

[TF Labs] Diapers: The Key To Success by Cowkites

Congratulations on your purchase of a TF Labs transformation device. This Bracelet of Success has been coated in our new TF-8 compound and will grant whoever wears it great confidence and the power to change the world around them for personal gain. Thank you again for your purchase and enjoy the new you!

Katy Garen stared at her purchase. The package came just that morning. A plain brown box with a single, small TF Labs logo on the side. "This better work. You won't believe how expensive it was," said Katy. Her coworker, Amanda, sat across from her at the break room table. They had both gone on break, a brief respite from the work that frustrated them to no end. Amanda discussed the better position that had opened up in management. Katy wanted it so bad, but felt scared to go up against her other coworkers. She didn't want to rock the boat. They both hoped that the bracelet would help her gather the confidence to request an interview. Katy took a deep breath in and slipped the bracelet over her hand. It dangled on her wrist. Light reflected off it brilliantly. Unfortunately for Katy, she hardly felt different.

"Oh well," said Amanda, "At least you can return it, I guess."

Katy sighed. "I can't," she said, "Strict no refund policy." She felt defeated.

After a few minutes, their breaks ended and they returned to work. Katy couldn't help but notice her coworkers that went to be interviewed. Several of them were total slackers. Katy couldn't believe it. She was much better at her job than them. A burst of confidence overcame her and she stood from her desk. Katy marched to the office, but was forced to wait for the last interview to be finished. Once the door opened and the applicant left, Katy slipped in quickly. She had even been so bold as to cut in line.

"Katy Everett?" asked Ms. Mills, the interviewer. "Didn't expect to see you here."

Katy chuckled. "Yeah well. I figured why not give it a shot. I feel pretty confident today." The bracelet was working. She was sure of it. Little did she know that the bracelet did more than give confidence. Light reflected off the bracelet and drew in attention. Those that looked at it were affected too. Unlike Katy, the others adopted certain desires and motives.

Ms. Mills couldn't help but look. The bracelet was gorgeous. She stared for a while before she managed to break free. Katy didn't notice. "Alright well let's go over some of the important details and then we can talk about your ability and drive. Sound good?"

Katy nodded.

"Great," replied Ms. Mills. She went on to describe the pay, benefits, and responsibilities. Katy loved every word of it. It sounded like her dream job. She'd do anything to get it. "Now, let's move on to expectations," Ms. Mills continued. "You may need to show up early and stay late. This job can be intense. We've found that bathroom breaks are an impediment so you're going to wear diapers from then on."

Katy laughed nervously. "What?"

"Your secretary, Allie, will change you and make sure to give you plenty of diaper checks," said Ms. Mills. She went on without a bit of humor in her voice. She was dead serious. "You'll most likely need to work during your lunch, so Allie will help feed you too."

Katy couldn't find her voice. Had she heard right?

"If Allie is busy then you're to ask a coworker to help. I won't have you starving or getting a rash from a prolonged diaper change." Ms. Mills placed her hands together on the desk and stared at Katy. "I know all this sounds like a lot of responsibility and work, but it comes with a significant raise and increased benefits. It'll be worth it, I can assure you. I just need to know if you're going to be a good fit for the job. Why should I pick you, Katy?"

Katy was conflicted. She wanted the job so badly and her confidence was far and away better than it ever had been. The job could be hers if she wanted, but was it all a joke? Could Ms. Mills really be serious. Only one way to find out. "Well...Ms. Mills. I'm confident, driven, and feel I have the toolkit to bring this company success if given the chance."

Ms. Mills smiled. "Yes, you've always done great work in your current position." She then pressed a button on her desk and spoke into a speaker. "Allie. Come in here please." Allie entered shortly after. The young secretary stood between Ms. Mills and Katy next to the desk. "Katy?" asked Ms. Mills. "I hope you don't mind Allie's inclusion. She'll be the one in charge of you so it would be best that she met you before I give the final verdict."

"In charge of me?" Katy asked.

"Yeah, what are you talking about, Ms. Mills?" asked Allie. She was just as confused.

Ms. Mills chuckled. "Yes. She may be your secretary; but she'll be changing your diapers, putting you down for naps, feeding you...it'll be like she's your nanny or babysitter."

Allie's jaw dropped. "I'm not changing anyone's diapers. What the hell, Ms. Mills?!" She looked at you with disgust plain on her face. "Since when do we hire...big..." Allie stared at your bracelet. The bright light reflects off her eyes and she smiles warmly. "...babies? I'd love to change Katy's diapers, Ms. Mills. Can we pretty please hire her?" Allie tousled Katy's hair as she spoke. She looked completely infatuated.

Katy laughed nervously. "Um...but you're not really going to diaper me are you? That's just like a joke about how busy the job can be right?"

