

Curse of the Crinkle Crate



Composed by Horatio Husky
Featuring and Commissioned by Kazard the Fox!

Chapter 1:

The Box

I... Want... Couch Time... Now... were the thoughts of a certain blonde-haired fox, as he absentmindedly fumbled with the keys to his small, cozy home. His shoulders were slumped, and his eyelids half open in a vacant stare as he maneuvered his key into the lock of his front door.

The day had been absolutely miserable, all of his clients had been in a bad temper when he spoke with them about their problems, and one of them even seemed to believe that the fox didn't really know what he was doing. Of course, he knew what he was doing! He'd graduated top of his class by no small miracle, the fox was very talented at his work, but the lack of appreciation and frustration that was thrust upon him by his clients was not something studying could have prepared him for.

At last, the key turned, and the door swung wide open, shouldering his bag he strode inside and carelessly dropped it in the front hallway, kicking off his shoes and closing the door behind him with a click, locking it once more.

Give... Me... That... Couch... thought the fox once more, as he strode into his living room. However, his couch did not seem to be on the agenda just yet, for the fox almost tripped over a wooden box in the center of the room.

Kaz was taken aback, how had this gotten in his home? He didn't remember lugging a rather plain, heavy looking wooden box into his home. Its dimensions were around two feet by two feet, and a foot and a half tall. Kneeling down, his tail now twitching with apparent interest and curiosity he inspected it closer to find that its lid was hinged, with the front opening to the container facing towards him.

What on earth... Did somebody break in and leave this here? He thought to himself, as he reached forward with a paw and tentatively opened open the strange box.

The lid thumped onto his carpet as he gazed into what was held within the strange item, and was even more confused to see that the box only contained two items in it. A thick square of plastic upon closer inspection Kaz found to be a white, adult diaper, and a note next to it, written in fancy cursive. He picked it up, his eyebrows furrowing as he perused through a short poem, a strange feeling of warmth he didn't recognize bubbling up in his insides as he did so.

*For a year and a day obedient shall you be,
To the rules and whims of the box at your knee,
Letters and rules shall be provided from these wooden confines,
Giving you instructions, tasks, items, and lines,
And lest you not listen to my behest,
Shall you not have your day-to-day be the best!
For control and independence are no longer yours
From now you'll be clad always in diapers!*

Diapers? Control? Is this all some sort of prank that got delivered into my house that one of my friends managed to sneak in? He turned the note over and found that more was written on the back of it, this time not in the mysterious cursive font as on the front.

The rules are simple, Kazard. For a year and a day you will be completely unable to control your bladder nor your bowel, making it that at any time whatsoever, you will completely and utterly mess and wet yourself anywhere you are.

Within this box, you will find your solution to this new conundrum in your life, which you have agreed to participate in by opening this box. Whenever you open this box you will be supplied with plain white diapers perfectly matched to handle whatever punishment you give them.

It is recommended that you also invest in other supplies related to padding, such as powder and anti-rash cream, but those are up to your discretion.

You may try and not wear your diapers, but you will find that it is wiser to comply with the rules and keep yourself nice and secure; your continence will not return either if you do not obey the rules set before you.

If you wish to communicate with the box, you must do so through a bargain written on a note to express your wishes. However, be warned: the box is liable to interpret and balance any request or boon as it wishes if whatever you offer is not of equal value, so it may be wisest to obey as instructed and keep yourself diapered at all times of the day, otherwise, the consequences will be severe.

With that, we hope you enjoy your next trip around the sun padded up!

This has to be a joke... Boxes that interpret poetry and supply diapers whenever opened? This isn't even a funny prank this is pathetic. The fox dropped the diaper and note back into the box with contempt, what a stupid thing to waste his time with. He got up, couch

now forgotten as his stomach rumbled its hunger aloud to the room. He padded over to the kitchen, turning the kettle on and rummaging through his dry food cabinet, retrieving a large bag of chips.

He held the bag in his maw as he stretched, reaching up to the higher shelf to grab himself a chocolate bar. It was just out of his reach, and he strained, leaning against the counter to support his weight as he grasped after his sweet. The counter must have been wet, however, for he looked down as he felt something damp against him.

The bag of chips dropped out of his mouth and onto the counter below him. The counter hadn't been wet, no. It was he who had wet.

Chapter 2

Distressed in Diapers

Kaz looked down at himself in slight horror, he placed a shaky paw on the front of his work pants, patting around to feel the warmth of his own urine now soaking down his legs and dribbling onto the floor tiles of his kitchen.

