

Stressed At Work

By Champ (<https://champthehotter.com/>)

Harry has worked hard to move up in his company, but bigger positions come with bigger problems. Harry's biggest problem is stress, and it's ruining his pants! Will he be able to figure out how to stay dry and keep up with work? Only one way to find out!

"Ungh... Oh no! Not again!"

Despite his protestation, Harry had indeed done it again. Once again, he had come in his pants. Harry winced as he felt the wetness in his underwear. He looked down to see a dark sticky stain spreading over the front of his pants. "Aww, man! Why did I have to wear light pants today?"

It was at that very moment that Harry's Boss, Mr. Daily strode into the room.

"Mr. Styles! How are you enjoying your new office?"

Harry scrambled to cover up the spot on the front of his pants, Blushing as he stammered a response.

"Oh it's really nice, thank you. I am just trying to keep up with all the new responsibilities."

"Don't worry, son," said Mr. Daily, patting Harry on the shoulder. "You'll get the hang of it soon enough. You know my door's always open if you need any help."

Harry nodded and thanked his boss, thinking in his head that that would *never* happen. If he went to someone else for help, they might think he couldn't do his job.

But what would Harry do about his sudden frequent involuntary orgasms at work? As soon as Mr. Daily left, Harry made his way to the bathroom and grabbed several paper towels to stuff down the front of his underwear. *This will do for now*, he thought.

Harry got back to work and he was doing pretty well, at least until lunchtime rolled around. On his way to the break area, he stumbled and had another sudden orgasm, unloading his balls into his pants once more.

"Unnnnghhhhh!!!" The paper towels in his pants should have helped, but unfortunately they come dripped down Harry's thighs, missing the paper towels completely. "Oh no," Harry whispered to himself.

Harry was already embarrassed at the loud, spasmodic way he had orgasmed in the middle of the office. Several heads turned his way and he tried to make like he had stubbed his toe so that nobody would know what actually happened. Harry looked down in horror to see the outline of wetness running down his leg. It was faint, but still there. So much for lunch; He had to get to the bathroom again!

"Hold up there, buddy boy," said Harry's best friend Jeremy as Harry rushed toward the side exit of the office area. "Are you OK?"

"Yes! I mean no! I mean, I'm fine," said Harry.

"No you're not," said Jeremy, gripping Harry's shoulder. "You've run to the bathroom like five times today. What's going on?"

Then, Jeremy saw the wet stains on the crotch and thighs of Harry's pants. "Oh my gosh! Did you...?"

Jeremy didn't have a chance to finish the question, because Harry broke away and ran to the restroom, crying. He locked himself into a stall and continued sobbing until he heard a knock on the stall door. Then, he heard Jeremy's voice.

"Buddy, it's all right. Listen, they give these out for free in the women's bathroom. I grabbed you one. Nobody has to know what happened. I'll cover for you if you need me to. Just come back when you're all cleaned up.

Harry looked down to see Jeremy's hand offering a plastic packet underneath the stall door. He reached forward to take it.

"I'll leave you to it then," came the voice, and the retreating sound of footsteps told Harry he was alone again.

He opened up the package and his eyes widened as he realized what his friend had handed to him. It was a maxi pad. At first, Harry was incredulous, but after the initial shock wore off, he realized that it might be the best solution he had available to him. *Nobody has to know*, echoed Jeremy's voice in his head.

So much for all the paper towels, Harry thought, taking out the still mostly dry towels and crumpling them up. He blushed as he unfolded the maxi pad and fixed it to his underwear. It was so embarrassing, but when he pulled his pants back up he felt more secure. However, the thick feeling of the maxi pad over his bits could not be ignored. He definitely noticed it there as he shuffled over to the sink to wash his hands up. Harry's pants were at least already drying and he used the directional hand dryer to dry them some more, nearly getting caught as his boss walked into the restroom.

"You OK there, son? Did you have a little spill?" asked Mr. Daily.

Harry jumped in surprise. Luckily, his boss had come up with an excuse before Harry had to and he went with that.

"Oh. Oh yeah. I spilled. Yeah, that's it."

Mr. Daily gave Harry a questioning look, raising an eyebrow. "You know, the stress of a new position can do funny things. You let me know if you keep having these *spills*, and I'll see what can be done. My door is always open."

Harry nodded, blushing and looking down at the ground. He mumbled a, "Thanks sir," before excusing himself and scooting out of the restroom.

Harry stayed seated at his desk working until it was time to leave, but his mind kept wandering back to the increasingly frequent involuntary orgasms and their consequences. So distracted was he by the near disasters he had experienced that day that he ended up having several orgasms and soaking through his maxi pad without even realizing it. It wasn't until he stood up to leave that he felt the heaviness sagging in the front of his undies.

"Oh, sh-"

He quickly covered his mouth and sat back down with a squish. This was not good. Harry leaned back from his seat to look out at the office and he saw that the shared cubicles were still bustling. He couldn't clean up in his own office either. His room had a big glass wall with a door in it, which meant no privacy.

Harry gripped his desk and stared into the wood grain as another convulsion hit him, along with a wave of spin-tingling pleasure, and a familiar feeling of warm wetness covering his crotch. He would just have to wait it out. Yeah, that was it. He'd leave when it got a little more quiet.

An hour later, Mr. Daily walked in.

"Heyyy, Harry! How's my newest future executive doing? Working hard or hardly working? Haha."

Harry managed a weak laugh, but his heart was hammering in his chest. His thoughts went something like, *does he know? Can he see the bulge in my pants? He can smell me, can't he? I can smell me, so he must be able to smell me. I just know it. I'm going to be fired. I'm going to be laughed out of the office. I-*

"Sayyy, Harry, you look a little tense there," said the boss, squeezing his shoulder. "You need to go downstairs for a massage tomorrow."

Another wave of uncontrollable pleasure. It was all he could to prevent himself from crying out in ecstasy. Harry bit his lip as he felt his pelvic floor spasm once more.

"S-sure thing, Mr. Daily," squeaked Harry, fidgeting more and more the longer his boss stood there. Mr. Daily looked him in the eye a minute, then backed off.

"Don't you stay too late now, son. That's an order! They're gonna be locking up the office soon so I want you out of here in the next ten minutes, or else."

Harry just nodded, and only exhaled when Mr. Daily was fully out the door.

Ten minutes? That was like a countdown to his doom. He squeezed his legs together and felt the wet squelch of a cum-soaked pad there. Then he saw the beginnings of wet spots around the sides of the pad and he knew it was time to go.

"It's now or never," he whispered to himself as he saw Kathi, the office manager, walk past on her way out. He ducked out of there like Neo in the Matrix, running the backway to the side exit which would take him to the hall by the bathroom. He made it out into the hall and found himself in front of the bathrooms which were also by the stairs. He hesitated.

Harry couldn't drive home in cum-soaked pads. He'd have to toss them out in the bathroom. He walked inside, and stopped in front of the trashcan, looking around to see if anyone was inside. He nervously eyed the door to the restroom as he reached down the front of his pants, but he was frustrated by the front of his shirt, which went down too far to allow him access to his undies or the pad located within. He'd have to unbuckle his pants...

He thought about just doing it by the trash can for a second, but shook his head.

"No, I can't risk it," Harry muttered to himself, and he made a beeline for the bathroom stall instead. When he pulled down his pants he was hit by the overpowering smell of cum. He had really done a number on his pad. It was so soggy, he wondered if he had peed himself too. He peeled the pad away, the sticky backing pulling on the material of his boxer briefs as he did so.

"Eww..."

Harry made a face as he held the soaked pad by his thumb and forefinger. "Well, so much for- eeeunnnhhhh!" He hunched over, his cock suddenly spasmed, spraying cum all over the side of the stall. He managed to turn and get the rest of it into the toilet, as he kept on spurting. It was going everywhere and there was so much of it, it might as well have been piss. For all he knew, it was piss, and his body was just too stupid to tell the difference.

"Damn it," he said to himself, gasping from the umpteenth orgasm. "I'm going to have to cancel my gym membership. This is a hecking workout!"

He wrinkled his nose at the musky scent of his seed. He could almost see the smell rising off of the stall walls and the cum-soaked pad he still held in his fingers. Harry awkwardly brought up his pants and underwear, fumbling with the belt buckle while he held the soggy pad at arm's length. Then he noticed that he had painted the front of his pants as well.

"Aw, man! It looks like a friggin' Jackson Pollock painting!"

This was just great. How was he going to get out of here without anyone noticing? Harry steeled himself. The longer Harry waited, the more likely he was to get caught. He pushed open the stall, but just as he did, the door opened.

"Shoot!" Harry quickly ducked back into the stall and sat down on the seat. He heard someone whistling and walking toward the other stall. He could hear the footsteps. Keys jingling in the man's pocket. Then the footsteps stopped just past his stall.

"Huh. What's that smell?"

Harry gulped, not daring to move. Not daring to breathe. Then the footsteps continued. As soon as Harry heard the stall door close and the locking latch slide shut, he bolted, hurrying over to the trashcan to toss the evidence. He hurried toward the door, not bothering to wash his hands, and he heard the latch sliding on the door, he jumped and ran, nearly tripping over a cleaning cart on his way out.

"Hey!" he heard a voice call out behind him, but he was already out the door, his heart beating like a jackhammer.

Harry rushed outside to the emergency stairway, and down the 10 flights of stairs as fast as his legs would carry him. He nearly tripped over himself going down, but he made it. Soon, he was on the ground. The concrete plaza that led to the parking garage. It was relatively empty, but his pants were a mess and he knew he was taking a risk going to the parking structure where everyone else's cars were parked. Leaving the stairs, he peered around the edge of the building and the coast seemed to be clear, so he rushed toward the parking garage as fast as his legs would carry him. If only he'd brought his briefcase, he could have covered up his pants. Luckily he didn't encounter anyone. It wasn't until he reached his car that it hit him.

His *briefcase*.

