**Daily Free-Write June 2, 2021: The Baby Factory Pt. 6**

*Continuation of April 3, 2021 “The Baby Factory Pt. 5*”

I slowly came to as the wake up song began playing in my ears. I had never heard the 'wake up song' before, but I somehow knew that's what it was. I had the urgent need to go potty and I was going to hop out of bed and run but something was off. I opened my eyes and was confused at first to see I was in a colorful room with bars all around me. I sat up in alarm, rubbing my eyes to make sure I wasn't still dreaming.

"Hey! Dale! Calm down, man. You're at the factory."

"Huh? Wha?" I looked around and began to remember. "Oh! Chubs! Urgh... Thanks... g-goodness..." I said, feeling relieved. But the cramps were kicking in and getting worse. All that fullness in my stomach had moved downward and I knew I didn't have long. "Urgh. Chubs, I gotta get to... \*grunt\* a potty! I'm about to have a major accident."

"Huh? What do you mean? You're wearing your potty," he said, scratching his chin. Then suddenly his eyes went wide and he gave a mischievous grin. "Ohhhh... you haven't made a boom boom yet, have you?" He chuckled and shook his head. "Oh man, I remember what that was like. It seems like forever since-"

"Chubs!" I said, in a pained voice. "This is serious! Help me get to a potty..." His eyebrows went up in surprise and he opened his mouth to speak but someone else had already noticed my distress.

"What's all the commotion here, mister?" asked an assistant who came to look us over. He looked to be in his early twenties and I turned red as I realized how childish my problem would sound to a man who was practically an ankle-biter himself when I came of age. Nevertheless, he was my only hope for salvation so I spilled the beans.

"I have to go potty!" I said loudly. "I'm gonna make a boom boom in my diapers!"

Mistaking my plea for help as an announcement of intention, he smiled and ruffled my hair. "Aww! Good for you, sweetie!"

I shook my head. "H-help! Please!"

Again, mistaking my intention, he pushed me back onto my back and started rubbing my belly in a clockwise motion. I whined and squirmed, squeezing my eyes shut in an effort to stop the inevitable. I couldn't even talk any more, because all of my concentration was on stopping the mess. I balled my fists and brought my knees up, where they splayed out because of the thickness of my soggy padding and then it happened. With a loud crinkle from the back of my diaper, the mush began to force its way out into my pampers. I moaned as my guts forced out their contents, smooshing out across all the available space in the diaper until it started migrating upward toward the front and back waistband.

"Uh oh! We'd better flip you before you run out of room!"

I was flipped over onto all fours as another wave of mush came out of me as Chubs began to call out words of encouragement.

"Way to go, buddy! You're doing great!"

The diaper between my legs sagged practically to my knees now, and was getting heavier by the second. By the time all was said and done, I was so embarrassed that I was nearly in tears.

"Uh oh! Looks like we had a little breach in back. But that's why we use plastic mats!" said the man. I looked down between my legs and saw that a little bit of poop had smushed out the back of the diaper while I was on my back and was there on the mat.

Looking at my poopy thighs and feeling the yucky diaper around my waist was more than I could take and I opened my mouth to speak. All that came out was, "I-I-I... I HAD AN *ACCIDENNNNNNT!!!* and I began to wail.

"Uh Oh! Ohhh, come on stinker, it's not the end of the world." The man lowered the crib.

I was then helped down and led over to the changing table while someone else went to clean the mattress and help Chubs get out too.

I didn't even pay much attention to what was being said or done, because I was too busy crying my eyes out. I only felt myself be lifted up and deposited onto a papery surface. It wasn't until my mouth was filled by a rubber bulb that I began to quiet, sniffling and sucking as my emotions began to ebb.

"There, we go," said the man, patting my belly. "Did we get it all out?"

I didn't know if he was talking about the tears or the boom booms, but I nodded anyway, breathing in little gasping sighs as emotion closed off my throat.

"I'm Mikey, and I'll have you cleaned up in no time. Then you can be in a nice fresh diapee, okay?"

I nodded, and sniffled as the front of my diaper came down, revealing the poopy mess that I had made. Moments later, Chubs was by my side.

"Hey, don't worry about it, newbie. You're supposed to make boom booms in your diaper. It's normal! Looks like you just haven't gotten used to all the fiber. I mean wow! You sure did drop a load!"

I blushed and covered my face, praying I didn't get hard as Mikey wiped all the muck off of my groin and legs.

"Hehe, don't worry kid. We're always bragging about who made the biggest boom boom. Looks like you're the champ today! Maybe your nickname should be boomer!"

I groaned, hoping that the nickname wouldn't stick. Then my butt went up into the air as Mikey lifted my legs and got to wiping behind.

"No job's too big for me," he said, with a grin, and soon enough, my butt was being lowered onto a fresh new diaper.

"Okay, kiddo. I'm throwing in some stuffers to make sure this lasts the rest of your shift. The checkers don't care much if you're wet, and I think that's all you're gonna be doing for a while, mister."

The smell of powder soon followed as he shook it out on my crotch and rubbed it in. Suddenly I began to feel a little better and even smile as the wonderful scent took over my senses and washed away thoughts of the mucky mess that Mike had tossed away. As the diaper came up between my legs, I could feel that it was thicker than anything I'd worn up to now. There was so much padding that it was practically a shell, immovable and uncrushable by even the strongest thighs.

Mikey helped me onto my feet and I was dressed up in my uniform, then sent off with a pat to the rump. "Off ya, go, kiddo! Have a great shift!"

I took a few steps and already felt myself chubbing up from the sensation of my thick diaper between my legs. Chubs grabbed me by the hand and led me out through the cafeteria again.

"Come on, boomer. Let's get to work."

*-Written by ChampTehOtter*