

Does This Office Have A Daycare? by Cowkites

“Um...Ms. Fletcher, can I talk to you for a moment?”

The stern CEO looked up from the papers on her desk and scowled at her assistant, “What the hell do you think is so important that you need to bother me now?” Leila Fletcher’s assistant, Sandy, looked scared but it was no more than the usual amount of fear the young CEO instilled in her subordinates.

“I’ve got a customer here who has some concerns about a product we sell.”

“A customer? A customer that should be found in a retail store is here outside my office. How the hell did they get here and why the fuck does any of this matter?”

Sandy was at a loss for words herself. She had asked the same questions to the person that heralded the woman’s approach and got the same answers. Now the young woman had somehow convinced Sandy to tell Leila; Sandy couldn’t remember how, but she was stuck in the situation now. Thankfully for Sandy, the customer popped her head through the gap in the door with a smile on her face, “Hi! I’m Amanda, the customer with the problem.”

Leila felt an odd feeling about Amanda as soon as she wriggled her way into the room. Whether she wanted to or not, Leila felt convinced to hear the woman out, “Alright Sandy, out; I’ll talk to her,” turning her attention back to the woman, Leila was shocked to find that the woman had already seated herself across from her at the desk and held aloft the product in question. In her hands sat a pastel pink pacifier with white dots and a cute cartoon elephant on the front, “So what seems to be the problem with this...uh—,”

“Pacifier? Well the odd thing is, Leila, is that if you look closely...” Leila stared at the woman a moment, surprised at her audacity to talk to her so casually before returning her eyes to the pacifier, “What? I don’t see anything...”

“Come in closer.”

Leila stood and leaned across her desk now, she was certain that something was written just above the nipple of the pacifier, “Lei...leil—,” Leila’s mouth found itself filled by the pacifier; having been quickly stuffed there by Amanda.

“Good girl! That’s right; it says Leila! That’s your name! I’m very proud of you! Now for the tricky part: do you think you can stop sucking on it long enough to take it back out of your mouth?”

Leila was outraged, her face a deep crimson from the humiliation of the pacifier; but it was as she realized that she was indeed sucking idly on the plastic nipple that she began to ignore her

anger and quickly try and stop herself. No amount of physical awareness could keep her from continuing to suck in rhythm on the pacifier. The sound of her mouth fixating on the infantile accessory was loud in her ears as she began to tug on it with her hands now. As her fingers touched the ring of the pacifier they curled inward, preventing her from even grasping it.

Amanda watched with mild amusement as Leila struggled; any resemblance to a concerned customer went out the window with Leila's dignity.

"Leila. Leila, sweetie, that's not going to work. The pacifier will stay in your mouth. That's why I brought it in. The last one I had did the same thing."

"Et iss ou of my ouf!" Leila's hands were splayed on the desk now, her eyes full of fire and determination; with the pacifier in her mouth, drool now collecting on her chin, it was difficult for her to maintain any kind of serious appearance.

"I can't understand you, little Leila. You're gonna have to take your paci out and talk like a big girl; honestly, aren't you a little too old and wealthy to be acting this way? Aren't you a CEO?"

Leila was pissed now. Slamming both hands on the desk she turned and knocked her office chair to the floor before crossing the desk to confront Amanda.

"Honestly, you're a little on the dumb side too, aren't you? Do you know what a pacifier's purpose is? To pacify. You put it in a crying baby's mouth, and she shuts it and calms down. Aren't you finding it hard to be so noisy, rude, and aggressive?"

Amanda's face angered Leila, but at the same time she had to admit that she felt calmer than should be; this pacifier was doing more to her than just stopping her speech.

"I want you to be a good girl and stop throwing a tantrum. Pick up that chair and put it back that stand with your nose in the corner. You're going to stand in time-out while I think of what to do with you."

Leila's thought to herself:

There's no way in hell that bitch is ordering me around. Time out? I'm not a baby!

Amanda watched as Leila's eyes drooped slightly before she turned and corrected her chair. As she was ordered, Leila pressed her nose to the corner of the office and remained silent.

Why am I obeying her? Why can't I stop sucking this pacifier? Am I drooling? What is she going to do to me? I should start listening; things are only going to get worse...No. I'm a grown woman dammit; she can't be do--

Leila breathed in sharply as she felt Amanda's hands around her waist. Sliding around to the front, they unhooked the clasp at the waist and she felt the skirt fall to her feet. Amanda's hands slid around the legs of her black lace underwear and smoothed them out.

"Kick off your skirt and heels," Leila did as she was told, slowly at first, but quickly picking up the pace as Amanda snapped the strap of her bra in rhythm, "As I pull up on your big girl panties, stand on your tip-toes to match the height."

Leila felt an initial tug as the underwear situated itself firmly between her ass cheeks.

"Mmmmmph!"

"Shh shh shhhhhh. No arguing young lady. You've been incredibly naughty with that potty mouth of yours. We'll need to do a whole lot of *correcting*, before you're allowed to be without that pacifier. This is for your own good." Leila's will to resist was fully intact, but no matter her strength or drive, her body responded without hesitation to Amanda. As the lace was pulled up her crack, her heels lifted from the floor. Leila's butt could soon lift no higher and with nothing to grab on to, her entire body left the floor. The thin, black lace tore into her flesh as Amanda pulled higher. Tears began to well up in the hardened CEO's eyes.