"No, no, *no!*" Harry frantically fumbled through his pockets for his car keys. He checked them once. Twice. Three times. "Damnit, they're not there!"

He knew where they were, though. They were in his briefcase. And his briefcase was in the building. A building that locked up in... he checked his watch. Five minutes ago!

"Crap..."

He didn't have much choice... either he could try and get into the building, or he would have to call a Lyft to pick him up. Either way, it would be hard to hide his messy situation. He shuddered as he was wracked by another orgasm, and a fresh wet spot appeared in his crotch and ran down the leg to soak his socks.

"It's gotta be this... unhh... s-stress," he panted... this was so stressful, but yet it felt so good. Did he actually enjoy cumming his pants like this? He shook his head. This was so wrong...

Harry felt guilty that this was happening. He felt like he was some kind of pervert, but Harry couldn't help it. And the longer he waited, the worse the situation got.

There was no getting around it. Harry had to get back into the building and get his car keys. He looked around again. The parking garage was mostly empty. Maybe he could take the main stairs back up. People always took the elevator, never the stairs, or so he thought. However, when he got close, he heard footsteps, and the voices of his co-workers talking as they came down.

"Damnit!" Harry didn't stop to hear what they were talking about. Instead, he hurried to the back of the building.

Harry still had his wallet at least, and that should, in theory, give him access to the service elevator in back. There was nothing to hide behind, so speed was his friend.

"As long as they don't see me from the front, they can't tell how wet my pants are," he said to himself. The long walk past blank slabs of concrete to the service elevator was unnerving. This area felt so empty, even compared to the rest of the mostly empty building, and it always gave him the creeps when he was the last one to leave. The lights were automated so it was often dark in the building when he left, and the halls would light up, illumination following him as he walked out.

Here on the backside, with the slanted sun in his face, he just felt like maybe his boss was right. What was he doing to himself going through all this trouble? If he had just left thirty minutes sooner, none of this would have happened. He wouldn't have made a mess of the bathroom or his pants. At least not until he was safely in his car.

Now?

"Dangit... work, damn you!"

Harry cursed as he fumbled with his keycard. Was he swiping it the wrong way? He looked around getting more nervous by the second as he tried to swipe the card every which way he could. Then, the arrow on the elevator turned green with a ding.

"Finally," Harry said, relieved as the elevator door slid open. Then, his face fell. Harry's heart started jackhammering when he saw that a custodian was in the elevator, and they were looking him up and down. "Oh, shi- eunnngghhhh!" That was enough to set him over the edge again, and he began spasming uncontrollably in his pants, this time releasing his bladder as well as his balls. "Nuhhh-uuhhhhh nooo," he whined, clutching his crotch in embarrassment.

The man standing before him was tall and burly, with huge hairy arms and a big hairy moustache to boot.

"So you're the one that's been making a mess of things in there, huh?" The big arm reached out, grabbing Harry's shirt and yanking him into the elevator with a yelp.

"Uhhnnnnn!" whined Harry, still unable to formulate words as his body was wracked by yet another orgasmic convulsion. It was at this point that he gave up trying to hold anything in and began just pissing his pants completely. It hurt too much to hold in, and felt so good to let out, like a warm shower between his legs.

"Alright, pants piddler. You've got some explaining to do."

"I-I'm sorry," cried Harry, fighting to get words out between the orgasmic bladder spasms that rendered him speechless.

"Phew, you smell like cum," said the man, waving his free hand in his face as the elevator doors closed, trapping them both inside a hotbox of sex stench and pee smell. "What is this, some kind of sex thing? Is this how you get off?" asked the man, looking like he wanted to dunk Harry in the big bucket that was hanging off the side of his cleaning cart. "Yeah, you need to clean up, man. Bad."

"I-I just need to get into the building. Left my car keys and..."

Harry's voice trailed off. He realized how ridiculous he must sound with his appearance as it was. The man probably thought he was nuts anyway.

"You want me to let you into the building?" asked the man, looking at Harry skeptically.

"Yes, please," squawked Harry, totally humiliated as he heard the drip drip dripping sound of his own piss and cum hitting the floor beneath him.

"Don't you think you've made a big enough mess?"

"I'm s-s-sorry," said Harry. "I'll clean it up! I'll clean it all up! The elevator, the bathroom... I promise!"

The man rubbed his chin, but Harry noticed something else bulging out of the man's pants. Was he...?

"If you want in, there's one thing you gotta do..."

"Anything!" cried Harry. "You name it!"

The man opened his mouth and said...

"You've *gotta* wear a diaper to work, man. We can't be cleaning up messes like that all day."

Harry's jaw dropped as the man casually pulled out a cute diaper adorned with cartoon animals and stars from the cleaning cart.

"W-w-where did you even get that?" Harry asked.

"Got plenty more where these came from," grunted the man. "I'll make sure your bathroom is well stocked with 'em for when you need a change."

Harry's eyes bugged out, but he could bet on one thing. There was no way he was getting home without agreeing to what this man said.

"Well, go on. Take it," said the man, shaking the diaper at Harry. "Do you need help getting it on?"

"Put it on? Here? Now!?!"

Harry was fairly humiliated, but what could he do? The man handed him the diaper, and when Harry didn't take it, he pressed it into Harry's hand, insisting. Then he stepped back and crossed his arms.

Harry looked at it like he didn't know what to do with it. The man uncrossed his arms, looking less sure.

"You need help?"

"N-No, I don't need help!" said Harry, defensively. He looked back down at the diaper and whimpered, completely inexperienced with this type of thing. The man snorted and lifted Harry up, much to Harry's consternation.

"Hey! Wha? Put me down!"

"Upsie daisy, and down you go," said the man, laying Harry out on top of the cleaning cart. Before Harry knew what was happening, his pants and undies were around his ankles.

Oh, this man was good. He grabbed the bunched-up cum-crusteds pants between Harry's ankles and pulled them high up to lift his legs and butt off the cart. Harry couldn't kick or do much at all while the big man took complete charge of the situation, sliding the diaper between Harry's legs in the nick of time. Harry felt another spasm, and shuddered, squirting cum into the air. The man quickly dodged, pulling his head to the right, but the cum kept coming, spurting Harry's Pants, his own tummy all the way up to his face, and finally, into the diaper, when the man quickly folded it up between Harry's legs to contain the mess.

"Man, you're a little fire hose, arentcha?"

Harry blushed and covered his face.

"Oh god, I can't believe this is huh--unhhh- h-happening..."

Harry's mind wanted to fuzz out in pleasure as he felt that wonderful feeling of release between his legs. The thick diaper's crinkles brought him out of it, though, as he was quite aware of what was being done to him.

"I'm not a baby," he said, defensively.

"Nobody said you were," came the man's reply, smooth and soft as butter. Harry felt himself getting hard despite himself, but the man was already taping up the sides of the diaper, making it impossible for Harry's erection to reach full mast.

Harry reached up when he finally recovered.

"Ah ah ah," said the man, whipping Harry's pants away. "No more of these."

"What?! B-but..."

"No butts, diaper butt. I want to know that you're padded while you're in there. You have five minutes to get your things and *maybe* I'll give you these back. And if you ever come into this building without a diaper again, you'll be going pantless during working hours too.

The elevator dinged and the doors opened up to Harry's floor.

"Five minutes," said the man.

"Wait, that's not enough time! I- I don't even know your name!"

"It's Larry!" called the man, as the elevator doors closed. "Now hurry your diaper butt up!"

"Geez," said Harry to himself, as he rushed into the office to grab his things. "At least no one else is here."

It was true, the lights were all off in the office, though they were coming back on as he walked through. That was the creepiest part about him staying late. It always felt so empty and... wait a second... did he hear something? What time was it, anyway?

Harry checked his watch.

"Cripes! I gotta get outta here! Time's almost up!" Harry hurried to his office and saw his bag sitting there. He didn't even bother checking inside for his keys, just grabbed the bag and headed out. Then he heard a sound that froze his blood.

"Hello? Anybody there?"

It sounded like it was coming from another one of the offices. Harry didn't stop to answer, just hurried as fast as his legs would carry from him, crinkling with each step. He was in just a diaper and shoes from the waist down. No way he was going to stop and wait for someone to catch him like that. He pushed his way out into the hall again and saw the elevator with Larry standing there, arms crossed and looking at his watch. Larry looked up to see Harry. Larry's moustache twitched and he raised his eyebrows as the doors began to close.

"No! Wait!" yelled Harry, sprinting even harder, the loud crinkles and the jangling of his bag strap following along as the air whipped past his bare legs. Just then, another orgasm hit him, and he could feel his cum spurting out into the soft confines of his puffy diaper. His knees went weak, and he almost tripped over himself, but he used his forward momentum to keep pushing forward. There was no time to lose. The doors were closing, and he was running as hard as he could, his hand outstretched.

But just as he reached the elevator, the doors closed, and his hand met cold metal.

"NO! Nononono..." Harry looked around frantically, his heart beating hard in his chest. Then he saw the elevator button lit up. He hit it, and the doors opened back up.

"So you made it after all," said Harry, as Larry ducked inside, making sure to hide himself from the view of the office he had just left. Larry looked at Harry, his moustache tilting up in an amused smirk, then he looked out into the hall, waving at an unseen person.

"Huh... didn't know anyone else was in here..."

"I... *huff* didn't... *huff* either..." said Harry, between breaths, as he sank down to his knees. "Please... close... door..."

The doors dinged shut of their own accord, and soon Harry felt the car shift as it began its descent toward the ground floor.

"You almost ran out of time in there, didn't you?" said Larry. "So easy for crinkle butts to get distracted in there, I'm sure. You sure you work there and weren't meant to go to daycare?"

"Ha-ha," said Harry, with a scowl. "*You're* the one who made me wear these!" he said, pointing toward his own cum-soaked diaper.

"And you're the one who made them necessary, leaving a mess all over the bathroom like that. You should know better." Larry crossed his arms and glared at Harry.

