

Vacation Dummy: Chapter 1

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“Alright everyone, you’re representing CrissBaby so I expect you all to be on your best behavior this week,” announced Ned, craning his neck back to look at his underlings from the passenger seat of the airport’s shuttle bus. Having finally reached Summer, it was time for the annual CrissBaby Diaper Company corporate retreat for all major departments. For the next five days, they’d get to play and relax in a private resort off the coast of the Bahamas, and all they’d have to do as a trade-off was attend a few mandatory company seminars.

Crammed into the backseat of the van with Ned were his favorite usual suspects: Mark, Rocky, and Margrette from the testing department, and CrissBaby’s legal team consisting of Charles and Tina. “Yes, Dad,” said Tina sarcastically, her bratty energy reaching peak levels due to being kept inside one tin can after another for the past 10 hours. Thankfully, the shuttle bus was just pulling into the resort’s carport, sparing the others from any more of Tina’s wrath.

Tossing open the van’s sliding door, Charles hopped out and gave his back a good stretch before leaning back inside to escort Margrette out of the vehicle by hand. “Pretty swanky, if I do say so myself,” he said, commenting on the lush decor that made up the resort’s grand entrance. Though perhaps most notable was the giant banner that hung over the entrance’s awning that welcomed all CrissBaby employees.

“I think I have to agree...” said Margrette before leaning in and nibbling on Charles’s neck, causing him to giggle and shy away. He wasn’t able to get far, though, with Margrette keeping a firm grip on his hand. She pulled him back toward her, placing her mouth next to his ear, “...although I must admit, I’m far more excited to see what the bedrooms look like.” She punctuated her sentence by clamping her teeth shut, melting Charles on impact.

“Move out the way, lovebirds,” said Tina, placing a foot against Charles’s padded rear and pushing him away from the car door, “Agh! Fucking finally! I thought my legs were gonna fall off.” She kicked her legs outward, extending each of her knees in a dramatic fashion.

The last two to get out of the van were Rocky and Mark, the other obnoxious couple that Ned and Tina had found themselves sandwiched between. Taking in a deep breath through her nose, Rocky soaked in the warm, sea air. “Goddess, I don’t think I could need a vacation more than this,” she said, replaying the events of the past year in her head. She’d come a long way both in her career and as Mark’s baby girl ever since she began working in the testing department. And while there wasn’t a second of it that she regretted, to say she wasn’t physically, mentally, and emotionally taxed after her time at CrissBaby would be a bold-faced lie.

Tragically, not all were as enthusiastic as Rocky was. “Ugh, I think I’m already sweating,” complained Mark as he fanned himself off with a brochure. Being the testing department’s resident genius, Mark had never been built to handle life away from air conditioning. Initially, he had volunteered to stay behind to continue developing his latest project. However, after some

coercing from Rocky, as well as receiving a request to be a keynote speaker with Margrette at one of the seminars, he found himself closer to the equator than he'd ever intended on being.

Mercifully, the resort's lobby was plenty cool enough to soothe Mark's weary soul. He, along with Ned and Charles, collapsed into three of the plush chairs that were stationed all throughout the lobby.

"Y'all cannot be serious," scoffed Tina, placing her hands on her hips as she looked down at her three male coworkers with a disappointed glare, "Can't you at least wait until you get to your rooms to be pathetic?"

Refusing to move from his spot, Ned didn't even turn his head to look at Tina as he responded, "Tina, I will literally give you a \$200 bonus if I don't have to listen to you talk for the next five days." He sluggishly pulled his wallet out of his back pocket and tossed it on the coffee table for Tina to rifle through.

"Lucky for you, I'm easily bribed," said Tina, snatching Ned's wallet off the table and siphoning \$200 from the billfold, "See ya on Friday, boss." She skipped away, leaving the three exhausted men to rest in peace.

Unfortunately for Mark, Tina wasn't the only one who was looking to get the boys to their feet. Grabbing onto both of Mark's limp arms, Rocky attempted to yank her Daddy to his feet. She was nowhere near big enough to counter his body weight no matter how hard she pulled. "C'mon, Daddy. Wouldn't you rather lie down on a nice, fluffy mattress?" she said, attempting to use the promise of greater comfort to mobilize her boyfriend.

Groaning heavily as he leaned forward, Mark slowly allowed Rocky to drag him back to his feet. Led by the hand to the check-in desk, he decided to have a little fun with his baby girl, placing an arm around her shoulder and steadily increasing the weight of his lean. "Uh oh, Rocko, I think I'm...starting to...shut down," he said with an ever-deepening voice, letting his head bobble to the side as Rocky struggled to hoist him up.

"Geh! M-Mark! Get off!" shouted Rocky, giggling as Mark's body weight compressed her body. Not wanting to collapse to the floor in a heap, she quickly reached up under his shirt and began tickling his midsection until he was forced to evade.