What the hell is going on?! I haven't had an accident like this since I was three! His thoughts swirled around his head and so did his surroundings, he turned around and leaned against the kitchen counter, his breath coming in short gasps.

"This isn't happening... This isn't happening... This isn't happening!" he spoke aloud to himself, his voice cracking at the last statement of denial. Grabbing a roll of paper towels he carelessly unrolled a pawful of them and began to clean up the pee now pooling by his pant leg while also attempting to dab up his wet clothing.

Having completed his rather futile attempts at drying his soaked clothing he unbuckled his pants and balled them up. Now only clad in his soaked tighty-whities, his tails tucked between his legs in shame, he scuttled into his laundry room and stuffed his pants into the washing machine. He peeled off his underpants and threw that in too. Standing in nothing but his work shirt and tie, he threw in some cleaning detergent, closed the lid, and started the machine.

As the sounds of water gushing into the interior chamber of the machine filled the room Kazard hopped on top of the machine and placed his head in his hands, kneading his hair into his head as he stressfully thought over what had just happened to him.

He had found a box, containing a letter with a strange poem and a very specific set of instructions detailing that he had somehow been cursed, he'd been provided with a diaper in the

box, and then almost *immediately* after he had put those two things away he had completely and utterly wet himself, without any sign of him needing to relieve himself whatsoever.

The fox leaned over, peeking around the doorframe of his laundry room and gazed into the living room, suspiciously eyeing the corner of the brown box just visible from his point of view.

He spoke aloud, his voice quavering only a little bit as he said indignantly, "I don't know who you are or what you want, but I'm not finding this funny! If you're drugging me or cursing me or whatever this is not cool!"

The box, unsurprisingly, did not reply to his outburst.

Harumphing, the fox slid off of his washing machine, and padded back over to the box. Kneeling down, he hesitantly lifted the lid of it once more, looking nervously inside.

A gasp caught in his throat, as he saw what he had dreaded would be in the box. Opening it fully he revealed several neat stacks of thick, white diapers, as if freshly delivered to his doorstep in this very box.

I can't believe this is happening... Is this a dream? He pinched himself, hard, and closed his eyes tightly shut. He found that no matter how hard he hurt himself he did not wake up. He whimpered, feeling helpless and defeated, as he picked up one of the diapers in the box, bringing it up to his nose and sniffing at it disdainfully.

The scent of the diaper hinted at his nostrils, and he opened it to examine the interior. The unfamiliar item lay in his hands, as he dejectedly stared at the strange absorbent underwear in his paws.

A sigh of resignation and humiliation left the sniffly maw of the fox, as he laid it down on the floor unwrapping it. He clumsily sat his naked bottom onto the seat of the diaper, shifting and adjusting to get himself properly positioned.

Awkwardly, he pulled out the back tabs of the diaper and slid the front over his crotch, bringing the tapes from the sides over and taping them over his front. His face cringed slightly as the diaper back pushed against his trapped tails, and he twisted around to loop them through the tailhole, one after the other. As he placed the last tape over his protruding tails he completed diapering himself, albeit a little sloppily. He gingerly stood up.

The padding spread his legs apart several inches, and looking behind him they thickened out his behind quite a bit. He realized that he'd probably struggle with putting on most of his work pants, and they would do a poor job of hiding his abrupt change of wardrobe. The

note was right, the diapers were designed to handle anything he could give them, however they had absolutely no points selected in discreteness.

A frown appeared on his muzzle as he thought about what he could do to avoid being detected at his work the next day, a feeling of apprehension bubbling up in his mind at the potential scenario of being discovered. He would definitely wear his baggier work pants, and he would have to be careful about keeping his shirt tucked in properly. The only thing he was really worried about was the possibility of waddling, but he could probably be able to just squeeze the diapers into a more walkable shape with his legs.

He walked over to his couch, and sat down on his new crinkly underwear, a small poof of air rushing out as he put his full weight on his bottom. He reached over for a remote and flicked the television on, snacks forgotten.

Kaz needed something to get his mind off of the fact that the next day of work was going to be quite the unpleasant one. His face grimaced slightly, eyebrows furrowing with worry. *How am I ever going to wiggle out of this one?*

Chapter 3

The First Day

Kazard nervously pulled down on the fabric of his pants near his inner thigh, feeling highly paranoid about his current, crinkly predicament. He had woken up that morning feeling refreshed, albeit having fallen asleep on his couch with a myriad of snack containers and bags of chips strewn around him. It was the dampness around his crotch that had ruined his morning, the memory of the the progression of events from last evening flooding back in his mind.

