

Revolution City was like almost every other city in the post-Zelefor War United Federated Territories. It had a large wealth gap, larger than any that had existed before the Zelefor bomb had wiped out a third of the human population. It was also more technologically advanced than most of the almost barren central territories and what remained of Europe and Asia. Neo Japan was a thriving economic and military power while the Baja Republic, formerly known as California, had done well in its trade relations with Neo Japan. It was more a prefecture of Neo Japan than it was a member of the UFT, even if, on paper, it was part of the alliance of states that remained functional on the west coast of what had been the United States of America.

Inside Revolution City, all manner of vices were available, over the last decade, the most popular had become the exotic-themed strip clubs. Both the *Zaibatsu*, a Japanese term that had since grown to refer to those at the tops of Neo Japan's megacorporations, and the plebs, or laymen, had come to enjoy seeing women in the flesh in these environments. With the end of the Zelefor War, sexuality had become a far less taboo topic and the *Zaibatsu* were quick to create their own sex clubs for use when they traveled east, with each club usually catered to whatever kink they might have.

Normally.



In the case of Double Dolly Delight, the owner of the club was neither a *Zaibatsu* nor a pleb. She was a scientist and one that had gone into hiding ten years prior. She had been a gifted physicist and engineer. She had led the field in technologies from neuroscience to dark energy manipulation. She had initially planned to use the technology she'd developed to help relieve the energy crisis that was plaguing humanity. Sadly, the technology needed, not to mention the energy produced, had some unintended side effects if it was not contained properly. Because of that, she tried to keep it a secret. The government agreed that such things should not be publicly known and offered to relocate her with a new identity. The money from the other patents she had was funneled to her which, with her

then lover, she reinvested, taking a cautious approach.

What the government did not explain was they planned to use that energy for something other than humanity's well-being. They planned to use it as a weapon. When the United States government made the first bomb, they named it after the young scientist, now well-hidden in what was then Los Angeles.

When it was learned that the bomb had been duplicated by another country from information gathered by foreign spies, the United States was slow to react. Thus, when agents of that country detonated sixteen such bombs coordinated to go off at the same time, of a bomb type most laymen and physicists would have had a hard time knowing was a bomb in the first place, the United States was blindsided. That such a thing could fit in a small, unassuming fishing trawler allowed them to take out a majority of the U.S. Navy's carriers.

It was a crippling blow that was only the entry salvo to a two-year war in which almost no one came out ahead. A new coalition government formed from the combination of Japan, both North and South

Koreas, Taiwan, Hong Kong (liberated from the Chinese), and the Philippines. The young scientist's lover died (or so was claimed) when one of the bombs went off in New York City, wiping out a good chunk of New York, all of New Jersey, Connecticut, and a good chunk of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. By the time the war was over, the United States government had collapsed.

A year later, the United Federated Territories was barely formed. In the Baja Republic, the Los Angeles metropolitan area had been renamed Revolution City and in it were the aforementioned strip clubs. One was owned by a scientist who never used her given name, being too ashamed by what happened. The club was called Double Dolly Delight. The owner's name was Sandra Zelefor.

The strip club catered to a kink that had come to fashion over the last year: infantilism. All her strippers were required to wear diapers instead of panties as part of the gimmick. To make certain the women got paid, each of the diapers has a temporary RF tag that Sandra had designed herself. Some went so far as to wear snap-down onesies while others dressed as naughty schoolgirls or secretaries. The visiting *Zaibatsu* especially liked the latter and paid top Niyen (the new currency of Neo Japan) to get them to strip. All the girls were also what Sandra called "adoptions": women who she'd "purchased" from pimps or indentured servitude due to the cybernetics they'd purchased. It was Sandra's small attempt at making the world a better place when it has almost been destroyed by her discoveries.

Sandra never stripped. She was into the kink and a lesbian, but few of the girls working for her knew that. She was modestly attractive for a woman in her late thirties. Not overly curvy with shoulder-length straight blonde hair that she usually kept in a bun. She kept to herself even when observing the club. The club itself wasn't a brothel, per se, but Sandra allowed the women to prostitute themselves on the grounds for a modest cut. She even offered to house them all, though didn't require they live on the premises. So long as the girls were healthy and didn't do anything overtly illegal, Sandra was willing to let things go. The girls all referred to her as "aunty".

