

[Bad Ending] Come to Mommy by Cowkites

The air in the Dusty Beast was humid and full of the pungent musk that accompanied road-weary travelers. Nyx scrunched up her nose in disgust. She had pulled down the bandana she wore to help cover her exotic features when she had entered the building. Not two seconds later she brought it back up. She had always been wary of crowded places. Eyes tended to look where they shouldn't. Whispers were shared that Nyx couldn't help but be aware of. The dim light of the tavern helped. As did the hood of her cloak and leather armor. Hardly any of Nyx's crimson skin was exposed. Her filed down horns were well hidden beneath her hood and thick, shaggy hair. No one could tell that she was Demi-Demon. She preferred to keep it that way.

"Nyx!" The gruff, booming voice of a Felynx female called out to her. The seven foot tall powerhouse of a feline beamed at her. "Over here! Saved ya a seat, hot head." It was Jasper, the barbarian of their little party. She was the only one bold enough to call Nyx such names. Hot head, big red, even fire crotch. The more it seemed to annoy Nyx, the more Jasper said it. Nyx wore her emotions on her sleeve and Jasper had a penchant for annoying her friends.

Nyx crossed the tavern to the dark corner the rest of her party had settled into. Her quickened gait and balled up fists gave away her frustration. Jasper took clear delight in this. "Thank you for the seat, *kitten*." Nyx's response took the wind out of Jasper's sails almost immediately. The fur on her arms stood on end and her cat-like ears flattened against her head.

"You watch it, little hellion," replied Jasper. "I've killed goblins more fearsome than you."

"Says the overgrown housecat."

"Enough, you two." The party's stalwart Paladin, Ada, glared at them from across the table. "If you're going to fight, take it outside. If you're going to makeout, just start already." She leaned back in her seat against the tavern wall. Even inside she wore her full plate armor. Ada had removed her sword and shield from her person, but they were still close within reach. The most experienced of the party, she hardly relaxed let alone properly rested. Nyx couldn't remember the last time she had seen Ada remove the entirety of her armor. The holy warrior had her fair share of scars, but they did not detract from her natural beauty. She wore her auburn hair up in a high ponytail. A few stray hairs had gotten loose and drifted haphazardly in front of her emerald green eyes. Nyx thought her friend had quite the pretty smile, though she rarely saw it.

Jasper looked to Nyx and the two shrugged. "We can't all be like Yevan, here," said Jasper. She leaned over and wrapped a strong arm around their fourth party member, Yevan.

Yevan was their mage. A half-elf that hailed from some far off human capital. Abandoned by his human father, he was raised along with his four other siblings by their single mother. Full blooded elves were highly sought after for their natural beauty. The women especially. Yevan's

mother was a pleasure servant, and a popular one at that. Unfortunately for Yevan, he took after his mother far more than he'd care for. His long blonde hair and striking blue eyes were both incredibly pretty. Along with his pointed ears and petite figure, Yevan looked more feminine than most pure blooded elven men. He was often mistaken and propositioned for services as if he were an elven woman. His shy and soft spoken nature only added to this.

"I think we're all a bit nervous," said Yevan, "I don't think any of us want to go to the tournament without you, Ada."

The tournament in question was a display of teamwork and strength, an event perfect for a team such as theirs. Only issue was that it required a three person team. Ada offered to be left out almost immediately. She claimed it to be for the best since she was the most well-rounded of the group. "You're each far better than I at what you do. Stronger, more dexterous, and far more magical than myself. If I were to replace any of you we'd just be handicapped."

Jasper grunted in annoyance. "Yeah you keep saying that but it doesn't make us feel any better."

Nyx sighed. She had fought hard to not be included, but Ada wouldn't have it. "Would you at least come along and cheer us on?"

"And miss out on all the fun? No. You know I don't like sitting still. There's a low level dungeon nearby. Dungeon Infernus or something."

Jasper's ears perked up. "Infernus as in the Infernus mountains?" The Felynx looked to Nyx for any reaction. "Aren't you from there."

Nyx glared at her friend. "My mother is and I told you last time that I'd rather not talk about that."

"You talked about it plenty last night."

