

Test Dummy: Chapter 1

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There was never a boring day at the testing facilities of the CrissBaby Diaper Company, and today would prove no different. Rocky had worked in administration for the past few years. She didn't mind it too much. It was mostly just processing requests and scheduling meetings.

Though, there was one thing that separated CrissBaby from other companies: nearly every employee wore diapers. Well, everyone except Rocky. She supposed that she shouldn't be too surprised. It was an adult diaper company after all, and all employees were allowed, no, encouraged to try out diaper samples at the company's expense.

It helped that Rocky's coworkers were always very kind and courteous. They knew she was one of the few that didn't partake in their fetish, so they were never TOO pushy. She'd had to deflect nudges and tiny jabs from several of her friends in the office, but nothing was ever too bad. Though she knew to avoid office parties, as that courteous restraint was basically non-existent when alcohol was involved.

It wasn't like Rocky was super opposed to others doing it. She just couldn't get over her mental hurdle. That was until one fateful day.

"Okay everyone, listen up!" shouted Rocky's boss, Ned, entering the main workspace from his private office with a noticeably used diaper under his dress pants. Everyone stopped working. "Our tester, Margrette, will be taking a sudden leave of absence. Now, I'm sure many of you will be climbing over each other to fill in as product tester, but right now, we have to deal with a very specific issue."

Murmurs were beginning to sound off, as Rocky looked around at her eager employees, all thrilled to have the chance to become the new diaper tester for our branch. She listened as Ned continued, "CrissBaby HQ is looking for someone to replace Margrette for the upcoming test of our new fetish diaper, the *Super Absorber XXX*. It's a very big deal that our branch was chosen to be the first beta-tester, but we have one small issue."

With everyone on the edge of their seat, Ned dropped the bomb. "Margrette wore an extra small diaper, and since we've already had that size delivered, we'll need someone to cover for her. Who here wears an extra small?"

Ned waited for what felt like an eternity for someone to raise their hand and speak up. But silence was the only response. Rocky's coworkers weren't out of shape. It was just that not many adults could fit into an extra small diaper, even one specifically made for adults.

“What about Rocky?” yelled Mark, Rocky’s best friend and probably the person who’s tried the hardest to get Rocky into diapers. She went pale, suddenly and unexpectedly becoming the center of attention. “She looks like she’d be small en-OW!”

Rocky punched Mark in the shoulder. She’d always been a bit self-conscious about her size. Standing at a mere 5’2”, she was by far the shortest and smallest girl in the office. It was why, for most of her life, Rocky made herself into an absolute tomboy. But right now, feeling everyone staring at her with enthused and anticipating eyes, she couldn’t have felt smaller.

“Shelby Rockwell?” Ned broke the silence, slightly startling Rocky. “Can I see you in my office for a moment?”

Rocky slowly stood up and shuffled her way to the front of the office. Her head was down, but she didn’t have to look to feel everyone’s eager eyes on her.

“Was everyone really that excited to see me in a diaper?” she thought, taking one last look back at her coworkers’ bright smiles, before entering Ned’s office.

It was clear to Rocky just how desperate her boss was. He went on and on about what an honor it was to be selected and how much he would owe her if she filled in. And as tough as Rocky made herself out to be, it was impossible for her to disappoint Ned and her entire office by declining. She swallowed her pride and agreed. “Maybe this’ll actually be kinda fun.” Rocky thought as she shook hands with her boss.

The office was livelier than ever. All of Rocky’s friends and even several people with who she rarely spoke were coming up to her, wishing her luck and asking her if she could tell them about it after. She smiled and put on a brave face, but it did little to hide how embarrassed she was to be the center of attention, and for having to wear a diaper no less.

Soon, it was lunchtime, and while all of her coworkers filled out, Rocky stayed behind, knowing that in just a few minutes, she’d finally get to see what everyone in the office was so obsessed with.

Signing all the waivers was probably the worst part. Since she would be the first-ever tester, CrissBaby was very thorough. She thought it seemed like a bit much for a diaper, but she didn’t question it. She quickly skimmed down the stack of papers with little regard for what they said. However, there was something in the waivers that did catch her eye, and that was the \$5000 stipend attached to her test.

