

The Hunted Diaper Retreat

Written by: TiranMaster & Terinas Tiger

Chapter 1: Corporate Retreat

Fantastical Media's Manager Retreat came as a shock to nearly every manager in the company. The order came from the CEO, Lazlo Cervidae, himself, with the stipulation that attendance was mandatory for all managers (and recommended for their administrative assistants and aides) under penalty of termination. The problem was that the Retreat was only announced a week before the event was scheduled. Managers panicked to push back meetings, set up duties for their staff, and in general ran around with chickens with their heads cut off trying to compensate for the arrangement.

The other problem with it was that it was at some expensive day spa in Whitetail Bluffs, a mountain-set city in northern California that was miles away from any other town. Some of the accounting staff feared that FMI couldn't afford the expense to transport every manager plus their assistants there. But people trying to meet with the CEO during the week to complain or voice concerns were informed Lazlo wasn't seeing anyone until the retreat. They even discovered that most personnel were locked out of the top floor of the building where the CEO and his bodyguards did their business. Rumors flew and tempers flared, but everyone went along with it. When the alternative was a pink slip, they all had no choice.

"Hurry up, Len!" A tall man in a black suit stepped out of his Lexus, his brown face bent into a scowl as he shut the door behind him and handed the keys to a valet who, in his opinion, giggled too much for a proper man. Dusting off the shoulders of his navy blue Armani suit, he looked up at the venue for their meeting. The Hunter's Trail Day Spa in Whitetail Bluffs had a "Rustic" theme, like some old hunter's lodge. The outside was designed to appear like a log cabin, with a heavy woodcut sign hanging over the top of the place. "Hmmp. Did someone think it was IRONIC to offer modern luxuries while pretending to be old-timey?" The african-american man rolled his eyes with disdain. "LEN! Where are you?"

The passenger's side door of the silver lexus slammed shut. A thin, nearly-albino man with red hair and freckles ran out, holding a stack of papers. "S-sorry Mr. Rodriguez, sir!" He slouched as he scrambled to stand next to his boss. "I got distracted when your phone rang, and your wife was asking for you, and then my seatbelt got tangled in with the papers you're having me bring along to work on while the retreat happens, and-"

This was met with the waggle of a big black finger in front of his face. Roderick Rodriguez stood nearly two feet taller than Len, at almost seven feet. "Now now. I don't want to hear excuses from my administrative assistant. I tell you to do something, and you do it. Remember?" He made sure to give the ginger a stern glare. Len wasn't a bad employee, but he needed a firm hand or else he'd slack off. Roderick knew the type. "Now let's get inside. I don't

want you to make me late..." As the pair started towards the building a rotund man nearly bowled over both of them, he was dressed in an ill-fitting suit jacket, his face was red, and he looked about ready to throw up as he sprinted into the building. Both men glared at him as he didn't bother to glance back over his shoulder at them, obviously late for an important date.

Across the main hallway was a large staircase that rose up to the second floor, and branched apart, leading to a staircase that went up both left and right to different hallways on a second floor. As the pair of them walked inside, Len's eyes went wide. "This place is huge! U-um, let's see. We start with a meeting in the Underbrush Auditorium. I, uh, wrote down the room number somewhere-"

"Ugh!" Roderick growled and reached out to snatch the papers Len was holding out of his hands. "You're absolutely hopeless, aren't you? Here, I'LL do it!"

Len let out a squeak of alarm, his green eyes wide. "W-wait! Sir, it-it-it's ok! I have it all organized, and you shouldn't be trying to grab stuff from the middle of the stack and-" He sighed as he watched the papers Mr. Rodriguez was rifling through fall over onto the floor, scattering everywhere. Closing his eyes, he bent down and picked up one of them. "Here. The Underbrush Auditorium is on Room 314, which is, um-"

"That's on the third floor! Let me give you directions!" An attendant in a red suit with golden buttons giggled at the pair. "Lots of people going there today! Here, I wrote out a set of directions for you, little cutie!" He handed the assistant a set of directions. "Be sure to follow them exactly! This place can be a bit of a maze for anyone who isn't used to it. And I wouldn't want you crying if you get lost!" He smiled and walked off, a distinct waddle in his step and a faint crinkle heard in his passing.

