

The Hunted Diaper Retreat

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Chapter 3: Thrown To The Dogs

“Fuck him! FUCK HIM!” Joseph practically screamed as he ran down the halls, getting away from everybody else. His boss had shoved him down during the initial rush, HIM, the fucking man who’d done everything for the old asshole! Joseph had barely managed to make it away from the grasp of a very randy looking tomcat and had used his bulk to thrust himself through a door, a few people had fallen in line behind him but he’d hardly given them a glance. He’d taken turn after turn, kicking a few people that had gotten too close to him, and had managed to get himself lost in the building, but as of right now he’d seen none of the freaky animal people since.

Taking a moment to breathe the heavyset man kneeled over, panting hard, his chest and heart in a race to see who would explode first. “F... fuck!” he gasped. Joseph had never been the type to exercise, he paid other people to run around for him, though his boss thought that he was the one doing all the work. One didn’t get to be the senior aide without learning to delegate the boss’s duties to other assholes, so he was ready to cut out the feet of anyone before letting himself fall to the swarm of fuzzy piranhas that had seemingly come out of nowhere.

Clutching at his chest for a few more minutes and wiping away some sweat from his forehead Joseph sprang back as he glared about him. “Gotta find my way out, fuck everyone else, once I’m out of here i’m taking all my money and moving to canada!” he spat. With that the tubby man waddled down a hallway in search of the stairs, he was ready to leave this place and never look back.

After escaping from the meeting room at some point Ricky had found himself leading a group of survivors away, the director didn’t know how but he wasn’t about to question it. A few other big guys had attempted to lead the group at first, looking as smart as a rock looked alive, but of course they were wealthy and strong so Ricky had let them do as they please. Of course that lasted all of five minutes before they ran into the elevator that many of them had taken to get to the top floor. Without thinking about the consequences they’d jumped in and in a few moments with the few others that had climbed in they let out shouts of surprise as the elevator turned into a bouncy house, they were shocked at first... but started to giggle and laugh as they bounced, magic starting to hum on the air within.

Diapers formed as the fur grew on their increasingly lithe bodies, shouting out to those who stood outside to join them, hardly noticing their own changes as they wet themselves without issue. A bouncing kangaroo-boi crinkled and giggled. “Come ooon! Come play!” He

hopped just outside, his diaper brightly yellowed in front from an unnoticed accident, as he grabbed another man and pulled him to the bouncy fun. The man squirmed and screamed out, looking at the others for help before his eyes glazed over, his ears growing out into long gray furred bunny ears as he started to pee himself, his pants ripping apart. Soon he was giggling and bouncing around, his shirt having changed into a pastel blue onesie as the new bunny bounced around and rubbed his wet diaper-crotch against the other hopping bois.

After witnessing that man's fate, Ricky had taken command. He'd led the rest away from the bouncy room elevator, the doors shutting behind them and the voices abruptly being cut off until someone else decided to try at the quick escape. The director lost track of time, and how many halls they'd run down, he just kept looking ahead and trying to figure out where they'd go next, it took him at least thirty minutes before they made their way down the second flight of stairs. A few frightened execs tried to take the group out from under his control, wanting the power they so obviously deserved, but they were forced to hand back the reins when they nearly wandered the group into obvious traps. Their group started out with a whopping twenty five people, after the elevator it shrunk down to twenty, and after a mishap with a ball-pit trap, just eighteen, but still they ran on.

It was on the third floor that they heard the first barks of the hunting party, Stringam wasn't in any hurry, and it was especially obvious when he started to sing nursery rhymes that he was enjoying himself. "Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb~" His deep base tone carried through the building making a few people freak out and break off from the pack, eighteen shrinking to fifteen. Ricky turned back at one point to see one of the running figures getting hit by an arrow, the telltale storm of talcum powder and magic making it only too obvious what could be happening to the poor man.

They ran into a few stray survivors, but nobody trusted Ricky's group, they were nearly in hysterics as they believed that the director would throw them into the clutches of the mage. It didn't take Ricky long to become a bit paranoid himself, though he led the group as best as he could, he noticed a few of the group members sizing each other up, likely gauging how easy it would be to throw them underfoot. After all they'd seen several dog men sprinting after them at the corner of every turn, tattoos burning on their fur as it did Stringam's, diapers crinkling loudly as they ran on all fours like feral dogs, but they sang tunes as if in glorious battle... admittedly they were nursery rhythms, but nonetheless it was eerie.

Somehow though the group was able to lose the hunting pack after they got off at the fourth floor, apparently the pack had found someone else to chase, so they were able to slow down and bunker down in one of the hotel rooms. The group had shrunk down to ten by this point, and Ricky had the awful suspicion that some of the members had tripped up some of those that had been pounced on. The image stuck in Ricky's mind of one of the dogs jumping on a man, holding him down, humping him, the mere act of it had apparently infected the other man as he'd seen the telltale bulge of a diaper as the man's tongue started to flop out and pant.

