

The Baby Factory

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

Dale just got a job at the only job in town: The diaper factory! But something seems off... Oh well, he'll surely figure it out after his next feeding and diaper change.

I'd been driving for several hours on the California desert highway when I reached the town of Bootburn, my last resort. This was a factory town. Not many of these around anymore, but at least it wouldn't be hard to find where I was going.

"You can't miss it," said the man at the gas station. He wore a red trucker cap and was half-shaven. "It's the only job in town."

Sure enough, I noticed that there wasn't much else to the place aside from the gas station, a couple eateries and a convenience store nearby. I didn't even see any housing. Just that big factory looming over everything. I took a long drag off my cigarette and blew it out the window as I drove on.

"They did say housing was included. Maybe it's a commute," I thought aloud. I had just five dollars in my pocket, so housing was a must.

I flicked the butt onto the dusty road, knowing it would be the last one until I got paid as I approached the gargantuan factory complex. It was surrounded by tall cyclone fencing and there was a guard gate at the front. Seemed like a lot of security for a diaper factory, but I supposed I wouldn't know much about that. I wasn't exactly an industry expert.

I pulled to a stop at the gate and a man in a baby blue uniform and a cap greeted me. 'Happy Nappy Diaper Co.' was embroidered on his left breast with a stork carrying a baby underneath.

"Hey there," he said with a smile. "You here for the job?" There was no need to specify what job he meant.

"Sure am," I said, looking his uniform up and down. It was cute, but I raised my eyebrow when I noticed some puffiness around the waist.

"Great!" he said, oblivious of my observation. "Always happy to have another hand on the line." He waved me through and directed me to the main office where I would talk to the hiring manager.

“Hey, uh, I noticed there wasn’t any housing around here. Do the workers all commute or...?”

“Oh, no,” he said. “Employees live on the factory grounds.”

“They do?” I asked, looking around. I didn’t see so much as a trailer, but maybe they were around back.

“Yup! All you have to do is show up. You’ll be taken care of completely after that.”

“Alright, well thanks,” I said hurrying up my departure.

“Have a Happy Nappy Day!”

Before I drove off, I happened to notice his ‘Tommy the Freight Engine’ lunchbox. The little monitor in front of him was playing cartoons. *Weird Guy*, I thought, as I drove off. I looked one more time in the rearview to see him putting on his headphones and I could swear I saw him turn and look my way before putting something in his mouth, though I only got a glance before I had to turn my attention to what was in front of me.

The parking lot was mostly empty – surprising considering how big the factory was. I got a nice spot near the main entrance, parked, and walked in. The entry of the factory was fairly boring. Tiled floor, some work-related posters about safety and proper diaper use up on the walls, and a front desk. There was some calming droning noise in the background. No frills. The lady behind the desk smiled as I approached.

“Hi there, new hire?”

“I hope so,” I said. “I’m supposed to see the hiring manager.” I shifted from foot to foot. This was unfamiliar to me.

“You okay, hon? You look nervous?”

“Yeah, I’m fine. I just... I didn’t expect there to be a front desk.... or a guard...” Linda smiled a half smile and spoke with a hint of pride in her voice.

“Well, there’s a lot happening on the factory floor so we can’t have just anyone walking in. We *are* the biggest diaper factory in the region, so we like to run a tight ship. But don’t let that bother you any. If you’re ready to do a good day’s work, you’ll do just fine.”

“I think I can do that much,” I said, feeling a little more at ease. I paused and looked down at her name tag: *Linda, hiring manager*. “Thanks, Linda. Oh, I feel like a fool. Here I am asking about the hiring manager and I’m talking to her!”

She laughed a hearty laugh. "Oh, not to worry, hon, I get that all the time. I do front desk, hiring... training... a little bit of everything really. It's cute to see how newbies react when they realize who they're talking to. And it tells me something about how they treat people when they think no one's looking." She gave me a little wink and I had to laugh.

"I'll bet you find out real quick who the assholes are," I said.

"Oh you bet," she replied. "Of course we still hire them, but I let the trainers know they may need a few spankings before they're straightened out."

I thought that was hilarious. She had a good sense of humor, and I liked that.

"Well, if you're any indication of the culture here, I'll count myself very lucky. It's a pleasure to meet you. My name's Dale."

"Trust me, you have no idea," she said with a smile as she set the 'gone for 10 minutes' sign down. She was right, I had no idea. Otherwise, I might never have followed her when she waved me back to her office.

I'll admit that my eyes fell to her ass as she led me back. I'm queer as a three-dollar bill, but it just stuck out so prominently, but in a strange, puffy sort of way. Kinda like the guy at the security kiosk out front. I didn't dare stare too long, and by the time we entered the office, my eyes were right back where they should be. Her butt was none of my business anyway.

"Have a seat," Linda said, gesturing to the seat opposite hers before sitting down herself. "Let's ask a few questions first and see if you're Happy Nappy material. Then we'll have you sign a few forms and we'll get you set up with your trainer!"

"Sounds good to me. Say... what's that humming I hear?" I asked, looking around for the source of that omnipresent droning noise. "Is that the machinery?"

"No," Linda said, smiling again. "That's just background binaurals." I stared at her blankly.

"Bino- what?"

"White noise. We play stuff like that because it helps everyone focus better."

"Ah. Ha." I said. Sounded like some new age mumbo jumbo to me, but I wasn't going to tell it to her.

"I can tell from your face that you're skeptical. That's fine. You'll see for yourself once you're working the line. The results speak for themselves." I took it as a good sign she was speaking as if I was already hired, so I didn't have my guard up, even when she started asking some really personal questions.

"Okay, so I see you applied online. That's great. Computer literacy is a big plus around here – you know plenty of people come as walk-ins and we still have paper applications. Yeah, I know!" she said, with a laugh. "And do you have any medical issues we should be aware of? Any problems that would prevent you from standing on the factory floor without a break? Any incontinence issues?"

"No, none that I can think of," I said. "But I guess if I did, this would be the place to work!"

"Darn tootin'," she said, laughing. "We actually do have many employees with just that issue. It's more common than you might think! But it won't affect your employment here with us, so no worries there. It's just another thing we take care of. We like *taking care* of our employees here."

I found her choice of words a bit strange, but didn't dwell on it because the interview quickly continued.

"And you have two forms of ID, Dale? Okay, good. Just gotta make sure you're you."

I had to tamp down my annoyance of going through this ridiculous farce of a procedure once again, just like every job I had applied to these past few months. Of course I was me. Who else would come way out here to work at a factory in the middle of nowhere? I forced a smile.

"Okay, you answered here you have a criminal record. Our background check showed a felony on there. Can we talk about that?"

"Ah, yeah..." I said wincing. This was my *least* favorite part. "I, uh. Had a little trouble with the law in the past. Some stupid prank I played when I was younger. I, uh... streaked across the mall and got tackled by the security guards. Stupid, I know, but when you're that age you take stupid bets." Linda laughed for a good couple minutes at that one, but eventually got herself under control.

"See," she said, shaking her head. "This is why we make things like our secure-fix diaper covers. Whether they're three or thirty, boys will be boys."

"Uh, yeah," I chuckled nervously, imagining the bizarre image of me in a diaper and locking diaper cover. Linda continued.

"I know *my* boys were little jaybirds, always taking off their garments until I got them some secure-fix diaper covers of their own. But you won't be having that problem here, will you?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Oh, no!" I said, blushing a bit and waving my hands in front of me. "My pants stripping days are behind me, I promise you. Especially not here. Knowing my luck I'd probably get my ding dong stuck in a conveyor belt or something."

"Alright," she said laughing. "Don't think we're not prepared if you try it. I'll put you in one myself!"

I found myself getting an uncomfortable erection at the thought of her dressing me but laughed it off. This interview was getting weirder and weirder, but I figured Linda was just passionate about her product. Besides, she seemed to be having a good time, and the better my rapport with her, the better my time would be working here, or so I figured.

"Okay," she said. "I think that's enough for the background check of the interview. Let's do some physical tests, alright? First, let's test your hearing. Would you do me a favor and put these noise-canceling headphones on?"

"Hearing? Well, alright," I shrugged. The headphones went on. I heard voices but strained to catch what they were saying over the droning which had increased in volume. Linda quickly put on her own headset and switched it on and I could hear her voice.

"These headphones are worn by all employees on the factory floor. They cancel out the noise of the machines and also make it easy for the floor manager to communicate with everyone. I'd like you to listen for the voice and raise your hand when you hear it in your left ear, your right ear, or both. Can you do that?"

I nodded and flashed a thumbs up.

"Okay, let's begin."

The droning background noise had me feeling a little out of it, but I shook it off and listened intently.

"Relax...." said a voice in my left ear. I raised my left hand.

"Relax...." said a voice in my right ear. I raised my right hand.

"Relax all the muscles in your body..."

As I listened, I raised my hands. Left then right. Right then left. Both. After a while I sort of lost track of what I was doing. Had a hard time remembering which ear was which. And as I grew more and more relaxed listening to the soothing voice and the droning background noise, I felt my hands grow heavier and heavier. Too heavy to even lift. And then... at a certain point, I felt Linda pulling the headphones off my ears.

"Alright, Dale. You did real good. In fact-" she looked down at my lap and stopped, a shocked expression on her face. "Oh my gosh, Dale. You've... I think you've had an *accident!*"

"Huh? Whuh? What do you mean accident?" I looked down and to my horror I saw that my pants were absolutely soaked. I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

"Oh my gosh," she said. "What a mess! I'm gonna have to call someone in to clean this up."

"NO!" I said, startling her. "Uh, sorry! I mean... please... please don't. I'm embarrassed enough as it is already. Let me clean it up, and then I'll be on my way." It didn't matter that I had \$5 to my name and the gas I had in my car wouldn't get me even halfway to the next town. All I wanted to do was be as far away from this embarrassing situation as possible.

"Oh sweetheart. Why didn't you say you had to go? I would have given you a break to go if you needed it. Lots of employees have trouble holding it-"

"I don't!" I began, indignantly, catching myself once again and lowering my voice. "I don't have trouble holding it... I have no idea how this happened... honest. This has never happened to me before, I *swear*. I'm so sorry."

"Oh, no, sweetie. Honey. Calm down," she said, putting a hand on my shoulder and looking me in the eye. I instantly began to feel calmer, as strange as that sounds. "You don't need to apologize. From what you said, it sounds like it really *was* a complete *accident*, right?"

I found myself nodding, grateful she seemed to understand.

"You did really well with the test, though, Dale. Maybe you were just so focused on doing a good job, you didn't notice. This happens all the time. This is normal. Sometimes.... even grown-ups have potty problems and wet their pants, don't they?"

I found myself nodding again, despite never having done it before in my life. At least that I could remember.

"That's okay, then. I promise this won't affect your interview. Like I said, plenty of employees have *accidents* and need to use our products. I'm a little miffed that you didn't tell me *sooner*, but I can also see just how badly you want this job. You just got a little carried away, didn't you?"

I just nodded, relieved that I wasn't being kicked out of *this* job after finally getting past the felony thing. It wasn't hard to agree with her. What she was saying *felt* true. Well, except for one thing.

"You've got me pegged Linda. I need this job, I really do. But I swear I would never lie about something like this - it really was a one-time accident. I swear this hasn't ever happened before."

"Shh, no need to explain yourself. Let's just get you cleaned up before you catch a cold. I'll call someone to clean up the, er, interview chair. It's a good thing all of our furniture is waterproof!"

I blushed deeply at Linda's comment, and stepped gingerly, my wet pants clinging to my butt and crotch as she walked me down the hall to the nearest changing room.

"This is where employees get changed for work. And as you can see, we provide access to changing tables whenever employees need them. Now, let's get those pants off you," she said, reaching for my belt.

"Hey!" I said, jumping back. "What are you doing?"

"Helping you get changed," she said, looking at me with an astonished smile. "Do you want to stay in those wet pants all day, hon?"

It was my turn to look astonished. "Well, no but..."

"Well then, let's get them off. No time to be shy, you're making puddles on our floor. So pants down, mister!"

Somehow her tone caused me to unbuckle my pants and let them drop to the ground without question.

"I can do it myself, see?" I said, defiantly.

"Yes, I see. Good job. Now up on the table with you."

I blushed a bit harder. It felt good to hear that I had done a good job, but for what? For taking off my own pants? How patronizing could she be?

I hopped on the table and laid back, but not without protest.

"I don't need them," I said, as she picked up a diaper off a huge stack on the shelves by the changing tables.

"Well, if you don't need them then prove it by staying dry the rest of the day. After what happened in the office, I have to see it to believe it."

I grabbed onto my undies as she approached again, and she put her hands on her hips, a diaper in one hand.

"Now I told you I'd diaper you myself if need be, and I stand by my word. If you want this job you'd better respect that and stand by yours too. Like it or not, you're getting changed out of those wet undies and into this here diaper. I promise you it won't be a problem if you have another accident because we're gonna make sure you stay protected for the rest of the day."

"Can't I do it myself?" I said, hoping to bargain. I cringed, my voice coming out much whinier than I had intended.

Just put your headphones back on if you're feeling embarrassed, and close your eyes. She tapped something plastic around my neck and I realized I was still wearing the headphones from earlier... I hadn't even noticed! I blushed and quickly put the headphones on my head, feeling more embarrassed than I could admit.

It wasn't helping that this scenario was making me get a stiffie. If Linda had been a hunky man, I would' have been this close to busting. I thanked the stars she wasn't. Rather than watch this disaster unfold, I closed my eyes and listened to the noise and the voices. I would pretend I was somewhere else. This was normal. This was fine. It would be so easy to prove that I didn't need diapers. So easy to just relax and let go. I would have no problem staying dry the rest of the day. It was so easy to just wear my diapers and forget about going at all. To forget I ever needed to go in the first place.

I felt someone pulling my arms, bringing me to a sitting position. I opened my eyes. I took off my headphones.

"Is it over?" I asked, afraid to look down.

"Yes, it's done," she said. You're all good now. And lucky you, you get to test out one of our newest products.

I looked down, surprised to see what looked like black knee length neoprene shorts. They looked suspiciously poofy, and moving around confirmed that there was likely a very thick diaper underneath. I gulped. This was beyond strange. They thought I was really incontinent! But then I thought it wouldn't be the worst thing in the world if I was. It was actually pretty comfortable.

"I'll tell you what," Linda said. "We can get your pants cleaned for you and get you in a uniform to cover up these shorts. I'm sure you'll be more comfortable that way. no one will even know what they are if they see them.

"What... what are these?" Linda tapped the orange lettering on the leg of the strange shorts and read it aloud.

"They're called *Pee Pee Pants*. Pee Pee Pants are newest in discreet protection. Pee Pee Pants wick away all leaks so you don't have to worry about any more wet pants, even if you have another big accident. You can relax completely knowing you're protected by Pee Pee Pants." I blushed again, as she drove the point home that I had had an accident in her office not 10 minutes before.

"Thanks... I guess..." I said, feeling pretty low for needing these in the first place.

"Hey," she said. "Don't worry about it. We're a diaper company for goodness sakes! We of all people should understand that these things happen. Now let's get your paperwork finished so you can get you in uniform."

"But I don't have any pants..." I said, reluctant to leave the room in these diaper-shorts.

"Don't worry, you can't even tell you're in a diaper, and no one here would care if you could. Now let's move it... unless you want to spend the rest of the day in just Pee Pee Pants?"

I didn't need to be told twice. I was out of there like a rabbit in a dog race. With a name like Pee Pee Pants, there was no way I was going to wear this product out in the open. When we got back to the office, I didn't even glance at all the paperwork. I just signed everything she placed in front of me because I couldn't get that uniform on fast enough.

"Wow, look at you go, mister! You beat the delivery guys, and that's saying something!"

"Delivery guys?" I asked.

Before she could answer, three big men came in carrying the parts of my uniform. Powder blue shortalls with the company logo on them, a matching cap, and a pair of knee-high socks and factory booties. I could see they really did like to keep things clean here.

“Uh, Th-thanks, guys. Hey. What are you doing?” To my surprise, the three men stripped me of what remained of my clothes leaving me in just the diaper-shorts, before dressing me up in the uniform. I struggled a bit but it was like struggling with three brick walls. When all was said and done, the shortalls came to my knees, and so did the socks, making me look like some pre-schooler. I heard a click as they secured the shortalls in place. The uniform showed off my very obvious diaper-bulge and when I tried to fiddle with the snaps at the crotch, I realized they were stuck tight and there were no zippers or buttons that would get the shortalls off. Even the booties wouldn't budge. I was locked in.

“What the hey? Why can't I get these off?”

“Don't worry,” said Linda. “You'll get used to it. It's a safety precaution for all factory worker uniforms. You'll be on the floor for long hours, and we can't have workers running off and causing a mess like you did earlier. Everyone here is treated equal, whether they have potty problems or not, so everyone must get permission or help from your designated changer to use the restroom.”

“Changer?” I asked, more confused than ever.

“You'll learn all about it in the orientation,” she said, with a smile. “These nice men are going to take you there. Bye-bye now!”

It looked like I was going to training dressed this way whether I liked it or not, so I went with them, feeling the thick padding rub against my crotch and ass with each step. At least the Pee Pee Pants muffled the crinkle.

“Hey new guy, loosen up!” said one of the 'delivery guys', putting a massive hand on my shoulder as we walked down the hall.g

It was hard to loosen up when I had just pissed myself in front of the hiring manager, gotten stripped and diapered, and finally ended up locked into a powder blue uniform fit for a toddler. My new snap crotch shortalls bulged out over my diapered crotch and made me look like I was headed to preschool rather than the factory floor.

“It's all good,” said another of the men. “They're always like this. Just wait til he finishes training, he'll be right as rain.”

The third one spoke up. "What do you think he'll be? A checker?"

"Nah, he smells like a smoker. He'd never have the nose for it. He's not big enough to be a delivery guy or a changer either... I'd wager he's a packer!"

"He could probably do quality control or testing too, though. Looks like he's already got a head start on *that*," said the first guy, checking his watch like he was bored. I blushed and my hand went instinctively to cover my crotch. That's when I realized... My phone. My wallet. I had left it all with Linda!

"Hey guys, can we go back?" I asked. "I forgot all my stuff in my pockets." The three of them looked at me strangely, like they hadn't expected me to say anything.

"You can't have any phones or wallets in the factory anyway," said the first delivery guy, finally.

"Linda probably put it in your locker, which you can check during break time," said the second.