She continued to work on trying to find a more practical use for the Zelefor particle. It was during such research that she realized that she could apply one of her more theoretical concepts to attack some of the cybernetic implants that had become so popular. She had one herself that allowed perfect recall. She wasn't a cybernetics technician; however, she knew that you could scan one with low-dose Zelefor radiation and transmit the data in a matter of moments was frightening indeed. The downsides seemed to be that it fried the cybernetics in the process and effectively drained a person's IQ.

Sandra did not want this technology to get into the wrong hands, but she also was almost broke. She didn't want the club to vanish and leave the other women in the lurch. So, she continued working on it in secret. The only other one who knew was Denise, a young, caramel-skinned woman who'd come to work with her during the war. She'd graduated with a Master's degree from a college Sandra hadn't ever heard of in the Midwest a few years prior and, like Sandra, was into adult babies. Denise was the first person to warn Sandra. She was certain that one of the strippers was not who they claimed to be. Sandra spent the next month perfecting the device and, based on Denise's prime suspect, set up a test.

The first candidate was Lulu, also known as Lucy, a recent addition to Sandra's club. Lucy was twenty-three, looked eighteen, and was the classic "California Girl": Long blond hair, nice tan, big tits. She also had a brain implant that let her access some of New Japan's SimReAL servers. Sandra also knew Lucy was smart. Lucy had made her way up to bar manager in the month she'd been there but still stripped on occasion. Add to that, something about Lucy bothered Sandra and she wanted to get rid of her

anyway. One day as the club was being prepped, Sandra called Lucy into her office while Denise was busy installing the new hardware.



“We’re converting to pure digital transactions and, because I’m going to need to track who’s on stage near the customers, it’s going to be easier to slap an RFID tracker on the girl’s diaper,” Sandra explained. She showed Lucy the cute “heart sticker” that would be put on each diaper and had her put one on. “I’d like you to put on one when we run tests tonight, just to show the other women you’re behind it. It’ll light up every time someone pays, changing color as it does.”

Lucy twirled her long curly hair with one finger as she thought about it. Like everyone else in the club, she didn’t know about Sandra’s background, only that she’d gotten Lulu out of a bad spot. “Sure, boss. One of my regulars is going to be in tonight. He loves this cutesy shit.”

Sandra smiled and handed her the “sticker”. “Thanks a bunch, doll,” Sandra said with a smile. “Make sure you drink plenty of fluids. I know Kenji loves it when you wet.”

Three hours later, Lulu was dressed in a thick diaper that Sandra had to order from New Japan, along with what amounted to a Japanese schoolgirl outfit. The “heart sticker” was placed right over her crotch. She waited for her to be introduced after getting confirmation from the door that Kenji was waiting. Making her way to the stage, she sauntered down the length, shaking her hips and looking adorable. The men (and a few women) hooted in appreciation as her top went. Halfway down the stage, she’d discarded her skirt as well. Everything was going according to normal as she got to the edge of the stage, taking off her bra and humping the air near Kenji. Lulu knew she had his attention.





“I know what you want, cutey, but you’re going to have to make it worth my time,” she said with a wink, turning and twerking her diapered ass at Kenji. The young *Zaibatsu* didn’t hesitate and used one of the cards to pay a healthy tip to Lulu. The heart lit up and Lulu smiled. She’d needed to pee for almost an hour and flooded her diaper.

This, in turn, triggered the “heart sticker” to emit a low level of Zelefor particles that would not emit past the stage due to buffers installed. It immediately started transferring the information. For Lulu, it felt as if every erogenous zone in her body had been triggered at once. She moaned and sat down, spreading her legs, rubbing herself through her diaper furiously. She had to cum. She

needed to cum. All these sexy people watching her in her cute, diapered body just made her hornier. As she came, the heart sticker finished its job and poor Lulu was left with barely enough intelligence to talk, let alone change herself. She’d been turned into a bimbo, her whole focus on being cute and pretty.

Someone had to remind her to go back behind the curtain after she spent another five minutes making herself cum again. Sandra was there. “You did good, baby girl. Now let aunty change you,” Sandra said, leading Lulu to the table.

“Okay, aunty,” Lulu giggled. She watched as Sandra changed her diaper. No one saw noticed Sandra tearing the heart-shaped sticker off except for Denise who was in on the plot. Once Lulu was changed, she left her in Denise’s charge and went into her private office.

