

# The Hunted Diaper Retreat Side Stories:

## Trivial Questions

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Trying to escape the dogs was more trouble than Harold had imagined, they seemed pretty simple at first as they'd merely been rhyming, and rhyming badly at that... but they had proved to be rather accurate trackers. Hall after hall Harold had run down, but the diapered dogs had followed him with shocking ease. Part of him had wondered if he should even continue running, after all the dogs had tracked down so many people this point, making them all into super gay diapered boys. Harold wanted to continue though, he needed to escape this mess, get back to the civilization that he knew and understood.

It wasn't going to be that easy though as the dogs were constantly chasing him, never too far behind, mere moments really. "Shit... shit, SHIT!" Harold cursed, he could practically feel the dogs behind him, a few of them apparently even recognized him as they bayed out his names. This is why he should never have gone into the movie industry, he would've been far better as a butcher... or an accountant, they never had to deal with this shit!

Honestly Harold was growing tired, the dogs were faster than he was, and they were gaining fast... he wondered if he should just give up... then a miracle happened. Well... a miracle for him, a door opened revealing a group of survivors who were too busy arguing amongst themselves to pay attention to what was outside the door. The dogs took the chance and leapt into the room, Harold only looked behind for the briefest of moments as the pack was charging into the room which was now filling with shouts and yips. "Oh thank you, God!" he shouted to the roof.

Using this chance Harold started to look around for somewhere to hide for a bit, it wouldn't be long before the pack was back on his trail, so it might be best to lay low for a while. It took him a little while as most of the rooms in the hotel had been locked up, but Harold was able to find one and once he stepped in he was dropped right into a trap. Harold hardly realized what was going on when he stepped into the room, one minute everything looked normal... and then the next he was standing at a podium. "W... what in the...?"

"Welcome!" A deep voice boomed through the room, and there was loud cheering all around him, Harold blinked away spots as the room was really bright... in fact standing there it reminded Harold of a TV set as everything was so fluorescent. "Please greet our newest contestant, everyone, Harold Denton!" Once again there were cheers, a few wolf-whistles, and lots of giggling.

"What's going on?!" Harold shouted, he wiped at his eyes a few times before he could finally see what was around him. He appeared to be in the middle of a set, specifically a farmland set, there were white picket fences around, hills and the sky along with white fluffy clouds were

painted on the walls, his “podium” was a barrel. Sitting behind the picket fences were a variety of animal bois, and it didn’t take a genius to see that they were all some sort of farmyard animal, sheep, cows, chickens, a goat, even a few piggies.

What took the cake though was the “announcer” of this entire thing, it was a huge muscled bull wearing a thick black diaper which coincidentally matched with the tux t-shirt he was wearing that hardly covered up his muscled form. He grinned wide at Harold, waving at the cheering crowd, Harold tried to move, but his legs wouldn’t respond to him at that moment. Behind the enormous bull was a sign above his head, apparently the name of this “show”, Baby’s s. “Hello, Harold, welcome to my show, Baby’s s! May I ask what you do for a living, good sir?” he asked with a glowing smile. He had a pin on his shirt claiming that his name was Big Bobby, the bull was looking at him expectantly.

Harold’s natural inclination was to tell Big Bobby to go fuck himself, he had to escape this nightmare... but despite himself he found that he couldn’t help but answer in a blurted response. “I’m a prop producer!” Harold winced as he finished answering, it was true, but he’d really not been interested in helping this farce along.

Now Harold was fuming at himself while the crowd of anthros whispered excitedly to one another while Harold looked for a chance to escape, for now though he didn’t see any exit immediately accessible, so he decided to go through with this for now... So standing tall he glared at Big Bobby, pushing out his chest to look like he knew what he was doing... but in the end he only ended up looking ridiculous. “A prop producer? Well that sounds absolutely great, I’m sure that you do lots of hard work! Ever make a cute diaper?” the bull paused as the crowd burst out into a trill of laughter while Harold glared at the bull with a red face, “I was just kidding Harry! Now, why don’t we start today’s show up right now, we don’t have all day!”

Part of Harold wanted to tell the bull to go fuck off, that was his first inclination, but when Harold tried to say such foul things he found himself censoring himself. “You should go fork yourself, Bobby!” Harold’s eyes widened as his own body censored him, as if it were working against him, a big frown formed on Harold’s face while Big Bobby chuckled.

