as a whole? Okay, roll a discernment check."

"Okay... oh look, a 16. Pretty good, right?"

"Okay, let's see," said Brandon, checking his notes. "Okay, you see a craft area in one corner and a My Pretty Unicorn changing table in the middle of the room. Which do you head towards?"

"I guess, maybe the changing table?" asked Krendall, looking about as confident as he sounded - which was not at all.

"Okay, you head toward the changing table. You can get there walking in two turns, or you can get there in one turn at a sprint - but you will have to use your extra action to do so."

"Uh... uh, I guess I'll sprint?"

"Okay, you sprint. There are some toys and things in your path, do you try to avoid them?"

Krendall looked carefully at the layout of the nursery. He saw a row of big cribs in one direction, the craft area behind him, a big locked door opposite the doors they had come in from, and in his path, some seemingly harmless toys - a couple of rocking horses, some brickos. He remembered what Brandon had said about traps in the nursery and decided it was best to avoid getting too close to anything. He ended his turn with his hand firmly on the padded pony print surface of the changing table, hoping that he had chosen right.

Next came Barry, who was still silenced with his pacifier in his mouth. He might have gone to help Sam, except he had problems of his own. Without the ability to give voice commands, he was having a devil of a time getting the two Kobolds to leave him alone and stop playing with his loincloth, especially the toy one. He pushed away at them but the more he pushed, the more they wanted to nuzzle him. The other guys looked on with their mouths agape as the two Kobolds began to coax Throbdor's mighty throbbler out of its resting place and started taking turns engulfing it.

"Hnnnnff!" Barry said, his eyes nearly crossing in pleasure as the toy used its permanently smiling mouth to engulf him to the hilt. Barry's own cock had magically snaked out of its pants and was throbbing there in the open, as if it were being manipulated and teased alongside his character's.

"Oh my god, that's so perverted," said Sam, absentmindedly playing with the hard-on in the front of his diaper.

"Yeah," muttered Harry, who found himself involuntarily thrusting into the cool silky inner lining of the stuffed bear he was wearing. Harry felt lucky - the stuffing was more than enough to hide his own throbbing erection as he watched his friend get violated by the two subby kobolds.

Brandon tried to get a hold of the situation, by prompting Harry to take an action, but he was so distracted himself that he never got more than one or two words into a sentence before trailing off.

Just then, the door to the garage opened and Brandon's mom poked her head in. "Hey, boys, how's the game goin'? Do you want any snacks?"

"No, mom!" said Brandon, in an almost panicked voice. "Not now! We're in the middle of something!"

"Okay, okay, geez. I was just askin'. What about-"

"No, Mom! Not now."

"Alright, alright, you boys have fun," she said, shutting the door again.

"Geez," said Brandon, his heart hammering in his chest. "That was a close one, I-"

"Ahhhhh!" moaned Barry, as the Kobold riding his cock sat down hard and his real cock began spurting into the air all over. It was a gusher of almost comical proportions, voluminous and forceful enough to leave slime all the way up the front of his shirt from his belly to his chest, and even some onto his face where his pacifier was.

Seeing his friend seed the kobold (and himself), Harry lost it. He let out a muffled howl, squeezed his eyes, and thrust his hips forward into the fluff that was pressing around him, unloading his own gusher directly into the teddy's inner lining as he watched his friend paint his own face with baby batter. Barry was too blissed out to even move his face out of the way, and as the semen dripped down and over his lips, the pacifier fell out of his mouth.

"Ohhh, gods, that was... wha? My pacifier! It's gone!" Barry's face lit up and he sat up in excitement before he realized what his mouth had been filled with instead and began spitting it out. "Ptoo! Ptoo! Gross! "

A red ten minute timer appeared over his head.

"Ugh... somebody get me a towel... What?" He looked up to see what everyone was staring at. "What the heck?"

Some additional text had been added to the status of his pacifier. He wiped away some goop from the game screen and read aloud.

"Cursed pacifier will be temporarily removed for ten minutes when certain conditions are met. The countdown will start as soon as those conditions cease to be met."

"Conditions? What conditions? I had sex... is that the condition?"

