

The Dreamcaster: Chapter 17

By: CrissieBaby

Sarah dropped the crib bars, letting them collide loudly with the wooden stoppers below. A scowl formed across her brow line. "Excuse me, just who do you think you-"

"Silence," said the redhead as she waved her hand towards Sarah. All of a sudden, Sarah's words and movements came to a halt as she froze in place.

Jane couldn't believe what she was seeing. Only a few feet from her prone position in the crib was Sarah, the person who only mere seconds ago was an unstoppable force to her. Seeing her frozen in place, unable to move or speak, let her know just how powerful her new opponent was. "W-What did you do to her?!" she stuttered out.

"Oh, relax," said Master, doing nothing to hide how annoyed she was, "The spell will wear off in an hour or so. Not that it'll really matter if the whole world ends."

"Owie! M-Master, can you let go noOWWWW?!" said the brunette-haired girl kneeling on the floor next to this Master person.

All of a sudden, Jane's brain went into overdrive, taking her back to one of Crissie's final messages. "W-Wait, did you say Master? Are you PrincessCB?" she said, stepping down from the crib and leaving Rebecca to cower behind a pile of stuffies.

"Hi, Jane," said Crissie, waving enthusiastically as if she'd forgotten Master was even there, "It's nice to finally meet you in perSOOWOWOWOW!"

Crissie's sentence trailed off as Master tugged hard on her ear. "Yeah, no time for this meet and greet crap. Where's the ring?" she asked, centering her focus on Jane.

Jane cautiously stepped towards Sarah, making sure not to pull off any sudden movements, lest she end up as statuesque as her wife. She waddled forward awkwardly, trying and failing to avoid squishing her overly loaded diaper. Still, she couldn't let a dirty diaper stop her now. "I-Is that all you're here for? By all means, take it," she said, grabbing her wife's hand and twisting the silver ring off of her hand, "It's done nothing but turn my life into a living hell since the damn thing showed up."

"Hang on!" shouted Crissie, her face turning sour, "Y-You haven't been having a good time?"

Jane scoffed before breaking into exaggerated laughter. "Good time? You think I've been enjoying myself? Between the humiliation, the non-stop babying, and losing about a fifth of my height, exactly what part of this was supposed to be fun? ...actually, don't answer that."

Lowering her head in shame, Crissie sank to the floor, no longer fighting against Master's ear pulling. "B-But, I thought you liked all that stuff?"

Master let go of Crissie's ear, disappointingly shaking her head. "See, Crissie? I told you that what you did was a no-no," she said, before turning her attention to Jane, "Go on, tell Jane all about the lovely edits you made to her life."

“What are you talking about?” said Jane, who was doing her best to keep up.

Patting Crissie on the head sarcastically, Master didn't hold back on Jane's question, “You see, little Crissie has the special ability to bring whatever she writes to life. All was well and good when she was strictly writing fictional characters. However, I guess she thought your life needed some alterations because our resident genius here went ahead and started rewriting reality on your behalf.”

Words could not describe the combination of fear, anger, and confusion that Jane felt as she listened to Master's explanation. Suddenly, everything she'd been through during the past few days all made a little more sense, even if only marginally so. “So the genie, the ring, my height, it was all Crissie?”

Crissie's head popped up, “To be fair, I only wrote that the genie lamp was in your room. I didn't-

“Shhhhh!” scolded Master, halting Crissie's sentence in its tracks, “Jane may have dug her own grave on a lot of this, but you handed her the shovel.”

RUUUUUUUUMMMMMBBBLLLE!!!

Similar to the one she'd felt only a handful of minutes ago, Jane's office was shaken by a tremor, this one even more impactful than the last. The shockwave was strong enough to send even Master to the ground, with only the still frozen Sarah remaining on her feet.

“We can talk about why this is Crissie's fault later. Give me that ring,” shouted Master, scrambling to her feet.

With the ring in her hand, Jane tossed it over to Master, who promptly put it on, “Let's end this,” she said, closing her eyes and imagining the black hold disappearing.

RUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMMMMBBBBBBLLLE!!!

The room shook even harder than the past two times, causing the books and knick-knack positioned across Jane's shelves to tumble to the floor. Looking to Master, Crissie saw an expression cross her caregiver's face that she'd never seen before. Fear.