"H... hey..." One of the men in the group panted, everyone looked at him to see him pointing to a computer in the room. "C... couldn't we use that to get a hold of someone on the outside?" he asked hopefully. Everyone looked at one another, they'd been in such a panic they hadn't thought of that. The man stumbled to his feet, he was a meek thing, likely an aide to someone important.

"Careful," Ricky said. They'd been quiet since they'd entered the room to avoid being heard, and the man nodded as he silently sat down in the wheeling chair that sat in front of the computer. He started to click a few keys on the keyboard, logging in while everyone started to feel some hope. All of their cell phones hadn't had any signal, and the phone lines were cut, so admittedly the computers might not work... but it was worth a shot. The hunt hadn't knocked out the electricity, and the computer booted up fine as the man started to work his way through the computer's files.

While the group awaited his analysis of what was on the computer a few of the survivors started talking amongst themselves, not too loud, but they needed to vent somehow. "What the fuck is going on here?!" one of them hissed.

"Your guess is as good as mine. Seems like some fucked up kinky porno bullshit, bet it's a furry's wet dream," he sniggered with a little bitterness. A few of the others in the room nodded, Ricky vaguely recognized a few of them from some small indie movies that had been absorbed into the conglomerate of Fantastical Media Incorporated like he was. Otherwise they were all mostly small guys in the company, but Ricky intended to escape, he needed to get out to make sure everyone was safe.

"Ricky," one of them said, perking his interest. He was a forty year old man who looked like a child, tears in his eyes, about ready to wet himself. "Once we're out... do... do you think he'll follow through on his promise? My wife, she got separated from me, what... oh god, what do you think happened to her? If she becomes one of... those, will she be fixed?"

Taking a deep breath and trying to calm himself, Ricky forced himself to nod, looking the man in the eyes as he put a confident smile on his face. "Of course the son of a bitch will keep his promise, otherwise we'll send the military right up his diapered ass and blow him away until the magic stops," he chuckled. A few of the others started to brighten up as well, while Ricky was indeed nervous he was the type of guy everyone liked and believed, so everyone started to believe him... until they heard an odd noise.

It was like a creaking noise... like springs bouncing up and down on a trampoline, mixed with the sound of... childish giggling as odd video game beeping sounds filled the small room. They all started to turn in time to see the man at the computer having changed, they'd all been so absorbed into their conversation that they hadn't noticed his changes.

The man had been invested in finding some sort of chat program that might connect him with the police, news, military, anything... so he'd been getting onto the internet when the screen had been filled up with a flashy children's game. He had whipped his head around to alert someone, but everybody was distracted by their own conversations, so though he wanted to warn them... he'd been interested nonetheless. He'd glanced at the screen where it showed a playpen area filled with baby bottles, pacifiers, dildos, and a few anal beads. This of course should've tipped him off to something being very wrong, but then a toon lion stepped onto the screen, a wildly oversized diaper wrapped around his crotch, which even then was tented in an obnoxious way... and yet the man found the sight amusing.

"Why hi there! I'm Fappy the lion, silly name I know, but I'm oh so proud to be a horny lion! Now then, what's your name?" he asked in an over exaggerated tone. The man was silent for a moment and the lion just continued to smile at him... never once judging him like so many other people had in the past... now that was an odd thought to come up.

"Wesley..." he murmured. Obviously the lion wouldn't be able to hear him. A voice in his head yelled that he should just get off the damn game.

"Wesley, that's a great name!" the lion giggled. He clapped his hands together and a warmth spread all throughout Wesley, his cock even twitched in happiness. "Now Wesley, why don't we play a game?" Wesley found himself nodding and soon he was playing a game, counting how many beads could fit inside of Fappy's ass, his eyes widening slightly as a smile played at the edges of his lips... He kept thinking there was something he had to tell the others, to warn them about, but it could wait, Fappy needed his help!

Next up was matching dildos to the right asses, after all some bois had smaller asses than others, and you didn't want to hurt them! The chair morphed, becoming a bouncer, Wesley's clothes changing around him, the shirt riding up on his belly as it showed off white fur underneath, a new logo showing up on his shirt with a controller being held by paws and a cock quite clearly erect underneath it and the text "PROUD TO BE A KITTY GAYMER" standing out above it. The man started to let out small moans as his cock grew erect in his bright pink diaper, rainbow strips forming on the ends as his pants vanished, he didn't know where... but he didn't care~

Whiskers formed on his cheeks as his face pushed out into a feline muzzle, his ears flicking a few times as he heard a cute little lullaby playing from the computer. The images on the screen flashed quickly, time passing faster for him than the others in the room, his mind morphing under the game's influence. He let out moans and giggles as he pissed inside of his diaper, bouncing he started to shit as well, his tail thankfully pulled up by his diaper and the chair as he filled it up for the first time. He let out a loud giggle which is when everyone seemed to notice his changes, and he turned to face everyone. The snow leopard grinned wide, and

many people started to stand up, not wanting to say anything... “Anyone want to play with me?~” he giggled cutely.

