

Technician's Diaper Training

by Champ (ChampTehOtter.com)

Jeremy is about to finish installing the fully automated regression system at the adult daycare. Surely it won't take *his* job or regress him like it did his other colleagues, right?

BEEP *BEEP* *BEEP* *SMACK*

Jeremy hit the snooze button for the fourth time that morning. He was going to be late for work again. Not that it mattered.

BZZZT

The government-mandated speaker on the wall clicked on, giving Jeremy half a second to pull the pillow over his head.

"Gooooood morning, Citizens! This is your pal Artie the artificial announcer live from central control. Are you ready for another fantastic A.I. assisted day? Let's start it off right by giving thanks to our A.I. overseer!"

"Why can't the overseer install an off switch," groaned Jeremy from under his pillow," or at least a volume knob?"

"Today's top story: A.I. protests continue in key sectors of the city, disrupting our safety and prosperity. Nannybot production has increased ahead of a proposed crackdown on the violence. Today we are interviewing Albert Plant, a radical Anti-Techer, to explain the protesters' demands."

"More of the same," Jeremy muttered, sitting up with bleary eyes. "What's the big deal? I still have *my* job, so it can't be that bad." He half listened as he searched the floor of his one-room apartment for clothes, eventually shucking on the same shorts and shirt he had worn for the past three days.

"Mr. Plant, the protesters claim that A.I. is automating away their jobs, but isn't it actually making all our lives easier?"

"Sure, Artie, technology has made life great for everyone, but isn't that cheating? People need to suffer, and that's what we are fighting for. I really have nothing more to say."

"That was A. Plant, everyone, with the dubious message that we should all suffer and possibly die. Let us hope these so-called protesters see reason before the overseer's patience runs out. In other news, hundreds of families have made their lives happier by adopting a regressed adult, and it's easier than you think..."

"Selfish bastards," Jeremy muttered as he headed toward the communal bathroom with his breakfast bar in hand. "They'll all end up in daycare if they aren't careful."

He sat on the toilet and munched his breakfast ration, but he couldn't enjoy his morning dump with the protests on his mind. Everyone loved progress until it came to their jobs, then they became whiny hypocrites. Just yesterday he was working on the machines at the local daycare when his co-worker Hannah was laid off. She made a big scene, begging him to help as a nannybot shoved her into the regression machines. It had made him very uncomfortable as he closed out the work order on his tablet and moved on to his next task. How inconsiderate of her to disrupt his busy schedule. He stood up and buckled his pants, resolving to be a better worker than Hannah was.

"All right Jeremy," he said, "time to show them why you're irreplaceable."

Thanks to the A.I.-run housing system, his walk to the daycare center was faster than a pizza delivery. There was just one thing the A.I. hadn't accounted for: The picket line of ex-employees out front. He hesitated as he approached the angry crowd.

"Shame on you, Jeremy!" shouted his ex-manager, Veronica, as he pushed his way through the group. "How can you help them automate away our future?"

"You're a scab!" shouted Chad the caretaker, holding up a sign that said 'Clankers Are Wankers!'. "I hope you have the day you deserve!"

Jeremy skulked into the building, hoping the nuisance would be dealt with one way or the other before he finished his workday. Inside, the daycare facility was bustling with nannybots caring for regressed citizens. Most were rule-breakers, but some were ex-coworkers selected to test the automated regression machines when they lost their jobs.

"Jewwemy!" called Hannah, waving at him as he walked past the play area, but Jeremy ignored her. He had more important things to do than humor some dumb babies.

It was eerily quiet as Jeremy pushed through the doors to the employees only area. Once filled with uniforms, the automated laundry racks now held a single solitary

jumpsuit. His jumpsuit. He picked it up and gazed at it. The automation project was nearly complete, but they would always need a mechanic.

After a quick suit-up, it was straight to the workshop for his tablet and tools. The tablet pinged as it completed his facial scan and the homescreen blinked on with a big red exclamation mark in the corner.

"Great, just what I need," Jeremy muttered, clicking the notification. The virtual conference window popped up, and with it the familiar, generic avatar of his A.I. supervision program.

"Hello, Jeremy. You're late again. This is your tenth performance demerit for tardiness. What is your explanation?"

"Uh, yeah, sorry about that. It won't happen again," muttered Jeremy, feeling a little silly explaining himself to a machine.

"You haven't bathed or changed your clothing in over forty-eight hours. This is your third social demerit for failure to meet minimum personal hygiene standards. What is your explanation?"