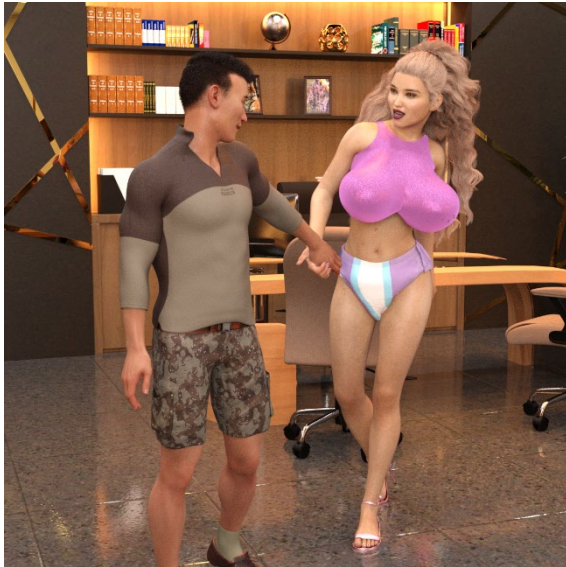
Sandra was already diapered and had made sure to use the restroom before she’d put the diaper on half an hour ago. This was the dangerous part. The easiest way to get the information would be for her to jack in with her implant and retrieve it. That left her vulnerable if someone walked in. Instead, she’d devised a passive way to slowly transmit the information to her implant. It even looked like the same RFID that she’d given Lulu. The downside was it decreased her cognitive ability while using it. She might wet herself uncontrollably while using it. The upside was that uploading didn’t cause the cybernetics to fry so she should be safe.

Laying down on the daybed she kept in her office when one of the “girls” wanted some alone time with aunty, she activated the device.

To Sandra, it was almost like being thrown into a vivid dream; however, in the real world, she was cooing and humping her diaper against her oversized teddy bear while most of the information was integrated into her brain. When it finished, Sandra woke up and stretched, feeling smarter than ever. The room smelled like sex and faintly like pee. Sandra realized she’d wet and cum in her diaper, but that was fine. Her brain was already churning on how to use this technology and solutions to other projects she had.

Also, her paranoia grew. Who else in her staff might be the culprit? She knew now that it wasn't Lulu. Sandra felt bad for that but reasoned that Lulu would be happier as a baby bimbo. Maybe she'd convince that Kenji guy to take her home. It was a thought which would've repulsed her two hours earlier. Now, it simply made sense.

She changed herself quickly into something a bit more respectable and called the front. "When Kenji Uwajimaya tries to leave, can you send him back to my office? No, he's perfectly fine. I just want to make him an offer."



Two hours later, a nervous Kenji stepped into Sandra's private office. He'd never met the owner. To Sandra's surprise, though, he knew exactly who she was. He bowed respectfully. "I gather this isn't a social call, Ms. Zelefor."

Sandra arched an eyebrow. "Ms. Salazar, if you please. Tell me, what do you think of Lulu?"

After a brief back and forth, Sandra learned that Kenji was quite smitten by Lulu and had "enjoyed her company" this evening. "She's not as bright as I thought, but that's more than okay. It's too bad, she's not bustier. I'd be tempted to hire her as a 'beck and call' girl on salary."

Sandra steepled her fingers. "I could arrange that on three conditions. My club receives a percentage of that salary, you must take full responsibility for her care, and the name Zelefor is never brought up outside this room again. Do we have a deal?"

With a handshake, Lulu was no longer Sandra's responsibility. Part of her felt that she should feel guilty. She simply didn't. She dismissed Kenji, who agreed to arrive the next day. Sandra exited her office to her private lab and began working on a project to which she'd finally come up with the solution.

At the end of the night, several of the girls had commented that Lulu seemed different. Denise had simply noted that one of the *Zaibatsu* had bought her more than a few drinks and that, perhaps, Lulu didn't have the alcohol tolerance she'd claimed. Sandra had asked Denise to send Lulu back from some "quality time".