"Anyway, no time for that. We're on a tight schedule and here we are for your orientation," said the third. Any further protests were brushed off in much the same manner as we continued down the hall, and very quickly we reached our destination.

The orientation room seemed very unusual. In fact, it was just a bare room with a large chair in the middle. Above the chair hung a VR headset, and the chair itself looked more like some elaborate e-gaming rig, but with several straps attached for the body, arms, legs, and even head.

"What the heck is *that*," I asked, reluctant to get near it.

"Oh, don't worry," said one of the guys. "We do all our trainings in VR. It's very comfortable."

"Yeah, but why all the restraints?" I asked, twisting my mouth in doubt.

"To keep you from falling out and hurting yourself, of course. You'll be totally immersed and sometimes it's easy to forget you're really here in this chair. Moving around blind can get you seriously hurt, you know?"

"Yeah, but I'm still not sure-"

"Here, let me show you..." The large man began to say as he strode forward, clipping my shoulder and sending me sprawling. Luckily for me, I was caught by their deft hands as I fell forward. All they had to do was continue my momentum and I found

myself sailing into the chair, being expertly turned onto my back before I landed. Before I could even orient myself, they were halfway through strapping me down. My arms, hands, feet, legs, and waist were all secured with clicks.

"Hey, what are you doing?" I said, already testing the restraints and finding them completely impossible to break out of.

"Here ya go, bud," said one of the men, lowering a tube and putting a sterile rubber bulb on the end of it with a clear plastic shield. "In case you get thirsty."

"But what if I have to pee?" I asked. He paused.

"Well it's a good thing you're wearing a diaper then, isn't it?"

The three men laughed and the bulb was shoved into my mouth. I immediately tasted some sweet liquid as it burst into my mouth from the bulb and I was forced to swallow. Apple juice! It wasn't a lot, just a steady stream that would keep me taking small gulps every 30 seconds or so.

"Have fun, kiddo," said one of the guys before they lowered the VR set over my head. My world was shut out and replaced by those droning noises, and soft calm whispers speaking almost too quietly for me to hear. Before I could get my bearings, the light came on. I was in the same room and the three men were helping me out of the chair.

Wow... that was quick, I thought.

"Come on, buddy, we're going to give you a factory tour."

I tried to walk forward and realized I was still strapped down. This was a simulation, but I couldn't even tell!

"Don't worry about it. You'll get used to it." said one of them, chuckling.

We went down the hall, through a locker room where several men were changing their clothes, and several more were waiting in line for their diaper change. We quickly passed out of the locker rooms onto the factory floor itself. Here, employees stood side by side manning the lines as diapers and diaper products came through. There were rows of huge machines that took in spools of plastic and paper to make diapers of various sorts. Each diaper machine must have been 150 feet long and manned by a technician. I marveled at how all the raw materials came together to create these perfectly folded diapers.

One of the 'Delivery Men' picked up a diaper and looked at it thoughtfully.

“This machine makes 160 diapers a minute! That’s twice as many as you could use in a month!” he said, elbowing me. I blushed. They still thought I needed diapers...

“Catch!” the man yelled, tossing the diaper my way.

I reached out to grab it and realized I was still restrained. I had been totally convinced yet again, that I was really on the factory floor, but I was still strapped down in the 'Orientation Room'. How had I forgotten so quickly?

The man laughed. “That’s a fun little trick, huh? Bet you thought you were really in the factory didn't you? But this is just the training. You're doing great, by the way. Just what we were hoping for.” Delivery guy number two then startled me by giving me a pat on the shoulder.

"Okay, bud, so this next part is the aptitude test. Let’s try a few tasks and see how you do... Now listen carefully... I need you to relax. That’s right... just relax and listen..." The factory began to swirl and colors began to appear just beneath the surface of what I could see before my eyes. My eyes fixated on the swirl, being led to a central point. The Diaper in the man’s hand.

“It’s okay,” he said, and he reached forward. I felt the bulb come out of my mouth, freeing me to speak. “It’s okay to tell me what you truly desire. That’s right...”

“I... I desire...” My eyes began to droop. “Desire?”

“Why is it you are here? What do you want?”

“I... I want to work...”

“For what?”

“To live... I want to work and live...”

“And then?”

“Money... get some money...”

“For what?”

“To go...”

“Go where?”

“... Home....”

“What is home?”

“...I don't know...”

The man put his hand over my eyes and the image went dark. A quiet voice spoke in my ear.

“You are here... because you want to be here. And you want to be here, because there is something here that you need. A path to the place you want to go... and you can go to that place... and you can find what you need... as long as... you *listen* to my words... follow along... in a nice deep trance... and allow yourself to understand the truth. And the truth is... you belong here. That's right. You belong right here. And you are doing the right things... that will take you on the path... to reach home.”

I smiled as I heard the words I was on the right path. That was good. I was going home. That was good too.

“Yes, that's right. Just follow my voice... and continue your training... pretty soon, you will be ready to move on to a better life. The life you always wanted... in your new home...”

An automated female voice spoke up:

“Please select your *comfort item*. Just stare at the object you desire for five seconds until the indicator turns green.”

Three items appeared in front of me. One was a little stuffed dog with a chew toy in its mouth. Another was a little teddy bear in a diaper. The last was a toy forklift. The forklift was too hard to be a good comfort object for me, and I wasn't really a dog-person, so I stared at the teddy bear. A circular bar filled up with green and the teddy bear was selected.

“Very good!” came a man's voice as the scene lightened to reveal I was in a nursery. The man stood in front of me in a skin-tight jumpsuit that showed off his most admirable features. He was tall and handsome, and I had no way to hide my shame with my arms and legs secure. I was about to be in a lot of trouble. “I heard you had some potty problems. Is that true?”

I shook my head and said no, instantly embarrassed. Why did it have to be a *hot* guy?

"Let's just see about that," he said with a smile. He got down to eye level and cupped my crotch. I felt his hand squishing my diaper through the fabric of my uniform. "Oh my, you look like you're soaked." He stood up so we were eye level and smiled the most disarming smile. "I'm Gareth, your designated changer. I'm in charge of the dayshift packers on the adult baby-diaper machine M. You'll be seeing a lot of me, I can already tell. Now why don't we change that soggy diaper?"

That was a hell of an introduction.

I found myself following Garreth over to the changing table. The voices in my ears had multiplied and gotten more insistent. I couldn't make out what they were saying, but I could feel my heart racing. This was so naughty. I was too big to go on a changing table, but they thought I needed it. But something told me that I kind of liked my diapers too. Something told me that I kind of liked the idea of being changed by someone else. Gareth smiled a knowing smile.

"Oh my, someone is excited for his change isn't he?"

I nodded and whined as I was laid out on the changing table, the straps holding my body down in all the same places as the training room chair. Just like when Linda changed me, I was getting turned on and I didn't know why. Only this time it really was a hot guy changing me. My dick was already chubbing up and I worried that this time I might really bust if he touched me down there.

"Aww, you look uncomfortable. Maybe we can help you with both your little problems down there. We can keep you nice and protected and also make sure you get all those stickies out so you feel better in those diapers. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

I felt myself grunt and nod as the diaper rapidly became too tight and uncomfortable on my growing penis. Then, I felt the snaps on my shortalls come undone, which eased off some of the pressure.

"That's better, isn't it? We like to take care of our employees, *whatever* their needs." He looked around the room conspiratorially and then whispered behind his hand. "And you know... if you like being taken care of, you can have this every day. Even if you don't *really* need them, we don't mind."

I gasped. He knew?

"That's right. It doesn't matter *why* you had your accident, or how *often* it happened in the past. As long as you're here, you can wear as many diapers as you like and we'll always change you, if that's what you want. It's up to you."

I moaned as I felt my Pee Pee Pants come down, and hands began to massage the front of my diaper. The loud sound of crinkling filled the room and it was coming from me! The voices in my ears were getting louder. I could only make out bits and pieces... *I am enjoying this. I love my diapers. I want to be in diapers all the time.* Were they my own thoughts or the words that I was hearing? I couldn't tell anymore.

Garreth continued to speak as the rubbing intensified and I found myself thrusting against his hands as much as my restraints would allow. Yes. *This* was what I wanted. I wanted to feel this way every day.

"That's it, cutie. Just enjoy it."

I need my diapers for comfort and relaxation. My diapers help me concentrate on work. I don't have to think about using the potty when I'm in diapers. I have to make stickies in my diapers whenever I get a diaper change. It's normal to love and wear diapers.

"There you go, little one. You can become such a good worker here at the factory. And when you leave, you'll go somewhere where you'll be taken care of, and you never have to stop enjoying your wonderful diapers. You love this so much, don't you?"

I nodded and whined.

"Yes, you do. Why don't you show *everyone* how much you love your diapers? Go on. Make stickies now. Fill your diapers up with cum."

And then I felt myself straining, moaning loudly as I came right into my diaper. My body strained against the restraints but found no give. I would have doubled over if they had.

The intense orgasm brought me right out of the trance I was in, and I suddenly regained my normal senses. The headset came off, and there was Gareth in the flesh.

"Hey there. I'm your designated changer. And your direct supervisor," he said.

The fog cleared from my head. What had happened in there? I couldn't quite remember. This man towering over me was my... my what? My direct supervisor. That was right.

"Hi," I said, blushing slightly. "I'm Dale." Why was I embarrassed? Had I just done something embarrassing?

“Oh, I know,” he said with a smile as he clicked a key fob to each restraint strap, causing them to unlock instantly. “Why don’t we finish with that diaper change? I’ll bet you’re soaked. Come along, let’s go to the changing room.”

Diaper change? I sat up and looked down to realize my diaper-shorts had been pulled down to reveal a very yellow diaper. I quickly pulled up my shorts to hide this from Gareth. He laughed.

“Don’t worry, little buddy. It’s totally normal. It’s practically part of the uniform!”

I couldn’t help but notice from the pipe in Garreth’s jumpsuit that a diaper was very clearly *not* part of his uniform, and I felt my diaper get tight again. He laughed.

“I see. It looks like you’re going to need some *extra* special care for your changes. Not a problem, friend, not a problem. It just means you’re going to love this job even more.”

I nodded and blushed as he snapped my shorts up and led me by the hand out the door.

Gareth led me to the nearest changing room, past more ‘proper diaper use’ posters that had taken on a whole new meaning to me now that I was an employee.

“Do all employees wear diapers?” I asked. He chuckled.

“No, silly. Only the special ones.” He gave my butt a pat when he said special, and I blushed, instantly feeling dumb for asking such a naïve question. “Up on the table with you,” he said. He didn’t have to tell me twice.

I did my best not to fixate on the bulge snaking down the inside of Garreth’s tight jumpsuit, but I may or may not have succeeded at that. In any case, Gareth didn’t seem to mind me staring. In fact, he chuckled.

“Enjoying the view?”

My eyes shot up to meet his. Shit. I had been caught.

“Don’t worry, I’m flattered, really. Maybe some time after hours you can get a closer look, but not when we’re on the clock! Now on your back.”

My eyebrows went up and I sat up with excitement. “Really? Well, I won’t say no to that.”

“Dale, you really need to listen more carefully. I told you down on your back. Am I gonna have to strap you down, buddy?”

“Oh! Uh... no, no.” *But I wouldn't mind if you did*, I thought, as I lay down on my back.

As quick as a wink, he had my work shortalls unsnapped and my diaper shorts down like they were nothing. They would have been stuck tight if I had tried to undress myself, but he had the special key, apparently, that unlocked all those little buttons. *Must be magnets*, I thought, but I didn't think about it long because he was quickly moving on to my diaper, which was squishy, heavy, and yellow.

“I don't understand,” I said, looking down between my legs. “I never peed myself before today. How could this be? Was it the apple juice?”

“Well, looks like you just needed diapers. I can't say why,” Gareth said, scratching his chin. He pulled open the front to reveal a very sticky mess in front. “Wow, buddy,” he said, examining the creamy substance coating the inside of the diaper. “You really let loose with those stickies! First time in a while, huh?”

I blushed and covered my face.

“Aww, it's okay,” he said, patting my chest. “Here, you better just wear these,” he said, passing me my headphones.

I just nodded and took them, putting them on immediately. They would make me feel better, I knew. Perhaps I could just zone out and pretend I was somewhere else and I wouldn't have to hear his commentary as he changed me. But of course his voice came through the earphones just fine. All the headphones did was enhance the crinkle and the droning and his voice, and add some other whispering voices in the background. Come to think of it, they did a lot!

“Okay, buddy, I can see you're gonna be a heavy wetter, so we've updated your work ID to match that fact. We're going to go thicker with you from now on.”

“Thicker?!” I asked. “I thought the last ones were thick enough to be as bow legged as a cowboy!” Gareth, however, was not concerned. He was too busy looking at the options, rubbing his chin as if deep in thought.

“Let's try these...” He pulled out a diaper with dragons and swords on it and I looked at him doubtfully.

“It looks like it's for a little kid...”

“Trust me, it’ll fit you just fine. Sorry if it’s not your style, but our patterned diapers are thicker than any of our others. These *Dragon Drippers* are one of the most absorbent. And don’t you like fantasy and action?”

The truth was I did. And if I *was* a little kid in diapers, I would have thought these were pretty cool. It was just a bit juvenile at *my* age.

“Yeah but... I’m a big boy,” I said, before correcting myself. “I mean, a- that’s not what I meant to say.” Garreth grinned.

“Yes, you *are* a big boy” he cooed, wiping the cum off my balls and butt, and tossing the wipe in my wet and cummy diaper. “Big enough to make a big boy mess in your big boy diapiies! Now let’s get these new ones on you and see how quickly you can slay *this* dragon.”

“Oh, that’s right...” I said looking down at the next diaper. “Linda told me. I had to... had to do something to prove... darnit, what was it again? I need to prove...”

“Prove that you could slay that dragon?” he suggested. Yes. That must have been it.

“I can do it!” I said, confidently bringing my thumb to my chest. He chuckled a bit and broke into a grin.

“I’ll bet you can, good boy.”

That made me smile. I was a good boy. A good boy. So good at listening and going into trance... just like the voices in my ear said... I kind of zoned out after that part, but when I came back to my senses, I was in front of a large machine, watching several men working on the line, while men on all fours with kneepads and pup hoods wandered from employee to employee, sniffing their butts. One of the pups, who was wearing a pink and black hood, stopped and alerted with a bark pointed with his nose to the offending diaper butt.

Gareth walked up and put a hand on the man’s shoulder.

“Looks like it’s time for a change, huh buddy? My work here is never finished,” he said, shaking his head. “Guys, fill Dale in about who’s who on the floor. I’m gonna take Martinez and get him into a fresh diaper. Peeyuuu! We’re gonna have to change your diet, buddy boy!”

The man barely blinked as he was led off the factory floor. In fact, he looked positively zonked, his headphones having been on him for who knows how long.

Probably a long time. Headphones were part of the factory floor standard attire for packers; every grunt level worker wore one.

One of the packers tagged out and came up to me, while another packer immediately took his place.

“Hey, good to meetcha. I’m Chuck, but everyone calls me Chubs. Don’t ask how I got the nickname.” I didn’t. “So I guess you know all about changers, now, huh?” He cracked a smile. “Did you like the little treat at the end of the VR orientation?”

I didn’t answer, but I’m sure my squirming and blushing answered for me.

“Heh. Don’t worry. We all enjoy *that* little part of our day. Several *times* a day. Before you know it, you won’t even be shy about having Gareth beat one out of you in front of the whole line of men waiting their turn.”

I couldn’t imagine being unruffled in that scenario, but then I was struck by something he said.

“Wait... is the factory men only?”

“Oh no, we’ve got changing rooms for women too – but the female checkers have to man those ones. There are far fewer diapered workers on that side of the spectrum though.”

“Spectrum?”

“Oh yeah. We’ve got accommodations for all types. But mostly it’s the men folk who come in as grunts, and us grunts tend to need the most protection. You are – I’m assuming because you got Gareth that you’re a *him*?”

“Oh yeah. I’m a boy. Yeah, no question about that.”

“No, no question. I heard you’re a *big boy* too.” he said with a knowing grin.

“Hey, wait, how did you hear...”

“Oh, sometimes we catch what people say to him on the headphones. Sounded like you tried to say you were a big boy, and got reminded that big boys just wear bigger diapers. It was pretty cute.”

I looked at Chubs, my cheeks red. He was wearing powder blue shortalls with an obvious diaper bulge just like myself, yet I was the one who felt self-conscious.

“You thought I was *cute*?” I said, trying to regain my composure in front of my new co-worker. “Well, I can’t say I’ve heard that word used about me very often. In fact – *whoa there!*”

I jumped as I was goosed by a checker pup, who had stuck his snoofer straight into the seat of my pants.

Chubs chuckled. “Oh, don’t worry, that’s just how they check our diapers. The checkers usually check by smell.”

The man in the pup hood let out a little woof and then moved on, padding away on all fours.

“Geez! A little warning woulda been nice!” I called out after him, not sure if he could even hear me through that hood.

“So yeah,” said Chubs, “we’re switched on to communicate with each other, but other times we can’t really hear each other. Just the background noise, and anything the boss says.”

“That’s gotta make conversing hard,” I said, “and work pretty boring.”

Chubs shook his head. “Not at all! Working here is very enjoyable. For one, you get to enjoy the thrill of wearing diapers all day. Believe me, the time flies right by.”

I looked around and whispered. “You like it too?”

He laughed at that. “Buddy, you don’t gotta whisper. Nobody can hear us, except the supervisor. But yes, I like it too. I mean... just between you and me, there probably isn’t a single diapered employee who doesn’t drip with excitement as they go about their work in thick, crinkly padding. And the longer you work here, the better and more intense it gets...”

“That’s, uh... very interesting,” I said, giving him a sidelong glance. “You sure do seem... *enthusiastic* about your job.”

Chubs smiled. “Sure am. As for conversing, it’s not safe to lose focus while working on or near the machines, unless you want to become one of the diapers. There’s plenty of time to socialize during lunch or in the dorms.”

“Has that ever happened?” I wondered aloud.

“What? Someone turned into a diaper? Funny enough, I think it might have,” he said with a grin. I couldn’t tell if he was joking, so I just brushed it off as a silly joke.

“Now I think I’ve talked your ear off about the virtues of the job long enough. It’s time I got to what Gareth wanted me to tell you. I’m supposed to *show you the ropes*.”

