

The Hunted Diaper Retreat

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Chapter 4: The Meek Become Mousey

“Church, get over here!” a voice hissed. Len jumped in fear, the tiny man had practically cried himself dry by this point, following behind his boss had proven to be both a blessing and a curse. Roderick Rodriguez was certainly an intimidating man, and one who handled power well. Admittedly, he was a bit of an ass, but for the most part he was confident and led people effectively. Len knew from experience that he’d risen up the ranks more by merit than by connections. He got the most out of the people working for him, and he had an eye for talent... but he was far from a gentle leader. Len knew that from experience. He had been pushed around by him since day one, his assistant since he’d first joined Fantastical Media. While everyone else under Roderick’s thumb were worked hard yet fair, Len seemed to always get the backend of his boss’s hand. And regardless of how hard he tried to work and get Roderick’s recognition it proved pointless. He was just too timid, too meek. He knew he was easily pushed around and his boss abused him because of that.

“Yes sir...” Len mumbled. They were currently sneaking through yet another floor in the endless labyrinth of floors. All around them men and women alike were hiding away, running around, some even crying to themselves. Some people had already given up by this point, only four floors down the building and already they were in hysterics at the nonsense surrounding them. If not for Roderick, Len himself probably would’ve walked right to the buck just to avoid the hassle. He’d never been a fighter, much as he sometimes wished he was stronger. The little man was shocked that he hadn’t been entranced by the music at the beginning. He’d noticed others who’d looked so dazed and put two and two together, yet it never seemed to affect him. It might just be luck, but it seemed strange to him.

Wandering into Roderick’s shadow, Len watched how his boss was proceeding: The large black man was peering around corners, watching for anything dangerous up ahead. And at the same time he kept glancing behind them, his eyes peeled for anything that might come after them. Already they’d seen their share of traps in the building: simple things becoming weapons for the mage to use, he’d used phone lines and computers to ensnare people (Sometimes literally even!) and water fountains that leaked a warm, addictive milk that put the drinker to sleep. Len had watched the changes happen: People with milk coating their lips, big dumb smiles painted along their faces. Forming diapers growing soggy, bodies already in the progress of changing as they slept off their creamy treat. The image stuck with him. And in a sense it seemed weirdly unfair: All those new big babies, with no one to mind them. Whatever Stingam was, he didn’t seem to take a personal interest in everyone he changed. The power he wielded was terrifying just to think about. Len tried to take a few calming breathes as he felt his hands shaking again. But it really only served to make him sound like a wheezing hyena, his face turning red with his anxiety. It was a good color to go along with his burning bright hair. He

squeezed his legs together as he realized how badly it was he had to piss. But he had to wait, he couldn't go now, he'd seen what happened to the people who wandered into the bathrooms, and it was a worse fate than any of the others he'd seen so far. He himself had almost fallen prey, and was glad he didn't. Giving himself up to the buck would be better than the buck's cardinal sin of trying to use a toilet.

It had been rather early on, only two floors down, and his bladder had been acting up. His bladder always seized up when he was terrified. Which was something he had a bit too much experience with... Len knew he should've picked a less pressured job than his current position! The pressure between his thighs mounting, he'd slipped into a bathroom with a few other guys. Earlier on Mr. Rodriguez had tried to group them up with others, but most of them were panicking and unreliable. They'd just ran off at the first chance they got, though Len knew that didn't work... not with the pack of hunting dogs the mage had. But some had stuck around. And he'd gone into the bathrooms just after the last of them. He had been lucky then: barely avoiding being caught as he saw that the bathroom had also taken on a new nature.

Past a bright white sign where the phrase "No potty breaks" was painted in red letters, the walls were covered in porcelain tiles depicting a bright colorful barnyard. It was the happiest thing in the room. There were holes in the ceiling, large gaps that seemed to contain only darkness at first. Several toilets were still available, off in the corner of the room: Two stalls and a urinal. All three were bait. To reach them, one would have to move under the gaps in the ceiling. And Len had nearly wet himself when he saw what happened to those that did. Large, writhing, gray tendrils would burst forth from the ceiling, flailing about and grasping for anyone in reach. Though they seemed blind, there were so many of them... and the mousey redhead had watched them ensnare more than one man who tried to walk that path. Once ensnared, they'd pull people off into the darkness, doing who knows what with them. Len heard the screams. He'd stayed and listened until Mr. Rodriguez ordered him away. A few minutes after the last of their companions had been swept away, the screams had stopped. The tendrils had returned, lowering what appeared to be a changing table out of the ceiling and putting it on the floor much closer to the bathroom's exit. Was this behavior unrelated to the abduction of people, or was the table itself somehow... smithed of former people? Len had no clue. He'd fled, eyes wide, legs pressed together, without a second thought.

"Len! Double time!"

The gruff growl of Mr. Rodriguez snapped him out of his fearful reverie. "A-ah, right!" He squeaked, following behind his boss. "I t-think we should be nearly at the bottom... there were only five floors, right?" He peeked down at the map he'd snagged when they'd first come here. "Then we only have one f-floor to go."