Lulu was wet again, but that was fine. Sandra guided her to the daybed in the corner asking if she wanted to cuddle. Lulu giggled. "Babies love to cuddle, especially with aunty," the bimbo said. She loved being a baby girl and loved how soft her aunty was, especially how her aunty touched her adult baby body. Sandra moved to sit with her back to the wall and reached for the baby bottle she'd left on the nightstand. Lulu smiled and opened her mouth. She sucked on the nipple happily and then moaned at the taste. It reminded her of cotton candy. She eagerly drank it up.

Sandra watched Lulu's body. As Lulu finished the bottle, her breasts and hips began to expand. The tapes on Lulu's diaper popped. Quickly, to keep Lulu distracted, Sandra shifted lulu to her back and slid down her body. "Let's get you changed before you and Aunty have a nap," Sandra said, undoing the other side of the diaper. She got up to get the baby wipes and powder, returning to see Lulu playing with her now melonous breasts.

"I have big boobies, aunty!" Lulu squealed happily. She squeezed and played with her tits, moaning as she did, all while Sandra cleaned her up and put her in a new diaper. By the time the changes were complete, Lulu's boobs were as big as her head. Sandra moved one hand down between Lulu's diapered legs and rubbed her through the diaper. Lulu came not long after. As it was nearing three AM, Sandra tossed the rest of her clothes, put on a diaper, and curled up with Lulu.

That Kenji left the club with a much bustier Lulu before the club opened the next day led to much speculation from the girls in the club. Sandra realized that someone might link the heart stickers to Lulu's sudden change and made additional copies without the "brain drain" part. She made certain all of the girls wore it on their diapers. After a couple of weeks, no one had connected the two. When asked about Lulu, Sandra noted that Kenji had proposed to her, and she accepted. None of the girls thought anything of it and, by the end of the month, talk about Lulu had dropped to a nadir.

Denise had suggested that Penelope, usually called "Penny", had also been acting suspiciously. Denise showed Sandra security footage that Penny had been searching for something near the secret door to Sandra's lab. She'd also been spending more time than Denise thought was appropriate with one of the *Zaibatsu*, Xiang Wu. All the private rooms where they'd go off to were secretly recorded. To Denise's surprise, Xiang was being diapered by Penny before they'd hump against each other until they came. Denise looked up what she could about Xiang and was pleased to find that he was involved in arms manufacturing. This gave Denise an idea.

When Xiang Wu arrived for his next visit, he was told by Denise that the drinks were on the house for the night. Sandra made certain that Penny not only was wearing a "heart sticker" diaper but that the ones that she would have ready to let Penny diaper Xiang Wu also were "heart diapers". Penny made her way onto the stage, wearing a pencil skirt and professional top.

The already blonde, busty young woman shook her tits and made sure Xiang Wu got a look up her skirt at her thick diapers before pulling at the front of her blouse, the snaps popping up, exposing her naked breasts underneath. She tossed it her blouse aside and turned before wiggling out of her skirt and showing her diaper. Normally, she'd wet her diaper right now, knowing it would score her plenty of Niyen to see her do it, but Xiang Wu had already reserved her for the night. She hoped that, maybe, tonight would be the night he'd finally take her away from here.

Xiang Wu drank his fifth drink of the night and was quite drunk already. He'd need to pee soon, but, knowing what was about to happen in the back, held it and had another drink. He watched as Penny headed back behind the curtain, got up, and made his way to one of the "playrooms".

Once inside he waited. To his surprise, both Penny and a woman he'd seen in the club but didn't know walked in. "Hello, little brother," Penny teased, "this is aunty Sandra and she's going to be our babysitter today. You know the rules though," Penny noted, shaking the diaper in her hand. "Out of those big boy clothes. You know you're too little to play dress-up all the time."

Xiang Wu dutifully removed his shirt and pants, then wiggled out of his briefs, revealing an average-sized dick. He laid down naked on the daybed. Sandra busied herself preparing two baby bottles as Penny powdered and diapered Xiang, his cock tenting the diaper. Sandra walked over and took the summer dress that Penny was then wearing off her body. "You two play while I get finished," Sandra said. She heard a slight hiss from the day bed and smiled as she saw the wetness indicator on Xiang's diaper. "Make sure you make your 'little brother' cum in his diapers, Penny," Sandra said, carefully moving across the room, away from him.

