

Double Diaper Dare: Chapter 8

By: CrissieBaby

“Crissie...Hey, Crissie!”

With her eyes fluttering open, Crissie stretched out her sluggish limbs along Jane’s lounge and let out a big yawn. “Ten mo minutes,” she said as she rolled her side.

“Don’t ‘ten mo minutes’ me. The janitorial staff needs to lock up for the night so we gotta go,” said Codi in an authoritative tone, placing her hands on Crissie’s side to flip her back over.

Sticking out her lower lip, Crissie was bummed out to hear that Jane and Rebecca had seemingly during her nap. “Why didn Jane and Miwth Webecca say goodbye?” she moped, feeling much like a Little who’d lost their Big in a superstore.

She didn’t often mention it, Crissie had some abandonment issues stemming from her childhood that still plagued her to this day. While she was sure Jane and Rebecca didn’t mean anything by it, she couldn’t help how her anxiety reacted to these situations. And while Codi’s presence usually helped to pacify those feelings, her denial of their friendship at the CrissBaby Store left Crissie uncertain of how much comfort she should place in her roomie.

“Stopping being such a glum baby. You were sleeping so hard that they didn’t want to wake you up,” said Codi, tossing a candy cane into Crissie’s lap, “They wanted to give you one of these. Apparently, Rebecca still has a ton of them from Christmas.”

The gift of candy was good enough to snap Crissie out of her depressive stupor. She instantly perked up as she began to unwrap the minty treat. Lapping her tongue up and down the red and white stick, she began to wonder what sort of fun activities she missed during her nap. Looking down at her diaper, it was obvious that Rebecca must’ve changed from her messy CrissBaby pamps into a pair of Bunny Hops while she was out. She giggled at the thought of Master catching her wearing a competitor’s brand. Sadly, she could also feel the metal chastity belt still in place, meaning that she’d have to anticipate a wealth of teasing the next time she and Jane chatted.

“Alright, you got your candy. Now let’s get going,” said Codi, her impatience rearing its ugly head. It was already weird enough being a stranger’s office when they were with her, even more so now that it was dark out and everyone else was gone. Holding up the key, she approached the door, keeping Crissie’s pocket dimension nursery in the forefront of her mind.

However, before Codi could insert the teleport key into the nearby lock, Crissie caught sight of something very interesting. As it turned out, she wasn’t the only one wearing a pair of Bunny Hops. “Hehehe, hey Codi. Did you enjoy your changie from Miwth Webecca?” she said, causing Codi to stop dead in her tracks. While Codi remained silent, her body language was more than enough to egg Crissie’s teasing on further, “Ooooh! You did, didn’t you?! I bet they were delighted to see the special surprise you were hiding inside.”

Frozen in place, Codi's face burned bright red as she thought back to what happened while Crissie was asleep. Her only relief came from the fact that Crissie wasn't conscious to tease her about what happened.

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Pushing aside the items on her desk, Jane was more than happy to provide a safe landing zone for Codi's squirmy booty. "Up, up, up! Miwth Webecca's gonna get you all changed up!" said Jane, snickering as she easily pinned Codi's arms back. Despite how much bigger the girl was than her, she was incredibly light and weak, almost as if she had no bones or muscle whatsoever.

While Jane could only speculate, Codi knew it to be an absolute fact. If she melted into her slime form, she could easily escape Jane's clutches. Unfortunately, that would require revealing her true nature to two of Crissie's friends, something she wasn't willing to do. Like it or not, her refusal to transform left her at the mercy of the dominant Big and her shorty Little.

Placing a hand on Codi's rumbly diaper, Rebecca's devious smile only grew. "Awww, baby girl! You didn't have to play over here all by yourself," she cooed as she placed a gentle hand on Codi's cheek, "Now, tell me, Codi, do you want me to continue, or do you want me to get you changed up?" She wiggled her hand a little, letting Codi know in explicit terms what "continuing" would entail.

Biting her lip, Codi knew what she wanted. Despite the fact that she lived with the horniest baby girl alive in Crissie, she'd never let her massage her diaper, dry or wet. It wasn't that she didn't want her to. It was just that she knew Crissie would dial up the humiliation to 11 if she did ask. With Miss Rebecca, though, she wouldn't have to live with her 24/7 after this was all over. Plus, Crissie would be none the wiser. Reluctantly, she nodded her head and said, "I-I want you to continue."

Flashing a smile that would put the Big Bad Wolf to shame, Rebecca was more than happy to oblige as she began to knead at the front of Codi's diaper like a mound of fresh dough. "See? Was that so hard?" teased Rebecca, causing Codi to look away, far too embarrassed to keep eye contact. This only made Codi cuter in Rebecca's eyes, "You shouldn't hold yourself back so much from what you want, ya know? That kind of repression is not good for the psyche."

It was at this point that Codi remembered she was currently sandwiched between two therapists, each with enough experience to read her like an open book. "C-Can we not do the therapy session...while you're...doing this," she pleaded, allowing a brief moan to escape her lips.

