

The Hunted Diaper Retreat

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Chapter 2: The Wyld Hunt Begins

The Underbrush Auditorium was filled with nearly a hundred people: Managers, their aides and assistants, and those deemed important enough to come along. The lights were dimmed, save for the ones pointed at a large wood-floored stage with a podium on it, and an enormous display screen behind it. Lassy stood off on one side out of view, a cute little frown on his face. He hated looking down and seeing wrinkly pink human hands where he knew his cute milk chocolate-colored hoof-fingers should be. His lower lip puffed out as he pouted in silence. Being glamoured was so annoying, as was having to act like a silly big boy. He'd almost giggled and or said something to give himself away twice now, and he hadn't even given the presentation! "Ugggh... pretending to be a big strong man is sooooo hard!" The doe-boi snorted and sighed. "Oh well. It's not for much longer!" He flipped a switch on the wall, as soft, gentle nursery music began to filter into the auditorium. It would start out too quiet to be heard over the crowd, but grow louder and louder, if Lassy's daddy had told him right. It would also help prepare all the people out there for Daddy's conversion, or so Stringam had told Lassy. The doe giggled as he listened to it. There was something magical about the music. Something that made him feel like his adult mind was melting to mush the longer he listened. Shaking his head to clear it, he snorted. It wasn't time for that yet. His glamoured feet still making clopping noises, he walked out onto the stage and stood in front of the podium.

"Hiiiiiiii!" He said, waving cutely, before catching himself and lowering his hand. "Er, I mean, greetings. This is your current CEO, Las- LAZLO CERVIDAE." He tapped a sheet of blank papers he was holding up in front of him to look professional against the wood of the podium. "I'm sure you're all very curious as to what's going on and why this sudden meeting was necessary." He tried to keep a stern expression on his human face. It was very difficult to contain his impulse to snicker at what was coming. He already saw a few people quieting down and watching the screen with glazed expressions.

The weakest willed people were already starting to fall under the barely-audible nursery music's sway. "Well, you know we've been having some financial troubles recently, and, well, I hate to say it, but the board has unanimously decided that we're going to be taking our business operations in a fresh and new direction." He felt his little deer tail swishing and crinkling his diaper in excitement as he thought about what Daddy had in store. Some of those who were closest to the front heard some crinkling and glanced around in confusion, a few of the staff were openly fondling themselves, though no one in the crowd had noticed just yet.

The board had all seen things his way quite quickly after Lassy himself had. "Part of that is going to be a new CEO! Don't worry, I'm still gonna be- GOING to be around, but just in a different capacity. But more on that later. For now, let me introduce your new CEO, D- Mr.

Stringam!” He waved an illusory human-hand to the center of the stage, waiting for something to happen.

It didn’t.

“Uh... eh heh...” Lassy squirmed, his hips wiggling as he whimpered, poking his fingers together. “I guess there may be some technical difficulties...”

And then it happened. A puff of smoke mixed with silver glitter burst out of the wooden floor of the stage, covering the whole stage. There was a collective gasp from the audience as it drifted and shimmered in the light of the stage. For a moment, everything was shrouded. People on stage became figures, barely visible from their outlines. There wasn’t any sign of anyone being raised out of the floor. Nor was there any sign that the new CEO was being lowered from the ceiling. But one moment, just to the left of Lassy there was no one. And then, in the blink of an eye, there was another outline in the smoke.

Roderick Rodriguez folded his arms and rolled his eyes. “Hrrmph. Really, isn’t this just a BIT theatrical? Waste of money and time, if you ask me.”

“Sir, pleeeeeease keep it down!” Len squeaked, sitting next to him.

The smoke began to clear. And as it did, a collective gasp began to sweep across the audience. Standing just to Lassy’s left was not a man as they knew it. Instead, there was a large muscular black-furred buck, swirling blue tattoos curling and dancing along his bare chest. Two large, splitting horns grew out of his head, adorned with small rings of gold and silver fitted onto them in places. His eyes glowed a vibrant, electric blue. Along his back was slung a long bow, a quiver of arrows underneath them. And, what perhaps surprised the crowd the most was a camo-print diaper, shifting splotches of greens and browns on full display, clad around his bottom. It was the only piece of clothing he was wearing. An arm snaked around Lassy’s illusory-human shoulders, to reach down and rub where he knew the femboy doe’s nipple was. Lassy giggled and moaned as he was unabashedly played with on stage. After a moment where the crowd stared at them with a stunned silence, The buck reached down to take the microphone from Lassy’s podium, holding it up to his muzzle.

