

Lawyer Dummy: Chapter 1

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“Okay, everyone, step back! We’re ready to commence test numero uno!”

Standing behind his control console, Mark was practically giddy to test out his latest invention. Hanging loosely in front of him was a large, clunky-looking adult baby bouncer. After years of perfecting his nursery’s bouncer at home, it finally hit him to find a way to mass produce his favorite punishment method for Littles.

Sitting in the infantile contraption atop a foam safety mat was Margrette, one of the two product testers working under Mark at CrissBaby Diaper Co. Unlike Mark, she looked less than pleased with how today’s tests were kicking off. “We haven’t even started and I already have some thoughts,” she said, twisting around from side to side as she tested the bouncer’s mobility, “Look at this! It’s way too easy to move in this thing. I feel like I’m gonna flip over once you raise it higher. Also, not gonna lie, this thing’s super ugly.”

Smiling through gritted teeth, Mark responded, “That’s why it’s a test, dummy. The final product will look better. And as for the movement, let’s see how you do when we get you off the ground.”

“Whatever,” scoffed Margrette, leaning back on her diapered butt to allow the slack of the bouncer to hold her weight, “Just know that if I flip over and faceplant on the mat, you’re paying for my PTO.”

Mark was about to say another snappy comeback, but his girlfriend and tester number two, Rocky, was thankfully standing next to him to calm him down. “Will you two cut it out? I’m sure the test will be fine,” she said, giving semi-stern looks to both Mark and Margrette.

CREEEEAK!

Suddenly, the squeaky doors to the testing chambers opened, causing all heads to follow the source of the noise. “Ugh, we really need to get that door fixed,” said Tina, the resident diaper changer for Rocky and Margrette. She pushed her hands against her ears to dampen the ear-piercing sound.

Making his grand entrance, Ted, the person in charge of managing CrissBaby HQ’s day-to-day business, stepped into the wide, cement-walled testing chamber and stated loudly, “Hey Mark, can you halt the test for a moment, please?”

The group all sighed, knowing that whenever Ted got involved with testing, it never ended well. “What’s up Ted? We were just about to run the first simulation on the new bouncer,” said Mark, hoping he could push Ted away by insinuating they were busy. Sadly, Ted wasn’t one to pick up on cues.

“Don’t worry, I won’t be too long. There’s someone I want to introduce to you,” said Ted, drawing attention to the tall, dark-haired man at his side who was wearing an expensive-looking

suit and donning a pair of ovular-shaped spectacles, "This is Charles Young. He's the new head of CrissBaby's legal department."

Stepping forward with a proud smile on his face, Charles awkwardly waved his hand toward the others and said, "It's nice to meet you all. I look forward to working with you." His standard greeting was met with an uncomfortable silence. He hugged the manila folder that was tucked under his arms tightly, grinning through the tension in the air.

"What happened to the last guy?" Tina blurted out, her eyes almost entirely ignoring Charles's presence, "I liked him. He was nice...and he slept a lot." While she didn't want to admit it, she'd definitely gotten away with much more than she should have thanks to the company's very neglectful lawyer.

Giving Tina a withering stare, Ted smirked and responded, "He retired, and thank you for letting me know that you TOTALLY read the company emails." He gained immense satisfaction in watching Tina shrink back behind Rocky and Mark. "And don't worry, you'll all have plenty of time to get to know Charles. I've instructed him to be present at all product testings for the foreseeable future."

"Wait, what?" said Mark, who couldn't help but feel oddly persecuted by the insinuation that he couldn't conduct testing without the presence of a lawyer, "Look, Ted, I know we've had some...less than professional conduct in the past, but we haven't had any issues since Rocky's first week of testing. We don't need a babysitter...no offense."

"None taken," said Charles, who was hoping to turn this uncomfortable introduction around, "You'll hardly even notice I'm here. I can promise you that I'm not here to step on your toes. It's not my job to pass any judgments. I tend to leave that up to the jury." He snickered at his own lame joke while the others around him did their best not to groan.

Doing his best to maintain his forcefully pleasant expression, Mark gestured for Charles to join in at the control station before turning back to Ted. "May we get on with our test now?" he asked, a hint of venom behind his words.

"You may proceed. Charles, see me in my office later about those administrative assistant candidates we were discussing. And, of course, do let me know if anything goes awry," said Ted as he made his way toward the exit, his final words signaling to the others that Charles would probably be more than a passive observer.

Opening the folder that had been tucked under his arm, Charles stood beside Mark and began to take notes as the head of product testing worked the control console. All the while, he took notes on everything and everyone he saw, as Ted had instructed him to do. Over the past few months, Ted had grown increasingly weary of the testing team's progress. Even with the addition of Rocky as a new tester, the team was lagging behind other departments, which was slowing down the rollout of various products. He was bound and determined to resolve the issue hastily, even if it involved trimming the fat of the company's most integral department.

That's where Charles came in. As CrissBaby's newest lawyer, he'd have perhaps the most unadulterated view of the company's ongoings, able to stay impartial where someone with

more experience in the company might get soft around those they consider to be friends. He wasn't exactly thrilled that narc would be his first assignment, especially given the workload that his lazy predecessor left behind. At the same time, though, he had to admit he was a bit excited to see what a product test at CrissBaby would look like.

