




THE ADVERT



Shane didn't know why he agreed to it.

Well, he did really. He was an idiot who struggled to say no to anyone (his own words), and certainly when under any pressure.

Shane had found a job that excited him. A medium-sized startup gathering pace and intrigue across a *certain* subspace of social media. A company that was trying to be different and shake things up within a decades old industry stuck in its ways. A place with a good team ethic and collaborative spirit, where he felt a sense of ownership over his work, and could go home feeling proud of the effort he'd put in.

It just happened to be a company making baby food. Sure, it wasn't the "coolest" product, but it was important! And important was more likely to be successful than cool. If they continued to make smart marketing decisions then their flavours could really take off.

Shane had been brought in to work on their social media and engagement, with design and web work when needed. He'd never been an expert, so the varied tasks felt like a lucky position to learn from and expand his competent photo editing skills. His bosses seemed happy with his output, but today they needed something a little more specific from Shane.

Marketing had shifted into a new phase of their strategy, and the whole company was gearing up for a push like never before. The budget, however, was less than modest. This was normal for them, and the teams seemed to relish getting creative under the restrictions.

This creativity put Shane in a corner.

"We've always loved your dedication!" Derek, their CEO had told him as he was invited to a small discussion with Christian, the head of marketing. "And we have an offer for you."

Shane's excitement levels rose. He didn't expect a pay rise, having been at the company a short amount of time and understanding their budget restrictions, but it was the first thing to come to mind, and certainly not what the offer *really* was about.

"We're targeting the *Gen Z* parent, which we're expecting to boom in the coming years, and you're perfect for what we had in mind to get a grip on the demographic. This will be our first photoshoot advert, and we need something different and humorous to break the ceiling. You've never let us down before, so what do you say? I know you'll love it."

Shane did not love it as it turned out. He agreed to do it, despite his nervous concerns. Nervous concerns that were well founded when he stepped onto the photoshoot days later. This company moved fast when they could, which was both a blessing and a pain. The shoot was taking place before any of the design elements or prep work had fallen into his lap.

He knew they wanted to do something different, something humorous, but Shane still expected to just be posing as a parent in whatever scenario they wanted to shoot. He didn't expect to be the one sitting in the high chair.

The budget had gone towards the shoot itself, it seemed, as Christian mingled with people Shane didn't recognise. Tripods and soft lighting rigs were being set up. A slight clothing rack of different coloured shirts in varied styles had been wheeled in to the side.

“Oh good, you’re here!” Christian said happily as he spotted Shane lingering nervously. “Everyone, this is Shane, our model for today.”

Shane gulped nervously, and waved stiffly. Nerves suddenly gripped him.

*What was he doing? He wasn’t a model!*

Christian quickly introduced him to Thomas and Xander, who had apparently set everything up. They carried on with some lighting tests.

“Xander will take you through makeup and wardrobe shortly,” Christian said, while flipping through pages on his tablet. “We’re so glad you’re doing this. Exciting, isn’t it?”

Shane was sure his nerves were not born out of excitement. “Yeah I guess,” he said, “but, uh, I still don’t know what I’m doing here.”

“Oh, did Derek not tell you?” He chuckled, in a sort of ‘what’s he like!’ kind of way, before sensing some fear behind Shane’s expression. “It’s nothing to worry about.”

“Easy to say that,” Shane said lightly, with a forced laugh, trying not to antagonise a superior. “I’ve never done anything like this before.”

“You’ll be fine, Thomas knows what he’s doing,” he comforted him briskly, gesturing to the man fine-tuning the camera. “He’ll make you feel at ease.”

“So what’s the concept then?” Shane said, both trying to make conversation while also figuring out what the hell he had to do.

“I can’t believe he didn’t tell you!” he replied, barely stifling a laugh. “You’re going to *love* it.”

*They kept saying that, but Shane was none the wiser...*

“The slogan is going to be ‘So good, you’ll want it for yourself,’” Christian smiled proudly, painting an imaginary frame with his free hand. “You’re going to sit in the chair, and eat the product, like it was *irresistible*, a guilty pleasure.”

“S-sit in the chair?” Shane blurted, “The *baby* chair?”

“Oh don’t worry,” Christian said, eyeing Shane’s thighs, “You’ll fit in no problem. And if not, I’ll have the fire department on standby.”

Shane’s eyes went wide as he stared towards the seat under the lights.