Harry frowned. "It's not my fault, alright? I just-" He stopped and sighed, still sitting on the floor. "Look, would you just give me my pants back?"

"You sure you want them back, but?" asked Larry. "I'd say they're pretty well ruined. They're wet, sticky, and I'm not sure you'll ever get those stains out..."

"Just give 'em back, okay?"

"Here, ya go, bud," said Larry, shaking his head and tossing Harry the pants off his cart.

Harry winced as he shucked on the cold, slimy pants. They were anything but presentable, but it was at least better than a diaper out in the open. When the elevator dinged at the first floor and the doors opened, Larry turned to Harry.

"You good to go, then?"

"Yeah," said Harry, keen to get out of there as soon as possible.

"Me too, I was on my way out when you found me."

"Cool story, bro," said Harry, already making his way out of the elevator. He was stopped, however, by the iron grip of Larry's large rough hand on his bicep.

"One last thing," said Larry, looking down at Harry.

"Huh? W-what's that?" asked Harry, afraid at what he would be told to do next by the towering custodian.

"You'll need these." Larry pulled a stack of diapers much like the ones Harry was wearing now from his cart and handed them to Harry. Harry just looked at them, astounded, so Larry continued. "So you don't run out before you show up to work tomorrow. You better keep two in your bag at all times in case you need a change. And you'd *better* be *wearing* them when you come in tomorrow. Or *else*."

"And what if I don't want to?" asked Harry.

"Play nice and this stays between us. Otherwise..."

Harry gulped. Larry had seen a lot. He didn't want to think what the custodian could do with that information.

"Alright, you win," said Harry, through gritted teeth.

"You can come to my office in the basement if you need more diapers, or help changing. I'll make sure we stock up the bathroom as well."

"Oh, joy," said Harry, scowling. This blew, but he wasn't going to stick around for the Custodian to pile on any more conditions. He instead hurried to the parking garage, stack of diapers in hand and shifted them onto his hip so he could free up a hand to dig through his bag.

"Let's see, let's see... where are those damned keys?"

Harry rummaged through his bag, getting frustrated at the absence of jangling keys as he searched.

"Hold on... what's this? A note? I don't remember- whoa!"

The stack of diapers that Harry had been balancing on his hip went flying every which way as he lost his focus.

"Damn!"

Harry frantically went about gathering all the diapers, even getting on his hands and knees to fish a couple out from beneath the car.

"Ah, man, this isn't gonna work," he muttered to himself, as he nearly lost control of the stack again. He looked around nervously, wondering if anyone else would come

out to see his embarrassing new uniform of shame. He shook his head. "I've gotta do it...I can't believe I'm doing this..."

With one more nervous glance, Harry placed his stack of diapers on top of his car and began searching through his pockets all over again.

"No, no no no no... unhhh..." he convulsed as he felt more wetness squirt into his diaper, blushing as he felt it swell up all the more under his pants. "Wh-why do these feel so... unh... *good*?" he muttered to himself, more annoyed than ever. He didn't *want* to like them. He shouldn't have to wear them at all, much less *enjoy* wearing them, but the feel of the thick diaper pressing up between his legs felt so good.

Harry finally gave up, exasperated, and looked at the piece of paper again. "What about this note, then?" Harry read the note, eyes growing wider as he read it over again just to make sure he read it right.

"What is this shit?"

Somebody knew. Somebody knew about his... problem... but who?

He pulled out his phone to call a Lyft. The battery was on one percent. Then the screen went black.

"Crap. My phone's dead!" Great. Things were just getting better and better for him. He looked around again and nearly jumped out of his skin as he saw Larry leaning against the car across from him.

"Get locked out of your car, huh?"

"Okay, what gives? Did you leave this note in my bag?"

"I didn't touch your bag, kid. I just took you up in the elevator to get it."

"Yeah, I guess so." said Harry, eyeing the man suspiciously. "What are you doing here, anyway?"

"Going home, what else? I was on my way here when you bumped into me begging to be let back into the building. You're welcome, by the way."

"Well, I'm sorry for wasting your time. I still don't have my keys so it looks like I'm stranded."

The man sighed. "Alright, kid. Get in."

"What?"

"I said get in. I'll give you a ride." The man shook his head and unlocked the door. "Hurry before I change my mind."

"A-alright, fine. Thanks, I guess..."

As annoyed as he was at Larry for putting him back in diapers, Harry didn't want to be stuck in the parking garage all night either.

"Hold up," said Larry, holding out an arm as Harry made his way toward the passenger seat. "Let me check how wet you are..."

"H-hey!" said Harry, as the large mustachioed man reached his hands down the back of his pants to feel the wetness.

"Hmm... I dunno, I don't want you leaking on my back seat..."

"Come on, man, you already got me wearing this ridiculous thing..."

"It's called a diaper, buddy boy. And it's a good thing you're in it, too. Do you even *know* how wet you are right now?"

"What?! I- I don't..." Harry looked down at himself, as if he didn't quite believe it.

"Probably better that you don't drive anyway. I saw how you were spasming back there by your car... and in the hallway... you really should get that checked out by a doctor, you know?"

"L-look, I'll be fine, *man*. Just... are you gonna give me a ride or not?"

The man sighed again. "Alright, fine. But if you leak..."

"I'm not gonna leak," said Harry, making his way toward the back seat.

"Hold it," said the man, holding up his arm to bar the way once more.

"What is it this time," asked Harry.

"Don't forget your diapers."

Harry looked over to his car where the diapers were stacked.

"Oh, crap! I forgot..."

He ran across to grab them and bring them back with him and set them down inside the car. He had to ride all the way back home sitting next to his big stack of diapers. It was so embarrassing he barely knew what to say. But that wasn't the worst of it, because when they got to his house he realized something.

"What's wrong, kid? You looked like you swallowed some castor oil."

"It's, uh... my keys," said Harry, barely able to choke out the sentence through his embarrassment.

"Your... oh... You've gotta be kidding me, kid..."

Harry shook his head. "I wish I was..."

"Hey kid, listen," began Larry, throwing his arm over the back of the passenger's seat as turned to look back at Harry. Then he paused. "W-wait... what are you doing?"

"N-nothinggggg," said Harry, fighting to keep from crying and instantly losing as he broke down in sobs.

Suddenly unnerved by Harry's tears, Larry found himself both feeling for the guy and unsure of what to do. "H-hey, listen... it's not all that bad, kid. You gotta know how to break into your own house, right? You probably have a key hidden somewhere..." Harry just sobbed and shook his head. "O-or an unlocked door or... a window?"

"I'm so stupid," said Harry. "S-so stupid and now I'm crying all over your car and getting it all wet..."

"Kid... that ain't tears... whoa, whoa, whoa, get out of the car. Now."

The man's sudden stern tone shocked Harry out of his tears and he jumped out of the car, fully expecting Larry to drive off, but instead, Larry put the car in park and stepped out of the car, rolling up his sleeves.

"You heard what I said, didn'tcha? I said no leaking in my car or else."

Harry winced, as the man approached. *He's gonna hit me!* He thought, Wincing and raising up his hands to protect himself. His defensive position left him completely undefended for what was really happening.

Harry was still wondering when the hit would come when he suddenly felt a cold whoosh of air around his legs. He looked down to see his pants around his ankles.

"What the- whoa!" Harry found himself lifted up off the ground by one of Larry's powerful arms around his torso while Larry used his free hand to take Harry's pants completely off before releasing him.

"N-no!" yelled Harry, covering trying his best to hide his soaked diaper.

"I'd be quiet if I were you," said Larry, gruffly. "Do you want the whole neighborhood to hear?"

Indeed, a few passers by glanced curiously at the spectacle on their street.

"G-give me back my p-p-pants," whined Harry, feebly reaching out. Larry held them out of arm's reach.

"These dirty old things? Not a chance, kiddo. They're cum crusted and damp. What you need is a diaper change, and that's just what you're gonna get. Shoulda gotten one before we left. Don't know why I listened to a kid like you who doesn't even know he needs diapers..."

The big muscular man muttered to himself as he went about grabbing a diaper and opening the back car door.

"In ya go, kid," said Larry, pointing. "On yer back! ...Unless ya wanna get changed in front of the whole neighborhood..."

"N-no! I'll go, I'll go." Harry quickly complied, getting on his back on the newly opened diaper so that the big man could change him. "But you know, I really don't need-"

"Don't even try it, kid. You obviously need them. Look!"

Sure enough, when the man opened up Harry's diaper and held it up, there was clearly a yellow tint to it.

"What the...? B-but I didn't- I mean I... what?!" Harry couldn't believe it. He could have sworn it was just cum in that diaper. How could he have pissed himself and not known it?

"Well, looks to me like you don't know *what's* happening down there," said Larry, as he deftly changed the poor professional. "Don't worry, that's what they're for. You don't worry your little head about it, kid. I'll have you right as rain in no time. There, see? Doesn't that feel better?"

Harry sniffled. "Y-yeah... a bit..."

Larry nodded as he patted Harry's diaper.

"That's right. Now about your little housing situation..."

Harry started to sit up, rubbing his eyes and looking toward his house. He was really stuck now. He watched, blushing as the man walked over to the garbage bin and tossed his diaper. Then, he began unbuttoning his shirt to wrap around his waist so he could step out of the car with some dignity. Before he even finished standing up, Larry was there, arresting him with a palm on his chest.

"Hold it, you're not going anywhere, buddy boy."

"Wha?" asked Harry, not sure he was hearing things right.

"You can't even change your own diapers, much less survive out here on your own without your house keys."

"I-I mean, I can just call the locksmiths!"

"With what phone? Your phone's dead, isn't it? And I'm pretty sure the neighbors aren't prepared to look after a big kid like yourself while you wait for a locksmith to get here."

"No, I guess not," said Harry, frowning and rubbing his arm. "So what am I gonna do?"