Chubs proceeded to walk me around the area where I would be working. The 150-foot-long machine was firing out diapers at a rapid rate while a technician in a jumpsuit was keeping an eye on things, making adjustments, as necessary.

“That’s our technician for Adult Baby-Diaper Machine M. He makes sure everything runs smoothly during the dayshift. Obviously, he can’t stop to take a change unless he’s relieved by another technician, so his diaper is... well, I’m sure you can see for yourself.”

It was easy to tell that the technician was padded. His jumpsuit poofed out so big around the bottom that he looked like a pear.

“I thought the factory would be like in the cartoons where each person checks the diaper as it goes down the conveyor belt.”

Chubs laughed. “Do you know how long that would take? No, no, most of what we do is the packing.”

He led me over to where employees were rapidly packing boxes filled with that day’s run of diapers – medium Star-Blasters that would change from blue to red to white just like a Rocket Pop as they got wet.

“We put the sealed diaper bags into boxes, which go onto pallets for the forklift operators. Then, every 1500 diapers or so we pull out a diaper for testing.”

“Testing. How do you do that?” I asked.

“Oh, we have some employees that do *that* full time. Every diaper we pull is inspected for quality by QC then tested on a real live person. That’s a diaper an hour for every machine, so the testers need to make a lot of piddles to test them all, and during all sorts of activities.”

I blushed as I imagined someone running around the factory while their diaper got heavier and heavier. Chubs continued talking.

“So once the diapers are packed, and taken away, we don’t really have to worry about them. Mostly, us packers just have to make sure things keep moving.”

“What if we need... um... to go to the bathroom?”

“You mean if you need a change? That’s the checkers’ and changers’ job, so don’t even think about it. You’ve already seen what changers do. They’re our immediate supervisors and *ours*, Gareth, is especially talented. Judging by what I picked up on my headphones, he helped you fill your soggy diapers up with a whole load of cream on top of everything else!” I felt my face growing hot.

“I d-don’t really remember it very well...”

“Well, I sure do. You two broadcast that little episode to the whole dayshift. I know that the other fellas in our cell certainly got a rise out of it. Martinez practically destroyed his pamps rubbing them. I’ll have to introduce you after he comes back. In fact, Lunch should be any moment now, so maybe we’ll catch some of the others during our off time.”

A loud bell rang, and all work stopped.

“Speak of the devil,” he said, and we walked off toward the dining area.

“Hey, you got a cigarette?” I asked, to which Chubs said no, looking at me like I was crazy.

“I wouldn’t touch those things. Good boys don’t smoke.” This statement seemed a little odd to me, but I just shrugged it off and made a note to find out who did smoke later.

The dining area had the look of a school cafeteria. There were rows and rows of tables, and a line of workers waiting their turn for lunch. I made my way toward the line of workers, but Chubs grabbed my shoulder.

“Oh no, that’s not for us.”

“What do you mean that’s not for us?”

“Grunts eat over there,” he said, pointing to a second set of doors, which I assumed just led to another cafeteria.

I shrugged and followed him through, but what I saw was a complete shock to me. Row after row of highchairs, some occupied by the other guys on the dayshift, others sitting open waiting for their next occupant – presumably *me*. I gulped.

“I-is that a joke? This is a joke, right?”

Chubs just Chuckled and shook his head, as an assistant came and took his hand.

“Come this way, sweetie,” she said. “We’ll fill your tummy up nice and good now so you can have lots of energy after nap time!” Chubs looked over his shoulder and pointed at me.

“Can he come too?” His voice sounded just a little bit higher, almost like a kid asking permission from their caretaker.

“Aww, is that your new little friend, sweetie?” He nodded.

“Yeah! Gareth told me to teach him the ropes!”

“Oh, he did, did he? Well, then. He’d better come along too so he can learn from the best pamper pooper I know.” I blushed on Chubs’ behalf, but I seemed to be the only one embarrassed by her offhand comment.

The assistant held out a hand and I felt compelled to take it. I bowed my head a little as I walked forward, feeling a little silly to let an adult lead me around by the hand, but she held on tight and that was that. We were led toddling to our seats. Chubs got a powder pink one and mine was canary yellow.

“Alright,” said the lady, snapping in our trays. “Here are your bibs and we’ll hook you two cuties up to the feeder until I can get you some nummies.”

“I can put that on myself,” I protested, as she brought a colorful piece of cloth up to my neck. Before I could even try, however, she had tied it. I looked down to see a picture of a baby chick hatching on the front of my bib and frowned. I wished she would have at least let me tie my *own* bib like a *big* boy, but no such luck. Then she tied Chuck’s bin on. I saw that he got a firetruck and felt jealous.

“Yours is way cooler,” I said to Chubs, and he beamed.

The assistant chuckled to herself, muttering something about how cute grunts were when they talked. Again, I was confused. Did I do something cute?

The assistant went about strapping us down securely to the chairs, making sure that our feet and arms and even our waists were restricted of all motion. A strap even went between our legs to keep us from sliding down. I looked down at the white strap, pressing into the poofy crotch of my shortalls and scoffed.

“Is this all really necessary?”

“Of *course* it is, sweetie,” said the assistant. “We wouldn’t want you falling out of your chair and getting hurt!”

Getting hurt? What did she think I was, a *baby*?

“Okay, sweetie pie, you’ll remember this one from orientation. Open wide!”

She pulled down what looked like an oversized pacifier attached to a tube that ran into a pipe in the ceiling. It was just like the one that had force-fed me juice while I was in the VR chair. I noticed that all the chairs had these feeder attachments, and several workers were sucking on theirs happily, while others were being hand fed.

“Sweetie? Are you listening to me? Open your mouth, hon. It’s time for your binky!”

I opened my mouth and the bulb slid in. She secured it with a strap around my head and the sweet taste of apple juice immediately hit my tongue. The gag wasn’t going anywhere so I was forced to swallow gulp after gulp. Luckily, it wasn’t flowing too quickly so I could just suckle and enjoy it. I looked over to Chubs who had a big smile on his face as he opened his mouth for his own binky feeder. I looked at him sitting there in the highchair with a fire truck bib on over his shortalls and a big paci being strapped to his mouth, and I thought he really did look pretty adorable. The assistant stood back and put her hands on her hips, looking satisfied.

“Okay you two, drink up! I’ll be back with some more substantial food.”

The assistant left us to stare at each other and drink our tasty apple juice. So much for conversation. After a minute or two of drinking, I began to feel the need to pee... *badly*. I began to squirm and wriggle in an effort to make the pain go away, but it just grew stronger. Chubs noticed my distress and looked like he wanted to say something, but the gag prevented it. Meanwhile, the juice was still flowing, making the problem worse by the second.

Chubs “Mmmphed” into his pacifier again and then looked pointedly down at his own diaper. I looked down and then up again at him. He made a relieved face, then wiggled his eyebrows and looked back down at his diaper and back to me. My eyes went wide with recognition. He was telling me to pee my pampers.

I was astonished. It was so obvious, but I wasn’t used to the notion of using my pants instead of the potty. I *was* a big boy, after all. Unfortunately, no one here seemed to see it that way, and I doubted they would let me out of diapers after the puddle I left in Linda’s office. I had little choice but to try and go, but it was easier said than done.

I nodded my understanding to him and then tried to relax, but it didn't work. I tried to change my position, but I was strapped down. I even tried holding my breath but gave up since my mouth kept filling with juice, forcing me to swallow constantly.

Then the assistant came back with the food, and I was distracted as she placed two large bowls of green mush on our trays and began to unhook our gags. I noticed warmth flooding into the front of my diaper and realized that at some point I had begun peeing without even trying. I felt the padding swell up around my groin and immediately started to get a chubby from the amazing sensation. I was suddenly very aware of the feeling of my thickening padding hugging my butt and pushing my thighs apart. I could feel my face growing red.

"Hmm... let's see if I can do this two handed," the assistant said, cracking her knuckles. She grabbed two large spoons from her apron and dipped them in the green mush. The spoons had white plastic handles printed with cartoons and looked just like the kind for babies only bigger. I was more concerned about the mush, though.

"What's that?" I said, eyeing the booger-green mush with mild disgust.

"Carrots and peas, my dear. It's got all the nutrients you need, along with plenty of fiber and laxatives to help you make boom boom in your diapers."

"*Carrots and peas?*" I said, sticking out my tongue. "Eeyuk! Check please!"

"Oh, come on, don't be like that. Your buddy Chubs likes it. See?"

She brought the spoon up to my co-worker's mouth and he happily opened wide for the choo-choo, closing his mouth around the spoon and swallowing as she lifted it up and away. He licked his lips. "Mmm! More, more!"

"I guess if you don't want it," she said, "he'll get to have all the num nums to himself!"

I frowned. That wasn't fair. I wanted yummy tasty num nums too!

"No! Mine!" I said, sitting forward and opening my mouth. She giggled a bit at that.

"Alright, sweetie, alright. Here you go."

She deposited the mush in my mouth and despite my initial misgivings it wasn't half bad. Not great, but certainly not terrible.

“Uh oh,” she said to me, “I think your friend is gonna finish his first! Let’s see who can eat theirs up the fastest!”

The two of us swallowed spoonful after spoonful of mush as fast as we could and ended in a draw. She brought back two more bowls for a rematch, and a third. By the end I had stuffed myself so full without even realizing it. My stomach was actually beginning to press against the tray. Chubs, true to his name, had a distended belly as well, and his had actually started taking up tray space, pushing the bowl dangerously close to the edge.

“My, my,” said the assistant, dabbing his face with the bib. “Such hungry boys. I’ll bet you could use a nice rest to digest all that nummy nutrition, hmm?”

Now that she mentioned it, I was pretty sleepy. When the trays were down, she helped us to our feet. I gasped as a pair of fingers slid along my thighs and into the diaper.

“Oh my. You’re very soggy, but I think those dragons can take a little bit more, can’t they sweetie?”

She clearly didn’t expect an answer because she was checking Chubs next. “Ooh, this one needs a change, though. Well, come on you two!”

She grabbed us by the hands and led us past the highchairs to the other half of the room, where several changing tables and row after row of cribs were lined up. Our diapers were much more soggy than when we had gotten here, and I could practically hear the *squish* *squish* accompanying us with each step. With our swollen bellies and our swollen diapers, I was surprised we could walk at all. Rolling would have been easier!

We made a pit stop at one of the changing tables and I watched as the assistant helped Chubs up onto the table. He sucked his thumb and kicked his legs in anticipation as she undid the snaps of his shortalls and reached for the diaper tapes. I looked away, embarrassed for him as she lowered the front of his diaper. I tried my best to focus on the colorful walls, painted in blocks of pink, blue, yellow, and purple. I looked at the cribs too, each with their plastic mats, just like a baby crib but large enough to easily hold an adult. Inevitably, however, my eyes wandered back toward the table. I couldn’t help myself.

I watched, fascinated, as she wiped down Chubs' hairless butt, and all around his crotch and balls. Without even realizing it, I had crept closer and found myself holding

onto the side of the table, like a fascinated kid watching their baby brother get changed for the first time.

“Where’s all his hair?” I asked, noticing a conspicuous absence of hair on Chubs’s thighs and belly as well as his crotch.

“Silly, boy! Babies don’t *have* hair.” Of course. This seemed to make total sense to me.

“Is he a baby?” I asked.

“Yes, sweetie. He’s a baby. Maybe you didn’t notice because he’s only a *bit* littler than you.”

I let this information sink in. Some voices almost beneath my hearing seemed to confirm this. *You are a baby. You’re just a little baby. Not a grownup at all. Just a little baby boy.*

Was that my thoughts or was I hearing things? I reached up to clear the wax from my ears and my hand bumped into the headphones. I had been wearing them this whole time. I took them off, and the voices seemed to go away. The assistant stopped what she was doing to gently put my headphones back on my head and continued with the change.

“You might want to keep those on for your nap, sweetie. They can help you sleep.”

I looked down at my own legs, peeking out between my socks and the bottoms of my shortalls. At least I still had hair. That *had* to make me a big boy. Right? Soon Chubs’s change was complete, his diaper secured, and his shortalls snapped up to contain it and keep it snug.

“Okay, you two! Let’s get you to your crib. You two can *share* a crib today, but you have to both stay on your backs during all of nap time. If you can’t do that, we’ll have to strap you down, you just let me know if you think you need that.”

I nodded and the two of us were led to our crib. I toddled up some steppy stairs and crawled in, my knees sinking into the vinyl puppy print mat. I turned around and sat on my butt as chubs followed closely behind.

“Hey,” I said, “where’s my blanket?”

"No blankies for babies at naptime, sweetie," said the assistant. "It's not safe. Now lay down on your back like little Chucky."

I did as I was told, lying beside my coworker, who had gone straight into that position as if he was trained to do it. I found this behavior a little strange, but everyone else seemed to think it was normal, so I thought maybe it was just me who thought so. The little voices seemed to reassure me, and the droning began to increase as soft lullaby music filled my ears. I was going to use the opportunity to ask Chubs more questions, but I just felt so relaxed as the whispers lulled me to sleep. I smiled and closed my eyes for just a second, and like that, I was out.

I slowly came to as the wake up song began playing in my ears. I had never heard the 'wake up song' before, but I somehow knew that's what it was. I had the urgent need to go potty and I was going to hop out of bed and run but something was off. I opened my eyes and was confused at first to see I was in a colorful room with bars all around me. I sat up in alarm, rubbing my eyes to make sure I wasn't still dreaming.

"Hey! Dale! Calm down, man. You're at the factory."

"Huh? Wha?" I looked around and began to remember. "Oh! Chubs! Urgh... Thanks... g-goodness..." I said, feeling relieved, but I could also feel a cramping in my gut that wasn't so relieving. All that fullness in my stomach had moved downward and I knew I didn't have long to do something about it. "Urgh. Chubs, I gotta get to... *grunt* a potty! I'm about to have a major accident."

"Huh? What do you mean? You're *wearing* your potty," he said, tilting his head. Then suddenly his eyes went wide and he gave a mischievous grin. "Ohhhh... you haven't made a *boom boom* yet, have you?"

I shook my head no, horrified at the very thought. He chuckled and shook his head.

"Oh man, I remember what that was like. It seems like forever since-"

"Chubs!" I said, in a pained voice. "This is serious! Help me get to a potty..." His eyebrows went up in surprise and he opened his mouth to speak but someone else had already noticed my distress.

"What's all the commotion here, mister?" asked a male assistant who leaned over the crib bars to look in on us. He looked to be in his early twenties and I turned red as I realized how childish my problem would sound to a man who was practically an

ankle-biter himself when I came of age. Nevertheless, he was my only hope for salvation so I spilled the beans.

"I have to go potty!" I said loudly. "I'm gonna make a boom boom in my diapers!"

Mistaking my plea for help as an announcement of intention, he smiled and ruffled my hair. "Aww! Good for you, sweetie!"

I shook my head. "H-help! Please!"

"Aww, sure, I'll help you, sweetie!"

Again, mistaking my intention, he quickly pulled off my shortalls, pushed me back onto my back, and started rubbing my belly in a clockwise motion. I whined and squirmed, squeezing my eyes shut in an effort to stop the inevitable. I couldn't even talk any more, because all of my concentration was on stopping the mess. I balled my fists and brought my knees up, where they splayed out because of the thickness of my soggy padding and then it happened. With a loud crinkle from the back of my diaper, the mush began to force its way out into my pampers. I moaned as my guts forced out their contents, smooshing out across all the available space in the diaper until it started migrating upward toward the front and downward, threatening to spill out over the top of my waistband.

"Uh oh! We'd better flip you before you run out of room!"

I was flipped over onto all fours as another wave of mush came out of me. Chubs began to call out words of encouragement.

"Way to go, buddy! You're doing great! Just push and mush!"

The diaper between my legs sagged practically to my knees now, and was getting heavier by the second, but I just kept going, filling my diapers and emptying my bowels. By the time all was said and done, I was nearly in tears from embarrassment.

"Uh oh! Looks like we had a little breach in back. But that's why we use plastic mats!" said the man. I looked down between my legs and saw that a little bit of poop had smushed out the back of the diaper while I was on my back and was sitting right there on the mat.

Looking at my poopy thighs and feeling the yucky diaper around my waist was more than I could take and I opened my mouth to speak. "I-I-I... I HAD AN *ACCIDENNNNNNT!!!!*" was all that came out, and I began to wail.

"Uh Oh! Ohhh, come on stinker, it's not the end of the world," the man said as he lowered the crib.

I was then helped down and led over to the changing table while someone else went to clean the mattress and help Chubs get out too.

I didn't even pay much attention to what was being said or done, because I was too busy crying my eyes out. I only felt myself be lifted up and deposited onto a papery surface. It wasn't until my mouth was filled by a rubber bulb that I began to quiet, sniffing and sucking as my emotions began to ebb.

"There, we go," said the man, patting my belly. "Did we get it all out?"

I didn't know if he was talking about the tears or the boom booms, but I nodded anyway, breathing in little gasping sighs as emotion closed off my throat.

"I'm Mikey, and I'll have you cleaned up in no time. Then you can be in a nice fresh diapee, okay?"

I nodded, and sniffled as the front of my diaper came down, revealing the poopy mess that I had made. Moments later, Chubs was by my side.

"Hey, don't worry about it, newbie. You're *supposed* to make boom booms in your diaper. It's normal! Looks like you just haven't gotten used to all the fiber. I mean wow! You sure did drop a load!"

I blushed and covered my face, praying I didn't get hard as Mikey wiped all the muck off of my groin and legs.

"Hehe, don't worry kid. We're always bragging about who made the biggest boom boom. Looks like you're the champ today! Maybe your nickname should be Boomer!"

I groaned, hoping that the nickname wouldn't stick. Then my butt went up into the air as Mikey lifted my legs and got to wiping my behind.

"No job's too big for me," said Mikey with a grin, and sure enough, my butt was soon being lowered onto a fresh new diaper.

"Okay, kiddo. I'm throwing in some stuffers to make sure this lasts the rest of your shift. The checkers don't care much if you're wet, and I think that's all the boom boom you're gonna be doing for a while, mister."

The smell of powder soon filled the room as he shook it out on my crotch and rubbed it in. Suddenly I began to feel a little better and even smiled as the wonderful

scent took over my senses and washed away thoughts of the mucky mess that Mike had tossed away. As the diaper came up between my legs, I could feel that it was thicker than anything I'd worn up to now. There was so much padding between my legs that the diaper was practically a shell, immovable and uncrushable by even the strongest of thighs.

