

The Hunted Diaper Retreat

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Chapter 5: Tell Him What He's Won!

There were a very scant people in the world who would've claimed that they knew Joseph Cabaret, and fewer still who would claim that he was an acquaintance, let alone a friend. He was an untrustworthy man according to some people, and when someone had a few drinks in them they would say that he was a slimeball piece of backstabbing shit that should be hung out to dry... though that was a highly censored version of what they had to say in their inebriated state. Needless to say, he was not a pleasant man, so as he scampered down hallways with a look of terror on his chubby face some of those people would've loved to have a camera on them to snap a picture of his expression. If anybody had the wits about them to lay down bets on who would've gotten to the bottom floors of the hotel, nobody would've laid a single dime on the chance that Joseph would've been the one to get this far.

Of course those people were more than likely now sucking dick, pooping their diapers, or were hunting for the elusive few who were still unchanged. Some of those people were in fact changed due to Joseph, specifically a group who had been locked inside of a room due to Joseph pushing a chair underneath the doorknob, and Joseph's own boss Selvester Yims. The pair had been together for a little while at first, but the entire time rather than treating this as the properly terrifying situation all Selvester had done was badger on about how this was a waste of his time. Joseph had been properly scared, trying to hide whenever he could, pushing people aside to make sure they would get caught before he did, but Selvester had never taken this as seriously as he should've.

Rather than drag his boss along for the entire ride Joseph had instead hit him over the head with a rather heavy book, Selvester needed three swings before he was properly unconscious. Now most people might feel guilty about doing such a thing as Joseph had doomed his boss to being turned into a diapered monster like the rest... but he remembered that the deer that had started this whole thing mentioning that if someone got out then everyone would be turned back, that's why Joseph had made sure to be behind Selvester when he'd knocked the man unconscious. Regardless it would all turn out for the best, he'd get out, everyone would be turned back to normal, and then he'd demand a raise from his boss for saving the company's collective ass.

Stomping the last few steps down to the bottom floor Joseph had to bend over and regain his air, he wasn't a light man, and with the ruddy complexion of his face he wasn't exactly in shape for something like this. Taking a few deep breaths he steadied himself and started towards the front entranceway... and stopped before he'd gone too far, he cocked his head and thought about it. The deer was a huntsman, he wasn't one to easily let his prey go, Joseph had seen plenty of people being turned because they became complacent. Joseph was many

things, but he wasn't stupid enough to wander into such an obvious trap, so he switched directions and started towards the back. He couldn't imagine that a hotel would only have one entrance, and though part of him worried that this might be a trap in of itself, it was better than tromping right out in the front office and getting transformed there.

The bottom floor was ominously quiet, especially compared to the many floors above, on one of the floors he'd nearly stumbled into a show where a bunch of flamboyantly dressed anthros were showing off excessively gaudy outfits. The further down Joseph had gone the more he'd found that the reality he knew had been changed by the deer, the walls painted like children's murals, beds having all been turned into cribs, and the bathrooms... well needless to say he likely wasn't going to be using any public restrooms for a long while after this entire situation was finished. Glancing about every corner with baited breath Joseph saw on one of the direction plaques on the walls that he was coming close to the dining rooms and kitchens, since he'd yet to see a fire exit he was praying that there might be an exit through the kitchen.

This close to the exit Joseph couldn't help but think back on some of the things he'd seen, though his victory would lead to everyone being turned back he knew that he'd never forget the extremely lewd and freakish things... well maybe if he drank it out of his head he might be lucky enough to push some of the particularly crazy things out of his mind. He'd seen a group of dogs prowling about the halls, singing the wonders of their daddy Stringam, jumping on people and humping them into they too were yipping and whining as they had large erections in their diapers. He'd also heard talk from some of the diapered folk about a new gym opening on the top floor of the hotel full of "wearwolves", though in his mind he'd imagined people turning into diapered wolves, where the truth was far more... odd. One of the more frightening experiences had been when he'd been walking past the elevator, without him pressing any of the buttons the doors to the elevator exposed... an eerie sight, there was a huge interior of the elevator, far larger than physically possible. More than that though there were trampolines all throughout the interior, brightly lit with hypnotic flashing colors, and bouncing diapered rabbits, kangaroos, birds, everywhere within.