The man shook his head. "Shoot. I guess you'll just have to stay with me."

Harry's eyes went wide. "W-what? Really?"

"Yeah, really. I'm not leaving a kid like you out on your own like that."

"Y-you don't have to," sniffled Harry, grateful even if the man was keeping him diapered.

"Yeah. I do. Now stop your belly aching and get your seatbelt on. It's time to go home, kid."

Harry sniffled and nodded. Today was stressful enough. He didn't want to have to do any more thinking, so letting Harry take over seemed the easiest thing to do, and a welcome relief from all his stress at work. It made this whole situation seem a little less scary. He didn't even notice that Larry's comment about going home seemed to imply that they were *both* going home now.

The man made sure that Harry's seatbelt was secure before walking back around to the driver's seat.

"Alright, kid. Off we go!"

Harry blushed. This man made him feel like a little kid - like he couldn't be trusted to buckle himself in. And of course the fact that he was sitting in the car with nothing but a diaper on below the waist didn't help. This was the strangest day ever, but somehow Harry hoped it would all work itself out. Tomorrow everything would go back to normal, right?

"Okay, kid, here we are." The big man pulled into a driveway and put the car into park. Harry sat up groggily and realized he must've fallen asleep. After such a tiring, stressful day, who could blame him?

"Whuh? Where are we?"

"We're home, bud. Now let's get up and go inside."

It was a peaceful neighborhood scene. Orange clouds in the early sunset sky and neighbors walking their dogs and chatting. Harry looked down and blushed, remembering that he had no pants on - only a diaper.

"Um..."

"Oh, come on. Nobody here even knows you. What you embarrassed about?"

"But there are people about," said Harry, timid about his outfit. From the waist up he was a professional go getter - suit and tie. From the waist down he looked like an overgrown infant - just a diaper to hide his shame. But Larry the custodian wasn't taking no for an answer, he yanked open the door, unbuckled Harry, and picked him up.

"Come on, bud. Legs around my waist. Off we go!"

"H-hey! Put me down!" Harry tried to fight it at first, but after a few moments, he gave up. Harry's fussing just drew more attention to the big baby as he was carried to the front steps.

"Hey neighbor!" called a man as they were halfway to the front door. "Pick yourself up a little buddy?" Harry tried to hide his face as his heart rate spiked.

"Yup! He showed up at my work. Poor guy had a little bladder problem and he didn't even have any protection... oops! There he goes again!"

The excitement was just too much for Harry and he jerked and spasmed, filling his diaper with more warm liquid and turning the front a deep yellow while Larry continued gabbing with the neighbor. It seemed that Harry had run out of cum and his body had switched over to pee-pee instead. And yet, it felt no less pleasurable to fill his soft padding with warm wetness. Just super embarrassing.

"Alright, bud, chat with ya later!" called Larry, waving and giving Harry a little pat on the crinkly tush for being a good boy and making pee-pees in his pampers where they belonged. Harry had been so lost in the sensations of wetting his diaper uncontrollably that he completely missed the rest of the conversation. "See? Everyone's nice here, kiddo. Nothing to fret about. Now, let's get you inside so you can relax, huh?"

Harry nodded. That sounded good to him.

Larry shifted the poofy professional onto one hip as he reached into his pocket and jangled his keys, bouncing him as he sorted through them. He had so many keys on so many carabiners that it was a wonder they weren't there all night.

"Okay, let's see here. Nope not this one. Not this one... Oh! Here we go." And in they went.

The house was a one story ranch style house. It looked pretty respectable from the outside, and inside it was also nice, if a bit dated. Wood paneling lined the walls, track lighting lined the ceiling, and the carpet was an ugly shade of tan straight from the 70's .

Harry thought that Larry might let him down when they got inside, but that was not the case. Instead, Larry carried him straight into the living room and plopped him down in front of the TV.

"You wait just a second while I get something." Harry had barely a moment to wonder what was happening before Larry returned with a soft fleece blanket and set it on the floor.

"Alright. You sit on this and don't move," said Larry, picking up Harry under the armpits to move him onto the blanket. "Just stay there awhile."

Harry scoffed as the big burly man picked up the remote control and switched on the TV.

"Cartoons? Seriously?"

"Seriously," said Larry. "You're way too stressed, or didn't you notice?"

"Of course I'm stressed! I've got things to do. People count on me! I need to charge my phone and-"

"What you need is to shut up and switch off that brain for a sec, or do you want to lose control of more than you already have?"

"What do you mean?" asked Harry.

Larry just patted him on the head and said, "Don't worry about it right now, kiddo. You just rest a bit, you've had a long day."

Harry sighed and sagged, as if all the fight had just drained out of him. Larry was right. It had been a long day. Satisfied, Larry left Harry to watch TV. Harry turned his attention to the screen, and caught himself chuckling a bit at the antics of a cartoon cat

chasing a cartoon mouse around the rooms of a cartoon house. Then he stopped, chiding himself for laughing at such childish humor. He looked around for the remote, but soon realized that it was nowhere to be found. The big guy must've walked off with it.

"This is dumb. I haven't watched cartoons in... *years*. I don't have time for... Oooh! I *remember* this episode!" Harry found himself laughing again as he watched one of his favorite episodes of the show. Before he knew it, the big man had returned. A tap on the shoulder was sufficient to get Harry's attention once more. Harry turned to see that Larry had changed into pajama pants and a tank top, and was carrying something fabric on his arm.

"Hey, you wanna take off that work shirt and tie, bud? You don't have to be so dressed up here."

Harry nodded, and then blushed as Larry reached out to loosen his tie for him.

"I can do it myself," Harry said, pulling away, but the man's big strong hands just kept at it, slipping off the tie and unbuttoning the buttons as if Harry hadn't said anything at all.

"You can wear this shirt for now," said Larry, his face calm with a hint of a gentle smile as he removed the pampered professional's work shirt. "It'll be pretty big on you so you won't feel so naked."

"And no pants?" asked Harry, giving up on stopping the man from taking charge of his dressing.

"Hehe, not a chance. It's easier to check ya this way, super soaker."

Harry's face went bright red at that. "I'm not a...! I mean, look, I don't go peeing my pants all the time."

"So this is new?" asked Larry. "Arms up."

"Yes! That's what I've been trying to tell you!" said Harry, putting up his arms so the big mustachioed man could slip on the shirt. Harry looked down at the shirt to see the big smiling faces of the cartoon mouse and cats while Tom Kat sat there in booties, a bonnet, and a diaper looking fussy. "...Oh, come on, really?"

"I think it suits you," said the man, smirking.

"I don't like cartoons," said Harry, crossing his arms and soaking.

"Oh, no. Not in the least," said Larry, patting Harry's head. "That's why you were having a giggle fit for the past hour. Now you stay there a bit. I'm going to cook us up something to eat. And *no thinking*. That's an order."

The man ruffled Harry's hair and walked over to the kitchen. It was really only separated from the living room by a wraparound counter, leaving the big man with a clear view of Harry at all times.

Harry watched as the man walked over to the cabinet and got a cup. He filled it with juice from the Fridge and fiddled with the top.

"You're bound to be dehydrated after all that liquid you lost," called Larry. "I wanna see you drink all of this."

"Thanks," called Harry. "I am a bit thirsty."

Harry was grateful for the drink, but when Larry handed it to him, he was shocked.

"I-is this a sippy cup?"

"I don't want you spilling," said Larry, simply, and walked back to the kitchen to turn on the oven.

Harry grumbled a bit as he stared at the cup.

"I don't see you drinking," called Larry, and Harry put the cup up to his lips. It was the man's house after all, so he supposed he had no choice. He raised his eyebrows as the delicious taste of juice hit his tongue.

Harry took a gulp. And another. And another. And before he knew it, it was gone.

"Thirsty?" asked Larry, picking up the empty cup and shaking it.

"I've... not had juice in a long time. It was tasty," said Harry, averting his eyes.

"Well, don't worry. There's plenty more where that came from. I'll get you another."

Another cartoon came on and Harry soon found himself engrossed in the story of Seamus the Sheep. Next thing he knew, he felt a hand on his rear and he jerked away.

"Hey! What's the big idea?"

"Whoo, boy, you're soaked!" said Larry. "You sure you only just started peeing in your pants, kid? You're piddling like a pro!"

"Yeah, I'm sure," said Harry. "I mean, no! I didn't pee my pants. I didn't have to go at all this whole time! Wait a second..." Harry wiggled around and realized with horror that Larry was right. The padding around his tush was squishy and warm.

"It's fine," said Larry. "I was prepared for this. Lay back and let's get you changed again. Then it's yum yum time."

"This is ridiculous," said Harry, crossing his arms and looking away as the big man took care of the wet diaper around his waist.

"Well, it's not like you can do it yourself, so you best just shut it and let me take care of it."

"I get that I need to de-stress, but I'm not a baby, you know. Come on!"

Larry wasn't afraid to put the blushy boy in his place. "Says the little guy laying there on the blanket and getting changed in the middle of the living room like a two-year-old. Care to rethink that assessment, kiddo?"

As he spoke, Larry went through the motions of changing Harry like he had been doing this his whole life, wiping, balling, placing, and powdering. Folding, taping, and running his thick fingers around the leg guards. Finally, Larry picked Harry's legs up to run his fingers all the way back, which caused Harry to giggle as the sensitive skin where his butt met his thigh was brushed.

"Hee hee! That tickles!"

"Hold still now, bud. The faster I finish the faster I can let you go. I'm not having you leak on *my* rug." Despite the stern words, Larry was smiling, his moustache tilting upward as he looked at the adorable little man who thought he was a big professional. Larry would take all the time he needed regardless of what Harry said. When he was finally satisfied, Larry gave the man a soft pat on the crinkly butt with his big warm hand and declared him all dry. "Now, are we ready for num-nums?"

"Yes, please," said Harry, happy to end the blushy change. Being taken care of by another man like this was both thrilling and embarrassing. He didn't want to admit it, but part of him liked it.