Mikey helped me onto my feet and I was dressed once more in my uniform, then sent off with a pat to the rump. "Off ya, go, kiddo! Have a great shift!"

I took a few steps and already felt myself chubbing up from the sensation of my thick diaper between my legs. Chubs grabbed me by the hand and led me out through the cafeteria again.

"Come on, Boomer. Let's get to work."

I winced as he called me that, then I sighed, and looked over at Chubs. "That name's gonna stick, isn't it?"

"Yup," he said, grinning back at me.

Chubs was right. The shift flew by as I enjoyed the feeling of wearing and wetting my diapers while I packed bag after bag of Star-Blasters. Even before we made it out to the floor, I already felt myself chubbing up as the thick diaper rubbed my groin with each step. Even the crinkle was starting to turn me on. Once we got to work, the stimulation I felt from the increasingly warm and soggy padding was undeniable. The more we moved, the heavier my diaper got and the hornier I got. All attempts to sneak off to rub my diapers in the restroom were quickly stopped, however. I had no reason to use the restroom, and no way to take off my magnetically locked clothes without an authorized changer present, anyway. I wasn't quite ready to be completely shameless and rub one out on the factory floor like I saw some employees do, so I just had to let the diapers tease my hard dick mercilessly and hoped that a checker would come by and deem me in need of a change. Unfortunately, I was all pooped out and the diapers were thick enough to hold my piddles the whole rest of the work day. I was just about going crazy by the end of my shift, and my plan was to make a beeline to the changing room, but Chubs had other ideas.

"Come on, pal! Waddle your butt over this way! I gotta introduce you to Martinez and the gang."

"But I-"

"Lockers are this way bud," Chubbs said, as I tried to pull away. There was no stopping it. He was too enthused to show off the new guy to his pals, so I was stuck following him, watching in envy as the other workers lined up for a change and a hand job from the Garreth and the other daytime supervisors.

"Here we are," he said, showing me his locker. "Oh, and this one's yours." He patted the locker next to his and showed me how to set my thumbprint on the scanner so only I could open it. "Yeah, you can store whatever you want in here... you know your... snacks... uh... favorite diapers... and... uh... come to think of it, you won't need to use it much since everything is pretty much provided here. Pretty much the only thing I keep in here is a warm coat for the evening, but that's only in case our work schedule runs late. I've never been on the late shift. Not yet, anyway."

I looked at my empty locker and thought about the things I had brought with me. "Uh, hey Chubs. Where *is* my stuff, anyway?"

"Oh, I can't say, really. You'll have to ask Gareth or one of the senior staff."

"Huh... okay," I said. I didn't like that. I felt like I was out of control of my own life without my things - even just having my wallet and car keys would have made me feel a little bit more in control of myself, but there was no chance of getting to Gareth now, with that huge line that had formed. Clearly Garreth was popular. I could already see him giving one of the employees a very happy ending to his change. The man was very vocal about it as he arched his back up, and spewed forth a huge load from his cock. Luckily Gareth was able to catch it in the man's diaper, where he loudly announced 'all his employees' stickies belonged'. There was a chuckle from the line, and a definite sense of arousal and anticipation as the waiting men rubbed their diapers. An intoxicating mix of baby powder and urine scent filled the air, and soon the scent of male musk joined it with more and more men unloading their pent up pee-pees on the changing tables.

"Hey, buddy," said Chubs, waving a hand in front of my face. "Yoo-hoo! Lover boy. I know you are excited about getting that change but we have people to meet. Come on!"

Chubs pulled me outside where a bunch of the guys from adult baby diaper machine M had clustered together.

"Hey guys! I'd like to introduce ya to Boomer!" Once again, I cringed as I heard that nickname, by which I would be forever reminded of the big mess I had made today.

"Hey, buddy!" said a thick, lightly stubbled man, taking my hand in his big rough hands and shaking it. "Name's Guy. I'm senior grunt on machine M. Welcome to the team."

The guys gathered around me and I got several pats on the back and congratulations on a fantastic performance during my orientation.

"You sure did make the morning shift one to remember!" said one of the guys.

"Oh yeah, he's a 'big boy' alright," said another, chuckling. "And he's already filling his big pamps to match!"

"Hey, Martinez, you wanna tell us how many pamps you wrecked today thanks to Boomer, here?"

I blushed fiercely as I remembered just how much cream was in my diaper when Gareth changed me that morning, not to mention what was there after nap time. Martinez and I exchanged an awkward handshake, and a brief introduction but luckily the guys seemed to have a short attention span.

"Well, heck," said Guy. "I think it's time we retire to the dorms for some cards and TV before din-dins. Whaddya say, boys?"

A bunch of enthusiastic hoots and hollers indicated a general consensus and the crowd began to move - many still in their locked shortalls and the rest in equally childish attire. As I began to follow them, I wondered if anyone dressed normally around here. However, my thoughts were interrupted as I felt a hand on my shoulder arresting my departure.

"Hold on there, buckaroo. Where do you think you're waddling off to without a change?" It was Gareth! I blushed and instantly tented in my soggy, massive diapers. "Silly boy. Those diapers are practically to your knees!" I looked down. He was right.

I stammered out an apology. "I-I'm uh... sorry. I should have waited in line, huh?"

He held his hand up. "Don't worry about it, bud. It's actually perfect timing. We have some time before dinner so how about you come back to my quarters and I show you some personal attention?"

"You don't have to ask *me* twice!" I said. He grabbed my hand, and I blushed as he led me off toward the employee housing.

I felt like I was holding hands with a grade-school crush and even though I'm sure we were around the same age, the difference in our status and, ahem, our designated underwear made me feel like I was looking up to an 'adult'. I just hoped he saw me as adult enough to do some of the things that had been running through my mind since we met. My mouth watered just thinking about getting a glimpse of that massive snake in his jumpsuit.

I got a few winks, wolf-whistles and thumbs up as the guys from machine M spotted me and Gareth walking off. I blushed fiercely as I waddled after him, feeling two feet tall as I was led around in my toddlerish attire by this massive and handsome man in a jumpsuit. While the men entered a portable set up behind the factory, Gareth and I veered off toward a more permanent looking building which was actually quite nice looking inside. I'm talking front desk concierge, indoor plants, corporate looking art on the walls... and even an elevator.

"One of the perks of being a permanent employee," he said, with a smile. I raised my eyebrows.

"What do I have to do to be permanent?" I asked. Gareth just chuckled and patted me on the back. He put an arm around my shoulder and waved to the front desk clerk who returned a knowing smile as we walked on by toward the elevator.

Once we got in, he hit floor 2. "The higher floors are reserved for the higher-ups," he said.

"Guess they take that more literal than I thought," I said, with a chuckle. "I wonder who has the penthouse."

"Oh, the big lady in the sky. You won't get to see her. I don't think anyone does, except maybe the very top executives. Honestly, I don't even think they live here. Might as well give it to one of us, but I guess we all need something to aspire to." He gave a rueful smile and shook his head as we walked up to his apartment door. "Heck, what am I complaining about? *I'm* the one who's about to have fun changing a cutie!"

I blushed as he pressed his keycard to the sensor, but my embarrassment was forgotten once we walked into his habitation.

"Nice place!" It was quite a lot larger than I had expected. It had a kitchenette, a living room, and what I assumed was a bathroom and bedroom too. The whole apartment had a modern, clean look about it, and was impeccably sterile. Almost like it had never been lived in.

"Wow, it looks like it was built yesterday! Have you ever even used this kitchen?"

"Eh, I come here to sleep. That's about it," Garreth said with a shrug.

"Well," I said, with a smirk. "I hope that's not *all* you do, here..." He raised an eyebrow and smiled.

"Is the little man flirting with his superior now?" I blushed slightly but kept my cool, taking a step closer to Garreth.

"What do you think?"

"I think a certain little boy needs a big change on Daddy's changing table," he said with a wink. That was the weirdest pickup line I had ever heard, but he was hot enough that it didn't really matter. I decided to roll with it.

"Sure thing, 'Daddy'," I said, trying not to giggle as he led me away from the main living area.

Garreth flicked on a light in the bedroom and pointed to the prominently placed changing table. "Up on there, kiddo," he said, pointing.

I didn't have to be asked twice. I hopped up on there, shortalls and all, knowing I would need Gareth's help to get all my clothing off so adulty times could happen.

"Let's see, here, let's see..." He said, fumbling with his belt. "Ah, here we go." He unclipped his magnetic fob and put it up to my clothes, swiftly pressing the fob to several key areas of my outfit and undoing it with a series of simple snaps. Every time his warm hands brushed my bare skin to help me out of my next article of clothing, I felt my dick jump in its crinkly confines. With nowhere to go, it was making the remaining space in my diaper mighty small.

Luckily, Garreth was deft at disrobing his employees, and in no time flat, I was sitting on the changing table in nothing but a diaper. It still felt very awkward to be in this position in front of a hot guy, so of course I was beet red under Garreth's gaze even as my raging erection pressed hard against the sopping wet diaper between my legs. Garreth chuckled.

"They sure diapered you up thick, didn't they?"

"U-uh huh," I gulped. My mouth had gone completely dry as I sat in this vulnerable position in Gareth's bedroom.

"What's the matter, kiddo? You look like you just swallowed a bug. Don't you want to have a change and some fun time with Daddy?"

"I do, I do," I said, hastily. "It's just that I'm..."

"Nervous?" he asked, chuckling. "Yeah, I can see that. Don't worry, kiddo. Daddy Gareth will take care of you. Just lay back and try to breathe, okay?"

"O-okay," I said, my heart racing as I lay back on the changing table.

"There we go, little guy. Just breathe and relax," said Gareth, playing with the front of my diaper. He rubbed my tenting diaper slowly, making me moan before finally, slowly, untaping each tape one by one.

Rrrrip *Rrrrip* *Rrrrip* *Rrrrip*

As he untaped my diaper, the cool air rushed in and made me shiver slightly. He began to lower the front panel but he paused, allowing the padding to catch a spurt of pee that shot out of my pecker of its own accord. I gasped, embarrassed.

"Happens every time. You little boys are all the same," he said, shaking his head and chuckling. I looked over to my side and saw his huge monster cock snaking down the leg of his jumpsuit, bowing out against the material like it wanted to break free. Suddenly I had something to focus on other than my own nervousness and I was hungry for it.

"Now it's my turn," he said, unzipping the front of his jumpsuit. He pulled the zipper down to his thighs and his cock sprang forth, its spicy scent filling the air. I was practically drooling as he wiped me clean and pulled the diaper out from under me.

"Wow!" I said, "That's a whopper!"

"I'm glad you like it, little guy," he said, beaming. "Maybe one day you'll grow up to be big like Daddy. Until then, I'll teach you how to use it..." I grunted. This role-play game was going a little too long for my taste. I watched as he took my wet diaper out from under me and laid it open on the bed.

"Hey... What are you-"

"We wouldn't want you to have an *accident* while playing, would we bud? Now, hurry over to the bed and get up on the diaper, buddy. Before you make a soggy mess of my bedroom."

"Uh, hehe," I said, chuckling nervously as I slid off the table and landed on my feet, naked. "I... *don't* need diapers, Gareth, especially not for sex... I'm a big boy!" Gareth raised his eyebrows in mock surprise.

"That's not what your little pee pee says," he said, pointing. I looked down and was shocked at what I saw.

"W-wait! I'm not usually this small!"

"That's gotta be, what, four inches hard? But hey, at least your pee pee knows where he belongs. It looks perfectly happy with the news that it's going right back where it belongs while Daddy comes behind to give his boy his vitamin booster to make him feel all good inside."

I bucked my hips as he grabbed me by the penis. Then, he led me to the bed, sending me sprawling face down with the slightest push to the small of my back. The man was powerful. He didn't even break a sweat and he was tossing me around like a rag doll. I sighed as my cock sunk into the thick soft padding. The indescribable scent of powder, diapers, and piss filled my nose as I came to rest with my forearms in front of me, my thighs splayed out behind me.

"That's it, boy. Open your tunnel for the choo-choo. Here comes Daddy!" I could feel Garreth's monster head pressing up against my hole. It was wet with lube or precum. I didn't know which. I could smell him, though, and I figured that at least some of it had to be precum.

"You like how I smell, boy? Can you blame me? All day changing cute diaper boys and no chance for relief. It's enough to drive a man damn near crazy."

"I-I've never bottomed before," I said, gulping. I could feel the heat radiating off Garreth's cock as it sat there wedged between my cheeks... waiting to strike like the snake it resembled.

"It's okay, baby. Daddy Gareth will have you feeling so good. I promise this'll make you cream your pampers *hands free*. But I need to hear how much you want it first. Do you want this hot man meat inside your little boy hole?" I groaned. I hadn't ever bottomed before, but all of a sudden I so wanted to.

"Y-yes," I panted out.

"Yes *Daddy*," he corrected.

"Yes, Daddy," I whispered. Garreth leaned forward and spoke softly into my ear, taking his hand and reaching under the diaper to cup my inexplicably small erection.

"Come on. You can do better than that, little man," said Garreth. My mind was too clouded with lust to ask questions.

I wanted to get off, the sooner the better, so I belted out a "Yes, Daddy!"

"That's more like it, boy," He said, and he slowly began to push forward, adding considerable pressure to my hole. "One more time, for me, in case the people in the penthouse didn't hear."

"Yes, Daddy I want your cock!" I bellowed, and I yelled out as the pressure gave way and his cock began to slide into my virgin hole.

"Shhh, Shhh, Shhh," He said, shoving a pacifier into my mouth as his huge cock slid in deeper, forcing its way past something tight before finally pushing through all the resistance my ass had to offer and finishing its deep plunge. I gasped at the strange sensation of being opened up so deeply, but before I could get used to it, Garreth began to pull back out, causing more intense and undiscovered sensations inside of me.

"Oh! Ooh!" I moaned and bit down on the pacifier, shocked by everything I was feeling. My cock jumped and spurted something wet into the front of my diaper. Piss or precum, I couldn't be sure, but the diaper was there to soak it all up regardless.

"Having fun yet?" he asked, as he pulled out even further, causing the thickest part of his cock to pass through that tight section of resistance deep in my guts. The sensation was too strong to be considered pleasure, though that's the closest thing I could describe it as. If I had been standing my knees would have gone weak. "Does that feel good, baby boy?"

"Uhn! Uhn!!!" It was the closest I could come to speech at that moment, feeling as if I was being jacked off from the base of my cock, relieving my bladder, and taking the best dump of my life all at once. I sucked on my paci for dear life and squeezed my eyes shut as I tried to ride out the amazing sensations. Garreth leaned down and gave me a light bite on my neck, which only got me more fired up as it added to the overwhelming mix of sensations.

"I heard you made quite a boom boom earlier today," he said into my ear as he pulled out again. My eyes went wide and felt my cheeks grow hot as I remembered that incident. So he knew too. "Good job, boy. That's what I like to hear. Unf!" I felt oddly

proud in the half second before he sunk his cock back into me, obliterating all thought from my mind.

What followed was a long and gradually intensifying fucking that had a feeling building down below. I couldn't believe it when I recognized what it was. Was this really happening? Was I about to cum hands free? Evidently, Garreth could feel me tightening up as he humped because he remarked on it.

"Getting close, baby boy?" I nodded. I could hear him panting. Feel his sweat dripping down on my back. We were both hot and panting hard, the smell of sex hanging heavy in the air as he continued his anal assault. And then, with a loud moan I felt something coming starting at the base of my cock and moving down those few short inches until finally... liquid splashed out of my penis. I jolted in shock, prevented from leaping away by the body above me and the cock inside me as I realized I was peeing *all over myself*.

"Oh no!" I cried out. The pacifier fell from my mouth, which hung open in an 'O' of surprise as I watched what was happening.

"Shhh," he said, "That's what happens to incontinent baby boys who try to ride Daddy's dick like a grownup. That's why we have the diaper. And now it's my turn."

I moaned, as the front of the diaper became warm and soggy around my cock, enveloping and massaging it with every thrust he made, and then he pushed it in deep, my hole clamped down around him as I felt his cock pulse several times into my ass.

"I... I couldn't finish," I said, as he slowed. He gave me a bear hug from behind and kissed my cheek.

"Of course you could. That's how little guys like you finish - by making big pee pees into their diapers. Of course if you want a full release, I can help you with that," he said, and I could hear the smug grin in his voice. I didn't care. I was horny beyond belief and peeing my pampers wasn't cutting it.

"Yes, please. I need to make stickies!"

"Alright, then. Lay back, now. Like this." He pulled out of me and stepped back, laying me on my back before taping the crinkly, soggy padding up once more.

"There we go. Now the diaper will catch all the cum from the front *and* behind." Garreth grabbed my package through the padding. "Let's get that little pee-pee spurting, shall we?"

I blushed and nodded, as he cooed and slipped the paci back between my lips. A stuffed turtle followed, and I hugged it hard, not realizing until that point that I needed something to hug as Daddy Gareth rubbed my pampers to what promised to be the most amazing climax of my life.

I walked into Portable M still clutching my stuffed turtle. I hadn't brought a change of clothes so I was right back in my uniform, which, of course I would not be able to remove on my own. *Come to think of it*, I realized as I caught sight of my machine crew, *most of the others were still in uniform too*. Outside of the context of the factory floor, they really did just look like a gaggle of toddlers sitting on their puffy butts around the TV screen or on the bottom bunks playing cards.

"So what happened, buddy?" asked Chubs, spotting me immediately. "Didja get lucky?"

I blushed as a burbling fart escaped my butt. I felt some cum drip from my butthole into the waiting diaper.

"I guess that answers *that* question!" He said with a laugh. The other guys immediately turned their heads to look, 'catching wind' of what had happened. A chorus of catcalls and wolf whistles ensued.

"Did the new guy just get laid? No way!"

"Way to go!"

"You stud, you!"

"Hehe, thanks guys," I said, my face feeling hot again. I gave my turtle a squeeze, that odd sense of pride returning. I moved to join Chubs on the bunk with Guy and started to ask if I could join in on the next hand when my eyes fell on the one guy in the room who hadn't taken his eyes off the screen. He just sort of stared at the children's programming, smiling, drooling, rubbing the front of his crotch, a steady crinkle emanating from his shorts. He was totally zonked.

"Hey Chubs... who's that?"

"Oh, him? That's just PeeJay."

"Uh... is he... is he okay?"