Although his memories were not the only thing that had been flooding apparently, as he squeezed the front of his diaper with his paw. He grimaced as he noticed that they were quite thoroughly soaked. He had pressed his legs together, or at least tried to but found that it was difficult with the large, soggy padding serving as his new underwear.

He had sighed, disappointed that it all had not been a dream and walked, or more accurately waddled, over to the box which still lay still in the same place he had discovered it the previous evening. With an annoyed expression on his face, he had opened up the box to reveal once more the neatly stacked, fresh looking diapers and retrieved one.

Waddling over to the stairs of his house and up into his bedroom he had lain across his bed; his tail twitching and a little embarrassed he had changed himself out of his wet diaper and into a dry one. A little awkwardly, he untaped the wet padding and raised himself onto the fresh

diaper, having to turn around the diaper a second time after he realized he placed it under himself backward.

Fiddling with the tapes for a minute, he rediapered himself to his satisfaction. He stood up and walked in front of a mirror. To his dismay, the diapers seemed to be much poofier and obvious that he had not noted the previous evening. He began to seriously worry if even his loosest work pants would be able to properly conceal them.

Pulling said work pants on, he was greatly perturbed to find that he had difficulty pulling them up and over his padding. Finally, he had completed the task, and saw a quite significant bulge from his front and, as he turned around, his behind giving away his situation.

For added measure, he pulled a windbreaker around his waist and tied it around with its sleeves, which seemed to better hide the noise component of his new underwear. Putting on his coat and grabbing his bag he considered stopping by the pharmaceutical store to perhaps purchase some thinner, more practical diapers.

Checking his watch, he saw that he was already running late for work. *Drat! Of all the days...* he had thought to himself, as he ran from his front porch after locking the front door to his car.

His boss had not been happy at his untimely arrival, the surly raccoon had raised an irritated eyebrow as the fox burst through the front door, and to the fox's humiliation his eyes almost immediately drifted down to his waist, noting the awkwardly tied windbreaker but not seeming to make any conclusions besides it being an odd choice of apparel for such a pleasant day.

Nevertheless, it left Kaz wondering whether he had noticed that his awkward gait as he shuffled awkwardly past him was now subtly hindered by his padding.

His cheeks flushed from running and slightly from embarrassment, he had stuttered out an apology before checking in at a computer terminal and swiftly walking towards the back of the facility to resume his work on his projects, not wanting to meet anyone else while his slightly crinkly movements and bulging behind would betray his current incontinent state.

He had not seen any of his other colleagues. He was especially thankful for not seeing Aaron, an almost overly muscular horse that always seemed to tone all of his comments and sentences to him as belittling. As if the fox and he were nowhere near the same level of competency even though the fox usually ended up fixing up the horse's sloppy work.

But now, as he sat on his stool fiddling with a particularly tricky circuit he saw out of the corner of his eye the same equine that he loathed interacting with so much sauntering over to his little corner.

Smirking, the horse leaned over his project and inspected it with a feigned, well-trained eye. He looked to Kazard, giving him his toothy grin as he spoke, "Heya Kазzy! Looks like you got your work cut out for ya with this particular job! Need any help or tips from Mr. Aaron?"

Reflexively Kazard brought the circuit board down and over his padded crotch, shaking his head and not looking up at the horse, replying curtly, "No thanks, I think I've got this one under control."

The horse's eyes wandered downwards, but his annoying grin didn't leave his face as he seemed to pick up on the nervous movements near the fox's waist.

"Are you sure? It looks like that you'll need to reboot the motherboard on this one, I could definitely spare a little of my busy work schedule to giving my little fox a hoof with that."

Kazard was about to report with a withering reply that he, in fact, did not need the horse's expertise or lack therefore at all. He was perfectly fine with performing the job he trained for all by himself just fine when the gates to his bladder blew open right at that moment.

He heard a small, but distinct hissing sound come from the front of his thick padding, and his cheeks flushed as he realized he was uncontrollably wetting himself in front of the last person on earth he would want aware of his current situation.

The horse's ears flicked and started to rotate towards the direction of the fox, a curious expression crossing onto his long face. Panicked and mind racing Kazard raised his voice and gesticulated with his arms to draw attention away from his crotch. "Don't you have work to be doing too? Or did you just come over here to distract me?" he accused loudly trying to cover the noise.

The dumb animal had a bemused expression on his muzzle at the little fox's visual tirade but the distraction had clearly worked, he shrugged his shoulders casually, "I'm just trying to help out those who need it! You know, get my good deed for the day in and all."

