

Crissie in Diaperland: Chapter 22

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"I gotta get outta here now!"

That was the big thought on Crissie's mind as she grabbed onto the side of the teacup, failing in yet another attempt at hoisting herself over the edge. Sadly, it appeared as though she wouldn't be out without the help of the Hatter, Chess, or any of the other party-goers. And if the spoonful of sugar that Chess hovered over her head was any indication, these looney tea drinkers would be of little help.

"Oh, goodness. Hatter, is this cup of tea taken? Seems a shame to let such a scrumptious-looking beverage go to waste," said Chess playfully as he pretended not to acknowledge Crissie's presence inside the cup.

Giggling like the fool he was, the Hatter was beyond excited to play a part in Chess's latest ruse. "By all means, my fuzzy friend," he said as he sat back in his chair with a cup of tea in hand and kicked his feet up on the table.

"W-Wait, Chess, I'm still in-EEEP!" shouted Crissie as a small, metal spoon filled with granulated sugar plopped down in the cup next to her. Before she had any time to react, Chess began to stir the added sugar into the belly-warming liquid, forcing poor Crissie to spin around in circles. Unfortunately, the centrifugal force didn't just rotate her body but also pulled her downward, submerging her head within seconds as the weight of her diaper dragged her under. In a panic, she took in several large gulps of the almost sickeningly sweet fluid, increasing the feeling of silliness that was welling up inside her tenfold.

Removing the spoon from the teacup, Chess tapped off the excess liquid on the cup's rim and lifted the glass into her paws, allowing the tea's heavenly scent to grace his nostrils. "My lips are practically salivating, Hatter. I promised myself I wouldn't be tempted but...it's just so hard to resist," he said with a distressed sort of desperation in his voice.

GASP!

Popping up from the surface of the tea with her arms flailing to stay afloat, Crissie was barely able to get a full breath in before she could feel the need to laugh edging her closer to hysterics. "Chessahaha!" she said, placing her tongue between her teeth and chopping down as a way to clear her mind for just long enough to get a full sentence out, "Y-You said you would help me!"

Breathing in sharply through gritted teeth, Chess shrugged off the guilt he felt over Crissie's predicament, too far gone to stop himself. "Sorry, Crissie. All mimsy were the borogoves, and the mome raths outgrabe," he said, his mind becoming fully infected by the nonsense. He lifted the glass to his lips and slurped down a delicate sip, quietly chuckling as he felt Crissie's feet kicking against his lips.

“AHHHHHHHAHAHAHA!” screamed Crissie, struggling to keep her feet planted on Chess’s upper lip as he continued to tongue liquid from the single-serving saucer. Despite her terror over the prospect of being “accidentally” vored, she was stricken with fits of laughter as she lost herself to the absurdity of it all. Moreover, her arousal reluctantly grew, elevated by the sugar’s aphrodisiac effect.

Placing a hand to his ear, the Hatter took notice of Crissie’s sputtering laughter, letting a contented smirk cross his face. “I do say, it sounds like she’s having an awfully good time,” he said, encouraging his tea party mates to laugh at Crissie’s expense.

However, while most were falling into the same uncontrollable convulsions as the Hatter, the table’s smallest guest, the Dormouse, was less than pleased with the way the height-advantaged people at the table were picking on someone nearly as small as she was. Hiccuping as she stumbled across the table drunk on tea, the Dormouse pulled out his sword, which was no bigger than a toothpick, and jabbed it into Chess’s side, wearily shouting, “Pick on someone your own size!”

“YEEOUCH!” yelled Chess, jumping as the sharp rapier pierced his fuzzy flesh. Unfortunately, the sudden jolt to his senses was enough to send his tea, along with a very tipsy Crissie, flying through the air.

SPLAT!

Thankfully, Crissie was provided a soft landing for her free fall, landing in the center of a large, moist chocolate cake decorated with white buttercream frosting. Perhaps a little too soft though, as her body wound up lodged in the confection with her butt sticking out of the top like an upside-down cake topper.

“Now you’ve done it, Chess,” said the Hatter, cackling as he got up from his chair to get a closer look at Crissie’s messy predicament. However, as he got in close, he couldn’t help but notice the words “Fill Me,” which were printed boldly on her saggy padding, “Oh my, this little cutie is just full of surprises, isn’t she?”

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