

## The Poser: Chapter 11

By: CrissieBaby & the Interactive Story Club

“Pete!” shouted Deedee, cracking a small, stressed smile. Sure, running into a former flame while dressed as an adult baby was mortifying, he was better than the alternatives. Looking like a girl who’d been kidnapped for several days, she grabbed onto Pete’s hand with both of hers, deciding to play up her distress. “T-Thank Goddess! You...don’t know...what I’ve been through,” she blubbered behind a set of crocodile tears.

Kneeling down, Pete hugged Deedee with the slightest bit of reluctance as he looked around at all the passersby who’d stopped to watch...whatever this was. Still, he couldn’t just leave her sobbing on the ground. Thankfully, it seemed to do the trick, as he could feel Deedee’s trembling body begin to ease up.

“Deedee! There you are!”

Whipping her head up, Deedee’s heart practically pulsed from her chest. Whatever comfort she’d found in Pete’s embrace was completely eradicated by seeing her nosy neighbor dragging her little brat towards the both of them.

Standing over Deedee with her hands on her hips, Donna shook her head at what she deemed was an utterly pathetic display. “You can’t be running off like this. I’m so sorry, sir,” she said, nodding to Pete as she reached down for Deedee’s arm.

Pete, however, did not intend to let this woman take Deedee away, especially with the way she was trembling. “Look, I don’t know what this is, but Deedee asked me to take her home, and that’s what I’m going to do,” he lied, knowing that if Deedee were truly in trouble, she’d play along as if what he said was fact.

\*GUUUUUUUUUURRRRRGGGLE!!!\*

All of a sudden, Deedee turned pale as a ghost, as she felt a serious pressure building in her lower gut. “Not here...not like this,” she muttered so quietly that not even Pete could hear what she was saying. Not since she was a toddler had she lost control of bowels and to do so in front of both her ex-boyfriend and ex-employer would be a nightmare of epic proportions.

“Ha! Look at this, are you about to make a big present for Mommy, baby girl,” said Donna in response to Deedee’s very audible tummy rumble. She was worried for a second that this new guy was going to take her away. If she were to mess herself now, there’s no way he’d argue when she offered to go and change Deedee’s muddy bum.

Shaking her head no, Deedee refused to admit to what she knew deep down was just on the horizon. She squirmed to get out of Pete’s hug, but he was so focused on keeping Donna at bay that he didn’t even notice her feeble attempts to escape. Shutting her eyes tightly, she braced for impact

\*BLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRT!!!\*

All at once, the suppository that had been lovingly placed in her rectum had completed its task. Wave after wave of gooey mush poured out into Deedee's diaper at a rapid pace. The noise was so loud that she was sure the entire mall could hear it. And as much as she tried to hold in as much as she could, her butt hole refused to cooperate, emptying her bowels in one fell swoop.

Donna busted a gut as she doubled over, tearing up from her feverish laughter. All day, she'd been waiting for Deedee to fully prove how much of a baby she was. There was absolutely no doubt in anyone's mind about that now.

Quivering in Pete's arms, Deedee could neither think, nor breathe. Petrified in place, she had what could only be described as an out of body experience. As if her brain couldn't fathom a reality where what just occurred actually happened. With her eyes still closed, she imagined she was still in bed, about to wake up to start her day. That way, when she opened her eyes, everything would be right in the world. Unfortunately reality was not so kind. When she opened her eyes and felt the mess in her pampers oozing around, she instantly began to cry louder and harder than she ever had in her entire life.

Pete uncurled his arms from Deedee and timidly took a step back. His ex, perhaps the hottest girl he'd ever dated in his life, just shit herself in the middle of the mall while dressed like an infant child. Even when the unholy smell hit his nostrils, though, he couldn't find it in him to leave her. Keeping himself in between her and Donna, he took off the jacket he was wearing and draped it over Deedee's shoulders before placing his arms underneath her and lifting her into the air. He may not have been the strongest guy around, but Deedee was more than light enough for him to carry, even with the massive load in her pants.