One of the men nearby didn’t manage to get away fast enough, the leopard’s hand whipping out and grabbing his hand. “Ooo~ Looks like you wanna play with Wes~” he sang. The man started to pull his hand away, but the leopard dragged his hand onto the mouse. Though the man tried to pull away his eyes were locked on the screen, the magic within the computer sucking him in, and Fappy looked out at his newest victim.

“Welcome, player two~ What is your name?” The man sank to his knees, his body unable to move now that he’d been trapped in the spell, a shy smile playing on his lips.

“Quinn,” he said quietly. Wesley giggled as he rubbed his diapered shaft up and down, mewing playfully as he dug his muzzle into Quinn’s neck, already starting up one of the minigames, one that involved testing lubes on Fappy’s cock. Meanwhile everyone else was slipping out of the room, none of them saying anything, none of them daring to. Soon the snow leopard was joined by a purring jaguar, giggling with his fellow kitty gaymer as they started to kiss and nuzzle, only too happy to play about like good gay kittens~

A short time after the pack walked into the room, sniffing around, barking playfully as they saw Wes and Quinn humping each other on the bed. Stringam stepped inside, smiling playfully as he saw the two diapered cats. “Well now, that’s a game I could get into... sadly I have other things to attend to. Do you two cute little cats know where your friends might’ve gone?”

Wes let out a moan as Quinn nibbled on his ear, all the while rubbing at his diapered stiffy. “S... sorry, daddy, I don’t! I do know that they’re being led by a director named Ricky, he’d a really cute guy, I think I might like to take a ride in his diaper after he’s turned,” he giggled.

Quinn snapped back, looking a little hurt as he blinked his emerald green eyes at his new boyfriend. “B... but what about me?”

“Don’t start with me, silly, we’ll always be mates~” The pair soon started to sixty nine each other, digging into each other’s diapered rears while Stringam nodded to himself.

“Ricky... well I have a name, and there’s still plenty of floors to go. I think if I take down Ricky the rest will be easy prey, so boys,” he turned his attention to his randy pack, “help me find this Ricky. I think he’ll make a great pack leader for all of you,” he chuckled. The dogs all yipped and barked as they rushed out of the room, and they left the cats to their games to search for Ricky once more.

Ricky stared at the wallpaper, jaw agape. After all the things he'd seen today, he didn't know why it was shocking, but it was.

One of the remaining employees who had followed him, however, frowned at it, approaching the changed wall. "Weren't the walls shades of green and brown paint before?" The employee frowned, thrusting a hand out towards a hallway festooned in bright sky blue wallpaper, a number of colorful rainbow balloons drifting away in them. "This is like something you'd see in a kid's nursery!"

Another employee raised an eyebrow. "Given the situation, isn't that sorta fitting?" Some of the others nodded in agreement, quite frankly to them the decor changing wasn't exactly the more startling thing they'd seen that night.

"Guys..." Ricky started, his tone as tense as a coiled spring.

The first employee sighed, throwing up his arms. "I honestly feel like I should be objecting, but I can't think of why."

It was too much for Ricky. "GUYS!" The remaining six employees that had stuck with him turned to face him. "Look! We really don't have time to argue about wallpaper! The hounds are coming!" He clutched his hands over his ears. "I can still hear those incessant nursery rhymes!"

"Incessant?" One of his followers tilted his head and looked at Ricky inscrutably.

Echoing through the building, the fleeing humans could vaguely hear Stringam's hunting party, howling and singing. "Bark bark black pup, have you any fur?" There was a roar of laughter for a brief moment before they continued on with their twisted take on the nursery rhyme.

"THOSE AREN'T EVEN THE LYRICS!" Ricky growled, shaking a fist at nothing in particular.

"Uh... Ricky? Aren't you overreacting a tad?" One of the workers put an arm on his shoulder.

"I'M UNDER A LOT OF STRESS CAN WE PLEASE JUST START RUNNING AGAIN?!" Ricky let out a deep sigh, turning and running down the hallway. They needed to find a stairwell. A fire escape. Something that that mad hunter had overlooked. He looked back at the men and women with him. So few of the people who had looked to him for leadership were still around. Everyone lost was another person he was letting down. He was scared of whatever was happening to people, sure. But more, he felt like a failure. He'd suddenly found himself

thrust into a bizarre, tense situation, and he felt like he was crumbling. He didn't deserve to be in charge of anyone, did he? Self-doubt gnawed at his panicked mind as he watched the others following him. The end of this hallway drew closer and closer, blossoming out into a large room with several doors. It looked almost normal still, the wallpaper even giving way to more sedate brown paint.

As he charged into the room, the others under his care following him closely like a string of baby ducks. If Ricky had time he would've pointed out how strange of an analogy that was for him to make... but he had no spare time. He could see it at the far end of the room: A fire escape door. They were going to make it. They were going to get out of here. Ricky allowed his pace to slow to a trot, the others running around him. "There's the escape! Come on! Go go go!" He waved a hand to his six comrades in this messed-up nightmare. He didn't want to be last, but someone had to take responsibility. "Don't knock each other over! You're all gonna get out of this just fine if you proceed in an orderly fashion!"