“Damn, if Ned had just started with that, he could’ve spared me the sob story.” Rocky thought whilst signing the final page. “Now I know why Margrette drives a Tesla.”

Finished with everything, she handed the papers over to Ned, who flipped through the various pages to make sure all x’s were crossed and all i’s were dotted.

“Everything looks good!” Ted exclaimed with a bright smile. “Everything you need is in the changing room.”

With that, Rocky went off to diaper herself up for the first time...or so she thought. Waiting for her in the changing room was another of her coworkers, Tina. She may have been the new intern, but she had clearly drawn the big straw today. "Go ahead and lie down on the mat. I'll take care of everything," she cooed sweetly.

If Rocky wasn't hesitant before, she certainly was now. She looked over at the changing mat unrolled in the center of the room.

"Oh, you don't have to do that. I can get dressed by myself-" her words were swiftly cut off by her younger, yet much taller coworker.

"I'm pretty sure you have zero experience taping up a diaper. Don't want the test to go wrong because of poor diapering!" Tina's chipper tone only aggravated Rocky more, but she had to admit she was right. Reluctant, she placed herself down on the changing mat without another word.

As Tina stripped off her pants, Rocky couldn't help but bury her face in her hand, beyond embarrassed by the experience.

"There's nothing to be shy about. This isn't my first time, ya know." Tina's words did little to reduce the amount of blood rushing to Rocky's face.

Fortunately, Tina was as big an expert as she made herself out to be. Before Rocky even came to terms with everything that was happening, Tina had her powdered, lotioned, and taped up snugly.

"There, a perfect diaper for a perfect baby." For the first time, Rocky could tell Tina was enjoying twisting the knife a little bit. "I'll leave you to change into the rest of your gear."

And with that, Rocky was left alone in the changing room. She sat up, shifting awkwardly as she maneuvered around her new, significantly thicker underwear. Extra small truly felt like an understatement. The diaper looked massive on her, yet it held tightly to her hips nevertheless. Strangely, it smelled distinctly of roses; a scent Rocky found refreshingly pleasant.

Rocky stood up, taking a few practice steps to get used to her limited mobility. It was impossible to move without waddling. So waddle she did, moving to the counter where a black top that looked as if it were made for surfing was waiting for her. She changed into it as fast as she could, hoping for this whole experience to be over soon.

Staring in the mirror, Rocky's flushed cheeks returned again. She sighed, knowing that no matter what, she'd have to have her diaper exposed throughout the trial.

Her diaper. The fact that Rocky just thought of it as "her diaper" sent a chill up her spine. She reached down and curiously prodded at her fresh padding. "What does everyone get out of this?" she questioned as she examined her attire. It just seemed like a normal, boring, white diaper.

There was one thing that seemed a bit odd though. Down in the crotch of the diaper was something small and metallic beneath the surface of the plastic exterior. Rocky reached a hand in her diaper, confirming that hard under the surface, about the size of a finger. "Maybe...it's an electronic wetness indicator." Her naïvite was on full display.

“Am I interrupting something?” Rocky’s head turned quickly, as she saw Mark standing in the doorway, a shit-eating grin plastered on his face. It was at that moment that Rocky realized exactly what this looked like with her hand down the front of her pants.

Rocky’s face reddened beyond belief. She instantly retracted her hand. “I was just checking in,” she said sternly.

Mark looked less than convinced, “Whatever you say, diaper-butt.”

Rocky gritted her teeth. All those years of jabbing Mark back by calling him “diaper-butt” were coming back to haunt her.

Mark chuckled slightly at her meek expression, “Well if you’re all done in here, we’re ready for you.”

“Wait!” Rocky’s voice was sharp, stopping Mark in his tracks, “We? What do you mean we?”

“I’m the head of research and development, remember. So I get to savor every moment of this.” The big bad wolf had less of a toothy grin than Mark was currently showcasing. Rocky was about to say something, but Mark walked up and placed a pacifier in her mouth, with the crash test dummy symbol on it. “Perfect! Now our test dummy is all ready!” Mark’s laughter only increased.

Rocky spit out the pacifier and proceeded to kick Mark in the shins repeatedly. He ran out of the room without another word, leaving Rocky alone. She looked down at the pacifier next to her feet and groaned.

This was gonna be a long day.

TO BE CONTINUED...