Christian tapped his shoulder firmly. “I’m kidding! You won’t get stuck.”

“Yeah, but-“ Shane was really having second thoughts now. His face was going to be thrown across social media while he sat in a high chair. But it was too late to back out now. He’d piss off all the wrong people if a wasted photoshoot swallowed a chunk of the marketing budget.

“Hilarious isn’t it!” he laughed, oblivious to the continued horror creeping across Shane’s face.

“Well, shoot over to Xander. They’re billing by the hour, so we need to keep moving and not give them an excuse.”

Christian left Shane shellshocked in place as he shouted over to the wardrobe rail that he was ready. Xander waved him over.

“Good to meet you,” he said extending his hand, barely breaking Shane out of his trance. “You look a little pale...”

Shane cleared his throat. “Yeah, sorry, I’m okay. Good to meet you too. It’s my first time.”

“That explains a lot,” Xander said matter-of-factly, “You won’t find many willing to sit in one of those!” He nodded towards the high chair. “Hope they’re paying you well.”

Shane didn’t want to admit he was practically doing this as a favour...

Xander rifled through the shirts along the rail beside them. “I was thinking yellow to compliment the chair,” he said, as if Shane cared. “It’ll be perfect.”

Xander unhooked it. “Medium?”

“Uhh, yeah,” Shane answered, as if it were a difficult question. The shirt looked short though. He might need the large, but it didn’t need to be mentioned now.

“And your waist size?”

“Thirty two,” he replied automatically, scanning the rail. There were no shorts or pants hanging there, or anywhere else.

Xander bent over a large plastic crate on a fold-out table, rummaged through some unseen packaging, before retrieving something thick and white, yet colourful. “Perfect!”

*Was that a..?*

*No.*

Shane choked. He could feel sweat gathering around the back of his neck. He wanted to question it, but he was paralysed.

Xander unfolded a massive diaper, bending it, shaking it. It crinkled loudly between his fingers as he fluffed the garment into shape. A yellow giraffe adorned it. It was a baby diaper, but in a man’s size. Where did they get this? He’d never seen anything like it, and felt like his cold, shocked face matched the white plastic.

Shane was lost for words. He turned, feebly, to find Christian. He couldn’t do this. He wasn’t wearing a diaper for an advert! Christian was nowhere to be seen, and neither was Thomas. The tripod, lights and highchair sat ominously still by themselves. He was alone with a man who’s job it was to get him into a *diaper*.

“If you need to use the bathroom, it’s best you go now, honey” Xander said, laying the diaper delicately on the table. “Once you put this on, you won’t be able to get it off and on easily.”

Shane nodded, and found himself automatically marching towards a small bathroom in the back of the room. He locked the door behind himself, and felt his knees weaken immediately.

*What the hell was he doing?*

He immediately turned on the tap, and splashed cold water on his face. He was *never* going to live this down. Everyone at the company, all of his friends who knew what he did for a living, and anyone who saw the advert and recognised him at a later date, *all* of them were going to see him in a diaper. He was going to be the baby food guy for the rest of his life!

But what could do? He wanted to scream at Derek and Christian for wrangling him into this with no warning whatsoever.

Shane dried his face, and decided it was wise to take Xander's advice. He didn't know how long he'd be stuck in the chair yet, and unzipped his trousers, poking his dick out between the gap and the hole in his boxers. The thought of asking to get out of the chair and take his diaper off to go pee was too degrading to allow happen.

He begun a stream into the toilet, finding he needed to go more than expected once he'd forced the matter. Once done, he flushed the toilet nervously and stuffed his dick back into his underwear. It was now or never, and never wasn't an option.

He used the sink once more to wash his hands, buying himself another minute, before he opened the door and walked back in to the studio.

He felt a dampness with each step, as his wet boxers pressed against his dick. In his nervous rush, he hadn't shaken, and the remaining piss in his dick had now dribbled into his underwear. *Great.*

He returned to Xander with dread. They were still alone in the studio.

"Are you ready?" he said, "Please strip down to your underwear for me."

"Can I... do this somewhere more private?" Shane replied sheepishly, unable to take his eyes off of the diaper.

"Do you know how to put one of those on yourself?"

"No, but—"

"We need this to be perfect, honey, and I am not getting paid for anything less," Xander said firmly. "It will just go over your underwear. I don't need to see anything else."

Shane blushed, and started to undo the button in his trousers, until he felt the damp patch again, and realised he would be mortified to be seen with a wet spot on his boxers.

