

Crissie in Diaperland: Chapter 10

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“Wait, I want to be the one to grab her left hand!”

“You don’t need to grab her left hand! Her right hand is just fine!”

“Of course, it’s always what YOU want, Tweedle Damp!”

“Ahah! Such rubbish, Tweedle Dump! I always have to cave to what YOU want!

“QUIET! BOTH OF YOU!” shouted Crissie, completely fed up with both the Tweedles by this point. She was still on the fence if she even wanted their help anyways. If the pair turned out to be as clingy as they were annoying after helping her, it would surely be a long trip home. At the same time, any attempt at squeezing her butt out of the hole on her own was met with the same result: failure. Looking back at the Tweedles, she sighed as she raised her hands to both of them.

Snap!

Suddenly, the sound of a nearby tree branch breaking beneath the foot of someone echoed into Crissie and the Tweedles’ ears. The three of them looked around, uncertain which direction the noise came from. “Did you hear that, Tweedle Dump?” said Tweedle Damp, clinging to his brother’s arm.

“I sure did, Tweedle Damp,” responded Tweedle Dump, moving backward cautiously one step at a time with Damp.

SNAP!

The second, louder snapping noise was terrifying enough to send both Tweedle Damp and Tweedle Dump running into the thick of the woods, leaving Crissie all alone. “W-Wait! Don’t leave me here!” yelled Crissie, her panic amplifying now that she no longer had anyone to defend her. She kicked her legs and wiggled her body in hopes of breaking free from her wedged position.

“Having fun already?”

“AHhHHHHH!” screamed Crissie, startled only by the suddenness of a voice in her ear. As soon as her brain processed exactly whose voice it was, her fear was quickly replaced with anger, “Ugh! It’s that stupid cat!”

Sure enough, an upside-down smile soon faded in front of Crissie’s eyes, soon followed by the rest of the dastardly cat’s pink and purple body. “Not exactly a couple of knights in shining armor, are they? You shouldn’t put your faith in the Tweedles,” it said as it rotated right side up and landed gently on Crissie’s diaper front, “And for the record, I do have a name. Though, if you insist on referring to me as ‘stupid cat’, I suppose there’s not much I can do.”

Sighing, Crissie pushed her anger to the side, recognizing she’d been perhaps a bit too mean to the cat, even if his behavior was a tad untrustworthy. Moreover, if anyone was going to help her out of this hole, it would be the cat. “I’m sorry for being rude, okay? But you have to admit that your behavior has been extremely dubious” she said, offering the brattiest apology ever, “I’m Crissie, and you are?”

“Cheshire, but you can call me Chess,” said Chess, extending its paw for Crissie to shake. Though, as Crissie reached out to take it, her hand phased right through Chess’s paw, “Now then, how do you suppose we get you out of this rut you’ve found yourself in?”

Giving her butt another test wiggle, Crissie knew that brute force probably wasn't the best option. She placed her hand on her chin and tried to think of the best and quickest alternative. "If only I had something to pull myself up with, like a rope or something," she mused, looking around the trees to see if there was a vine or branch that Chess could lower. Sadly, the tall tree trunks seldom provided any resources. Groaning, she let her limbs go limp, exaggerating her demise, "What I wouldn't give for that shrinking stuff right now."

"Oh! You mean this?" said Chess, waving his hand and producing the same miniature bottle that Crissie had previously encountered, "Why didn't I think of this before? One sip of this and we'll have you out in a jiffy."

Despite the shrinking potion initially being Crissie's idea, she hesitated when the bottle was actually offered to her. "D-Do you have the cookie one to make be big again?" she asked, not wanting to be stuck as the size of a doll...at least not in the middle of some unknown forest anyway.

"I'm afraid not, though I know just where to get some," said Chess, offering the bottle to Crissie.

Curling her lips inward, Crissie pondered on whether or not to trust this cat. Chess had already scared away her first opportunity at help and now was acting like her best friend? It was all highly suspicious. Still, if she turned down the cat, what other choice did she have?

TO BE CONTINUED...