Joseph had made the mistake of looking within, the colors flashing had him immediately, and the joyous laughter along with the amazing music nearly made him wander in. The giggling bouncing bois within were calling out to him, extending their paws to him, and he'd so nearly walked inside that he was able to smell the talcum powder mixed with the strong scent of shit... so it had been very good for him that some other survivor had knocked him aside to save him. "T...thank god... I almost didn't make it," the man laughed nervously. Now the common sense thing for most people would be to thank their survivor, but at that moment Joseph was a mixture of enraged that he'd been "saved" from such a fun place, and the desperate need to distract the diapered anthros within the elevator... so he kicked the man off of him and right into the elevator.

Sitting up Joseph looked on in shock and horror at the man bounced off of the trampoline, at first the man looked confused... then horrified as he attempted to right himself to get out, but then the anthros within in their onesies grabbed onto him. "Help! Please, get me out!" he yelled out to Joseph. But like a hungry predator the elevator doors were already closing, and the last thing Joseph saw was the man's face push into a kangaroo's smiling muzzle, and a giggle of delight as he bounced along with his fellow diapered bois. Just the thought elicited a confused arousal as well as a fervent need to escape so his pace increased, he was nearly jogging as he passed the dining room. Glancing inside he saw that it looked... incredibly plain, in fact all of the hallways on the bottom floor looked ordinary, as if the magic hadn't reached this far.

Joseph was torn as to whether this meant that Stringam hadn't intended for anyone to reach this far so he'd not touched it, or if the mage was trying to have him lower his defenses so he'd pounce on the unsuspecting human at the best moment. Walking to the very back, he found what looked to be an exit door, a big grin splashed across his face as he rushed forward and threw the doors open... and gawked. Beyond the simple looking door was a huge auditorium, it was grandiose to the extreme with great tapestries with his face splashed on them, and all throughout the room was all of them. Every single diapered animal in the hotel, the man gaped in horror as they were all staring at him, but none of them moved. His head jerked towards the farside of the room at the sound of clapping, and he saw the buck there, Stringham himself smiling broadly. "Congratulations!" the mage shouted. "You've won!"

For a moment the human didn't know how to react, but then his stomach unclenched as he realized what the buck had said. "I... won?" he breathed. Watching Stringham, the buck stepped aside to reveal the door with a clearly marked Exit sign above it, waiting just for him. There was a loud roar as all of the animals about the room started clapping, many of them showing big grins, as if they were themselves again, not brainwashed diapered freaks. Hesitantly, Joseph stepped forward, one at a time, looking from side to side in surprise. There was the diapered pack, Ricky the husky alpha was groping himself, though he looked a bit put off by it.

"Thank you," the husky moaned. It looked like he was struggling with whatever instincts had been put in him, though he seemed to be losing as his tail flagged upwards and his face went blank with pleasure as he unloaded a large load into his diaper. Joseph turned his head away in disgust to see a pair of cats kissing one another which seemed to be a bit awkward as they were both wearing gaming headsets that kept getting knocked around as they were groping hungrily at one another, but they broke off their kissing to shoot Joseph a strange look. It was a mixture of pleading and anger, like they were happy that he'd won, and yet the change thrust upon them was causing them to dislike it at the same time.

Further and further he walked, the more anthros were there, the rhino that had been changed at the very beginning, a mouse and a lion who seemed to be in the middle of some

very public shaming of the lion... who of course was getting off on it. There was a large throng of dancing and gyrating bouncing animals, all of whom had been taken from the elevator, apparently happy to jump on standard ground as much as trampolines. There was a cute otter being held in a large bear's hands suckling on his pacifier, a group of extremely smelly wolves who were in the midst of pumping iron, and a group of gender ambiguous diapered animals who were wearing all sorts of fancy clothing. He slowed down a bit when he heard a gameshow song theme, looking over with wide eyes at an area that was cordoned off to allow for a sheep to show off his skills at jumping over a fence while everyone around counted off, a muscular bull grinning a showman's smile while he was counting off each jump. "This place is fucking weird," Joseph hissed.

