

Crissie in Diaperland: Chapter 8

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"Pffff! That's the outfit you're choosing?"

Fitting the ties of the white pinafore into a bow across her back, Crissie brushed out the wrinkles of the blue, satin dress she'd selected. Out of all the outfits on the rack, it was the only dress that was even remotely her size. Unfortunately, while the dress fit perfectly across her shoulders and bust, the same could not be said for its length. Craning her neck back, she tugged on the back of her dress, finding it impossible to hide her bulky "Fill Me" diaper. "Hmmph...I guess it's fine," she mumbled, not wanting to take the time to change into something else.

Turning to face the door, Crissie placed her hands on her hips as she sashayed across the room. "Alright, Mr. Door. You've diapered me, shrunk me, and dressed me. Can I leave now?" she asked, doing little to hide her annoyance.

"Testy, testy," said the door as sarcastically as possible, "Yes, you may leave. In fact, I implore you to do so. No amount of solitude could ever be worse than listening to you jabber on nonstop."

Scrunching her face into a pout, Crissie glared at the door. Never had she met someone or something so rude in her life. Stepping within inches of the door, she grasped the doorknob and twisted it sharply.

"Hey, hey! Easy on the merchandise," said the door, only half-joking about being handled so roughly, "By the way, I recommend you take the path on the-"

SLAM!!!

Throwing the door shut behind her, Crissie had zero interest in listening to whatever advice the door was about to give. Instead, she turned her attention to the world she'd unexpectedly entered. To her surprise, everything as far as the eye can see was made of some type of plush material made to look like a tall forest. The plants, the rocks, and even the ground she was standing on were comprised of the same fluffy material one would find in a stuffed animal. As far as she could tell, the only thing that wasn't plushy was the clear blue sky overhead and the sun in its center. Sadly, the white rabbit was nowhere to be found.

"Not sure what I was expecting," sighed Crissie, who if she wasn't already under the assumption that this was all one big, elaborate dream, she certainly was now. Gingerly walking along a padded pathway, she stumbled more than a few times as she got the hang of walking on such a spongy surface. Before long, she discovered the best form of movement was skipping. With a swing to her step, she bounced along the path, giggling at how silly the mental image of herself made her feel, "If only Codi and Master could see me now."

Stopping at a split in the pathway, Crissie approached a sign with three oddly-shaped arrows that curled around each other before pointing off in different directions. On the end of each arrow was a location identifier. She leaned in to get a closer look.

"HOOOOO!"

"GAH!" shouted Crissie as suddenly, a stuffed owl no larger than a football landed on top of the sign. Its purple and pink feathers matched its wide, glowing yellow eyes. In an instant, Crissie's demeanor shifted from shock to adoration as she slowly approached the adorable owl, "Ooooooh! You look so cute! Come here, lil' stuffy."

Suddenly, the owl leaped from its perch and flew directly toward Crissie, circling around her body before landing on her shoulder. "It's been a while since I've seen one of your kind wander through these parts," said the owl as its figure began to transform, changing into that of a fat cat. The shapeshifting creature uncurled its fluffy tail and let it fall across Crissie's cleavage, "So tell me, what brings you to my neck of the woods?"

"Umm...I..." stuttered Crissie, unable to believe what she was witnessing. How did the owl turn into a cat? What other strange powers did it possess? Her inability to process who or what this creature was left her dumbfounded.

Snickering, the cat floated off of Crissie's shoulders and circled around her head until it was eye to eye with the awestruck Little. "What's wrong? Cat got your tongue?" it said in the most condescending manner. Before Crissie even had the chance to answer, the cat's eyes went wide with malice as it floated down to get a good look at Crissie's diaper, "Fill me, ay? You must quite the silly baby if that's the diaper you chose."

Shoeing the cat away from her padding, Crissie pulled her dress down to cover her diaper as best as she could. "I'm not a silly baby...well, I mean, I am sometimes, but this isn't why," she said, folding her arms as she stomped her feet, "As for the diaper, I didn't really have much of a choice after what happened to my last one. Like, it's just a diaper. Why does everyone here keep making a big deal out of what's written on it?"

Stifling a chuckle, the cat grinned a toothy smile that rested somewhere between sinister and devious. "Oh, pay it no mind, my dear. With that diaper, I can only assume you're on your way to see the Red Queen," it said as it floated back to the arrow sign, "I'd be more than happy to show you how to get there...for a price, of course."

Usually, Crissie would be more than happy to accept help, especially when she had no idea where she was. However, based on the cat's tone and overall creeper vibes, she wasn't all that willing to trust anything it had to say. "I'm sure I can find the way myself, thank you very much!" she said, turning her nose up at the cat as she gazed upon the different paths she could take. Taking a closer look at the sign, she read where the different arrows pointed, hoping to make a more educated decision based on what they said.

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