He watched the other survivors run towards the exit, Ricky prepared to follow after... but then he heard a crinkle, and he paused for just a moment. The man's eyes widened as he watched one of the doors nearest to the fire escape burst open, the other side soft cushy fabric, as if it was made of pillows.

Everything slowed as he watched the camo-diapered pack of doggies Stringam had made surging in, scrambling around on all fours. All full of happy barks, woofs, snorts, growls, and yips, they swept over Ricky's followers. Ricky's body froze as he watched them using pack tactics. In one absurd display, one dog circled a man to cut his attempt to retreat off, while another pounced at him, table topping him over the first pup, then crinkling his bottom up the panicking man's body to sit his diapered bottom on top of the human. Ricky watched as the pup sighed, relieving himself into his diaper, as the padding swelled and the struggles of the man underneath slowed, his eyes glazing over as swirls of blue magic and talcum powder started to sweep over him, changing him. The pup pinning him down seemed to really enjoy watching it as well, as he started to hump his wet, steadily tenting diaper up against the former human's developing muzzle. It almost looked like the changing man was becoming a pit bull, his groans becoming whines and growls as he started to hump the ground in his own growing excitement.

Through the whole room, similar scenes were playing out. In one, a wolf-puppy put a human in a full nelson, as another one tugged down his camo-diaper and started piddling all over the imprisoned human's business pants from the front, as if marking his territory. After starting the process, he leaned in to kiss at the squirming prisoner. Ricky found he couldn't look away, watching as the captured human's resistance weaken, his rebellious eyes growing dull and glossy as a thin, wiry tail sprouted out of his tearing, soaked pants. His underwear blossomed out into a camo diaper as he returned the kiss. Elsewhere, a business woman had grabbed a lamp from a nearby table, waving it threateningly at the pack as three diapered doggies drew near. One of the pack lunged at it, biting at the handle of it. With a playful growl,

he planted all four feet on the ground, tugging at the lamp and shaking it with his jaws. The woman scowled and pulled back at it, taken up in the ridiculous game of tug-of-war.

The puppy's two packmates giggled and watched them go back and forth for a few moments, before they pounced at the lady. Letting go of the lamp, she stumbled backwards, the two pups crawling on her while the third started chewing on the lamp while wagging his tail and crinkling. With an almost trained precision, one pup began lapping at the crotch of her pants, while the other pressed the backside of his diaper against her face, smushing the plastic fabric into her nose. The wolf pup's tail raised, and starting with a single wet fart the backside of his diaper sagged down, engulfing her face. At the same time, as the blue magic and talcum powder swirled around her, Ricky watched a growing bulge forming between her legs as the other pup lapped at it. It was like his saliva was slowly eroding her femininity, as the man watched her breasts shrinking and the outline of a large, thick, throbbing cock forming in her pants as they started to shrink and puff out.

"They..." Ricky finally found his voice. "They were going to be fine. I was going to lead them out." He mumbled, the words so quiet he barely heard them. He'd failed them all. By the time he could will himself to move, it was already over. He couldn't even help any of them. "F-fuck!" He turned, running in the opposite direction of the growing pack. Anywhere was better than here. The pack didn't seem to even notice him, as they were focused on changing the remaining humans, and also by playing with their new packmates.

"There you hounds are." Stringam walked through the plush hallway, leaving behind a room that had become an enormous pillow fort. He laughed as all the crinkly canines dropped their puppy games and descended upon him, lapping at him, tails a-wag and diapers a-sag. "Hahahaha!" His laugh was deep and warm, as he gave each member of the hunting party scratches between the ears and pats on the bottom. "Hmm... one... two... three..." He counted. "Only six. I knew there was a seventh person in this group." Standing back up on his hooves, he frowned. "Did you silly pups let someone escape?"

His question was met with a cacophony of whimpers, whines, and drooping ears and tails. He raised a hoof-hand. "Now, now. Daddy Stringam isn't mad at you all..." He folded his arms. "Just a bit disappointed. Clearly none of you are old enough to be trusted without some supervision." He chuckled, chiding them like a pack of toddlers. Which, in fairness, he supposed they were. "I can't be around to lead the pack for the whole hunt... some prey requires a more... personal touch." he grinned, thinking of a few of the fugitives and what Lassy had told him about them. Oh, he had so much FUN in store. "But you need a leader for when I'm away. Someone to keep you focused. An alpha..." A thought occurred to him. Someone a pair of horny kittens had told him about. "Are any of you named Ricky?"

