

Office Potty
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Today I woke up full of energy. I shucked on my pull-ups, put on a crisp, clean shirt and a pair of slacks, fluffed up my tail, and brushed out my fur. And of course, I made a big cup of coffee to take with me to work. Why was I so energetic? Well, first off, today was Friday, and secondly, it was *my* big day. The day that I earned my final start on the office potty chart. It was going to be so great, finally getting to wear underwear again. You see, it's company policy for all employees to spend their first month in pull-ups and log their dry days. Silly, I know, but necessary as a surprising number of employees have had unexpected accidents at work in the past. I smiled a foxy grin and patted my suitcase as I left my apartment knowing that I, for one, wouldn't be caught with *my* pants down.

I walked into the office with a skip in my step. Not too much skip, though - wouldn't want to spill my coffee. I waved to Gina Giraffe, the receptionist.

"Lookin' good today, Mr. Banks," she said, returning my enthusiastic smile with one of her own.

People smiled and nodded as I passed by, and I felt sunny as Alaska in June as I passed the potty chart with my name and all gold stars up to today. This was going to be it!

I sat at my desk and snuck a peek into my briefcase. A few extra pull-ups were in there - my secret weapon! Just in case I had a little accident, as I still did from time to time. I mean, who didn't? Furs like me who were too clever to get caught, that's who, I thought chuckling softly to myself. When I heard the approach of footsteps on the carpet, I quickly snapped my briefcase shut.

"Soooo. Almost off the potty chart, huh?"

It was Barry B. Boar, my boss and best bud. He got me this job in the first place, but I still had to respect protocol at work and address him as such.

"Yes, sir!" I said, with a wag.

A bit of my nerves still lingered, but I made sure I didn't let it show.

"Well, keep up the good work, Banks. I mean the office work of course, you know we don't discriminate when it comes to bathroom privileges, though it certainly is still something to be proud of when you finally make it off the chart."

He gave me a wink and patted me on the back.

"I'll do my best, sir! You know I've been wanting that last gold star!"

"I'm sure you will," He said, with a chuckle, "though you might want to cut back on that coffee. Just in case..."

He gave me a sly grin and walked away. I chuckled to myself. That Barry. Always teasing me. Did he really think that I would have an aaaahaaa-

I jumped up at the sudden sensation of wetness in my crotch area, as I was quickly brought back to reality. Gravity did its work and I felt a cold trickle down my legs mere moments later. I promptly sat back down.

"Oh no. Oh no no no. This can't be happening!"

"Is something the matter?" Called my nosy neighbor from the next cubicle over.

"No! Nothing!!!" I said, too quickly as I scrambled to cover up my lap before Jack caught sight of me. Being a large brown bear meant he could easily peek over his cubicle walls, a fact that he took full advantage of to constantly get up in everyone else's business.

"Whatcha doin, there, Buddy?" He asked.

Buddy is my name, by the way, not my relationship with *that* blabbermouth.

"Oh, I, uh... Just thought I lost a file...but here it is! Haha, right here!"

I grabbed a file from my desk and held it up. He looked fairly unimpressed.

"Ya know," he said, "Barry is right. You really SHOULD cut down on that coffee. It's got your nerves up."

"Y-yeah...hehe...I'll d-do that!" I replied, and finally let out a sigh of relief as his head disappeared back behind the cubicle wall.

"And you should really mind your own business," I muttered to myself.

That was too close. But what to do about this little problem here? I clearly needed a change, and there was no way I'd be able to hide my streaks running down my legs as I dashed from my cubicle to the restroom. There was only one thing to do. I grimaced at the thought of staining my favorite shirt, but sacrifices must be made. I spilled the coffee on the front of my shirt and pants. Enough to cover up the obvious wetness from the pull-up.

"Whoops! Butterfingers! Now look what I've done!"

Jack's head immediately popped up. The perfect alibi.

"What happened?"

"I spilled my coffee. Guess you were right after all, Jack!"

"The Bearinator always knows!" He said, grinning down at me. But he quickly corrected his expression to a look of concern. "Ohhh, but that's your favorite shirt, isn't it? Ah... too bad."

"Oh, it's okay. I better just run to the restroom and try to get cleaned up as best I can."

I grabbed my suitcase and was about to dash out of the cubicle when Jack spoke.

"Hold on a second..." He said, causing me to feel a pang of nervousness. What did he see?

"Why are you taking your suitcase to the bathroom, Buddy?"

"Oh, er... top secret-confidential files in here. Can't leave them unattended!"

He didn't look convinced, but I dashed away before he could respond.

I made my way to the bathrooms as quickly as I could, putting my suitcase in front of me and attempting to duck behind anything I could find whenever someone passed by. I must've looked like I was hiding from Agent Smith the way I was running through the office, but I didn't care. I just had to make it to the bathroom and destroy the evidence. That's when I heard my name as Barry's voice rang out over the office intercom.

"Buddy Banks, please report to bathroom management. Buddy banks, please report to bathroom management."

The restroom was so close. I could still make it! I quickly ducked into the men's room, heedless of who saw me. All I had to do was get into a new pull-up and I would be scot-free. I quickly barged into the nearest bathroom stall and locked the door. My hands were fumbling with the suitcase but with the adrenaline pumping through my system I couldn't get it open. I lost my patience and just unbuckled my pants and tore off the pull-up. Step two would be a little more difficult as it involved undressing in a small space. I had gotten my shoes off and my pants most of the way off when I heard the door burst open and a bunch of heavy footsteps coming toward me. It was that darn security team. Damn, damn, damn!

"We know you're in there, Mr. Banks. Open the stall door and come with us to bathroom management."