"Yeah, uh... I've just been tired, I guess," said Jeremy, looking around. Surveillance was a normal and necessary part of modern life, but it was still spooky to be reminded how much the A.I. knew about him.

"Your responses have been recorded and added to your record. We will now proceed to today's assignment. Today you will complete pilot testing of our automated regression system."

"Didn't we just test the machines?" asked Jeremy, scratching his head.

"If successful, this fully automated facility will become the model for all adult daycare facilities going forward."

"Yeah but..." Jeremy looked toward the door as if someone might burst through at any moment. "What about all the protesters outside? They're getting more aggressive, and I don't think they'll take that news very well..."

"Your valuable contributions will allow us to finalize this automation process," replied the avatar. "Rest assured you will be kept completely secure."

"Darn right," said Jeremy. "At least someone appreciates me." He closed out the conference window and read his daily instructions. "Stand by intake. Is that *it*?" Jeremy

raised an eyebrow. "Well, that makes *my* job easy. This automation is paying off already!"

Jeremy returned to the public facing area of the daycare. It was playtime, and the daycare was filled with the sound of noisy toys, the coos of robotic caretakers, and the squeals of delighted adult babies. Ignoring the chaos, Jeremy walked up to the intake area by the entrance and glanced down at his tablet. A big circle with a green checkmark filled the screen indicating he had completed his tasks for the day. Jeremy shook the tablet to make sure it was working correctly.

"There's no other instructions... what am I supposed to do now?"

A nannybot shaped like a big plush kangaroo hopped over and greeted him in a friendly sing-songy voice.

"Hello, little one. Welcome to daycare! Are you ready for your first day of fun and excitement?"

"What?" asked Jeremy, stepping back. "No, I'm the technician. I'm here to test the machines."

"That's right! You'll be the best tester ever!" said the Nannybot, grabbing him and pulling him toward the nearest regression station. "You can call me Nanny."

"No! No! I'm the technician!" cried Jeremy, pulling with all his might against the unyielding robot. "Let me go!"

"Don't be fussy, little guy, it's just a bath!" The kangaroo caretaker shoved Jeremy into a big clear tube, which promptly sealed itself shut, leaving Jeremy to bang on the glass.

"Help!" he yelled, but there was no one left to help him. Only regressed adults looked his way, some curious, some smiling and clapping.

"Were you playing dress up, silly boy?" asked Nanny as a pair of robotic arms descended and pulled off Jeremy's jumpsuit, whisking it out of sight. "That will be the last you see of those drab old things!"

"Wait! You can't!" Jeremy cried, attempting to cover his crotch with one hand while trying in vain to rescue his clothes.

More robotic arms grabbed his hands and feet, holding him in a spread eagle position for his involuntary bath. Jeremy tugged and twisted in their grip as streams of foam and warm water sprayed all over his exposed body. An intense tingle started up

wherever the foam touched as it permanently dissolved his hair. To his embarrassment, he was starting to get hard, and he had no way to hide it!

Jeremy was so distracted by the intense sensation of the foam, that he didn't even notice the other arms snaking out with scrubbing brushes in their grip. He yelped as the first brush delved into his butt crack, scrubbing the foam deep inside. More soft brushes scrubbed all over his sensitive skin, causing him to laugh uncontrollably.

"See? Bathtime can be fun!" cooed Jeremy's computerized caretaker as Jeremy guffawed, his foam-covered dick bobbing in the air.

"No! Hahaha! That tickles! Heeheehee! Stahahahapp!"

"No can do," said the roo, wagging its finger. "Somebody's been very naughty skipping bath time, so we've got to scrub a dub dub to get your smelliest spots clean!"

The machine showed no mercy as the brushes tickled Jeremy's smelly armpits, feet, and all around his penis and balls, eliciting even more squeals and pleas as he convulsed with laughter. After several torturously ticklish minutes, the brushes finally stopped and streams of warm water sprayed Jeremy clean. He groaned as he watched every last trace of hair go down the drain forever, even his head hair. Jeremy himself had removed the rubber cap protocol from the clean machine, eliminating the need for hair care completely. In a cruel twist of fate, he would now be the first big baby to be made completely bald.

Hot air blew Jeremy dry, tickling his freshly denuded skin and further stimulating his privates, which were now much more sensitive without any hair in the way. As soon as the door slid open, Nanny grabbed Jeremy and carried him toward a module that resembled a human gyroscope machine with tubes for his arms and legs at each corner.

