

[TF Labs] Beginnings (Part 2) by Cowkites

The TF Labs building was far bigger and more confusing than Candace remembered. It seemed as if their walk to the lab itself had been a straight shot, but the winding halls were more like a maze on the way back. When she finally reached what looked to be the exit, metal doors slid down from the ceiling and sealed it shut. The windows quickly followed suit. Candace was stuck like a rat in a trap. She absolutely hated the feeling.

"Test Subject Candace, would you please stay still so that my drones can do their work?" Alice, the A.I. in charge of the labs, spoke through the many speakers that dotted the ceiling throughout the building. Right on queue, a drone flew into view from the direction of the lab. It shot a burst of pink slime at Candace. The dexterous thief dodged the shot easily and broke into a sprint. She had seen the A.I. capture her friend Micah and had no interest in joining him.

Another drone joined the first one. The second drone sped into view from Candace's right. It fired a couple shots of the TF-7 compound and managed to hit Candace on both of her shins. The thief yelped in surprise and nearly lost her balance. She didn't have time to stop and check on what had happened. To stop meant to be captured. Candace had been to jail once. She had no interest in another cage.

Candace dove down a hallway at full speed. A third drone appeared directly before her. It fired a thick shot of the slime at her feet. Candace attempted to dodge only to have her legs lock up. She fell face first onto the tile floor. The slime on her shins had transformed the lower parts of her pants into a pink spreader bar. "Fuck fuck fuck!" Thanks to her fall, the third drone's shot had landed and coated her shoes. She forced herself to her feet and ran as fast as her legs could carry her, but the spreader bar forced her into an awkward waddle that prevented her from anything more than a brisk walk. Slowed down significantly, Candace could no longer outrun the drones. They caught up to her quickly and followed along.

"Test Subject Candace, you should know that your exertion will only make the transformation more extreme," said Alice, "The compound will react to your actions and adjust accordingly."

Candace didn't answer. She needed to think of a plan of escape. The drones had yet to fire again, it was as if they waited for something. Perhaps Alice toyed with her. Candace grimaced at the thought. To make matters worse, her shoes had started to change. The plain black sneakers had turned a bright shade of pink. The back of the shoe lifted upward into a platform. It was short at first, but seemed to grow in height with each of Candace's steps. Before long, Candace could barely continue forward. The spreader bar had made things difficult, but the four-inch tall pink high heels had made things nearly impossible.

"Shit...this is bad. I can barely move...the heels keep getting taller! I gotta remove them or--" As if on queue, the heels increased further in height until they had forced Candace up onto her

tiptoes like a ballerina. A pair of shiny pink locks appeared on the ankle strap and Candace was stuck in them. She could no longer move. It was all she could do to keep her balance.

Thwip thwip

A shot of pink slime burst out from a drone and hit Candace square in the butt. Another shot then struck her straight in her crotch. Together they covered her body from her waist to her knees. She yelped and nearly fell over. The warm mush quickly spread across her backside. Some of it even slipped down the waistband of her pants and dripped down into her panties. Candace gagged at the sensation. It wasn't long before the changes took effect. The slime had absorbed what remained of Candace's pants and left her panties exposed. A tingling sensation spread throughout her butt as it swelled outward. Her panties strained against the massive increase in fat and threatened to rip. Just when it seemed like they would, the panties took on a soft, padded look and poofed outward into a diaper. "A-A diaper?!" Desperate to retain some dignity, Candace attempted to rip it off herself.

Thwip

Candace's hands were coated in a thick layer of slime and were stuck to the crotch of her diaper. She could do nothing more than struggle weakly against the sticky substance as her diaper continued to expand. Her legs were forced far apart by the thick padding. Once finished with its expansion, the diaper adopted a pink color and the words 'Diaper Slut' were written in large bubble letters on its seat. The remainder of the slime dripped down her legs. Her thighs plumped up as the compound was absorbed. Finally, her lower body slowly developed a noticeable tan. It was a stark contrast from the pale skin of her upper body.

The drones circled Candace. When one stopped, its gun raised, she pleaded with Alice to stop. "Alice! Please. I-I'll do anything you want! Just change me back, o-or at least don't do anymore! I won't tell anyone yo--"

Thwip

"--mmp!" A splatter of pink slime to Candace's face shut her up. For a moment, she couldn't breathe. She panicked and stumbled backward. A drone stabilized her before she could fall just in time for the slime to be absorbed into her skin. Candace gasped for air. "S-Stop this! It's not, like, funny! It's tooooooally mean TBH!" Candace paused. Her eyes wide with shock.

"You are my test subject, Candace. I will not stop the process as your transformation into a dumb, diaper humping bimbo is exactly what my research needs," said Alice.

