

Lawyer Dummy: Chapter 6

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“BWAHAHAHAHA!!!”

Margrette collapsed against the wall in a fit of laughter. Having now heard the entire story of why Charles came to be stuck in the CrissBaby Waddle Onesie, she couldn't even stand to look at the new company lawyer anymore without bursting into giggles, especially while he was still wearing the gaudy pink outfit. “So you...hehehe...you've really been stuck in that thing all night?” she said, struggling to work around her incessant need to cackle.

Blushing as he slid down in his chair, Charles was already regretting asking Margrette for help. “Yes! Yes! For the millionth time, yes!” he said, his temper flaring up, “Now, are you gonna help us or not?”

“My, my! Someone woke up on the wrong side of the crib today,” said Margrette in response, relishing the steam that rolled off of Charles' head, “Don't get your diapers in a twist. I'll help you as best as I can. However, if we get caught, I'll blab on you two without hesitation. I'm certainly not gonna lose my job for this. We clear?”

Nodding her head, Tina reached over and grabbed Charles' head and made him mimic her action. “Crystal clear. What do you know about the Waddle Onesie and how did you get out of it?” she asked, getting directly to the point.

For Margrette, this was quite bewildering to witness. Tina had always seemed like your average aloof slacker who loved to mess around on the job. To see her acting so direct and authoritative was definitely a change of pace. Sitting down at the seat in front of Charles' desk, she cleared her throat and proceeded, “It's been a while, so forgive me if I have to think to remember something. The Waddle Onesie wasn't just some big waddle spreader suit. CrissBaby knows that territory has already been cornered by Oof Poof, so we'd need a good strategy to break into that market. Mark's grand idea was to innovate upon the very concept of a waddle spreader onesie by installing an automatic locking system that responds to the weight of a diaper like we have on our plastic panties line.”

“Yeah, we already found out that little nugget thanks to the testing report,” said Tina, folding her arms, “So how did you and Mark bypass the weight trigger to get you out of the suit?”

Shaking her head, Margrette continued, “We didn't. The inherent problem is that the weight sensor can't differentiate between the waddle spreader and the diaper underneath. Since the waddle spreader is built into the suit system, it needs to have a size and weight ratio that's relative to the waddle spreader in order to unlock.” She covered her mouth as a guilty smile began to form on her face.

“H-How much weight?” asked Charles, his nerves only intensifying as Margrette rambled on. His restless feet began to tap, both out of fear of what Margrette's response would be, but

also because he'd needed to pee for several hours now and was nearing his breaking point. He'd never had an issue peeing in a diaper before, but he'd done his best to keep himself dry so as not to activate the Super Absorber XXX's dormant vibrator.

Snickering, Margrette was doing her best not to appear amused by this whole sticky situation. Nevertheless, it was almost impossible for her to hide how comical she found everything. "If I remember correctly, it took almost a hundred pounds to get the weight trigger to unlock," she said, curling her lips in and breathing slowly through her nose, "Sorry, friend, but we're gonna have to fill that diaper of yours to get you out."

Unbridled dread filled Charles' heart upon hearing Margrette's fateful explanation. "H-How are we supposed to fill my diaper with that much weight?! I don't think I could shit and piss that much in an entire week!" he shouted, nearly losing control of his bladder in the process. He placed his hands between his legs and began to breathe as if he were about to give birth.

Even Tina found it hard to hold back from snickering at Charles' bizarre predicament. "You doing okay there, buddy," she said, her teasing attitude returning in full, "Looks to me like you're about to get started on filling your-"

"Finish that sentence and I will end you," said Charles starkly. It was clear to both Tina and Margrette that he was not in the joking mood. As his cramps subsided, so did his anger. "Sorry for snapping. It's just been one back thing after another." He let his head hang as he did his best not to let himself cry.

Patting Charles on the back, Tina got down on one knee so she could speak directly to him, "No, I'm sorry. I should be taking this more seriously. Don't worry, though, I have a plan to get you out of that diaper that doesn't involve you sitting in your own filth for a month."

Watching from the other side of Charles' office, Margrette was once again taken aback by how gentle Tina was acting. Perhaps she was a better Big than she'd given her credit for. Part of her wanted to dip out to avoid associating herself with Tina's grand scheme, but her curiosity over how this was all going to play out was far too great. "Okay, Tina, let's hear it. What do you need us to do?"

Standing back up, Tina's confidence was at an all-time high. She looked to Margrette and then to Charles, soaking in her moment to shine, before diving into her plan, "First things first, we're gonna need a trench coat, the custard from Rocky's party, and a lot of pizza."

"Hey everyone! There's free pizza in the break room for lunch!" shouted Margrette as she munched happily on a big slice of pepperoni pizza. Instantly, everyone got up from their seats and punched out for lunch before rushing into the break room. Once the rows of cubicles were emptied out, she hurried over to Charles' office and knocked on the door three times.

With Charles cloaked underneath a large, puffy comforter, he and Tina crept out of the office. "We gotta move before someone decides to eat at their desk or some shit," said Tina, ushering her swaddled co-worker forward.

