

Miss Agatha's School for Lost Sissies: Chapter 10

By: CrissieBaby

"You got it! One foot at a time," remarked Theo, snickering under his breath as he watched Matt's diaper butt descend down the wide tree trunk. After hopping down quickly himself, he'd almost forgotten how scary tree climbing could be for first-timers. He waited until Matt's body was in a grabbing range to place a hand on his new friend's hips, guiding him toward the ground with ease, "See, not so bad."

Matt, meanwhile, did not agree with Theo's sentiment. Trembling like a scared poodle, he had no idea what had come over him. He'd never had any issue with heights. Heck, he'd been hanging out of a window during an investigation no more than a few weeks prior. So why was he so rattled?

"Hey, you good?" asked Theo, earning a small nod from Matt as the shaken detective tried to tough it through his nerves. It was obvious that Matt was lying but he wasn't going to press the issue further if Matt didn't want to talk about it. Instead, his eyes darted to the center of Matt's diaper, noticing that his friend's diaper had yet to be used now that he was close enough, "Woah! Changey-time was a couple of hours ago! How are you still clean?"

Still coming down from his anxiety high, it took Matt a few seconds to register what Theo had asked him. He gazed down at his clean diaper, realizing only then how much its pristine condition stood out from the pack. "Oh, uh...I, um, was leaking a bunch so the lady over there changed me," he said, gesturing to Elana at the entrance of the playpen and hoping his lie was good enough to fool Theo.

Fortunately for him, Theo didn't hesitate to believe every word that came out of his mouth. "Makes sense. That's what they get for switching away from CrissBaby Diapers. Lucky you, they must've had some left over," he said, taking hold of Matt's hand, "Now let's go! Gemma's dis way."

Stumbling to catch up to Theo's pace, Matt allowed himself to be escorted through the playpen. He wasn't sure why the simple action of being led by the hand brought out feelings he hadn't dealt with since his youth. It didn't matter that the person in front of him was forced to waddle with their huge diaper butt. Everything about the way Theo was treating him made him feel small. Blushing more and more with each step he took, he stopped moving and allowed his hand to slip from Theo's grasp. "I-I can walk on my own," he said, unaware of how adorably pouty he was acting.

Recognizing Matt's flushed expression from having seen it dozens of times on other babies' faces, Theo stifled his giggles as he decided to take it easy on his new bestie. "Das okie! But we should hurry. Recess is proolly gonna end soon," he said, alerting Matt to the fact that he had a timer looming over his head.

“Then we should get moving,” said Matt, shaking off his bashfulness and returning to his usual, stern persona, “Which way?”

Theo happily pointed to a large jungle gym at the far end of the playpen. “Das where Gemma always is. She’s Queen of da playground, and das her castle,” he said dramatically, playing up the powerful status of someone still in diapers; a fact Matt was all too aware of.

Gazing at the play set in the distance, Matt could already tell what a hassle this quest was going to be. There were at least a half-dozen guards marching around the perimeter of the wood chip-enclosed jungle gym, plus an additional ten or so people on the jungle gym itself. “And...you’re certain she’ll know where my friend is?” he asked skeptically.

“She has to! She knows everybody!” shouted Theo, aiming to be reassuring with his boisterous volume.

Sadly, all this managed to do was penetrate Matt’s eardrums in a terrible way. Shaking off the damage to his inner ear, he sighed heavily and began his long trudge toward the jungle gym. Unsurprisingly, he and Theo didn’t even reach the wood chips before being stopped by a pair of padded guards holding inflatable swords. “Halt! Who go-ith there!” said one of the guards, forcing themselves to speak in an awkward, Shakespearean fashion.

“Tis I, Theodosia da Gentle, and I’d like-ith to request-ith an audience with da Queen on behawf of my friend,” responded Theo, not missing a beat. It was obvious this wasn’t his first run-in with the playpen’s esteemed royalty.

Looking up and down at Theo and Matt, the guard scoffed before saying, “And dost thou have-ith an appoin...appoin...a planned meeting with the Queen?”

“Nay but I-” said Theo, barely getting out a few words before an abrupt interruption from the other guard.

“Da Queen isn doin’ wawk-ins today. Chu hasta come back tomorrow-ith,” said the guard, only remembering to keep up her medieval phrasing at the tail end of her sentence.

Rolling his eyes, Matt had a feeling this plan wouldn’t pan out the moment he saw the guarded playground. However, after a day of being dressed up, diapered, pushed around in a stroller, and humiliated at every turn, he’d reached his limit. “Listen here, twerps,” he said as he stepped onto the wood chips and got up in the guards’ faces, ripping one of their swords from their hands and chucking it on the ground as he did, “Like it or not, I’m gonna have a chat with your little Queen. Now, are we going to do this the easy way or the hard way?” He balled up both fists and cracked several of his knuckles as he did.