Roderick rolled his eyes. "Foolishly optimistic. We've seen so much impossible nonsense so far. What's to say he can't make more floors?"

"B-b-but!" Len's face fell. "Then w-what's even the point? We can't win! Sooner or later, we'll just become playthings for tha-tha-that h-" The word "handsome" had almost escaped his lips. For once he was actually grateful for his boss interrupting him.

And interrupt Len he did. Folding his arms, he snarled. "Of course YOU'D just give up." He narrowed his eyes. "You need a strong hand, Len. Left to your own devices you'd have wasted your life flipping burgers or something." Len flinched as he felt one of his boss's arms reach down and grip at his shoulder. "I don't think escape is impossible, but I was TRYING to point out we can't trust anything beyond our own observations. I suppose it's my own fault for assuming you'd get it. But even if it is impossible... we're not going to just roll over for that bastard are we?"

Len didn't respond. He knew what happened when he interrupted Roderick Rodriguez when he was attempting to be inspiring. The manager's hand tightened around his shoulder, and he squirmed a bit. "No, Len. We aren't going to just surrender. If escape is impossible, then our job becomes leading him on a merry chase. Giving him as much hell as possible. He's a hunter, but even hunters get frustrated and give up eventually." The fingers of the hand gripping his shoulder began to knead at his muscles. "Do you understand, Len?"

A weak smile crossed the shorter man's face. Of course Mr. Rodriguez had it all figured out. "T-thank you, sir." He said. He could depend on his boss to know what to do. He was the man in charge, after all. In the past, he'd done all the thinking. All Len had to do was handle the paperwork, manage his schedule for him, answer his phone calls, relay his instructions to employees, order and fetch his lunches, make his coffee, soften his messages to his wife, and figure out how to make his goals practical in a real setting. He was so grateful to Mr. Rodriguez for being willing to take charge. After all, Len didn't have an assertive bone in his body. Even when he was told by Mr. Rodriguez to be the one to tell other employees they were terminated... He envied his boss for being able to make the hard decisions and having the boldness to do what needed to be done.

"I'm glad you can show proper gratitude." Mr. Rodriguez turned away from him, staring forward. "Just do what I say and you'll come out of this fine." He chuckled. "You've still got the map, yes? Is it still showing up as mostly reliable? Which way do you think we should go?"

Brushing some of his curly red hair out of his eyes, Len nodded. "Y-yes!" he squeaked, unfolding it. "U-um... coming up ahead should be an art exhibit, I think? The 'Mirror Corridor'. And beyond that's a lounge with..." he looked down, and smiled. "A-access to a stairwell! M-Mr. Rodriguez, we can get down a bit further ahead!"

His boss's response was to snort and look away. "Hmph. Gods only know what the buck's got planned for us in that lounge. but at the very least it's an opportunity." he looked at

Len and gave a smirk. "Good work. I knew I could rely on you to keep track of things for me." And then he reached out to pat at Len's head.

Len smiled, feeling his face getting hot. He deliberately looked down so his boss couldn't see him blushing. After all, Mr. Rodriguez was the only one who ever said nice things to him. One of the only people who noticed him when he wasn't trying to be noticed. He felt his heart racing, as he basked in the moment. Until his boss stopped patting his head.

"Alright then. Let's get going." Mr. Rodriguez stood up and walked forward. "Don't stay too far back, Len. You're going to need help, and if you lollygag behind I can't guarantee I'll be able to keep an eye on you!" They proceeded forward, seeing the hallway open up into a wide room with many gleaming, reflective walls. A sign up above the room read "Stingam's Cubhouse Funhouse Mirror Maze!" in rainbow neon, alphabet-block print letters.

Len froze. "I d-don't like this!" he squeaked, clutching the map against his chest like a piece of armor.

Mr. Rodrigeuz just sighed. "I'd say 'they're just mirrors', but that's how he GETS you, isn't it?!?" He turned around. "Len! Options?" he barked the order, clutching a hand in frustration.

Len jumped a bit before pulling the map down to look at it. "E-err, u-um..." His eyes frantically scanned the page, trying to navigate the printed maze of corridors on the map.

"TODAY, Len!" Roderick Rodriguez spat at him. "Don't forget we've got dogs chasing after us!"

Len's body was trembling. Tears were forming in his eyes. He was letting down his boss by taking too long. "W-well, assuming that the layout of the floor h-hasn't changed too far, t-then the only other s-stairwell is on the other s-side of the floor, sir..."

"Damn." Mr. Rodriguez scowled, before turning towards the mirror maze. "We're going this way, then. Stick close to me." He walked forward, mirrors reflecting his image as he walked down the dimly lit hall.

Squeaking nervously, Len hurried behind him. "D-don't walk so fast, sir! We need to stay together-" He watched Mr. Rodriguez and his reflections turn a corner, vanishing from view. He clutched at his clipboard, puffing his lower lip out. He hated being alone. Scurrying down the hallway of reflective surfaces, he turned to follow his boss.

And smacked his face straight into a mirror, letting out a high-pitched squeak.

