

Codi's Trick

By: CrissieBaby

"This is never going to work!"

"Shhhhh! Try to be optimistic."

"We're too old for this!"

"I keep telling you, no, we're not! And I triple-checked. This neighborhood is Little friendly. We have nothing to worry about."

DING DONG

Lifting her finger off of the doorbell, Crissie stepped back with a giddy expression on her face. Dressed up as a non-specific, non-mouse house princess, she quickly cozied up next to her partner in crime, Codi, huddling close for warmth on the chilly October night. She tugged at her short skirt which did nothing to hide her bulky diaper as a gust of wind moved between her thighs. "I really should've worn stockings," she said, forcing a heavy exhale and watching the white cloud of steamy breath form mid-air.

"I told you!" said Codi, rolling her eyes and shrugging Crissie off of her. Per Crissie's orders, she was wearing a fancy prince costume that she'd pilfered a few years prior. At least she had something on that covered all of her body on such a cold evening. She'd never been one to retain heat well. That being said, she wasn't thrilled about the massive diaper bulge she was rocking thanks to the tight pants she had on.

After waiting for a few seconds, Crissie and Codi could hear footsteps moving closer to the door. Readying a big smile, Crissie was excited to tell her first knock-knock joke of the night. She'd been preparing for over a month with a book she bought online, much to Codi's dismay. Codi, on the other hand, took the time to quickly check the hem of her pants, making sure that the diaper she had on wasn't poking out. She didn't need to make her padded status any more pronounced.

The door swung open and a kindly-looking woman who had to be pushing 50 years old stepped out with a bowl of candy in hand. "Trick or treat!" shouted Crissie before elbowing Codi to repeat the phrase.

"T-trick or treat," muttered Codi, avoiding eye contact with the middle-aged woman as she held her empty candy bag forward, "Sorry if we're a bit too old for this. It's my first time so I don't really know the rules very well."

Patting Codi gently on the head, the older woman giggled at her apology. "Oh, deary, there's no need for that. Everyone deserves the chance to do some candy begging. No matter how old you get, it's what's in here that matters, and I can tell you have a youthful spirit," she said, pointing to Codi's heart, "Now, as a first-timer, you should know that the cost of a piece of candy is your finest joke."

“Ooh! I’m so ready for this!” said Crissie, clearing her throat an excessive amount, “Why is Cinderella so bad at sports?”

Suppressing a chuckle, the older woman asked simply, “Why?”

“Because her coach is a pumpkin!” yelled Crissie, leaping into the air on the punchline thanks to her child-like energy going off the charts. She held her decreative, princess-themed candy basket forward, watching with hungry eyes as the woman dropped a small handful of miniature candies into her basket.

Having completed her trick-or-treat joke, all eyes turned to Codi, filling her heart with anxiety. With her eyes trained on the older woman’s dark brown flats, she mumbled, “W-What kind of medicine do witches use on their warts?” Internally, she cringed at the joke she had picked out. It wasn’t extremely funny but it was the only one to get a chuckle out of her when Crissie was reading that dumb joke book non-stop.

Before the older woman could ask for the answer, Codi blurted it out nervously, too on edge to play along with human joke conventions, “I don’t know, but whatever it is isn’t working.” She laughed under her breath after finishing the joke, trying to fill the void of awkward silence that followed.

“Haha! That’s hilarious! Best joke I’ve heard all night,” said the woman, cackling generously. While to many, it would be obvious that she was laughing along for Codi’s sake, Codi was still new to the way Earth people talked and took her words at face value. She curled her lips inward and produced a soft smile, happy to receive such glowing praise.

“But! But! What about the Cinderella joke?!” shouted Crissie, bouncing on the tips of her feet with a pouty expression, “That was the best one too, right?!”

The older woman giggled at Crissie’s immaturity, finding her bratty behavior adorable. “Of course, you two are both hilarious,” she said, giving Crissie the same headpat treatment that Codi was getting, “In fact, since you both are so funny, why don’t I give you an extra special treat? I have a sheet of cookies cooling on my stovetop. Would you two like one?”