Petrified beyond recognition, one of the guards dropped to their knees while the other stared at the wood chips, too afraid to look Matt in the eye. Even Theo looked taken aback by Matt’s shift in behavior, though he also had to admit he was slightly impressed. The guard who was still on their feet eventually mustered up a meek response, “S-She’s up in the highest tower.”

“See? Was that so hard?” said Matt, placing a heavy hand on the guard’s shoulder to spook them, “Now, lead the way.” A vicious smirk imprinted itself on his face as he and Theo

were soon being led up the grated staircase of the play set. Clearly, he should've been using intimidation tactics on these babble-minded babies the entire time. Perhaps Marsha would've been easier to keep a handle on.

Arriving at a second set of stairs, Matt and Theo ascended one final time before entering the Queen's royal chambers. It was exactly what you'd expect from a throne room of a tyrannical Little, with a big pile of pillows acting as a throne and two guards stationed on either side of her. The one thing that was a tad out of place was the portable gaming console that Queen Bee, Gemma, was playing on. "The Queen is not accepting visitors at this time," she said without so much as a glance up from her handheld device.

"Yeah, the only problem is, I don't really care what the Queen is accepting of or not," said Matt, kicking off a chorus of gasps from everyone in earshot, "I've got questions and I've been told you have answers. So, let's talk."

Well, everyone except Gemma, who finally raised her head up to see Matt in all his diapered glory. She scoffed, noticing immediately how obvious it was he didn't belong from his posture alone. Fortunately for him, oddballs and oddities just so happened to be some of the Queen's favorite things. "Okay, Mr. Questions, let's talk," she said, mimicking his serious tone. She leaned back on her pillow throne, exposing her splotchy, yellow diaper that looked so overused that it was astonishing that it wasn't leaking yet, "Tell me your name, stranger."

"Name's M...Maddie...and I'm looking for someone. His real name is Jesse with an "e" at the end, but the name they're listed under is Jessy Aran with a "y". Theo says you know everything that goes on in this place so I'd hoped you might know something," said Matt plainly, unaware of how awestruck the other Littles were to hear someone sound so Big in a diaper.

Tapping a finger on her chin, it was moments like this when Gemma truly relished her position as Queen. "I...MAY...know something," she said smugly, running her top teeth along her bottom lip eagerly, "What's it worth to you?"

Without hesitating, Matt replied with only a single word, "Everything."

"Hmmm...how about this then, Maddie? Since it's my first time seeing you around here, I'll go easy on you and give you the standard fee. Two weeks' worth of dessert tokens outta do it," said Gemma, snapping her fingers and prompting one of the guards to retrieve a small music box with a plethora of plastic tokens inside.

Looking at Theo, Matt could only shrug his shoulders, "The heck are dessert tokens?"

"We get dem for good behavior. Dere for like cookies and stuff," said Theo, reaching into one of their coverall pockets and pulling out a measly two tokens, "Sowwy...I'm bad at saving."

"Wait, so let me get this straight. You march all the way up here, demanding an audience with me, only to turn your pocket out?" said Gemma, laughing in disbelief at Matt's apparent stupidity, "Listen, I don't know who you are but..." The Queen's words petered off as she spotted the spotless state of Matt's diaper. "...unless you have something to trade...I will say, that's an awfully clean-looking diaper."

Shuffling in place, Matt blushed as he was reminded of his current wardrobe. "Yeah, so? What of it?" he said, unsure why Gemma would even bother to bring that up. Was a used diaper some sort of status symbol in this place?

Climbing out of her plushy chair, Gemma rotated around Matt, eyeing up his diaper from all angles all the while. "Do you know what a clean diaper at the end of recess means for a Little? It means extra playtime inside. It means double dessert and maybe even some adult buzzy time if you're lucky," she said, alerting Matt to the value of the disposable item hugging his hips. Even a Queen such as myself would give anything for such a precious object.

"W-Well, I would give mine to you...b-but I don't exactly have anything else to wear. And I can't just walk around this place butt naked," said Matt, attempting to shoot down the Queen's idea on its face.

Unfortunately, Gemma already had a solution for Matt's nudity problem. "That's okay, I'd be more than happy to trade you mine," she said, patting the front of her extremely sodden diaper.

Matt gulped hard as he looked up at the ceiling, silently thinking to himself, "Jesse, wherever you are in the Goddess-forsaken place, you're gonna owe me so, so, SO many drinks when this is all over."

TO BE CONTINUED...