"I was drunk and you were your usual prodding self," replied Nyx. She kicked Jasper under the table. "Ada, if you must go, just be careful. I've heard some weird things about the dungeon at the foot of the mounta--Ye'ow! What the hell Jasper?" The fearsome feline had kicked her back, hard.

"What? That few that go rarely return, and those that do end up going back and then never return?" Ada scoffed. "It's what? A level ten dungeon max? Why should I be afraid?"

"Sometimes it's good to be scared, Ada. I heard people that managed to get back out acted real weird. I'd rather you be the same Ada next time I see you."

Ada yawned and stretched her limbs. "You three need to leave already. The tournament starts soon." The paladin rose from her seat and grabbed her weapons. "See you in a few days." Ada then left the bar without so much as a glance back at the rest of her party.

"That woman is going to get into something she'll regret," remarked Jasper.

Nyx groaned. "Fine. Let's just not worry about it and get a move on. Hopefully she knows what she's doing."

The dungeon was exactly where the shopkeeper said it would be. It just didn't look nearly as difficult as she had claimed. The entrance looked like any other low level dungeon. Claw marks marred the rough dirt, skeletons dangled from crumbled stonework, and an old wooden sign that warned of dangers was positioned right at the dungeon entrance. Ada had seen it all before. She wasn't impressed.

The first few floors were no different. Low level, simple creatures shambled amidst junk and broken loot. Cobwebs covered doorways. Ancient traps in need of repair sat in plain view. The final boss of the upper floors was a goblin so weak, a simple kick to the shins was all she needed to defeat it. You could imagine her surprise when the defeated creature burst into gold coins. Ada's nearly depleted will to delve further was instantly revitalized. With her coin purse nearly full to bursting, she dove down the dungeon steps and into the next area.

Ada immediately regretted her gusto. Not two seconds after she started down the stairs, the steps collapsed into a steep slope and sent the hero hurtling down into the darkness. The long trip down the spiral staircase turned into a matter of seconds. Ada landed face first on a floor made of heavy wooden bars. The coins she had only just received spilled out into the abyss below. Ada shouted a curse in frustration. She chose to remain still rather than stand. With her ear turned to the darkness below her, she listened for the sound of metal on stone; instead, she heard the soft *plunks* of something hard on something soft.

The dungeon's second area had already been quite different than the first. Ada had never seen a floor so odd. At least if she somehow fell through, she would most likely not die. This thought was not enough to ease her discomfort, however. The air was warm for somewhere so far beneath the earth. And the smell in the air. It was sweet. Pleasant even. Not the rotten smell of corpses she had grown used to.

"Helsin protect me," said Ada, "What have I gotten myself into?"

A sudden wave of demonic energy sent a chill down Ada's spine. She quickly gathered her feet beneath her. No easy task in heavy armor and on uneven footing. She rolled her bag off her shoulders. The leather pack hit the bars but was too full to fall through the spaces between. Her

hands found their way to her weapons and she whispered a prayer for protection. She had not expected to face something demonic so early.

"Your god cannot see you here, mortal." A smooth, feminine voice spoke to Ada from the darkness. "This is a special place. The deep, dark pit from which you will never return." It was distant at first, but grew in volume over time. The strength of demonic energy in the air grew with it until it felt as if the speaker's teeth were mere inches away from the nape of her neck.

Ada swiveled on the heel of her boot, her sword arm outstretched. The edge of her blade found purchase between two dark red fingers. A demon stood before her. Ada's holy blade caught like a fly in her hand. To handle a holy relic like a training sword was no small feat, especially for a demon in such a low level dungeon. The demon's curves and ample bosom exuded the sexual energy of a succubus, but her long horns and powerful aura suggested otherwise. She wore a blue knee length dress covered by a white lace apron and her long black hair was tied up in a messy bun. An odd look for such a sexual creature. Too motherly for something so inherently evil.

The demon released Ada's sword and flicked it by the flat of the blade with such force that the weapon flew from Ada's hand. It clattered against the wooden bars and disappeared into the darkness below.

"Naughty girl," scolded the demon, "didn't your mother teach you better? Pointing a weapon at an unarmed stranger." She stared intently at Ada. For just a moment their eyes met and the hero could feel the strength sap from her body.