"Let's get our special little technician all checked up!" said Nanny, shoving Jeremy's hands and feet into the tubes. The soft inner lining of the tubes expanded like a blood pressure cuff until the former technician was comfortably locked in.

"Hold on!" cried Jeremy, wiggling his butt, as a robot arm prodded his exposed anus with a flexible probe. "Get away from there!"

"Relax, sweetie," cooed the nannybot, stroking Jeremy's cheek. "This machine is going to take your temperature and check a few other things, just like they do with the astronauts! Do *you* like to play astronaut?"

"I know what it does!" spat Jeremy. "I'm the damned technic- Yipe!!!"

Taking advantage of Jeremy's momentary distraction, the probe thrust straight into him, flattening his prostate and forcing a cloudy bead of precum to dribble from the tip of his bobbing erection. A bulb inflated at the base of the probe, ensuring it was locked in place until its task was complete. Meanwhile, robotic hands grabbed and measured Jeremy's penis and balls, indifferent to his protests.

Moments later, the hands retracted and a silicone-lined tube slid over his penis, inflating as the suction activated. Jeremy squirmed, inadvertently rubbing his prostate harder against the probe and massaging his penis against the soft lining of the receptacle, which in turn caused his dick to twitch and spurt out more precum. He watched as the receptacle sucked it away through a clear tube on the other end.

"Does your wee wee feel okay, sweetheart?," asked Nanny as Jeremy's face went bright red. "I can help if it's too sensitive."

Jeremy shook his head and bit his lip as he forced himself still. A bead of sweat ran down the side of his bald head. If he wasn't careful, he would have a big embarrassing ejaculation and Nanny might invoke the chastity protocol.

"Oh good," said Nanny. "Don't worry, we're almost done, and if you have an accident, the collection receptacle will catch it just like your diapers. I bet you're excited for those, aren't you, sweetie?"

It took every ounce of self control Jeremy had not to yell at the stupid robot as it tickled his chin and cooed at him. Excessive aggression would earn him a pacifier and a time out at best, and he was perfectly aware of the more drastic measures used to tame unruly regressees. He sighed in relief when the probe finally deflated and pulled out of his butt.

"Your temperature is normal!" announced Nanny in a cheerful voice. "We checked your heart and breathing too, but there's one more thing we need. Can baby Jeremy go potty in the receptacle for Nanny like a good little astronaut?"

"I c-can't do that!" Jeremy sputtered, looking around. "Not here!"

"Aww, sweetie," said Nanny. "I know diapees are more comfy, but I need you to try. Would it help if we put you on a potty?"

Jeremy shook his head, but Nanny didn't listen. She extracted him from the machine, holding him close against her plush body so he couldn't squirm out of her grip as she carried him away. Jeremy cringed as soon as he saw where they were going: a training potty shaped like a big-mouthed frog.

"Oh come on," he whined. "Not the froggy potty!"

"I know, little one, I know," said Nanny, sitting him down and securing a locking strap around his waist to make sure he couldn't get away. "We just have to do this one time, then you'll never have to sit on a yucky old potty again."

He looked down at the ridiculous plastic contraption. The froggy was low to the ground, forcing Jeremy into a squatting position with his legs awkwardly high. A big tongue-shaped guard made sure no pee pee could escape. Worst of all, the 'belly' was clear so everything he released into it could be easily seen and measured.

"I'm setting a timer for five minutes," said Nanny. "Do your best to go pee pee and poo poos for me!"

The potty played a little song as the timer counted down. "Big kids go to the potty! You can do it if you're a big kid!"

Jeremy went beet red from head to toe. This was utterly ridiculous. He wasn't supposed to be here! Regression was for the people outside, the obsoletes who couldn't get a damned job. He wasn't like them! It wasn't fair! He was so lost in his indignant thoughts that he was surprised when the timer went off.

"Looks like you're just not ready for the potty, sweetheart," said Nanny, patting his head. "Don't feel bad. Now we know not to include potty time in your daily routine!"

"This is preposterous!" shouted Jeremy, unable to take it anymore. "Of course I can use the potty- I mean toilet. I just can't do it in front of everybody."

"Fussy fussy," said the nannybot, unstrapping Jeremy from the potty and picking him up. "Don't be upset because you couldn't do it. Lots of big babies can't use the big kid potty. And just between you and me, I think the alternative is much better and cuter too!"

Jeremy stiffened when he realized Nanny was carrying him toward the rows of automated changing stations, but as he tried to kick and push his way free, his arms and legs just sank deeper into the roo's soft plush body.