As if you've ever cared about good deeds in your entire life, thought Kaz annoyedly, as he responded curtly, "I'm just fine, thank you. But I really need to concentrate on this project and would appreciate if we could save this conversation for later, thank you."

Kaz's voice was strained but serious as he looked down again at his work,

"Okay then, Kазzo! I'll see you around I guess."

Mercifully, thought Kazard, the dumb hunk had then turned around and strode away from him, probably to find somebody else to bother, and left the poor fox to his work and a now

very soaked diaper. One that he realized he was stuck in until his work ended. Looking up at the clock that hung near him, that would not be for another six hours. It was going to be a very long day.

Chapter 4

The First Day, Continued

The rest of the day did not go up from there. After Aaron had sauntered away, Kazard had found concentrating on his work difficult with the warm, slightly squishy presence of his soaked diapers pressing against him.

It felt odd and unfamiliar to be sitting in one's own wet diapers after not needing them since... well... infancy.

He gritted his teeth, shaking his head as thoughts of how embarrassing his ordeal was started to enter his mind. *I have a job to do*, he thought to himself, not wanting to fall behind his work that day, *just because I'm wearing some different clothes today doesn't make things that different*.

For a few hours, he was able to stay focused on the task at hand. He lost himself in the work as he hummed absentmindedly to accompany his tool fiddling and wire soldering.

A gentle, almost unnoticeable gurgle from his tummy all the warning he had before he found himself bending over forward, unable to stop himself as his face reddened. He looked around confused. *What... What am I do...* his thoughts were cut short as he began to empty his bowels into the seat of his diapers, his mess immediately pressing up against him as he performed a number two while seated at his workstation.

Kazard's face flushed bright red, and his behind spasmed and pushed more of his mess into the seat of his padding. He grimaced, feeling the now messy diapers squish and spread against his butt.

He felt, helpless and incredibly humiliated. He was only grateful that nobody had witnessed his great moment of weakness, but now he realized with a sinking feeling he'd have to spend the rest of the day in his soiled diapers until his shift was over.

As if to add insult the injury, he heard a quiet hissing as his bladder released and gave yet another donation to the now swelling front portion of his padding.

He looked up and around him, and to his relief nobody seemed to be near him or paying him any attention.

The smell of his deed now drifted up to his nostrils, and he cursed under his breath. The fox had not thought of the issue of the potential olfactory distraction that his newly acquired incontinence might bring about; he regretted not taking the advice of the note and going out to purchasing something to lessen or at least mask the smell.

Shifting uncomfortably, he sighed exasperatedly and resumed his work once more, each small movement or act of fidgeting furthering the spread of his accident against his behind.

Lunch hour came and left, and he just barely managed to keep his voice straight as a soft-furred vixen, Arya, stuck her head around the corner of his work station and asked him sweetly what he would have for lunch since she was getting rounds.

He had stuttered out, "O-oh, uh, can I take the ham and cheese as usual please?"

She had smiled, bemused at the fox's awkwardness and nodded saying that she'd be happy to fetch him that.

"Is that really everything? You really ought to eat a little more you know, all that work you do and I rarely see you eat more than a few crumbs!"

Her concern seemed genuine, and her thick, orange tail had flicked up behind her. Although clad in dirty overalls with a few streaks of oil in her fur on her face and arms, she was stunningly pretty.

Aaron had been attempting to work his magic on her for ages now the moment she had been hired as a mechanical and electrical engineer, but she had warded his advances off, not interested in engaging in romance at the workplace.

For Kazard, however, she seemed to reserve a softer relationship and he had always had the hardest time trying to tell whether she was indeed flirting or just being nice to him since he had helped her with a few tricky circuits she had been struggling with.

Kazard cleared his throat, straining his smile a little bit as he consolidated, "I think that should be enough for right now, maybe if you find an apple or a piece of fruit along the way I'd like that, I've been craving something a little juicier lately."

She had giggled a little bit, giving him a look like, "Uh-huh, nice save attempt Mr. I-Don't-Eat-Enough," and had turned around, the teasing tail of hers wafting behind her like a soft, lively pillow.

A different kind of wafting came from his padding and did not improve even when he remembered the bottle of cleaning spray underneath his desk. Not even a large number of

sprays from the container totally eradicated the smell, and when the vixen walked back over to his little place he thought he saw her crinkle her nose just a little bit, but she did smile at him sweetly when she handed him his sandwich.

As three o'clock finally arrived Kazard was beginning to feel a distinct itchy feeling on his backside and crotch after sitting in his soiled state for so long.