Finally the human made his way up onto the stage, Stringham standing there with a big grin, his tattoos sparkling with blue energy. The exit was right in front of Joseph, he just had to walk forward, throw those doors open, and this entire nightmare would be gone. Everyone would be normal again, he would probably get a raise, and then he would never look at a diaper ever again in his life. "Before you leave, did you want to take your prizes?" Stringham asked politely. That halted Joseph, his eyebrows raised in confusion, prizes? He was rather sure that the buck had made no mention of prizes when they'd first started this assinine game... but his intrigue was peaked. Stringham waved his hand and next to him a table appeared, Joseph's eyes widened when he saw the crown, sparkling gold, it was a fabulous piece that he was sure would sell for thousands of dollars. Next to it was a scepter, and there was a piece of fabric that he was only too sure would be a fine velvet cape.

Stepping forward, Joseph's face was lit with glee while Stringham picked up the crown, setting it upon the man's head, the heavy weight of it surprising the man. "Wow..." he breathed. Reaching up, he could feel the cool texture of the gold, knowing that it was the real deal as nothing else could be this heavy. He next received the scepter, hand reaching out to clutch it, grinning like an idiot when he saw the many emeralds, rubies, and sapphires inset into the gold. The cheering of the crowd seemed to grow with every piece presented to him, though Joseph hadn't noticed the slight changes to himself, the fact that his skin seemed to be growing a bit pinker, that his weight was increasing ever so slightly, and his height was diminishing in kind. He was too wrapped up to even pay attention to his underwear growing thicker and more padded, but all he saw was the riches.

"Listen to those cheers, they're all for you, Joseph. They want you to win, they want you to walk out that door," Stringham whispered into his ear. Joseph's eyes widened as he turned around to the crowd, seeing them all standing, cheering his name, telling him how wonderful he was and how smart he had been to get this far. He started to wave at them even as Stringham tied the cape around his neck, too wrapped up to notice the exit so close to him starting to fade away, becoming a standard wall, but the man was so engrossed that he really couldn't care less at that moment. Stringham watched on with growing arousal as he groped his own padded crotch, any stragglers left in the hotel were getting picked off one by one by his traps, but there

were so few left and so far away that none of them would reach the exit. Once this “ceremony” was done, they’d all be picked off, Joseph was the only one that he’d needed to worry about.

If the human had walked through the exit door, ignoring his greed, he could’ve left, could’ve beaten Stringham. The mage had to play by his own rules, or else there could be consequences from his magic, but he’d made sure to pay attention to the human whenever he could. Joseph was selfish, he wanted all of the glory, and so that’s what he was giving to him... and the more the human stayed right next to him, the more his corruption seeped into him. Already Joseph’s clothing was fading to reveal his increasingly porcine appearance, his face pressing out into a chubby snout, his eyes glazing over as he continued to wave to the crowd, his underwear now a thick golden diaper that was tented by the piggy’s erection, aroused by the sheer adulation he was receiving. He didn’t even notice the crown and scepter showing their true appearances as plastic toys, nor the cape being just a blanket tied around his neck.

Inside of Joseph’s mind, the corruption was hitting him hard, already he thought the appearance of the crowd was normal, humanity was weird, diapers were normal, being gay was awesome. They were congratulating him on... what again...? Oh right, filling his diaper the fullest without breaking it! He held his breath and grunted as he let out a large load in his diaper, causing the crowd to cheer even louder. Stringham had allowed a little bit of freedom of thought in the crowd to sell the deception to Joseph, but now he’d completely reprogrammed the crowd, they didn’t want to be saved anymore, they were all super gay bois who belonged to Daddy Stringham! Joseph himself succumbed after half an hour of constant applause and whispering from the buck, not even noticing as Stringham patted the chubby piggy on his back. “Good work everyone!” he shouted to the crowd. “As of just a couple of minutes ago, the last humans in the building have joined our ranks, it’s official! We’ve won the hunting game!”

There was a roar of approval from the crowd who would’ve just hours prior balked at the idea of the deer winning, now they were all for it, wearing dirty diapers, being quite gay, and all of them loving their Daddy who’d freed them from being human. Joseph climbed off of the stage to join the others in listening to Daddy, not even noticing that there was no longer an exit door there, nor did he care. He was Daddy’s son just like everyone else, he snorted happily as a dog started sniffing his butt, digging his muzzle up into the pig’s dirty bottom. “Now, children! I think it’s time we introduce the world to our new reality, it’s time to finish with clothing and adult thinking!” Already a deer boi had walked up on stage, throwing himself on his Daddy’s arm while the excited room watched on with baited breath, Stringham throwing his free arm out in a precise movement. “From today on, this world has a new owner! I, Stringham, shall show everyone the true meaning of life! To be gay, to be diapered, and to belong to me!” The crowd exploded into applause as he stood there, basking in their glory, plans formulating in his mind about what to do next...