His head was spinning as he pulled back away from the mirror. "H-hey!" He reached forward, pressing his hand into the cool, slick glass. "Wasn't there a hallway here?" He looked around, seeing a hallway on the opposite end of the hall. Which was the only way to go. The path out of the mirror maze had vanished behind him. Or maybe he'd somehow taken a wrong turn? "T-that's... odd." He said in a faltering voice, turning to slowly and mechanically walk down his only avenue of escape.. "B-b-but I could swear I saw Mr. Rodriguez going down the other way!" Walking down the hall, he stared forward. Out of the corner of his right eye, he saw a flash of bright, gray fur and pink flesh. Freezing, he stopped mid-step. "What was that?" Turning back, he looked at the mirror on the right he'd just passed. His own face stared back at him. "I could have sworn..." Reaching out to touch the mirror, he watched as a ripple ran across the surface of it, his finger dipping inside it. An icy feeling, almost like water, washed over his finger.

With a squeal, he leapt back, slamming back into the mirror on the other side of the hallway. "W-w-what was that?!?" Sinking to his knees and trembling a bit, he looked up at the mirror that he'd dipped a finger into. It was solid. No ripples, no nothing. Nervously, he looked down at his hand. The tip of his finger was covered in a fine gray fuzz, with what looked like part of a pale pink pad along the center of it, ending in his the rest of his human hand. His emerald eyes went wide.

"MISTER RODRIGUEEEEEEEZ!" He wailed, feeling his hands shaking. He tried to stand, which was made more difficult by the fact that his eyes weren't moving away from the transformed bit of his finger. He almost fell over once or twice. With his unblemished hand, he clutched at his shirt, pulling at it while looking around. "I. I. I can't do this. I can't do all this alone. I don't know what to do. I don't- I d-d-don't-"

A high-pitched giggle hit his ears, echoing from down the hall. Len jerked his spine up straight. "W-who was that?"

"Are you just going to sit there alone, crying in the dark like a little baby?" The voice in the darkness sounded like it was on the brink of laughter. "Waa! Waa! Cry for daddy! Cry for daddy!"

Len trembled, pushing himself up to his feet. The squeaky voice broke into another titter. "W-who are you?" Turning, the small man walked down the hall, following the giggles and laughter. "Can you help me find my way out?"

"HeIIIIIIp, meeeeee? HeIIIIIIp yourseIIIIIf!" The voice's inflection was sing-songy.

Len's face scrunched into a scowl. "T-that's not funny!" He grumbled, turning the corridor, following the laughter. The hallway spread apart, growing out into a large circular room. On the far end of the room he stared at his reflection.

It stared back, a shit-eating grin plastered along his face. His reflection quickly put a hand to it's lips and sniggered... before the grin fell to an intense, blank glare. "I wasn't joking. I'm helping me help yourself."

Len took a step back, feeling his back pressing up against a mirror that hadn't been in the wall before. "T-this is a-a-another trap!" He stammered, scanning the room with his eyes for any avenue of escape. Seeing none, he turned his gaze down to the map he'd brought with him. Surely there was something he was overlooking, no one would make a room with no exits!

"A Trap?" Lem's reflection vanished. "A map!" It reappeared in the mirror behind Lem, staring at the floor-plan over his shoulder. As Len squeaked and spun around to stare at him, the man's reflection reached down to cup his crotch, rubbing up and down a bulge along the reflection of Len's pants leg. "A faaaaap." He grinned, wiggling his eyebrows saucily. And then, a moment later, the arousal and amusement fell from his face like a mask, leaving a blank, stern glare at the timid man outside the mirror. "Of COURSE it's a trap! Stringam isn't going to ignore you just because you scurry and squeak around." Len's reflection vanished from the mirror behind him.

Only to reappear two mirrors to his right, clutching a large, ropey, whiteish-pink mouse's tail. The tail ran backwards to attach to his reflection's butt, and twitched ever so slightly in his mostly-human hands. "But that doesn't mean that what I have to say isn't what you need to hear. Nor does it mean that giving into Stringam's desires is the worst thing for you."

Len blinked. "You... have a..." His face contorted. Something had twitched against his own backside. He felt a new sensation, like he'd discovered he had a limb he'd never used before. With a shocked squeak, he reached back to grab at something smooth and fleshy. Pulling it around so he could see it, he blinked. He had a tail.

Len... no, that name felt wrong for some reason. He wasn't Len, he was Lem. Wait, was it? It was like a key was slowly rattling against a lock in his mind. For a moment, he wasn't sure which one his name really was.

"Of course!" The Lem in the mirror giggled. "Isn't it a reflections JOB to reflect what you really are?!?" He vanished from the mirror he was in. "The 'true self', so to speak."

Len swallowed. His newfound tail forgotten, he clutched his hands together. He was smart enough to know this wasn't over. Turning his body, he began looking around the circle of mirrors with a frenzied energy to try and find where his reflection was now.

"And we've always been a mousey sort. The scariest thing in the world was having everyone pay attention to you, huh?" Len still couldn't see his reflection. His heart was racing. His head felt tingly, as his tail, free of his grip, thrashed back and forth with the intensity of a

whip. "We don't mind hard work, but the second people notice we did? Oh our god, here come the anxiety attacks! Better for us to enable someone else to take the spotlight. Sure, they get the credit, but at least we don't have to have anyone paying ATTENTION to us!"