Carefully adjusting his windbreaker to make sure it covered his backside and now a rather bulgy front, he locked up, clocked out, and slipped out the front door as sneakily as he could, noticing with irritation that his gait now displayed a slight waddle between every stride of his thickly padded rear.

He had hopped in his car, cringed as his soiled diaper pressed up against him once more, and sped off home, the only thing on his mind was getting out of his soiled diapers and taking what he planned to be the longest shower in his life.

Chapter 5

The Bargaining

The grey fox stood underneath the warm, hot water cascading down onto him from his shower head. A slight sense of relief crept inside him along with the warmth of the water as he let out a small sigh. His arms were crossed and hugging his chest, head leaning against the wall of his shower stall. As the water dribbled down his arms and created stringy rivers down his legs he allowed himself to close his eyes to think.

The day at work had caused him no end of grief, as he had been constantly distracted from his work due to his newly acquired crinkle underwear and his constant paranoia that his coworkers might notice something off about him that day. He had kept telling himself that as long as he behaved like everything was normal nobody would probably even suspect anything different about him, but he still struggled to believe his logical reasoning.

Getting home that day he had shrugged his bag off onto the floor after locking the door behind him. Immediately, he had stripped off his pants to inspect his now well-used diapers. Although sagging slightly now due to the punishment his incontinent body had delivered to them, he found that they had held up surprisingly well after so many uses throughout the day.

He had reluctantly admired how the tapes held his diapers securely around his waist, as well as the well-designed plastic lining around his legs and absorbent material on the interior. After a few minutes of inspection however the smell of the accident in the seat of his pants hit him, and he had shivered slightly from disgust.

Striding over to the box which still lay in his living room he had picked it up, finding it to be quite heavy he lugged it up to his bathroom and awkwardly cleaned himself up with toilet paper. Grimacing the whole time, he realized he may well have to follow the box's advice on acquiring incontinence supplies.

After he had used up an entire roll of toilet paper he had decided that simply showering and using soap to get the mess out of his fur would be the best solution. After a good few minutes of fervent scrubbing, he had at last cleaned himself to his satisfaction, only to have his slightly raised morale crushed once more as he had realized that some of the water dribbling down his legs had a suspicious yellow tinge to it.

He had once again wet himself without warning, this time thankfully while in the shower and his accident was flushed away down the drain immediately. He had pinched the bridge of his muzzle with a paw, tails flicking irritably as his frustration grew.

Can I seriously not get a break from this? How do I go from being a perfectly functional, toilet trained adult to having the potty abilities of a two-year-old!

As he allowed himself to bask in the warmth of the water showering onto him he remembered back to what the note in the box had mentioned, that if he wished he could attempt to bargain with the wooden receptacle but that it might lead to unforeseen consequences.

What is this thing anyway, some sort of anthropomorphized wooden genie? Do I make wishes only to have them backfire?

Kazard reached for his bottle of shampoo and started working on cleaning his fur. Concluding by giving his headfur a proper scrubbing he rinsed and shut off the water. Tentatively, he opened the box and retrieved another white diaper from the box's seemingly endless stash.

After once more awkwardly rediapering himself, gingerly looping his tails through the tail hole and bringing the front over his crotch to be taped up.

Kazard hefted the box once more, and with some effort brought it into his bedroom before practically dropping it next to his bed. Grabbing a pen and notepad from his office he half-walked, half-waddled back into his bedroom before sitting in front of the box, placing pen and paper and on top of it.

He tapped his chin with a paw, gazing to the side at nothing in particular, lost in thought of what he should write.

What exactly do I even want? I want to not have to wear diapers at all period, but I doubt that this box will allow me to request such a thing... I keep getting distracted and bothered by the fear of other furs finding out that I have to wear diapers due to this problem...

The fox began to write, creating and then crumpling several drafts until he finally arrived at what he found to be an appropriate and well-structured request.

Dear box,

I am following your instructions to remain diapered well, but I am finding it rather unpleasant at work when I use my diapers and have to also interact with my coworkers; I am distracted from being productive by worrying about others finding out about my incontinence. Would it be possible to receive diapers that are more discrete and less likely to be detected by others?

He read it over several times, this really does not seem too unreasonable to ask... after all, I'm stating that I'm being cooperative with the wishes of the box which seemed to be what it wanted judging by its original note, it can't be too much to ask to have the stress of discovery by others lifted!

Satisfied, he ripped the note from his notepad and lifted the lid of the box, depositing the piece of paper gently on top of the stacks of white diapers held within and shutting the lid.