“No bad words here, Harry! Now let’s get started, shall we? The first round consists of questions that our contestant Harry shall be expected to answer, if you get it right then you will get points! If you get it wrong... well I think we all know what happens then,” the bull giggled with a wink. The crowd all tittered and whispered amongst themselves while Harold glanced around in confusion, he had no idea what they were referring to, but he was sure he wouldn’t like it. “Are you ready for the first question, Harry?”

Harold shook his head violently, he had no intention of participating in any game. “Give me the first question, Bobby!” Were the words that fell out of his mouth when he tried to insult the bull, his eyes widening in surprise at the words, he was certain that wasn’t what he’d been intending on saying.

"Fantastic! Now let me get the cards..." Big Bobby dug through a pile on his podium before he pulled out a set of cards with a Q on the back of each of them, Harold could only assume it stood for question. "First question! What is... two plus two..." The way the bull asked the question seemed far too intense for an incredibly easy answer, Harold giving the bull an insulted look.

"It's four," Harold grumbled. It certainly wasn't rocket science, but by the ooo of surprise the crowd apparently had been trying to figure it out.

Clapping his hands like a happy child Big Bobby looked overjoyed before gesturing to a board behind him that now had Harold's name on it. "Fantastic, Harry! It looks like you got ten points for that! Now let's read the next question!" Harold rolled his eyes, wrapping his arms around himself unconsciously, this was all absurd... he needed to find a way out of here. "In the alphabet what letter comes after... n!" Though the question was absolutely absurd the look that the bull gave him was very intense, and the sad part was that Harold believed that Big Bobby believed it was a hard question.

Taking a few moments to go over the alphabet in his head he answered. "It's o." Once again the crowd clapped and cheered for him, part of Harold was a little embarrassed by the display as another ten points were added onto his score.

"Great work, Harry! I'm very proud of you!" Big Bobby said with a gleaming smile. Harold just shot the bull a glare, but before Big Bobby asked his next question he paused as his tail flagged and there was a loud farting noise. Harold's eyes widened as he realized that the bull was laying a load in his diaper right there... god he needed to get out of here right away. He thought about slipping away in the middle of this... diaper break, but as soon as he'd lifted his tail Big Bobby asked the next question even as his diaper was swelling from its new load. "Next question, mmmph, what is Daddy Stringham's favorite color?"

Looking at the bull in disbelief Harold looked around, seeing the expectant faces looking at him, all of the diapered animals had a look in their faces that told him they knew the answer to this one. "How in the heck am I supposed to know that?!" he snarled. He had tried to say hell, but once again something was censoring him. "Urch... I dunno... blue?" It was the color he'd seen most associated with the mage, so it made sense.

There was a loud buzz and Harold shook in surprise as something changed... he couldn't immediately put his finger on it though. "Sorry, Harry! That is wrong, Daddy's favorite color is green," Big Bobby said sagely. A lot of the animals in the crowd cheered as they realized that they'd been right, while a few were looking a bit sheepish as they'd assumed the same as Harold. "Next question!" Big Bobby didn't notice the distressed look on Harold's face, he was trying to figure out what had changed, that buzz had carried an odd... feeling. Like a

current passing over his body, it wasn't until he shifted when he heard the crinkle... and he looked down to notice his pants were ever so slightly bulging.

"W... what the fudge?! What happened to my underwear?!" Harold unbuttoned his pants, hardly thinking of the fact that he was on center stage, and he saw that his underwear had become training pants, not a diaper, but certainly not what he'd been wearing before.

Big Bobby smirked as he patted his own diaper knowingly, Harold hastily buttoning up his pants when he realized that he'd nearly flashed the crowd. "That's the penalty for getting a question wrong, Harry! Your big boy underpants will turn into diapers, so if you don't want a diaper I'd suggest you not get too many questions wrong... not that I mind, cutie," he said with a wink. A shudder went down Harold's body, he tried to bolt, attempting to turn and run... but his traitorous feet wouldn't budge. "Next question! What is four times two," Big Bobby read off.

