

## Double Diaper Dare: Chapter 3

### By: CrissieBaby

“I dare you to ride your favorite horsey while playing my Magic Wand and acting as aroused as possible!” announced Crissie, patting herself on the back of her head and she pointed to Codi’s purple and blue-accented steed, “AND you have to ride it until...uh...” The gears in Crissie’s brain suddenly ground to a halt as she tried to consider a fair amount of time for Codi’s challenge. They didn’t exactly have a clock to go off of so using standard units of time would be a tad difficult.

While Crissie mused on a way to clock Codi’s next dare, Codi pursed her lips as she glanced at her prized equine. As a gift from Master, she took pride in how well she maintained PonyPony Clopper’s pristine condition, in spite of Crissie’s attempts to defile her precious rocking horse at every turn. Now, it was her turn to do the defiling, even if the whole thing was an act. She just hoped PonyPony would forgive her when this was all over.

Glaring back at Crissie, the fun and games were officially over. Crissie knew what PonyPony meant to her, so for her to drag him into their kinky dare war was a bridge too far. This was personal. “You know what, I have an idea,” said Codi snidely, thinking on her feet with the aim of controlling Crissie’s dumb dare, “I dare you to down a Lightning Laxative. Once you start filling your diaper, my dare is over.” It was a deceptively simple dare that Crissie was sure to dominate but one that would also end swiftly within three to five minutes, shortening her dare to however long Crissie’s bowel would hold out. And if the average state of Crissie’s diaper was anything to go off of, her rear end would be brown far before any amount of vibrator play could get to her. This round of dares wasn’t about winning. It was about pain mitigation.

“Yeah! That’s a great idea!” said a very naïve Crissie, thinking nothing of Codi’s *helpful* suggestion as she sprinted across the nursery and dove into the pantry. She soon returned with a CrissBaby Lightning Laxative in hand, as well as the Magic Wand she kept cribside at all times. Signs of heavy usage could be all over her long, white vibrator, “For you, my dear Codster.” She giggled at her off-the-cuff nickname for her bestest roomie.

Unfortunately, Codi did not share in Crissie’s jubilation for the new nickname, rolling her eyes as she reluctantly snatched the wireless vibrator from Crissie’s hands. “Whatever, just start chugging as soon as I’m on the horse,” she said before trudging to where PonyPony Clopper was resting. She placed a gentle hand on his back and pressed her forehead against his, “We’re gonna get through this, okay?”

“Tick-tock, Codi!” shouted Crissie, her impatience winning out as she watched Codi pet her rocking horse instead of hopping on top of it.

Grumbling, Codi decided it was time to get this over with. She grabbed onto the handle that was attached to the front of the saddle and mounted herself on the rocking horse like a true cowgirl. She then placed the head of the vibrator against her crotch, gulping hard as her kitten

twitched instinctively. “Okay, I’ll start rocking once you down your laxative,” she said, watching Crissie in anticipation of her tossing the foul-tasting shot back.

Much to Codi’s dismay, Crissie had other plans. “Nuh-uh! You start rocking and turn the vibrator on. Then I’ll drink,” said Crissie with a cheeky smile. She was being bratty just for the sake of being bratty, knowing how much it would get under Codi’s skin.

Despite her best efforts, Codi was powerless to stop herself from taking the bait. “Just take the stupid shot!” she said, earning a wealth of chuckles from Crissie in response, further fueling her agitation. Tragically, her resolve was nowhere near as airtight as Crissie’s was when she was in brat mode, scoffing out a brief, “Whatever,” as she started to rock back and forth. Once she got PonyPony moving at a steady rhythm, she reached down and turned the vibrator on, selecting its lowest setting with a shaky finger.

\*BZZZZZZZZZ!\*

Revvng to life at the press of a button, Codi’s entire body tensed up as a surge of pleasurable reverberations coursed through her well-manicured human form. While she did have the ability to revert back to her slime form to dull the sensations, doing so was also likely to cause a surge of her own purple goo to enter her diaper, especially with her body heating up like it was. As unbearable as it was to get off on her favorite toy in the nursery while Crissie watched with mischievous glee, she knew she could win this round with ease given the potency of CrissBaby Lightning Laxatives. Speaking of Crissie, “D-Drink the thing already!”

