

Double Diaper Dare: Chapter 12

By: CrissieBaby

...TAP...TAP...TAP...

Sinking down in her desk chair, Crissie could feel her anxiety growing with every tap from Codi's drawing pen. It had been a little over two days since Codi had wandered into Crissie's nursery via her wormhole powers, only to be rendered powerless and trapped within the same 'create or regress' situation that Crissie was in. Unlike Crissie, though, Codi's interest in diapers and ageplay was far more passive, turning Crissie's dream of forced diaper servitude into Codi's nightmare. Efforts from Crissie to get Codi to relax and enjoy herself had fallen on deaf ears as the stoic dimension-hopper did little more than thump her pen against a blank screen for what felt like a straight 48 hours, pausing only to sleep, eat, and have her diaper begrudgingly changed.

Glancing at the pink gold key on her desk, Crissie contemplated teleporting herself away from the nursery for a bit in search of a more conducive writing environment. However, she decided against it, recognizing that nothing would get better for her and her new roommate by ditching. Standing up from her desk, she marched across the nursery and plopped herself down across from Codi. "H-Hey, wanna do something?" she asked hesitantly, "I-It doesn't even have to be anything ABDL related! We can just hang out and watch a movie or...something..." Her words trailed off as her confidence began to evaporate, thanks in large part to Codi's unwavering tapping.

...TAP...TAP-

In a moment of frustration, Crissie reached across the knee-high floor desk and placed a heavy hand on the butt of Codi's drawing pen, bringing an immediate stop to the senseless tapping. "Look, I get it. You don't wanna be here and that's fine. B-But can you please stop tapping your screen?" she pleaded, the anxiety of confrontation nearly causing her to cry. She slowly retracted her hand from Codi's, locking her eyes on the floor, "I-I'm sorry."

Letting the pen fall from her grasp, Codi leaned back against the wall and sighed. It had only been two days and she could already feel it in the back of her mind: the inability to focus on one thing for long periods of time, the desire for comfort and simplicity, the failure to accurately judge when her bladder was full. She wasn't certain how this pocket-dimension nursery worked but it was clear that Master, and subsequently Crissie, were true to their words. If she didn't produce artwork in the same way that Crissie produced stories, she would regress until there was nothing left in her conscious mind beyond the thoughts of a babbling baby. And worst of all was how euphoric the feeling of losing her maturity actually was.

In a fit of defiant rage, Codi picked up her drawing pad and chucked it across the room, forcing Crissie to duck out of the way to avoid being hit. The drawing pad crashed against the

wooden wardrobe and shattered upon impact. However, as broken hardware landed on the floor, the tablet disappeared, only to reappear on Codi's desk in perfect condition a second later.

Curling up into a ball, Codi shook her head solemnly. "How do you do it?" she said, trying and failing to avoid sounding choked up, "How do you block everything out and just keep writing? You're a prisoner here...a prisoner who's under the constant threat of losing every adult thought in your head. How do you find the motivation not to just...give up and let it happen?"

Crissie placed a hand on her chin and pondered Codi's question. In all honesty, it was something she hadn't really considered. Taking a moment to collect her words, she responded, "I suppose...it's because I love it. It may sound weird but for the first time in my life, I think I've found something that I'm good at AND that I love doing. I know, it's silly diaper smut, but so what? I write what gives me inspiration and that inspiration is what wakes me up in the morning. And yeah, the idea of regression certainly is alluring for an AB like me, but not at the cost of my creativity. I hope that answers your question at least somewhat."

Standing up from her cross-legged position, Crissie stretched and let out a big yawn. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm gonna go watch TubeTube videos in my crib until I pass out for a nap," she said, unconsciously wiggling her diaper butt as she walked over to her crib and lifted up the wooden bars, "My advice, find what inspires you and don't hold back. And regardless of if you choose to draw or turn your mind into mush, I'm glad you're here. Makes the nursery a lot less lonely, that's for sure. Nite, Codi."

Watching as Crissie settled into bed and shuttered her crib bars closed, Codi pondered on what Crissie had told her. "Find what inspires me," she muttered to herself as she racked her brain trying to come up with a simple answer for such an open-ended prompt. Prior to ending up in the pocket-dimension nursery, she found joy in drawing animals and other creatures as they existed in their habitats. Her ability to explore the far reaches of the cosmos gave her a point of view that seldom few had. How could she possibly recreate that feeling in such a contained environment?

Picking her drawing pen up from the table, Codi decided to put aside Crissie's advice for now and just get something on paper to stave off the ever-encroaching mental regression. In a matter of minutes, she had a humanoid figure sketched up, uncertain of what defining features to give it. That was until she spotted Crissie's trademark hair bow draped over the side of the crib. With a flick of her wrist, she added the bow to the head of her drawing, smiling at her decision to turn the plain figure on her screen into her first Crissie art piece.