"No," panted Harry, whose heart was still slowing down as his muscles contracted to force the last dregs of seed out of his balls and into the teddy. "No, it's not... It was... you know... The timer started when you... spit everything back out..."

Barry's eyes went wide with realization. "Oh... oh gods... no..."

Muskarella's voice echoed over the nursery. "That's right, Throbdor. And I'd say you just about emptied your balls until the next long rest, wouldn't you? Don't worry, though. I'm sure your friends would be happy to help you out if you ask nicely."

Barry's face went bright red as he looked at all of his friends and then down to the pacifier that had landed in his hand. He shook it off as best he could.

"We gotta get out of here, pronto," he said.

"Uhh... that was your action," said Brandon, looking around. "Hold on... did my mom just come in?"

The other guys looked at each other for a second, and then everyone made a dash for the door into the house, but to their disappointment, it was firmly locked. Muskarella's laughter was even louder this time.

"Silly boys. If you hadn't been so horned up, you might have gotten out of Muskarella's dungeon easily. Oh well. You won't get another chance like that before you're all trapped for good, so you'd better work together before it's too late."

The guys looked at each other with a sense of dread hanging over them. What would that be like? Being stuck in a nursery dungeon forever?

"Oh, it wouldn't be so bad," said Muskarella, as if reading their thoughts. "Muskarella is sure you'd be *very* happy. You're already having so much fun, aren't you? And there's plenty more where that... *came*... from. Hahaha!"

"Guys," said Sam. "I'm running out of time on my timer here. Somebody wanna come join me?"

"Right," said Barry, heading back toward the game table. "Head in the game. Throbdor uses the rest of his movement to head toward the changing table..." Brandon was breaking out in a cold sweat. This game was suddenly higher stakes than he could have imagined. Still, he was the Castle Master and he couldn't give anything away, even if it was spelled out plain as day in his magically altered notes.

"Alright, you can move 25 feet. Do you go straight or try to avoid the-"

"Yes, I try to avoid the obvious toy traps," Barry said.

"Okay, very well," said Brandon, mentally cheering inside. "You're a little more than halfway there. You should reach it no problem on your next turn.

"I guess it's my turn, then," came the muffled voice of Harry, who was barely finished enjoying the afterglow of his orgasm and yet already horny and starting to thrust into the plush padding surrounding him again. "Unff.... I, uh... I walk toward... Uh..."

"Oh, gosh, watch out, Harry," said Barry. Sam, too, was alarmed as was Brandon, but none of them could do anything as Harry clumsily lumbered forward at half speed before losing his balance and crashing directly into...

"Watch out for that stroller!" yelled Barry as Harry stumbled and crashed into the waiting contraption.

"I can't look," said Sam, covering his eyes, fully expecting it to be a mimic or bear trap. However, it wasn't quite that. Harry soon found himself strapped in as the straps of the stroller secured themselves around his legs and chest in a 5-point harness.

"H-hey," he said, trying and failing to undo the buckle with his puffy bear paws. His paws being puffy nubs with no fingers to speak of, however, he found the task completely impossible. "A little help here? Unh..."

Harry began to moan as the straps seemed to tighten and press against the crotch of his bear-suit in the most stimulating way causing him to spurt more pre into the puffy lining. He was already getting turned on by the musky smell of sex that had permeated the suit from his previous emissions and another seemed to be on the way. If this kept up, he was going to be swimming in the bear suit.

"I'll let Barry move ahead of me," said Sam, not wanting to leave the changing table. Unfortunately, his timer was dangerously close to zero, and when it ticked, a big red -1 smrt appeared over his head and his body shrank down. He went from an older teen to barely in high school - losing about another five years in the blink of an eye. "Aww, man..." he said, as he wet himself yet again. He'd been hoping to avoid that by skipping his turn but no such luck.

Barry looked between his Bear friend and Sam, who was regressing before his very eyes and decided to go for the stroller first.

"Throbdor grabs the stroller handles and pushes it toward the changing table."

"Okay," said Brandon the Castle Master. "Now we're getting somewhere. Stroller properties - can transport a large, medium, or small creature at no extra cost to movement. No other special properties noted."