He paused for a few seconds, kneeling and waiting in front of the box for something to happen. Nervously he lifted the lid once more, and his eyes almost bulged out of his head as he saw that his note was gone and was replaced by one with the same handwriting as the previous note from the box had been written in.

How on earth did it even reply so quickly?! Kazard wondered to himself, as he picked the note up with one paw, the other still supporting the box's lid open with the other. His eyes fervently perused through the message.

*Your anxieties and fears have been noted,
And time has been spent and devoted,
Towards easing your thoughts and apprehensions,
With serious and kind intentions!*

*Find you now that when wearing your diapers,
Subtly hidden they be with the confines of your clothes,
Your feelings of discontent and lack of pleasure,
Are things that your diapers will no longer ensure!*

*Rest well tonight and feel no self-sorrow,
For the effect shall begin tomorrow!*

Kazard squinted at the message, trying to figure out what the box's rhyming lines were trying to say. He had never been much for poetry and found himself gritting his teeth annoyedly at the container's rhyming couplets. Could nothing with this wretched thing be simple? What did I ever do to deserve such an inconvenience!

One thing did stick out, however. The box seemed to be saying that his diapers would appear to be better concealed underneath his clothes, which brought a greater sense of relief to the fox. He looked down at the open lid of the box and set the note aside picked up one of the diapers.

His eyebrows raised in surprise as the white diapers now appeared to be slimmer, although equally as heavy if not more so to the ones that had previously been stored within the container.

He unwrapped one, realizing to himself that he could probably be able to just take one to his study to inspect and perhaps learn more about his new, still unfamiliar underwear seeing how the box promised an unlimited supply of them.

Well then... That wasn't as difficult of an ordeal as I had expected... The fox stood up, feeling as if at last he had acquired some measure of control over his situation. He pushed the box underneath his bed, securely storing it there.

Still clutching the new, slimmer diaper in his paws he walked with his slightly shifty gait, due to his diapers, back into his office and sat down in front of his computer with a sound like he had landed his behind on a pillow coming from his padding.

Ignoring the noise, he booted up his computer and began to inspect the diaper as closely as he could. To his annoyance, he could find no distinguishing marks or company logos on it. It was as if the creator of the diaper had simply wished to create a well-functioning product for the sake of itself, and not for profit.

Kazard spent the next hour googling various companies which specialized in incontinence products but found no images or brands that matched the appearance of the diaper he wore and held in his paw, unwrapped and now a little disheveled from his thorough inspection.

Although finding no product that matched the box's, he found himself reading through several guides and instructional graphics discussing the logistics and tips on incontinence.

Feeling slightly defeated, he created an account on one of the websites he found to be quite professional and discreet with its delivery, and added anti-rash cream, baby powder, wipes, and after some deliberation a pair of blue plastic pants to the cart before checking out, reading the projected delivery date as only a few days from now.

Annoyed that his expenses were now increasing because of the demands of the wooden vessel, but feeling better and more informed about his situation Kazard stood up from his desk and padded downstairs into the kitchen. Feeling something damp between his legs he looked down, and placed his paw on his padded front and squeezed.

He felt a distinct squelch between his fingers and realized that he had wet himself without even realizing it while he was perusing the internet. Whatever that box did seriously took away my control... I didn't even realize at all that I was urinating, I could wet myself at any given time without warning...

Adjusting his glasses on his face he decided to move past dwelling on his diapers for once and fix himself something to eat. Padding into the kitchen with his diapers rustling, he quickly created himself an array of snacks before padding back into the living room and laying himself down on the couch with his array of delectables.

Turning the television on the rest of Kazard's evening was spent in relative undisturbed quiet, save for the occasional flooding of his diapers that seemed to remind him of his incontinent state just after he was able to take his mind off it.

Even when he had decided that the best way to distract himself from his diapers was to go to bed, he found himself uncontrollably messing into his diapers a few minutes after he had curled up underneath his covers.

Kazard couldn't help it, he whimpered out loud as he gingerly extricated himself from his covers, trying to minimize contact with the mess in the seat of his padding with his backside. Grabbing a diaper from the box, he retreated into the bathroom once more to clean and shower the mess from his backside. Twenty minutes later, an extremely tired and freshly diapered fox collapsed on the top of his covers, falling asleep almost immediately without even covering himself, padded rear raised up in the air as his mind descended into an exhausted sleep.

Chapter 6:

The Bargain

Kazard opened his eyes to the sound of his alarm blaring through his bedroom, almost immediately he reached a paw down to inspect the front of his padding. Dismayed but not surprised, he found the front of his diapers to be significantly squisher between his paw fingers and against his front.