"Oh, he's been like that for weeks. Doesn't interfere with his work. Don't worry about it." Something made me very uneasy to see a fully grown man just staring into space like that. It made the hairs on my neck stand on end. I began to pat down my pockets out of reflex.

"Uh, hey guys... anyone got any smokes?" Guy twisted up his face and looked at me funny.

"We don't smoke those cancer sticks around here."

"Doesn't *anyone* smoke around here?" I asked.

"Nope," said Chubs. "Your best bet is the convenience store up the road, but I haven't even been there in months..."

"Yeah... Yeah, okay," I said, stepping away. "I'll get in on that game later, guys. I think I'm gonna take a walk to the store."

"Just be back by din din time at 6. We have a mandatory training after that and you *don't* wanna be marked truant."

"Yeah, sure, got it," I said as I walked away. I stopped when I got outside. For some reason my heart was beating wildly and my mouth was dry. Kind of like when I was at Gareth's, but without any of the excitement. "What the hell is going on?"

Then, it hit me. I patted myself down again. "Fuck." I had never gotten my keys and wallet back from Linda. I had forgotten all about them after work because I was too preoccupied with getting laid. I decided to take a stroll around front to check on my car. I could scrounge around for some butts if nothing else. As I walked around the front of the building, the sun was still up in the sky, the air hot and dry. I squinted as I looked into the bright and empty parking lot.

"Huh..." I said, as I continued around to the parking spaces nearest the entrance. "That's weird. I know I parked here this morning..." I looked left and right. No sign of anyone. "Well, shit."

I walked along the fence toward the guard's booth, dragging my hand along the fencing as I went. It was the one exit and entrance to this place from what I had seen and I figured maybe the guard would know where I could find Linda. I wondered if the same happy nappy gate guard was still there from earlier. Sure enough he was, headphones still on, still watching his Tommy the Freight Engine show.

He didn't see me approaching from the side, so he didn't know I was watching him smiling and bouncing and clapping as he watched, sucking on an oversized pacifier all the while. It was no mystery to me now what the puffiness around his waist was. Most of the employees here seemed to be consumers of the very product they helped produce, including myself. That fact seemed like an odd coincidence to me, but I put it out of my mind for the moment. I was more concerned by the mystery of where my wheels went.

I knocked on the window of the little booth, but the man was so engrossed in his show, he didn't even notice. I waved my hand, and still nothing. Finally, I walked around to the front of the booth and he visibly jumped, quickly putting away his headphones and pacifier and straightening himself up before opening the little sliding window.

"I see you're still working..." I began.

"Hey there, mister. I didn't see you there. You here for the job?" I cocked my head.

"Uh, no, we met this morning. Remember me?" I paused, and he just blinked and smiled expectantly. "Well, I got the job! Linda hired me right away."

He looked at me with a vacant smile and I could tell he wasn't the brightest bulb in the box. "Great!" he said, simply. "Always happy to have another hand on the line."

Hadn't he said that this morning? He clearly didn't remember me, even though I was probably the only person who passed by his booth all day. Then again, he did seem pretty gone.

"I parked my car right over there," I said, pointing to the front lot and making sure to enunciate my words. "Right over there. Do. You. Know. Where. It. Went?"

"Well gosh," he said, blinking and smiling. "That's a stumper." I looked around. Why did I think he would know anything about my car? I would have been surprised if this guy even remembered what he had for lunch. Then, I noticed the state of his diaper. The crotch of his uniform was beyond puffy at this point - it was looking ready to burst. "Say, buddy. I think you might need a... um... a change..."

He looked down at his crotch, then back up at me and smiled. "Nah, these oughtta hold for quite some time. At least 'til lights out."

"I think you're already there," I mumbled to myself.

"What was that?" he asked, smiling. I sighed.

"Nothing, nevermind. Listen, can you tell me where to find Linda? I believe she had my keys so..."

"Uh huh?" he asked, looking expectantly.

"So... she's... bound to know where my car is," I finished.

"That's great!" he said, smiling his vacant smile.

"Great," I said, without any enthusiasm whatsoever. I sighed and looked longingly at the road. No point in going out without any money to spend or car to take me there. "Hey... you don't happen to have any smokes on you, do you?"

"No, sir. No smoking allowed within 10 feet of Happy Nappy property. If you wanna do that, you'll have to do it *outside*."

"Eh, it was a longshot anyway. You, uh..." I eyed his crotch once more. "You have a nice day, mister..."

"Soggs," he said.

"Figures," I replied with a nod. "Thanks, Soggs. You've been a real lifesaver."

"Have a Happy Nappy day!"

I walked off, glancing back to see that he was once again watching his show and sucking his pacifier happily. That craving for cigarettes was gnawing at me now. An itch that wouldn't go away, like a diaper rash, that.... Heck. Was I using diaper-related metaphors now? I shook my head as I slowly made my way over the dry, cracked ground back to the main building. I tried the front door and it was locked.

"Hello? Hello? Anyone?"

I put my hands up to the mirrored glass and looked inside. No one at the front desk. The lobby sat empty, aside from a few indoor plants and the same old diaper safety posters on the wall, telling us what we already knew about the need to keep all employees securely diapered and dressed. As if it wasn't obvious. I slumped against the wall and sighed. Hadn't I heard somewhere that pacifiers made good substitutes for people who were quitting cigarettes?

I made my way around the building. I wanted a damn cigarette and I was losing my patience with this weird-ass factory, so I marched my way back toward the employee housing area. I didn't make it very far once I got around the building, though.

"Hey, Boomer!" shouted Chubs as he spotted me coming around the building. "There you are! Get a move on, we're headed to din din now."

"I was just going to try and find my wallet so I could-"

"No time for that now, bud. It's almost 6. Get your butt over here!"

"Okay, okay," I said, sighing. So much for that cigarette. The hunger for a smoke was gnawing at my gut as I joined the guys on their way to the employee entrance. All the crews were lining up on the blacktop like recess was over, and supervisors were counting heads.

"Let's see... Martinez... Garcia... Baby..." Gareth's massive hand patted my head as he went down the line.

"D-did he just call me *baby*?" I asked Chubs, blushing.

Chubs was chuckling, his face was slightly red as well. "Haha, yeah. It was pretty priceless." I looked back at Gareth who caught my glance, winked, and flexed his cock under the jumpsuit. I instantly felt my cheeks get hot and I hid my face in my hands.

"Aww, does somebody have a *boyfriend*?" asked Chubs.

"More like *Daddy*," I muttered. "At least that's what he called himself when we went to his place..."

"Ooh la la," said Chubs, elbowing my ribs. "You can tell me all about it over din din, lover boy." If din din was anything like lunch, I doubt I'd be saying much at all through my feeder gag. Turns out, it was exactly like that.

When it was our turn, we entered the building single file and went down past the cafeteria to the baby room where high chairs were lined up waiting for us. Once again, we were helped into our oversized chairs and strapped in securely before our trays were snapped into place. Chubs and I were helped by Mikey, that same red headed assistant that 'helped' me make boom boom after nap time.

"What's on the menu today?" asked Chubs, clearly excited to fill his belly.

"Today is German day," said Mikey, "so we're having applesauce and mashed potato pancakes!"

"Mmm! Appa sauce!" said Chubs, giggling and clapping. "Nummy!"

"Hey, I can tie my bib like a big boy," I said, as Mikey reached for the bibs.

"Oh really? Why don't you show me, then."

"Sure," I said, accepting the bib from his outstretched hand. I pulled the strings around back, and looped them around. No, that wasn't right. I looped the strings around, then brought them around my neck. "Grr. This is harder than I thought."

"Here, let me help you," said Mikey, who had already finished with Chubs's bib. Before I could say anything, he reached around and had it tied just like that. "There we go. All safe from spills!" I blushed. This guy had to be years younger than me and yet I had needed his help to put my own bib on? Unbelievable.

"Now open up, mister. We've got your yummy nummy juice to drink up before the food comes out." I opened my mouth wide and let him put the nipple of the feeder gag into my mouth. He flipped a switch and soon sweet juice was flowing into my mouth. Chubs looked at me with a wicked grin, looked up to the ceiling, where the hose went, then looked down to his diaper before looking back to me. He wagged his eyebrows.

Oh, so it's a race then? I said, mentally. *"Well, then you're on!"* The two of us began sucking down the juice and flooding our diapers as fast as we could. I sucked as if my life depended on it, and pretty soon, the liquid was coming out of me just as fast as I was gulping it down. The bottoms of my shortalls got tighter and tighter, but the snaps didn't pop. I kept looking over at Chubs' shortalls beneath his tray as the fabric between the snaps pulled apart to reveal the crinkly expanse of padding underneath. I kept expecting *something* to give way, but the material was as tough as kevlar and the snaps were riveted in so sturdily that they weren't budging. The material seemed to just stretch tighter and tighter as the diaper beneath it grew.

Finally, Mikey returned only to find that our padding had expanded so much, our trays had popped off.

"Well, I'll be darned," he said, scratching his head. "Now how am I going to feed you two if I can't put your trays back on? After taking out our feeder gags, he came to the decision that our diapers were big enough to be their own trays, so he sat down a big bowl of mush on each of our diapers and began to feed us. "At least we know the product works," he said, chuckling. I supposed that the quality control crew weren't the only ones testing out the products. I wondered if that had anything to do with why so many Happy Nappy employees needed diapers.

After I was spoon fed my surprisingly tasty supper, it was time for changies. Chubs looked happy as a clam now that his tummy was full and he bounced with every step as Mikey led the two of us to the nearest open changing table. Even I was beginning to get a bit excited about the prospect of a nice new diaper.

"Up we go, boys," said Mikey. "You first, fella." He helped Chubs up onto the changing table and the man happily lay back to let Mikey unsnap his shortalls. Mikey had the magic key fob on his belt so he was easily able to open the snaps - or rather, they flew open on their own when he unlocked them. Chubs's gigantic swollen diaper was a sight to see. I couldn't wait to see how it stacked up against mine.

"Not bad, kid," said Mikey, holding up the hugely swollen diaper. "I'd say this is at least seven pounds." I grinned when he said that.

"Yeah, kid, not bad." I echoed. The irony of a young guy like Mikey calling the older Chubs a 'kid' was not lost on me

"You're one to talk," said Chubs. "You're a green horn here. We should call you *baby* grunt."

"Heyyy," I said, crossing my arms.

My words were cut off as a thick pacifier was shoved into my mouth. I looked at Chubs who had gotten one too. Mikey had managed to pacify us both at the same time.

"Enough, you two. I want you to keep these in until you head back to your rooms for beddy bye time."

Chubs's face looked as red as mine felt as we were both trumped by this kid in a caretaker's uniform. Just like Gareth, he was wearing a jumpsuit with nothing underneath, and it was hot as heck. Like Garreth, his trouser snake was massive. I was only now able to notice and appreciate it now that I wasn't freaking out about making a boom boom in my pants, and more than once I caught myself staring at his butt as he bent over the changing table to wipe Chubs's hiney clean. The only thing that would have made it better was a nice big diaper bulge.

Yeah, I thought to myself. A diaper bulge would be really hot on Mikey...

"Dale? Dale? Earth to Dale. It's your turn buddy."

I started as I felt two arms reach under my armpits and boost me up. I blushed and quickly scrambled up on the table to take my place on my back with my knees bent and open.

"What was on your mind, lil guy?" asked Mikey, as if I was going to respond with the giant pacifier in my mouth.

I looked at him, grateful I didn't have to make something up on the spot. He wasn't expecting me to respond, and that was just fine by me.

"Alright, kiddo, let's change that wet didee, okay?" I just smiled and nodded my head as my cock tented the diaper of its own accord. I was beginning to really like diaper changes.

The slogan on most of the posters decorating the walls of the factory was "We take care of *you*." That slogan took on a whole new meaning after I was fed, diapered, dressed, and led to my seat in the open area at the front of the nursery room. The room had been filled with chairs for the mandatory training session, and many workers were already strapped in. As I was strapped into my seat, which resembled an oversized carseat, and my headphones were slipped on my head, I was surprised I didn't expect this from the beginning. When I first came here, the gate guard said everything would be taken care of, and he meant it – right down to our feedings and changes.

The room darkened leaving the light only on one person standing at the front of the room. It was Linda.

"Hello, little ones. Welcome to your next training session. I have a few points of news before we get started. First of all, please welcome our newest employee, Dale. He just joined the day-shift today on machine M."

There was a round of uncoordinated applause, with at least one or two people yelling out, "We know," and "We heard it." I blushed, remembering that everyone heard me bust in my pamps. And that led me to thinking of filling my pamps with more warm sticky goo, like I had on my tummy at Gareth's,

"On another order of business," Linda was saying, "as part of our improved safety protocol initiative, all employee bunk beds will now be replaced with cribs."

This was met with enthusiastic applause as everyone seemed rather happy with this change. Their enthusiasm seemed a bit misplaced; it was hard to see anything exciting about being in a crib. It was just what we were *supposed* to sleep in, wasn't it?

Sleeping in a crib was normal and natural, I thought, nodding to myself confidently as the droning in my ears got louder. I was clearly more mature and aware than these excited babies I was working with. The whispers and half-uttered phrases I heard in the background seemed to agree. *I* knew that good grunts belonged in a crib whenever it was time to go sleepies. Then, a visor was slipped over my head, surprising

me. Instantly, my view changed as the headphones piped a voice into my ears loud and clear. I smiled. It was time to continue my training.

"Hello, and welcome to your daily training video. Your opportunity for continuing education at Happy Nappy Diaper Co."

A shiny logo spun around before fading out of view.

'Happy Nappy Diaper Co.'

The logo faded to be replaced by the words, "Please choose your training file," against the backdrop of a traditional looking daycare classroom.

I was impressed that the company was so progressive as to offer continuing education for employees - at least until I found out what was on offer. A list of options popped up in a scrolling menu in front of me. Only one was dark - orientation. I had already done that one.

On the menu were courses like proper diaper use, being a good baby, and playtime 101... still others seemed to be trainings on particular products offered by Happy Nappy Co. These 'classes' did not count as higher ed in my book...

Nonetheless I had to pick one, so I indicated 'Proper Diaper Use' by staring at it for five seconds.

The spinning menu logo froze as if lagging from something being loaded into the system, then the menu faded from view and Linda strolled into the daycare room, smiling. "Great choice, Dale. You're already pretty good at using your diaper, but you can always learn to use it better. You'll be a model employee in no time if you learn to use your diapers perfectly. You can even teach the other employees a thing or two!

I blushed at the thought of teaching the others how to use their diapers. I was pretty sure there was a tent in mine, even though I couldn't check.

"Since you're somewhat... indisposed at the moment, I've brought two very special guests to demonstrate proper diaper use for us..."

Two young men walked into the room wearing identical toddler-esque outfits of short, baby blue diaper shirts that stopped just above the belly button and thick, very obvious diapers peeking above pastel canvas shorts that locked at the legs and waist.

"Meet my boys," Linda said with a nod. The two men blushed as they stood there, presenting themselves. I let out an involuntary gasp as I remembered what Linda had said during the job interview.

"This is why we make things like our secure-fix diaper covers. Whether they're three or thirty, boys will be boys. I know my boys were little jaybirds until I got them some."

I had understood her words then. It had simply never occurred to him that her 'boys' would be closer to 20 than they were to 2.

"This is Tommy. He's 23, going on 3. And this is Greggy, but we just call him Googoo. He just turned 21"

23? 21? Wasn't that a little too old for diapers? The thought crossed my mind for half a second before I realized how silly it was to think that when I and everyone I knew was in diapers too.

"Wow, I didn't realize your boys were... so old..."

"Oh, you thought my boys were younger than that? Well, surprise! These two little cuties had until they were 18 to get things together. Then it was either out the door or back to basics. Little Greggy didn't even try. As for his older brother, well... he went right along with Greggy for encouraging him to drink and drive. Thank goodness I caught them before they went out. Now, the only drinking they're doing is from their ba-bas."

"Mommmm.... This is embarrassing!" whined one of the boys.

"Oh, hush mister. You brought this on yourself. Anyway, it's time to start the lesson on proper diaper use. Let's get started!" She reached into her pocket and pulled out a little magnetic fob. "Now I'm gonna take off your diaper covers boys, so our employees can see how *well* you know how to use them!"

The two boys stood there looking stiff and uncomfortable as their mom passed the magnet over the caps on their secure-fix diaper covers and pulled them down to reveal two dry and not very thick medical style diapers.

"These are from our medical line. As you can see, there are two big yellow wetness indicators running the length of the diapers so it will be easy to see when the little rascals wet. Are you two ready to make pee-pees, or do you need a little drink to help get you going?"

Linda looked at the two men, crossing her arms and tapping her foot. They looked like they were sweating bullets as they tried in vain to pee on command.

"Not to worry," said Linda, "I've got just the thing. Here you go, drink up."

She handed them two oversized bottles and they looked at each other, faces turning red, before raising the bottles to their lips and drinking.

When they got about halfway through their drinks, Linda spoke.

"There you go.. very good," she said, patting googoo on his diapered butt.

PAFF *PAFF*

She looked back at me. "The first thing you should do is stay hydrated. That's really the first and the last rule of peeing in your diaper. Usually that's all you need. Cuts down on the acidity of your urine too, so you can wear your comfy didees for a nice long time! Oh, by the way, in the interest of time I've added some of our super stream diuretic to the mix to get them peeing right away."

The two boys' eyes shot open when they heard this, but their mom urged them on.

"I didn't say stop drinking, boys. Don't make me make this a proper discipline lesson too!"

Tommy screwed his eyes shut and gulped the pee-pee juice down, looking pained as he did so. His knees were buckling and he was already squirming. Googoo, on the other hand, looked resigned to his fate and just gulped it down, his eyebrows knit together as the yellow indicator turned bright blue in front. He wasn't even trying to hold back.

"Excellent work, Googoo! It's important to stay relaxed in your diaper and just let the pee come out when it has to. No holding it in, like Tommy. Tommy... I want you to stop holding it in..."

Tommy pulled the bottle out of his mouth and whined. "But *Mommmm!*"

"Don't 'But Mom' me, mister. Look, Googoo's already finished! I'm going to start counting, and you'd better get back to drinking that baba before I get to three or else." She held her right hand up and started counting. "1... 2..."

I had never seen someone move faster than Tommy. In an instant the bottle was back in his mouth and his diaper was turning blue from front to back.

"Now it looks like Tommy has a lot of pee in him, so he's going to be going for a while. This is what we call a "flood". Tommy, why don't we demonstrate changing positions to help the urine soak into other parts of the padding? Lie on the desk."