"Mmmmmph! Oppppp! Thoopppp!" Amanda ignored the humiliated woman's cries as the underwear began to tear in her hands.

Humiliated, and in desperate pain from the wedgie she was receiving, Leila barely noticed as her bladder let loose, soaking the stretched, thin fabric that remained at her crotch.

Oh god! Did I just...no...no...this has to stop...

Leila sobbed now of her own free will and with that Amanda was satisfied. She set the red-faced, urine-soaked CEO down on the floor and watched as she crumpled to the ground.

"Ah-ah, back up young lady; you're getting your pee all over the floor. We need to get you dressed more appropriately." Leila put up no fight to the prospect of being put back in clothing. She remained quiet as she was picked up; her ruined panties removed, and as her crotch and rear were wiped clean. Amanda cleared the desk with a sweep of her arm and set the pacified Leila down on her back. The remainder of her clothing was removed without a peep from Leila.

"Someone's quiet. Not quite the stubborn CEO I came to see. No, you're not the leading type; at least not anymore. Changes will need to be made around here..." Amanda smiled at Leila's naked, nearly perfect form. She ran her fingers down Leila's dark skin, taking time to tease nipples, her belly button, and her vagina as she came to them, "...in more ways than one. Alright Leila, you've got a big meeting coming up; we've got to get you looking pretty!"

Why can't I move! Do I not want to? Is that why? Is it because I like this...no...NO. What does she mean by meeting? How is she going to humiliate me further? I need to get out of here!

Amanda held aloft Leila's final, big humiliation. She unfolded it, and made sure the woman lying helpless before her could see, "See *Weiwa*, they make diapers for even the biggest temper tantrum throwing babies! You're going to wear them during your meeting. Aren't they cute? The dress you'll be wearing will make sure everyone can see them. I'm sure you'll get lots of compliments."

What's happening to me? Why...why...why do I want her to dress me? Why do I want to be...diapered? I'm an adult...baby...She's made me into a big baby.

Leila's bottom lifted effortlessly and the diaper was slid underneath. One look at Leila's face told Amanda that the rest of this would go swimmingly. Leila was no longer a woman; Amanda knew that at this point Leila would only foster hatred for her embarrassment, but she would never act on it. Leila would have reached the point mentally where she would actively enjoy the baby attire. Moaning to her own degradation would take a few more minutes.

"Alright Leila, we've got you all nice and comfy in your diaper! Doesn't that feel so good?" Leila moaned her approval behind her pacifier as Amanda stroked her pussy through the padding. Next came her short, pink dress with bows and frills; the pink ribbons for her hair to be pulled into braids; and the locking mittens and booties that would show the investors just how much control she had over Leila, "Alright baby girl, sit at the desk like you're pretending to be an adult and Mommy will let her friends in."

Leila rubbed herself now in anticipation; excited to see just how far this whole thing went. Amanda opened the double doors to the office and businessmen and businesswomen entered the room in single file. Leila recognized many of them as heads of departments from a rival company.

"Good afternoon, Ms. Fletcher! Or should I say baby Leila?" Their CEO had marched herself straight down the center and had begun to pile papers onto Leila's old desk, "Leila, sweetheart, I don't know if you can even understand or care anymore but you're being bought out. You'll be signing over any and all of your say in this company; Amanda could you help the poor thing?"

"Sure thing! Leila, sweetie, stand up and show everyone your pretty dress and how cute your diapers are!" Laughter echoed through the room. Many of the people there had the 'pleasure' of dealing with Leila in the past and were all too excited to see her in such a position. Amanda led Leila around the desk and bent her over placing a large yellow crayon in Leila's hand while the other patted her thickly diapered rear. "Go ahead and sign baby girl!" she said; she then whispered, "What a perfect time to humiliate yourself further; you know what to do you little diapered slut."

I'm going to sign all my shares, my position in the company, and my dignity away. I'm still masturbating; I'm still drooling...what more could I...

Leila's hands shook as she signed the document. Her right clutching the large crayon through the mitten as her left kneaded her crotch. A loud wet fart sounded through the room and quickly brought everyone silent. Leila still made noise though; she moaned louder and louder as she desperately pushed a load into her diaper, drooling around her pacifier as she stroked her pussy through her diaper. Her knees buckled as the diaper sagged from the weight of it all. Leila shivered with delight as Amanda pressed her diapered butt, "I knew you'd like it, you freak."

Leila clutched Amanda and humped her as the new shareholders looked over their prize.

"Oh, by the way Leila, you didn't sign everything away. You'll be able to keep this office. Only it will be renovated with a few changes."

Leila ignored his words, taking her time to grind her crotch harder against her new care-taker.

It was a few weeks later that Leila was moved back into her old office, only now two way mirrors surrounded the room, giving anyone full viewing privileges to Leila's infantile life of diapered orgasms. The double doors that once evoked fear in those that entered, now read "Leila's Nursery" in pastel-colored block letters above the door and the woman inside, now more resembled an oversized infant and spent the majority of her time humping her teddy bears in her soiled diapers.