Len and Mr. Rodriguez both blinked. The middle manager looked over and saw his aide's face was beet red. "T-that guy patted my butt!" Len squeaked out, hiding his face behind the stack of forms.

"Keep it professional, Len." Roderick rolled his eyes. "We can submit a complaint to their management about inappropriate conduct later. For now, let's just get going. You've got the directions, so lead the way, alright?"

Ricky brushed his hand through his hair, peering at his reflection in the rearview mirror, his heart pounding in his chest as he flashed himself a nervous smile. This would be his first big meeting since he'd become a director at Fantastical Media, he would be playing with the big boys now... Taking a few calming breathes he glanced over his face, a handsome enough face to be sure, but he was no star material. That's why he'd entered into the business as a director,

starting out with some indie films, and then being approached by a representative from Fantastical media. Ricky Charmaine was determined to make himself a big name in the business, a leader of men and a brilliant director, and nobody was going to stop him here...

Pulling his red camry forward in the queue of cars, Ricky tapped his fingers on the steering wheel, his eyes bouncing from the cars in front of him back to his reflection. His icy blue eyes sometimes startled even himself, his eyes reminded him of someone far more steely hearted and older rather than the rather young and meek thirty year old he was. Soon enough Ricky pulled up in front of the spa, and stepping out he made sure to smooth down his formal jacket as a member of the valet stepped up. Turning with his keys in hand, Ricky swore that the valet smelled of... talcum powder? "I'll take that for you, sir," the man grunted. He was dressed in a navy blue suit with the world Valet sewn into his shirt in golden seams.

"Thank you," Ricky said. He handed over his keys before the valet bowed, a small crinkle escaping his person as he straightened up to hop into the director's car. Ricky was too concentrated on the retreat though to really pay attention to the crinkling man as he strolled towards the building, putting on his best calm expression while he stepped into the building.

It was impressive to say the least, Ricky had never once guessed that Fantastical Media Inc could afford to rent out such a retreat. They certainly weren't the powerhouses of Hollywood, at least not anymore. But still, he wasn't in any place to say such a thing when they were employing him. He'd thrown his lot in with an ailing company to give himself a chance to grow. He figured with a little bit of work he could get his name out there as the best Director FMI had. And his ambitions would only grow from there. Ricky saw himself as a big-shot, someone destined to be in charge of others. He walked up the stairs into the ballroom where everyone was meeting and nearly tripped over himself in sheer shock of how many people were there. It wasn't like he'd thought that the company was small per say, but there certainly were a lot of people.

Walking into the room with his chest puffed out, Ricky snatched up a glass of champagne from a waddling waiter. The director had no intention of drinking at that moment as he wanted to stay sober for the retreat, he really had no tolerance for alcohol, but he wanted to look at least engaged in the activities. People all around looked dapper in their articles of clothing, bigwigs in the company, other directors with famous actors and actresses at their sides. Ricky swore that he saw Roderick Rodriguez walking around, the very man that had invited him into the company... though truth be told Ricky hadn't met or spoken to him before, he'd always dealt with Roderick's personal aide.

In his crimson Caraceni suit, Ricky at least looked somewhat the part of a famous director, though truth be told he'd had to put aside quite a bit of money for his suit. Attempting to make his way through the crowds of people Ricky nearly bumped into a portly man who looked about ready to pop out of his suit with his red his face was. "Ar... are you alright?" Ricky asked.

The man scowled up at him as he glanced to and fro, obviously Ricky's question was the last thing on his mind to answer. "Where is he... damn it! If I don't get to him soon, he's going to have me out on bricks..." With that the man rushed away pushing several higher ups out of his way without a second glance, obviously either he worked for someone very important... or he was prepared to lose his job.

"Don't worry about him, that's Joseph Cabaret. He's the personal aide to Selvester Yims, one of the top stockholders of the company, he's a real rich type," someone said nearby. Ricky turned around and jumped in surprise as he realized he was looking at a dark neck, and he turned his gaze upwards to look into the face of Roderick. Being six three, Ricky wasn't too short of a man, but Roderick really was quite a tall man. "When I came in I checked out his credentials just to double check if I could have his ass fired for being rude... but he's above even MY pay grade. Now if I remember correctly, you are Ricky Ferench, correct?"