“W-Why isn't it stopping?!” screamed Master, twisting the ring off of her finger and chucking it across the room in a fit of rage.

Letting out a nervous laugh, Crissie rushed to Master's side, “Y-You have a backup plan, right? You always have something up your sleeve.”

Master placed her face in her hands, “I'm sorry, Crissie, but it's only a matter of time until that black hole consumes the entire planet.” She walked over to Jane's chair and slumped back, resigning herself to her fate.

Meanwhile, Crissie could already feel herself on the verge of tears. All of this was her fault, and no amount of apologizing was going to fix this mess. Sinking to the floor, she curled up into a ball, feeling helpless in the face of the mess she'd made.

“Wait, we can't just give up!” shouted Jane, causing Master and Crissie to snap out of their spiraling existential depression, “Um...oh! Crissie, you said you put the genie lamp in my room. That you...wrote it to be there and then it appeared. Couldn't you do that again?”

Master shook her head. "We'd need Crissie's computer for that, which is currently in the middle of the black hole."

"What about when you've taken over my computer, though?" asked Crissie, feeling the tiniest glimmer of hope thanks to Jane's attitude, "You have to have a way to access my computer somehow."

Tapping her chin, Master pondered this point, "For that, we'd need the host server to still be working. I suppose, in theory, there's a chance your computer is still running inside of the black hole, though I have no idea if I could even connect to it if it was."

"It's the only chance we have," said Crissie, standing up and rushing over to Master's side, "Please, I know I messed up bad, but I can fix this."

With a small scoff, Master's lip curled into a smile. "I knew I chose the best baby girl ever," she said, cupping Crissie's chin in her hand. Reaching into her pocket, she pulled out Crissie's key, "Let's get back to my office. We've got a lot to do and very little time to do it."

Picking Crissie up off the ground, Master made a beeline straight for Jane's door. As she grabbed the door handle, though, she stopped and turned back to see the odd trio of Jane, Rebecca, and Sarah. She centered her gaze on Jane, "Well, are you coming?"

"Wha...I..." was all Jane could mutter out, unable to believe the science fiction nightmare she was now in the center of.

Master gave Jane a soft smile as she shifted Crissie over her shoulder. "I'm not going to ask again," she said playfully before turning towards the door.

Clenching her fist, Jane looked to Sarah, still stiff as a statue. Part of her wanted to refuse Master's offer and wait for Sarah to unfreeze. If worse came to worst and the world did truly end, maybe it'd be better to spend her final moments cuddling close with Sarah. However, as she turned to see the ring lying on the ground, she realized that she couldn't just sit by and let the world fall apart. It was her imagination that shared the blame with Crissie for this disaster, after all.

"I'm coming," she said, snatching the ring off the floor, just in case, before rushing over to Crissie and Master. Along the way, she hopped up on her tiptoes and placed a kiss on Sarah's cheek. "I'll be back. I...gotta go save the world," she said, letting the full weight of how ridiculous it felt to say that sink in.

Waddling over Master and Crissie in her mushy pampers, Jane exited her office, taking one last look at Sarah before she closed the door behind her. She then turned to walk down the hall but was stopped promptly by Master.

"Try not to stray too far, or else I might regret bringing you along," teased Master, placing the key in Jane's office door and twisting it. This caused the dark door frame of Jane's office to illuminate with golden light. "Shall we?" Master said, opening the door and stepping into the blinding light with Crissie in her arms.

Taking hold of Master's free hand, Jane followed her into white light.

Back in Jane's office, Rebecca watched silently as the glowing light in the door frame appeared and then vanished seconds later. "There is not enough therapy in the world to unpack the shit I just saw," she said, slumping back on the cushy mattress.

Looking to the open side of the crib, it suddenly hit Rebecca that she wasn't trapped anymore. Well, she wasn't locked in the crib anymore, at least. Her hands were still bound in locking mittens, but at least she could get out of here and find someone to free her, as embarrassing as that would be.

However, before Rebecca could make good her escape, the door to Jane's office opened once more, and in stepped Laura. "H-Hey Jane, I saw Sarah's car out front and came back to..." she said, her words petering off as her eyes fell upon Sarah's frozen body and, moreover, Rebecca's infantilized state. The latter of which attracted her focus like a magnet. Biting her lip, she dropped her purse to the floor in shock, "...c-check on you."

TO BE CONTINUED...