"Aside from the fact that it's self locking?" asked Bardswell, grunting as he tried to remain intelligible through the moans brought on by the ministrations of the straps and the teddy suit. "I think it's molesting me too!"

"Do you want me to let you out?" asked Throbdor, reaching for the buckle.

"N-no.... not yet..." said Bardswell. "It... uh... it's too convenient... I'll endure it. For the party..."

"For the party, sure," said Throbdor, smirking as they arrived at the changing table.

"Finally," said Krendall. "Took you long enough."

"Pipe down, pipsqueak," said Throbdor, who easily laid Krendall down on his back on soft vinyl-covered padding. Krendall had tried to take off the diaper himself and found it refused to budge but when Throbdor pulled at the tapes, they came right off.

"How in the world?" asked Krendall, blushing deeply.

"Additional property discovered," announced Brandon, reading from the game screen. "Cursed diapers of incontinence can only be removed by those who are not wearing it, but must be replaced with a fresh diaper for effects of curse to be reset."

"...for effects of curse to be reset," echoed Throbdor as he wiped a very embarrassed Krendall clean. "What the heck could that mean?"

"I don't know, man. Just hurry it up, will ya? This is super embarrassing!" Krendall felt like the cartoon ponies were laughing at him as he was changed by his companion.

"Oh, hush, kid. I eat pipsqueaks for you like breakfast," said Throbdor, taping up his companion and giving him a light pat on the butt. The moment he taped Krendall up, the regressed adventurer returned to his full age and a green "+2 SMRT" appeared over his head. He was no longer swimming in his clothes and his diaper was dry. The timer above Krendall's head started again at 10 minutes.

"Holy, heck!" said Sam. "I'm... *me* again!" He looked down at himself in the thick My Pretty Unicorn padding, and somehow felt even more embarrassed about it. Was this one even thicker than the last one? Sam felt fully too old to be in diapers, and whined when he saw Throbdor begin to stuff a conveniently placed diaper bag with as many diapers as he could before slinging it over the handle of the stroller.

"Oh hush," said Throbdor, noting Krevin's whines. "It's better than being turned into a permanent baby, right?"

"Diaper bag of holding acquired," said Brandon. "Bag holds an unlimited amount of diapers, as well as changing supplies. In the bottle pocket is a bottomless bottle of sustenance."

"Hmm... I wonder," said Throbdor, taking an experimental pull on the bottle. The time above his head began to tick up, but at the same time, his need to go to the bathroom increased just as rapidly. "Cripes," said Throbdor, looking around for somewhere to pee. "Well, I sure as hell am not going to put on one of those cursed diapers," said Throbdor, but he had to go badly. He decided to just go ahead and whip it out. It wasn't *his* nursery anyway.

"Ah, ah, ah," came the voice of Muskarella as Throbdor pulled out his pud. "Naughty boys who go potty where they're not supposed to end up in diapers for good. If you want to be a big boy, then you have to use the *training potty* like every *other* big kid in the nursery!"

Throbdor looked around and spotted the training potties clear across the nursery. Exactly opposite the supposed exit. "Oh, you've *got* to be kidding me..."

"Can't you hold it?" asked Krendall, eyeing the timer above his head.

"Yeah," said Bardswell, grinding his crotch against the strap between his legs in an attempt to get more stimulation. "We should probably get out of here sooner than later... but I don't mind if you take a *little* longer... unh..."

"Fuck it," said Throbdor, "let's go for the door!" The timer above Throbdor's head flashed red for a few seconds before suddenly halving from four minutes to two minutes. "What the?"

Muskarella's laughter floated across the nursery once again.

"What a little potty mouth. Muskarella has penalties for those who say naughty words in her dungeon. You'll have to wash your mouth out with something creamy if you want to keep that mouth of yours pacifier free..." Everyone there knew exactly what she meant by 'something creamy' and blood quickly flowed to redden their cheeks and harden their erections.

"Alright, guys," said Throbdor, his voice cracking with embarrassment. "We're getting the heck out of here."