"Y... yes sir!" Ricky said excitedly. He shook the larger man's hand as he could hardly believe it, he finally got to meet Roderick Rodriguez, his sponsor of sorts. "Thank you so much for offering me a position in the company!" He could hardly believe his luck... who knows, tonight might actually turn out to be a good night, he just had to make it through the CEO's initial speech and it should be smooth sailing. He started speaking with Roderick as they strolled into a corner to chat, as he walked alongside the larger man Len followed close behind. Everyone in the room was getting into their conversations, all around workers were moving throughout the crowds with ease, muffled crinkles unheard through the chatter as they smiled and giggled in an off fashion. Everyone was so busy that they didn't notice a small furred head peering into the room from a small doorway off to the side of the room.

Lassy felt a hand slipping down the backside of his pretty peach colored diaper and let out a gasp as he whipped his head back from the doorway. "H-hey!" The swishy little doe-boi's ears perked up as he turned around, to stare into the glowing, smouldering blue eyes of his master, the buck he knew as Stringam. Although there was another name that felt more appropriate for the big burly black buck now: "Daaaaaaaddy!" Lassy swished his hips with a crinkle and whined, his face getting hot as his diaper was checked. Thankfully no one outside of the back room could hear them due to the loud chatter of voices.

"I've finished converting the employees here." The buck grinned. "They're all glamourised to look human until the fun begins." He smirked and groped the sissy doe's bottom, as Lassy's tail wagged from the attention. "And it looks like someone needs a change. You're wet, boi."

Lassy turned around with a crinkle, letting his daddy's hooved fingers slip out of the diaper. His ears drooped as his eyes widened. "Aww, can't I stay in this one a bit longer?" He

folded his hooved hands behind his back and swished his hips. “I-” He stopped, blush crossing his cheeks before continuing. “-I’m starting to really like being wet.” He confessed. “It feels nice to have my boi-clitty rubbing against my wet diaper.”

The revealing of the secret was met with a loud “Hsst” as Lassy watched his daddy’s purple diaper start to darken in hue around the crotch, swelling and getting thicker as the smell of TWO wet deer began to fill the private room. “I know.” Stringam had a shit-eating grin on. The longer the doe-boi wore his diapers, the more he seemed to be loving them... of course, the treatment the mage had been giving him hadn’t hurt either. As Lazlo he’d always been a lonely man. If a lifetime of gay sex and dirty diapers was what he had to pay for a loving and teasy daddy buck, he had no complaints. Honestly, he was starting to even forget what he’d looked like before he’d been the cute white-tailed deer boi. And whenever he felt confused or concerned, all he had to do was look into Daddy Stringam’s pretty glowing eyes and everything bothering him melted away...

“Be that as it may, my little fawn, I want you in something dry.” The big buck put a hand on Lassy’s crinkley bottom and scooped him up, carrying him almost effortlessly towards a changing table that hadn’t been in the bathroom the day before. “You’re going to be speaking in front of all those silly humans, you know? I want you in a puffy white diaper so they can see every single accident you have. I want them to see what you’ve become in all its glory. After all, you’re not just their former CEO, cutey.” He set Lassy down on the changing table and tickled his tummy, provoking a giggle from the sissy. “You’re going to be their new role model, aren’t you?”

“Eee! Daddy, don’t tickle me!” Lassy squirmed and giggled, kicking his hooved feet from the tummy tickles. “I’m gonna-” The twink clamped his mouth shut as it happened. He watched as his daddy pressed a hand to the front of his girly pink-taped diaper. As Lassy pissed himself helplessly, he felt Daddy Stringham’s hand pushing his shaft up against his crotch, the leaking spreading out from the motion. The big buck smirked at the twink and waited until the flow finished, the diaper swelling out more around his hand. Lassy hid his face with his hands, not out of shyness, but out of a sort of coy reaction. He was learning that it turned his daddy on.