Speaking of which, as Pete lifted her into the air, he felt Deedee's mushy diaper squish against his forearm. He took a deep breath, committing to his decision. "Let's take you home," he said, turning away from Donna and walking towards the mall's exit.

Deedee, meanwhile, had also felt the spine-chilling smooch of the muck in her diapers as Pete lifted her up. With the vibrator still wedged up inside of her, she moaned softly into him, praying that he didn't notice.

"Hey! Where do you think you're going?" yelled Donna, still in shock that some random dude would voluntarily carry her after what she just did. She started to march her way over, but while she'd been standing there, Fleur, who'd been dragged around by Donna for the last hour, plopped herself down on the ground, stopping the mother in her tracks. "Wait, but I...shit!" she said, sighing as she looked down at her own baby girl, understanding that today's festivities were over.

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“Home, sweet, home,” said Pete, opening the door to Deedee’s apartment with Deedee close behind. After an awkwardly silent car ride, he’d demanded to see her up to her apartment, regardless of her insistence against it.

Deedee had tried to tell him no, but he was insistent. Sitting in a messy diaper while in the car with him was bad enough, with the putrid mess smushing up against her, but to have him stick around after was agonizing. Trying to be as polite as she could, she stood by the doorway and held it open, hoping that Pete would get the hint. “Seriously, thank you. Today has been one fresh hell after the next and...if you weren’t there...I don’t even want to think about what might have happened,” she said in a rare, surprisingly humble moment.

Giving Deedee a gentle smile, Pete stepped towards Deedee and the door, bringing his face close to hers. “It was nothing. Really, your place is within walking distance,” he said, grabbing her hand. With a coy smile and a soft giggle, he teased, “Sure you don’t want me to stick around? I could give ya a quick change if you want.”

Deedee scoffed in jest, “Oh, fuck no. No changes, no diapers, no nothing. After today, I’m done with this stupid job. So, as much as I want to thank my knight in shining armor, I’m afraid I need you to head out.”

Expecting Pete to move, Deedee stepped back and prepared to shut the door, but Pete remained unmoved. “Oh, does that mean you’ve learned your lesson then,” he said with a sinister chuckle.

In an instant, Deedee’s calm smile turned into an anxiety-ridden frown as panic began to set in. Backing away from Pete, she shook her head slowly. “N-No, i-it couldn’t be you. I-I thought-”

“What, because of that time when you told me about all of this and we bashed diaper lovers together? Yeah, that one definitely got under my skin at the time,” said Pete, repeating Deedee’s footsteps as he backed her up, “Like, when I first saw you on Tinder and we started going out, I thought I hit the jackpot. The one and only, Lil’ Deedee, my own personal baby girl to look after. You see, I never believed all those idiots online calling you a poser. So, I was pretty devastated, to say the least. That’s when I hatched this little scheme. Believe me, placing hypnotic triggers in your mind as you slept wasn’t easy. You’re a very light sleeper, you know.”

Hyperventilating, Deedee’s diaper pressed against the wall, leaving her nowhere else to go. “You’re a fucking creep,” she shouted, knowing that with the swollen diaper between her legs, she’d never be able to waddle away fast enough, “HELP! ANYBOD-”

“I command you to be silent!” said Pete quickly, quieting Deedee’s voice in an instant. No matter how hard she willed herself to scream and yell, nothing would come up. She wiggled against his hold, trying to free herself from his grip, but with how drained of energy she was, she lacked the strength to stand against him.

Cackling maniacally, Pete once again lifted her into the air, cradling her in his arms as he cooed at her, “If I’m a creep, what does that make you? You just had a big diaper adventure in the mall where you played in a children’s playpen, got pleased by a bunch of retail workers,

and wound up shitting yourself to finish it off. I thought I was a perv, but oh no! You take the cake, baby girl.” With a firm grip on her diaper butt, he smashed her mess into her, smearing it around for good measure.

“Now then, what's say you and Punisher give your favorite fans a grand finale.”

TO BE CONTINUED...