

The Gambler: Chapter 13

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Reacting on instinct to avoid an over-extended feeding time, Blake was not about to go down without a fight. With his tummy filled to the point of bursting, he was determined to not let this feeding arm get the better of him. By this point, he'd let Clara, Martha, Debby, some stupid security guard, and two different sets of mechanical arms control his every move. If he was going to escape this nightmarish place, he was going to need to be a lot more daring.

"Error: Weight capacity overload," said the robotic voice, as it tried desperately to remove itself from Blake's clutches. Several other hands rushed over, all with the intention of sitting Blake back down in his seat. Unfortunately, the arm that Blake had a hold of was twisting Blake around far too frantically for the other arms to get a read on how to help. If it tried to grab Blake, it could hurt him, which the machine's built-in protocols expressly forbid. If it went for the arm, the hands could end up crashing into each other and causing damage to the mechanics.

Struggling to pull itself away from Blake's grip, the arm frantically moved around, shaking Blake about in his seat. It wasn't the most pleasant of rides, but an arm designed to feed someone did not move incredibly fast. Below his butt, he could feel the high chair starting to rock back and forth. He smiled, knowing that victory over these blasted mechanical arms was on the horizon.

With one final pull, Blake felt the high chair tip past its point of stability. In an instant, the base that had been supporting his weight dropped out from under him, leaving him clinging to the robotic appendage as the wooden chair crashed down onto the spotless floor below. Dangling from up high, it suddenly hit him how terrible of an idea this was. He looked down at the floor, an intense feeling of vertigo taking hold of him.

As his fingers started to slip from the mechanical arm, Blake looked for a soft place to land, spotting only the large piles of food to cushion his descent. Using the last of his grip strength to swing himself, he angled his body for the nearby platter of cakes stacked several feet high and launched himself forward, closing his eyes out of fear of what the impact would bring.

Fortune smiled upon Blake for the first time this evening as the large cake in the center of the platter made for the perfect landing pad. Bits of pastry and frosting flew in all directions as he landed squarely on the large cake diaper first before his momentum sent him tumbling onto the ground. It was by no means a graceful landing but it was very effective.

Recognizing that he didn't have a moment to spare, Blake instantly picked his head up off the floor and searched for his fastest escape route. From where he'd landed, he wasn't too far from the door he entered through. If it happened to lock behind him, he'd be completely screwed, but a quick glance at the rest of the room revealed that there was no other visible way out.

“Err-error: re-re-pairs needed. Retu-ur-to your seat until help-lp arrives.”

Like hell, Blake was about to listen to that command. Scurrying across the polished floor, he promptly arrived at the door, and to his surprise, the door actually opened. Having prepared himself for the worst, it was almost euphoric to have a plan finally work itself out. Pushing his head through the tiny doorway, he crawled as fast as he could, hoping to leave this crazy feeding room behind forever.

“Wh-where do you think you go-o-o-ing, Little one,” said the voice as it latched itself onto the back of Blake’s diaper just as he was almost through the doorway, “Feeding time-me-me isn’t over yet!”

Trapped in the short tunnel between the feeding room and his escape, Blake grabbed onto the handle of the door, refusing to let the arms pull him back in. Unfortunately for him, the arms had other ideas of how to finish off his meal that didn’t include sitting him back in the high chair.

“Subject not cooperat-at-ating! Commence emergen-en-en-filling!” said the machine as it began to place the rest of Blake’s order in the only place it could find, which just so happened to be the rear of Blake’s diaper. He winced as he felt an entire warm pie get shoved into the back of his diaper, smushing its fruity filling all over his rear. Sadly, the machine didn’t stop there, as various other cakes and baked goods found their way into his absurdly stretchy padding. In less than a minute, his diaper looked as though someone had shoved several volleyballs inside of it as it continued to grow with each new dessert that was added.

Mercifully, right as Blake was beginning to lose hope, the hand that was holding onto his diaper finally released him, having finished his insanely large order in record time. “Thank y-you for your visit!” said the robotic voice as it finally released Blake from its clutches.