Harry seemed rather happy to get a seat in a regular chair, half-expecting a high chair or something. His face suddenly fell, however, when he found out what he was going to eat for din-din.

"Dino nuggies and juice box?! How old do you think I am, man?"

"It's perfect for you, bud. Relax. Besides, I'm not asking, I'm telling you. That's your dinner, so eat up. He crossed his arms and raised his eyebrows when Harry looked around, confused at the lack of flatware to eat with. It didn't take long for Harry to realize what was expected of him.

Harry grumbled as he dipped his nuggies by hand in ketchup. As he nommed on his nuggies, it was also surprisingly good and he once again was forced to reconcile his enjoyment of the childish options given him with his own self image as the up-and-comer at work.

"You're thinking again. We really need to work on that," said Larry, shaking his head as he ate his own dinner, which was much more adult.

When they were done, it was bedtime.

"Bedtime already?!" asked Harry.

"For little guys like you, definitely."

After a quick tooth brushing, Harry was led to his bedroom for the night. Harry paused as soon as they walked into the room. He was not surprised to find that his accommodations would be quite juvenile, but he never expected to see a crib big enough to fit him.

"I-is that really where I'm gonna sleep?"

"Sure are, kiddo," said Larry. "But not before you change into your jammies..."

"My what?"

It turned out the 'jammies' were a zip-up sleeper.

"You've got to be kidding me!" said Harry, but the bigger man's serious face told him otherwise. He relented, thinking that he could just take it off after Larry left the room but he was in for a surprise when he felt a click as soon as Larry finished zipping him up. "What was that?"

"Just a little extra measure to make sure you don't strip off your jammies or diapers in bed."

"What?!"

"That's right, buddy. You're gonna have to get used to these because you'll probably never be able to sleep again without protection. But don't worry, you can't find a comfier pair of jammies. Now get comfy, bud. Here's your plushie and I'll leave a night light on for you."

Harry couldn't believe it. As the crib rails were brought up and clicked into place, he realized he would not be able to get out of the crib on his own. He really had fallen far all in one day.

"Nini, lil guy," said Larry, ruffling the smaller man's hair and turning to go.

"Nini," whispered Harry, embarrassed beyond words. "At least this is only for a night," he said to himself, as he lay there in the crib, hearing crinkles from his diaper and the mattress protector with each movement.

"I wouldn't be so sure," said Larry, mumbling to himself as he listened from the other side of the nursery door. He pulled up his phone and cycled through his contacts list. "I wouldn't be so sure, little man..."

That morning, Harry woke up bright and early. His daily schedule of getting up at 6am so he could be at the office before 8 made it automatic for him to just wake up with or without an alarm. The problem was that he could wake up, but locked in his sleeper and crib, that was about all he could do.

"Oh, gosh, w-what time is it? I- ungh- o-ohhhh shit..." Harry hunched over as he had his first big cum of the day, squirting into his pamps, and then his morning wood and his full bladder decided to unleash all his piss into his diaper, filling it with warmth, flooding it so it grew thick and heavy between his legs.

"Noooo," he said, rubbing his forehead. These involuntary orgasms were getting worse. Now he wasn't just cumming in his pants, he was pissing them too. "Why is this-unh- happening?!"

The more he fussed, the more he seemed to spasm and splatter his diaper with involuntary orgasm after involuntary orgasm. It was about on his fifth orgasm that Larry finally strode into the room.

"Oh! You're up early! I thought I heard you moving around in here. Hey, are you okay, little man? What's wrong?"

"That's what I was gonna ask you!" said Harry, as the big man hurried to his side. "I have to get to work... I need to- unh- go... I- hnnngghhhh..." Harry hunched over, out of breath and weak at the knees as his pelvic muscles spasmed involuntarily and his cock throbbed in the thick, warm, pressing confines of his diaper. Unable to remove it with his secure sleeper on, he could only just stay there on all fours trying to catch his breath. "Why is this happening to me?!"

"It's stress," said Larry, "pure and simple. I could say it was because you were a baby, which I could be forgiven for thinking based on how you look now, but simply put, you need to relax, champ."

"But I can't relax!" said Harry, gripping the bars of his crib and supporting himself as he stood up. "I have to go to work! I have a job to do!"

"You aren't going anywhere, buddy boy," said Larry, crossing his arms. "Except maybe to the changing table."

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"I called in for you. You're out sick."

"W-what?!" said Harry, his jaw dropping in shock. "You can't do that! I could lose my job if I don't show up, I could- hnnghhhhhhhhhhhh ohhhh godsss..." His knees buckled and he held onto the railing of the crib for dear life as an even more intense and pleasurable orgasm ran through his body.

Larry sighed and shook his head. "Alright, fine. I'll call your boss and you can talk to him."

Before Harry could recover and say no, Larry had Mr. Daily on the line on speaker phone.

"Bob, I have Harry here. Our little man doesn't seem to understand the meaning of sick day. You want to tell him?"

Bob? Was Larry really on a first name basis with Mr. Daily?

"Harry, my boy. Take some time off. That's an order. You need to get your rest in or you won't be good for anybody. Now you be a good boy and do as Larry says, Okay?"

"Y-yes sir," stammered Harry, hardly believing his ears.

"Good, boy," said Mr. Daily. Then he spoke to Larry. "You got everything you need, Larry? You think you can handle him for a while?"

"Sure do! We can always take the kid to the Rec Room if I need to come in."

"Thanks, Larry. But you better not come in today either, or I won't be happy. You've got your hands full as it is, I'm sure. Just take good care of our boy and bring him in when you think he's ready to come back to work..."

"You got it, Bob."

The two of them ended the call without any further input from Harry. Harry was shocked. This didn't make any sense at all. But he was soon distracted from that thought as he was lifted out of his crib by the big moustachioed man and deposited on the changing table. He lay there as Larry undid his sleeper and pulled down his thoroughly soaked diaper.

"I can do it my-"

"Yeah, yeah, you can do it yourself. Sure. And I'll teach you how, soon enough, since you may be stuck this way for quite a while. But for now, all you are going to do today is rest, and I'll take care of the diapers. Capeesh?"

Harry just shut up and nodded. Mr. Daily had said to do whatever Larry said, after all, and Harry didn't want to disobey his boss. He certainly didn't want to piss someone off who was on a first name basis with his boss either. Harry just hoped this was a temporary problem - if this is what it took to make his little problem go away, it would be worth it. He wasn't so sure about Larry's methods, however. Looking down between his legs to see the soggy padding coming off, the wipes, the stacks of diapers nearby, just waiting to be worn by him... it all seemed a little too crazy.

"Alright, little one. Out with the old..." Larry balled up the heavy diaper and tossed it in the pail. "In with the new!" Larry quickly fluffed out and placed a fresh dry diaper under Harry's butt, and began to oil and powder the man.

Harry bit his lip as the sweet smells of powder and oil assaulted his senses, and the warm pleasurable feeling of Larry's big strong hands touching him down there overtook him. It felt so good... he didn't want it to feel so good, but it did. The smells were a comfort. The touch... felt so good he had to bite his lip and hope he didn't spurt. Even the thick diaper that was being pulled up between his legs felt safe, snugly securing what was between his legs so he didn't have to worry about any accidents getting out and making a mess.

"There you go, bud. All safe and sound in your diaper. Now let's get you some brekky and put on some cartoons. You just relax and let Uncle Larry do the thinking today."

Harry whimpered and nodded. Let Larry take care of it. That seemed the sensible thing to do. Just relax. Yeah. He could do that... couldn't he?

Harry didn't feel right taking a whole day off work, but Mr. Larry set him straight as he set Harry in the high chair.

"Listen, little one. The big boss said you are to rest today and do as I say, yeah? And that means being a good little guy, and *behaving* like a good little guy. Right?"

"Well..." Larry wasn't so convinced.

"He told me to bring you back in when / think you're ready, and I don't think you'll be ready until you've spent a whole day without any adult thoughts or distractions. Do you understand?"

Harry didn't know what to say. He was stunned. "A wh-whole day? Like this?" He looked down at himself. Mr. Larry had put him in a t-shirt with a certain smiling purple dinosaur on front and diapers to match. Somehow, Harry felt like he had shrunk down in a single day from a man to a tot. It wasn't something he'd ever expected, but he had to admit, diapers *did* make surprisingly comfortable underwear.

"Hehe, don't worry kid, Uncle Larry'll check your diapers and change you when you need it." The caretaker-custodian clicked in the tray enclosing Harry and blocking his view of the diaper.

"I wasn't lookin at... my di- uh...." Harry blushed. He'd almost called them *his* diapers.

"Buddy," said Larry, turning to get the babied man some breakfast. "You can say it. Go on... what weren't you looking at?"

Harry blushed. "M-my.. my... d-d-d.... I *can't*," he said, covering his face.

"Oh, I think you can," said Larry, pouring some hot water over oatmeal and stirring it up. "Just accept it, ok? Today, you're a baby. You're lucky you get a day off like this, so you should enjoy it. Boss's orders."

Harry thought it over. if Mr. Daily said it's okay, then it had to be okay, right? And he certainly didn't want to get in trouble for disobeying his boss.

"Yeah, okay," said Harry, admitting defeat. "I'll try.."

"Good," said Larry, setting the bowl on the tray. "Because if you don't, you'll be taking another day off, and another until you finally give that adult brain a break. Now open up for the airplane!"

Harry blushed even harder as the big man brought the spoonful of cinnamon raisin oatmeal toward his mouth. He whimpered and looked at the man, whose smile never wavered.

"Aww, what's wrong, little guy? You look like you're missing something... oh, I know! Your bib!" Larry smacked his palm on his forehead and got up to tie a cute Puppet Avenue bib around Harry's neck. The smiling red monster on the front seemed to be laughing with joy at how he had been turned into a baby, and the thick padding forcing baby Harry's thighs apart wouldn't let him forget it.

