

Test Dummy: Chapter 8

By: CrissieBaby

“Y-yes.”

Rocky stood before Mark with her eyes planted squarely on the floor. It would be far too embarrassing to look at him now.

“I thought that may be the case,” said Mark, trying to help Rocky rationalize the situation. “Listen, today doesn’t need to mean anything if you don’t want it to. Your brain was under the effect of a very potent aphrodisiac. That doesn’t mean you have a diaper fetish.”

Rocky twiddled her thumbs, shying away from Mark even more. “I get that Mark... but... what if it was more than that?”

The pair were silent for several moments, neither quite sure what to say. But Mark knew he had to take control of the situation. He still felt very much at fault for everything. He grabbed a chair and sat back down, ushering for Rocky to do the same. “Have a seat. I think I might be able to help.”

Rocky hesitated, afraid of what might be confirmed. Nevertheless, she balled her fists and shook off her nerves, sitting down in front of Mark.

“Let’s start by talking this through. I want you to explain where your head’s at to the best of your ability.” Mark was clinical in his questioning, but sincere. Rocky nodded her head, struggling to decide where to begin.

They both sat in silence once again. However, Mark would not interject until Rocky spoke. She needed to figure this out for herself, and he was willing to wait with her as long as she needed him to.

Finally, with a heavy breath, Rocky began, “It’s strange. My first thought when I woke up was if I was wearing another diaper. I fully expected to be, but I wasn’t. And the thing was... I k-kinda wish I was.”

The level of blood rushing to Rocky’s head was starting to give her a small headache. Her face was as red as a tomato. “God, I’m a freak!” she screamed, pushing her head into her hands, hoping to hide herself from the world.

Mark was a bit offended by how quickly Rocky jumped to labeling herself as a freak. Still, he knew better than to take it personally. He cranked up his friendly demeanor. “Hey, that’s not true! Look at me! I have a diaper fetish. Do you think I’m a freak?... Actually, don’t answer that.”

Mark’s joke caught Rocky off guard as she started giggling. Mark, meanwhile, was relieved that he was able to lighten the tension a little. “The point I’m trying to make is that you work at a company where basically everyone dreams of being locked in a mechanical nursery. You might be the most normal person here.”

Rocky allowed herself to smile. She still felt like a total weirdo, but at least she didn’t feel so bad about it. “Thanks, Mark.”

“You’re welcome,” Mark said, standing up again and walking over to a closet on the other side of the room. When he returned, he tossed Rocky a small, white rectangle. It took little inspection to see that she was now holding a diaper.

“If you wish you were wearing a diaper, then don’t let anything stop you.” Mark and Rocky locked eyes, sharing a beautiful moment with each other. He then moved for his exit. “I better get going-”

“I can’t!” Rocky stopped Mark in his tracks. Her lip quivered. She knew what she wanted. It was a matter of if she was brave enough to ask for it. She inhaled deeply through her nose, “I can’t... do it myself.”

Mark couldn’t help himself. His coy smile returned in spades. Earlier today, her brain was going crazy with the hundreds of possibilities that could come from Rocky’s first time in diapers. This was about the last thing he expected.

“Then ask me nicely,” Mark said, hoping that his taunt would egg her on. Rocky was in disbelief. Was he really gonna make her say it, “M-Mark, can you put a d-diaper on me?”

Walking up to Rocky, Mark leaned down and plopped the crash test dummy into Rocky’s mouth. Her mouth moved to spit it out, but Mark placed a single finger on it, keeping it in place, “Now Rocky, I know you can ask better than that. When I’m off the clock, I’m a full-time Daddy to littles like you, so you’ll need to address me as such.”

Rocky’s cheeks burned brighter than a Christmas Tree. She did her best to speak around the pacifier, “Y-you can’d be sh-erioush-”

“My rules are strict and unwavering, Rocky,” Mark’s voice was commanding and stern. This both scared and aroused Rocky to no end. “If you want a change, you’ll need to ask Daddy like a good little girl.”

Rocky sucked on the pacifier intensely without even realizing it. She’d never been more humiliated in her life. She could just stand up and walk out of here. No one would believe Mark anyway if he said anything to her other co-workers.