"H-hold on," I said, still fumbling with my suitcase. "I spilled coffee on my pants... Just give me a second..."

"You don't have a second, Mr. Banks. We're coming in." I heard the jangling of keys, and a click as one of the guards pressed his magnetic fob to the stall door causing it to automatically unlatch.

My suitcase finally popped open, and there I was wet-handed, with my suitcase open for everyone to see.

Jack stood there with his arms crossed and a superior smirk on his face. Beside him were two large security rhinos.

"I knew it!" He exclaimed, before he caught himself and took on a somber look, shaking his head. "Cheating? I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes."

Then, the thought struck him, and he quickly pulled out his phone to capture the perfect shot of a very guilty fox, my wet pullup, and a suitcase of incriminating evidence in all our glory.

"Off we go, Mr. Banks," Said one of guards.

I barely managed to hike my pants up as they marched me off to bathroom affairs with Jack following closely behind.

"Oh, Buddy I'm so disappointed, said Barry, once we were all crowded into the third-floor conference room. I can't believe you would pull a stunt like this. That chair is probably going to have to be replaced now, not to mention the carpet cleaning bill from the trail you left to the bathroom."

Ms. Click, the serpentine head of bathroom affairs was also there, looking through her reading glasses at the report on her tablet. "We have a level-1 accesssident... desstruction of property... sssseveral violationssss of the company honesssty policy... It sssays here you were found out of your pull-upssss?"

She looked up, scandalized.

"Y-yes, I was...ma'am..." I said, hastily adding the honorific at the end as I hung my head low in the most convincing display of shame I could muster.

Everyone there just shook their heads and Barry made me stand in the corner while he conferred with Ms. Click. The security guards were dismissed, but Jack was asked to stay, much to his delight. After what felt like an eternity, I was finally allowed to come out of the corner.

"Well, there's only one thing to do," Said Barry, looking rather grim. "The good news is you're off the potty chart."

My ears perked up at that bit of news, but quickly flattened as he continued.

"The bad news is that you will be placed on permanent bathroom restriction. That means you have lost all potty privileges indefinitely. You are to be kept in diapers from now on, and they will be secured with anti-strip garments. For the next month, you are on a probationary period. The only clothing you will be permitted to wear over your diapers during this time are onesies,

shoes, and socks, and you will be checked and changed regularly by designated staff. If you *behave*, you may just earn back the right to wear pants and change your *own* diapers in a month. In the meantime, Jack here has graciously volunteered to be one of your diaper monitors.”

Jack flashed me a big grin, and I felt like I could just strangle him. I opened my mouth to say something nasty but was quickly brought to task by Barry.

"Don't even start, Buddy, you brought this on yourself. You could have gone through the potty-training program like everybody else who has accidents, but instead you decided to cheat. This is exactly why we have these rules in the first place."

"I-"

"I'm going out on a limb for you, here, Buddy. I'm the one who recommended you, and this reflects poorly on ME." Barry said, his voice rising. "So you have two choices. Take the offer, or leave now, and we will send you the bill for the damage you caused. So which will it be?"

I opened my mouth to speak and nothing came out. I couldn't afford to pay them back, I couldn't afford to lose my job, and I certainly wouldn't be hired anywhere else if this incident appeared on my record.

"I'll stay," I squeaked.

Barry stood back and regarded me coolly. Ms. Click broke the silence.

"Well, we had better get ssstarted then, hadn't we?" She pushed a button on conference table and spoke.

"Sssend Mr. Banksss' sssupplies up to conference room three. Thank you."

"W-wait," I said, looking in terror at the floor to ceiling windows that separated the conference room from the entire third floor. "Y-you don't mean, right here?!"

"I certainly do," replied Ms. Click. "Jack, will you pleassse help the young man get ready for hisss first diaper?"

"My pleasure ma'am!" he said, cracking his knuckles.

I didn't stand a chance. Using his claws to rend the fabric, he ripped my shirt and pants off like they were wrapping paper and hoisted me up naked onto the table. I could do no more to resist his strength than if I were an actual baby. I gasped as I saw my favorite shirt and pants lying in the garbage in pieces.

"You won't be needing those anymore, Buddy. Besides, they were ruined already."

Soon, a bored-looking giraffe strolled in with a service cart, which was stacked with diapers of all sizes as well as onesies and changing supplies.

"Delivery for Buddy Banks? Let's take a look here. Looks to be about an adult size one..."

He took a tape measure to my waist and side and nodded as if to confirm his suspicions.

"Yup. This set should do."

I was completely humiliated as Jack proceeded to clean me off, spreading my legs to get all the pee off my crotch area, and then lifting my butt to clean underneath.

"Looks like someone needs to learn how to wipe," Jack said with a chuckle. "Well, no need for that now, I suppose."

He tossed the dirty wipe into the trash along with my soiled clothing before picking out the thickest diaper I had ever seen and sliding it under my tush. With a practiced ease, he had me powdered, oiled, and taped up in no time. Then came the magnetic release onesie. I would soon discover that this could only be removed with a magnetic key fob like the one the security guards had. All of the caretaker staff had one. I, however, did not.

The job complete, the giraffe gave a satisfied nod and rolled the cart away.

"Good," Said Barry, clapping his hands. "Now I think we could all use a break from all this excitement, don't you? Jack, will you please escort Mr. Banks to the quiet room, so he can have a nap. He's had a hard day, and I think he'll need some R&R before he can get back to work."

As Jack marched me off toward the quiet room, I was dismayed. I had a feeling it was going to be a very long time before I would have the chance to choose my underwear again.