He grabbed hold of the stroller and pushed it ahead of him as he sprinted toward the door. Krendall and the kobolds followed close behind, but it still took two turns to get to the door. By this time, the timer was dangerously low, and Throbdor was doing the potty dance. For some reason, this made the kobolds very excited.

"What the heck are they excited about?" asked Throbdor. "Do they want me to piss my loincloth?"

"If I had taken draconic as my language, I could tell you," said Bardswell, still grunting and thrusting in frustration as everyone else pretended not to notice. "You might as well go ahead, unff. With this annoying bear suit on, I don't think I'll be using my lockpicking tools anytime soon..."

"Don't worry," said Krendall. "I totally have a spell that will help us get through this door..."

"Why don't you try the knob?" Asked Throbdor, his voice taking on a tone of urgency as he buckled his knees.

"I think you'd better inspect it for traps first," said Bardswell.

"Aah! You guys are totally confusing me," said Sam. "Uh, okay, I uh... inspect the doors for traps and shi- uh, stuff."

"Nice save," said Brandon. "Okay, roll your *discernment* check."

Krendall's face fell. "11"

"Uh... 11, huh? Well, you don't see any traps," said Brandon. Krendall had only gotten 11 out of 20+ which meant it was highly possible he missed something. However, he couldn't just check again - this was role play so he had to play it as it lay. Krendall gulped.

"Okay, then," he said, voice trembling slightly. "I cast tap!"

A loud tap could be heard from the door, and the door rattled for a second, then went still.

"Can I check the door?" asked Krendall.

"Sorry, that's all your actions for this turn."

"Move aside," said Throbdor, shoving aside the two kobolds who were pawing at him excitedly to rush the door. He winced at the pain of his full bladder. "I'm going to try to mmmph!" The barbarian's timer hit 0 and Throbdor was cut off as the pacifier flew from his pocket right into his mouth. He decided to just try and open the door, not caring about traps any more. Using one hand to hold his crotch, he reached for the door, but the knob wouldn't turn at all.

"Looks like the door is locked," said Brandon. Throbdor looked like he was going to cry. He wouldn't be able to hold his bladder a minute longer, so he did the only thing he could think of.

"Uh oh... Throbdor's in trouble. Okay, uh, looks like... Throbdor's going to try bashing down the door. Go ahead and roll your attack. Okay, nice roll! Looks like a critical hit. But... the door appears unaffected."

Throdor was out of options. He slumped against the door and began to cry, putting his hands over his eyes as he gave up. But just then, the two Kobolds were able to pull down his loincloth. Throbdor looked down in surprise only to see them look up at

him with reassuring smiles and make some happy noises in draconic. Throbdor's eyebrows flew up and his face reddened as he realized what they were communicating.

"What are they...?" asked Krendall.

"I think they're..." said Bardswell. "Oh my god... they're going to drink it! Th-that's s-s-s-so... pervert... unnnghhhh..." Once again, the bard lost it, cumming hard into the soft folds of material pressing in around him as he watched the two kobolds happily take turns guzzling the barbarian's piss. Why was this so hot to him?

Throbdor was completely shocked, but he had no hope of holding back as he felt his cock engulfed by the warm mouth of the first Kobold. He tried to hold back for half a second before losing all control and flooding the subby creature's gullet with a hot stream of golden liquid. Soon, the toy kobold shoved his companion out of the way and happily engulfed the member, his plastic eyes and fixed smile looking ecstatic at being filled by his master.

After a good two minutes of peeing, Throbdor was completely drained. The two Kobolds had to make extra sure, though, shaking every last drop out into their smiling mouths before reluctantly agreeing to put Throbdor's throbbor back in its hiding place.

With a sigh of relief, Throbdor turned his attention to the problem of his pacifier. It was annoying, sure, but was it really in the way?

"Krendall. Krendall? It's your turn..."

"Uh...? Oh yeah! Uh, the d-door," said Krendall, quickly turning toward it to hide the tent in his diaper. "Uh... uh oh... there's an inscription here... it says..."

Krendall and squinted as he looked closer...