He coughed. “Hello! Yes, my apologies. Still growing use to how magic works in this fancy world of yours. I was a few moments off cue. But regardless, I am Stingam! Your company’s new CEO!” He gave a slow chuckle that rang over the heads of all gathered, shivers running down everyone’s backs as they realized something was very wrong... aside from the obvious. “Though in reality, I think I may prefer to consider myself more of a father figure to all of you...” His muzzle grew a long, wide grin. “You see, by the end of the evening, all of you will be just like Lassy here.” He snapped his fingers, dispelling the illusion. The humanoid figure of what Lassy had formerly looked like melted away, as the swishy, scrawny, effeminate Doe-boy

stood before his former company, in a bright white diaper adorned with a red heart on the front crotch along with pink tapes. Around the whole building, the illusion covering all the staff vanished as well, leaving them parading around as happy gay diapered male furs, all excited now that the trap had been sprung. The main doors to the amphitheater were locked and barred. The game was about to begin.

Stringam tugged Lassy from behind the podium. "You see, I consider myself a hunter and a conqueror. There's nothing I like more than chasing down my prey and claiming them as my own... as Lassy here can attest." He reached over and began tickling the doe-boi, who squealed and squirmed, but made no motion to escape the onslaught. "Can you believe this sweet little boi was once the grumpy, overworked CEO of your company? I hunted him down and used my magic on him, and now he's everything he was always supposed to be: Young, happy, cute, gay..." Lassy let out a squeak as a faint "Hssst!" sound escaped his diaper, inaudible to the crowd. Soon the diaper's front turned a deep yellow, the heart print on the front changing to a pink color. "...and completely incontinent."

Though there were sounds of shock and horror from the crowd, most of it was surprisingly subdued. The music that had been playing through the speakers, though barely audible, was already suppressing the self-preservation instincts of the weaker willed. Many of the managers and personal assistants in the crowd still in possession of their minds were struggling to get some sense into the ones nearby them that weren't. Some people were looking to the doors and starting to inch towards them, but the staff at the doors, even in their diapers, looked rather intimidating, the fronts of their padding bulging with erections, their muscular arms flexing.

"By the end of the night, I will have hunted down and claimed each and every one of you, remaking your minds and bodies into MY image." The buck snorted. "But I'm not without a sense of fairness." He reached down to start rubbing Lassy's wet diaper against his growing cock. "If any one of you can escape to the front doors and make it out of this building by the end of the night, I'll-"

"BULLSHIT!"

Stringam's glowing blue eyes went wide, as a man pushed his way through the sitting people, shouting angrily, and made towards the stage. Suzette's boyfriend, Brian, wearing a fine black suit with a white rose pinned to the front, strode onto the stage. Just a bit of the silver glitter had found its way into his crew cut, making his hair shimmer as he approached the buck, hands clenching into fists. "AND JUST WHO THE HELL GAVE YOU THE RIGHT TO DECIDE WHAT WE WANT?!?" Brian bellowed at him, pointing a trembling finger at the buck.

The expression on Stringam's muzzle fell to a blank stare while Lassy looked almost appalled, his hands reaching over his chest as if to conceal himself. Reaching back, Stringam

pulled an arrow out of his quiver, the tip silver, oddly blunted, and glowing with motes of blue energy. "And just who, pray tell, are you?" The buck said, pulling his bow over his shoulder.

"THE GUY WHO'S GONNA KICK YOUR ASS!" Brian charged forward, arm reeling back as he prepared to land a punch. A few people in the crowd behind him let out cheers of delight while some of the transformed staff let out wails of fear.

Stringam did not respond in words. He took a step back, his hoof clacking against the wooden floor, and knocked the arrow, pointing it at Brian's head and firing. The arrow struck dead center between Brian's eyes with a decidedly certain "THUNK!"

It quivered for a moment, as a hush fell over the crowd. Then, motes of blue and silver began to swirl around him, growing thicker and thicker, until no one off stage could make out what was going on. The faint scent of talcum powder filled the air as a white wash mixed with blue and silver spun around like a miniature storm. Within Brian's body was changing. His muscles tensed, then swelled, knitting and bulging as his body gained muscle mass. Outside of the storm Suzette was calling out Brian's name, her eyes wide with fear, her heart beating fast as she tried to reach him... only to find that some sort of barrier had formed around her beau.

