

Crissie in Diaperland: Chapter 9

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“I think I’ll go...that way!” said Crissie after spinning around in circles and randomly choosing one of the paths. Having no idea what the layout of this place was, she figured if she got it wrong, she could always backtrack and try again. Looking back at the sign, she discovered that the path she selected led to Babble Grove.

Resting atop the sign, the cat peered down at the Babble Grove sign, softly snickering. “Hmmm...are you quite certain? It’s easy to get lost in Diaperland if you don’t know the way,” it said, floating over to Crissie so that their eyes were only inches apart.

Scoffing at the cat’s warning, Crissie attempted to push it out of the way, only for the cat to vanish in a puff of smoke the moment that she touched it. She looked around frantically, finding no trace of the cat anywhere. “Yup, that’s exactly why I’m a dog person,” she said as she began her march down the winding pathway.

Diaperland, huh? Now with time to herself, Crissie pondered over the location name that the cat had nonchalantly dropped. If this was a dream like she anticipated it was, then it would make sense for her diaper-obsessed brain to invent a place called Diaperland. Perhaps she’d give Master the idea for a new area of CrissBaby Park when she woke up. After all, what Little wouldn’t want to go to a place named Diaperland?

For the next hour, Crissie attempted to keep her short attention span entertained as she traversed through the thick forest, something that became increasingly difficult to do as time ticked along. “Ugh! How far away is that stupid Babble Grove,” she said to herself as she leaned up against a nearby tree and sank down to her squelchy butt. It may only have been an hour but Crissie wasted no time making good use of her new pampers. Still, it wasn’t used enough for her to get the good squish that she always loved.

“Hey there, you’re heading to Babble Grove?!”

Crissie turned her head sharply to the right, hearing a voice from around the side of the tree trunk but seeing no one.

“I am too! Wanna walk with me?!”

Whipping her head to the left, Crissie once again failed to find the source of the voice. Frustrated by whoever this elusive stranger was, she stood up in a huff and placed her hands on her hips, “Stop hiding and show yourself!” she shouted, hoping to cut off this impromptu game of hide and seek.

All of a sudden, not one, but two identical, egg-shaped men stepped out from behind the tree to greet her, each of them wearing a large diaper and matching onesies. “Hiya! I’m Tweedle Damp and this is Tweedle Dump!” said Tweedle Damp as he bowed to Crissie.

“And I’m Tweedle Dump and this is Tweedle Damp,” said Tweedle Dump, copying Damp’s introduction. As the twins stood up from their bows, they reached out and both shook

one of Crissie's hands wildly. They then proceeded to skip around in a circle, causing Crissie to spin between them.

"Whooooaooooaa!" said Crissie as she yanked her hands away from Damp and Dump and tried to regain her bearings. Sadly, the twirling proved too much for her, causing her to fall backward onto her butt.

Rushing to her side, Damp extended his arm and yanked Crissie up to her feet. The sudden jolt upward caused her to stumble forward into Dump, who caught her by the hand and proceeded to dance in circles while humming a jubilant melody.

For Crissie, this was too much all at once. Lost in a sea of spinnies, she collapsed to the ground again, this time landing atop a large hole that was just big enough to fit her padded rump. "Oooof!" she said from her prone position, thankful that her bulky diaper was big enough to cushion the blow. As she moved to climb back to her feet, though, she soon found that she was wedged inside of the hole, unable to pull herself out, "Wuh?! Lemme go!" She clawed at the fake grass and plushy ground around her as she proceeded to throw quite a tantrum.

"Oh dear, this isn't good, Tweedle Dump," said Tweedle Damp, standing over Crissie with his hand on his chin, pondering over the best strategy to get her out.

Damp was soon joined by Tweedle Dump, who proceeded to mimic his puzzled expression, "No good at all, Tweedle Damp! How can she walk to Babble Grove with us if she's stuck in a hole?"

"I suppose we could help her, Tweedle Dump" replied Damp, looking to his brother for reassurance.

Nodding his head, Dump responded, "Of course, Tweedle Damp, we'll pull her out!" Together, the twin Tweedles moved so that they were on opposite sides of Crissie and reached out to take her hand.

While Crissie wasn't one to turn down help in need, part of her was still furious at the Tweedles for getting her stuck in this position in the first place. If she accepted their help, there was a chance they could just make things worse. At the same time, though, she wasn't sure how she could get out on her own. As she looked at the brother's hands, she considered her decision carefully.

TO BE CONTINUED...