"I don't need a bib," said Harry, frowning.

"We'll see, baby boy," said Larry, and sure enough, on his first spoonful, Harry made a mess.

"Here comes the airplaaaane!"

Harry opened his mouth to say that he didn't like oatmeal, but the man quickly stuffed the spoon in the hanger, pulling out and tipping it up as he did so to leave all the mush in Harry's mouth. Harry tried to protest, but he forgot to swallow before he spoke and ended up spitting up some oatmeal onto his chin and bib. Before he could wipe it away, Larry was there with the spoon to scoop the oatmeal on his chin back where it belonged, making Harry feel even more babyish and helpless.

"That's okay, bud. You're still learning! Let's try that again!"

Larry's cheerful attitude did not go away as he kept talking down to Harry and feeding him. Harry didn't want to embarrass himself any further, so he just did his best to eat without making a mess, which was sometimes hard as the big man shoveled the food into his mouth so quickly. By the time he was finished, Harry felt quite full and let out a big burp. He covered his mouth, but Larry just laughed.

"I guess you must be all full, huh?" Harry nodded. "Good. Now it's Uncie Larry's turn to eat."

Uncie Larry? Thought Harry, as the man returned to the stove to make himself some bacon and eggs.

"Heyyy, how come you get bacon and Eggs?" asked Harry.

"Because I'm a grown-up, little boy. This is too rich for your tummy."

Harry crossed his arms. Larry was making fun of him, he was sure of it.

"Well, can you at least let me out?" asked Harry, unable to reach the latch under the highchair tray himself.

"No can do, buddy boy," said Larry, cracking an egg on the edge of the pan. "It's much easier to keep an eye on you while I'm cooking if you're in the high chair. You're just gonna have to wait till I'm finished with my own meal."

Harry didn't think he liked being a little boy very much. It seemed like he didn't get to make *any* decisions.

"Aww, don't make such a frowny face, kiddo," said Larry. "You'll be out of your chair in no time and then you can watch some more cartoons. Won't that be fun?"

Harry didn't watch cartoons. He didn't eat from a high chair or wear diapers either. But it seemed like for now, all that logic went out the window. Because right now, he did *all* of those things. He watched in envy as Mr. Larry sat down to his own meal, eating it quickly, and drinking a cup of coffee along with it.

"C-can I have some coffee?" asked Harry, sorely missing his own morning cup of Joe. Larry looked at him.

"Haha, no. You're too little! How about a nice bottle of warm milk instead?"

"N-no, that's okay," said Harry.

"Milk it is," said Larry, getting up to make him a warm bottle. Harry smacked his palm on his forehead. Why did he have to open his big mouth?

"Here ya go," said Larry, a few minutes later, and he set a large bottle of milk in front of Harry. It was bigger than any baby bottle he'd ever seen, and looked more the size of a big sports bottle.

"Do you think you're big enough to drink this on your own or do you need to sit in Uncie Larry's lap?"

That bottle couldn't have gone into Harry's mouth faster if it had rocket packs attached. There was no way he was going to be given a bottle of milk in some guy's lap. Uncie Larry chuckled and patted Harry's head before returning to finish his breakfast.

The milk was surprisingly sweet when warmed up, and Harry found he actually quite liked it, though he had to actively suck to drink it, and that took work. He was actually *working* at drinking from a bottle like a baby. His face went bright red and he could hardly believe he was doing this.

Then, as he got into the rhythm of suckling, he shuddered and suddenly felt warmth flooding his front. His diaper got hotter and tighter around his bits, spreading his thighs further as the padding soaked up all his pee-pee and swelled more and more.

"Unhhh," said Harry, pulling the bottle out of his mouth with a pop and sending a few droplets of milk flying. He moaned, once again flooding his diapers involuntarily.

"Uh oh... is somebody having a little accident? Good boy. You see, this is why you need your didees!"

Harry hated to admit that what the man said was true. If it wasn't for the diapers, he would have left a huge puddle on the floor below. But how the diapers held it all, he had no idea. He was even more surprised when Larry finally got up, kneeled down, and gave his diaper the squish test, declaring the diaper good for another few wettings.

There was no way for Harry to check that himself with the tray in the way, and once again, he was reminded that he really couldn't do much on his own without Mr. Larry's help.

"Okay, kiddo. Now let's get you down, but before we do... I have something very special to help you remember to forget your adult thoughts.

Harry was getting impatient at yet another delay from his very important day of... watching cartoons or whatever it was babies did. However, it only took Larry a moment to pop into the nursery and return with a pair of booties and mittens, just like the ones that Tom Kat had been wearing in the cartoon the day before.

"Do I have to?" he asked, but Larry was already securing the booties around his feet. Next came his hands, and Larry watched as his ability to grab anything himself was locked away under the thick poofy mitts.

"Okay, kiddo. Down we go," said Larry, finally unsnapping the tray and helping Larry down. "Onto your hands and knees, though, no standing on your own today."

"Now wait just a second," said Harry from the floor. He began to get up. "I'm not going to crawl like a bab- OW!"

Harry immediately went back down onto all fours and looked up at Mr. Larry with a hurt look of betrayal.

"Aww! Sorry, kiddo. I tried to warn you! You're just too little to walk."

Larry bent down and gave Harry a crinkly pat on his bottom, before urging him forward to the living room.

The world looked so different on all fours. The furniture was higher, and Harry especially noticed that there were things he just couldn't reach from down there. The child gate that Larry set up, and the playpen he was placed in were perfect examples. Larry picked up the remote.

"Alright, kiddo. Now it's time to watch your shows. You're gonna be a good boy and watch 'em all, right?"

Harry didn't really feel like watching baby shows.

"Can't I watch something else instead? Like the news?"

"Well, if you think TV is too big for you, you could play with the toys in the playpen..."

Harry looked around. Some stuffed animals. Toy keys on a ring. A teether... Not very interesting.

"W-well... what show are you putting on, then?"

"I know what kiddos like you like to watch... Here we go..." Uncie Larry turned on the TV to the Cartoon Junior channel and pretty soon a familiar purple dinosaur filled the screen with his goofy grin.

"Blarney?!" cried Harry, mortified. "But that's... BABY stuff!"

"Look at yourself," said Larry. "I'd say that's YOU stuff!"

Harry looked down and was reminded that he was wearing a white and purple Blarney t-shirt and a blarney diaper. The silly dino grin smiled up at Harry, mocking him - or perhaps welcoming him - to be a big baby.

"That's right, kids! Good little boys don't use big boy words!"

"What the?" Harry looked up to see the big smiling face of the purple dino filling the screen, and he was instantly transfixed. "Uhhhhhhh-"

His mouth hung open as he stared and began to drool slightly.

"Okay, kiddos. Sing and clap along, now! It's the ga ga goo goo song! Ga ga goo goo ga ga goo! Ga ga goo goo ga ga goo!"

Harry began to mimic the words as he watched. "Ga... ga... goo... goo..."

"Very good!" said Blarney. "You're learning to act your age! I'll bet that feels really good!"

Harry began giggling uncontrollably, falling on his back, his thighs spread wide by his thick wet diaper. With his eyes off of the TV, he slowly began to come out of the fog he was in.

"Uhh... Wha? Wha hopen?" he said, slurring his words slightly. His eyes went wide. "W-wa can' I talk?"

Uncle Larry smiled. "It's okay, kiddo! You're just being a good boy acting your age! Yes you are! Go on, say goo goo gaga!"

Harry looked at the big man with confusion on his face, but found himself saying the words anyway. "N- nuh- gooo goooo gaa gaaa! Unhhh"

"Oh yes! Doesn't that feel good? One more time! Goo goo ga ga!"

"Goo-- unhhh... g-goooo gaaaaa!"

Harry shuddered as his body contracted, forcing a full load of cum straight into his soggy padding. It was obvious what had happened not just because of Harry's jerky spasms, but because white goo could be seen collecting around the leg gathers, making sticky strands whenever the padding pulled away from his legs.

"Yes! Being a good little boy feels soooo good, buddy! Why don't you watch some more Blarney?"

Larry sat the babied man up, and turned his head toward the screen once more.

"That oughtta do for a while. Now Uncle Larry has some things to take care of. You just be a good baby and watch your show, and feel so good! You're being good when you use your diapers and not the floor or your pants!"

Larry left Harry to watch the baby show, gooing and gaaing as he came uncontrollably into his diaper.

Larry took some time to file a full report on Harry's employee progress, including his loss of control, and recommended certain 'accommodations'. Harry's 'Development Plan' went straight to Mr. Daily before Larry cracked his knuckles and returned to the living room.

The smell of baby powder, pee, and cum was as thick as fog by as Larry walked in to see the big baby sitting in a puddle of goo. The show had changed to one with soft nursery music playing, and Harry was smiling, sucking his thumb, and hugging his baby lamb while steadily leaking precum which spilled over the waist and leg bands of the diapers.

"Looks like the supplements are working," said Larry to himself. "Guess it unplugged his pipes, but he's producing so much he's really gonna need even thicker diapers..."

Despite being in an incredibly soaked diaper, Harry looked completely relaxed.

"Well, I might just leave him a little longer. Little guy seems pretty happy like this," chuckled Larry. He decided it would be best to let the boy relax until lunch. By then he was sure to be totally baby brained. "Gosh, he sure is cute like this! I wonder what Mr. Daily will think?" Mr. Larry took several pictures of the big happy baby, smiling, drooling, sucking his thumb, cuddling his plush, and soaking his diapers in a puddle of his own cum. The smiling face of Blarney could still be seen on the front of his diaper, covered in white spunk and yellowed from the pee-soaked padding. It was the perfect illustration that this young manager had no control at all, and he really needed the biggest thickest diapers available.

"This little guy will be the perfect tester for the new super duper soakers," said Larry, sending the pictures off to Mr. Daily. It wouldn't be long before Harry was back to work at this rate, and lucky for him, Larry had clothes that would accommodate the infantilized employee's new ultra-thick diapers.