"Let me go right now, do you hear me? I quit!"

"Sweetie," said Nanny, depositing Jeremy on the machine. "You don't have a job anymore. You're just a baby!" Nanny forced him onto his back. The changing table took over from there, as automated straps immediately secured his chest and wrists to the changing table.

"T-this is a mistake!" said Jeremy, panic rising as the changing station selected an extra thick diaper decorated with baby dragons and stars. "I want to file a dispute!"

"A.I. doesn't make mistakes, little one. You're a baby now, and you need to accept that." Jeremy went pale. He had said the same thing to his coworkers when *they* were regressed and begging for help.

As robot hands slid the incredibly thick diaper under his butt, hidden speakers fed suggestions into Jeremy's ears.

"Diapers are fun! Diapers feel so good! I'm supposed to be here! I love to regress!"

"It's not fair!" Jeremy cried as the machine shook an ample amount of baby powder over his crotch, turning his penis and balls white as snow. "I'm irreplaceable!"

The robot hands pulled the thick diaper up, forcing Jeremy's legs wide open as the crinkly padding pressed into his crotch. Nanny counted as the hands secured the tapes one by one.

"Can you count with me, Jeremy? One. Two. Three. Four. Nice and snug!"

As much as Jeremy hated to admit it, the diaper actually felt *good*. It was cushy in all the right places and it cupped his penis and balls so softly.

"No!" Jeremy chided himself as he felt his erection returning to full mast.

"You keep getting big pokies, little guy," said Nanny, picking the diapered man up under the arms and making him dance. "I think maybe you're secretly excited to be a baby. Is that what's going on?"

"N-no!" said Jeremy. "You got it all wrong! I'm an adult!"

"No, sweetie. You didn't quite make it as a grownup, but don't worry. You're not a failure! You're just better at being a baby! Now, I'm going to give you a choice," nanny said, bouncing Jeremy on her arm.

A choice? Nanny was going off script now, and Jerry didn't know where this was going, but choices sounded good. This might be his chance to convince these damned machines that something was terribly wrong.

"Okay, little man, here it is: Do you want to try using the potty one more time, or do you want help using your diapers in Nanny's lap?"

"N-n-nanny's lap?!" asked Jeremy, completely confused.

"Aww! I was hoping you'd pick that."

"N-no! That's not what I meant!" said Jeremy, squirming in Nanny's iron grip. The big plush kangaroo, seemingly unbothered by her charge's protests, hopped over to a nearby rocking chair and sat down with Jeremy right in her lap.

"Story time, everyone!" called the nannybot, prompting the other daycare denizens to toddle over and sit in a circle in front of the chair.

"L-let me down!" said Jeremy, "I want to use the potty! I want to use the potty!"

"Shhh, sweetie, Nanny will help you use the potty in just a second." Nanny nodded as a dragon-shaped nannybot handed her a gigantic bottle and a storybook. "Thank you. The new little one is so fussy because he's excited to use his diapers. This should help him."

"No! Noo-mpf!!!" Jeremy's protests were cut off as Nanny stuffed his mouth with the huge nipple of the pacifier. Thick, chalky liquid flowed into his mouth forcing him to drink and drink and drink as Nanny cooed and rocked him in the bottle-feeding position.

"Jeremy's a baby!" called a regressed daycare worker, pulling down his shorts to show off his pull-ups. "I'm bigger than him!"

"Yes you are, Bobby, you know how to use the potty!" said Nanny, as Jeremy continued to fuss and squirm. Nanny poked the tent in Jeremy's diaper. "I don't think Jeremy even wants to learn. You can see he likes his *diapees* more and that's perfectly fine."

Jeremy went bright red as everyone giggled at Nanny's slanderous statement. He most certainly didn't like his *diapees* more, but the thick nipple in his mouth reduced his words to baby babble.

"Awww, did you hear that everyone? He's telling us he *can't wait* to make tinkles and poo poos in his diapees. That's what his special formula is for, yes it is! It'll have him filling his diapers in no time! Now, where was I? Ah yes, the story. This one is called... using your diapers is easy!"

Jeremy's eyes went wide as he realized that Nanny was feeding him diuretics and laxatives. This was bad. If he went in his diapers, the A.I. would log it in his permanent record, and he'd be forced to wear them even after he fixed this whole mix-up. Jeremy tried biting the nipple, and even plugging it up with his tongue to stop the flow of formula flooding his mouth, but nothing worked.