Tommy had finished his bottle only to be now made to lie on the big desk at the front of the room and pee his diaper first on his back, then on his front. By the time he was done, the diaper was well and truly soaked from front to back and his eyes were wet with tears of embarrassment.

"Now *that's* what I call a wet diaper," said Linda. "Let's talk about how long you should be in a diaper before a change. Most of the time, we change between 6-8 hours, though employees who wear our thickest garments can easily go 12. The main factor to worry about is irritation," she said, placing a hand on Tommy's swollen diaper bulge. "A lot of people think that it's wetness that causes diaper rash. Not so! It's actually the acidity of your urine that does so, so that's another reason why being well hydrated can help you avoid diaper rash, even if you're wearing your didees for a long period of time."

Tommy was covering his face now, wishing she would finish already.

"Googoo, get Mommy her diaper bag. This little guy's gonna need one. I'm going to make this quick," she said, as she fluffed up the diaper and slid it under his already wet one before untaping the one he was wearing to remove it. Then she began wiping him down. "We can talk about changing properly to set yourself up for successful protection in another lesson. But there is one thing... Ah, here we go..."

She pulled out a little plastic packet from the bag. It was a suppository. And despite her claim that she would make this quick, Tommy was left lying on the desk naked while Linda talked about dealing with messy diapers. His face turned redder and redder as she explained all the details about proper diaper use and messing, and he almost looked relieved when she finally shoved the suppository in and taped him up.

"While we wait, let's talk about ways to make it easier to go anywhere and everywhere. Let's start with reverse kegels, then we'll move on to fiber."

When the lesson ended and my visor was taken off, I was shocked to find myself still strapped down to my chair in the nursery/feeding room. I had completely forgotten I was in a simulation or, more disturbingly, I had lost the ability to tell the difference.

"And that's all for tonight. We'll see you all tomorrow, kiddos. Now get some shuteye."

I was rather surprised to see that a few of the chairs were already empty when our visors came off, and even as we were released, we could tell that our unit had gotten a little bit smaller.

"Hey, where's PeeJay?" asked one guy. Nobody seemed to know. I barely knew him myself, beyond seeing him practically catatonic, rubbing his diaper to cartoons on TV in our dorms.

"Hey Linda," I said, approaching the still smiling hiring manager, and apparently manager of employees and employee training in general. "Have you seen PeeJay?"

"OH, yes, he's been switched to the night shift," she said. All the guys within earshot seemed to nod and accept that explanation as making perfect sense.

"Ohh, he got put on the *night shift*."

"Makes sense to me..."

Was I the only one who thought this made *no sense* whatsoever? I tried to ask her more but I had barely opened my mouth when Chubs grabbed me by the elbow and led me away.

"*Thanks Linda*," he called as he dragged me away. "Let's beat it, Boomer," he said in a lower voice, and pulled me out to the blacktop once more. It was dark out and I wondered just how much time had passed in there. I looked wistfully toward the building where Daddy Gareth lived wishing I was sleeping *there* tonight.

"Don't worry, bud," said Chubs. "Just stick with the program. Everything will be fine." Program. That's what it felt like. Like I was in some program.

"Where the hell are the night shift people, anyway?" I asked, squinting my eyes and looking around.

The factory seemed to be running, but I didn't catch sight of anyone but the other dayshifters as we left.

"Couldn't tell ya, bud," said Chubs. "Never seen 'em."

He threw an arm around my shoulders, leading me further from the factory, further from the executive suites where Linda and Daddy Gareth were probably kicking up their heels. Back toward our dorms.

Already, my memory of some of tonight's lesson was fading and yet, I felt like I knew a lot more about my diapers. For example, I knew I needed a change...

Squish Squish Squish

"Man, I really did a number on these Supes!" That was slang for super soggies, one of our most absorbent brands.

"Did you just soak 'em, or anything else?"

"Just soaked em, but you know how it is with the amount of SAP in those Supes. Sitting in one place for a few hours is gonna get you a leak for sure without enough pulp to wick off the wetness..."

Chubs raised his eyebrows and looked at me.

"Wait, how the hell did I know that?" I asked.

"Guess you learn quick, bud," said Chubs, patting my back and laughing. "Usually it takes two or three trainings before they start talking like that."

When we got back to our dorms, I knew just where to go to get changed and how to do it myself if need be. I could see it. It was like instinct now.

"Let's see if these changing tables are free. Do you need a change too?"

"Wow, you really do learn fast," he said. "I never even showed you where they were, did I?"

I shook my head. What was with me tonight? It had to be the lesson... maybe they went over it and I forgot... it all felt a little fuzzy to me. But that was the least of my worries because when we entered our dorms, I was shocked. Someone had been very busy while we were gone.

"What the... ?" I asked, staring.

"Oh boy," said Chubs, clasping his hands and looking around... all of the bunks were gone and had been replaced by cribs.

I stood there completely speechless.

"Look at this, Boomer!"

Guy whistled as he walked in. "Looks like we got an upgrade everyone."

"I'll say!"

"Wow!"

It's not that I was upset about it. I was just confused. How had they moved everything so quickly? Of course I wasn't complaining. It made sense to sleep in a crib, I mean isn't that where grunts were supposed to sleep? Suddenly, I felt a hand on my butt and a voice by my ear. It was Guy.

"Uh oh, looks like someone's in need of a change pronto! Come on, little skipper."

Our senior team leader took my hand and I felt like a two-year-old as I was led waddling over to the foot of the nearest crib where there was a free changing table. Looking left and right and I could see others getting their diapers changed as well. It seemed as if our outfits weren't locked any more - had they done that while we were in our lessons as well?

Guy unbuttoned my outfit and took it off of me so I was standing there in just my diaper. Now that I could see it, I could tell my instincts were correct. It was pretty much soaked to capacity in front. On the other hand the back was pretty dry still. Guy tut tutted.

"Well, there's no way that's gonna hold there, skipper. But it sure is a shame to change you now with all that dry padding in back. Now I'm not going to change you until you fill your diapers completely. Do you think you can go on your own or do you need help?"

This was the most embarrassing question he could have asked and I found the color rising to my face at how I was being talked to.

"Of *course* I can go on my own! I'm a *big* boy." I said. I stuck my thumb in my mouth and squatted, pushing hard to show him just how big a boy I was. My effort was rewarded with a loud fart and a heavy mass pushing out into my diaper, making it sag even further in back. I was rewarded with a pat on the head from Guy.

"Wow, you really *are* a big boy. Isn't he, guys?" He looked around the room and some of the people who were nearby heartily affirmed their assent.

"Oh yeah!"

"Way to go, big boy!"

They were laughing but not, I felt, out of derision. I think it was more out of fun and camaraderie. I mean, we were all padded here. It seemed to be the one thing we all had in common, aside from our jobs.

"You all done, buddy?" asked Guy. I nodded, my thumb still in my mouth.

"Okey dokey, then. Let's get you up on that table."

He hooked his arms behind my knees and lifted my butt up to sit on the padded surface. I was laid back and smiled and sighed as once again I got to enjoy a relaxing diaper change. I couldn't believe I hadn't done this before today. Diapers changes were awesome. Wearing diapers was worth it just for that!

"Hehe, if your little winky is expecting a happy ending, you won't get it from me, skipper." He made a sympathetic frown at my expression of disappointment. "Hey, if I gave my people happy endings, I'd have no time to do anything else. I'd have them lining up out the door come change time! Alright, there we go, we're all done" he said, patting the front of my diaper.

My old one went in the diaper pail and my new one was from our Snuggly Nights line, the best for night time protection. It had a blue and purple taping panel with sleeping bears on clouds with a big bright moon and yellow stars in the background. It was really the honeycomb core that made this one shine for night time wear, and I couldn't wait to try it out.

"Okay, skipper, step into your nini clothes for me," said Guy, holding open a fuzzy blue sleeper for me to step into. In I went and up went the zipper, locking behind my neck with a click. It felt nice to know that I was going to be snug and secure in my locking sleeper and my nini diaper, but as I waddled away from Guy and joined Chubs in our crib, I wondered.

"Hey, Chubs. If there are cribs instead of bunks, does that mean there are half as many beds?" He looked surprised for a second, but then he rubbed his chin and came up with the answer.

"Oh! Well, they're big enough for two, right? We'll just share a bed like we did at lunch time."

I looked around. "I don't think that'll be necessary for most of us. Looks like we've lost at least a third or more of our roommates. Do you think they got transferred to the night shift too?"

"Shhh, quiet guys. The cartoons are starting!"

"Oh yeah," he said. Almost forgot. We get to watch cartoons before bedtime. Come on!"

I put my mind off of my questions for the moment as an excited Chubs pulled me over to the rug to sit criss-cross applesauce in front of the big TV. *What the heck*, I thought. *Why not?* I had worked hard today. I had earned it.

There was something about the cartoon that just lulled me into a sense of relaxation and comfort as I leaned back in Chubs's lap. It wasn't like I found myself relaxing in another guy's lap every day, either. I must have been very relaxed, because not only did I cuddle up in my friend's lap, I didn't even mind when he began to grind his diaper on the back of mine. At the same time, he reached around and gave my own diaper bulge a nice rub as well, so who was I to complain? And of course it didn't help that the Blarney tunes playing in the background were just so hypnotically enticing. Something about his silly voice just made this little cuddle session even hotter.

I became dimly aware that we weren't the only ones cuddling and grinding to the serenading tunes of our favorite purple dinosaur. Every so often, I would come out of it for a second and notice a good dozen or so guys doing the same thing as us, which made up almost the entirety of our work team, really. But I wasn't really paying attention. I was enjoying myself too much. And soon, Blarney gave way to the big blue bear, which gave way to Blue Sleuth followed by Dragon Storytales, Pawsome Squad, and so on and so forth.... In fact, I really wasn't sure where the cartoons ended and the dreams began because at some point I came to and realized that the two of us were in our crib and I was no longer grinding. Had I fallen asleep or was I just that out of it?

My head felt fuzzy. It felt too hard to think. Maybe it was just better to... close my eyes.... I felt a warmth between my legs without even trying... that felt good... felt right... I drifted off.

The morning came bright and early and I did not feel ready for it. It was almost impossible to drag me out of bed, but it was time to get fed again and get to work for the day shift.

"Ready for another day of fun?" asked Chubs. I grumbled.

"Do they at least give us coffee in the morning?"

"Haha, no of course not," said Guy, overhearing my ridiculous question. "Babies don't drink coffee! Everyone knows that..."

"Oh yeah," I said. "Uh... right..."

I wished I could head out to the gas station before work. Even cheap gas station coffee would do at this point. That's when it hit me.

"Oh shit, my *car!*" I had forgotten to ask Linda about my car.

"Okay, baby boy," said Gareth, slapping my padded ass as he strode in. I yelped. "That's gonna be a warning. No cursing."

I blushed bright red as the other guys chuckled.

"Alright, kiddos. I know some of you are probably pretty ripe by now. Who needs a change before brekkies?"

A few people lined up for a turn to get changed by Gareth's practiced hands, but many, including me, were happy to put the best diaper use practices to use and enjoy soaking our soggy padding a little longer.

As we filed into the factory we saw Linda standing by the entrance, greeting us. I made a beeline for her.

"Good morning! Hope you have a Happy Nappy day! Good morning! Good morning! Good mor-"

"Excuse me, Linda. It's Dale, the guy you hired yesterday? Can you tell me where my car is?"

"Well hello Dale! Good morning everyone," she said, taking a moment to greet more employees filing in before turning her attention back to me. "Well, sweetie, I'm not completely sure. I haven't seen it before. Can you tell me what it looks like?"

"It looks like shit," I said, "It's a beater for sure, but I parked it out front and now it's not there."

She raised her eyebrows. "Language! We do not tolerate curse words in this factory, young man."

I was shocked at her sudden shift in tone and immediately felt guilty, but then she pulled a chair over and patted her lap. My face turned bright red, but I immediately found myself moving to lie face down over her knees. I didn't move a muscle as I heard the snaps between my legs come undone. I felt so babyish with the thick padding wet pressing against my bits as she revealed my puffy padded backside to the whole line of people coming in.

"Normally I'd pull the back of your diaper down, but you look full to bursting in it. I'll just have to smack your thighs this time. If you were trying to impress your new buddies, this is not the way to do it, kiddo."

I dared to look over my shoulder and saw that everyone was watching with great interest at what was happening. I couldn't be more humiliated. Then the smacks came down.

Smack *Smack* *Smack*

They weren't especially hard, but I was a sniveling mess almost immediately. It was as if the pain, humiliation and shame were amplified to an unnatural degree.

After she was done, she took off my outfit leaving me in nothing but my yellow nini diaper and factory booties. She summoned someone over, but I didn't dare look up from the floor.

"Come take the little one to breakfast, Gareth, and make sure he gets a proper change after. Extra thick."

"Yes ma'am," he said.

"And *you*, little man. You had better behave yourself. Happy Nappy Diaper Company is a professional workplace and I expect all my employees to act like it."

"Yes ma'am," I said in a hoarse whisper.

"Now think about how to be better and I'll try to find your car. Go on with Garreth and eat now. I don't want you working on an empty tummy."

I hung my head down as Garreth led me away. I didn't care about my car anymore, or about where I was going. I had been a bad boy.

"Cheer up, kiddo," said Daddy Gareth. "It happens to the best of us. Even I've got a spanking from Linda."

"R-really?" I said, still feeling sorry for myself.

"Sure. But nowadays, I don't need it. We can all learn from our mistakes."

I nodded, but still hung my head.

"Hey, look, little guy," said Gareth. "It's the puppy kennel where all the checkers stay! Maybe you need some puppy therapy..."

I glanced up and saw that on the way to the dining areas was a short corridor that opened up onto a huge kennel. At that moment they were lining up all the human pups, all geared up with their neoprene uniforms stretched tight over their obviously heavy-duty diapers.

I looked back to Gareth in surprise.

"You wanna say hi?" he asked.

"C-can we?" I asked, beginning to feel excited about the prospect of playing with the puppies.

"Oh, I think we have a little time for that," said Gareth, winking at me.

Gareth led me into the room and the puppies immediately broke formation and swarmed me with curious sniffs and nuzzles all over my body. I giggled as the playful pups gave me all the attention.

Many of them seemed especially interested in my soaked diaper and they pushed their muzzles as far as they could into space between my legs and the soggy padding. I blushed at the unfamiliar but delightful feelings.

"Bark! Bark!"

Several of the pups began alerting with their barks, a sure sign of a soggy diaper in need of a change.

"Hey, now! Quiet. Back into line! Hey, you! Back into- Hey!" The minder with the clipboard groaned in frustration. "Hey, will you get the grunt out of here? I'm trying to go through my morning checklist."

"Alright, alright. I just wanted to cheer the little guy up. Let's go, Boomer."

I blushed. So my nickname had reached the supervisors too.

"Next stop, breakfast time!"

"Boy, she really gave it to you," said Chubs as I was strapped into the highchair beside him. I nodded, shamefaced. We had managed to catch up with our group without trouble since they had all stopped to watch my humiliating spanking and just in time to join them for yummy num nums too.

"I didn't mean to... it just came out. Force of habit, I guess."

"It's okay," he said. "We've all been there."

Our conversation was cut short when we were once again hooked up to the feeding gags to be pumped full of formula and fiber.

"All the good nutrition for a nice long productive day of work," said our favorite assistant Mikey as the formula began to flow. I couldn't believe how much formula I was able to put down. I would never have fit that much into my tummy before I came to the factory, but somehow, I was quickly getting used to it. I must have wet myself at least three times during the feeding and messed myself once. It was a good thing they had put absorbent underpads on the seats or we'd have had a real mess on our hands.

"Okay, cuties. Let's get you changed," said Mike, unstrapping me and Chubs from the feeding chair.

"Uuurp!" I blushed as I let out an involuntary burp right into Mike's face. He seemed completely unphased as he helped lower me to the ground.

"Haha. You're really packing away that formula, aren't you? You sure are getting heavier from it."

Me? Heavier? It seemed ridiculous since I had only just started working there, and yet when I looked down and poked my tummy it did seem a little softer.

"Having fun yet?" asked Chubs, causing me to blush as he caught me poking at my tummy. "Last one to the changing table is a rotten egg!"

He ran off, completely forgetting about the embarrassing moment, and I thought to myself, *well, if he isn't bothered, then neither am I! I'll catch him, too!*

"Hey! No running, you two!" called Mikey, catching us both by the collars before we could get far.

The two of us bowed our heads in apology but I caught Chubs glancing at me with a mischievous grin, which I returned. The two of us got into a slow running match to see who could get there the fastest *without* running. Mikey just chuckled at our antics, muttering under his breath about how darn cute grunts were. Why did everyone seem to think that about us grunts? I didn't care. I was the first to the changing table, and I made sure to gloat about it.

"Woohoo! I won! Take that, Chubs!"

But what had I won?

The dayshift went by once again as before with employees droning and zoning out as they worked. Once again I found myself happily packing my pamps while I packed the pamps, and I was surprised when I felt the nose of one of the human puppy checkers bury itself in between my thigh and the edge of the diaper. Even through the layer of powder blue cotton that comprised my uniform, he must have smelt that I needed a change because he immediately barked, alerting the higher ups to my status. Moments later, Gareth appeared.

"Okay, who's the little pamper packer today?"

I sheepishly looked over to him. The masked pup was down on all fours in the pointer position indicating in no uncertain terms that the little pamper packer was me.

"Well, if it isn't my favorite little pamper prince, Boomer! Did you leave big boom booms for Daddy?"

I shifted around uncomfortably. Until this moment, I hadn't been aware that I'd left *anything* for Daddy but now I wasn't so sure.

"I... I don't know..." I admitted.

"Good boy. It's not your job to know!" I smiled and blushed at that comment. He said I was a good boy! I practically melted, and he walked forward to grab my hand, leaving me away to the lockers and changing area with a dumb happy smile on my face.

"Glad to see you're getting more comfy with your incontinence," said Gareth.

"Wha?" I asked. "What do you mean?"

"Well, it takes a lot of employees some time to accept the fact that they simply can't control when they go. But for you it seems to come natural!"

"I... er, I-I mean I don't have a potty control problem," I began...

"Haha, isn't that what they all say at first? Oh, I don't have a problem. I can control it myself. Why are you putting me in a diaper? But of course everyone comes to see sooner or later how much better life is when they're padded... then again, I guess you *came* to see at least twice yesterday, didn't you?" Gareth emphasized this last point by reaching down between my legs from behind and giving my crotch a squeeze. I blushed and nodded.