Len's eyes finally caught something shimmering in a mirror. The image was blurry and indistinct as he gazed upon it from afar. "That's-" He walked forward, drawing near the mirror. The image within it was obscured by some sort of fog. He squinted, taking a few more steps forward. The last time it vanished and reappeared, something had changed about him. He had to see if something was different this time too. He walked forward, not realizing that as he did, his pants were falling apart, scraps trailing along the floor silently. So focused on trying to see himself in mirror was he, that Len failed to notice his ears starting to widen, growing more round. The edges growing bright pink on the inside.

His bright gray boxer shorts, now fully exposed to the air, began to swell outward, the fabric growing bleached, a plastic sheen forming along the surface. Lem (No, was he Len?) was so focused on seeing how his image changed that he failed to realize how he was changing. His gait widened as the material of his undergarments pushed his legs apart. As he approached the foggy mirror to place a hand upon it, he was practically waddling.

"But that's an awfully tiring position of submission to take, isn't it?" The distorted, foggy reflection within the mirror stabilized. Lem's reflection had large, rounded ears, pink on the inside and covered with gray fuzz on the outside.

LenLem squeaked. "You- you-"

His reflection's face was elongating out, a bright gray fuzzy snout with whiskers that twitched as it turned and made a saucy pose, cupping it's diapered crotch. The diaper, just like Lenlem's own, had lost any gray coloring, fully fading to white, with little pastel prints of baby toys along the crotch and backside. "You-you-you are cute when you actually speak up? Is that you're trying to say?" He squeaked. "Why thank you! I like to think we have potential when we actually try."

Lenlem whimpered, reaching up to his face-his muzzle. Just as before, his own appearance had followed his reflections. He stared at the mouse in the mirror. His reflection-no, it wasn't his it was the naughty mouses- He couldn't think clearly. He felt himself tearing up. His fuzzy paws-no he didn't have paws-were trembling. He lowered his head. "I. I am having an anxiety attack." He fell to his knees. His breathing was growing quicker. He was hyperventilating. He wasn't becoming this...this thing. His vision was fogging. "No no no..."

The reflection scowled. "Poopy! Ok, I pushed me too far!" Lem reflection put a paw on its head. "Grrr... ok, look. I'm a trap, you're right. A femme, cream filled twinkie treat, and also a trap by Stringam to regress people into diapered obedience. I can't too clear with you or too

straightforward because I'm MADE to mock and tease and regress you into submission." His right eye was twitching as Lenlem stared up at the other mouse in the mirror. "But I'm also YOU. I know how you feel pathetic and weak. How you aren't really that happy with your life. How you wish you had the courage to ask him out, or even to just go to a club and try being social, or even just come out to your parents. I'm the embodiment of the urges and desires you suppress. And the things you wish you were brave enough or naughty enough to be, perverted by Stringam's magic."

Lenlem stared at his reflection as it started clutching its own head, tearing out hair. "I'm...nnngh... only able to do this because if it works, you'll be Stringam's. S-so LISTEN!"

He couldn't respond. His whole body was shaking. This was too much for Lenlem. He wanted someone, anyone to cling to. He wanted Mr. Rodriguez. As... more than a friend? Had he always felt that way or was it the monster's magic! He couldn't think clearly to sort it all out.

"You're G-G-GONNA end up a diapered mouse. That's just how this is gonna go." The reflection was flickering. "Master Stringam's magic perverts people, body and m-m-min-mind and soul." It started to peel out of the mirror, putting a fuzzy paw on his shoulder. "But it doesn't have to be fully Stringam's changes. If you accept what he perverts you into, you can use his magic to pervert yourself how YOU wa-wa-want too." The reflection was kneeling down in front of him, paws on both his shoulders. "You don't have to be a timid, shy little squeaker. You can be what you've always desired to be... get what you've always wanted... WHO you've a-a-always wanted..." The other mouse turned his chin up to look him in the eyes. "All you have to do is let me in."

Lem tried to draw back, his mind so confused and no coherent thoughts managing to make it clear. "I-I'm scared..." Len had always been just too cowardly to do anything so brave as what he wanted to do.

His reflection just rolled its eyes. "Lem, when a literal manifestation of perverted magic twisted into appearing as your dark side starts to feel sorry for you, it might be time to man up just a little bit!" It looked down at him. "Let go of your fear. Take me into you. Let the magic warp you the way YOU want. W-we'll be so much, nnngh, happier once it's over. Besides, no point fearing the inevitable, right?" It managed a slight, weak smile.

Len had always been a wiggly pathetic little coward. The changing creature squirmed on the floor, before finally snapping. Lem wasn't going to be like that

Lem finally made a choice. Two pairs of pink, mousey lips pressed against each other. Whiskers clashed. He felt his two tongues wrestling with each other. Twin bulges rubbed against each other through their diapers, making lewd crinkling sounds. They had embraced. And as soon as Lem started to lose himself in the eroticism of it all, he felt a pushing sensation.