Ada looked away, but it was too late. Her shield felt like a rock held by a thread. She dropped it and it clattered down through the bars like her sword before it. The heavy plate that was normally no issue to the strong woman, felt like a massive chain that dragged Ada down. She collapsed under its weight and landed on her back, one bar positioned under each of her shoulders. Ada's limbs dangled on either side of her.

"You're a damn demon," replied Ada, "every inch of you is a weapon!" She turned her head and spat, but only managed to get spittle on her cheek.

The demon smirked at Ada. Then, in a complete change of tone, she bent down and wiped Ada's face with the hem of her apron. "A devout woman using language like that. What would your daddy, Helsin, think?"

"Sol inv--"

Ada's prayer was silenced by a single finger pressed to her lips. "Shush. Do you need to clean the wax from your ears? I told you. Your god can't hear you. You're powerless in this room." The demon dragged her finger down Ada's lips until the point of her black nail lightly scratched her

chin on its way to her neck. Once there, she brought both hands to Ada's shoulders and snapped the leather straps that held her pauldrons in place like frayed string.

"W-What are you doing?" Ada asked.

"Undressing you," replied the demon, "you're powerless now. You didn't need your silly weapons and you don't need these either." With each word came another snap of leather. She continued until Ada's pauldrons were loosened from her and fell into the darkness.

Ada repeated her prayer from before. This time in its entirety. The demon just smiled as she went through the rest of Ada's armor. Piece by piece it was all removed. She only stopped once Ada wore only her undershirt and panties. The hero had never felt so exposed.

"Why isn't my magic working? What did you do?!" Ada didn't want a response. She cursed, then repeated the prayer again.

"It's because you aren't praying."

Ada looked at the demon in disbelief. "What?"

"Here." The demon seemingly did nothing but cut Ada's undershirt free. "You should be able to hear yourself properly now. Say your silly prayer again."

Ada did not hesitate. "I am a helpless little girl. The demon queen's property." As soon as she finished she said it again. Then again. Each time the desperation in her voice rose. "Why am I saying this? What did you do to me? Are you really...?"

"The Demon Queen?" She smiled at Ada as if she were some naive child. "Yes, but you can - and will - call me Mommy." Two more cuts with her nail and Ada's panties were torn off. "Won't you?"

Ada was horrified. Why was the Demon Queen there of all places. How was she completely unfazed by her holy magic. Ada steeled herself and tried to muster what strength she had left. She'd raise her right arm and strike the demon as hard as she could. She'd try to run. Anything. She had to break the spell. With all the willpower she had left to her, Ada lifted her arm...

...and stuffed her thumb in her mouth like an infant. She kept it there. Sucked on it and was comforted by it. "Yes mommy," answered Ada.

"Good girl."

"W-Why am I doing this, mommy?!" Ada continued to talk around her thumb. She laid still and noisily sucked on her thumb as the demon queen dragged her nails across her lower stomach.

A dark red line appeared behind each stroke until Ada was left with a tattoo in the shape of a heart.

"Because the moment you stared into my eyes you became mine." The queen raised her right hand and, in a *poof* of smoke, a pink square of smooth material appeared in her palm. "And now that you've got my mark on you, everyone will know you lost." She then took the square and unfolded it before Ada. It was a diaper, an incredibly thick one. "Not that the diapers I'll be keeping you in won't give that away."

"N-No! Don't!" Ada had long ago resigned herself to the idea that she might die on one of her adventures. She had accepted that fate the moment the demon stripped away her armor. The humiliation the demon suggested was a far worse outcome. It was the defeat she had never wanted to suffer.

"Oh shush...don't go throwing a tantrum because you can't keep your big girl panties dry." The queen lifted Ada's butt with one hand and positioned the diaper beneath her with the other. She diapered her as easily as any mother might diaper her child. And Ada sat through it with her thumb in her mouth, her chin coated in drool.

"B-But I can! I'm not a baby!" Ada cringed as she said it. It made her sound all the more infantile. Like she belonged in diapers.

The queen smiled. A puff of talcum powder burst from her palm and covered Ada's crotch. She then brought the front of the diaper up to Ada's crotch and taped it in place. The padding *crinkled* loudly with each movement. "Oh is that so?"