There was a sea of heads shaking now, canine ears bouncing as they pouted. "Ah... good." He grinned. "The best saved for last. Go play, pups." Stringam took his bow off his back. "Daddy will bring your big brother back soon, after I hunt him down personally." His hooves made clapping noises against the tile floor as he walked down the hallway, following Ricky's trail. Starting on the path Stringam took stock of where he was... and he had an idea, blue magic starting to surround him as he imagined himself being elsewhere as he had an idea of where the human might find himself...

Ricky's heart was beating hard in his chest, he kept glancing over his shoulder expecting the pack to be following right at his heels, but he couldn't even hear their barks anymore, nor the incredibly irritating nursery rhymes. The man finally allowed himself to slow, by this point his suit was ruffled, his tie hanging limp at his throat, and he was completely ready to break down and bawl. He knew he couldn't do that though... after all the rules of the hunt were clear, should someone beat this damn game all of those who had been cursed would change back.

Pushing past his own weakness Ricky trudged onwards, every breath that he took was far too loud for his own liking. The hall had barely any doors, only one he could see, and it didn't seem too promising of a choice as it was just a sauna room. If it were up to him he would've walked right past it and continued down the hall... but then he heard the sounds of barking and cheering once more erupt behind him, Ricky having nothing better to do threw the door to the sauna open and ran inside before shutting the door behind himself.

There was no lock on the sauna door from the inside so Ricky could only hope that none of the dogs would slip inside, already he could hear them approaching outside so he ducked down and started to slink away from the door. Thankfully the room was very steamy and had a strong smell to it... honestly the scent almost reminded him of musk... Ricky didn't get to follow that trail of thought for long though as he bumped into something. "Holy shit!" he hissed. He whipped around expecting to find one of the diapered freaks there... but instead it was another employee, looking off into the steam at nothing in particular. "Hey... HEY!" Ricky found a grin spreading across his face, another survivor, someone who hadn't been infected!

Looking further into the room he saw more people, men and women, all looking dazed but most certainly human. "Thank god! All of you, we can work together to get out of here! Come on, we can do this, we all survived this long!" Ricky knew something was off... but his own excitement at seeing others had sparked up his hopes once more, the belief that he would be able to escape growing despite lingering doubts. He didn't even think about being quiet as shadows whipped under the door of the sauna, Ricky only realizing his error as he heard sniffing and snorting at the door.

For a long moment Ricky thought he'd screwed them all over, they were about to be caught... but apparently after a few moments of sniffing the dogs couldn't catch their scent through the lingering scent of the steam. The shadows moved on, Ricky relaxing as he looked over the other humans... just now starting to realize that something was very off as none of them had hardly paid him a moment's notice. The man reached forward intending to shake the man he'd initially bumped into until he heard a voice, powerful, commanding, and far too familiar. "[b]**Strip!**[/b]"

The dazed humans in the room suddenly jumped into action, their hands practically ripping at their clothes as they got to work, only too happy to listen. Ricky paused, trying to piece together why the voice sounded so familiar- but fuck he was really hot in this steam, perhaps it wasn't a bad idea to strip off the jacket. Undoing his tie Ricky threw it to the ground, shortly followed by his jacket, but for now that was all he did. The man narrowed his eyes... he'd hardly thought about how weird it was that some voice had just commanded them all to strip off their clothing. All of the other humans were stripped down to their skinnies, the women thankfully still wearing their bras, apparently the command hadn't quite broken all of their common sense. "W-who's there?"

None of the humans paid him any mind, they continued to gaze off into space as that voice spoke once more. "Good boys," the voice boomed. A mixture of whines and groans echoed from the people in the room, obviously happy to have satisfied the voice's need. Personally Ricky too felt some odd feeling of happiness... but he fought it off, he couldn't fall under the power of this voice, it was obvious that something was wrong here. "[b]**Sit down!**[/b]"

As soon as the words had been said everyone in the room fell down and sat on the round, a few on their knees looking absolutely ridiculous. Ricky had to fight the urge. It shouldn't be that hard, after all they were just words... but they were awfully enticing for some reason he couldn't explain. "No." Ricky said, his voice trailing off to nothing. He shook his head, his voice a little quieter than he would've liked, and there was a stillness in the room as his voice lingered on the foggy air.

The scent in the room seemed to grow stronger, that powerful musky scent seeming to grow just a tad bit more overwhelming as a presence in the room grew larger. Ricky felt like the breathe in his lungs was weighing him down, due to the steam he couldn't see too far beyond him but he swore he saw a shadowed figure looming before him. Why couldn't he place the shape? "That's not good, [b]**bad boy!**[/b], you need to obey." A sharp pain echoed in Ricky's head, nearly sending him down onto his knees.

"Argh!" He yelped in pain despite himself, it wasn't a real physical pain, but rather a mental one. That didn't feel good, not good at all... he needed to get away. Ricky clutching his head started towards the door, the others had something very wrong with them, he needed to focus on trying to get away, perhaps even clear the steam from the room.