"Go ahead and roll a knowledge check," said Brandon. Krendall got a high roll and Brandon flipped through his notes to see if he could find what the door was supposed to say. "Nice Roll! Uh, hold on a sec... where is... oh!"

A piece of parchment with the translation on it was stuck to one of the pages with a piece of decorative tape. He carefully peeled it off and looked at the piece of paper quizzically. "Uh... here you go."

"Cool, man! Whoa..." Krendall admired the little note, which was scrawled with indecipherable runes on one side, and English on the other. "You even got it to *look* like an old inscription... Nice touch!"

"Hehe, yeah..." Brandon said, smiling and scratching the back of his head. "That was... all me..."

The truth was, Brandon didn't know *what* happened to the actual campaign he made. He suspected it had something to do with Muskarella and the magic of his wish. Krendall read the inscription to the group.

"It says... the little ones will stay detained until they have been *potty* trained?" Krendall looked around at the others assembled at the table. Bardswell, who was still stuck in his bear suit and could not convey any emotion one way or the other, just shrugged. Throbdor knitted his brows, but it was hard to say if he was concentrating on the inscription or the paci as he nukked on the rubber nipple. As for the two Kobolds, they were much too busy nuzzling their master and eyeing his loincloth for their next treat to care.

"Roll a discernment. Everyone," said Brandon.

"21," said Krendall.

"19," said Bardswell.

Throbdor held up nine fingers, having his mouth otherwise occupied.

"Okay. Throbdor, you don't notice anything. Bardswell and Krendall, you hear a noise from across the nursery. You can see in that direction three potty chairs in three different colors: Yellow, blue, and red.

"Oh boy," said Bardswell, "Here we go again."

Throbdor began cursing behind his paci. At least that's what everyone imagined he was doing as his face got red and he began stomping and gesticulating angrily.

"Take it easy, big guy," said Bardswell. "We've got it all under control. Let's just go to the potty chairs and take care of this training. It's gotta be a piece of cake, right?."

Throbdor was incensed, but he seemed to come to his senses. If that's how it was going to be, that's how it would have to be.

"Let's just hurry," said Krendall. As he looked up at the timer above him. He had been making the saving rolls on the last few potty checks, and he was worried his luck might soon run out.

As the party hurried across the nursery, Krendall did his best to avoid any objects in between him and the potty chairs. He was in a hurry, but he didn't want to run into any traps. Unfortunately, Throbdor wasn't so lucky. As he pushed ahead, the stroller he was pushing - with Bardswell still secured inside - hit the edge of a city streets play rug and ended up sending him careening toward a couple of My Pretty Unicorn rocking horses.

"Look out!" cried Krendall, but it was too late. Throbdor overreacted, turning the stroller too sharply, and the stroller swerved sideways before violently toppling on its side. Bardswell was well cushioned from the impact due to his plush padding, but Throbdor tumbled, his momentum carrying him right into the nearby rocking horse.

"Oof!" he said, landing seated on the flat wooden 'saddle'. Dazed, he grabbed the handles coming out of the neck to help him stand up, and then he just started rocking.

"Oh geez," said Krendall, hurrying over to his fallen companion. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah," Bardswell replied, "I'm fine, I don't know about Mr. Hurry over here. "Come on, Throbdor, stop goofing off. I thought you were in a hurry!"

Throbdor continued to rock, seemingly unaware of his friends' requests. Then, he looked over to them and they saw the pleading look in his eyes.

"Uh, guys? I think something is wrong..." said Bardswell.

"Roll initiative!" said Brandon.

The players all rolled their Icosahedrons.

"Okay, Krendall, you're first! Uh, Krendall?"

"Unh... h-hold on... almost finished..."

"Oh no," said Bardswell, as he saw Krendall's diaper turn yellow and a -2 smarts icon flash above his head. "Not this again! Will ya at least let me out before you go regressing into a baby?"

Krendal was stuck on the ground and still strapped into the toppled stroller. He would have let himself out, but at the moment, his hands were encased in teddy bear paws so thick, he couldn't even facepalm properly. A few moments later, a teenage Krendall sighed, pulled his thumb out of his mouth, and waddled over to release him.