"It's just," Shane said again, ceasing his undressing. "Is there no other way we can do this?"

Xander grew a little impatient, and narrowed his eyes.


"I'm not wearing underwear!" Shane blurted out.

*Brilliant*, he thought to himself sarcastically.

"Well, I don't have any of *those* with me for you to wear," Xander smirked, but rolled his eyes.

"You'll just have to wear the diaper by itself. Go behind the clothing rack, stick it between your legs but DO NOT touch the tapes."

Xander turned his back to the rail, for extra modesty, and Shane put the shield of clothing between them. He started to undress, with anxiety gripping him. He was really doing this.



He removed his trousers and underwear in one swoop, making sure to tuck his underwear deep into the leg of his clothes to protect his lie. The damp patch was immediately noticeable against the blue fabric.

Wet underwear... and he was about to put a diaper on instead. How utterly humiliating the circumstances had turned.

Now naked, Shane reached for the diaper gingerly, immediately noticing the soft crunch of the plastic in his grip. He had to wear this, to sit in it, to be photographed in it. He felt queasy.

The colourful, childish giraffe was only on one side, clearly the front, so he pressed that side over his crotch, and clumsily threaded the back between his legs, trying to equally cover his backside. It wasn't easy, or dignified, but once in place, he softly called for Xander, who studied the view for all of a split second before taking charge.

"Hold the waistband for me, at the back." He circled the embarrassed boy, and pulled the wings at the back outward tightly. "Now, without letting go, do the same to the front, pulling it as high as you can go."

Shane winced, and pulled the diaper up tightly between his legs, feeling the softer inside squeeze tightly against his testicles. He heard one of the tapes open, and as Xander tried to wrap it snugly around his hips, he felt his fingers slip, and the tight diaper escaped his grip.

Xander sighed exasperatedly, but his frustration seemed to be pointed at the circumstances rather than Shane, who somehow managed to keep his dick covered up.

"You're going to hate me, but I think you should lie down." It was barely a suggestion.

Shane exhaled sharply, trying his best to hold the diaper and conceal his nudity. He knew Xander was right, but he *really* didn't want his diaper put on him like an infant.

"Fine," he relented, lowering himself down comically while trying to stay concealed, before noticing Xander had turned his back once more. It was far easier to get into position with his hands free, and quickly put the diaper back in place once on the floor. Now he could really feel it, as the weight of his buttocks rested against the bulky cushioning.

"So who's idea was it for me to wear this?" Shane finally questioned, trying to quantify the oddness his afternoon had turned into.

Xander knelt between his legs, and adjusted the diaper as best he could before committing to the tapes.


"I just facilitate, honey," Xander smiled as he sealed the first tape shut.

"But you just have huge baby diapers lying around?" Shane blushed, unexpectedly.

"You shouldn't be amazed at what you can get online if you look hard enough."

As the second tape found its place, the studio door opened.

"Hello?" Christian had returned, along with Thomas by the sounds of the footsteps.



“We’re fitting the outfit!” Xander called. They were shielded by the rail, but Shane suddenly realised how loud the plastic and tapes were in the echoey room, and how he was going to be seen in this anyway, regardless of how embarrassing being put in it happened to be.

Xander finished puffing the diaper and fitting it between Shane’s legs, before sealing the final two tapes with precision. He extended his arm and helped Shane to his feet, who was immediately stunned by the bulk between his legs. His face grew a deep red. It was nothing like wearing boxers, and he wasn’t sure why it caught him by surprise.

“Oh, it could be worse,” Xander smiled, spotting the boy’s reaction, before handing him the yellow shirt from before.

Shane knew “worse” was yet to come.

The shirt was indeed as short as Shane feared, as it barely met his belly button once on. He didn’t expect it to cover the diaper, but this gap of skin between the shirt and undergarment was somehow even more humiliating for him.

“Just some make up, and then we finally get going!” Xander said, eager to move things along.

Shane was less keen to step out from the protection of the clothing rail, but it was inevitable. He took a deep breath, and stepped out. Thomas was paying little attention, but Christian *squealed*.

Shane felt thoroughly stupid, though he wanted to own it, to save some face, but as soon as he thought about his friends and family seeing him like this, he wilted.

“Hilarious!” Christian shouted enthusiastically. “Shane, we’re going to *nail* this!”