“[b]Heel[/b]!” The voice once again demanded, Ricky knew that he knew the voice, but for whatever reason he couldn’t recall it’s owner. He clutched at his head as the rest of the humans did as such, moving towards the dark shape in the steam, another command ringing out in short order. “[b]Beg[/b]!” Ricky felt an overwhelming desire to stop his progress towards the door, he needed to see this shape. To beg for its forgiveness for being so disobedient. He looked back over his shoulder, he couldn’t see all of the humans but the ones he did see he could see something was already happening to them.

Fur was starting to sprout on the backs of the few humans he could see, male or female, their eyes starting to take on a telltale blue hue, and their faces starting to bulge out, fur spreading across them as their ears started to ever so slightly shift upwards, points forming at the tops of them. It didn’t take a genius to figure out that Ricky wasn’t in a good situation, he forced his legs to move towards the door, but the rest of his body wanted to stand still... to disobey his orders. “I-I need to get out...” he breathed.

A chuckle rolled through the room, the voice so damn familiar... but... Ricky just couldn’t place it. Honestly he found himself feeling confused about a lot of stuff right at that moment. Why he’d entered that room in the first place, what he had been running from, where he was. The steam was messing with his mind and he couldn’t do anything about it until he got some fresh air. “So disobedient, such a [b]bad dog[/b] you are. You really should just learn to [b]heed[/b] my orders, think about how good it’ll feel when you’re a [b]good obedient boy[/b].” Somehow the voice had such a presence in his head... demanding he listen... forcing itself deep within his head.

A staggered breath escaped from Ricky, his eyes glazing over, his cock hardening as he started listening to daddy- “No!” he whimpered. Ricky staggered towards the door, pushing his fingers into his ears in an attempt to shut him out. “I-I won’t listen...” The words sounded defiant, but the way he said them felt feeble.

“[b]STAY![/b]” Ricky’s legs froze, his entire body locking up. The power holding sway over his muscles not allowing him to do anything but obey. Ricky knew who it was now, there was no question with the name Daddy ringing about his head, he couldn’t disobey that voice. Ricky tried to disobey, hell he was wondering how the voice had gotten through his ears but he couldn’t do anything. “[b]Turn around, boy.[/b]” Ricky did as commanded, he felt something tickling along the surface of his skin. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see white fur starting to poke through on his hands and arms.

The others in the room were further into their change, the fog in the room was clearing enough to show more of the people in the room, and at the front of the room stood Stringam, lounging on a bench. The sauna was surprisingly large, though it hadn’t been this large prior to the mage’s interference, his diaper swollen with ample use already. In the corner over the coals

was a camo diaper hanging on a wire, suspended over the coals, suffusing the steam in the room with his own musk. A part of Ricky found that absolutely disgusting... but a shockingly large part of him found the idea hot that Dad- the mage had done so.

Those closest to the stag were almost fully changed, all dogs, their underwear having shifted into camo diapers, bulges in the front showing their erections. Even those that wore bras were starting to show erections, their breasts sinking into their chests, their smiles dazed as they panted slowly, different breeds of dogs. "Look at all of these [b]good boys[/b], perfectly willing to obey me, to do whatever I ask." Stringam focused his gaze on all of the transforming humans before him, eyeing those who still had underwear on, their transformations not far enough or their minds not quite subservient enough yet. "[b]Piss yourselves.[/b]" The ones near the front did so with a loud sigh of relief, their diapers yellowing, their eyes turning a stark blue shade for a moment before their changes finalized, their moans of arousal filling the air as they all turned into dogs, soon rubbing at their diapered erections as they grinned at their new master.

The ones in the back tried to resist, whimpering with the need to keep some control lingering. But Ricky could tell it was too much. They'd been in the steam for too long, their own mental defenses too far gone. He heard several whimpers and groans as one by one each of them released their bladders, the telltale "Hsssst" of the wettings apparently pushing forward their transformations at an enhanced rate. Their undergarments shifting in a moment, thickening up, becoming the far too familiar camo print as their muzzles grew in, their fur growing in at the same time. A few humped their diapers as they grew aroused, the mental changes setting in, while the others clutched at their diapers, their trances seeming to waver as they attempted to fight the need to pee... the inability to hold in their piss any more. "All of you are such [b]good boys[/b], do you want to help your big brother break? He's not been acting like a dog, he's still trying to act like a human. Do you like that?"

Many of the dogs shook their heads, as Stringam reminded them that they were dogs, they had to act like dogs, and if he was their big brother he had to be a dog too. Ricky felt a few of them looking at him, the tingles scratching at his skin, the change slow in him as he'd hardly given in any to the deer's commands, though he felt the need to piss growing increasingly stronger, regardless of how he tried to resist. "Fight it!" Ricky yelled. He knew he didn't have a lot of time himself, he could feel things shifting around not only physically but mentally, he'd been very much straight earlier, but as he looked at the erections the diapered dogs were hosting he felt an increasing attraction... a need to nuzzle them.