"Hold your horses, I'm coming," he said.

"Gee, thanks," said Bardswell, getting up and dusting himself off with his poofy paws. "You sure took your time. What's with the goofy grin? Are you... are you enjoying this?"

Krendall gave a guilty smile. "N-no. I mean. W-well... Maybe a *little*..."

"Oh my god," said Bardswell, who would have been seen rolling his eyes if it weren't for the teddy head in the way. "Whatever dorkus. You can keep the diapers, thank you very much. I'm going to focus on getting out of here."

"Oh really? And you aren't enjoying that teddy bear suit of yours? I think I've heard you cum in it a least twice - and you weren't quiet about it."

Now it was Bardswell's turn to blush. "I- th-that's *different*," he spluttered.

"Oh yeah? How?"

"I had no choice!"

"I didn't either! What part of *cursed diaper* don't you understand?"

"Guys, guys," said Brandon. You're in the middle of combat. Maybe you could save the bickering for *after* we get the hell out of here? Or did you forget what Mistress said about working together?

"Okay, okay," said Krendall. Uh... I guess I have some movement left... I'll go ahead and position myself by the rocking horse to attack.

"Okay, go ahead and move your character. Bardswell? You're next."

"Alright," said Bardswell, "I'm going to go ahead and attack the rocking horse."

"Okay, roll your attack..."

"I pull out my, uh..." he patted around to feel for his weapons and realized they were all gone since he was naked, and stuck in a big puffy teddy bear besides.

"You don't have any weapons," said Brandon. "You'll have to find some or do an attack unarmed."

"Okay... I guess I'll, uh, attack unarmed." Bardswell rolled the 20-sided die and landed a critical hit.

"Critical hit. Great job! And... it... has no effect." Brandon said this with obvious disappointment.

"What do you mean no effect?!" asked Bardswell. "I hit him full on!"

"Your hands are *soft*, dude," said Sam. "What do you expect? You should have grappled instead."

"Eh, he's right," said Brandon. "Maybe next turn. Throbdor, you're up! Uh... Throbdor?"

Throbdor was vigorously rocking on the horse and grinding into the saddle, his loincloth practically popping off due to his throbbing erection. His two kobolds were eying it hungrily, eagerly awaiting their turn so they could hop on for a ride of their own.

"Throbdor, what are you going to do?" asked Brandon, growing increasingly concerned, until they all saw what had happened.

While the others were arguing, Throbdor found himself stuck to the rocking horse, leather straps snaking around his hand, wrists, and feet to secure him tightly. Each rock seemed to massage his genitalia, coaxing his firm erection out of him. He couldn't stop it, and as Brandon announced it was his turn, Throbdor looked over to the Castle Master, desperate to escape but stuck and unable to stop himself from lustily grinding against the stimulating saddle.

"Mmmff! Mmmmfff!!" came his desperate cries, muffled by the pacifier.

Muskarella's voice echoed out once more.

"Oh, my. Someone is certainly enjoying his playtime! Let's hope he can keep from making a *big mess all over!*" her voice lapsed into teasing baby talk as she said this last part, causing the desperate and pacified man to blush. "Muskarella says the big barbarian will be downgraded to baby barbarian if he has a big 'accident' in the middle of the nursery... he'll be downgraded to diapers just like his friend here."

Throbdor shook his head vigorously, but paradoxically his cock throbbed harder than ever as she spelled out his possible fate. Why did the idea turn him on so much? Did he actually *want* to be put back in diapers?

"Who knows," said Muskarella, "Maybe his helpful little kobolds will help. If not, I'm sure they'll make fine caretakers..." Muskarella laughed again as Throbdor whined into his paci. The on-screen display indicated that his turn was over, much to the disappointment of the other players.

"Looks like throbdor uses his turn to, uh... rock," said Brandon. "Uh, alright... uh... next turn is... Looks like it's the rocking horse's turn! Let's see what it does..."

The seat of the rocking horse began to vibrate.

"OH shiiiiit! I can't hold it!!!" That's what Throbdor wanted to yell, but instead, he just ended up yelling "Mmff! Mmmmfff!" into his pacifier as his hips bucked against the stimulation of the rocking horse seat.