Internally he rolled his eyes and then threw the covers off of himself, stopping his alarm with a tap on its cease button and padding over to his bathroom to change and quickly shower away the smell of urine from his fur.

Shortly afterwards he returned to his bedroom, withdrew his newly slimmed down diapers and rediapered himself slightly quicker than usual. Opening his wardrobe he put on a pair of baggier jeans and examined himself in the mirror.

Unless one was looking particularly closely, he saw to his relief that it proved to be as the box had said, he no longer had to worry about being discovered visually. He shifting around, wriggling around in his diaper and jeans to see if excessive movement might produce any incriminating noise.

Not a sound, whatever the box had done to his diapers it had ensured that their discretion in both appearance and noise was sound. He smiled, maybe I might actually be able to get used to this routine sooner than anticipated he thought to himself, as he gathered his things together for the day's work.

He hopped into his car and arrived without a second thought about his newly convenient made plastic pants, even managing a cheerily wave at his boss who merely grunted back in response, which was his usual response to any attempts at small talk the fox made when the occasion struck.

Sighing contentedly to himself he sat himself down at his workstation and set to work, humming absent-mindedly to himself.

Soon enough however Aaron was making his rounds bothering all of his coworkers that day and he rolled on by over to Kaz's little corner, shattering his concentration entirely as he did best.

"What's going on with you today buckeroo, you found yourself a new crush or something?" He laughed obnoxiously at his own joke as if he'd made the wittiest crack he'd ever heard.

Kazard rolled his eyes but didn't take his eyes off of the screwdriver he was attempting to delicately fit into a particularly small and stubborn screw.

"Sure, Aaron. I found the loveliest girl in the world and tomorrow she's whisking me away into a magical land where I'll never have to perform a day's work again."

Aaron tilted his head to the side, nostrils flaring and his eyebrows raising in surprise, "Wait... Really? You found someone and you're leaving? Damn... I didn't think somebody like you would actually find someo-."

He was abruptly interrupted by Kaz looking up his own eyes wide with annoyance and his jaw set in a grimace, "No, Aaron. I was kidding, I didn't find anyone, I just happened to be in a better mood this morning. That's until I met a certain person that is..."

Aaron's confusion did not dissipate as he frowned and looked around, attempting to apparently figure out who this unpleasant sounding person was.

"Uhh... Who did you meet, Kazzo?"

"Nevermind Aaron, now I need to concentrate now because I've got a lot to get finished tod-AHHH!"

A sharp, intense feeling of pleasure reverberated through the grey fox's body and his member sprang to attention inside of his diapers. He felt his stomach gurgle before his bottom began to heavily deposit into the seat of his diapers in a now more familiar fashion.

He gasped and gripped the edge of his desk, shivering as the feeling of intense orgasmic pleasure rocketed through his body and mind and he came into the front of his absorbent underwear. He panted, feeling a string of saliva leave his lips as he felt a cold sweat suddenly against his back and pressing against his clothes.

WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?! He thought to himself panicked, he looked up to find an absolutely flabbergasted looking horse. His normally jovial, cocky persona had disappeared and the horse appeared to look slightly terrified at what he had just witnessed.

“Kaz... What was...”

“A seizure!”

Kazard thought quickly, his mind whirling in its post-climaxed state to quickly recover from the humiliating situation, his cheeks flared red as he continued, “That was a seizure, I’m sorry I guess I never told you. I have this rare condition where sometimes I thrash around a little bit and can’t control myself completely and act adversely sometimes. It usually happens when I’m stressed out.”

Aaron nodded slowly, appearing to at least understand a little bit but his disturbed facial expression did not leave his muzzle as he backed away slowly, retreating back into his own work area as he said, “Uh... I see... Well uh... I hope you’re okay Kazzie... I’ll talk to you later...”

Kazard placed his face in his hands as the horse fled, and he let out a deep, frustrated sigh. Can I seriously not get a break? I bet that stupid box did this to me! GOD! I knew it talking about pleasure and all that crap wouldn’t bode well. Seriously what do I have to do to just live normally again without all these horribly humiliating experiences! Now Aaron is going to tell the entire office I had a freakout at my work desk... At least they’ll probably think he’s exaggerating what happened but still, that was so embarrassing!

He shifted around in his diapers, grimacing as not only his backside felt sticky as he realized he had deposited a fair amount of seed into the front of his diapers, which now felt wet and sticky as though he had already wet them.