A few by him tried to nod, tried to agree, but then Stringam looked at them with a sharp expression. "[b]Bad boys![/b] I think you need to be taught a lesson before your big brother can be helped. Boys, teach your brothers how to act properly." Like a gunshot those that were fully converted rushed those that were struggling, their bodies were primarily changed into dogs,

their diapers thick between their legs, but their minds holding on by a thread. They didn't have a chance those against the onslaught of their transformed compatriots.

Once again Ricky was forced to watch his allies fall, one by one, the dogs jumped on those that resisted, humping against them, forcing them into deep kisses. Those who were right on the edge gave in almost immediately, their eyes taking on that familiar blue magical glow for a moment, letting out a bark of happiness before humping and kissing back, their minds broken within seconds. Those that had stronger wills looked towards Stringam with anger, or towards Ricky with pleas of help in their eyes. As if he would be able to help, he couldn't help himself, he still couldn't move, that powerful order to stand still ringing in his head even now.

A dog pressed his wet diapered crotch into one of the resisting few's face, he struggled, trying to fight the new urges building up in him, closing his eyes and crossing his legs as best as he could pinned under the other dog. The german shepherd lasted a few minutes surprisingly, the others falling around him until he was last... but with an audible snap of magic his entire body jolted before his eyes flew open with a glowing blue color, his face flying into a big dopey grin as he licked and suckled on the diapered crotch on his face, yipping and moaning as he came inside of his diaper with a moan of delight, shortly after he rose with his tail wagging as he started to yellow the front of his diaper. All of them converted, not a single one left, they all stood up and approached their daddy, giggling and chittering like children as they awaited his orders.

Stringam gave them pets and hugs before looking back to Ricky, his smile wide, magic crackling like lightning back and forth between his antlers as the dogs' gaze followed his and rested on the human, still managing to hold back his own transformation with his sheer will. "You are a very strong mind, Ricky. You helped guide those others for a very long hunt, helped keep most of them unchanged... at least for a while, you are a great leader, I can tell. So as such I have decided to give you quite the honor, I intend to make you the alpha of my hunting team. I won't be able to lead them this entire time, I have others to hunt and there are still plenty of humans left in this building to change. So I've decided to make you the leader, doesn't that sound good?"

Ricky shook his head, some part of him told him that he should be honored and that he should thank daddy. Of course that part was shut out as soon as it spoke up, Ricky needed to be strong, he needed to escape and save the rest, he would not let this weird ass son of a bitch win! "Fuck... you..." he moaned.

A smirk passed over Stringam's face as he pressed through the crowd of dogs, his eyes focused on Ricky's, blue magic pulsing through the buck's eyes. "[b]Strip.[/b]" The word once again hung on the air. Ricky letting out a whine as he felt the word press into his head as the others had before, his hands twitching a few times as he felt the compulsion to undress claw at his mind, and at his heart. For a moment he thought he could ignore the command again, his

eyes so focused on the buck's he kept his body still and knew he would win... but then Stringam let out a grunt of approval. "[b]**Good boy.**[/b]"

Why was Stringam saying that? Ricky looked down and realized that he was in nothing but his underwear now, his cheeks flaming up in embarrassment as he started to panic, he knew he hadn't moved, hadn't he? Had the buck somehow worked a magic and removed his clothes... or had he done as the mage had asked without realizing it? "How the f-"

"[b]**Sit.**[/b]" Stringam didn't let him finish a sentence, once again he held Ricky's gaze, the human had no intention of following, he would tell the deer to go fuck himself once more. Suddenly he was sitting down, staring up into the handsome eyes still, his legs apparently having collapsed under him to obey the order.

"W-what?" Ricky was starting to feel fear as his body was disobeying him. He swore he hadn't obeyed the buck; that he hadn't moved to obey.

Stringam's presence seemed to be growing increasingly strong in Ricky's mind, he found any other thoughts but the buck fading into the distance, unimportant, after all the deer was the center of his whole world. The changes started to speed up, his body starting to swell up, muscles appearing upon his body that certainly hadn't been there before along with more and more fur, red fur appearing on the back of his arm while white spread up the front. "[b]**Beg.**[/b]" These were the same commands he'd given the others earlier, he needed to stop, he was stronger than this.

Ricky's arms rose up in a placating gesture, his face pulling into a frown as he ducked his head slightly. "Please daddy..." he mumbled. The voice was deeper, not quite a full octave, but definitely deeper than his usual voice. Not to mention that he'd given in, he was failing to fight it, he couldn't resist any more. Suddenly there were other bodies pressing in on all sides, the other dogs, they were pressing up against him, humping up against him, licking the sides of his face, nuzzling into him. Just the act sent a rush of pleasure through the former manager's mind. It was so arfing hot.

The man's mouth flopped open revealing a longer tongue, Ricky starting to pant like a dog as the increased presence of the other dogs was enhancing the changes, fur growing in all over his body, a tail pressing out above his ass cheeks. Ricky's arousal was growing by the moment, his shaft hardening under his dia... no, they were boxers... but they wouldn't be that way for much longer at this rate. His cock felt weird, it was getting bigger, longer, and his balls seemed to be getting heavier as well. "[b]**Piss yourself.**[/b]" Stringam commanded.