As if something was flowing through his mouth and then suddenly vanishing. He felt his own mirror image collapsing inward on itself, and as it vanished, he felt a growing warmth inside him... or specifically, in his lower regions.

Lem, now truly fitting the name Churchmouse, squeaked in panic as he felt himself starting to wet his diapers for the first time. The warm wetness was spreading along his crotch, while his whole fuzzy body felt like it was buzzing. *"Hey, hey, I said let go of your fear!"* A voice in the back of his mind buzzed. Lem moaned. He was still panicking, but there was something else there too. A growing sensation of bliss as he felt himself flooding his nappy. *"Now don't fight it... feels good to just piss out your silly human fears and concerns, doesn't it?"* He could feel his cock growing stiff in his yellowed diaper, feeling the flesh sliding up against the soggy, spongy fabric. Every centimeter of it sent a shiver through his spine. He groaned, arching his head back towards the ceiling and letting out a needy cry as he pressed a paw against his swelling diapered crotch.

The more Lem went pee, the more his human memories were draining of color. Draining of emotion. The more alien they felt. *"Daddy's Peepee, were we really always so TIMID? No no no..."* The voice in the back of his mind scowled. *"We're more like this, aren't we?"* New memories, bright and colorful, flowed into his mind to fill what was leaking out. He was a naughty, teasing squeaker. Always had been, right? He was still trembling, but this wasn't fear anymore. He wasn't the sort who ever got afraid. *"That's right... we don't get scared of anything. Our overfull mouse balls are just bloated with hot sticky goo, and we need to get it out before we can think, can't we?"*

Lem groaned, stroking up and down against his diaper. He humped into his paw, letting the wet sticky fabric and his own still-pissing cock do the work for him. He panted again, feeling his balls churning. *"Daaaaaaaaddy, wetting my diaper feels so... so..."* He almost swore. But that wasn't right. Daddy would spank him if he did, and he wasn't STUPID, even if he was naughty. *"So squeaking good!"* He felt his voice jumping up several octaves as he humped. He couldn't piss and cum his own humanity out fast enough. The human Lem had been a cowardly little mancub who wasted his adulthood by never taking chances. Being Lem the squeaker seemed so much more FUN! And all it took was foreswearing his adulthood entirely.

"That's right! We're a kinky little teasing twink, aren't we?" He giggled at his own thoughts. *"Making all the big burly boys dumb with horniness whenever we giggle and wink at them. But something's still off, isn't it? You aren't able to make stickies just with this, huh?"* Lem frowned. His thoughts were TEASING him! *"I can feel it here. The scardy-mouse is still stuck in the back of your mind. Don't worry, the magic's not done just yet..."* Lem's heart raced as he felt his tail lifting up, straining against his now-bloated diaper. He curled his toes in excitement. With all his new memories growing up a nasty diapered mouseyboy, he knew what was coming next. *"That's right. Show that silly human Lem what you think of being scared of life!"* Lem wore a soft smile as his tummy gurgled. There was no advance warning. Not that he would have tried to

make it to a potty even if he'd had one. Jaw dropping, he moaned as he started depositing a warm, stinking load of waste into his diaper, the backside swelling out, the diaper tabs trembling. They were pushed near breaking. Lem groaned, feeling his human memories pushed out entirely with his stinky load. "Oh Gawd- Oh Daddy!" The word sounded better on his tongue as he humped with renewed vigor into his paw. Bouncing back and forth between his muddy bottom and his firm paw, he felt a shudder run through his body as he spurted. One river of mouse cum... then two... then three... and even four. Lem flopped over on the floor, panting, his body soaked in sweat, as he stared up at the ceiling in the dreamy haze of an afterglow after a mind-shattering orgasm.

Elsewhere, a stag chuckled. Stringam's eyes glinted. "Well isn't that interesting... good job, special little boy of mine." His tuft of tail twitched in excitement as he felt himself freshing his diaper. He didn't know the little mouse had it in him. "Impressive... the first hint of magical talent I've seen in this backwards world." He chuckled. Lem could be useful... he'd see how the squeaker handled a special assignment. Tracing a hooved finger in a circle in the air, he cast a spell, his magic flowing through the air around him, through this building he'd warped to his will, and into his newest subject. **"Seek the one you served... the one you desired..."** the spell would whisper. **"And make him your own. Put on a show for your Daddy..."** the buck grunted. He'd have to watch and see how it played out.

Lem shot up with an excited squeak. For just a moment, he'd felt almost as if a shot of lighting had run through him. Managing to stand after a few tries, he only wasted a few moments posing and fancying his own muddy butt in the mirrors before starting to find an exit. His mind was now churning as much as his balls, but with yummy delicious ideas for his hunky boss instead of cum! "Ooo... I can't wait to see how cute the big man will be as a big baby!" he giggled, squeaking and swishing his ropey tail as he walked.

"But as much as I hate to say it, I gotta change out of my stinky diaper first." He looked down to pat the plastic material lovingly. "I almost used this more than most ponies do!"

