

Test Dummy: Chapter 2

By: CrissieBaby

The testing chamber was enormous, with various devices and machinery scattered around the warehouse-like space. At the heart of the room was a giant, empty glass tank, with a pulley system that hung overhead. Near each of the machines were dozens of lab coat-wearing research scientists, waiting for the guest of honor to arrive.

Rocky exited the changing room timidly. As confident as she wanted to appear, she couldn't get over the fact that she was at work, in a diaper, fully exposed!

Luckily, everyone working in testing was super nice to her, attempting to mitigate her embarrassment as best as they could. Well, everyone except Mark.

"Perfect, we have a newborn diaper baby ready for take-off!" exclaimed Mark.

Rocky wanted nothing more than to shove her foot up his diaper-wearing ass, but she restrained herself, keeping her mind in the stipend that would come to her in the end. "He'd probably like it anyway," she chuckled to herself.

"Are you ready to get started?" Mark asked, suddenly taking on a more serious tone.

Rocky nodded, "Ready as I'll ever be."

That was all the verbal confirmation that Mark needed. He picked up his clipboard and placed a pair of reading glasses on the bridge of his nose. He looked inquisitively at the forms and waivers Rocky had filled out, "H-hey Rocky, you read through all these right?"

"Uhh...yeah, of course," lied Rocky. She just wanted to get this over with.

A sly smirk appeared on Mark's face as he shrugged, "Alright then! First up are the durability tests. Shouldn't be too bad." Mark and a small team of researchers escorted Rocky towards a set of different squares of terrain spread out evenly on the far side of the testing chamber.

"So, basically, all you have to do is sit down and uh..." Mark smiled, thinking about his next words carefully. He smiled warmly at Rocky "...just act like a baby."

Rocky would've been more furious at Mark's word choice if she didn't feel the eyes of everyone in the room, bated with eager anticipation.

Rocky raised her chin and sat down quickly on the first terrain: a patch of grass. One of the researchers handed her some toy cars to "play with" as she crawled around, rubbing and scratching her diapered butt on the fake grass until Mark told her she could stop.

Rocky was changed into a new diaper afterward and the process repeated. A sandbox, carpet, gravel, and even asphalt were all here to put the *Super Absorber XXX* to the test.

Silently, Rocky even started having some fun with it, but she'd never admit it. Surprisingly, the thing was more durable than she previously thought. Not a single tear, or even a stain, was present on any of the diapers.

Mark was very pleased, "Great job on the terrains! We're ready to move on." Before Rocky could get a word in, Mark flashed a mischievous smile, ready to dig the knife in further. "Or does the baby girl need a nap or a snack before we continue?" he exclaimed in a sing-songy voice.

Rocky decided not to give Mark the reaction he was looking for, finally feeling a bit more comfortable with everything going on. "Nope, I'm all good," she said, flashing him a defiant grin. He wouldn't get to her today.

"Fantastic! Then it's time to test the wetness indicators. Gotta make sure they fade when used!"

Whatever confidence Rocky had found in the last half an hour was definitely gone now. Her blood ran cold as the team of researchers all pulled out their notepads.

"Whenever you're ready!" Mark's smile was like a bullet to the head. The redness that had filled Rocky's cheeks suddenly returned with greater force.

"Y-you can't be serious," Rocky said, barely about to spit the word out.

Mark walked over to Rocky with her contract in hand and flipped over to one of the pages. "That's your signature, yes?" Rocky looked on with a vacant expression. It definitely was her signature, and directly above was the text explaining that she agreed to use her diaper fully for testing.

"God, I'm a fucking idiot!" Rocky thought to herself as she realized she had no way out of this.

"Don't worry, we'll give you all the time you need. Would you like some water?" Mark asked innocently, which only fueled Rocky's unbridled rage. She glared at him with the heat of a thousand suns.

Realizing he was on thin ice, Mark stepped back in line with the others and stared down into his clipboard. "Though do try to make it happen soon, otherwise we'll have to finish up tomorrow."

Several of the researchers broke off from the pack and circled around Rocky, probably wanting to see the diaper swell from a different perspective. Their movement, however, only made it harder for Rocky. She had nowhere to hide.