"Sorry, it's a knee-jerk reaction at this point," said Rebecca, deciding not to press any further. The last thing she wanted was for Codi to feel pressured and ask to stop. Instead, she

turned her focus toward making sure Codi had the best time possible, “And don’t worry, I’ll make sure to get you changed before Crissie wakes up. This’ll be our little secret.”

How did Rebecca know that she didn’t want Crissie to find out? Was she really that easy to read? As Codi stared into Rebecca’s comforting eyes, she felt as though her mind was being read in real-time. Were all therapists like this?! At least she could take solace in knowing that Crissie would be none the wiser to her playtime with Miss Rebecca and Jane.

Speaking of Jane, the mischievous Little snickered as she picked up the remote controlling the egg vibrator in Codi’s diaper and began to alter the settings, increasing the speed as well as changing up the pattern of vibrations. The results of her edits were instantaneous.

“MMMMMMMMM!!!” moaned Codi, panting as her hips bucked back and forth beneath Rebecca’s hand. She shouldn’t be doing this and she knew it. These were practically complete strangers. And yet, it felt so amazing to let them have their way with her. Her eyes went cross and her toes curled inward as she experienced her first of what was to be many orgasms.

As Codi’s body began to come down from its euphoric peak, Miss Rebecca was there to make sure the pleasure she was feeling didn’t die down in the slightest. “Go on, CodiBaby, fill your diaper with...purple?”

Codi’s eyes suddenly went wide as she sat up and pushed Rebecca away from her. Looking down at her diaper, it was plain as day that her ejaculate was a light shade of violet. “I-I’m sorry,” she said, tugging on her dress to hide her goo-filled diaper.

“Hey, hey, there’s no need to be sorry. Does this...discoloration happen often?” asked Rebecca, placing a comforting hand on Codi’s shoulder. Sure, it was a little bizarre to see someone cumming purple, but so long as it wasn’t harming her, it wasn’t really a big deal.

Codi wasn’t sure how to respond to Rebecca’s question. She could tell her what the purple goo really was, but what if she freaked out over meeting what to her would be an alien? She decided it’d be better to come up with a quick fib and keep her explanation simple, “It’s always been like that. Every time I cum, it comes out purple,” she said, technically not saying anything that was actually a lie.

“Well, that’s...definitely interesting,” said Jane, hopping up onto her desk and parking herself next to Codi, “Crissie certainly has a way of finding interesting friends, doesn’t she?”

Shaking her head, Codi dismissed Jane’s assessment, “We’re not really friends, per se. We just wound up stuck together as roommates. Honestly, if it wasn’t for Master blocking my portal powers in this timeline, I’d have already left.”

Rebecca and Jane both make eye contact with each other over Codi’s troubling comment. “Does Crissie know this is how you feel?” probed Jane, knowing without certainty that Crissie had referred to Codi as her “bestie” on several occasions over Discord.

Shrugging her shoulders, Codi had never really considered how Crissie felt about their relationship. She’d always assumed Crissie put up with her because she wasn’t able to leave. “Dunno, but I’m sure she can’t wait to have the nursery to herself again,” she said dismissively.

Patting Codi on the back, Rebecca decided not to press too much on Codi today. It was clear as day that Codi's body language was telling a far different story than her mouth was, and she'd figure that out on her own eventually. Instead, she decided to focus her efforts on providing future aid. Reaching into the back pocket of her slacks, she pulled out a business card and handed it to Codi. "Listen, if you want someone to talk to in confidence, feel free to contact me anytime and we'll set you up with an appointment, okay?" she said, her chameleon-esque smile shifting to express her warmth and gentleness, "Now, why don't we get you and your roommate all cleaned up."

"Hehehehe, c'moooooooooon! I wanna know what happened," begged Crissie as she bounced up and down next to Codi, hoping her theatrics would guilt her into spilling that tea.

Sadly, unlike Jane, no amount of begging would get Codi to crack. "For the last time, no! You'll just have to use that all-powerful imagination you're always bragging about," she said, nudging Crissie's hands off of her arm as she moved to place the teleport key in the lock on Jane's door.

However, just as Codi was about to get them on the path back to Crissie's nursery, Crissie jumped in front of her and snatched the key from her hand, "Tell me or...or...or the next round of Double Diaper Dare will be in the naughtiest place I can think of!" she threatened, waving the key in front of Codi's face tauntingly.

Scoffing, Codi stepped back and mockingly gestured to the door. After what she'd just gone through with Jane and Rebecca, nothing Crissie had up her sleeve could scare her at this point. "Do your worst. I'm not telling you jackshit," she said spitefully, relishing in Crissie's despair.

"Fine then! Whatever! I didn't wanna know anyway," said Crissie, turning her back to Codi in a huff as she placed the key into the lock and twisted it. If Codi wouldn't spill the naughty stories of her time with Miss Rebecca, then she'd just have to make some new stories with Codi instead.

TO BE CONTINUED...