Rodriguez bellowed. "LEEEN!" He cried out, standing at the edge of the mirror maze. "Come on! It's not even that hard to find your way through." He folded his arms, grumbling. "It's just a left turn, a right turn, and another left turn." Folding his arms, the dark skinned man tapped his foot in irritation along the floor. "I don't want to have to come in there after you. You know anyone who falls behind gets caught!" He grumbled. "Stupid asinine little terrible secretary, completely helpless about everything..." Snarling, he stomped out of the hall he'd been in and back into the Mirror Maze. "LEEEN!" he cried out again, walking back through the square pattern of the mirror maze. It was far too simple for a man of his caliber, not even a proper maze of all. Just a hallway bent into a square, with a single hall leading to the left after it. He completed the square, marching around. "LEN, THIS FOOLISHNESS HAS TO STOP!" He

grouched, arms folded, as he circled the square in the maze. "Where in blue blazes could that boy have gone to? It's impossible to get lost or trapped in this thing." He sighed. "I mean, it's like a maze for babies."

"Eheeheeheeheeheehee..."

The shrill giggling made him jerk up. "Huh?" He knew that voice. But hearing it laugh like that was... entirely uncharacteristic of the person he knew it was attached to. "LeN?!?" He said, his brown eyes glinting. The dark skinned man balled a fist. "Where ARE you? My patience with this game of hide and seek is wearing SORELY THIN!" He snarled, tapping his foot again as he looked around for the source of the odd giggle.

*"Wozza matter, can't find someone lost in a maze for babies?
Heeheeheeheeheehee..."*

The voice was almost taunting him. Roderick Rodriguez's brow furrowed. He grit his teeth. Len was never this FLIPPANT, and he couldn't figure out what was going on. "Len, I have had ENOUGH OF THIS!" He bellowed, the tapping of his foot increasing in intensity.

"Aw, issa spoiled little brat gonna throw a tan-trum?" The voice teased. *"Can't do anything without Lem, can you?"*

Roderick Rodriguez growled. "I do NOT need you! I don't need anyone!" His fists were balled. He was trembling, his chocolate skin turning almost red in frustration. "No one! No one! NO ONE!" His foot stopped tapping, as he lifted his left leg to stomp down on the carpeted floor-

Which sunk in at his stomp, with a faint "snk!" sound. He lost balance, stumbling to one side a bit, just before the floor gave way underneath him. He slid down a trap door, his butt smacking into a greased slide as he plunged into darkness, riding a metal chute down deeper and deeper. How many floors did Roderick Rodriguez slide down? One? Two? Three? The impossible construction of the building ceased to make any sense to him at all. There was just the darkness, his screaming, flailing, panicked body, and the chute beneath him, slick with grease and saturating his pants as he fell.

Though a little bit of it might have been piss as well. He was panicking, entirely out of control of his own fate. He couldn't even tell if he was peeing or not. The slide ride ended as he hit a pastel blue panel, standing out at the end of the slide amidst what otherwise looked like a black abyss. Roderick tried to push himself to his feet and recover, but he slipped on his greasy pants. And in another moment, it didn't matter. The panel fell out from under him, as he plunged down again.

The room he found himself in was brightly colored: An enormous room with powder-blue walls. The rest of the detail was a blur as he fell, his body hitting something plastic, which he felt himself sliding into through thanks to the grease on his clothing. For a moment he was worried it would hurt, but the plastic thing had holes which his legs slid through. It wrapped around his waist, firm hard plastic covering his crotch and rear, as he felt himself bouncing up and down, as if he was bungee jumping. "W-where am I?" he said, looking around as the bouncing sensation started to settle down.

The room resembled an enormous nursery: In one corner there was oversized colorful plastic chairs arranged around a toy table, while to the left of it was a large pile of plush animal dollies, all of which seemed to be staring up at the ceiling. Another nook of the room had shelves filled with baby books arranged around a rocking chair. Surrounded by bean bags, it looked almost like a storytime corner Roderick had been fond of when he was in preschool. A few oversized toys lined the walls as well: He could see a wooden toy for marbles to roll around in, and an oversized jigsaw puzzle made of four spongy pieces waiting to be pushed together. Further down the room, he saw a long hardwood counter with a mini fridge built behind it. "Milk for visiting guests" was written on a sign on it, in red. The counter itself had a sign reading "Check In" on the front. And beyond it... were the doors. The very same glass doors Roderick and Lem had walked through just earlier that day.

He was so close to escape, to freedom! He kicked his legs, trying to climb out of whatever he was stuck in. "Nnnf! Errrf! Grah!" He grunted. His struggling only made the odd contraption he was in bounce up and down even more. There were plastic edges to his trap, but whenever he tried to push his legs up and out of it, the grease only ensured he couldn't get a good grip. "Damn it! I'm SO fucking close!" he growled, squirming his legs in the air. He wasn't even able to touch the floor from his vantage point. His shoes were easily two feet up off the ground. He struggled and grunted for a few more moments, trying and failing to pry himself out of his prison, and failing.

"Aww... lookit the big baby, so helpless on his own!"

The voice of Len, condescending and teasing, startled him out of his futile struggling. The last few times, it had been distant. Almost ethereal. But this time, it was clearly audible. Clearly present. Clearly behind him. "Len!?" He howled, squirming as the trap he was in bounced him up and down. "Get me out of this thing! We're so CLOSE!" He grunted and strained with exertion, trying to turn his head around so he could see his administrative assistant, who he could tell was right behind him.

