

Double Diaper Dare: Chapter 4

By: CrissieBaby

Watching from afar, Crissie wasn't sure if she should step in or let Codi lie in the bed she had made for her. With Lotte cornering her step by step, her time to act was fast. Figuring she should be a good sport, she decided to give Codi a fighting chance.

Running over to the counter, Crissie leaped onto the register stand, much to the nearby employees' disapproval, and snatched the PA microphone. "Attention all CrissBaby shoppers, this is your blushy friend, Crissie, speaking. Yes, the one and only CrissieBaby" she said, stiff-arming the male employee next to her as she rambled on, "We've got a wide selection of fluffy diapers on sale in aisle 69. For a free coupon, please check in your butt-OOF!"

Before Crissie could continue, a plain-looking security guard showed up to put a stop to all the fun. He quickly grabbed Crissie around her waist and pulled her off of the check-out counter. "Causing trouble, are we?" said the guard, sounding almost delighted to have someone acting out in the store. He set Crissie down on her feet, keeping a firm hand on her wrist.

"Uhhhhh...no?" said Crissie, lowering her head and giving the guard the biggest pair of puppy-dog eyes she could muster. Sadly, the look the guard gave in return was more than enough to let her know she wasn't getting off the hook that easily.

Meanwhile, Codi had taken Crissie's distraction and ran with it. It wasn't much but it got Lotte to look away long enough for her to dash into the nearest aisle. However, much like a Terminator, Lotte refused to let Codi get away so easily, forcing her into stealth mode as she snaked her way through the rows of diaper supplies until she reached the far back wall of the main floor. With nowhere else to go, she ducked through a nearby entryway into the next room only to be utterly shocked by what she found.

Next to the main CrissBaby sales floor was a space that looked more like a daycare than an actual store. There were changing tables, a playpen with dozens of toys set up, and a small media area where a TV was playing Finding Dori on loop. Unsurprisingly, no CrissBaby setup would be complete without a bit of kinky fun. Beyond the babyish stuff were a few punishment tools that looked more fit for a dungeon than a nursery.

With her jaw hanging open, Codi took a step backward, ready to sneak her back way into the main sales floor. Sadly, as she backed up, she bumped into a squishy set of boobs. She didn't even need to turn around to know who it was.

"First, my butt. Now, my boobs. Someone needs to teach you that foreplay is supposed to wait until after the first date...or during if you're feeling kinky enough," said Lotte as she ran her fingers through Codi's hair. Brushing the strands away from Codi's ear, she leaned and whispered, "Don't worry, I've been told I'm a wonderful teacher."

Before Codi could formulate a proper rebuttal, she was being led by Lotte through the nursery over to where the more dungeon-esque items were stationed. "W-Wait, I swear I'm not

normally like this," she pleaded, fumbling over her own words in an attempt to avoid punishment, "I'm so, so sorry that I hit your butt. I promise I'll never do anything like that again."

"Oh, I know you won't, sweetie, but that doesn't mean you're getting out of this. Bratty girls like you need to be taught a lesson," said Lotte as she guided Codi toward a set of two sex chairs. The chairs were simply designed with two leather, padded pedestals to kneel down on and a central padded platform to lean over, placing the subject in a perfect spanking position. The bright red color of the leather chair clearly stood out against the pastel wonderland that made up the rest of the nursery.

Codi was sweating bullets as she was marched toward the sex chairs. "W-Wait, I swear I'm sorry! This was all just a big joke! My friend Crissie and I were playin-MMMMMF!!" said Codi, her words suddenly cut off by a large pacifier being shoved into her mouth.

"That's enough outta you. I don't know who your Big is but they clearly need to show you a lot more discipline," taunted Lotte, giving Codi a firm swat on her padded rump and causing her to yelp in anticipation of more to come.

However, right before Lotte could get Codi hooked up to her sex chair, the security guard made his grand entrance with Crissie tucked under his arm. "Lemme go, you meanie head!" shouted Crissie as she kicked her legs back and forth, refusing to let the guard get away with an easy capture.

"Not until you've learned your lesson," said the guard, who was undeterred by Crissie's flailing tantrum. He walked up to the row of sex chairs and proceeded to strap Crissie into one before yanking her diaper down, "Hey Lotte, get a load of this! Our resident Crissie impersonator is looking a bit chaste."

As the guard tapped at Crissie's chastity belt, making a big show of his discovery, Crissie was dying of blushiness. She buried her face into the padded bench, silently cursing Codi for giving her such a rotten dare.

"I see you're also dealing with a naughty troublemaker, Lotte. You mind taking this one off my hands? I need to get back to my post," asked the guard, giving Crissie's right butt cheek a playful thump.

Nodding her head, Lotte joined the guard in strapping down her mischievous Little. "I should be more than capable of handling these two. See you after work, hot stuff," she said, leaning in and planting a kiss on the guard's cheek. The guard then bashfully tipped his cap to Lotte before rushing out of the room, while Lotte wandered over to a wall of paddles, carefully selecting her weapon of choice.

"Well, that was adorable," commented Crissie, her mind already filling with ideas of a diaper store worker and her adorably subby security guard hubby. She whipped her head toward Codi wearing a cheeky smile, "Hey Codi, now would probably be a good time to turn to slime so you could escape your restraints."

Sticking her chin out and turning away from Crissie, Codi refused to let Crissie get the

satisfaction of watching her alter her form, even if it meant being on the receiving end of a brutal spanking.

Speaking of which, Lotte returned with a wide, pastel pink paddle in hand. Its wooden surface had seven holes carved into it, which were certain to add an extra sting to each impact. "Okay now, little ones, it's time we teach you what happens when you decided to be on your brattiest behavior here at the CrissBaby Store," she said, a twinge of sadistic joy reverberating throughout her tone, "Now who wants to go first?"

"She does!" screamed both Crissie and Codi, not hesitating for an instant to throw the other under the bus.

Amused by Crissie and Codi's bullheadedness, Lotte quickly came up with a compromise that was sure to make neither of them happy. "How about I just go back and forth then," she said, her words drenched in condescension. If these girls were still refusing to repent for their brattiness in the face of an excruciatingly painful punishment, then there was no chance she was going easy on them.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

The crackling sounds of wood and skin crashing together were as haunting as they were wince-inducing. Out in the main area of the store, shoppers listened in to the mother of all spankings being dealt to the pair of helpless, yet deserving girls. Still, much to their surprise, neither girl could be heard screaming out in pain.

"OH, FUCK YES!!!" shouted Crissie, as what should've been painful stings were partially nullified by her chastity belt, both of which vibrated tremendously with each smack, "Don't be afraid to- *SMACK!* OHHHH! ...put your back into it."

Meanwhile, stationed next to her stoned-faced was Codi. While Crissie's spanks were taken pleurably, Codi had taken a much different approach to surviving her punishment. Just before each impact, she had her rear revert back to its slime form for a split second, making it so not even as much as a pinprick was felt no matter how hard Lotte swung. Her only regret was that she couldn't enjoy hearing Crissie beg for mercy. Of course, a diaper perv like her would find this scenario pleasurable.

After several minutes of non-stop wacking, it was Lotte who ended up conceding. Lowering the paddle, she leaned against Codi's sex chair to catch her breath. "What are...your asses...made of?" she asked, gasping for air. The paddle slipped from her fingers and clattered to the ground as if to signal a white flag.

"Mmmmm," moaned Crissie, recovering from the immense satisfaction she got from having her butt brutalized, "You up for round two, Codi?"

TO BE CONTINUED...