It was like a punch to the face, Ricky's bladder screaming at him to pee right then and there, no waiting any longer. He clenched his face tightly even as it pressed out into a husky's muzzle, his ears letting out a few pops and cracks as they transplanted to the top of his head,

growing into perky dog ears. “Noooo... daddy...” he moaned. Stringam was his daddy, he knew that. But he was a big boy, he didn’t piddle like a puppy... he didn’t need diapers like the rest.

“**[b]Piss yourself.[/b]**” Stringam’s tone was calm, he was patient, the other dogs pressing up into Ricky’s sides an incredible weight on Ricky’s psyche.

“Piss yourself!”

“Go ahead, big brother!”

“Wet that crinkly diaper so I can get a sniff!”

The rest of his pack’s voices rose about him, voices that screamed nearly as loudly into his head as daddy Stringam’s. Each of their words pushing out his doubts... telling him he needed to go, it was okay to go. Already most of his body was a husky’s, though he was far bigger than the other dogs. His muscles rippled as his body tensed. His build was not quite as big as the rhino’s from earlier, but he was big enough to make most jocks look twice. His pecs were huge, his nipples perky as some of the dogs nipped on them, driving Ricky insane with arousal as he humped a few times against the air... so horny. His abs were equally impressive, rippling with exercise that he hadn’t participated in just yet, but soon enough he would be keeping in shape, perhaps even putting on more muscle in the near future.

There was a moment where Ricky thought he had a hold of it... he would make it through without pissing himself, he was a big boy, no... he was a human. Stringam leaned into one of his ears, pressing so close with Ricky’s new scent he could smell the natural musk and smell of the buck’s diaper... “**[b]Be a good boy, Rick, piss yourself and be my alpha.[/b]**” Ricky’s eyes rolled back as he let loose the floodgates, his legs widening to let out the stream, his urine transforming his boxers into a brand new diaper, the white turning into a familiar thick camo diaper, though this one was larger than the rest, and also had the benefit of having a big star on the front of it, to signify his leadership of the pack.

Ricky’s mind fell apart, he couldn’t fight it anymore, he was a dog, the alpha of daddy’s hunting pack, he was a good boy! The other dogs barked in excitement as they nuzzled their alpha’s diapered crotch, sniffing and licking at it, all the while the husky fell onto his back, a torrent of urine roaring into the diaper still while his curled tail wagged like crazy underneath him. He looked up at Stringam with a big smile as his eyes glowed a bright blue, the changes working on any leftover resistance, though it didn’t clean away quite as much as it had with the other dogs. If the husky were to be alpha he would need to know a bit more, be more responsible, though that didn’t mean he was any less subordinate to his big daddy buck.

“What a **[b]good boy.[/b]** Who wants belly rubs?” The deer asked. Ricky let out a bark of excitement as daddy started to rub his belly around the other dogs, scratching and rubbing it, making the husky moan with pleasure as he humped into his diaper, cumming for the first time as a dog, a big dumb grin plastered on his face as his leg kicked unconsciously. His diaper

quickly turned soggy as he lost all ability as well as all desire to hold it in anymore, he was one of daddy's hunting pups after all.

They held that position for a few minutes before daddy finally let him up, but not without putting one more thing on him. With a snap of his fingers a collar appeared around Ricky's neck, a bowl hanging from his collar as he smiled happily, fingering the plastic at his neck with a giggle. His new claws clicked on it a few times as he got used to his new pad pads, Ricky was only too happy to do whatever daddy wanted of him, after all he was a good boy! "Now Rick, you need to take your little brothers and help hunt for any humans. You have permission to turn whoever you find, otherwise we'll have to play once we're done with this assignment. Understand boy?" The buck ran his hand over his big boys bulge, Rick's erection was still as strong as ever, savoring the wet sensation as the husky wanted happily, tail wagging like mad.

"Yes sir, daddy! I will make sure we hunt down any rrrrunaway humans!" Rick growled. He wanted to help daddy, and also making sure any runaway humans getting humped into being a horny diapered doggy sounded hot too! His tail flagged up to allow him to shit, his face slacking for a moment as he filled it up, knowing that he could fit plenty into his diaper, after all an alpha needed a big thick diaper to lead their pack with!

Stringam smiled as he scratched behind the dog's ears, pulling Rick in close to his diaper and grinding the dog's face into his erection, Rick licking at it with vigor for a moment before they broke it off. "Expect more of that come tomorrow! For now lead your pack! I'll check in with you later." With that Stringam left the room, the alpha didn't wait for any further commands as he let out a howl, getting the attention of all the other dogs before opening the door and falling on all fours, pounding through the halls with his nose sniffing for the scent of the rest of the pack. They would hunt like good boys, and then be rewarded with balls and cocks, he was really excited to make daddy happy like the good dog he was!

To Be Continue...