Shane’s makeup was applied, and finally, the moment came to sit in the chair. He stepped onto a small plastic stool, and while Xander held the back of the chair securely, Shane squeezed his crinkly, diapered backside into the small plastic seat. They’d chosen wisely, to their credit, and found a toddler’s high chair that would fit and hold Shane’s lower extremity, but comedically so.

He felt even more ridiculous now, sitting in a child’s chair while his diaper bunched and puffed out between his tightly aligned legs. Xander fitted the plastic tray, snapping it in place against the frame. Shane felt trapped, even though he could easily break himself free if needed. The camera sat on its tripod, leeringly, ready to capture his shame.


Jars of baby food were then placed on the tray, followed by a plastic spoon. Xander popped them open, before backing away, out of the shot.

Thomas stood behind the camera, eyeing the display while final light tests were carried out.

Shane looked down at the shiny orange goop sitting in each jar. Throughout his journey of embarrassment, he hadn’t considered the product at all, but now he understood the advert, and why he was in a high chair; he understood he was going to be *actually* eating the baby food. His stomach turned.

“Okay, Shane,” Thomas said, “Let’s get this show on the road!”

Shane picked up the spoon nervously. “Am I... I’m eating this?”

A faint, stylized illustration of a man with glasses and a yellow shirt sitting in a high chair. He is holding a green spoon to his mouth. On the high chair tray, there are two jars of baby food, one labeled 'sol'. The background is a light, textured grey.

“Remember, Shane,” Christian interjected, “The idea is you couldn’t resist taking the food for *yourself*. That’s the hook we need. Show us how good it tastes!”

*That was the hook? Not the high chair or the the fact he was dressed like a toddler?*

Shane used the spoon to poke the food in one of the jars, and watched it squish and slowly envelope the spoon. It looked so unpleasant, but he was sure he letting it psych him out. There were plenty of soft foods that were delicious; this would be no different. It wasn’t like baby food was alien flavours.

He dug in, and lifted a spoonful half way towards his mouth. Excess fell back towards the jar and tray.

“Big smiles, remember!” Christian directed.

Shane forced a smile, and raised the spoon to his mouth.

“Head up, look here!” Thomas guided him.

Shane’s lips closed around the food as he looked just beyond the camera happily, but as the baby food smooched against his palate, his face turned to a stunned grimace. It was *disgusting*, and he wasn’t sure why he was so foolishly optimistic to expect otherwise.

The camera shutter had already clicked more times than he could count.

Shane looked for a bucket, but there was nowhere to spit it out. There was the tray of course, but he really didn’t want set things back or humiliate himself any further.

“Just swallow it,” Christian said, forcing his own smile, and more concerned with the shoot being derailed rather than Shane’s comfort. “If you get used to it, it will help. Remember; big smiles!”

Shane took a deep breath through his nose, closed his eyes, and swallowed. He didn’t gag, but he’d already had enough of it. He couldn’t tell what it was supposed to taste like... it was just unpleasant mush.

“What is this?” he asked, red-faced after gathering his composure.

“Carbonara!” Christian replied positively, “Babies love it.”

“I’m not a baby,” Shane blurted, irritated, before shuffling to get comfortable in the highchair and feeling his diaper crinkle between his legs.

An awkward silence lingered.

“Let’s keep going,” Christian suggested, mimicking Shane lifting his arm. “Try not to think about it.”

Shane’s second helping was a much smaller spoonful, and no one complained from behind the camera. They took numerous shots of him eating, of him holding the spoonful in front of his open mouth. They tried variations of him looking shocked, getting caught in the act.

“Just a few more mouthfuls,” Christian said, pushing him on, “You’re almost done.”

He’d swallowed far more of the mush than he could tolerate when the announcement to finish the shoot was made, and to his enormous relief the jars were removed and the tray unlatched.



Shane freed himself from the plastic seat and bounced onto his feet, eager to get out of the diaper and back into his regular clothes.