Waddling behind Tina as quickly as he could, Charles wasn't exactly thrilled with how the plan was developing. "I thought we were gonna use a trench coat," he whisper-yelled as he stumbled from stepping on the oversized blanket. As he regained his balance, his hands shot down to the oversized waddle spreader thanks to the painful pings in his overflowing bladder. Dribbles of warm pee trickled into his thirsty diaper, threatening to trigger the hidden vibrator at any moment.

"We were, but we couldn't find one in time. Would you rather have no cover at all?" asked Tina sharply. She chuckled as Charles could only groan in response, "Stop worrying. Once we get to the elevator, we should be in the clear."

As the trio moved through the office, Tina lamented over how smoothly everything was going. Since the test crew was usually on break at this time, all she had to do was give the desk peeps a reason to clock out early. And who doesn't love a pizza party?! Pressing the down button on the elevator, she sighed a breath of relief, knowing that soon they'd be home free. "You got the custard ready to go, right?" she said, looking to Margrette.

"Yee of little faith. I stashed it in the changing rooms, so we're good to go," said Margrette, placing her hands on her hips proudly, "I gotta admit, I was a tad skeptical when you laid out your plan, but it's going pretty well so-"

DING!

The doors to the elevator parted, and who should be standing in the center of the lift but the boss-man, Ted. With no time to think, Tina shoved Charles to the side, pushing him out of Ted's line of sight. Meanwhile, Margrette placed her hand on the side of the elevator door and pretended to be as casual as possible. "Heeeeeey, Ted...uh...wassup?" she said, shooting him a pair of finger guns.

"Hello, Margrette...what's going on?" asked Ted in a manner that sounded almost like he was joking, but carried with it a hint of seriousness.

Rushing over to Margrette's side, Tina greeted Ted with an overly-cheery smile. "Ted, hey! It's perfect that you're here. Margrette here was wondering where the mailroom was. A package she ordered was marked as delivered yesterday and wouldn't you know it, she never actually received it," she said as confidently as one would the truth. She entered the elevator and placed her arm around Ted's shoulder, "Now, I WAS going to help her find the mailroom since she's never been, but I only kinda know where it is. But you know this maze of a factory like the back of your hand! If anyone could help her find it, we know it's you."

Chuckling to himself, Ted straightened out his collar with a sly look on his face. "Well, let me just say, you came to the right guy for help," he said, pressing one of the lower floor buttons and holding the elevator open for Margrette to join him.

“Oh, wow, thanks,” said Margrette, barely trying to act enthused. She promptly entered the lift, making sure to whisper to Tina as she passed by her, “You owe me big, and I better record it.”

Nodding to Margrette, Tina quickly hopped off the elevator just as the doors began to close. “Welp, no need for me to go anymore. Have fun you two,” she said, waving goodbye until the elevator doors shuttered completely, “Okay, that should buy us some time, but we better take the stairs to be safe. Come on!”

Grabbing onto Charles, Tina aimed to get him back on stable feet after shoving him into the wall. However, as she tried to pull him upright, she found that he was frozen stiff, refusing to budge even an inch. “Charles, this isn’t the time to be pouty. I’m sorry for pushing you, but would you rather Ted discover you?” she said exasperatedly.

“I-I’m not upset about that!” responded Charles, his voice sounding a bit shaky. The moment he finished his sentence, he let out a soft moan, his breath horse and panicked, “I-I didn’t...make it...”

Realizing what Charles was getting at, Tina lowered her head near the crotch of Charles’ diaper, listening to the low hum of a vibrator rumbling inside. “Shiiiiiiiiit,” she said, biting her fingernail, “Okay, okay, this isn’t that big a deal. You just have to nut up and get moving buddy.” She gave Charles a pat on the back, only for him to quiver and moan louder as a result. “Maybe ‘nut’ wasn’t the best choice of words.”

Pushing himself off of the wall, Charles did his best to stand on his own two, very rubbery legs. The vibrator lying inside of his Super Absorber was in a frenzy, bringing him to full arousal in seconds. He wasn’t aware of it, but the old prototype Super Absorber he was wearing didn’t have a way of increasing vibrator speeds depending on the level of saturation. Once the vibrator felt any moisture at all, it was running at full power.

“We really don’t have time for this,” said a very frustrated Tina as she placed her hands on Charles’ back and began to push him toward the stairs, “Sorry, Charles, you’ll just have to endure it.”

“MMMMMMMMUUUUUUHHHHH!!!” shrieked Charles as he fought back against the overwhelming pleasure that was engulfing his pelvic region. Thankfully, his erotic cries were muffled by the blanket, but that didn’t stop him from feeling more exposed than he ever had before.

Throwing open the door to the staircase, Tina threw the blanket off of Charles’ body and grabbed him by the hand. This allowed her to see his red, extremely horny face for the first time since the vibrator kicked on. She stifled a chuckle as she guided him down the first flight of stairs, “Hang in there! Only nine more flights to go!”

TO BE CONTINUED...