“Um, is that even a question?” said Crissie, her excitement doubling at the sound of munching on her favorite dessert. It was only their first house and they were off to a fantastic start. If this kept up, this was bound to be the best trick-or-treat night ever!

Walking back into her house, the older woman called back, “Wait right there. I’ll grab you each one.”

While waiting for the cookies to arrive, Crissie looked down at her candy basket, checking to see what delectable treats she had been given. “Ooh! A pixie stick and some Twix minis. What did you get?” she asked, leaning over to sneak a peek into Codi’s bag.

“I-I don’t know,” said Codi, peering into her bag at the candies she had been given, all of which were completely foreign to her, “Are you sure it’s a good idea we keep going after this? I’m not so certain everyone will be as open as this lady is.”

“Relax, you big worry wort! House number one and we’re getting fresh-baked cookies as a bonus treat. If that’s a sign of how our night’s gonna go, everything’s going to be A-OK!” said Crissie, letting Codi’s concerns bounce off of her.

Before Codi could raise another protest, the older woman returned, carrying two cookies individually wrapped in a paper towel. “Be careful, they’re still a bit hot,” she said, handing off the first cookie to Crissie and the second one to Codi.

As Codi graciously accepted the pastry, she could’ve sworn she saw the older woman wink at her. However, the moment was too quick for her to be certain. She quickly pushed the idea out of her head and chalked it up to her being overly paranoid.

“Yay! Snickerdoodles are the best!” shouted Crissie as she instantly went to work devouring the cinnamon-covered cookie. With a mouthful of moist dough, she added, “Fankoo, owd wady!” not considering how insulting her words were.

Not wanting to be rude, Codi meekly took a tiny bite of her cookie, before stuttering, “I-It’s very yummy. Thank you.” Part of her didn’t know why “yummy” was the first descriptor that came to mind. It definitely felt like something Crissie would say instead of her. Perhaps the childishness of the night’s events was finally rubbing off on her.

Scarfig down the last bite of her cookie, Crissie licked the cinnamon sugar off of her fingertips, savoring the last of the scrumptious confection. Without saying another word, the impatient Little ran off, ready to beg for candy at the next house.

“Crissie, wait up!” yelled Codi, rushing off to join her friend. She took one look back at the middle-aged woman and said, “Have a good night!” before turning around and sprinting to catch up.

Leaning against her door frame, the older woman snickered, her eyes glowing around her irises. “You too, baby girl. You too.”

Running up to the next house, which was painted bright pink with multi-colored, pastel shutters to help its exterior pop, Crissie eagerly pressed the doorbell before turning back and waving to Codi. “Come on, slowpoke!” she shouted, snickering as she watched Codi waddle up to the porch.

“Ugh! At least tell me before you run off next time,” said Codi, leaning over and placing her hands on her knees as she recovered from the run. Being a shut-in artist, she didn’t have a whole lot of stamina to speak of, unlike Crissie who seemingly had an endless supply of energy. Part of her wished she could know what it felt like to be so loose and carefree all the time. However, that wish never made it past the concept phase thanks to watching Crissie make a fool of herself countless times. Looking back, she noticed a sign on the side of the house that read *The Pretty Palace Daycare Center*. “Crissie, I don’t think anyone’s here. It’s daycare so they’re probably closed for the-”

Before Codi could finish her sentence, the door opened and a young man who looked as though he was young enough to still be in college stepped out with a bowl of candy in hand. He

was dressed up as a vampire, albeit a lame one that was more than likely thrown together last minute.

“Trick or treat!” said Crissie and Codi with a flourish of enthusiasm. Crissie’s head whipped toward Codi in response, beyond surprised to see her getting into the festivities. Brushing it off as nothing more than her getting over her nerves, she turned back to the young man and held her bag forward. “I love your daycare, by the way! It looks like a fun place to play!” Getting another eyeful of her surroundings and the young man at its center, she could feel a new story idea brewing in her head.