"Hmm... no." Len's voice had a cute squeak to it, as Roderick heard footsteps. Lem circled around his trapped body. "I mean, I've done OH SO MUCH for you already, ever since we met as kids. And it's Lem, by the way." The speaker pointed a white, fuzzy finger to their chin. A lower lip puffed out, the bright pink of it complimenting the faded pink around two round

ears on the top of his head. Braided red hair bounced with every step, ending in bright green beads that rattled and clattered against each other as he walked. Len (Lem?) had gained a pronounced muzzle, his face covered in white fur as he swayed his hips out to one side, a pronounced crinkle escaping a pair of tight pink booty-shorts. "An' golly! You're always bossing me around so squeaking much. And what do I get out of it?"

Mr. Rodriguez's eyes went as wide as they could go. His lower right eyelid twitches. What was staring him in the face with emerald green eyes was a slender mouse boy, nearly nude save for his booty shorts and a bright white diaper puffing out underneath them. A ropey pink tail coiled behind him, as he huffed and pushed his lip back into place with a finger. "You never even coooooompliment me! I feel so very underappreciated. Not even a little kiss on the cheek!" The mouse broke down into a titter.

"Lem, ah, don't be so hasty..." Roderick squirmed in the seat of whatever he was trapped in, swallowing and looking away from the white mouse in front of him. Unable to make eye contact. "M-maybe I was a tad bit firm, but you needed a firm hand to-"

Lem's ears twitched and his emerald eyes glinted. "Oh, I paw-si-tively agree!" he said, shooting up to attention, and saluting with mock-sternness. "Sir, yes sir! If I don't have a firm hand, how am I ever gonna teach you to be a well-behaved kitten?"

"WHAT?!?" Roderick Rodriguez resumed squirming. He kicked his legs and thrashed his head. He shoved his fingers into the plastic covering around his crotch, trying to climb out of it. "Let me go! Let me go! Let me GO!" he said, losing any composure whatsoever.

The mousey administrative assistant gave him a chilling grin before turning to circle back around outside his range of vision. "Looks like someone's fussy. I'd rather you be fuzzy, though. Looks like I got'sa punish you for all your naughty behavior." The dark skinned executive heard a creak. "See, there's this flap along the back of the baby bouncer you're in, baby." And then Roderick felt someone pushing a finger against his right cheek. "Pulls right off, but leaves your butt trapped. It's perfect for some fun punishments!"

"I... DON'T... WANNA!" Roderick Rodriguez grunted out.

There wasn't an immediate response. "...Lem?" He said, thrown off by the stillness in the air.

"And there it is." Lem's voice was suddenly devoid of any of the teasing emotion it had had before. "You never cared about anyone's fate but your own." he said, the bitterness in the mouse's voice intense enough to leave a sour taste in the dark skinned man's mouth. "The first thing you do when you realize I'm here? You demand I help you. No asking about if I'm alright. When you even went to find me, it was just such an inconvenience, wasn't it? Because your

most useful tool was slowing you down all of a sudden.” From behind him, the executive could hear the squeak of wheels. Lem pushed a full-body mirror in front of him, leaving it blocking his view of the exit as the mouse sauntered back to behind his trapped body, with a smug in his expression and a crinkly swish of his hips.

Roderick Rodriguez froze. “L-Lem-” he said, about to apologize. Anything to get him out of here.

But he was cut off by a manic peal of laughter. “BUT THAT’S OK!” The mouse’s insane laughter died down into a giggling fit. “Because daddy gave me such a fun opportunity with his hunt!! I can just make you better! So much squeaking better!” Roderick saw something moving to his side. Turning his head, he saw an enormous yellow-white paddle, holes drilled through it in odd places. “Swiss” was printed on the tip of it. “And we’ll get to have SUCH FUN!” The mouse squeaked. “Me taking care of my fussy, sexy baby boyfriend forever an’ ever...” Roderick started to speak, but never finished.

“ONE!” Lem cried out.

There was a sound of air whistling through holes, as the paddle slammed into his ass. A jolt of pain ran up his spine as he felt the baby bouncer he was trapped in lurch forward, bouncing ahead of him. He watched his expression in the mirror, jaw open as his teeth sharpened into fangs. His ears were pointed, milk-chocolate brown fur forming around their edges. “WHOOOOO!” The baby bouncer, like a ripcord, pulled him backwards, where he saw Lem bringing the paddle down to meet his returning ass.

The mouse’s words were intermixed with laughter. “TWO!”

The paddle smacked against his bottom again. Roderick felt another jolt of pain in his mind as he went bouncing forward, deep black floofy fur popping out of his neck and head, like play-doh being pushed through a mold. “Aaaah!” he cried out, his backside stinging as he felt himself plunging backwards again.

“THREE!”

With the third spank, the pain was becoming blinding. Rod...erick watched his mane form, something bouncing behind him, a short ropey tail with a tuft of black fur on the end of it. He could barely think, and all he could focus on was whatever he was becoming. He was changing into a... a...