"I-I will admit... These diapers do have their perks..."

"And using them feels so good, doesn't it?" asked Gareth.

"Uh, huh!" I said, smiling and bringing my thumb up to my mouth. Gareth grinned.

"Oh, you want something to suck? Daddy will have something for you to suck once we get you changed..."

I began to drool as soon as he said it. In that moment, I also became aware of the big cock-shaped outline in Gareth's jumpsuit, and the strong smell of arousal coming off of him in waves. How could I have missed that until now? My cock immediately sprang up in response, and I looked ahead, hoping Gareth wouldn't notice. If he did, he didn't say anything, opting instead to give me another pat on the butt as we neared the lockers. Then something occurred to me.

"W-wait, isn't Linda's office nearby? I needed to check in with her about something..."

"Oh, I'm sure we can stop by," he said, "but first things first. We need to get you changed. You wouldn't want to meet with her in this condition would you?"

I shook my head and blushed. "Oh, goodness no! I guess I, uh... forgot!" I was confused even as I made the statement. How had I forgotten? Gareth chuckled.

"Figures. You really are just a little boy after all, aren't you? Well," he added, eyeing my tenting diaper. "In some ways at least."

I didn't deny it. Something about being a little boy that made me feel warm and fuzzy inside. Wouldn't it be nice to feel this way all the time? That's what the voices seemed to suggest. Voices from where? I reached up to my ears and felt hard plastic. That was right, I was wearing my headphones. I reached up to take them off but was distracted by Gareth's next comment.

"Heck, maybe you just like the way your soaked padding feels on your little pee-pee."

"I... erm... well..." My hands went down instinctively to cradle my diaper bulge in front.

Gareth let out a hearty laugh clapping his hand on my back and leading me into the locker room. "You're adorable when you're flustered, lil guy. Don't worry, it's only natural that you like how it feels. Your pee-pee is just telling you thank you for keeping him in his diaper where he belongs!"

"Heh hah, yeah, I guess so," I said, blushing and looking down at my feet.

"Alright, buddy, up on the table with you!"

I lay down on my back. I had lost count of the number of changes I had gotten in the last day or two at the factory, but I still got that feeling of butterflies whenever I let another grown-up change my diapers. It felt good, but also new. Still, it was just a natural thing for a baby like me to be changed by a grownup. I lifted my butt automatically without Gareth having to ask. I was putting my good diaper use training from the previous evening to good use and Gareth seemed impressed.

"Well, somebody's a quick learner, huh?"

I blushed and stuck my thumb into my mouth.

"Aww! What a cutie." said Gareth, tweaking my pee-pee and making me giggle. "I almost wanna leave you pent up if it makes you act like *this*, bud."

I pulled my thumb out of my mouth and scoffed, which only made him laugh again.

"Ha! You should see your face, lil guy! Aww, you don't want Daddy taking away your stickies?"

I shook my head hard.

"Well, alright, but you're going to have to do something for me in return."

"Yes! I'll do it!"

"But you don't even know what it is..." He began.

"I don't care! Please let me have stickies! I am so tired of being cock teased by my diapers..."

"Aww, if it's that bad, you can always just rub your diapers," he said, with a gentle smile as he began to warm the baby oil in his hands.

"I... *unff* I'm not ready to... *hnngggh* d-do that in front of... *huff* everyone..."

I was grunting and huffing now as Gareth began to work my tool with his greased up palms. He soon had me babbling and drooling like a baby.

"There we go! That's it! Look at the cutie trying to talk for Daddy! Such a big boy!"

I giggled and babbled some more. It was silly, but it was fun playing baby with Daddy. The more I did it, the more he seemed to enjoy it, and the more warm and fuzzy feelings I got in my tummy as he continued to stroke my hardness.

It got to the point where I wasn't even focused on the sexual aspect of it or the goal of having an orgasm. I just knew that I felt really good getting changed by Daddy and that I was happy and silly, and that wonderful feeling was feeling better and better as Daddy cooed down at me and talked baby talk. It made me feel really small, but also really good, and even though his hand rubbing my pee-pee would normally take me to a more adult space in my head, all the silly baby talk from both of us was keeping me right there in the baby zone, where I didn't even really know what cumming was. I was just really enjoying how I felt until my heart started beating, and I could feel my body tense up, as the feeling grew to an incredible intensity.

Then, it happened. I groaned as that feeling spilled over into a mind-shattering climax, my pee-pee spewing forth its seed right into my diaper, which Daddy held up between my legs.

"Unhhhhnnhhhhh!" I cried, doing an involuntary sit-up as every muscle around my stomach, butt, and thighs tensed. I felt like my mind was truly shattered. This intense feeling. What had happened? What was that? I looked around, confused and even a little scared. I was lost. What was that? I began to feel the start of tears forming in my eyes as I began to whimper, and that's when Daddy swooped in to kiss me better.

"Aww, what was that, lil guy? Huh? What happened?"

I shook my head. I didn't know.

"Did you do a big boy thing when you weren't ready? Aww... let Daddy kiss you allllll better."

He bent down and kissed my face and cheeks all over, and I began to squirm and smile at all the affection. Soon, he was blowing raspberries on my tummy and I had forgotten all about the confusing orgasm, or the fact that I had even begged for one in the first place.

"Well, lil guy, now that I fulfilled my end of the bargain, you're gonna have to stay like this for the rest of the week! No more stickies like this, it's too big for you. Just happy giggling, silly baby time and lots of soaky pamps. I'll adjust your daily drones to compensate, don't you worry. With our help it'll be easy as pie for you to stay the happy baby you're meant to be!"

"Dada? What you mean?" I asked, slowly coming out of the babified mindset just a little.

"Don't worry, sweetie. You just keep being a good boy, okay?"

"I'm a gooboy!" I said, beaming.

"That's right, buddy! You sure are."

He popped a paci in my mouth for good measure before helping me down off the table. I waddled out of the lockers holding his hand, my feet in soft powder--blue factory booties with cute yellow duckies embroidered on the side.

"Winda!" I said, tugging his hand and pointing to the office.

"Silly boy. You still want to see Linda about your car?"

I nodded an enthusiastic yes. "Voom voom!" I said, concentrating and making a wheel with my hands. He smiled gently down at me.

"I hate to break it to ya, kiddo, but..." he looked down into my expectant and hopeful face and said, "Oh, alright, let's go see her."

He knocked on her office door, which was open, and we came right in, but when I tried to ask her about my car, the words didn't come out quite as eloquent as they had sounded in my head earlier that day. She just looked at me sympathetically and shook her head.

"Babies can't drive, sweetie. Now we can let you drive a *toy* car on the *playground* if you like. But as for a real car, that's really not in the cards for you, sweet pea."

I was confused at first, then something hit me. "Pwayground? ...Pwayground!" I said, feeling more and more excited by the second. They had a *playground*. Linda and Gareth looked at each other.

"Well, he's certainly taking it well," she commented to him.

"Yeah, seems like he's a natural here! Such a good learner."

I beamed at the praise. I was a good learner!

"You wanna go see the playground, kiddo?"

"Yeah!" I said, excited. Linda smiled, though she looked like she was trying to hide it.

"Well, I suppose it would be alright for him to take a *short* break on the machines to see the playgrounds, but just this once. Ten minutes and then back to his team, okay Gareth?"

"Okey dokey!" Garreth said, firing off a casual two fingered salute before grabbing me by the hand and leading me out of the office. "Come on, kiddo. Let's show you the ropes - the playground ropes, that is."

"Okay, kiddo, okay, slow down," chuckled Daddy Gareth, grabbing hold of my uniform as I tried to rush off. "You don't even know where you're going!"

Reluctantly, I was made to keep with Gareth's pace, which was fairly swift given his height and long stride, just not fast enough for an excited little one like me. Nevertheless, we soon found ourselves on the far side of the factory where a playground I had never noticed was there, waiting to be enjoyed. I saw some groups had already been let out there, but no one in my machine group. Once we caught sight

of it, Gareth couldn't hold me back any more, and he let me run off ahead to join in the fun.

I started with the spring horses, riding one back and forth. Then, I joined some of the big kids on the mini merry go round, the spinner that could hold maybe six of us while we spun faster and faster until we were flung off.

The pacifier in my mouth saved me the worry of introductions. I could just smile and join in, and no one seemed to mind. Next I did the slides, then the spider-rope web, then the monkey bars, and the super duper hard monkey rings. I must have gone through five or six different activities on the playground before Gareth's hands lifted me up out of nowhere, up and off the playground equipment.

"Now, now, no whining," he said at my distressed noises. "We have to get back to work. You can come back at recess time."

I was disappointed, but I had to listen to Daddy. He grabbed my hand in his and led me back toward the factory floor. When the boys saw me coming back, my hair a mess and my outfit a little sweaty, they ribbed me, and joked that Daddy Gareth must have shown me a really good time during my diaper change. I giggled and nodded, thinking of just what a good time I had on the playground.

"Lucky," said Guy, smiling and patting my back, and I nodded. I *was* lucky. I got to play on the playground with the big kids! I couldn't wait to 'get lucky' again.

I got right back into my work, zoning out as I piddled my pamps, and enjoying the steady stimulation of the diaper cupping and massaging my bits, the drone reminding me just how good my diapers felt, how I always wanted to be in them, and how lucky I was to wear them as much as I wanted. Before I knew it, it was time for morning recess, and I got my wish - we were going out to the playground!

I grabbed Chubs' hand and led him over to the swings with excitement.

"Oh! You really seem to know your way around here. Is this what you did with Gareth during your special diaper change time?" I nodded and smiled proudly, and he laughed. "Well, I guess that's one way to get sweaty. Just wait'll I tell the guys!"

He would talk to them later, getting a round of raucous laughter from my colleagues, but for now, I was determined to get some swing time in.

"Okay, okay, but. But you gotta push me first!"

I was okay with that, and despite his larger size, I was able to push him pretty well, even getting in an 'underdog', pushing him far forward enough to run under him on the upswing. He ended his turn with a long jump off the swing and I jumped up and down with excitement. I wanted to do that too!

However, that wasn't in the cards, as he led me to the next set of swings over.

"You have to sit in these, kiddo," he said, pointing to the swings that looked like big black rubber diapers, the kind that they put little kids on. I looked at the seat with two holes in the legs, then up to him with my brows knitted.

"Yow a baby too!" I said, pleading my case.

"Yeah, but I'm not so little that I need a paci and don't know what sex is!"

I scoffed. "I know what sex is! That's when you feel warm fuzzies in your tummy during a diaper change!"

"Heh heh. Don't think we don't know about the little deal you made with Daddy. You're a baby for the week, so that means it's this or nothing."

"Fffine," I said, pouting as he helped me into the seat and pushed me. I was at his mercy to get in and out since I couldn't do it myself, but I quickly stopped worrying about the injustice of it all. Being pushed was fun enough. After I finished with the swings, I joined in a contest of tug of war. Our team won, and we were so hyped that our energy carried over all the way back to the factory floor where we worked double speed until lunch.

The rest of the week went by with much happiness and excitement. Everything seemed more exciting - lunch times, where I would race Chubs to see whose belly would spill over the high chair tray first; our nightly training sessions, where by and by I worked my way down the list of trainings from baby talk to meal time manners to playtime 101, the list of darkened options growing and growing, but the list of choices never seeming to diminish.

As for our quarters, I became totally engrossed in the cartoons, planting my butt on the carpet and staring at the screen at the earliest opportunity, and not taking my eyes off until it was lights out. Often, I wouldn't even remember going back to my crib. One minute I'd be sitting in Chubs' lap, watching the screen as he humped the back of my diaper, and the next the wake up song would be playing and I'd be coming out of the crib in my soaked diaper.

At the end of the week, I didn't even ask about being big again. It wasn't a concern for me, and the old beater of a car I had come in was a memory long gone. As for my special times with Daddy, he never took me back to his place for more humpy times, and I didn't really miss it. I was perfectly content pissing my pampers and enjoying that. It would take a momentous and jarring event to shake me out of my comfortable quiescence. It all came about because of Chubs.

"Hehe, up and at 'em, lil bwo," said Chubs, giggling as I woke up in a puddle of my own drool once again. "Come on! We gotsta get up and get us some brekfuss... wots of num nums for a wong day of wowk..."

I giggled and nodded, sucking my own pacifier. I wasn't much for words anymore. Mostly, I just let Chubs lead me around. And as for Chubs, well, he naturally took on the big brother role.

"Oh, gosh, lil buddy, you'w weawwy wet! I don fink we can wace fow bwefkas unness you get anovva diapow on... Oh! But we have no time! Come on! We gotta huwwy!"

There was no time to get changed before breakfast. It would be okay. Whatever spills happened would be cleaned up and we'd be put in another diaper. Just as it always was. It was really for adults to worry about. I wished I could help him understand but I didn't really know how to communicate it, so I just nodded, solemnly, and waddled after him as fast as I could given the ginormous diaper I was wearing.

"Caught in da dowway again?" he asked, as I struggled to get out of the trailer. It was either all that baby formula adding weight to my butt, or it was the increasingly large diapers they had me in, but I was having a harder time getting through doorways lately.

"These Supa Poofas aw weawwy *huff* big," he said, tugging with all his might. Finally, I popped out of the doorway and we waddle-ran to the line, which was already filing into the building.

"There you are!" said Gareth, giving us a stern look. "You're late!"

"Sowwy, Daddy Gaweff," said Chubs, looking abashed. "It was Boomow.... his diapow is too big, an we couldn'..."

"No excuses, Chubs. You're the big brother, so you are responsible for making sure you two get here on time. Boomer is just a baby. You should know better than to blame a baby for your lateness..."

Chubs sniffled, looking heartbroken. "But- But I-"

"That's enough backtalk from you, mister!" boomed Garreth. "It's clear that you need some correction."

"W-w- But I-" He never got to finish his thought because a trio of huge guys - the same ones that dressed me in my first outfit, in fact - came and dragged him off.

Where were they taking him? I tried to follow, but Daddy Gareth held out an arm. I looked at him, wishing I knew how to ask what was happening. Why they were taking Chubs away.

"Don't worry, kiddo. He'll be back and better than ever soon enough. Now go in and eat your breakfast..."

Only he wasn't back. He didn't come back for lunch... or even for din dins. I felt very alone that day. I didn't have anyone to cuddle during cartoon time, and when Guy tried to cuddle me in Chubs' place, I pulled away and walked over to the corner to play by myself. The next day, I was overjoyed when Chubs showed up at breakfast, and he came and gave me a big hug too. I smiled at him, waiting for him to speak, but he just smiled back. His smile faltered when he saw me waiting, and looking confused. Why wasn't he speaking? He didn't say.

We worked side by side still, but when playground time came, we were both put in the baby swings to be pushed by our pals from the diaper line. That's when I knew for sure that he was no longer my big brother. We were just babies together. Even during cartoon time I no longer sat in his lap. We were sat in other guys' laps instead.

I was so confused. At lights out, when we were both sat in our crib, I managed with great effort to remove my pacifier and ask him what happened. Only the words I said weren't words at all, just baby babble.

"Ababa gaga... wawa haba?"

He babbled back. "Awa. Bababaabga... wawww..."

It was frustrating. Then, I reached up and my hand hit something hard. I gasped. The headsets. Quickly, before I could be distracted anymore I took mine off, then I took his off as well. He looked panicked for a second, and put his hands over his ears as if they were in pain. But then he stopped, paused, lowered his hands slowly... I looked at him and he looked at me, and I think we understood each other.

I could almost feel my thoughts slowly surfacing where there had been nothing but baby thoughts, placid and undisturbed. Something was surfacing, now, and I didn't like it. I wanted to put the headphones on and forget, but I resisted. I didn't know why, but I knew I needed to know. Chubs whined and I could tell he was feeling the same thing. I didn't relent. I stuffed both our headphones into the pillow below my head and lay on it, refusing to budge. I dreaded what we would awaken to in the morning, but I knew one thing: No matter how bad it was, we could always go back. We could always put those headphones back on and forget it all if we wanted to.

In the morning I woke up feeling like shit. My head hurt. My stomach felt bloated. I had to piss like a racehorse.

I stopped and thought about it for a second. I had to piss like a-

"Rrrggghhh." My knees buckled as my overstressed bladder gave way, flooding my diapers until they leaked. I slowly sank down to a kneeling position, alternately whining and sighing in relief as I let it all out.

"Uh oh, looks like we got a leaker!" said Guy, who noticed my big display.

Yeah, sure, I had leaked. I had even pissed myself without any control. But I didn't wet in my sleep. I had been wetting the bed since I got here, but not tonight. Something told me it had something to do with...

"Hey, where are your headphones?" asked Guy.

"Huh? I took em off. We're not on the factory floor so we don't need 'em, right?"

The comment seemed to pass right over Guy's head. He just looked over at Chubs and said, "Hey, why are your headphones off too?"

Chubs rubbed his forehead and said, "I don't know. This guy took 'em and I... wait second... I can talk! I can talk, Boomer!" He shook me by the shoulders in excitement, then he gave me a big hug.

"Oof! Easy, Chubs! Don't break me."

"Hehe, sorry bud. I thought I was a goner for a second there..."

"A goner?"

"Yeah, you know... like PeeJay. Remember him?"

"Yeah, what happened to him again?"

"Night shift," said Guy, chiming in. I looked back to Chubs who nodded.

"Night shift."

"Can you be a little more specific?" I asked, cocking my head. I couldn't get a straight answer from anybody in this place, it seemed. "Like, can we go see him?"

Guy seemed to shudder a bit but shook it off.

"Well, you do what you want bud, but don't let management see you without headphones. They wouldn't like that one bit."

"Uh.. huh..." I said to myself, watching Guy walk off. I was starting to get a sneaking suspicion that they didn't *want* me taking off my headphones. But why would that be?

I wasn't sure, but I knew I didn't like being told what to do, so I got a very naughty idea.

"What are you doing?" asked guy, as he watched me rip open the seams of a pillow from the crib and take out a bit of stuffing.

"Mufflers," I said.

"No, no, no," said Chubs, grabbing the headphones from me. "That'll never work. You won't be able to hear anyone talk to you. Do this instead."

He twisted the back of the headphone where it connected to the headband and popped off the backing, then he started messing with the wires.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Everything that passes through the headphones happens at a different frequency. I'm just removing some bands..."