This was an easy one! Harold opened his mouth to answer... and almost answered wrong, he blinked a few times, for some reason he was thinking seventeen... but that was outrageously wrong. "Um... eight," he managed to finally say. The crowd cheered and the points went up, but something was wrong... that should've been a lot easier, it was only simple multiplication.

"What is Daddy Stringham's favorite breakfast?" Big Bobby smiled at Harold as he watched the human squirm, the glint in his eyes amused. "You may use a suggestion from the audience if you're feeling nervous," he chuckled.

Relief washed over Harold, he would never get this question right without some help, so he turned to the crowd pleadingly and a roar of answers rushed over him. "Cereal! Prunes! Protein Shake! Cock!" There were a lot of girlish giggles at this last answer, Harold heard a few more before he turned to the bull with a hopeful expression.

"Um... prunes!" It made sense, it had to be the right answer, the buck was obsessed with diapers after all. Once again there was a buzz and Harold moaned as he felt the full body jolt, his eyes grew a little dimmer, his pants shifting to allow a diaper into its midst, the training pants gone now. "No... no!" he stomped his foot in frustration.

"Don't fret, Harry! Get enough points and you win, so keep playing," Big Bobby said appeasingly. "The correct answer was cereal, after all, breakfast is the most important meal of the day! Now the next question is What is fifteen divided by three?" Harold had gone to college, he'd gotten a degree, he'd done plenty of advanced math courses... so why was he suddenly drawing a blank?

Looking at the bull he scrunched up his face in thought, grabbing at his pants and noting how bulging they felt now that the diapers were there... they felt surprisingly good against his cock... "Fifteen divided by three..." he grumbled. Some of the crowd were trying to tell him

answers, but he could do this on his own, he was a big boy! "Four!" he finally answered. There was the buzz, Harold shuddering as a little more intelligence was burned from his mind, and his diaper grew larger, poking out from the edges of his pants. "Dang it, no! Stop it, I can do math!" he wailed.

There was suddenly the sound of a cow mooing, Big Bobby's face lighting up at the noise. "Hey everyone, you know what that means! It's time for a physical challenge!" The crowd was cheering while Harold was looking around in confusion, his head hurt really bad right now, and now he had to do a physical challenge?! "Alrighty, Harry! Are you ready to show us how good of a crawler you are?" Big Bobby asked.

"Uh... what?" Harold asked dumbly. He jumped as the entire room suddenly shifted in a burst of magical sparkles, he suddenly found himself in front of a barn, there was a hole that looked just big enough to crawl through.

"Here's your challenge, Harry! You have to crawl through this barn, inside is a bunch of important farm workers, make sure to not get in their way! Or else they'll catch you, and you'll lose some of your points! The exit is on the other side of the barn, so just crawl through and get to the exit without being caught." That ticked Harold off, he'd worked hard for those points, he didn't want to lose them! "Are you ready, Harry?" Harold clambered onto his forearms and legs like he was a baby again, he felt a bit foolish, and awkward now that a diaper was wrapped around his crotch.

"Yeah," he answered curtly. There was a bell and Harold started to crawl forward, for a few moments it was dark as he crawled forward, and then he was inside of the barn. There were anthros everywhere waddling around in diapers adorned with country motifs, barns, cows, sheriff stars, and pitchforks. They were all busy doing one thing or another, lifting hay with pitchforks, walking around with cans of milk, and a few were busy changing each other. Harold froze for a second before he started off again, he just had to make it through and not get in any of the farmers' way. A few came dangerously close, not paying attention to him as they hustled around, Harold had to crawl faster, and slower sometimes.

Feeling like a fool Harold hoped that it wasn't too far to the exit, the dirt was digging into his hands and knees, little pebbles and straw sticking to them. With every movement his diaper was crinkling loudly, it felt so big, some vague part of him wondered how it made his butt look. "What is wrong with me?!" he hissed. One of the farmers scowled at him and started towards him, Harold sped up, the goat looking rather irritated that he'd spoken.