Undoing the diaper with one hand, Stringam groped the tiny bulge in his wet diaper with the other hand, deliberately in front of Lassy. “Mmm. You know how to get a big man worked up, don’t you fawn?” He opened the flap of the doe-boi’s soggy diaper and smirked at the big pink studded dildo stuffed up along the doe’s tailhole. “You even kept your toy inside. Good little boi. Soon that hole will be stretched large enough for you to take even the biggest males... and stretched too far for you to ever be potty trained again.” He snorted, humping his bulge against his hand in front of Lassy’s eyes while reaching up. The doe-boi groaned as he felt pressure pulling the pink dildo gently out of his bum. “You know, we’ve got a bit of time. I think I need to reward my sissy boi for being good.”

Lassy watched the big shirtless black buck straddle the changing table, tugging his diaper down as he revealed his soda-can thick black cock, already slick with precum and piss. "You know, there's a reason for you being a silly doe." He reached up to pull Lassy's pink t-shirt up, pinching and twisting at the boy's puffy, super-sensitive nipples.

Lassy let out a high pitched squeal, his pink little cock stiffening up. "Aaaaah! Daaaaaaaaaaaaaddddie!" His head rose as he closed his eyes and trembled.

The big buck grunted as he began to push inside Lassy's tailhole. The doe-boi spread his plump hips, feeling that thick shaft stretching his needy love hole. "You're my prize. The thing which will enable me to sweep across this world and reshape it in my image." Lassy felt the big daddy's cock stuffing him, sliding all the way down to the hilt. He could feel the big buck's balls twitching against his asscheeks. "Your company has such PROMISE boi." He kept playing with the boi's nipples, pinching and twisting them. "And you signing it over to me earns a special reward. You're my treasure... my special little sissy boi. Your shape was hand crafted to suit my desires more than any other." Lassy squealed as he felt Stingam slowly start humping into him. "We'll have many lovers, boi, but you'll always be my special little treat. I love my little fawn." He growled as he began to pump harder and faster, pain and pleasure intermingling inside Lassy's mind. "So get used to Daddy's fat cock, boi. You're going to feel it a loooooooooooooooooo-" The hunter mage's eyes rolled back in his head as he shuddered and came, white hot lust flooding Lassy's ass. It wasn't the first load that Lassy had taken back there, but every time his Daddy did it, it always felt like that magical first time.

The fawn-boi shuddered, feeling his own cum spurting out, without even anything touching his cock. The jizz splattered against his white fuzzy tummy. His slender body tensed, every muscle flexing for a moment, before he relaxed, eyes glazed over with the intensity of the afterglow. His head drifting to one side, he looked up at Stringam. "I I-love you, Daddy." He managed to slur out.

The buck leaned down to lick up Lassy's sticky mess from along his stomach, cleaning it off with his tongue. "I know you do, Lassy. And every time you feel me inside you, you'll love me, worship me, more and more... like all good babies should their Daddy." With a squelching sound, he started to slide out of the doe-boi, his cock still rock hard. "Now let's get you padded up and glamourised to look human. You have an assembly to introduce to their new Daddy."

Armando strutted through the building like he owned every wall in the building, a grin plastered on his tanned face, his hair tied back allowing for his sexy features to shine as he gave a few women nearby a more than friendly wink. The latino man was the very picture of handsome, most people would put him down for being an actor or a jock, but he had managed to make his way up into the ranks of FMI's management through his intelligence... and a little bit

of cheating. The man wasn't above using his resources to get whatever he wanted, and what the adonis wanted was ownership of the entire company.

Never quite satisfied with the silver trophy, Armando always strived for gold, he was determined to get to the top spot and everyone else be damned. Working his way around the room Armando schmoozed with the biggest faces in the company, his natural charm allowing him to have them practically eating out of the palm of his hand. Dressed in some black knockoff brand suit that nobody could determine as being a fake, Armando looked rather impressive... at least from a distance, but all it took was one close look to see the conman for what he really was. For a young face of only twenty five though, Armando was making big waves in an older crowd, he had big aspirations... "Armando," a voice said from behind him.

A frown finally settled on his face, a voice he recognized... and one that Armando would prefer not to deal with. Of course though Armando wasn't one to be downtrodden for long as he turned to face the one who'd spoken to him, his composure together as he beamed at the beautiful woman in front of him. "Suzette, mi amore, it's such a pleasure to see you. It's been so long, I last saw you... when?" His tongue rolled over the Italian word, though it sounded just as cheap as he looked, even in his fancy clothing.