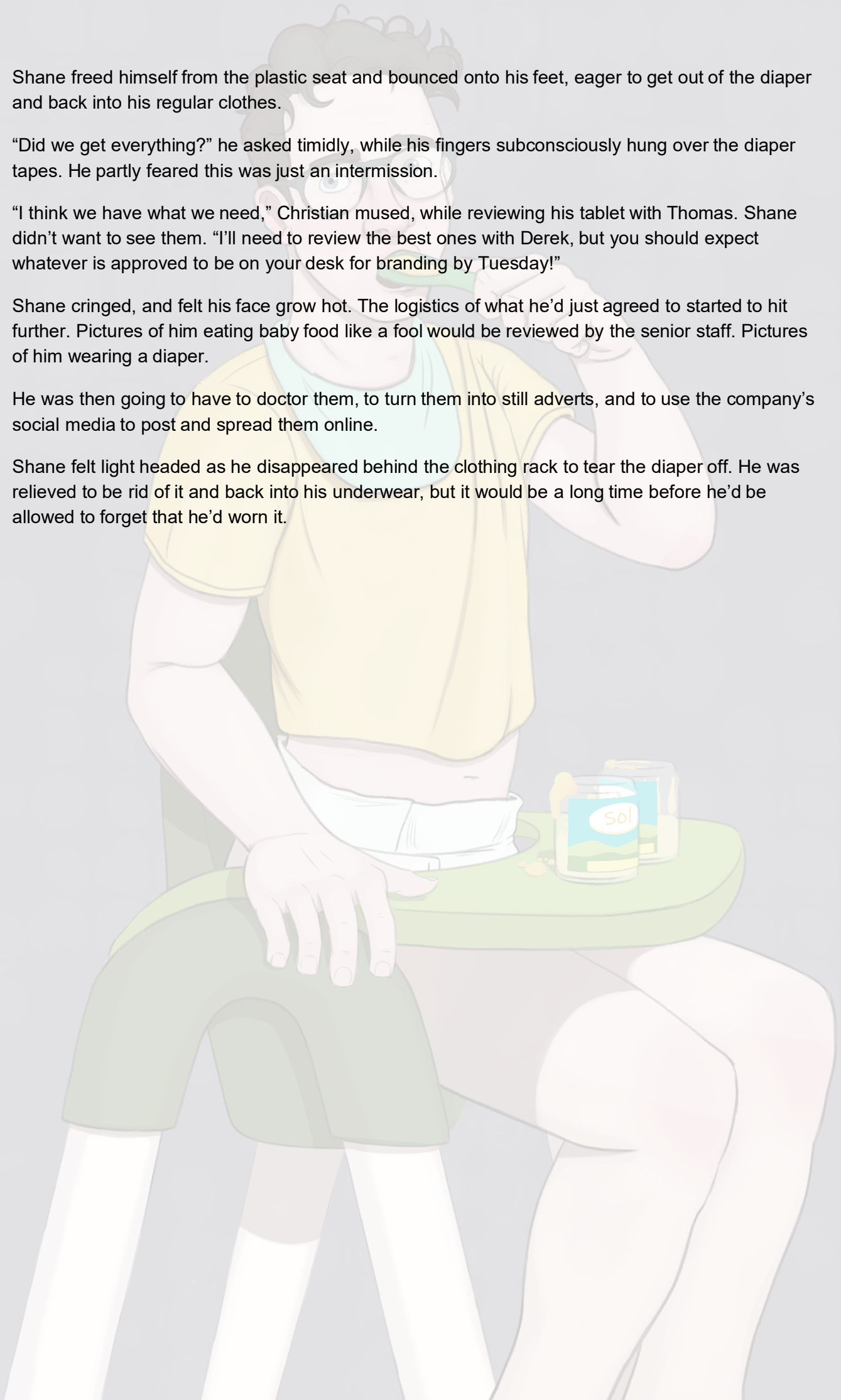
“Did we get everything?” he asked timidly, while his fingers subconsciously hung over the diaper tapes. He partly feared this was just an intermission.

“I think we have what we need,” Christian mused, while reviewing his tablet with Thomas. Shane didn’t want to see them. “I’ll need to review the best ones with Derek, but you should expect whatever is approved to be on your desk for branding by Tuesday!”

Shane cringed, and felt his face grow hot. The logistics of what he’d just agreed to started to hit further. Pictures of him eating baby food like a fool would be reviewed by the senior staff. Pictures of him wearing a diaper.

He was then going to have to doctor them, to turn them into still adverts, and to use the company’s social media to post and spread them online.

Shane felt light headed as he disappeared behind the clothing rack to tear the diaper off. He was relieved to be rid of it and back into his underwear, but it would be a long time before he’d be allowed to forget that he’d worn it.





SO GOOD,  
YOU'LL  
WANT IT  
ALL FOR  
YOURSELF!



Organic. Nutritious.  
Nothing added.  
Made for babies. Made by parents.