“Hehe! With Pleasure!” said Crissie with each of her perfectly white teeth on prominent display as she raised the shot to Codi before tossing it down her throat in a single gulp. She smacked her lips together, powering through the prickly taste. She did have plenty of experience, after all. “Mmm! Good stuff.” She petted her tummy, feeling the Lightning Laxative doing a number on her digestive system the moment it entered her stomach.

Now that her task was done, Crissie crossed the nursery to where Codi was rocking away, deciding she might as well make the most of the time she had until the laxative reemerged out the other side of her. “Ya know, I do believe that a part of your dare was to act as aroused as possible,” she said, raising her eyebrows condescendingly, “You’re not trying to lose already, are you?”

To call the expression Codi gave back to Crissie a pout would be a massive understatement. Did Crissie really have to throw in that last nugget of fun? If anything, so many directions should count as more than one dare. Sadly, as much as she wanted to tell Crissie off for her overly demanding dare, she knew the taunting she would receive from such a statement would be far from worth it. Instead, she gritted her teeth and gave Crissie exactly what she wanted.

“Mmmmmmm! Ahhhhhh!” moaned Codi, faking as much enthusiasm as her reserved personality would allow. This caused Crissie to burst into hysterics almost immediately, sparking Codi’s inner sense of defensiveness, “Oh, would you shut up?! I’m doing it! You didn’t say I had to do it well!”

Raising both hands innocently, Crissie responded in between her giggle fits, “Hey, I didn’t say you were doing a bad job. I have to say, you’re putting on quite a show-oh no!” In a truly karmic moment, Crissie’s bowels lurched in the middle of her laughter-filled statement, causing her to double over as her gut gurgled forcefully. She knew the end was nigh. It was just a matter of how long she could hold out to keep Codi rocking.

Fueled by Crissie’s ever-approaching, Codi doubled her efforts, rocking with more force and moaning as loudly as she could. “What’s the matter, Lil Sis Criss? Having some tummy troubles,” she teased, turning the tables on her once cocky roommate.

Crissie could only grimace as the cramps refused to let up, filling her large intestines with liquidy mush. She slipped a finger into her mouth and bit down hard, fighting both the need to poop as well as her own titillation. If she hadn’t been attempting to extend the time of Codi’s wild ride, she would’ve long given up and filled her diapers to her heart’s content. She feebly pressed her hands into the front of her diaper, whimpering as the chastity belt prevented her from stimulating her extremely moist clit. Caught between sexual frustration and the ever-building gut pain she was experiencing, she finally lost the war with her bowels.

\*BLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORT!!!\*

The back of Crissie’s diaper exploded outward as a bucket-load of mush passed through the wide opening at the rear of her chastity belt and entered her patented CrissBaby diaper. And the mush did not stop coming until every millimeter of that cursed Lightning Laxative had evacuated her system. Perched on trembling legs, she bent forward and placed her hands on her knees to keep from collapsing to the floor.

Meanwhile, an exceptionally delighted Codi clicked off the vibrator and allowed PonyPony Clopper’s movements to slow to a stop. “Aww, I bet your tumtum is feeling all better now,” she said, rounding her rocking horse to where Crissie was standing and condescendingly placing a hand on her squishy, saggy diaper, getting a sizable handful of Crissie’s soiled fluff. This was the kind of spiritual victory she was in desperate need of, especially considering that she and Crissie’s little game was far from over.

For Crissie, this was equal parts embarrassing, frustrating, and unsurprisingly, lustful. Of course, she was silently getting off on every second of this. She was a full-fledged diaper lover with a humiliation kink the size of the sun. It would’ve honestly been weirder if she wasn’t turned on. It was the frustration that was truly getting to her. She may not have been as competitive as Codi was but her inner brat still couldn’t stand to lose even so much as a single round of Double Diaper Dare. She’d have to step up her game tremendously for Codi’s next big dare.

Shrugging off Codi’s faux affection, Crissie stepped into the center of the nursery and looked around the space in search of an idea. However, much like when a mean bout of writer’s block hit her, she was coming up empty-handed. That was until she spotted the pink portal key stationed on her writing desk. A key that allowed her to teleport anywhere on Earth that she wanted. All she had to do was fit the key into any lock and bam, she had a fully functioning portal. Perhaps her problem wasn’t a lack of creativity but instead a lack of options. Leaping to

her feet, she rushed over and picked up the key, holding it out for Codi to see, "For your next dare, I think it's best that we move somewhere a bit more public."

TO BE CONTINUED...