"Why am I obsessed with you?"

Codi's words bounced around in Crissie's head as she struggled to understand what point the sardonic slime girl was trying to make. "Wait...you're obsessed with...what?!" she said, feeling as though she must've missed some important detail in her and Codi's conversation.

Thankfully, Codi was present to lay all the cards on the table. “You heard me. Ever since my life was transplanted to your stupid nursery, I’ve...become obsessed with you,” she said, placing her fingers on the bridge of her nose and letting out a painfully long sigh, “It started slowly at first. Just a few simple drawings of you here and there. Before long, I found myself staring at you frequently for no reason and giggling at the same stupid, immature antics that I used to find annoying. And now...now, I can’t even stand shoulder to shoulder with you without feeling this...intense tightness...right here.” She clutched her chest where her heart would be if she had one.

“W-What are you trying to say?” asked Crissie, placing a hand on Codi’s arm only for Codi to rip away from her on impact.

Letting out an exasperated chuckle, Codi responded, “You see?! That right there! Just the smallest amount of physical contact is all it takes.” She inched back from Crissie in hopes of regaining her composure. “I feel like I’m going insane...like I can’t control my thoughts anymore! And at the center of those thoughts is you and I have no idea why!”

“Oh my Goddess,” said Crissie as a theory over Codi’s current state of mind began to materialize. At first, she tried to convince herself that it couldn’t be true but the more she attempted to rationalize against it, the stronger the theory became. As awkward as it was to ask, she had to test if her hypothesis was correct, “So...I know this is gonna sound strange and I’m probably barking up the wrong tree but...have you ever felt...love before?”

A long, painful silence followed Crissie’s question as Codi’s eyes slowly grew as wide as dinner plates. “No...Nonononono! Th-that’s not...This isn’t...” she stuttered, realizing mid-sentence how unconvincing she sounded, “Look, I know what love is, okay?”

“I wasn’t asking if you know what love is, Codi. I’m sure the concept is pretty universal between intelligent species,” said Crissie pointedly, refusing to let Codi wiggle out of the subject, “I’m asking if you’ve ever FELT love. Because this ‘obsession’ you’re referring to sounds a lot like it.”

Averting her eyes from Crissie’s intense gaze, the tightness in Codi’s chest doubled almost instantly. She’d read about love before. Seen it acted out on screen and sung about in songs. But as for experiencing it for herself, she had nothing to base it on.

Codi came into existence in a cave, cold and alone. She formed herself over countless millennia, unaware of what the simple concept of ‘self’ was for the longest time. When she became bored with her meager existence, she left her cave and did her best to mimic the lives of those around her as if she was trying to fulfill some missing piece. Over time, she became infatuated with humanity, wishing with all of her being that she could start everything over as a human and not some cold, bloodless slime. And then she met Crissie, and everything she thought she knew about the universe was turned on its head. Of course, she’d never felt love before. How could something as inhuman as she was ever understand a concept so inherently human?

Lunging away from Crissie, Codi frantically crawled through the tunnel as fast as she could as if it were possible to outrun her feelings. Unfortunately, she didn't get far before she felt a familiar hand wrapping itself around her ankle. She reverted that part of her body into goo, causing it to slip from Crissie's grasp. This measure proved only temporary, though, as Crissie leaped on top of her, tackling her to the ground. "Crissie, stop! Just let me go!" she cried as her body dissolved into a puddle of slime and easily escaped Crissie's clutches, "I don't know why I stayed for so long but neither of us needs to worry about that anymore. I'll just go back to my life the way it was and you'll go back to yours. I'm sure you'll be happier without someone like me." Believing this to be the end, she turned her back on Crissie, doing everything in her power to overcome the painful pings that suddenly replaced the tightness in her chest.

"You're wrong!" shouted Crissie, causing Codi to freeze, "Yeah, it isn't always easy to be around you. You can be a real meanie butt when you put your mind to it. But you also add so much...joy to my life that I never had when I was alone. You may not know what love feels like but I do...and I love you too, Codi."

Locked in place, Codi could neither turn around to face Crissie, nor could she continue to move forward. Glancing down the long, dimly lit tunnel toward what used to be her base of operations, none of it felt like home to her anymore. It may have seemed foolish but home had become a nursery with no doors or windows where she was forced to inhabit the same space as a chronically bratty Little.

Slowly approaching her paralyzed roommate, Crissie reached around Codi's torso and brought her in for a big hug. "It's okay, you don't have to say anything. Just know that I'm here, and I'm not going anywhere," she said, resting her head against Codi's shoulder.

As tears began to run down Codi's perfectly manufactured cheeks, she felt something that gave her the sense of comfort she'd been looking for as long as she could remember, but was unable to articulate into words. Letting her body go limp in Crissie's arms, she cracked a soft smile as the feeling of warmth overtook her.

TO BE CONTINUED...