Dragging his heavy, dessert-filled rump out of the room, Blake was less than pleased with how his dramatic escape had turned out. He was so close to getting out unscathed, only for the Auction House to once again find a new and unique way of humiliating him. Emerging from the other side of the short tunnel, he shuffled his oversized padding out of the After Dark Dessert Club, the contents of his diaper shifting and squishing the entire way.

“Welcome back! Did you...have...fun?” asked Mr. Sunny, who had been more than happy to wait for Blake to exit the feeding room. Beyond shocked to see Blake’s diaper looking more like a bloated beach ball than anything else, he prodded at the padding’s squishy surface, unsure of what to make of such a sight. “L-Let’s just get you changed. I think it’s time we got you to bed.”

As unhappy as Blake was to wind up in yet another caregiver's caring clutches, he did have to admit that the fresh diaper and change of clothing were a welcome addition to his wardrobe. No longer did he look as though he was a doll that was dressed haphazardly by a

bratty toddler. While he wasn't exactly thrilled to be in pink footie pajamas, it was significantly better than the alternative.

Cradled in Mr. Sunny's arms, Blake was ready to be set down in a crib and left to his own devices. Looking at the various cribs as they walked through a large aisle of sleeping babs, the bars were tall but not tall enough to keep a grown man from boosting himself over them. All he had to do was wait for Mr. Sunny to exit the sleeping quarters to enact his latest escape plan.

The only thing that Blake could think of that might impede his escape was his aching tummy. After gorging on enough sweets to feed an entire classroom, his stomach was less than pleased. A dull, ominous rumble in his gut shook him to his core, reminding him that if he didn't get out soon, it wouldn't be pastries that were filling his diaper.

"Here we are," whispered Mr. Sunny, making sure not to wake any of the other adult babies who were peacefully resting. To Blake's surprise, they were back at the same crib that Clara was being housed in. This meant he now would have a partner in crime to escape with. So long as one of them made it out, they would be able to check the other out of the Auction House's training facility.

Unlatching the crib as stealthily as possible, Mr. Sunny laid Blake down next to Clara, making sure that he was snuggled under the blanket with his gambling bestie. "I hope you had a fun time with Mr. Sunny," he said, ruffling Blake's hair lovingly before closing up the crib for the night, "Sweet dreams, baby girl." As he left, he flicked on the overhead mobile once more, knowing that in no time at all, Blake would be under the mobile's hypnotic spell.

Unaware of this fact, Blake watched as the security guard faded into the distance. This was the chance to get out of this place that they'd been waiting for, as for the first time this evening, no one was looking for either of them. Turning to Clara, he got up on his hands and knees and proceeded to shake her awake. "Clara, now's our chance. Quick, boost me up over the side of the crib," he said, looking deep into his once proud competitor's now docile eyes.

"I dun wanna," said Clara with a childish lisp as she attempted to shift the blanket up over her head. Blake tried to rip the blanket from her hands, but she was relentless in her desire to return to her blissful, diaper-filled dreams.

Rolling his eyes, Blake couldn't believe that Clara had fallen this far. Only hours before, she was feeling more dominant than she ever had in her entire life. To be reduced to a blushing, babbling baby in one night was astonishing, to say the least. "Whatever, you can stay here and live out your big baby fantasies," he said, shifting himself away from Clara and toward the wall of the crib.

Reaching upward, Blake's tired fingers clasped onto the top of the crib bars and gave them a hardy tug, making sure they were sturdy enough to climb over. However, as he went to stand up, he felt a pair of grabby hands latch onto his PJs. "What the-," he said, stopping himself short of yelling and attracting unwanted attention.

Turning back, it was none other than Clara who had sprung up from her prone position in bed and grabbed him before he could make his escape. With almost Herculean effort, she

ripped his hands away from the side of the crib and pushed him back to the crib's mattress.
“Nuh-uh, big bwother, I don wanchu ta weave!”

TO BE CONTINUED...