

Test Dummy: Chapter 4

By: CrissieBaby

Rocky stepped out of the changing room, doing her best to keep her knees from buckling. However, she noticed right away that her attempt of acting casual was dead on arrival, as everyone in the room turned and stared at her the moment she set foot in the testing chamber. Having their undivided attention only fueled her embarrassment.

Their expressions were diverse, from toothy smiles and less than subtle chuckles to looks of surprise and even admiration. Oddly enough, the one person who wasn't eying her up was Mark, who was busy working. Though, his voice did break the silence, "Is there a reason everyone's just standing around? We have work to do!"

Rocky was taken aback by the seriousness in Mark's tone. She cautiously walked up to him, "So, uh, what's next?"

"Just gearing up for the weight and elasticity test. Should be ready in a minute or two," said Mark, his eyes never leaving his computer. "Oh, and just so you know...the locker rooms aren't soundproof." He grabbed his clipboard and walked off, his mouth curling into a knowing smirk.

"They knew. They ALL knew!" Rocky's cheeks flushed bright red as she sunk deep into her thoughts, remembering just how loud she had been no more than 10 minutes ago. She should've felt nothing but pure humiliation, but instead, her heart was pulsing with intensity. She was getting off on this and she didn't even realize it.

"Hey Rocky, you coming?" Mark yelled from across the room, pulling Rocky out of her head. She scurried across the room to where Mark and a few other researchers were standing next to a large machine with a hose coming out of it. Along the side of it was what appeared to be a metal scale.

Mark escorted Rocky up onto the scale and calibrated the weight so that the scale would read "0.00" with her on it. "Alright! So, like I said, this test is for weight and elasticity. We need to find out exactly how much mass these things can hold and just how big they can stretch."

Rocky started to get nervous, "By mass, you don't mean-"

"Don't worry, Rocky. I'm not gonna make you go boom boom in your diaper," teased Mark, making Rocky feel even more childish. "That's what this machine is for!" Mark slapped the large contraption.

Another researcher stepped up onto the platform, with a hose in his hand, "Please stand still while I get you ready." Rocky nodded and allowed the researcher to position the nozzle of the hose in the back of her diaper, attaching a small clip so that the hose wouldn't fall out. Afterward, the researcher gave his team a thumbs up and stepped off the platform, leaving Rocky in anticipation.

Mark sat down in front of the machine's control panel and powered it up, "We're gonna start out slow and work our way up. Are you ready?"

Rocky nodded her head once more, this time a bit more hesitantly, "Y-yes." Her heart was racing again. Was she really this excited?

"Okay then! Let's get messy!" With a small flourish, Mark pressed a button and a small load of mush was shot into the back of Rocky's diaper.

Rocky wasn't quite certain what she was expecting, but really she didn't expect it to feel like the real thing. She winced, "EEEEEEEEWWW! What is this stuff?!"

Mark chuckled at Rocky's displeasure, "Oh, calm down. It's just oatmeal." He pressed the button again, depositing a second load into Rocky's now much lumpier diaper.

"Oatmeal?!" shouted Rocky. Her hands reached back and pushed against her bulging backside, shivering as she felt the sloppy oatmeal smush against her rear. It was way too realistic.

"Yep! Oatmeal! It's a favorite amongst AB's and it's good for the skin too!" stated Mark with glee as he pressed the button once more.

The mess in Rocky's pants was beginning to search for other spaces to fill, oozing its way towards the front of her diaper. The sensations she got from it were odd, to say the least.

"Damn! Three loads and the thing hasn't even budged! Time to pick up the pace!" Mark shouted. He turned a few knobs and hit the button once more.

Soon, a torrent of oatmeal was being squeezed out into the diaper, but unlike the other times, it wasn't stopping. The stream was slow and steady as the diaper began growing to ridiculous proportions. Much to everyone's surprise, the diaper had barely shifted and there wasn't a leak or blowout to be seen.

Rocky pushed against her ballooning diaper, her hands sinking into the well-sodden nappy. This caused the oatmeal to shift in her pants, rubbing past her more sensitive areas. Her horny brain returned in full force. She pushed again, indulging herself in the sensations her messy diaper was giving her.