“Thanks! It’s not mine, though. I’m just the one who got left holding the candy bowl while everyone else is out trick-or-treating,” said the man, dropping his performative smile and acting more casually due to the fact that he was dealing with adults and not children, “Judging from those diaper bulges, I take it you both are Littles. Well, the fee is the same for kids and adult kids. One joke equals one piece of candy.”

Giggling at being called out for the thickness of her diaper, Crissie was prepared to launch into her next joke. However, before she could say anything, Codi blurted out gleefully, “Why do you put a baby in a diaper?”

Crissie’s head once again snapped in Codi’s direction. What had gotten into her bestie? First, she joined in saying “trick or treat” without any hesitation. Now, she was delivering a joke confidently like she’d been doing so for years. Not to mention that the joke she was telling had to be original. If there had been a diaper joke in that book, Crissie would’ve been using it non-stop.

“To tie up loose ends!” said Codi without giving the young man any chance to respond. She then burst into hysterics, doubling over in a fit of uproarious laughter. Then, without warning, she lunged forward for the candy bowl, grabbing a handful of candy before toddling off into the night.

Still in a state of shock, Crissie looked back and forth between the young man and her friend who was shrinking into the distance. “Um...she’s not usually so...whatever that was. Sorry about that,” she said as she turned around and prepared to chase after Codi. Before running off the porch, though, she reached back and took her own handful of candy from the bowl, shoving it into her basket and rushing in Codi’s direction, “Codi, wait up!”

Hanging a sharp right at the end of the block, Codi paid little mind to the words of her padded pal. Instead, she proudly rushed up to the next house and banged her fist on the door, shouting, “Trick or treat! Trick or treat! Trick or treat!” over and over again.

Crissie reached the same doorstep just in time to see a middle-aged man open the door. He looked a tad shocked to see a pair of adults out trick or treating, letting the full-time bab know that this was probably not someone to be overly Little in front of.

Codi, on the other hand, had no restraint. “Hey, mister! What are the two reasons I wear diapers?!” she shouted before turning around, pulling down her waistband, and presenting her padded rump for the unsuspecting man. Scrunching up her face, she grunted and let out a small

load into the seat of her pampers, causing it to sag dramatically. An all too familiar hiss of urine hitting her diaper soon followed as she proudly stated the answer to her joke, "Number one and number two!"

Needless to say, Crissie's jaw hit the pavement, stupefied by the outrageous display that her dear roommate was putting on. "C-Codi? Are you...feeling alright?" asked Crissie, inching closer and patting Codi on the back.

"You betcha, Pissy Crissie!" responded Codi, causing Crissie's face to flush intensely over being called such a dorky nickname, "Especially now that my tummy isn't so full!" She rubbed her belly with one hand and reached down to smooch her messy diaper with the other, giggling all the while. Then, with her candy bag in hand, she held it open for the man to drop a piece of candy inside.

Nervously, the middle-aged man placed a mini-candy bar in Codi's bag and backed away. "Um...d-do you want some candy too?" he said to Crissie, refusing to make eye contact with either girl.

Unable to turn down such an offer even in the face of unbelievable circumstances, Crissie shrugged and reached out to accept the candy offering. "It's uh...her first time trick-or-treating. I think she's just a tad too excited," she said, starkly contrasting the attitude she had only two houses prior. She quickly bent down to grab Codi by the shoulder and stand her back up.

Unfortunately, Codi wasn't interested in standing at the moment. She was far more enamored with the idea of squishing. Allowing her legs to go limp, she fell back onto her butt and began to bounce up and down, giggling all the while.

"Here, just take as much as you want so long as you please leave," said the man, setting the candy bowl on the pavement by his door and retreating back inside.

As concerned as Crissie was for her friend's sudden shift in personality, free candy was too good to pass up. Kneeling down next to the candy bowl, she began shoveling the bite-size pieces into her basket.

crinkle

"Eeeep!" screamed Crissie as she felt a wandering hand grab the underside of her diaper. One quick look back revealed what she already knew.