As Jeremy fought the nipple in his mouth, Nanny cracked open the picture book and showed everyone the first page. It featured an illustration of a chubby man in too-small shorts and a tiny shirt holding a finger to his mouth as he tried to decide between a potty chair and a changing station. A diaper was clearly outlined under the shorts and peeked several inches over the waistband.

"Some little ones know how to use the potty, but if that's too hard, don't worry. Using your diapers is easy!" Nanny paused and looked at everyone. "Does everyone know what to do when we want to use the potty chair?"

"Ooh! Ooh! Ooh!" The big babies all raised their hands.

"What do we do, everyone?"

"Ask a caretaker!" they called in voices that ranged from lisps to complete babble.

"That's right! But even if you know how to do that, it can be so hard to wait your turn. That's why everyone in the daycare wears their special protection just in case, whether they're potty trained or not."

Nanny showed everyone a picture of a regressed adult doing the potty dance as he waited for others to finish using the potty chairs.

"Holding it is hard, but it's easy to use your diapers!"

Nanny showed a picture of several people in the potty line looking relieved with their tongues lolling out as they filled their diapers.

Beads of sweat formed on Jeremy's forehead as the special additives in the formula began to irritate his bladder lining, sending messages of intense urgency to his brain while inducing his body to balloon his bladder with any liquid available. The bottle wasn't even halfway finished and he was already struggling, unable to close his legs around the thick bulk holding them open. What was worse, all that irritation and pressure made Jeremy's penis stiffer than ever, adding to the overwhelming sensations of urgency as it thrust against the soft inner lining of the diaper with every wiggle. That urgency would only increase until Jeremy gave up or flooded his diaper, but if he could just get through the story without losing control, he might have another chance to use the potty before that happened.

"Sometimes you just can't hold it and it's easier to just let it go," Nanny continued. "You can just let it all go and the diaper will catch everything."

Jeremy spotted several relieved faces among the circle of adult babies on the floor, their diapers expanding as Nanny's suggestions took hold. It looked so pleasurable. It would be so much easier to give in and let go. NO! What was he thinking? He couldn't let the training get to him. He had to resist! He had to-

"HNNNGH!"

Jeremy grunted and stiffened in Nanny's lap as his bladder suddenly spasmed, forcing out the first squirts of pee into the front of his diaper. He immediately clamped down, but it was already too late. The diaper had soaked it up instantly, causing the first star on the front of his diaper to change color ever so slightly.

"Jeremy made a pee pee!" called Bobby, pointing.

"That's right, Bobby, he did, but only a little bit. I think he needs our help to show him it's okay. Come on, let's all encourage him to go pee pee!"

Everyone began chanting 'Pee! Pee! Pee!' as Jeremy's legs trembled with the effort of holding his bladder. Jeremy whined into the nipple as his mouth filled with more formula. He still had a fourth of the bottle left, and not only was his bladder screaming at him, his tummy was starting to grumble ominously. That's when the special muscle relaxers kicked in. A torrent of warm hot pee flooded the front of Jeremy's padding as his muscle control faltered.

"Yay, Jeremy!" cheered Nanny. Everyone was clapping like he had made a big accomplishment. It would have been bad enough if they had laughed at him. Somehow, this was worse. Nanny continued the story as the gurgles in Jeremy's tummy grew louder, showing everyone a picture of the chubby man from the cover squatting with a big dumb smile on his face.

"This is Petey! Petey loves to use his diaper! He always smiles and makes happy noises when he fills it, because it feels so good! Are you a happy diaper filler?"

Several audience members raised their hands and shouted, "I am! I am!"

"That's right, little ones! It's easy to use your diapers just like Petey, and healthy too. You can do it right now if you feel like it!"

Several audience members scrunched their eyes shut and made pushy faces, followed by relieved sighs as they blorted their diapers in the open. What a bunch of idiots they were! Jeremy would never fill his diapers so shamelessly. He was going to wait until the story was finished and use the potty instead. Suddenly, Jeremy's toes curled and he let out a groan as the cramps hit him. He was sweating and grunting as

he felt a massive log fighting to escape his back entrance. No. No, no, no. They must have added that experimental rapid-bulk fiber to the mix. How much had Nanny fed him?

"Miss Nanny! Miss Nanny!" called Bobby, urgently shaking his finger. "Jeremy is trying to hold his poopie!"