"Okay, for real this time!" shouted Mark, once again ready to begin the test, "Brace yourself, Margrette! Raising the bouncer in 3, 2, 1..." Pressing the big red button on the center of the console, the banister that the bouncer was attached to started to rise, beginning to lift Margrette up to her tip-toes.

Cautiously, Margrette lowered her weight onto the seat of the bouncer, allowing it to support her. Before long, her feet were barely touching the ground. She grabbed onto the elastic straps, her unease growing slightly. Thankfully, the banister stopped raising just before her toes were lifted off the floor. "So, I just start bouncing now?" she asked, trying not to sound as nervous as she possibly could.

"Yes, and be sure to bend your knees when you come back down," said Mark, who was silently praying for this prototype test to go well. A few of the last products had failed to make it off the ground floor, so he was in big need of a win, with the Super Absorber XXX being his last major contribution.

Taking a deep breath, Margrette pushed herself off the mat and went flying into the air several feet. She gasped, feeling as though her sense of gravity had evaporated. The straps then gently deposited her back onto the floor, where she landed with a small stumble. "Oh wow, it woooked!!!" she shouted as the straps bounced her back upward once more completely out of her control.

While Margrette was moving up and down like a yo-yo, Mark raised both his fists in the air with great satisfaction. "Yes!" he yelled, before composing himself and turning to Charles, "You see, the tensile-strength elastic is meant to not only hold upwards of 500 to 600 pounds of weight but to also lift that weight off the ground similar to that of an acrobatic aerial swing. The base of the bouncer provides the necessary counterweight that takes the pressure off the user inside of it, preventing any pull on the user's body. It's ingenious really." He really never missed a beat when it came to tooting his own horn.

"It's very impressive," said Charles, trying not to let his fascination get the better of him. Despite his outwardly professional appearance, Charles was not unfamiliar with the products that the CrissBaby Diaper Company churned out. As someone who often indulged in his own private playtime sessions, it was exhilarating to see something he'd only read about in stories being brought to life.

"Yeah, yeah, we're all impressed," said Margrette, who was still bouncing up and down with seemingly no end in sight, "Now, how exactly do you stop this thing?"

Stepping out from around the side of the control panel, Mark clasped his hands together and let out a nervous chuckle. "Well, uh, that's still the kink we're trying to iron out. But that's exactly what tests are for after all," he said, doing his best to avoid looking at Margrette's vicious

scowl, "What do ya say? Wanna test out how long the elastic bounces you until it stops? C'mon, babies do love bouncing, don't they?"

"Haha, no! Now get the fuck over here and stop this thing," said Margrette, not amused by Mark's attempt at dark humor.

Signaling to the two lab-coated assistants at Margrette's side, Mark had them use two hooks to grab the sides of the bouncer, slowly bringing Margrette back to her feet. While he wasn't going to say anything about it with the new lawyer present, he was a bit nervous that things might go wrong with getting Margrette back on the ground. Seeing her touch down gave him a wave of relief that only Rocky was able to catch.

With the test coming to an end, everyone went about their business, with Rocky and Margrette going over testing notes and Mark meeting with his testing aids to discuss where to move forward from here. This left only Charles and Tina behind at the control panel. Given how standoffish Tina was when he entered, Charles was a bit on edge to strike up a conversation with her. Ted had warned him about Tina's antics, creating an extra reason for him to keep a bit of distance. He lifted up his folder and continued taking notes to pass the time.

Tina, however, could sense the winds changing against her favor. She'd been on extremely thin ice with Ted ever since the Super Absorber incident and while Rocky had been kind enough to get her set up with a full-time gig here, she had a sneaking suspicion her job was in jeopardy. Even if she had no interest in getting to know some stiff-suited lawyer, she couldn't pass up the possibility that he may be keeping an extra eye on her. "Hey, sorry about earlier," she said, doing her damned to be cordial to Charles, "My name's Tina."

Taking Tina's hand, Charles was a bit surprised that she was the one to extend the bridge of conversation first. Still, even if he was concerned about this young woman, he wasn't about to give her the cold shoulder. "Charles, and it's a pleasure to meet you."

"So...uh...lawyer huh? That must be...neat," said Tina, completely out of her element when it came to engaging with small talk.

Rubbing the back of his neck, Charles responded, "Um, yeah, it's pretty neat. Though, it's a lot more paperwork than you might expect." His body language turned toward the exit, hoping to evacuate himself from this awkward dialogue as soon as possible. "That reminds me, I need to find the testing department's records room before lunch. There are some discrepancies in my predecessor's writings that I need to get ironed out. See you around, Tina."

As Charles turned to leave, Tina stepped in front of him with a forced smile. She didn't want to spend more time with him than she already had to, but she knew she needed to get on his good side and fast. "W-well, hey. I know where that is," she stuttered, "Let me show you around. I know this place like the back of my hand."

"Oh, uh, that would be great," said Charles, taken aback by Tina's shocking generosity. Maybe Ted had this girl pegged all wrong. He gestured toward the door and gave her a kindly smile, "Lead the way!"

TO BE CONTINUED...