His shirt ripped, and then his pants gave way soon afterwards, falling to the floor in tatters. Only his briefs remained, swelling up and out, puffing into an enormous diaper, covering his growing rear and stiffening crotch. A short, tufted tail grew out of a tailhole in the back, as Brian's skin began to grow grayer. And more wrinkled. He moaned despite himself, moving a hand down to rub his cock through the diaper, as his fingers shortened, their tips stiffening into hooves. He groaned in bliss, as his face grew out into a pronounced snout, a large horn coming out of the front. The smell of talcum powder pushed into his nostrils. It was surprisingly arousing, it sent shivers through his body, his mind lighting up as Stringam washed his brain!

His eyes swirled with silver and blue energy, his mind altering as his newer, longer face curled up into a dumb smile. As the cloud of magic and talcum powder cleared, the crowd witnessed the results: Brian was now an enormous, over seven foot tall rhinoceros anthro, shuddering as he rubbed his diaper's front. "D-Daaaaddy!" He said, his voice sounding strangely mellow. "Bro, thanks for making me realize how great my diapers were!" he said, as he farted loudly, the backside of his padding starting to sag. Suzette looked upon him with a mixture of horror and confusion, she tried to say something... but no words would come as he looked upon his new daddy with... arousal.

"Such a good dumb brute." Stringam waved a hand. "Come here. You'll be one of my personal bodyguards. For now, at least." He slung his bow back over his shoulder while Brian lumbered forward, never looking back at his girlfriend to stand at Stringam's side, and the buck reached into the rhino and Lassy's diapers to begin stroking their cocks. "Now where was I? Yes, Just as soon as I finish these two off, I'll begin my hunt. Each of you will fall, and become

just as... Bry-Bry here has become. Consider that a demonstration of your coming fate. But if even ONE of you can make it out of the building before the end of the night, I'll undo all my magic, revert the ones I've changed back to their WOEFULLY dull selves, and leave your world entirely." He let a single moment of silence pass between them. Then, puckering his lips, he leaned down at the microphone, which had come to rest back on the podium. "Go."

Suzette screamed. She wasn't the last one to do so. Those still in possession of all their marbles turned and ran for the doors, entirely oblivious to the fact that everything but the fire exits had been locked and barred, and that the locked doors each had converted Retreat Workers standing in front of them, eager to capture prey for a chance at winning Daddy Stringam's eye. While many of the people in the room were scrabbling about quite a few were just standing around, they looked dazed, and though a few tried to rouse them from their daze they only looked to Stringam in a confused and dazed way.

The buck smirked, while there were many bright minds in the crowd, there had been certain to be those with... subpar intellects. Those lesser individuals had fallen to the trance music, and as such they had been left completely under his spell without them realizing it, so he gestured towards him. "I have need of a hunting party to aid me in my hunt, you shall be a great dog pack, come forth." Though a few looked like they didn't want to, they all approached, turning into a big circle surrounding Stringam, and there was a flash of bright light as he channeled his magic into all of them. There was a loud unified moan as all of them were transformed, though there was a little resistance with the chain the magic was amplified, and soon all of them stood there now a variety of dogs. Their diapers were all camo like their daddy's, and they were all very erect as they panted and blinked their glimmering eyes, their noses already sniffing at the air as their minds were trained by Stringam's magic.

"Look at all of you good boys," Stringam chuckled. All of the dogs yipped in excitement, they were delighted to be good boys, to be daddy's good boys. They wanted to hunt, to pin down, to hump those that weren't like them! The buck straightened up as he looked out at the crowd, already a few had broken through the doors with surprising strength... but of course he'd hoped that might happen. A hunt was only as good as its prey! A majority of them had made it out, but a few had been caught by the guards and were being held in struggling hands. The buck tsked as he approached the few that hadn't made it out, smiling despite himself as Lassy giggled behind him. "Don't worry all of you, you'll all be useful in the upcoming hunt," he chuckled.

"Fuck you!" one of them shouted. His eyes widened though as the buck rose his hand, magic starting to hum on the air as everyone else looked on in terror.

"I suppose... that's the idea," Stringam chuckled. There was a snap of energy through the room as all of the caught members were transformed, and the buck's hunt truly began.

To Be Continued...