More ribbon-like tendrils began to appear out of the rocking horse. Much like the straps that held Throbdor down, they snaked around him, grabbing onto his already scant garb and tearing it away until he was left naked. With no way to move his hands or feet, Throbdor was helpless to resist as he was completely denuded in front of his friends. Not only that, but the straps seemed to be curling around his body, creating new vestments... vestments that looks suspiciously like...

"Reins and a harness!" gasped Bardswell, who was already getting turned on *again* in his teddy suit.

Rings appeared on Throbdor's nipples and his pacifier was replaced by a bit as pretty purple ribbons tied off his cock and balls like a cockring. Another thick gold ring appeared, going right through Throbdor's dripping cockhead. Throbdor gasped as ribbons laced his nipples and cock were pulled taut by the rocking horse's pretty purple ribbons so that his erection was held up and out in a configuration worthy of the Marquis de Sade himself.

Despite this sudden shock to his system, Throbdor was throbbing harder than ever, drips of pre already appearing and running down the shiny metal on his cockhead before splattering the gaily smiling rocking horse. The Kobolds drooled at the sight, clearly eager to take their turn lapping up Throbdor's sweet nectar, but the transformation wasn't done. The rocking horse was still having its turn.

The remaining tendrils interwove themselves in a complex body harness - in some places constraining his body, in others, accentuating what was already there. And the crown of it all was his head. Throbdor's head was rapidly wrapped in layers of ribbons until his face was completely obscured. The ribbons liquefied and morphed, solidifying into a hyper-cute cartoon latex pony design.

Within less than a minute, Throbdor the Barbarian was transformed into Throbdor the pretty unicorn. Shining with gold rings, purple ribbons, and a goofy cartoon grin on the newly formed rubber horse head. The ribbons hugged his muscular body, and those that had wrapped around his hands and feet solidified and turned them into hooves. Throbdor came as the transformation completed, just a hair too soon for the Kobolds, who valiantly lunged to capture the spunk in their mouths, but instead ended up getting sprayed in the face by the well hung steed with plum-sized testicles.

"Oh, my gahhhhhhhh," yelled Bardswell, who dry-orgasmed into his bear suit, his balls having nothing left to give. As for Krendall, he was too busy sucking his thumb and pissing his padding to care.

"I like horsies," Krendall said, dumbly, when his turn came around, before realizing what he was doing and snapping out of it. He looked around, seeing the Kobolds doing their best to clean themselves and each other off, seeing Bardswell in his bear suit, still useless to attack, and seeing his one possible diaper changer now rendered handless with the hooves that had covered up his fingers and panicking as a big poofy unicorn diaper floated over and wrapped itself around Throbdor's pretty pony butt.

"Oh crap! Where is my diaper bag?" Krendall yelled in a panic. He blushed, never imagining in a million years that such a phrase would be coming out of his mouth. And yet here he was on his hands and knees shamelessly searching high and low for the diaper bag.

"Roll a discernment," said Brandon, beginning to sweat as he saw the campaign going as sideways as the stroller.

"18! 18!" yelled Krendall, excited that he had rolled so well.

"You see it hanging on the crib..." said Brandon. "Do you want to try to retrieve it?"

Krendall felt a sinking feeling in his stomach, knowing full well that the crib was likely trapped just like the rocking horse was.

"Combat has ended, the rocking horse ceases to move," said Brandon.

"Oh my, called Muskarella, appearing in the sky and descending on the players. "Looks like somebody made a mess after all. But Muskarella supposes he is just a wild animal now. Maybe you can ride him, Bardswell. What do you think? All you have to do is ask."

"Unnhhhghhhh," said Bardswell, still bathing in the afterglow of his orgasm.

"Oh, but it's no fair though, now is it, little Krendall? Maybe Muskarella should help you out, hmm? Would you like it if someone could help change your didee?" Krendall shuddered, not sure if it would be worse to stay in the diaper, try for the diaper bag, or take her up on her undoubtedly lopsided offer.

