

## The Gambler: Chapter 3

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“Hello and welcome to the training center. Will you be dropping off or sitting in today?”

Silent and still, Blake stared straight forward, his eyes scanning the surreal surroundings. The training center of the Auction House was truly a sight to behold. From several different classrooms scattered about to a large feeding area and even an area designated as the “Un-Potty Training Area”, it was a wonderland of Littles being whipped into shape by both their masters as well as several of the Enforcers that worked in the facility as caregivers and security guards. Unfortunately, a wonderland for many looked like a torture dungeon to him. Though, to be fair, one of the rooms he walked by was labeled “The Dungeon”, so what did he know?

“Hi Darla!” squealed Martha, stepping out from behind her stroller to give the employee a warm embrace, “As much as I’m sure Candy would love to stay longer with her old friends, we’re just visiting today. Though, if you’d be a doll, my friend and her new toy would love a brief tour if you have the time.”

Turning to look at Blake and the woman holding his leash, Darla’s eyes lit up. “Ooooh! He looks scared. First time in public for the big boy?” she asked, giggling at the out-of-place pair.

Blushing, Blake opened his mouth to speak, but was unable to get out so much as a syllable thanks to Clara butting in first, “Yes, indeed! I just won this bimbo upstairs in the casino and now he’s all mine.” Swinging her hand back slightly, she proceeded to give Blake a small swat on the tushy, causing the poor, emasculated man to “Eeeep!” in surprise.

“Oh dear, he’s not even diapered yet?!” said Darla, reaching down to grab her walkie-talkie, “Yo CGs, look alive. We’ve got a Newborn in our midst.” Suddenly, several dozen employees from various stations in the room looked over at the four of them with hungry expressions in their eyes. And they weren’t alone either. Overhearing the callout, several other eyes, from both trainees and masters alike, turned to look at them, all of whom seemed to revel in the anxiety he was obviously displaying.

Blake, who already felt like everyone was staring at him from the moment he walked in, shrunk down behind Clara, unable to stand being the center of attention. Grabbing the elbow of her sleeve, he gingerly pulled back to get his rival's attention. “C-Can the bet be something else...please?” he asked, blushing up a storm from the shame he felt. He’d never backed out of a bet before, but this was too much for him to take.

Unfortunately, Clara was not feeling particularly merciful. Cupping his chin, she softly cooed, “Oh Blakey, baby, you’re not getting out of this that easily. So get ready to have some fun.” She smacked his butt again, making sure the impact stung harder than last time. She then

turned her attention back to Darla, her expression quickly shifting from spiteful to kind, “So, how about that tour?”

“Eager, huh? I like it!” said Darla, clapping her hands together in a grand gesture, “Martha, are you coming along, or are you gonna go play with Candy?”

Returning to her stroller, Martha turned her back to the group. “Don’t worry about us, we’ve got a prior engagement with the Diaper Doctor today. Have fun, Clara! I expect to hear about all the juicy details when we meet up again!” Exchanging winks with the new bestie, she walked off towards a hallway with half a dozen rooms lining it.

Blake tried to study as many rooms as possible as if morbidly trying to find out what horrors awaited him in this place. Before he could get a good look, though, his leash was promptly tugged in the opposite direction. He stumbled along after Clara and Darla, allowing him to really notice how tall Darla actually was. Walking next to Clara, it was obvious she had to be at least six feet tall. Not ginormous, but just tall enough to surpass Blake, who was two inches shorter. And somehow, it was the shortest person of all three who held his leash, an irony that was lost on his panic-riddled mind.

“As you can see, this Training Center is full of many activities and specialized areas to help you assert control over your baby slave,” said Darla as they wandered down past a large stage with several seats scattered about. “Here we have our Showcase Runway. It’s a place for baby slaves to practice their elegance and poise in front of an audience. Regardless if a baby slave ever goes to auction or not, mastering their sissy walks is of the utmost importance. That reminds me, is your darling Newborn a sissy or do you plan to let him keep his male status?”

Tapping her chin, Clara’s mouth grew into a sadistic smile as she looked Blake up and down, imagining what he would look like in a diaper and sissy dress. The thought made her giggle with glee. Seeing the nervous look on his face, however, she decided keeping him on his toes would be even better. “I’m undecided at the present. We’ll see how well-behaved he is tonight,” she said, relishing in the cowering posture that her former, egotistical poker buddy fell into.

Moving on, the trio passed through the maze of classrooms, poking their head into a few to see what lessons were being taught. Only two classes were active; The Do’s and Don’ts of Butt Plugs and Cooking with Your Baby Slave. Thankfully, all were full-up on attendance but Darla was quick to point out that new classes started every hour, so more would be open soon.