“FOUR!” The paddle slapped into his as- his rump again.

A lion! He was a lion, wasn't he? The thought felt so invasive, but at the same time so right. He watched the rest of his tail shoot out of his backside, tears in his eyes, as he bounced forward from the force of the paddle. He sniffled, balling his hands into fists, letting his arms flail as the punishment continued. He felt himself starting to piddle, just out of the stress of the situation. His backside plunged back towards Lem, who was swinging his paddle like a baseball bat.

And it hit a home run. "FIVE!"

There was an odd sound, like an inflating balloon, as Rod...dy felt himself bouncing forward again. Something was getting tighter around his crotch, swelling out as he piddled himself. The crinkling sound was louder now, as if it weren't coming from Lem anymore. He blushed, as it hit him. He was in a diaper! A baby in a wet diaper, riding a baby bouncer while being spanked!

The thought didn't last for long. "SIX!"

Roddy yowled in pain, squirming as he felt the wet sodden diaper's mass shift up and down against his kitty prick. His clothes were gone now, leaving him dressed in only his diaper, as he watched shimmery fur spreading along his chest. His muscles were swelling too, getting bigger as his big boy brain went byebye. "Lemmy lemme go!" he said, hissing like a tantrumming kitten. He wanted off this ride! Even in the diaper the spanking HURT, and he was 'sposta be in charge, wasn't he?

"SEVEN!" Lemmy's voice was triumphant to the big lion-cub's ears.

The spank made his diaper crinkle loudly. He was crying now, trying to keep his composure. The bouncing was making him hump his wet diaper. It felt nice, but the pain felt bad. He couldn't process both emotions at once, and it was making him cranky and grouchy and-

And then there was the next spank. "EIGHT!"

Roddy broke down, bawling. He was horny and angry and sad and sorry all at once, and the simple overgrown kitten was losing energy to tantrum. He'd forgotten what he was even so grouchy about anyway. All that remained was the vague feeling he was losing something, or missing something, or supposed to do something. He stretched his jaw out, roaring not in majesty or dominance, but in sorrow. He was crying loud and hard, breaking down entirely.

"NINE!"

The overgrown kitten barely watched as any remaining skin he had was covered up in fur. His claws shot out of his paws, each capped in bright green rubber, so he couldn't cut anyone with them. He knew he'd been naughty, and he wanted to learn to be good so he didn't have to get spanked again. "M SOWWY! 'M SOWWY!" He screamed out, not caring who heard him break down into ultimate submission.

"AAAAAAND TEN!"

The last spank sent Roddy flying forward, as he broke. He knew Lemmy was right. He'd been so naughty. He didn't really remember what he'd done this time, but he was always naughty. Always grumping and fussing and throwing tantrums. He was so lucky Lemmy was so patient with him. Kept him on a short leash and took care of him with a firm hand. He was so lucky to have such a teasing dommy mouse as a boyfriend.

Because as the spanking finished and the paddle clunked to the floor, the void was filled with hugs. "Now what do we say, Roddy-kitten?" Lem's voice was chiding, but affectionate.

The big black lion put his paws to his eyes. "'m sowwwwy fer throwing a tantrum, Lemmy." he sniffled, drying his tears with his pawfur. "I won't do it again..."

Lem chuckled, patting the big dumb cub's back. "Sure you will, but it's ok." He flashed Roddy a sly grin. "Because it turns me so squeaking on when I get to put the big strong lion in his place. Breaking you into my sobbing kitten boy makes me so hard I nearly cum my diapey."

And that made Roddy giggle. "Lemmy said a baaad word! Not 'sposta say 'Squeaking!'" He teased the mouse, reveling in the first moment when his boyfriend was as naughty as he was.

And the white rodent threw his paws up in mock defeat. "You got me! Too bad you're the one in the baby bouncer, kitten." His tail wiggled behind him like a snake. "Guess office work is gonna be a lot more fun with Daddy Stringam in charge!"

Roddy folded his paws, giving a dreamy sigh. "Can I still boss around the other boys- er, em-paw-lees in our division, Lemmy?"

The mouse squeaked and nodded in approval. "Of course! You're in charge, love! As long as you do everything I tell you." As the two of them giggled. Lem patted the lion's padded butt. "So, do you wanna play Rocket for a bit while I look for a prybar to wedge your padded booty out of that baby bouncer?"

The big lion's brown eyes lit up. He found himself clapping. "Rocket! Rocket!" He giggled, tail whipping behind him. He was already hard. It wouldn't take long. Once Lem nodded

in approval, he started squirming in the baby bouncer, bouncing up and down. He huffed, feeling his kitty prick rubbing against the wet diaper. “Nnnngh! Soooo close, Lemmy!” he grunted, feeling his orgasm building all while his tail flagged up in a sign of final submission.

He came to the sound of a wet “Frrrrrrrrrt!” noise from behind him.

Flopping forward in his toy, the lion whimpered. “Uh oh... Lemmy...” he panted. “I made boom boom!”

And thus the mouse and the lion learned to love each other under Daddy's new rule...

To Be Continued...