Stationed directly behind Crissie was Codi, who was wearing a mischievous smile as she felt up Crissie's partially used nappy. "Only soggy? And here I thought you were CrissieBABY," she said, bringing her hand dangerously close to Crissie's kitten.

Unsure of what to do, Crissie knew that the display they were putting on whilst standing on some random dude's porch was probably not the best idea. On the other hand, she'd been trying to get Codi to come on to her for quite some time. She may have been too nervous to say anything, but Codi was totally her type. "C-Codi, we can't do this here!" whisper-yelled Crissie, covering her mouth as her nursery mate continued to tease her with the idea of naughty diaper

fun. She frantically looked around, both thankful and nervous that no one was around to stop them.

“Sure, we can. If I can fill my diaper right here and now, so can you,” said Codi, snickering as she circled around Crissie like a lioness in heat, keeping Crissie tucked beneath her claws all the while. That’s when a cheeky, idle thought entered her brain, one that made her horny beyond belief, “Tell you what. Why don’t I fill your diaper for you?” She moved her hand to the front of Crissie’s waistband, pulling it open slightly.

Confused, Crissie was about to ask what Codi meant by that. Did she expect her to remove her diaper in public? She wasn’t sure she liked the sound of that. However, just as she was about to tell Codi no, she looked back to see the most unbelievable sight.

Holding her other hand up for Crissie to see, Codi’s unnaturally pale hand turned fully translucent, taking on a lilac hue. Forming a fist with her fingers, she merged her digits into a single, slimy appendage. “You know, I can’t believe you never asked what kind of being I was. Pretty neat trick, huh?” she said, licking her lips as she plunged her moldable slime tentacle into Crissie’s diaper.



Crissie moaned passionately as Codi's lukewarm, purple slime moved to occupy as much space in her diaper as possible. Frozen in place from the sheer inconceivability of what was happening, she watched as her diaper swelled in all directions, quickly taking on the same color as Codi's body. All the while, her hand remained firmly pressed to her mouth and blushy cheeks, preventing her moans from getting any louder. "Y-You're a slime girl? Why have you never-"

"Because I was too nervous to tell you. I don't know what's come over me but I feel so confident tonight...and silly. Hehehe!" she said, finally removing her hand now that Crissie's diaper was filled to the brim with her ooze, "And for the record, we prefer the term goo-people. I hope it's not a problem."

Before Crissie could inquire further about Codi's personhood...or goo-hood in this instance, she felt her diaper start to shift and rub up against her, as if dozens of tiny hands were mooshing her padding around all at once. "W-wha...wha awe chu..." she sputtered out, unable to form a single sentence thanks to the unreal pleasure she was experiencing.

"Whether or not my goo is attached to me, I can still control it. Makes for quite the diaper filling, doesn't it?" teased Codi, using her reformed hand to squish the near-overflowing diaper and causing Crissie to let out yet another adorable moan. Taking Crissie by the hand, she led the shaky-legged Little away from the house and back toward the sidewalk. "Come on, the night is young and there's still plenty of candy to collect, little sis. Or are you too horny to keep going?"

Blushing deep crimson, Crissie allowed Codi to drag her forward, too embarrassed to admit how unfathomably aroused she was. Of course, she wanted to go back to the nursery where it was certain that sexy diaper time was bound to happen. At the same time, though, she didn't want to rob Codi of her first chance at trick-or-treating. Plus, it wasn't like the nursery was going anywhere. With the goo in her diaper refusing to let up, she shuffled behind her new crush, ready for a fun night of yummy candy and even yummiier diaper play.

Meanwhile, sitting on her porch out in front of her house with her bowl of candy in hand, the woman from the first house they visited reclined in her seat with a warm blanket over her lap, enjoying the chilly nighttime air. By now, she knew that the spell she placed on those cookies had to have fully taken effect. "Nothing like a little personality swapping to add some excitement to the night," she said to herself, sipping from her mug of hot cocoa with a devious smile, "Happy Halloween to all and to all a spooky night."

THE END.