Epilogue: New Beginnings, New Diapers

The room was filled with concerned stockholders and multiple members of the press, there had been rumors floating about in the past couple of weeks following a large company retreat that something strange had happened during the week the company's executives were gone. Things started to roll in a different direction immediately, though there was word that anybody who saw the executives vanished, and more than that the name of the company had suddenly undergone a change. Magical Diaper Television, now this was a shocker to everyone and had brought plenty of people running to ask questions, but no one was able to get in contact with the owners of the company. The new CEO, Stringham, was surprisingly good at avoiding questions and anybody who tried to sneak up on him suddenly turned in their resignations and went to work for the company.

After weeks of silence, Stringham had sent out a mass email inviting the press and the stockholders to give an update on the forward progress of his company. He'd requested that the event be televised, and though everyone had been curious about it, they'd decided to acquiesce. Now as they all awaited the arrival of the CEO, they were vaguely paying attention to a powerpoint flipping through bland statistics on the screen and occasionally showing stills from their movies. They were all too wrapped up to see the doors shutting behind them and magically barring, and all of the cameras righting themselves automatically and turning on as they focused on the front stage. Suddenly there was a diapered deer standing at the podium with a confident smirk on his face, the crowd was shocked, but they were too stunned to say anything opening the floor to Stringham.

"Ahem, yes." The deer cleared his throat, lowering his hooved hand from his lips and letting both his hands rest upon the podium in front of him. Leaning towards the microphone, he smiled to the gathered crowd as they stared at him in shock and horror. His tail twitched, letting his diaper crinkle a bit as he addressed them. "I'm sure over the past few weeks you've had a number of questions about our wonderful new name, and the direction that our company will be going with our new content." The deer smirked. "No doubt some of you are concerned about the changes." He grinned, feeling his diaper starting to grow heavy as he pissed into it, the padding puffing out. Some people noticed the faint "Hsssst" sound and looked at him in horror. "Before I open the floor for questions, let me reassure you that sometimes, like with a messy diaper that's making your bottom grow itchy, change is a good thing." He sighed in relief as he finished his not-an-accident. "In both the metaphorical example and the new direction of our company, it's a VERY good thing. We should all aspire to embrace changes... at least sometimes!"

He snapped his hooved fingers. "First question, first change!"

Many of the people in the front row flinched at the snap, and though there were obvious questions on their faces, the journalists were professionals. "Y-yes, we were curious about the new name of the company? We... um... many of the businessmen in the room are not going to endorse a company that is promoting... diapered television?" The reporter grew a bit antsy as he noticed that around the room a few diapered dogs had appeared, sniffing around, wetting

their diapers, and all of them wielding thick erections in their diapers. More of the people in the room were noticing them, and some of the stockholders looked ready to bolt.

Stringham chuckled in his deep baritone, leaning on the desk, staring at the reporter with his sharp electric blue eyes. "Well that's obvious, my friend. From today on, we're going in a new direction, the entire world, not just this company. Like a good man once said. "Diapers are hot and we should all be wearing them"... that man was me, by the way," he said with a shockingly charming smile. The reporter's mouth grew increasingly slack as he found himself incapable of looking away, so enamored was he that he hardly heard the snap of Stringham's fingers and he shifted. The other reporters around him jumped back in shock as he let out a low moan and changed, becoming a musclebound horse who groaned as he groped himself. "Did that answer your question, friend?"

For a few moments the horse leaned his head back and moaned, his diaper swelling with a new wave of piss before he resettled his gaze upon Stringham with a far happier smile, his hand still clutching his notepad. "Oh yes, Da-sir, I completely agree. Our viewers I'm sure agree, diapers are in!" he said with a chuckle. His fellow reporters looked sick, but their attention was gained once more when Stringham looked around.

"Second question?"