"What are you doing in here? You're not wearing work appropriate clothing!" Harold could feel the goat gaining on him, the diaper crinkling helping him imagine how close he was. Harold went as fast as he could, bumping a few farmers out of the way much to their irritation. Soon he was earning a nice little crowd of diapered farmers following him, calling at him, telling him to come back. Finally Harold saw the exit, a glimmer of light promising escape, he sped

up... and yelled out as he felt one of them grabbing at his pants, he kicked at them, hardly paying attention as his pants slid off leaving him in only shoes, socks, shirt, and a diaper. All Harold was keen on was getting the heck out of here, he crawled as fast as he could, and was soon crawling through the exit, he was going so fast that he didn't notice the hook on the roof of the shallow space until his shirt was ripped off of him.

Harold crawled out, shirtless, pantless, panting as he climbed to his feet brushing off pebbles from his knees and palms. "Oh my gosh..." he groaned as he realized that he was naked. There was a ringing of bells as Big Bobby rushed over to him, beaming brightly as he slapped Harold on the back.

"Congratulations, Harry! You won a physical challenge, that'll be fifty points for you!" Above the screen showed him now having earned eighty points, a smile formed on Harold's face, though he didn't know why that made him so happy... "It looks like a certain boy lost a lot of his clothing though, that won't do for a show like ours, but don't worry, Harry! I've got you all settled!" There was a flash as the room changed once more, Harold soon standing at his podium once more, but now he was wearing a cute baby blue onesie with sheep, goats, cows, and bulls plastered all over it.

"Why?!" Harold whined. He tried to cover himself up, only too keenly aware of his belly being shown off in rather stark detail by the onesie, his diaper was also very visible through the fabric. Big Bobby didn't seem to notice though as he set a bottle on the table before Harold, specifically it was a milk bottle, and it was sloshing full of a white cool liquid.

"Now, Harry! We have another challenge for you, this'll be worth double the points since you completed the physical challenge! You have to drink this entire body of milk under a minute, if you can do that, you'll earn one hundred points!" Big Bobby grinned, the bull's eyes sparkling with excitement, the crowd was cheering for Harold to succeed. Part of Harold said that he should be cautious, but he knew that getting one hundred points would bring him much closer to winning, and the bottle didn't look to be that big.

A timer appeared up on the clock while Harold grabbed the bottle, it was very chilled, the milk sloshing around on the inside. For some reason Harold swore that the milk seemed thicker than it should be... but suddenly the bell was ringing for Harold to go, and so he did. Grabbing onto the nipple with his mouth he started to suck, as soon as the milk hit his tongue he coughed and hacked, it was musky, it certainly tasted like milk but... it wasn't at the same time. "You're losing seconds, Harry!" Big Bobby warned. Harold didn't want to drink it... but he didn't want to lose again either.

Sucking it up Harold started to suckle on the milk, slowly at first, cringing at the oddly musky drink... but then sucking it down faster and faster. He let out a slow moan as his belly swelled up a bit, the bottle had a lot more milk than he thought, in fact it was far too much. The timer bleated when he was only halfway done, but for some reason Harold couldn't stop drinking

down, he continued to suckle and nyuck on the bottle. His mouth kept sucking, Harold's eyes glazed over, he didn't realize that he was changing. White fur was spreading over his skin, coming up in tufts at first, but soon it was spreading all over his skin. Over his left eye chocolate colored fur spread, his eyes turning a cute yellow color, Harold started to shrink while his belly grew out, from five feet eleven down to five foot four, his belly swelling up until he was filling out his onesie nicely, the fabric conforming to his new shorter stature. A pair of cute horns poked up through his fur while the back of his diaper and onesie opened up to reveal his new tail, wagging ever so slightly while he continued to guzzle down the milk.

Harold's ears ached for a few moments as they transferred to the top of his head, becoming floppy brown ears. His feet changed into hooves, clattering ever so slightly as Harold wobbled, his center of gravity now very different, his fingernails forming into little black nubs on the end of his hands. With loud sucking noises as he drew closer to the bottom of the bottle Harold's face pressed out into a cute chubby cheeked goat muzzle, his nostrils flaring as they drew in breath. Soon enough the new goat finished off the bottle with a gasp of air, and then the wave of magic hit him from failing the challenge, his diaper growing thicker, his eyes practically glowing as he lost a bit more of his IQ. Harry looked down and whimpered, the bottle clattering on the ground as he unconsciously dropped it. "What... what did you do to me?!" he whimpered. His voice was higher pitched now, not quite girlish, but definitely younger sounding.