Or perhaps he had, the fox realized that he was having a seriously difficult time noticing when and where he was peeing, he presumed that the box’s conditioning of his incontinence was settling in further, not a fact that he was happy with.

Just as he looked up from his paws, wearing an emphatically dejected face Arya appeared around the corner and rushed over to his work desk, a look of serious concern on his muzzle as she half cried, “Kaz! Are you alright? That stupid oaf Aaron was telling us around the water cooler what happened and he said he didn’t even try and see if you need help!”

Kazard’s ears flattened at her distress and he raised his paws up, the redness from his cheeks remaining as he felt touched if not distraught himself at her concern.

"No no! I'm quite alright, it's a condition I've been living for a long time I guess, nothing serious happened at all just a bit of a spasm!"

By now the vixen was by his side, a fact that made him especially apprehensive about the smell of his freshly soiled diapers potentially reaching her muzzle, but thankfully she didn't seem to notice his messy state.

She half-grinned, and laughed awkwardly, "Oh thank goodness you're alright, I thought I'd have to call the ambulance for you! You had me worried!"

Kaz smiled, sheepishly scratching the back of his head and he responded in kind, "No it's my bad, I should have been more transparent about my condition so it didn't come off as such a shock. If anything, I owe you an apology!"

The vixen shook her head, visibly relieved that there apparently was no fire to put out, but she still looked slightly concerned as she asked, "Don't you want to go home early today? I don't think anybody would blame you and I could explain to the boss!"

Kazard hastily shook his head and grinned nervously, "No no! I'm very much fine now, I'd just like to get back to work that's all, really I'm fine."

She nodded, understanding, "Well... if you change your mind just tell me, I can talk to Rick better than most of our fellow employees... Certainly better than Aaron can when he's not licking his boots."

The two shared a smile, and the vixen winked at him slyly as she padding away, leaving Kazard with a dry feeling in his mouth and his heart pounding.

Arya... Gosh, what a fox... If only I were in a state to actually have the confidence to make a move on her, but how on earth can I do anything remotely related to something like that when I just literally got off to pooping my pants?!

Such unpleasant thoughts tormented the poor fox until the end of his day of work arrived, during which he had wet several times. Although not providing the same amount of forceful feelings as his mess, he felt jittery and excited every time he peed into his diaper, as if a slight, erotic electric current were running through his veins.

Not to mention during each episode of urination he was unable to concentrate on his work, but thankfully no one else came to chat with him, and he was able to just barely finish his day's projects before 5 o'clock struck.

He stood up, having not done so since he had arrived that morning and stretched. The back of his messy diaper was practically glued to his behind, and he realized with dismay that

he would have to repeat the same process as yesterday and completely scrub himself down in the shower.

He grabbed the front of his pants and squeezed, feeling the soaked material squelch and press against him. It took all his will power not to let out a loud whimper there and then. He couldn't help but feel a little helpless being unable to control when and where he relieved himself. He realized just how incredibly dependent on the diapers he was.

Had he not put one on that morning he would have thoroughly destroyed the jeans he wore over them today. God, I hope I'm not driving when I have to go number two next time were the thoughts that accompanied him glumly as he padded over to his car, unlocking it and sitting down once more in his own mess as he entered on the driver's side.

After a thankfully uneventful drive home, he once more dropped off his bag and locked his front door before immediately proceeding into his bathroom to shower and clean himself off.

There goes another roll of toilet paper... God this is disgusting, I'm really hoping those baby wipes are going to be more effective. Hell, am I going to have to get a diaper pail too? I can't just keep cleaning out my bathroom trash bin literally every day... I'm beginning to feel like I live with an actual baby in this house.

The scrubbing this time took longer than previously as if his fur was refusing to be clean. But at last, he turned off the shower and toweled himself off, feeling glad that he was at last free from his mess.

As he placed the last tape of the new, fresh diaper into place on the landing area, the shiver from earlier that today returned to him in an unexpected rush. His three tails raised up into the air and he bent over onto his bed, inadvertently and passionately bucking his front onto his mattress as the seat of his new diaper bulged out from the mess he pushed into it.

Yet again he climaxed, panting loudly and his eyes crossing from the pleasurable experiences flowing through his mind. After a minute his sensual euphoria drained out of him, and he was left once more in thoroughly messed and wet diapers.

Kazard let out an angry groan, ending on an angry yell and pounding his fist into his bedding repeatedly. He couldn't think of anything else that could put him in a fouler mood than having to clean off his mess from his backside for the second time in a day, just after he had finished doing so.