Ms. Mills sighed. "I thought you were cut out for the job but maybe I was wrong. I guess we'll just hire that last guy. Allie, would you go fe--"

"W-Wait!" exclaimed Katy. "That was a joke. I want the job. I'll do whatever you want me to. I'll wear diapers! Allie can be in charge of me! I'll behave myself and do whatever you want."

Ms. Mills smiled. "That's a good girl."

Katy's bracelet shimmered in the light and the entire room lit up. Katy was blinded by its brilliance for several seconds. When her vision returned, she discovered that the world around her had changed. Her clothing was the first noticeable difference. The subdued, modest skirt and blouse she had worn to work that morning had been replaced with a tight pink pencil skirt, white crop top, and a cropped short sleeve pink suit jacket. Her plain, white cotton panties were changed into a thick pair of fluffy white diapers. The crinkly waistband and poofy crotch of which were on full display thanks to the tight skirt. Katy's black tights were turned into a pair of sheer white ones with pink hearts. Her flats were changed into a pair of four inch tall pink heels. Lastly, her long blonde hair that she kept up in a bun had been pulled into a pair of pigtails.

The room around them had changed as well. It wasn't Ms. Mills' office any longer. It looked like a child's playroom or a daycare. It smelled of baby powder and was filled with furniture intended for babies. There was a changing table, a rocking chair, a crib, a playpen, and even a bouncer more than big enough for Katy. A small, professional looking plaque had been attached to the side of the pastel pink and yellow playpen. It displayed Katy's name and new position prominently: Katy Garen, Vice President of Marketing and Dumb Diaper Baby. Katy was aghast. What had just happened?

"You found your new uniform. That's great," said Ms. Mills. "How do you like your new office?"

"Um...well...where's my desk?" asked Katy.

Allie giggled. She lightly slapped Katy's diapered bottom, then pushed the girl forward and into the playpen. "You're standing in it," said the secretary.

"B-But this isn't a desk! How will anyone take me seriously like th...th-this..." Katy couldn't think straight. Something was wrong, but she couldn't think what. Katy found herself involuntarily lifting her skirt. A soft grunt escaped her lips.

Hissssssssssss...

Katy sighed with relief. The sudden pressure on her bladder dissipated as her diaper grew warm and wet. The thick padding sagged between her thighs. She squeezed them closed and the padding crinkled loudly. The squishy padding felt wonderful. Katy forgot all about what she had wanted to say. She lost her balance and fell backward onto her butt in the playpen.

"Looks like she's a natural!" said Allie.

Ms. Mills smiled. She leaned over the playpen walls and gently patted Katy's head. "You're in charge of all your old coworkers now. It's going to take a lot of effort for them to respect and listen to you. I have confidence you can make things work." With that, the older woman left.

Katy's mind was still fogged over. She poked at her diapered crotch absentmindedly and wondered what she was supposed to be doing. Thankfully, Allie was there. The secretary, effectively Katy's babysitter, leaned into the pen and gave Katy a diaper check. Katy spread her legs as if it were a regular occurrence. "Wow, you really soaked these."

"I-I soaked them?" Katy asked. Her mind slowly returned. The realization of what she just did sank in.

"That's right. But not enough to need a change. You have your first meeting in fifteen. I'll just give you a change after that."

Katy couldn't believe what she heard, nor what she felt. Had she really just pissed herself in front of two other people? Lifted her skirt up as if to proudly show them? What was wrong with her?

"For now, why don't we fill up that tum tum, hmm?" Allie unbuttoned her blouse to reveal a white lace nursing bra underneath. She stepped into the pen and knelt down next to Katy. The diapered woman tried to struggle but was too weak to resist. "Come on, boss. You gotta drink all your milkies if you wanna grow up to be CEO."

Katy refused to do it, but her body didn't care. She latched on to Allie's nipple and suckled noisily. The secretary's breast milk spilled down her chin and onto her top. Allie pulled her into the nursing position. Katy's warm wet diaper was pressed up against Allie's arm. The sensation felt nice to Katy. Nice enough to let her forget how ridiculous she looked. She didn't even notice when she wet her diapers for the second time.

Knock knock

"Come in!" shouted Allie.

"Ms. Garen?" A man in a suit had poked his head into the office.

"She's in the middle of a feeding right now," explained Allie, "What can I help you with?"

Katy watched helplessly as the man entered and approached the playpen. Her top was soaked in breast milk. Her wet diaper was on full display. She couldn't stop her own suckling. Katy closed her eyes and hoped he would go away.

"The meeting has been pushed up five minutes," said the man. "Ms. Garen needs to be in the office in a few minutes."

Allie gasped. "Goodness!" She looked down at Katy and sighed. "I'm so sorry Ms. Garen. We're going to have to cut your feeding short." Allie gently freed her nipple for Katy's mouth. "Would you mind helping me get her into her stroller?"