When lunch time rolled around, Larry carefully untaped the diaper and used several wet wipes to squeegee the cum off of Harry's crotch, belly, and thighs. He dropped them in the puddle when he was done before picking Larry up under the armpits and laying him down on the thickest diaper yet.

This one was so thick, it practically poofed out to Larry's knees, and made his butt lift up several inches off the carpet.

Harry looked at him, and tried to say something but all that came out was baby babble.

"That's right, little guy! Diaper!"

Harry shook his head and tried again, but it was no use. He'd totally lost his speech for the moment. Frustrated, he huffed and crossed his arms as the ridiculously thick diaper enclosed his bits, forcing his legs out wide. These diapers would have completely prevented Harry from walking even if he *hadn't* been wearing spiked booties.

Once again, Harry was obliged to crawl across the house til he got to the kitchen where he was helped into the high chair. With the thick diaper on, his poofy padded butt filled up all the space in the high chair and Uncie Larry could barely get the tray on.

"Gosh, we're gonna have to drop the seat," said Larry, surprised at just how thick the new diapers were. Folded in half they were thicker than a dictionary, so it wasn't so surprising, but still, no one had ever produced enough liquid to test it out. Larry left the

room with a bowl in hand and returned with a warm bowl of what looked like clear whitish pudding.

"Okay, buddy. It's time for lunch! Aww, looks like your little pee pee is already trying to soak your pampers! Good luck, little guy. You're gonna have to work pretty hard to do that!"

Harry babbled as his hips jerked, and he instinctively stuck his thumb in his mouth as the warmth flooded the diaper around his bits, feeling so good. Larry took note at how Harry seemed to drain all his tension into his diaper... And when that happened, it was like Larry could see the big baby draining all his adult thoughts as well.

"You're going to be much more relaxed at work from now on," said Larry, chuckling.

Harry cocked his head, not comprehending what Larry was getting at, but he didn't say anything. He just sat there in his high chair looking confused.

"Don't worry your little head about it, little guy! Here, eat up! It's super nutritious!"

Larry then spooned the bowl of delicious white goop into the waiting Harry's mouth. It was so good that Harry was licking his lips, and trying to lick it off his chin and cheeks where some had been deposited. Some splattered onto his bib as well, as he eagerly ate it up. It was no ordinary goo, however.

"I see you really like the taste of your own cum, buddy," chuckled Larry. Harry didn't seem to pay him any mind, eagerly opening his mouth for more.

"Good boy!" said Larry, chuckling at the sight of the man gulping down his own cum. "Eat up all your num nums!"

Larry really did have to tell Mr. Daily about the ambitious employee's antics. This one was a keeper for sure.

"Alright, baby boy! Up and at 'em! It's time to go to work!"

Harry groaned and held up a hand as the light of the sun hit his eyes. Larry had pulled open the drapes.

"Wha? Whas goin on?"

"Ohhhh, goodness," said Larry, laying his large hand over the front of Harry's gargantuan swollen diaper. It was soaked. "Look at you, baby boy! You actually did it! Looks like we finally found a customer base for our super duper soakers!"

"Wha? What the? No, I don't... I don't need diapers," said Harry groggily, shaking his head. He was still shaking his head and babbling as he was carried to the changing table. Harry watched wide eyed as his diaper was ripped open, exposing his leaking pee pee to the cool air. Then it spurted out a stream of urine all over the already drenched padding as he looked on in dismay.

"No more control," said Larry, clucking his tongue and shaking his head. "You sure *do* need diapers, buddy. And you're gonna wear them from now on. No more squirting in your pants at work, got it?"

"But I can't wear these diapers to work," said Harry. "Everyone will see the big bulge!"

Harry groaned as the big man wiped him down, and pulled away the waterlogged padding, only to replace it with another incredibly thick diaper, though not so thick that it would force Harry to crawl like the super duper soakers did. Larry smiled as his big hands slathered Harry's bits with protective cream before pulling up the thick diaper with a strong tug, securing the man in the plastic cocoon with four super strong diaper tapes.

"My pants will never fit over these," said Harry, hoping to get something a little more discreet.

"It's okay," said Larry. "You just stay right where you are."

Harry didn't have much choice, because Larry made sure to pull a strap over his chest to hold Harry on the table while he was gone. He waited in anticipation, the scent of baby powder filling his nose as he watched the man walk over to the closet. What was he going to bring back? A onesie? Footie pajamas?

No, it was just slacks. Like the ones he had worn to work every day except...

"Legs up. There we go." Larry slid the pants up Harry's legs and tugged it up over his butt. Alright, buddy, now doesn't that look sharp?"

Larry unstrapped Harry and sat him up on the table. Harry looked down to see his pants stretched over the thick diaper. They had a lowered crotch, but that only made more room for the massive diaper bulge. What's more, they seemed to hug his legs in such a way that the pants literally conformed to the outline of the diaper making it super obvious that he was pampered from every angle.

"I can't wear this," said Harry.

"It's the *only* thing you can wear," said Larry. "Unless you want your big baby clothes back..."

Harry shook his head, his eyes fearful as he imagined what his bosses at work would say if he came toddling in dressed like a two year old. Larry leaned forward, until he was nose to nose with Harry.

"You need thick diapers, Harry," he said, staring the man in the eyes. "You need super thick diapers to soak up all the leaks from your super drippy pee pee. And you'll never be able to wear normal pants again... But..."

Larry grabbed the front of Harry's pants and tugged, and two rows of snaps came undone, revealing the front of Harry's diaper.

"Look how cool your new pants are! It's super easy for anyone to check you if they need to. Unless you think you can check yourself..."

"I can! I can!" said Harry, scrambling to button his pants back up. Who had *designed* pants like this anyway?

"Good," said Larry. "Like I promised, I'll make sure the restroom is well stocked with plenty of diapers for you. But you'd better remember to check yourself and *change* yourself throughout the day... one mistake... and it's out of your hands for good, got it?"

Harry gulped and nodded. He would have agreed to anything to get out of there and back to his adult life, though he had enjoyed some parts of his time off. At least, he thought he had. The memories were pretty fuzzy, and as he tried to think back... how long had he been there, anyway?

The truth was, he'd been with Larry a whole week. Plenty of time to make sure his potty training was gone forever, and that his baby training had set in nice and deep.

"Arms, up, kiddo. Time to put on your work shirt!"

This, at least, seemed like a regular dress shirt. The only thing that was odd about it was the smiling face of Blarney on the pocket.

"Aww, really?" asked Larry, as he looked down at the goofy face of the big dino.

"Come on, buddy, he's your favorite!" said Larry, setting Harry down on his feet so he could admire himself in the mirror. "And besides, Blarney always reminds you to rub your diaper!"

It was weird walking on his own two feet instead of crawling, but Harry managed to stumble to the big full length mirror to look at himself. Sure enough, when he caught sight of the purple dino staring back at him, his hand went right down to the front of his pants and began rubbing. Harry bit his lip. "Unh..."

"See? I knew you still liked your baby shows! Or maybe you just like being a little diaper spunker."

Harry blushed and turned his head away. He didn't want anyone to know how much he really enjoyed it. What was he going to do at work if he couldn't keep his hands off his diapers?

"Okay, buddy, off we go," said Larry, scooping up Harry and carrying him to the high chair. "It's time to feed you a good breakfast so you can have a great day at work!"

Harry groaned as he saw how much milk he was going to have to drink. Larry sure kept him hydrated, but this was ridiculous. Two full gallons plus a big helping of his own baby batter. Harry's stomach groaned just thinking about it.

"Down the hatch!" said Larry, as he funneled the liquid into Harry's mouth. "No time to hand feed you today!"

Larry had to keep gulping to keep up, and could already feel his diaper growing warm as his pee pee flooded it to make more room in his bladder.

It was lucky he was wearing a big bib or else he would have ruined his shirt for sure. Even so, a drop of spunk managed to land on Blarney's face. That always seemed to happen one way or another with Harry.

Getting into the car was interesting. Harry's butt was so huge and puffy, that Larry had to literally shove it into the back seat, even with the passenger's seat pushed all the way to the front. He pulled the belt around Harry and buckled him in.

"I look ridiculous," said Harry, whose legs resembled two toothpicks sticking out of his huge puffy padded pants.

"You look adorable," said Larry. "Exactly like the little pants-soaker you are. Now quit complaining or I'll tell your boss you need another week off work."

That shut Harry up. He just tried to keep from fidgeting and especially tried to keep from rubbing his diapers as he was driven to his place of employment.

As he saw the familiar building, he began to get nervous. What was he going to say when he got in?

"I think I'd better walk you up to your office," said Larry, after parking and helping Harry out of the car. "You're looking a tad too skittish for my tastes, and I want to make sure you make it to your desk safe and sound."

Harry tried to hide behind Larry as they walked out of the parking garage toward the elevator, but that was hard to do with the big man holding his hand. People stopped to look at them, but instead of laughing or gawking like Harry expected, they smiled and waved.

"Hi Harry! Hi Larry!"

"Hi guys! Happy Monday!"

"Lookin good, Harry!"

Harry was stunned. Did he know all these people?

Larry chuckled. "And you didn't think you'd be able to go back to work like this. You're more popular than ever!"

"Yeah, I guess so," muttered Harry, utterly confused.

Up they went to the 5th floor, across the open area to the office doors, where Harry was led in. Beth the receptionist waved a friendly hello.

"Welcome back, bud!"

"Uh, h-hey, Beth," said Harry, nervously as he was led forward by the big man, totally waddling with his obvious diaper bulge sticking out for all to see. He was glad when they finally made it to his office and he could sit, though his diaper bulge was a little too big to squeeze under the desk.

"Alright, little buddy. I'll leave the rest to you. Don't forget to check your diapers and change, or I'll make sure somebody does it for you, got it?"