Reluctantly, Rocky squatted down and closed her eyes. Thankfully, Mark and the other researchers stayed quiet enough that she could imagine she was anywhere else. She pushed as hard as she could, but nothing more than a few tiny dribbles came out. She inhaled deeply, releasing the pressure she was applying to her bladder.

"Don't strain yourself too-" Mark did his best to comfort Rocky, seeing how hard of a time she was having. His words were not welcome at the moment, as she cut him off.

"How bout you just shut the fuck up Mark, okay?" Rocky spoke with the kind of tone she'd never dared to use in her workplace before. Mark was definitely taken aback by her sudden outburst, but he knew better than to hold that against her right now. He shut his mouth promptly and watched.

“Come on! It’s no different than sitting over a toilet. Stop being such a b-” Rocky stopped herself from finishing that sentence in her head. She readied her breathing once more and pushed with all her might.

Much to Rocky’s surprise and terror, little spurts of urine started spilling into her diaper. All of her pushing had forced her bladder into attention. She could feel herself on the verge of fully starting to relieve herself. She gave one last big push to jump-start a steady flow.

PFFFFFF!

Rocky yelped and all at once, stopped pushing. She knew it was just a fart, but the fact that she’d done it in a diaper, in front of so many people, was mortifying. What was even more mortifying was that even though she’d stopped pushing, the flow of urine was already underway. She tried her best to stop the dam’s collapse, but it was too late. She flooded her diaper with a symphony of trickles and crinkles filling the room.

Several small chuckles erupted from the onlookers. Mark, however, was anything but subtle. He burst out into hysterics, placing a hand on his mouth to lessen the damage. Not that Rocky had even noticed.

Finally, she felt the last of her bladder empty out into the once-thirsty diaper. Rocky felt lightheaded, as several researchers gathered in closer to better examine her freshly swollen nappy.

Mark, however, was quick to halt everyone, “Hey now, I know Margrette wasn’t shy, but give Rocky some space. You’ll have plenty of time to examine the diaper once it’s off her.”

A few disappointed grumbles aside, the crowd dispersed with no argument, leaving just Rocky and Mark.

Rocky was shaking profusely. Her eyes were as wet as her diaper. The smell of roses was even stronger somehow.

Mark grabbed her a chair so she could sit down, placing a gentle hand on her shoulder and speaking softly, “Hey, just so you know, everyone in the office is rooting for you here. This isn’t to embarrass you or shame you or anything. We know you’re in a tough spot with this and it’s super admirable that you’re so willing to take one for the team.”

Rocky’s shaking subsided and her breathing began to calm. After all the torment Mark had put her through thus far, it was actually kind of comforting to hear him be so nice. “Thanks,” she said, her voice still a bit wavery.

“If you need to stop for the day, we’ll understand,” Mark said, a twinge of concern in his voice.

Rocky thought to herself for a moment before responding, “I’ll be alright Mark. I think what I need more than anything is a change.”

The pair chuckled. Mark’s eyes suddenly looked away from Rocky, as his inner bashfulness began to grow. He stood up, moving to regroup with his team. “Hey, I know you might not want to hear it right now, but you do look really cute in diapers.”

Rocky blushed and laughed at Mark's comment. "You can't ever be fully serious, can you?" she lightheartedly jabbed.

Mark's smirk slimmed down into an innocent grin, "Who says I'm not serious?" And with those words, he turned and walked off.

Rocky's blush only grew. She'd always done her best to avoid workplace romances, not just here, but at every place that she worked. But she couldn't deny that she always had her eye on Mark, diaper fetish and all. He could be a bit harsh sometimes, but he always knew not to push it too far and he was always there to cover for her when she needed help.

Looking down at the ballooning underwear, Rocky slowly reached her hand over and began poking at the diaper, watching with bated breath as her touch imprinted on the diaper before swelling back up into its rounded form. She snickered softly and pressed again, this time slightly harder.

Rocky could believe what happened next. She didn't know where it came from or why it happened, but a tiny, shaky moan escaped her lips as she felt a jolt of pleasure shoot up her spine. Her hands shot up to cover her mouth.

"Uh oh."

TO BE CONTINUED...