"Enjoying yourself?" Rocky's eyes shot wide, suddenly remembering where she was. Mark seized the moment to turn up the speed on the machine, catching Rocky off guard.

Rocky gasped in shock and pleasure. She was barely able to stay standing.

However, the weight of the diaper was becoming a different problem entirely. Rocky's legs were still weakened and the diaper's growth was relentless.

As the diaper reached the 15lb mark, Rocky could no longer maintain her balance, falling backward and landing with a wet *SPLORCH!!!* The impact made certain that no empty space would be left untouched by the goopy oats that continued to fill her expanding undergarments. But even with the hard impact, the diaper held strong.

Mark turned off the stream. He and the team of researchers stepped up to the platform. Rocky was expecting a decent amount of mockery, but instead, all they could focus on was her newly formed seat cushion.

“That’s...not possible. I-I knew they were supposed to be durable, but this...” Mark’s voice trailed off as he leaned down and began prodding the spongy padding. A wide-eyed grin made itself present as he watched his hand sink several inches in. “And it looks like there’s still room for more,” he said under her breath.

Meanwhile, Rocky was feeling awkwardly horny as more and more researchers gathered around to marvel at just how much the diaper had grown. She wiggled her butt a little, feeling the mushy substance ripple throughout the diaper.

Mark rushed the other researchers off the platform. He jumped back into his seat and began furiously pressing buttons and adjusting gages. “We’re gonna crank the speed up to max and find out what this baby can really do.”

Rocky didn’t even have time to ask what was going on before a tsunami of grains and milk splashed down into her nappy. Unlike the slow steady growth from before, as the diaper filled up much like a water balloon under a faucet. Her hands rushed to cover her mouth, as she bellowed out a muffled scream. She orgasmed as her butt was lifted off the ground, with the diaper inflated and expanded to cartoonish proportions.

In the end, the machine was no match for the diaper, as all 50 pounds of porridge had been emptied out. *The Super Absorber XXX* held strong, with Rocky strapped in atop the bloated bean bag of a diaper, breathing heavily.

Rocky couldn’t believe her eyes. She couldn’t even see the ground anymore. Her butt was caked in the watery mess that kept her elevated above the ground.

Suddenly, she felt the whole diaper begin to wiggle and shift on its own until Mark’s head came into view. He had to climb onto the swollen pampers in order to see her face to face. “Soooo...how are you doing? I hope you’re having as much fun as I am,” he said in a sing-songy voice.

“Well, I’ve had less comfortable seats,” responded Rocky, brushing off her embarrassment. The two both chuckled, each of them still a bit in shock. “So, uh, how am I getting out of this thing?”

“Oh don’t worry, we’ve got you covered,” Mark said, winking mischievously, as he jumped off the loaded diaper and walked around to her rear. He took out a small pocket knife and watched patiently as a kiddie pool was brought around to the backside of the platform. “I hope you can swim!”

Before Rocky had any time to react, Mark took the knife and sliced open the back of the diaper in one quick motion, creating an avalanche of oatmeal. Unfortunately for Rocky, she had no chance of escape. She yelped as the diaper deflated rapidly, sending her backward and landing her smack dab in the center of the now oatmeal-filled container.

Rocky flailed around, eventually finding the edge of the plastic pool and pulling herself up. Mark hopped down, standing above Rocky with his signature cheesy grin, “Tsk! Tsk! Get yourself cleaned up. We’ve still got plenty more tests.” He reached his hand out to help her to

her feet. Not wanting to miss her opportunity, Rocky graciously accepted, yanking on his arm and pulling him into the oatmeal with her.

Mark scrambled to sit up in the thick sludge. As he struggled, Rocky let out a hardy laugh, happy to finally get one over on him.

“Looks like I’m not the only one who needs to clean up, now am I?” Rocky continued to laugh. Mark couldn’t be mad at her for this. Honestly, he was just happy to see Rocky finally enjoying herself. He grabbed a handful of slop and launched it into Rocky’s face, cackling as she wiped away from her eyes.

“So that’s how it’s gonna be.”

TO BE CONTINUED...