Harry nodded, looking over Larry's shoulder and hoping to goodness nobody heard that. Satisfied, the big man left Harry to his work.

After a week of baby-brained babbling, Harry had a hard time getting back into the flow of things. He could barely remember where the keys were on his keyboard, having to hunt and peck to make even the simplest sentences, but he did his best to focus on his work that day, only guiltily sneaking peeks at his phone every so often to catch some Blarney or Muppet Avenue action on BabyTube and furtively rub his diapers. A couple hours into his work day, they were finally getting to that soft and squishy consistency he loved. Then, he realized he was leaning back in his chair, tongue out, rubbing in earnest.

"Oh gosh no," Harry said, turning quickly back to his work. He looked over to see if anyone was watching though the totally transparent wall that separated him from the

cubicles at the center of the office. Harry scolded himself. He had to stop rubbing his diapers. That was completely inappropriate for the workplace. And yet every few seconds he would look down at his computer keyboard to try and remember where the letters were to type, only to see his dress pants totally bulging from his thick diaper. And that just made his thingy hard, which made the thick warm soft diaper even more exciting.

Harry shook his head. This had to stop. He was supposed to be doing things. Important things. What things? He sat there, trying to think.

"Oh my gosh, the TPS reports!"

He pulled up the Work Chat messenger app in case anyone from the office wanted to contact him quickly.

"Sry 4 late tps," typed Harry, in a message to his boss. "I finish fast 4 u!"

"Sounds good! :-)" came the response. That was odd. Since when did Mr. Daily send him smiley faces?

But there was no time to dwell on it, there was important work to be done! Harry managed to make a new report, starting at the top of the page and carefully typing 1. Then a new line. 2. Another 3. He knitted his brow in concentration, and eventually made it all the way to 10.

"There," he said, sitting back and admiring his work. "A job well done."

He had nearly forgotten the strange message from his boss, but when he sent the report off to Mr. Daily and the managers and VPs who all requested to be copied on it, he got another response from his manager Veela in the Work Chat messenger app.

"Great job! ;-)"

Harry was left scratching his head. Since when had his bosses been so encouraging?

he felt an odd tugging at the sides of his face and realized he was smiling. All that encouragement made him feel good, he realized. It made him feel... little.

"I sure wish I had a pacifier to make me feel even more little," he said to himself. Then Harry's eyes went wide as he covered his mouth. "What the heck am I thinking? It's not like I *enjoy* being a big baby..."

Then his other manager Kathi came into the room, totally frazzled. "Oh my gosh, Harry, do you have a moment? I need your help."

"Yeah, of course!" he said, standing up, then covering the front of his pants self-consciously as he realized his diaper bulge was showing.

Kathi didn't even seem to notice as she handed him a handful of crayon boxes.

"The crayons in these boxes are all mixed up! Someone put the blues with the blues and the reds with the reds and- well, I just need them all sorted. Do you think you can do it?"

No problem," said Harry, making his serious face. This was serious business.

"Oh, thank you! And I brought you some coffee to help you through the morning since I saw you didn't have anything to drink."

Kathi set a huge thermos on Harry's Desk and wiped her brow.

"Whew, thanks so much, Harry. I owe you one. Let me know when you're done - with the crayons *and* the coffee, kay?"

"You got it!" said Harry, shooting her a thumbs up.

He knew his colors. He had just learned those the other day, he was pretty sure. They were a lot like numbers!

Harry drank his coffee and worked away at the boxes, and even though he got his colors mixed up a few times, he thought he did a pretty good job.

"Al dun!" Harry managed to type, hunting out each letter before sending it off to Kathi via Work Chat.

"Really? And the coffee too?"

"Ya"

"Amazing! Great job, buddy! :-D" Harry giggled at the big smiley face, but when Kathi showed up with a gold star sticker and placed it on his shirt pocket, he was beaming.

"Thanks for doing this," she said, gathering up the crayon boxes. "You're really something, Harry. You're going to get a great review from me later!"

Harry barely had time to wave goodbye because just as Kathi was leaving, Beth came by with the tea cart.

"Can I offer you a big drink of Tea, buddy? You look thirsty!"

Harry didn't remember there being a tea service before, but he thought it sounded lovely, and after all, his thermos of coffee was pretty empty.

"I'll take that," said Beth, happily handing Harry an even bigger thermos of black tea. Harry dimly realized that all that liquid meant he probably needed to do something soon, but he couldn't for the life of him remember what. When he sat down, he noticed just how wet and squishy his diapers had become.

"Oh!" he said, as if he had just remembered something. "This is perfect! I love it when my diapees get like this!"

He grunted in frustration, knitting his brow in consternation as his pants got in the way of all the rubbing he wanted to do, so he did the thing any sensible diaper rubber would do and tugged down on the front of his pants to reveal the front of his waterlogged diapers.

He smiled in delight as he began to play with the diaper, rubbing it felt so good. So amazing, that he totally lost himself in the feeling. The feeling kept building and building getting better and better, and he looked at the smiling face of Blarney on the front of his shirt. Yes, that's right, Blarney was encouraging him to rub his diapees like a good crinklebutt!

"Unh!!!" he cried out, shuddering as his balls and prostate contracted, unleashing a torrent of cum into the front of his diaper and causing a complete blowout that took out half his desk as well as the chair that he was sitting on. Cum flew out over his leg guards instantly soaking his pants, and it soaked the belly of his shirt as well. He lay back in his chair, sitting in a puddle of his own cum, totally relaxed, his tongue lolling out. He lolled his head to the side and caught sight of someone in the doorway. Then he froze. He went pale. It couldn't be. It absolutely couldn't be! But it was...

"Mister Styles!" boomed Mr. Daily, staring at Harry with wide eyes. "To my office! Now!"

Harry was quaking in his shoes as he followed Mr. Daily to his executive office. His pants were dripping wet and he was leaving a trail of gunk behind him as he tried to keep up with the boss, but no one in the office seemed to mind. They just waved, as friendly as ever, despite the fact that Harry's dress clothes were absolutely covered in cum. Mr. Daily briefly stopped by the front desk before turning toward his office.

"Beth, please send over Harry's change of clothes to my office, would you?"

"Sure thing, boss!"

By the time they got to Mr. Daily's office, Harry was a mess, both figuratively and literally. Harry threw himself to his knees on the cold marble floor, clasping his hands as he looked up at Mr. Daily.

"Please, please, please don't fire me, sir! I didn't mean to do it! I just couldn't help it!"

"Fire you?" asked Mr. Daily, with an incredulous laugh. "My boy, I'm not going to fire you. I'm just here to help you into a nice new diaper!"

"Wha?" The Executive in Chief's statement broke Harry's brain. He couldn't make sense of what he was hearing.

"Up on the desk, boy," said Mr. Daily, patting the massive wooden desk. Harry reluctantly approached it, feeling like it was almost sacrilege to do so, but with another prompting from his boss, he climbed on.

"There's a good boy," said Mr. Daily. "Now let's take off these icky pants, shall we?" Harry couldn't argue with that. The pants were totally soaked, so he wasn't sorry to see them go. "Oh, my. It looks like that shirt had better go too, huh? Well, come on boy. Let's get it off. You can't spend the rest of the day in a spoogey shirt."

Harry was shocked, but he quickly disrobed, leaving him in just a diaper and nothing more. Mr. Daily opened his desk drawer and pulled out an extra thick diaper along with some wet wipes.

"Ah, here we go. These are my favorites. Let's get you cleaned up."

Harry was speechless as Mr. Daily went about wiping him off, all while humming a nursery tune.

"Um... M-Mr. Daily?" he finally managed to squeak out.

"What is it, Harry?"

"Why do you have, um... diapers in your desk?"

Mr. Daily paused, then he laughed.

"Why, Harry. Don't you know? All of upper management wears them! It's part of the Executive Diaper Program!"

"Ex- Executive Diaper Program?" asked Harry. "W-wait. You wear diapers too?"

"That's what I said! Why do you think my butt is so big?" Mr. Daily turned to the side to show that he indeed had a huge diaper butt which stuck out behind him like a shelf.

Just then, Beth walked in with Harry's new outfit. "Ohmigosh! Look at the cutie!" Harry tried to cover himself up, but it was impossible to do so with such a big diaper on and no clothes. With some coaxing, he sat up straight so that Mr. Daily could dress him. Harry was shocked to see that his new outfit was a colorful blue romper with a locking zipper like his pajamas had.

"Don't look so surprised, Harry. Your Uncle Larry did tell you it would be out of your hands if you couldn't change yourself. That will be all, Beth, thank you."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Daily, but this is all a bit much," said Harry. "I've been diapered and dressed by my boss. What's next?"

"Well, my boy, you're going to start sitting in on our executive meetings, and hanging out with us in the Executive Rec-Room."

"Oh, gosh, Mr. Daily," said Harry, as his boss helped him down from the desk. "I don't know if I'm ready! I mean I just barely learned my colors and shapes, and don't those meetings require, like, math and stuff?"

"Who sent that TPS report today counting all the way up to 10?" asked Mr. Daily.

"I did," said Harry, bashfully.

"And who helped Kathi sort the crayons in their boxes?"

"...I did," admitted Harry once more.

"You see? You have all the skills you need."

"What, do you... color in your executive meetings?" asked Harry.

"Of course! And we watch our favorite cartoons and play with our baby toys! What did you think we did?"

"I don't know," said Harry, rubbing his arm and looking down. "Talk about... business stuff I guess?"

Mr. Daily laughed heartily. "Haha, no, no, my boy. That's for the entry-level workers to do! Now let's talk about that TPS report again, on the way to the Rec Room. What number comes after 8 again? I always forget."

"Nine?" said Harry, as they walked out of Mr. Daily's office.

"Haha, that's right! Nine. Brilliant," said Mr. Daily, patting Harry on the back.
"You're gonna go far here, Harry. I can already tell."