Snickering from behind the check-in desk, a female employee with the name, Lyra, written on her nametag waited for the workplace sweethearts to finish laughing before welcoming them forward, "Hello. I take it you're checking in together?" she said, greeting them both with a hospitable smile.

"Yes, we have a reservation under Mark Hanson," said Mark, taking out his wallet as the receptionist clacked away on her computer.

However, as Lyra scrolled through the list of reservations, she raised an eyebrow as she landed on the one for *Hanson, Mark*. "Huh, that's odd. For some reason, it lists that your room has one adult and one child."

"Huh, that *IS* odd. Sorry about that. I must've clicked the wrong thing," said Mark, not even needing to look at Rocky to know how red she was turning.

Shrugging her shoulders, Lyra thought nothing of the innocuous-seeming interaction. “It’s no issue. I can adjust your reservation here,” she said, typing in a few final details before running Mark’s credit card and passing off a pair of keys, “There you are. Enjoy your stay, and do let us know if you need anything.”

“Th-thank you,” stuttered Rocky, accepting the keys at her Daddy’s behest. She didn’t know how Mark did it but he always found the most creative ways to send her head first into Little Space. Wrapping an arm around his waist and leaning in close, she curled her lips in and smiled, ready for her and Mark to enjoy their first vacation together, even if it was under the watchful eye of the CrissBaby Diaper Company.

CLICK!

As the door to their hotel room swung open, Rocky sprinted inside and leaped onto the bed with her arms spread wide. “Hehehe! I can’t believe we’re here!” she said, her energy and excitement steadily rising during her and Mark’s trip across the resort to get to their room, “By the way, Tina and Margrette were talking about heading down to the pool bar after getting settled in. What do you think? Wanna relax poolside with drinks bought and paid for by the illustrious CrissieBaby?” Given that everything from the food and drinks to the activities at the resort would all be covered under the company card, there was nothing holding her back from wanting to overindulge.

Rocky’s words woefully fell on deaf ears, earning only a passive “uh huh” from Mark as he rifled through his suitcase. Much to Rocky’s surprise, he soon began removing several beakers and chemical mixtures, along with a laptop which he promptly plugged into the wall despite the fact it had a full battery.

“Oh no, nuh uh. You did not bring work from home on our vacation,” said Rocky, practically tripping over herself as she jumped up from the bed and marched over to Mark’s make-shift workstation. She placed a hand on the back of his laptop and attempted to slam it shut but was unable to do so thanks to Mark sliding his hand in between the screen and the keyboard last second, “I may not be the quote-unquote “Big” in this relationship but unless you wanna feel how hard I can spank your ass, you’d better get your swim trunks on.”

Unable to stop himself from making a cheeky expression over Rocky’s threat, Mark now had all the motivation he needed to keep working. “Now that I’d like to see. Do your worst. I even brought your favorite paddle if you need help,” he teased, removing Rocky’s hand from his computer as he returned to setting up for his latest experiment, “I promise, once it’s all ready to go, the experiment will be completely autonomous. You won’t even notice I’m working.”

“Hmmf, if you say so,” said Rocky, folding her arms anxious as she observed the various chemicals that Mark had packed in his carry-on, confused by how he’d managed to get through the TSA without being stopped, “What’s all this for anyway?”

Continuing to get his workspace organized on the hotel room's lone desk, Mark responded, "You remember that Little Space serum I was talking about right? Weeeeell, I think with a few minor tweaks to my formula, I might be on the verge of a breakthrough." Unlike when he first arrived at the resort, he was no longer the lethargic individual who could barely make it to the check-in desk without keeling over, sounding more enthusiastic about his work than Rocky did about their trip.

Sitting down on the edge of the bed, Rocky racked her brain to remember the details of a conversation that she and Mark had several months ago. She had zero clue how Mark managed to keep so much in the forefront of his mind. "Yeah, I think I remember. I thought you said Ned turned down your proposal," she said curiously.

"He did. He said we already have the Regression Serum, and he didn't really care much when I tried to argue that being in Little Space didn't equal full mental regression. That's why I figured this trip would be the perfect chance to do a bit of work in secret. CrissBaby has been extra anal about security protocol ever since the break-in last month, so I haven't been able to do much with my side projects," said Mark, doing little to hide his annoyance over the heavy hand that both Ned and CrissBaby wielded, "Plus, I never have two seconds to myself in that lab anymore with Charles always snooping around and flirting with Margrette."

Solemnly returning to her feet, Rocky walked up behind Mark and draped her arms over his shoulders, hugging his head to chest. "Alright, I'll give you the afternoon to get everything running. But I expect you to be ready to have fun for the rest of the week AND you'd better give me a good massage tonight," she said, looking down into Mark's eyes as he looked up and planting a soft kiss against his lips.

"Okay, Pebbles. I promise to be the most attentive and dutiful boyfriend I can be," said Mark, reaching around back and cupping Rocky's diaper butt and squeezing it gently as he went in for another kiss, "Now then, let's get you into one of those swim diapers I picked out for you."

TO BE CONTINUED...