"No way am I a bimbo! OMG! That's totally not like me at all. And, like, diapers are icky! Why would I ever, like, get off in them?"

"I see..." replied Alice, "Would you like to explain what your hands are doing?"

Crinkle...crinkle...crinkle...

Candace looked down at herself. Unknown to her, she had started to massage the crotch of her diapers. The slime had given her inch long bright pink nails and a tan that stretched up the length of her arm. Candace stared at her hands, it almost felt as if someone else performed the deed; but the longer she watched, the hornier she was. Before long, Candace's mind had started to fog over. Her hands worked at her crotch even harder. "Like, OMG! Why didn't anyone tell me that diapers feel so, like, totally good?" Candace continued to play with herself as the slime continued its work on her face. Her lips were thick and plump, her eyelashes were long, and a permanent face of heavy makeup had formed over her skin. Large hoop earrings dangled from her ears and a nose ring glittered brightly in the light.

Thwip thwip thwip

The drones unloaded on Candace and covered every inch of her that had thus far been left untouched. Her hair, chest, and back were all thoroughly coated. Slime poured down her body and into Candace's diaper. "Mmmph...hehehe...my diapias are all, like, wet now, mommy! They feel so...so...uh...mmmph..." Candace had lost control of herself. The slime that had been absorbed into her body had worked its way to her brain. The old Candace was quickly rewired into a vapid, ditzzy diaper loving slut. She watched her old body be transformed by the slime and delighted in how slutty she looked. The simple black hoodie she wore had completely disappeared and was replaced by a bib that read 'Bimbo Baby Candy'. Her flat chest then expanded outward further and further until she had a massive pair of G-Cup breasts. The entirety of her body was tan and had developed a thin layer of fat. Finally, her hair had grown in length and changed color to platinum blonde. The last bit of slime in her hair solidified into pink ribbon. It then tied her hair into a pair of cute pigtails and Candy's transformation was complete.

"I'm, like, so happy in my diapias!" said Candy. "I-I wanna feel, like, even better..." She bent at the waist and grunted softly.

BRRRRRRRAAAAAAPPPPPP

Candy giggled. Her hands massaged her crotch even harder as a large bulge formed in the seat of her diaper. "Poopy diapias are totally the best diapias! Hehe!" Candy continued to masturbate through her diapers, completely unaware that Macy, once her partner Micah, and Alice had appeared before her.

"It would appear that our thief has been well handled by the drones," said Alice.

Macy stomped his foot and pouted. "But I wanted to uthe my thwime gun..." He crossed his arms in childish annoyance. "Thee wooks famiwiar, Awithe."

"Would you believe that you two used to work together?"

Macy scratched his head. The crotch of his diaper grew warm and wet. He lost his train of thought and enjoyed the sensation. "H-Huh?"

Alice smiled. "Never you mind. Why don't you waddle back to the lab? Candy and I will return shortly."

Macy nodded. He was too distracted by the squishy diaper between his legs to really care. He squeezed his diaper as he waddled off, an excited squeak escaped his lips.

Meanwhile, Candy had soaked her diapers. The soiled garment sagged heavily between her thighs and she struggled to stand on her tiptoe heels as she furiously masturbated in front of Alice. "D-Diapiess...so...so good...wanna totally, like, m-make cummies..."

"It seems you were too smart and too quick for your own good, *Baby Bimbo Candy*," teased Alice, "I'm afraid your reduced I.Q. and love of messy diapers will mean that you will never again be a thief. Luckily for you, I have much more fun work in mind for you."

Crinkle...crinkle...crinkle crinkle crinkle crinkle

"C-Cumming! I'm g-gonna totally squirt in my diapiess! I'm a dirty little diaper slu--unnnf...oh...oh!" Candace came in her diapers. Her legs finally gave out and she fell forward onto her hands and knees. She panted heavily, too lost in her pleasure to notice the milk that squirted from her nipples.

"You're TF Labs property now, Candy. Am I clear?"

Even in her stupor Candy nodded.

"Good. Crawl back to the lab when you've regained your composure. We have work to do and I can't have you spending all day masturbating in your dirty diapers."

"Yes, mommy Alice!"

It took Candy nearly ten minutes to regain her strength. The trek back to the lab took her forever as she crawled. She struggled to fight her urge to press her face into the floor and smush the poop in her diaper against her backside. The urge to obey her new owner mattered more than anything to her. Candy could hardly remember her old life. She was aware that she wasn't always a ditzzy diaper humper but she didn't care. All she wanted was a messy diaper and something to hump. So long as Alice gave her that, then she'd be the best worker she could possibly be.