Another hand raised. Stringham saw a slender man wearing a KRVL badge look up at him. "Y-yes, Reginald Schulter from KRVL news." Stringham watched him swallow, before looking around the room at the people who had been changed. "W-why do you think you've got the right to change people like this, a-against their wills?"

"H-hahahaha!" Stringham couldn't help but laugh at the inquiry. Raising his arms up to either side of him, he looked down at the man. He had pretty blue eyes. It was something Stringham would keep of him. "What a silly question indeed!" He reached back behind him, gripping an arrow that wasn't actually there. "I can't fathom a world where a responsible daddy isn't allowed to change their baby when he thinks the little one needs it." He chuckled. "You are all little ones to me, and I will take care of you as I see fit." With a swift flourish, he pulled an arrow of energy from his back, knocking it on a bow that appeared out of thin air, and shot it at Reginald.

The arrow hit the man dead between the eyes. With a yelp, he fell backwards, but as his bottom hit the ground, there was a loud crinkle and a hiss of escaping air. The man's body began to shrink, a large black tail with a white stripe rising out of his backside. He looked up, his face swelling out into a matching muzzle, as the newly changed skunk in a thick, swelling diaper stood up. "Oh yesh daddy! We're all your wittle babbies!" He grinned wide with those cute blue eyes as he giggled, lifting his tail and letting a loud fart escape his newly padded bottom.

Stringham sighed. "Next question, and let's keep it about the company, please."

Beyond the TV, many people hadn't bothered to tune in as nobody really cared about the fate of some mediocre movie making company. Sadly for them, Stringham's magic acted like an infection in the TV, spreading the news from just one channel to others, one by one channels were tuning into the press conference. Some people were agitated by this and attempted to switch channels, but often that would drag Stringham's press conference to that next channel. Some saner people turned off their TV and walked away, claiming the entire thing was some strange publicity stunt, but other weaker minds were ensnared as they watched the channel. They hardly noticed the blue aura fluctuating at the corners of the television, nor did they comprehend the small changes to their houses. Pictures becoming more childish, clothing in closets shifting into onesies, and their own bodies starting to change in minute ways. Sucking on their thumbs at first, but those who continued to watch started to show fur in some places, scales for others, their bodies growing increasingly chubby or muscular, but most of all their underwear started to swell up.

The next question was actually from a stockholder, glaring up at Stringham. "I own twenty three percent of Fantastical Media, and I say that this is not the direction I want my company to go. Either you cut all of this bullshit out, or else I'm going to rip the rug out from underneath your... hooves?" Regardless of his confused slip up, he glared arrogantly up at the buck, and some of the other braver stockholders stood up to voice their agreements. They didn't notice the people by the skunk were changing slowly as they had pulled away at first from the smell from the reporter, but now their eyes were glazing and they were groping their erections as they snorted the stink of the skunk. Stringham's magic was spreading through the room, changing it slowly, the walls colors becoming bright pastels, and the front row was succumbing to his mere presence as they were nodding more and more agreeably with anything he said.

"You don't seem to understand, our business is the future, and to invest in it will bring you great profits! Imagine all of the merchandise we'll be able to pawn off, diapers, onesies, pacifiers!" This last one he emphasized as he procured one from somewhere below the desktop and tossed it straight at the man, he made the mistake of opening his mouth and gagging as it struck its target and he started to suckle on it. At first it was a mistake... and then he tried it again... and again, soon the nyuck nyuck of a pacifier could be heard while his face started to morph into that of a thoughtful cheetah. He stroked his chin, his fat growing more apparent while his clothing shifted into a bright blue onesie that surrounded much of his furry bulk.

Pulling the pacifier from his mouth with an audible pop, the cheetah smiled as he nodded in agreement. "You know what, Daddy? I think you're onto something, we could make tons and tons of cash! I'll throw everything into the stocks, you know what you're doing!" he giggled. Some of the other investors seemed swayed as well, their eyes glazing and fur sprouting as they pledged their money as well. The more coherent stockholders looked at one another before they started towards the exit, they knew that something was wrong here. The doors were

locked, and the room was growing increasingly crowded with the sound of diapers crinkling and the growing smell of talcum powder.

Clapping his hands to draw attention to himself once more, Stringham looked over the growing crowd of anthros, his magic affecting people with increasing results. "I think we have time for one more question before I draw this press conference to a close, who wants to pitch me that last question?" He gave an award winning smile, and many of the diapered members of the crowd were throwing their hands up eagerly, hoping to get his attention, but his eyes instead focused on the last human hand whose owner looked determined.