"You're right, Bobby! You did the right thing telling me!" said Nanny, encouraging the little snitch. "Jeremy must still be a little shy. You know what to do, everyone. Let's encourage Jeremy to use his diapers like a good boy!"

"You can do it, Jewemy!" Called Hannah. "Don't be scawed!"

"It feels so good to make big poopies in your *diaper!*" said someone else.

"Bababa ababagoogoo!" said a particularly regressed man, clapping and giggling with glee.

Jeremy curled his legs up and scrunched his face as Nanny held the fat nipple in his mouth, forcing him to drink the last of the concoction as his butt muscles made their last stand. His buttole quivered as another wave of cramps hit him, and his new peers fell into a chant:

"Poop! Poop! Poop!... Poop! Poop! Poop!"

Just as he swallowed the last of the formula, Jeremy's bowels gave a mighty heave and pushed out a big heavy poopy right into the back of his diaper, forcing his buttole wider than it had ever gone. His body stiffened flat as a board as nanny pulled the bottle free, and Jeremy let out a gasp as he was wracked with the spasms of a full body orgasm.

Everyone in the daycare was treated to his unmistakable moans of pleasure as he unloaded wave after wave of pent up cum into the front of his diaper, adding to his relief as he pushed out the biggest poopie he'd ever made.

"That's right, Jeremy," cooed Nanny, tickling Jeremy's chin as the other adult babies cheered and giggled. "It feels so good to make poopies! And you're so good at it, too! Great job! Now, let's finish the story."

Jeremy went limp as Nanny opened the book to the last page, periodically twitching as he unloaded more pee, poop, or cum into his diaper.

"Using your diapers is fun and easy. It feels good knowing your diapers are always there. The end."

Nanny showed everyone the last page, with the whole line of adult babies in sagging diapers, satisfied smiles on their faces.

Those that had enough wherewithal left to do so clapped, while others simply giggled and drooled, sensing the happy mood of the room. Just then, an announcement came over the speaker.

"Good afternoon, citizens! It's another fantastic afternoon in this beautiful city! Let's give thanks to our A.I. overseer for making it all possible! In news that should make just about everyone happy, the ATC, or Anti-Tech Coalition, has negotiated an amicable agreement with our A.I. overseer. Starting now, all full-automation projects are cancelled, and human workers will once again work alongside nannybots and A.I. Any protesters that do not disperse and report to their work assignments within the hour will be collected by the nannybots for their own safety and taken to the nearest daycare center. Have a wonderful day!"

"Finally," Jeremy thought as he was lifted up by the nannybot and deposited carried toward the automated changing station. *"As soon as I explain my situation to a real caretaker, I'll be out of this stupid daycare and back where I belong."*

Jeremy watched his co-workers stream in, full of happy chatter as the straps of the changing station secured his arms and chest.

"Oba Heeyow! Wemme owwww!" He called. He paused, scrunching his face up in confusion and tried again. "H... Hap! Heyoooooop...!"

Oh no. They must have put the new oral nerve numbing agent in the formula! Jeremy realized he was drooling all over himself as the machine fluffed a fresh diaper for him.

"Ah baba goo goo to you too!" cooed Nanny, quietly. "Looks like you got lucky. If the announcement had come before your baba, you might have had to go back to being a boring grownup! I know you're still feeling fussy, but don't worry. We'll put you in the mind melting machine after this and get rid of all your big boy thoughts for good. Won't that be nice?"

Jeremy shook his head. No! This couldn't be right. He was still big!

To Jeremy's utter humiliation, his ex-manager Veronica walked over just as the machine was holding up his legs and wiping his poopy bottom.

"Aww! Looks like somebody's enjoying his permanent baby vacation, yes he is!" cooed Veronica.

"Bawommica! Moh! Dissama take!!" whined Jeremy.

"He sure is!" said Nanny, ignoring the man's outburst. "He's been tenting his little diapee since he got here!"

"Looks like he's scheduled for the mind melting machine next," Chad, the caretaker that Jeremy had brushed past that morning, "maximum setting. What a lucky boy!" Chad was grinning ear to ear despite Jeremy's frantic attempts to communicate. He leaned down and booped Jeremy's nose, looking him right in the eyes. "We'll treat him good, yes we will!"

The automated changing station continued its routine as his former co-workers chatted above him, wiping down his bottom, powdering his privates, pulling the thick and cushy diaper up between his legs for another snug and secure fit.

Jeremy looked down at the mega thick diaper bulging out from his crotch, its colorful designs and smiling characters taunting him. It was then he finally realized his adult life was over for good.