Penny smiled and climbed over Xiang Wu's crotch, completely unaware that the Zelefor particles were doing their thing. Penny was close enough that they started to affect her, too. This loosened her inhibitions a bit and caused her to wet herself, initiating even more Zelefor particles to be released. As Penny humped Xiang, their wet diapers mushing against each other, Denise sat down on the stool on one side and began to finger herself. She was, of course, wearing one of the diapers designed to drain the information being pulled from Penny and Xiang's diapers. The three of them came almost at the same time.

When Sandra rose, her mind felt quicker than ever. She grabbed the two baby bottles and moved over to the day bed. "Time for your bottles, babies," Sandra said, moving between the pair. They both giggled and curled up with their heads resting on Denise's shoulders as she held the bottles. Both Penny and Xiang Wu drank from them. Sandra, for her part, wasn't certain what would happen to Xiang Wu, but was impressed with the results almost immediately. While Penny's boobs and butt got bigger, Xiang's chest became more toned and his dick became longer and thicker, but not quite enough to poke out of his diaper.

Sandra wiggled free, leaving the others there to cuddle and grope each other. She returned with two fresh diapers, normal ones this time, and changed Penny. Xiang looked at Sandra blankly as she cleaned off Xiang's cock before tugging the crotch of her diaper aside and impaling herself on Xiang's bigger, thicker cock. She normally had no interest in men, but the high from using the device to increase her intelligence told her that this was just better than using a dildo. "Hell, the dildo's probably more intelligent than Xiang Wu is now," she admitted to herself.

Xiang grunted while Penny straddled his face, rubbing her diapered crotch against it, leaning forward to be groped and fondled by Sandra. It was long before Sandra came. Penny sucked on her lip. "Like, can I play with his pee-pee, aunty?"

Sandra nodded, shifting to her side. Penny wrapped her bee-stung lips around Xiang's dick, her soccer balls sized tits brushing against his legs. Sandra expected that the formula she'd put in both their bottles had suppressed Penny's gag reflex and smiled as she deep-throated Xiang. Moments later she came. As Penny licked the cum that managed to dribble from her lips, Sandra finished diapered Xiang.

Denise walked in as Sandra tried to make sense of what she learned. Sandra looked up at her while the other two cuddled. "She wasn't the spy, either. Pity about Xiang Wu," Sandra said, getting up.

"Well, to hear Shuchang talk, he was about to be removed from his company for embezzlement," Denise noted. "I've already made arrangements for both of them to be taken care of." She offered Sandra a dress, which Sandra took and put on. No need to let the rest of the club see her diapered, much less wet.

Denise led Sandra back to the office. "Speaking of, I should probably take care of that. I doubt anyone will expect that I'd have access to all the bank information," Sandra said, moving behind the desk. Denise set a glass of iced tea on Sandra's desk as Sandra began to type away. Sandra smiled. "There. Transferred." She took the glass and leaned back, sipping the tea. "I don't get it. She was looking in the right place. You said that she'd tried accessing my computer. Hell, I've even got logs of it." Sandra finished the glass.

"Maybe we both missed something," Denise said. She shrugged. "Maybe you're just working too hard, boss. When was the last time you let someone take care of you?"

Sandra looked up at the caramel-skinned cutey. Sandra had to admit that Denise was hot. Something was off about her appearance, though. Has Denise always had boobs as big as her head?



"Come on, boss, let's get you out of that wet diaper," Denise said calmly. She took the glass out of Sandra's hand and set it on the desk. She smiled as she noted that Sandra's eyes were staring at Denise's boobs. Sliding her hands up Sandra's sides, she lifted the dress up over Sandra's arms and dropped it to the floor. Sandra felt a little drunk and hadn't realized her own body was shifting. She sucked on her finger, trying to sort things out. All she knew was that she felt so good, especially around her pussy. Sandra's eyes crossed as she came, the last of her smarts gone, leaving her as a still growing bimbo. Denise smiled before leading Sandra to lay down on the daybed she kept in her office.

"Are you going to play aunty?" Sandra asked as she watched Denise take off her diaper. She was still lucid enough to make sure that the diaper that Denise unfolded didn't have a heart sticker on it. Denise was such a good friend and employee. Sandra bit her lip. She needed to pee again soon. Lifting her bottom, she watched past her growing boobs as Denise powdered her, and then taped the diaper snugly.