Katy tried to fight them. There was no way she'd let the entire office see her in such a state. Unfortunately for Katy, a pacifier and a stuffed animal was all she needed to calm down and do as she was told. Within a minute she was pacified and strapped into a stroller. The thick diaper and stroller restraints kept her legs spread and her soggy padding on full display. Katy hid herself behind the stuffed bunny she clutched, but it was impossible not to be aware of every look.

"I'm so sorry Ms. Garen's late. Her feeding ran long."

Katy looked up to see a room full of adults in business attire. They all sat around a table in the direction of a speaker. Every seat was full. Katy was worried that meant she'd be left in the stroller, but it was much worse than that. An older man, Mr. Howell, waved them over. He was Katy's immediate boss now that she had been promoted. Allie wheeled the stroller on over. She removed the restraints and Katy quickly found herself in Mr. Howell's lap.

"I'll take good care of Ms. Garen here. You two run along," said Mr. Howell. Katy watched them leave, terrified to be so exposed in such a place. To make matters worse, Mr. Howell had started to bounce her on his knee. Katy's diaper crinkled loudly with each motion. She wanted to tell him to stop, to demand she be treated like an adult, but the pacifier and stuffie kept her calm and docile. Katy sucked on her pacifier and did her best to focus on the meeting, but it was hard. Stomach cramps wracked her body. They got worse by the minute.

"Uh oh, Steve. Looks like little Katy might be ready to make boom-boom," said an older woman.

Mr. Howell laughed. "Is that so, baby girl?" He lifted Katy's skirt and gently poked the padding. Katy whimpered in response. Her stomach cramped again and Katy grunted loudly. The entire meeting had been brought to a halt as they all watched Katy with interest.

"N-Nuh...I'm nah a b-baby..." Katy slurred around her pacifier. She didn't sound confident in the statement and moments later a loud fart escaped her bottom. Katy leaned forward in Mr.

Howell's lap and pushed. Mr. Howell grabbed her by the waist and forced her back down into his lap. Katy gasped as her bowels released. Warm mush filled the seat of her diaper and was quickly spread around against Mr. Howell's knee. He bounced her repeatedly as she messed herself. Katy whined around her pacifier at the humiliation. Everyone in the meeting stared at her.

"Not a baby, huh?" asked Mr. Howell, "Maybe we should just do away with your Vice President of Marketing position and just let you be the Dumb Diaper Baby you are?"

Katy shook her head profusely. "Nuh...no pwease!"

Mr. Howell laughed. "That's what I thought." He looked to the rest of the room. "Please everyone, continue the meeting." Mr. Howell continued his knee bouncing and verbal teasing as the meeting went on. Katy's face was a bright shade of red by the time the meeting came to a close. She was forced to stand patiently next to her boss while everyone exited the room. It wasn't until they were alone that he addressed her. He pulled the pacifier out of her mouth, then asked, "Katy, you just got your promotion today, didn't you?"

Katy nodded. "Yes, Mr. Howell...sir."

He spun the pacifier around by the ring on his finger. "That explains your behavior."

"My behavior?" Katy's heart rate quickened. Everyone thought her diapers and attire were normal. Would he be the one to free her from the humiliation?

"Your second title, what is it?"

Katy swallowed audibly. "D-Dumb diaper baby..."

Mr. Howell reached down and squeezed the mess in Katy's diaper. Katy cringed and squirmed but didn't dare move. "You certainly know how to fill your pampers like one, don't you?"

Katy looked down at her feet. She nodded meekly. "Yes sir."

"Then maybe you should start acting the part," advised Mr. Howell. "Suck your thumb, pick your nose, babble like a baby. If you want to get ahead in this company then you need to put in the effort. Understand?"

Katy nodded. She stifled a sigh, then stuck her finger in her nose. "Ba ba ga..." she babbled.

Mr. Howell smiled. "Much better. Keep that up and you'll be climbing that ladder in no time." He slapped Katy's messy diaper and she fell forward onto her hands and knees. The older man

chuckled. "That's the spirit!" He then walked over Katy and exited the room. Allie entered shortly after.

"Don't pick your nose, Ms. Garen," said the secretary, "You should know better."

Katy removed her finger and allowed Allie to strap her back into the stroller. The pacifier was popped back into her mouth and Katy was wheeled back to her office. She couldn't help but think about what Mr. Howell had said. The new job made no sense. Since when was Dumb Diaper Baby a position at the company? It paid more and was far easier than her old job. Just how far could she get ahead if she leaned into her new diapered life. The mess in her diapers smelled awful and felt even worse, but it would be far and away easier to deal with than other job responsibilities. She didn't even pay attention to that last meeting. Katy had just filled her diapers and was bounced on Mr. Howell's knee. How much worse could things get? Katy found herself grinning. Just how high could she climb just by acting like a baby? Katy didn't know, but she was eager to find out.