The last human in the crowd was a cameraman, who raised his hand in front of Stringham while looking around at the changing throng. "Frankly, I'm horrified by all this, but I'm also pretty sure I know how this is going to go. So I guess my question, before you change me, is where exactly do you expect this to end?" Stringham watched him brush some black hair out of his eyes, lowering his camera as he looked around at the various diapered animal people around him.

"That is an EXCELLENT question." The inquiry made the buck narrow his eyes. He held out a hand and curled a finger. "Come here." he beckoned the cameraman to approach him. Taking the camera from him, without too much trouble, he looked the man in the eyes, his own pupils beginning to swirl with a blue light. "Just relax. Take your rightful place burying your face under my tail." The man's eyes glazed over, as he waddled behind Stringham, pushing his still human nose up against the yellowed plastic padding under his tail. He HAD wet himself quite copiously, hadn't he? If it'd gotten it all the way back there. He patted his stomach, feeling it starting to gurgle. "An excellent question indeed." He grinned, looking down to see the man's face curl into a vacant smile as he rubbed it against the wet backside of the stag's diaper, sniffing and huffing and grunting as he worshipped his new owner. Black shimmery scales started spreading down the cameraman's neck. "Let's answer it, shall we?"

Stringham huffed in arousal, groping his erect cock against the front of his wet diaper with one hooved hand while setting the camera on the podium in front of him, getting a view of the buck while the changing human huffed his diapered butt. He stared into the camera's lens, giving a serious expression as he flipped the viewfinder around so he could watch himself while answering the question.

"I know you're out there."

He grunted, feeling his body squat a bit, his little tail flagging behind him. At the same time, the buck stopped speaking to keep rubbing his fingers against the bulge in the front of his wet diaper. The human's legs were growing thicker, his shoes vanishing to reveal thickening feet with claws that furrowed into the ground, his ass being revealed as his pants vanished, a new large diaper swallowing the nice muscled rear of the new reptile.

“Wa-aaaah-ah.... Watching this.”

He began to mess himself, the diaper browning in back as the changing human's head stretched out, forming a wide crest as a pair of horns sprouted from the tips. His face was elongating in front of the camera. His eyes developing a serpentine slit. Stringham gave a groan of relief, as he pushed the messy padding into the changing human's nose. The man's diaper swelled in the front as he humped several times, incredibly aroused by the changes happening to him.

“Maybe you're horrified, but secretly interested. Maybe this is a guilty pleasure for you. Maybe you'd never admit how much you'd want Daddy Stringham to come change you into one of his diapered boys.”

The buck sat down against the human-turned-dragon's face, using his body as a new throne as the man's nose melted away, his tongue thinning and developing a fork as he licked at his daddy's diaper. The buck snorted, watching the man's new body coil around the stag to support him.

“Or maybe you're viewing this by mistake. Maybe it's not what you wanted to see. Maybe deep down, you think you're an adult.”

He humped the front of his diaper against his hand, grunting and drawing close. The dragon beneath him let out a long hiss in appreciation of his new role in life.

“But one thing's for sure. You can't un-see it now. My display has already entered your head.”

Stringham grinned. It wasn't just the loss of control that got him. It was the exertion of control too. The control he had over other people, as he broke them.

“You're viewing this thinking you aren't involved. That there's no way any of this could ever affect you. I know you mortals. But where does it end? It ends with you.”

He tossed his head back, pumping with lewd abandon against his hand, grinding against it, growing so close he felt his leg muscles tensing.

“This ends with each and every one of the people seeing this. Diapered and not knowing any better. It ends with- nnnghaaah- each of you my eager baby boys. It ends with your whole world reshaped in my image.”

Stringham stood up, panting for a moment, flexing his tattooed muscles as he let himself rest before one final moment, tugging down his diaper to reveal his erect shaft.

“Because you out there behind the screen, viewing all this? You can’t escape. I love hunting. And I won’t cease my hunt until each and everyone of you is a dumb diapered thrall for me. Until then, enjoy that image in your mind.”

Stringham pushed himself over the brink, roaring in lust as he came all over the camera.

And everything went white.

The End!