The bat vixen pivoted in the air to look straight at Throbdor.

"The look really suits you, Throbdor. Do you like it?" She held up a hand to her ear and listened as the pretty unicorn whinnied and neighed, shaking his head as his mouth gnashed at the bit. He looked just like a happy, excited cartoon pony, his long flowing purple mane shining, his cartoon face giving no emotion away but sheer glee.

"Well, it seems to Muskarella he *likes* being a horse, don't you think? His throbbler sure seems to think so," she said, indicating his raging erection showing through the impossibly thick diaper. That now massive barbarian horsecock was undoubtedly kept at its most turgid by the web of colorful ribbons tied around Throbdor's body like a fancy stallion.

"Muskarella doesn't suppose you would like to end the game now, Brandon? It's clear to Muskarella that your party adventuring doesn't stand a chance. What do you say we shake on it and end it here?"

She held out her hand looking at each of the partygoers in turn. "Any one of you can take Muskarella's offer... of course there will be *consequences*, but we can talk about those later..."

Her bat fangs glistened as all the party members looked at each other, waiting for the others to make a move.

"Alright! Alright!" said Brandon, holding up his hands. "I give. I forfeit. Let's end the game now."

Brandon stuck his hand out to be shaken by the vixen, and the moment they grabbed hands, everything flashed bright green - the table, the Castle Master's notes, all of it. When the players all blinked away the afterimage of the bright light, they were all in the garage. In their normal clothes, the snacks strewn across the table once more, and acrid bong smoke hung in the air, along with the echo of a vixen's laughter.

"Do you hear that, guys?" asked Brandon.

"Hear what?" asked Harry, still looking annoyed. "I'm just waiting to start. Are we playing or what?"

"What do you mean?" asked Brandon, I thought we... uh...."

Brandon looked around. Sam was out of it - his eyes red and glazed from all his smoking. Harry and Barry were still glaring at each other about five seconds away from fighting. Everything that had happened since Brandon had made that stupid wish for them to act their age had been reversed.

"Uh, right..." he said, shaking his head. It was as if these players were from another timeline, which only Brandon had the pleasure of returning to. Brandon continued on with the campaign as if nothing had happened, revealing his gaming table - which seemed less spectacular than before without all the added effects that his Mistress's table had.

It was strange. Brandon should have been elated that he and the guys had escaped their fate in Mistress Muskarella's dungeon, but surprisingly... he wasn't. Playing Castles and Kobolds in this reality was... boring. Disappointing.

Brandon finished off the day's game with an empty feeling in his stomach, sighing as he waved the guys off, closing the garage door behind them.

He couldn't believe he was contemplating it, but he wanted to go back.

"I wish Mistress Muskarella was here," said Brandon. But nothing happened. He picked up his notebook. "I wish we would all act our age!" Still nothing. No flash of green light. Nothing.

"Come onnnn... I *know* you can hear me Mistress," he said, as he flicked on the gaming table and looked at his dungeon, hoping for the bat vixen's avatar to appear. "Take me back... *please?*"

As terrifying and intense as the day's events had been, it was also thrilling. It was erotic. But it seemed as if he wasn't going to get a second chance. Was this the untold consequence Muskarella had hinted at?

A couple of knocks from the door to the house and his mom poked her head in.

"You coming up for dinner, dear?" asked his Mom.

"Yeah, sure," he sighed.

"It's your favorite, sweetie. Mashed peas."

"Thanks Mo.. uhm... what?"

"I said it's your favorite! Mashed peas. Now come on inside so we can get you changed before dinner."

"Uh... wha- uh, okay, just give me a second." he said, feeling a growing sense of dread in his stomach.

As soon as his mom left, Brandon frantically unbuttoned his pants and discovered a thick diaper where his underwear would normally be. A negative two smarts icon flashed over his head and some familiar laughter could be heard. Brandon's heart raced as he heard Muskarella's voice echo throughout the room. A familiar bat vixen's icon flashed on the game table along with a new character with orange hair, standing in a virtual garage just like Brandon's own.

"You didn't really think the game was over, did you, little human? Muskarella hopes you're all ready for level two..."