"Cram your 'mi amore' bullshit, Armando! I last saw you back in business school showing off my fucking dissertation as your own!" Suzette hissed. Suzette was tall, thin, and beautiful beyond belief. She was a little older than Armando, she had Filipino blood, and had a fiery temper that could make even the strongest alpha male kneel before her. "I know how you got your position!" she spat, "You would never have gotten a management position in this company without MY work. I got in here with honest work, but you... oh ho ho, you think you're so fucking well made? Don't worry, Armando, I never forget someone who backstabbed me." Suzette's arms were folded under her ample bosom, her body gown in a revealing black dress that fit her like a glove... Armando would be lying if he said he didn't get a little stiff at the sight. Of course her boyfriend chose that moment to stroll over, a beefy man who carried himself with military precision, and a buzzcut that only seemed to underline his roots.

Turning his eyes up a bit to see the dark brown eyes of Suzette's boyfriends, Armando had to admit that he was intimidating, if only for the fact that he seemed to be dissecting him with his eyes. "Suzette, shall I take this man out to talk?" he asked. The man's voice was like a gunshot in the room, deep, clipped, and full of malice. If Armando had any sense he would've run away... but of course he was too proud of his masculinity to do such a thing, so he just put on a sleazy smile and sneered up at him.

"Si, Suzy, shall you have your man take me out back and beat me shitless? I'd love to see how fast your head spins when the lawsuit smacks you in the face," he purred. Everyone in the vicinity of their conversation suddenly had the blazing feeling in their feet to give him a swift

kick in the groin... but they resisted if for no better reason than to see him get pulled apart by the giant.

Suzette let out a small and long hiss, her hand reaching up and pulling at the arm of her boyfriend's sleeve to get his attention. "Thank you, Brian... but I'll be fine. Why don't you go get me a drink? I'll be done with this shitbag soon enough." For a moment Armando thought that Brian might have a sudden 'accident' with his fist... but his eyes finally flicked to his girlfriend and they softened to a surprisingly tender expression before he nodded, and like that he stomped off, people moving out of his way to avoid being trampled. With that she turned her anger back onto Armando, but before she could say a word he stepped into her space, smiling a poisonous smile.

Now, in his opinion, any sane man would bend backwards to appease such an angry bombshell... but even Armando had never said he was the most intelligent man in the world. "Sweetheart..." he said, the honey practically dripping on his lips as he gave her a smile, "we both know that you should've been more careful. We were both heading into the same field, we were both on the fast track to high places... and yet you slept with me the night before the formal reviews of everyone's dissertations? Oh, Suzy, you should've been more careful. I've taken down people smarter than you, more beautiful than you, with less. You're just another stone," he growled quietly.

Suzette's face went still, her eyes focused on Armando's, her mouth a firm line... an angry line. "Armando, you think that you'll make it big... well don't worry about that, hot stuff. When I get the chance, I will make sure you burn." With that she turned around and walked away, her sharp stiletto heels digging into the carpet and her dress whipping around like a tornado.

Armando just sniffed loudly as he ran his hands through his hair and put on a winning smile once more, he wasn't one to worry. Turning around he noticed a portly man standing next to an older but wealthy looking man, the smaller man wringing his hands as he acted like a sycophant to his employer. Armando cocked an eye and smiled wide as he realized who the older man was, Sylvester Yims, a very wealthy man who was well known for supporting the company. The pudgy one next to him was obviously his aide... a good step to talking to Yims himself, after all when one was trying to get into power they had to make friends with the benefactors of the company. With that Armando strolled towards the pair, putting on his best smile as he prepared to talk to the aide.

Meanwhile at the doors of the room the last of the guests strolled in, and a pair of employees closed the doors and locked them, both of them giggling to themselves as they crinkled with every move. One of them pulled out a walkie talkie and talked into it quietly, careful not to be overheard. "Everyone's here, feel free to proceed, daddy!" With that he giggled once more as he and his compatriot strolled off to the side with wide eyes, waiting for the fun to start.

To Be Continued...