
B-but, he had to keep going. He could hump his diapers later, right? He was supposed to be escaping right now, and he couldn't escape and hump his diapers at the same time.

“Why escape when you're so happy here?”

Because... because he wanted to leave, he'd *always* wanted to leave, ever since he woke up in the pillow pile. He couldn't remember why, or what was really out there either... he just knew he wanted to go, because that's what he'd been working towards the whole time. And it was becoming harder to keep track of that goal now, and part of him deep inside didn't want him to forget about it.

“Wouldn't it be so much easier and nicer to let it go?”

It... probably would. It was so stressful and scary, trying to find his way out, fighting enemies and bosses, trying to avoid everything that would hurt him. Even now, he felt scared... but for some reason, all the plushies he passed weren't acting like enemies anymore. They all seemed happy to see him, like they just wanted to play! Like he had just been playing a game this whole time.

But this was real, right?

...

He... couldn't remember.

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