Hissssssss...

The crotch of Ada's diaper grew warm and wet. She cried out in horror once she realized what she did. Helpless to the demon's whims, Ada continued to soak her diapers until it sagged heavily between the wooden bars. The faint scent of baby powder and urine reached her nostrils. Tears spilled down Ada's cheeks. She had never felt so embarrassed. To have been brought so low by an enemy she should have been able to have a chance against crushed her. "No...p-please..."

"Is mommy's little girl crying 'cause she wet her diapiies?" All sense of enmity left the demon's voice. She spoke to Ada as if she were a toddler, incapable of causing any harm.

Ada whimpered. "Uh huh..." she replied. Ada wanted to curse at how meek she had become but the demon's influence continued to corrupt her. Her body had gone long ago, but her willpower had lasted longer. In the end, neither were a match for the demon's power.

The demon queen squeezed the squishy crotch of Ada's diaper. She took great pleasure in the noise Ada made in response. "Don't cry, baby. That's what diapiers are for. Remember?"

Ada closed her eyes and tried to pretend she was anywhere else but where she was. It almost worked but then the queen squeezed her diaper again. It felt so good. Ada couldn't help but moan. It was more than a physical sensation. The thought that a demon had turned her into a pathetic diaper wetting slave aroused her. She hated it, but she couldn't help it.

"Give in, Ada." The demon massaged the front of Ada's diaper and the hero whimpered. "You're not a hero anymore. You're a demon's little plaything. Her thumb-sucking, diaper dependent little baby."

Ada couldn't help but react. The depraved feelings she had heightened with each second that passed. Her moans grew louder and she humped the queen's hand. "Mmmph...m-mommy..."

"That's it. You're mommy's little girl."

"I'm...m...mommy's little girl..."

"Good girl," praised the queen, "now show mommy how obedient you are. Give in completely. Forget all about your old life. All your years of fighting. Of being willful and strong. You're just an empty-headed, helpless little girl that needs her mommy to tell what to do."

Ada felt the last bits of her pride leave with her memories and intelligence. All knowledge she had of her class, her skills, her level, and everything else she had learned since she became an adult disappeared in an instance. She giggled like a fool and nodded in agreement.

"Little...girl...need my mommy..."

"That's right." The demon gently reached over and pulled Ada's thumb from her mouth. She replaced it with a large pacifier that Ada happily sucked on. "You lost, little hero. It's time for your fitting end before we begin the next act. Go on, show mommy how good a girl you are."

Ada looked lovingly into her mommy's eyes and smiled. She then closed her eyes and focused what few brain cells she had left into straining her bowels. With just a couple seconds of effort she lost all control and sighed with relief.

Brraaaaapppppth...

The demon queen laughed with delight as the once proud paladin filled her diapers with poop. The already sagging, discolored garment strained under the weight of the heavy load. The smell was enough for the demon to pinch her nose and fan the air. "Pee-yew! What a stinky little girl you are." The fallen hero laughed. Spit dribbled down her chin and she babbled around her pacifier. "Mommy will change you, don't you worry." She leaned down and picked Ada up with

ease. The hero rested her head on the queen's shoulder. With the queen's arm under her butt, the smelly mush spread in her diaper. The girl moaned in pleasure. Never had she felt such a wonderful sensation

"I warned her...didn't I?" Nyx scowled down at her beer. Jasper and Yevan were on either side of her. They had all returned from the tournament and waited for Ada at the tavern. It was their second day of waiting. Nyx was concerned. "Gods! Why is she like this?" She sat with her legs crossed and her hood down, too distraught to care about any stares she might've received.

"We know where she went. Why not just go get her?" It was the first thing Jasper had said in an hour. The Felynx was bad with her emotions.

"What if we leave and miss her?" asked Yevan.

Nyx groaned. She dropped her head to the table, pressed her forehead against the cool wood. "Jasper's right. We've already waited a day. If it were as easy as she claimed, she'd have been back and nearly died of boredom while she waited for us."

Yevan's already pale skin turned white. "She could be hurt...or...or worse."

Jasper put an arm across Nyx and grabbed Yevan's shoulder. She pulled them both into a tight side hug. "Then we'll find her either way. But I'm sure she's fine, Yevan. Knowing her she's probably just stuck in a trap she's too dumb to get out of."