"Let me get my baby girl her bottle, okay?" Denise said. As she made her way to Sandra's liquor cabinet, she heard the tale tell hiss and smiled. She mixed herself a drink, set it aside, and removed her own dress. Denise had been taking a diluted serum that caused her breasts and ass to expand since she'd found out about it. She'd taken every precaution. Now, she was going to get what she deserved.

After all, Shuchang Zhao had paid her enough. Not that it was about the money. This was personal.

Downing the drink, Denise made her way over to the now-bimbofied Sandra. Denise had made one of the transfer stickers with a white back that matched perfectly with the diapers that she knew Sandra preferred. "Not that you'll understand me, but my sister died in the war. I've been waiting for my revenge, hoping that you weren't the monster that I thought you were. You ruined the lives of three people just to keep yourself safe, you selfish little bitch."

Sandra frowned. Her brain was so fuzzy. Why was Deedee so mad at her? "Like, I did what, Deedee?" Sandra asked, biting her lip.



Denise stroked Sandra's hair as she climbed atop her, her waist straddling Denise's. In a sense, Sandra was gone. She wouldn't hurt anyone anymore. Denise bit her own lip as she flooded her diaper. The device kicked into gear and Denise collapsed against Sandra as she came in her diapers. When she finally floated back down to reality, Sandra was groping her diapered butt and humping up against her. Denise tilted her head and kisses Sandra soundly before rocking her hips and humping against Sandra. Sandra would spend the rest of her life as Denise's personal diapered pet. Denise had thought about selling Sandra but the fact that Sandra had at least bought so many girls out of slavery mitigated that. Arching her back, Denise continued to grind against Sandra's crotch.

"Does aunty's baby girl want to cum in her diapees?" Denise asked. Sandra nodded and rocked her hips faster. Denise guided one of her nipples to Sandra's lips. Sandra began to suck on it, causing Denise to moan. "That's a good girl. Cum for aunty, my little diapered slut."

About a minute later, Sandra squeezed Denise's diaper butt as her body shook, her orgasm overtaking her and wiping the last little bits of Sandra away forever. All that was left was Sandy, a diaper-wearing bimbo.

Epilogue

Sandy sashayed back through the beaded curtain at the end of the runway. She loved how everyone watched her, especially the hot looks they gave her when she'd wet her diapers while humping the air in front of them. It made her so hot, which just made her more eager to go into one of the private rooms so she could get fucked. Men, women, it didn't matter. As long as she got to both taste cum and orgasm, it was a good day.

Denise, for her part, enjoyed watching Sandy and the other women working there. She didn't need the money for the club anymore, having sold the tech that did the brain drain. She'd also figured out how to counter its effects, a secret she had not revealed. All the women in the club were now inordinately busty, a result of the serum which Denise had then perfected, and which made her a tidy sum as well. All the rest of Sandra's research had gone to Shuchang Zhao. That had been the deal, after all.

She patted her lap when her eyes caught Sandy's. Sandy wiggled and jiggled happily over to Denise before straddling Denise's lap, her massive boobs making that difficult, but, with Denise's hands around her wet, diapered butt, it was the perfect place to grind against Denise. "Did I do good, aunty?"

No one had verbally questioned that Sandy was now a stripper or that Denise was in charge. Most thought the bimbo bit was just an act. Something Sandra was doing to amuse herself. Denise smiled and kissed Sandy's lips. Sandy parted her lips and sucked on Denise's tongue. She moaned as she rocked against Denise, her boobs mashing against Denise's. She parted the kiss slowly and began to suck on Denise's ear before whispering. "Baby slut is going to cum, aunty."

Denise smiled. "I want you to cum," she said loud enough so that everyone could hear it. Some of the dancers smiled while others rolled their eyes at the new boss's "game". More than a few wished they were in Sandra's place. Sandy rocked her hips faster, trying to bite back the moans. She failed and soon was crying out in pleasure.

"Oh, aunty! I'm a naughty baby slut," Sandy cried out a moment before her body shook with pleasure, wrapping her legs and arms around Denise. Denise smiled and held her. When Sandy's body relaxed, she looked at one of the other girls. "Why don't you change her then see who'd like a threesome in one of the playrooms?" Denise suggested with a smile. The woman nodded and helped Sandy off to one of the changing tables before Denise looked around the room. "Now that she made me all hot and bothered, who wants to special time with aunty?"

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