Finally, the group arrived in the changing area, which was a large open space with dozens of changing tables organized into even rows with many currently in use. Blake tried not to stare at the barrage of uncovered privates and exposed butt holes, realizing that, unless something changed very soon, he would be joining them.

Escorting them to the center of the changing area, Darla stopped by a changing table that seemed to be distinctly different from all the others. For starters, it was on a raised platform that was plainly visible to anyone in eyeshot. Additionally, unlike all of the plain white tables in the space, this one was bright pink and had a much larger selection of diapers and products to

choose from.

“First-timers are required to use the Newborn changing table. Gotta make sure you’re extra visible, just in case any caretakers need to step in to assist you,” said Darla, doing very little to disguise her true intentions. Sure, that was the practical explanation, but no doubt, this was intentional to put even more of a spotlight on a newcomer.

While Blake looked like he was going to be sick, Clara stepped up onto the pedestal with the leash in hand, forcing him to follow. “C’mon Clara, this has gone far en-OWWWWW!” he screamed as Darla delivered a blow to his backside. Unlike Clara, she didn’t hold back.

“That’s enough lip from you. I don’t wanna hear any more whining out of you unless you’re begging for cummies. Understand, little one?” said Darla, her voice dropping the sweet pleasantness that it had during the tour, “Sorry if that was heavy-handed, Clara, but you’ve gotta nip those bad behaviors in the bud earlier, or else you risk encouraging naughty habits.”

Smirking, Clara responded, “No apologies necessary. I’d say my bratty baby more than deserved that.” Reaching up and grabbing Blake’s ear, she yanked him towards the changing table, making sure her grip didn’t slip, “Now, it’s time to get you changed into something far more appropriate for a baby slave. Are you gonna be good and stand still while I undress you?”

Blake didn’t like the prospect of being stripped naked and diapered out in the open, but with the pain both his butt and ear were in, he didn’t have much of a choice. Reluctantly, he meekly nodded.

“Good girl,” cooed Clara in a condescendingly babyish voice as if she were talking to a dog. Her hand moved from his ear to his cheek, giving it a few small pinches.

What followed had to be one of the most humiliating moments of this entire night so far and possibly in all of Blake’s life. It was completely involuntary, like something bubbled up from deep inside of his soul. Regardless of the cause, there was no denying what happened. As Clara’s cheek pinches tickled his face, he took a small step backward and giggled in response. It wasn’t a long giggle, but it was enough to catch both Clara and Darla’s ears. He slapped both hands across his mouth, but it was too late.

Clara’s eyes grew as wide as dinner plates as her smile stretched the limits of her face. She was too in shock to say anything. Did...did he really just chortle at being doted on? Squealing with joy, she rushed forward and brought Blake into a big hug. With her face close to his ear, she whispered, “Looks like we found your first trigger, my giggling baby.”

Flushing dark red, Blake did not return Clara’s hug as he was completely frozen with fear. Hearing a few idle chuckles from around the changing area, his eyes started to water as many of the patrons stopped mid-change to watch the show.

Separating from the hug, Clara placed her hands on Blake’s pant zipper and slowly started to ease it down. Within seconds, her boastful bestie was rocking a mild hard-on, unable to control his natural reactions. “Already having fun?” she teased, letting her hand brush past his boner as she grabbed the waistband of his pants and yanked them down, letting the full room see his tighty-whities.

Murmurs and whispers filled the space as the energy of the room rose. If everyone didn't know there was a Newborn present, they certainly did now. Clara paid no attention to them, though, as she uncuffed the pants from his legs and moved back up to his underwear, showing zero hesitation as she snatched them away as well.

Having his penis exposed for all to see was not how Blake thought his cards would play out tonight. He hastily moved his hands down to cover up, but Darla was ready for this, coming up behind him and batting his hands away. "Now, now, there's nothing to be shy about. Babies don't need to care if their pee-pees are out," she said, her voice sounding very energetic and performative.

With his lower half taken care of, Clara turned to the changing table and looked over the wide variety of diapers, trying not to appear as though she had no idea what she was doing. Suddenly, a devious thought entered her mind. Standing back up, she smiled smugly at Blake and said, "Why don't you go ahead and choose your diaper out, darling? It'll be the last choice you get to make this week, so make it count."

Unable to drain the blood from his face, Blake cautiously looked at the neatly stacked diapers that filled the underbelly of the changing table. He had zero clue what any of them were or what made each diaper different. However, as he looked over at Clara and Darla, who were patiently waiting for his response, he knew he needed to choose, or else risk some cruel punishment.

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