The half-elf forced a smile. "Yeah...certainly sounds like her."

"Then it's settled!" Nyx uncrossed her legs and stood so quickly that her chair nearly tipped over. "We enter the dungeon and find her."

Jasper beat her chest with a closed fist. Yevan wore his fear plain on his face. The three gathered their things and made their way out of the tavern. They hoped for the best, but prepared themselves for the worst.

It had been five days since Ada had last seen her friends. Not that she had any concept of time since the demon queen had defeated her. The ex-paladin had no clue as to how long she had been suspended from the ceiling in a baby bouncer, nor how long her diapers had been full. The colorful lights of the room and the shiny toys on her bouncer kept her nearly empty mind completely busy. Whenever her toes would touch the soft padded floor beneath her, Ada would

kick with all her strength and the bouncer would jostle her lightly. This would never fail to get a laugh from the defeated hero.

Ada looked as different as she felt. Would her friends even recognize her after all the demon had put her through? Her resting expression of a hardened glare had softened into a vacant, glazed over look. Drool coated her chin and the chest of the white babydoll dress the queen had put her in. She sucked noisily on an over-sized, pink pacifier that was pinned to her dress. Her hands were drawn to the pacifier's strap. She played with the pink lace absentmindedly when she wasn't busy fidgeting with the ribbon that kept her hair tied up in pigtails. A pair of pink-and-white fuzzy thigh-high socks kept Ada's supple legs warm. Urine trickled down from the leg-holes of her sagging diapers and soaked into the thick material of the socks. Ada was too busy bouncing to notice. Only once the demon queen walked into her view did Ada manage to focus her attention.

"Mommy!" chirped Ada. The pacifier fell from her mouth in her excitement.

The queen smiled warmly. She tousled the girl's hair and placed the pacifier back in her mouth. "Hello, little one. Excited for your playdate today?"

Ada's face lit up at the mere mention of it. "Playdate! Wif Jathper...and Yevan...and Nys?"

"That's right. All of mommy's little darlings will be here soon." The demon couldn't help but smile. When her soldiers had discovered the dungeon she had hoped to use it as bait to capture her daughter, Nyx. She had sent in a few of her men ahead of her to set things up. When they never returned she went in herself. She had found one of them stuck in a baby bouncer. His body had been feminized and he wore a diaper that had been on the verge of bursting. The second had taken on the appearance of a succubus. He had tried to seduce her to no avail. The demon queen was too powerful to be used in such a way. She was not, however, strong enough to avoid the Dungeon's will. Her desire to capture and humiliate her daughter had remained through it all, but the queen's desires had changed and her attire with it. She had not intended to do anything more than use Ada for bait, but the girl had grown on her the more she watched her crawl around and use her diapers. A strong motherly instinct had overtaken the queen and she was helpless but to indulge it.

"Do you remember what mommy told you earlier, little one?"

Ada nodded and took out her pacifier. In her old, mature voice she recited her mommy's earlier instructions. "I'm to act as if I hate all this. Play a trick on my party so that they'll come to you."

The queen smiled. "That's right, my darling. Good girl." She then kissed Ada's cheek.

The ex-paladin immediately dropped the act and blushed profusely from the affection. "Thank you mommy!"

"Of course..." said the queen. She then looked away toward the entrance to the large room. "...I can sense them; I sense her. They're here for you, baby. Make mommy proud."

Ada nodded. She was all too eager to turn her friends into helpless babies like herself. "I can't way to play with them again..."

The first few floors were an absolute breeze for the party. It did not scale with player count, so the enemies posed no threat. Not that they bothered to fight them. They were all too worried for their friend to bother with the low-level mobs. When they finally reached the zone boss Jasper swatted it aside with a single strike. The gold tempted them, but they would not be distracted.

"This looks like the stairs down to the next zone," said Nyx, "It's been all too easy. No telling how long we'll have to delve before we find Ada."

Jasper nodded in agreement. "Ada would never fall to this trash."

"It's more likely she fell to bandits on the way back..." The concern in Yevan's voice was clear.