"What are you talking about, Harry?" Big Bobby asked, looking perplexed.

"You... you changed me! I'm a goat now," Harry whimpered. He felt tears rearing up in his eyes, but he blinked them away with a force of will, he needed to keep control... What was worse though was the milk was working its way through him fast, he needed to go to the bathroom... NOW.

"You've always been a goat, Harry, see?" He gestured to the monitor with the points, and the display changed to show Harry standing there before answering questions, but he was a goat then wearing his old clothes. Then there he was crawling through the farm, a goat, and even when he was drinking the bottle he was a chubby goat. Harry shook his head, eyes wide, no... that wasn't right, he was human! "Now Harry, we have one last challenge for you! If you win this challenge, you win the game! Alright?" Big Bobby asked.

If he won this, Harry should be able to turn back, he still had his mind, he wasn't one of them yet... he could fight this. "Okay," he said quietly. Now the goat was keenly aware of how masculine and sexy the bull was, no... those weren't his thoughts, he was straight, he was human! He just had to... gosh, the smell of the bovine's full diaper... his own diaper crinkled as he grew erect within. "No..." he mumbled. Just concentrate, he would finish this challenge, and then escape!

The room changed once more, there was a fence before Harry, and a crowd of diapered sheep and goats. "All you have to do is count how many of these cute little bois jump over the

fence! Simple!" Big Bobby said. That was simple, he just had to count them, that wouldn't be hard! "Alright bois, start jumping!"

One by one the diapered flock started to jump over the fence, Harry concentrating as he counted aloud. "One... two... three... four..." This would be easy, just count them all, and he would win! "Eight... nine... ten... eleven..." Gosh, his belly was so dang full, he had to go to the bathroom bad. "Seventeen... eighteen... nineteen..." That was a big crowd, how long would this go on for?

Time seemed to pass by as Harry counted them off, his voice rhythmically counting the sheep, he was concentrating so hard that he didn't notice the animals moving right back into the crowd to jump again. "Seventy two... seventy three..." Things were growing... hazy... Harry counting them slower, getting out of sync with the jumping animals, there were goats... sheep... dogs... What number was he at? He stopped counting, just watching them jump, Harry's eyes completely glazed over now, they continued to jump while Big Bobby leaned in close and started whispering things into his ears, Harry was completely open, his eyes always following the diapered animals jumping over the fence, all of them laughing... such cute bois... he wanted to be one...

Big Bobby continued to whisper into the entranced goat boi's ear, convincing him of how proud he was to be a diaper boi, how much he loved using diapers, how cute he was. He managed to convince Harry that he'd always been a goat boi, and any boi on the show was a dumb cutie, no thoughts in their head. The process went on for a while, Harry didn't even realize when he let go of his bladder, his diaper swelled under the new pressure, a relieved moan escaping the boi's mouth. He grinned wide when Big Bobby leaned away, smiling happily to himself as the bell rang for the challenge to end. "So, Harry, how many animals jumped over the fence?"

"I dunno~" Harry giggled. He moaned as the last of his intelligence was pumped out with a wave of Daddy's magic, his diaper swelling up to a very large size, perfect for a gay diapered boi like him! Some part of him vaguely realized that Big Bobby had been teaching him who to be... but he didn't care, a goat boi like him didn't care about thinking!

"Well, Harry! It looks like you've won the game, you're now a permanent member of Baby's s, how does that make you feel?!" Big Bobby asked. He groped the wet diaper of the goat boi, Harry humping into his hand as he looked up with vacant yellow eyes.

"I feel great, Big bro Bobby! I can't wait for Daddy to see the show!" Harry purred. He could only imagine Daddy Stringham watching, he would probably be disappointed that the goat boi hadn't known the answers to questions about him, but the buck would probably teach him the proper answers for future contests! That thought made him shudder and cum into his diaper, his dick having grown smaller, but the orgasm far more intense than ever before.



“Oh believe me, I can’t wait either! Now why don’t you go join the others in jumping over the fence? Our next contestant should be here any minute!” Big Bobby watched as the diaper boi skipped over to the line and started jumping over the fence, another mindless member of the flock, soon lost in his fun and games. The bull groped himself before he reset the score on the board, awaiting the next contestant for Baby’s s.

**End Side Story!**