My eyes bugged as I watched him mess around with the innards of these sophisticated ear pieces, look around furtively, mess around some more. I was sure he had broken it, but then he handed them back to me and said, "Try 'em out."

I looked at them doubtfully. I knew that they had something to do with the strange things that had been happening with me these past days, so I was nervous, but he put them on his head first to show me it was okay, and he was fine. I relented and tried them on.

"Well? How do I sound?" he asked.

"Normal," I said.

"That's right," he said. "Now it's my turn."

He grabbed his own pair from under the pillow, but before he could do anything with them, Guy came around rapping on the crib bars with his knuckles.

"Come on, boys. You're going to be late again. Hurry up and get changed. And put those headphones on before you leave, Chubs. Alright?"

"Yeah, sure," Chubs said, forcing a smile.

"What are you gonna do?" I whispered to him as Guy lowered the bars to shoo us out.

"Shut up, I'll think of something," whispered Chubs. He took my hand and led me to the changing table, where he gave me a quick and easy diaper change into a nice thick Super Waddler diaper with hybrid taping panel and honeycomb core. I loved the fit of this one, but just for fun I put him in a super double thick Cooshie Tush Max Plus, a nice plain white diaper with a plastic taping panel. The Cooshie Tush Max Plus was a nice thick diaper that let you know it was there and held up for a minimum of 12 hours no matter how much you threw at it.

By the time I was done, Chubs still hadn't fixed his headphones. He hopped down off the table, looked at me and said, "Okay, listen. I'm gonna put these headphones on, but take 'em back off tonight for me, okay? I'll fix em to be like yours tomorrow, then we can figure out what's happening here."

I nodded. That seemed reasonable. We walked as far as the exit holding hands, then we stopped, looking out into the dusty yard. Chubs took a deep breath and let it all out.

"Here goes nothin'."

He put on the headphones. I watched his eyes go wide for a second, then relax. Then, he smiled. Drooled. A yellow spot appeared on the front of his diaper and he giggled.

"Come on, bwo, wet's go to the line befow we're late! I'll wace ya!"

He giggled like an idiot as he waddle-ran toward the line, looking completely ridiculous with his fat diaper bulging out from his uniform shortalls. It was like he had begun to change instantly, and it was scary. Just what did these headphones do, anyway?"

Not wanting to look out of place, I waddle-ran after him, though the sporty cut on my Super Waddler diaper with hybrid taping panel and honeycomb core made my waddle much less pronounced. We both made it to the line and stood with the two rows of men in our group, all of us in diapers and uniforms.

"Well, well, well, I guess we learned to be more on time, eh?" asked Garreth, looking down with us and with a hint of approval in his upturned lips. "That's good," he said, adjusting his crotch as he walked by me. I caught a whiff of his sex and nearly wet myself. I began to tent in my diaper.

"Alright, group M. Go on in, eat, and get suited up. We've got a lot of pampers to pack today in more ways than one!"

He chuckled and gave the person at the front of the line a smack on the butt to get him moving. The rest of the line followed, and when we were a fair distance between the other groups and the building I trailed a bit til I was next to Chubs.

"Hey, bud. You still with me?" I asked, hopeful that he was just faking stupid.

"Ye, I'm wight hewe," he said, giggling. "I'm gonna beat ya today when we eat brekky! You'll see!"

"Yeah," I sighed. "I sure will."

I had my answer. He definitely wasn't there. But I knew it would be all fine tomorrow. I just had to get through one day here and then tomorrow we'd both have fixed headphones and we could get to the bottom of what was going on here. Unfortunately, things are never as simple as you plan them out to be.

The days had gone by quickly, as I went down the list of training topics learning one after another, even though I couldn't never quite seem to remember everything that happened in all of them. Still, I found myself more knowledgeable than ever about such things as the different kinds of filling in a diaper and the performance qualities of each material; how to diaper up a pal in under five minutes; and how to relax and wet every time without even thinking about it.

But one thing I hadn't learned was keeping track of my friends, and pretty soon as we went about our day of stacking and packing diapers on the line, I lost track of my crinkly compatriot. Just plum lost him.

"Chubs?" said Guy when we went off to lunch. "Dunno! Maybe Gareth's giving him a change."

"That's a pretty long change," I mused as we walked through the cafeteria toward the nursery section where us machine grunts ate. It had been at least 30 minutes as far

as I could tell, though that was a bit hard to say since everything seemed to fall into sort of a hypnotic rhythm, even without the headphones droning in my ears.

I didn't have much chance to look for him because once we were in the nursery, I was quickly hustled toward my usual highchair to be filled with juice and mush. However, Chubs's highchair wasn't there.

"Hey, where's Chub-mmnnphhh!" Before I could even finish the question, my feeding gag was strapped onto my head securely, and the assistant ruffled my hair.

"My, my, that's a lot of big boy words coming from such a lil' guy! Drink your juice, sweetie. Whatever you have to say can't be so important it can't wait till after lunch and nap-nap time.

My face grew hot with embarrassment and impotent anger, but I did my best to calm down as I began to suck down the sweet flow of juice. I didn't want to blow my cover after all. I was supposed to be a dumb happy baby!

I sucked down the juice as fast as I could, and after that I ate my bowl. The assistant did her best to keep me engaged but it just wasn't the same without my pal to race against. I was worried about him, and I just couldn't focus on the enjoyable feeling of my diapers getting unreasonably full, or my tummy growing with all that nummy baby mush.

After my meal and a nice diaper change, I lay in my naptime crib alone. Where the hell was Chubs?

When I was woken up from my nap, I got another change, and was out on the floor as fast as my little legs would carry me. As luck would have it, I ran into Garreth right away.

"Hey, little guy, you need a change?"

"No, I'm looking for Chubs."

"Who?"

"You know... Chubs. My crib buddy?"

"Ohhh, yeah. About that... He got moved to the night shift."

I suddenly felt my stomach do a backflip.

"Whoa, there. You don't look so good, buddy. You gonna be okay?"

"Y-yeah... f... fine," I said, forcing a smile as I backed away and returned to the line and worked double pace. I should have been overheating from the exertion but I had broken out into a cold sweat. I knew something was very, very wrong. Even though my brain still wasn't working on all cylinders, I knew. I had to get out of there. And I wasn't going to wait another night to do it.

"I'll be back for you, Chubs," I said to myself, under my breath. I wasn't really sure I believed it, though.

Just then, something pressed into the back of my diaper causing me to jump and yelp. I spun around to see a rubberdog on all fours. I had been goosed by a pup! And then I noticed how full my diaper was. Darn. If I was going to make my getaway, I might have to pack a diaper bag while I was at it.

"Uh oh, looks like somebody needs a change," said Garreth, grabbing the back of my powder blue lock-on shortalls and pulling me toward the changing room. "You really need those diapers, don't you, buddy? And you're learning to fill the extra heavyweight ones too!"

I stayed silent and nodded, my eyes locked straight ahead. I couldn't give away how grown up I was now that my headset was turned off. Garreth seemed a bit put off, but I didn't look over to see for sure. When he put me on the table, I had the crazy notion of pretending to be totally baby-brained in order to get put on the night shift myself, but I got rid of that idea just as quickly. Something told me that it was curtains for me if I tried that.

"You sure are acting strange, little one," said Garreth as he pulled open my diaper, noting that I wasn't even hard. I did the most sensible thing I could think of. I sucked my thumb. "Hehehe, still cute though!" he concluded.

He made short work of my embarrassingly soggy diaper. The thick padding heavy with wetness was quickly removed and replaced by another impossibly thick and puffy diaper followed by a pair of shiny powder blue rubber pants that poofed out around it. The diaper forced my legs wide and made certain that I would be doing a ridiculous waddle if I could walk at all.

"I think it's time we put you in daycare for a bit. I think you need a rest..."

"Huh?" I said, pulling my thumb out of my mouth. I didn't have much time to elaborate on my question because he carried me right out of the changing room and down the hall to the nursery room. It seemed to be a catch all room. They used it for after-lunch naps, after-work training, and now apparently, a daycare too. Garreth smiled

down at me as he plopped me down in the middle of the room. There were one or two other big babies playing with blocks and other assorted baby toys, but they seemed more out of it than myself, just like PeeJay had been. There seemed to be an invisible boundary that some people here crossed during their time here. With PeeJay the guys had surely made light of it until it ceased to be a joke. And now...

My thoughts were interrupted as Gareth spoke again.

"Did you know that you've already completed all the training modules we have?"

"Huh?"

"That's right, buddy. You're probably the most overqualified baby here."

I was confused. I hadn't even been here that long. Had I? Wait. How long had I been here anyway?

"You might be due a promotion, little guy. It would be a real shame to let all that knowledge go to waste..."

I just looked at him quizzically, hesitant to say anything that would sound too adult.

"I know you understand me," he said, looking me in the eye. My heart skipped a beat, but he broke eye contact and smiled as if nothing had happened.

"You wait right here, baby boy. HR will be by in just a minute."

The moment he was gone, I ran to the door and tried to open it. It wouldn't budge. I tried the side doors. Locked. A nurse came in and fussed over me telling me to be a good boy and play on the carpet. Maybe it was okay. Maybe everything was going to be fine and I was overthinking things, I told myself. Begrudgingly I rolled some toy cars around on the carpet feeling silly. It was actually pretty fun. So fun that I didn't even hear Linda come in.

"Having fun there little guy?"

I startled, jumping half a foot as I heard her voice.

"Now isn't that funny? I'm surprised you heard that through your noise canceling headphones."

Shit. I *had* been caught.

She took the headphones off my head, looking at them with mild disinterest as she turned them this way and that.

"You know, tampering with company equipment is against company policy."

"I know," I said looking up at her glumly from the floor. There was no point in playing dumb anymore.

"You're a pretty smart one, though, to figure this out."

"You can thank Chubs for that."

"I could... but I don't think he'd understand if I did..."

"What did you do to him?" I said, leaping to my feet, furious.

"I can show you. Do you really want to see him?"

"Yes. I really do. Where is he?" I said. It was more of a demand than a question.

"Follow me," she said simply, with a smirk.

Her brown windowpane suit jacket and matching skirt were always two steps ahead of me as I struggled to waddle after her brisk pace. I felt like a fool in my bulging blue work attire that looked like it belonged more in a playpen than a factory. I soon recognized where we were going as the orientation room, where I had been first strapped into my VR chair. She opened one of the doors, and there he was, strapped in, smiling, drooling, and babbling incoherently as the light from the VR headset spilled over his face.

"Chubs!" I yelled in surprise.

"He can't hear you or understand you," said Linda.

"Let him go," I said, turning to her. I was growling like a dog at that point, balling my fists.

"Let me show you something first," she said, stepping over to the next door and opening it. "Go ahead. Look inside."

"I'm not going to leave his side until you let him out and fix whatever you did to him. I don't trust you."

"Your friend will be fine," she said, "and safe and happy. Now take a look. No tricks, I promise."

She stepped several steps back from the door and raised her hands to her chest to show she was not about to try anything funny. Wary, I crept toward the door and looked in. I gasped and nearly fell to the floor.

"That's... that's...!"

"It's you," she said. "You've been there the whole time. Ever since we brought you here. Just like Chubs has been in his chair this whole time. And everyone else."

"No. This can't be real. You're lying!" I said, rushing her. She must have been stupid not to have any security here, but her negligence was my advantage. I wanted to knock her senseless. I wanted to run. But my bear-hug met only air and I stumbled through her. I turned around to see her looking right at me.

"You've been in that chair the whole time. Testing our diapers. Turning into a baby. Because we don't just make diapers. We make..."

"Babies..." I said, breathlessly.

"Smart cookie!" said Linda. "Garreth wasn't lying when he said you deserved a promotion. You can be one of us and help us keep the factory - the *real* factory - going. Or you can fight us, and become a baby... Just like everyone else."

"But.... why?" I asked.

"Oh look," she said, ignoring my question. Little Charles's parents are here.

A couple was looking into the doorway at Chubs and smiling as a virtual video panel showed several successive scenes of him being a sweet and adorable baby. They oohed and awwed.

"Oh, he's perfect," said his soon to be Mommy. An adoption contract appeared in front of them and the two proud parents signed. Chubs was released and was helped up by two big 'delivery guys' in their powder blue jumpsuits and into an oversized stroller.

"He doesn't walk so good," one of them said.

"We wouldn't have it any other way," said his soon to be Dad.

"NO! Chubs!" I said, trying to grab him but going through the image as he was wheeled away. Linda stepped in and put a hand on my shoulder.

"He's going to a happy home. And so will you, unless you want to keep your big boy brain and work for the factory for *real*. What do you say, little Boomer?"

I looked at her, hardly believing the choice laid out in front of me. But to me, the answer seemed obvious...

"You know what?" I said. "No."

"Oh, really?" said Linda, crossing her arms and shaking her head with a rueful smile. "Are you really so stuck on principle that you can't make the smart choice, or are you on some sort of moral high hor-"

"I'm done working myself to death. I remember what my life was before I came here. No way I want to go back to that. To be honest, I was happier when I was zoned out listening to those headphone drones. Just like Chubs..."

"Oh really?" she said, with an amused smile. "Figures. My boys were the same way by the time we finished filming the training series... they're still at home, and adorable as ever. Maybe I can take you to meet them sometime... after we fry your brain to a teething biscuit, that is."

"Fine by me. I don't want to be a grownup anymore. Put me on the night shift."

She looked at me for a long pause, and then laughed out loud.

"Maybe you *are* the smart one. Everybody could use a vacation, right? Why not a permanent one."

"So that's it then? You're gonna make me like Chubs and adopt me out?"

"Well, not exactly," she said, with a smile and a glint in her eye.

"What do you mean?"

I felt something shift inside of me. I was finally letting go of my last attachments to my adult self/sense of self/aspirations. And suddenly, my perspective shifted and I saw everyone and everything that was happening here in a new light. Linda, Garreth, factory... They weren't bad. They were helping. Helping. Helping make people happy.

"So what do you think?" asked Linda, as I sat on the floor of the playpen in the factory nursery and wiggled my soggy bottom.

"Hmm... I think that the larger honeycomb matrix that keeps the sap and pulp distributed evenly across the surface of the diaper is quite effective. I particularly enjoy how it is able to expand more, giving that perfect soggy squish with little to no press-out."

"Such a good little diaper tester you are. Here, have some choccy milkies," she said, handing me a big bottle and patting me on the head. This would be the super hydrating formula. It was to help capacity test the diapers, but to me it was just a sweet treat.

Turns out I wasn't the first person to make the exact choice path I made at the factory. That was how you become a baby factory product tester full time, apparently. All the smarts and none of the responsibilities.

"Hey, cutie," said Garreth, strolling in and ruffling my hair as well. With all the grownups doing that, I had a permanently messy mop of hair on my head. "You pack your pamper nice and good for me yet?"

"No," I said, my face going bright red.

"Hehe, it's cute how you blush." He leaned in and lowered his voice. "Daddy's going to make you blush harder tonight after the workday is done. Look what you did to me..."

I dared to glance down and saw his huge thing snaking down the leg of his jumpsuit once again. Apparently, he loved that I was a total baby with my mind intact. It meant that I could consent to sexy fun times with Daddy, unlike the ones that became total mush-brains. And for my part, I liked dumping my freshly squeezed prostate juice into my diapers as Daddy railed me nightly. It was a win-win.

"Uh oh," he said. "Looks like a certain baby boy is excited too..." Sure enough, my diaper had a modest tent. Even through the swollen padding, I could make it out. "Or do you just really love your didees, lil guy?"

"Oh, I think it's a little of both," said Linda, answering for me. "We like didees that make our little champs feel good, don't we?"

I nodded and blushed, putting the nipple of the bottle back in my mouth and sucking down choccy milk to avoid answering their embarrassing questions.

"My boys sure seem to feel good in them," said Linda, smirking, "even with their little nub cages on to keep them nice and tiny."

I pulled the bottle nipple out of my mouth with a pop and a trickle of milk ran down my chin.

"Why do they have to wear a cage?" I asked, still slightly aghast at the idea of having my little pee-pee locked up like Linda's sons.

"Keeps 'em little," she said. "Otherwise they rub their didees and it messes with their heads when they're feeling tiny and then have a big scary something happen down there that they don't understand..."

"Oh..." I said. It actually made a lot of sense. Making stickies often brought me right out of little space right away. Keeping the boys pent up like that was genius. Devious as hell, but genius nonetheless.

"Aww, little guy's thinkin'. Does he want Daddy to lock him up too?"

"No!" I said too quickly, as I felt my face go hot with embarrassment.

"Linda. Can I put in an order for our little mascot here?"

"You got it!" she said, making a note on her clipboard.

"Aww, heck. What have I gotten myself into?"

"Why don't you finish that bottle, little one?" said Linda. "Seems to me like you've done enough thinking for one day..."

"But I-"

SNAP.

Linda snapped her fingers and said the trigger words and whatever I was going to say was washed away in the fuzzy cotton padding of my dumb baby brain. I slumped, smiled, and drooled, beginning to rub my diapers by reflex. The two adults in the room chuckled and I didn't even have the sense to be embarrassed. They didn't try to stop me. They knew I wouldn't get very far anyway. I was just doing what felt good, but had no idea how to take it to the next level. I'd eventually move on to playing with my toys or sucking on my toes until it was time for num nums and nappies. That's how it always went when they decided my big boy brain was done for the day.

"Aww! He's just so cute like this. Sure is hard to resist keeping him like this all the time," said Garreth, picking me up and cradling me in an arm as he shoved the bottle in my mouth. "There we go, little one. Drink up."

"He would sure fetch a pretty penny on the adoption list," mused Linda. She always said that, but never actually put me up for adoption, though as the mascot I was the first stop on many prospective parents' tours.

"Well, cuddlebug, let's go," said Gareth. "I think we've all earned a little break. How about you cuddle with Daddy for a bit in the big boy nap room, hmm?"

I smiled and nodded, sinking into warmth and getting lost in the flow of nummy milkies going into my mouth. Suckling and swallowing. Suckling and swallowing. I wondered if I would get to suck on Daddy's spicy scented baba during naptime or it would just be cuddles. I drooled as I dreamed of his shiny purple cockhead, that spicy scent, and the delicious nectar pearls that would drip out of it, covering my tongue with their savory buttery flavor as I suckled.

"He's in baby heaven," commented Linda. "He really did make the smartest choice of all."

On that, I could certainly agree.