...so why didn’t she? Why wasn’t she leaving right now? Why did she want to give in to Mark so badly? And what was this indescribable warmth that was spreading throughout her chest whenever she looked up at Mark’s calming smile?

“C-can....can you p-pwease change me, D-Daddy?”

Rocky couldn’t believe the words left her mouth. And with a paci-induced lisp too. The warmth in her chest was so overwhelming that she thought her heart might explode.

Without saying anything more, Mark picked her up off the seat with ease. Rocky had only seen Mark in work clothes, so she had no idea that he had an amazing physique. Beyond that, he was practically a foot taller than her. The intimidation she felt from him at this moment made her very nervous and very horny.

Mark set her down on the changing mat, a place Rocky was very familiar with by this point. As he began to undo the buttons on her pants, Rocky covered her face with her hands. She wanted this, sure, but that didn't stop it from being incredibly humiliating.

Mark unrolled the diaper and motioned for Rocky to lift up. She did as she was told without hesitation. As she heard the clean, white nappy slide underneath her bottom, she couldn't help but feel a bit excited.

That's when Mark placed his hand on her stomach and pushed her gently down to the ground, settling her atop the plush padding. Her eyes glanced between her fingers, before quickly hiding again when she saw Mark staring at her.

"No need to be embarrassed, cutie-pie. Daddy will keep you safe from all those nasty accidents," Mark's words only made Rocky blush harder. Couldn't he see how embarrassed this was making her? She peeked through her fingers again, expecting to see Mark's trademark shit-eating grin. However, she was surprised to see a much different Mark than she was used to. It was like he was in his element.

Mark pulled some wipes out of a container and got to work, efficiently sanitizing her most sensitive areas. He rubbed in just the right way to tease her sex without making it seem like he was trying to.

A liberal amount of powder was added next. Rocky shuddered as she felt the cool, fluffy dust tickle her bum bum area. She giggled uncontrollably, causing Mark to smile in satisfaction. She hid herself once more, in disbelief that she could allow herself to act so childishly.

"I don't break character often, Rocky, but I want to let you know that there's no need to feel embarrassed. You want to belittle, so let yourself be. I'm here to make you happy. Though some people do enjoy the humiliation, so if that's what you like, then don't let me stop you," Rocky found a surprising amount of comfort and confidence in Mark's words. It was clear that he took his Daddy role very seriously.

Once the powdering was done, Mark leaned in close to her face again, "Now, I have to ask, does my baby want to be good, or naughty?"

"...naughdy."

Mark slapped her across the butt, causing Rocky to gasp in surprise and arousal, "Clearly..." He spanked her again. "...or else you would've addressed me as Daddy like a good baby girl."

Mark reached into his bag and pulled out what looked to be a small rubber cone. He then pulled out a second item: lubricant. He squeezed out a big helping onto the cone and without warning, placed it inside Rocky's rectum. Her eyes bulged outward and she let out a small moan.

"Naughty babies don't get to decide when to use the potty. You'll have to ask me nicely from now on. And if my naughty baby can behave, I might just let you have this," Mark held up a small remote, this one with far more buttons on it. It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what the remote-controlled.

Rocky nodded her head, "I'll be a gw-ood, naughdy baby, Daddy. I pwomise." She felt so turned on and so comforted. She never knew it could feel this good to submit, not just to Mark, but to her own desires as well.

Mark lifted the padded girl once more, cradling her over his shoulder. He lovingly patted her on her diapered butt. "Time to go home."

With that, Mark carried her out of the building, in nothing but a top and a diaper. They passed by a few co-workers who were staying late in the office, each of whom let out surprised gasps and chuckles. She buried her head into Mark's shoulder.

"Don't worry about them. They're even bigger babies than you are," said Mark, rhythmically rubbing Rocky's back.

Rocky felt her worries melt away with Mark's soothing words and touch. All at once, she stopped caring what the others who saw her thought of her. She was happy to be held so tenderly.

She nuzzled into the corner of Mark's neck, ready to be taken home to her new life.

TO BE CONTINUED...