"Don't give up hope yet. It could just be a trap. Her god wouldn't abandon her. She could just be stuck." Nyx placed a reassuring hand on Yevan's shoulder. "C'mon. We've got a long day ahead of us it seems."

The party bounded down the stairs several steps at a time. They were all completely taken by surprise when they collapsed into a smooth surface beneath them. With yells and curses they plummeted down the winding slide until they shot out into the first room of the next zone. Yevan screamed, panicked when he saw that there was no landing. The party fell down into the dimly lit lower chamber. They were all pleasantly surprised when they hit a soft, almost bouncy floor.

"By the gods," exclaimed Jasper, "I thought we were done for."

"Are you okay, Yevan?" asked Nyx.

The half-elf looked shaken but otherwise unharmed. "Knocked the wind out of me but I'll be okay."

"Nyx! Jasper! Yevan! Thank Helsin you found me!" Ada called out to them. She was suspended in the air from a baby bouncer, diapered, and dressed like a baby.

Ada's party stared at her, their mouths agape. They could hardly believe what they saw.

"A-Ada? What happened?" asked Jasper. She took a hesitant step forward, then readied her axe. "Whoever did this to you will pay."

"It's this dungeon," she replied, "it tries to humiliate rather than kill! I've been stuck in this thing for days. The monsters here have done nothing but tease and try to break me. You've got to get me out of here!"

Jasper and Yevan leapt into action. Nyx followed quickly behind. Something felt off to her but she ignored the thought. Nothing would get between her and her friend. "Hang tight! We're comi--" Nyx's words were cut short as the room started to rumble. Yevan and Jasper lost their footing on the plush ground and stumbled. Nyx managed to spread her legs wide and brace herself.

Brightly colored bars appeared around them. They shot up from the ground and came to nearly twice Ada's height. A trap! Fortunately for the heroes, the colorful prison was large and Ada was included within it. Large wooden blocks and stuffed animals fell upon the party and the sweet smell of talcum powder filled the air.

Jasper grunted, annoyed. "It looks like a playpen or a crib. Ada wasn't kidding."

A large, pink lantern rose from the floor mid way between the heroes and their friend. It was dim at first but pulsed with a magical energy. The lantern grew brighter with each pulse.

"Baby powder?" Yevan coughed and swat at the air. "Guys? There's something strange about this powder!"

Jasper and Nyx looked around themselves to find that Yevan was right. It didn't fall straight down to the floor; instead, it seemed to home to them.

"W-What the--" Yevan gasped in surprise. The corrupting powder circumvented his wards and covered him completely. He dropped his staff in fear of what might happen if he didn't dust himself off but, no matter how hard he beat his robe, the dust refused to leave. Yevan watched in horror as his robe absorbed the fine powder.

"It's being absorbed into my robes!" shouted Yevan. "It won't come off!"

With a cleansing spell on his lips, he reached for his staff. It was there, crouched on the floor, that his robe started to change. The simple white and gold robe shortened in length until it came to his upper thigh. The rough fabric acquired a silken texture and changed its colors to bright pink with frilly white lace trim. Next, his plain white underwear acquired a similar silken texture and matching pink color. White lace ruffles adorned the butt of the embarrassing garment. His legs were forced apart by a sudden burst of soft, puffy padding between his thighs. The enchanted white leather boots he had only just acquired turned into pink baby booties secured with white lace ribbon tied into a bow. The look was completed as his hair was tied up into

childish pigtails. To his dismay, his equipment's intelligence boost and protection stats were removed and replaced with an intelligence reduction enchantment. For the first time in years Yevan cursed aloud. He grabbed his staff and shouted the incantation that he prayed would save them all.

"Eteris gal--mmmmmph!" His words were cut short. The sudden appearance of a large, pink pacifier in his mouth had shut him up. Unable to stop the corruption, Yevan's intelligence was reduced to that of an airheaded pleasure slave. Even if he could speak he would be too stupid to properly say the words, let alone have enough mana to cast the spell. Tears spilled down his cheeks as he realized how helpless he had been rendered. His only hope was the ward that still protected him. So long as any other obstacles were magical, he would be safe.

This isn't over, he thought, I can still reach Ada! Yevan attempted to dash forward only to find that the massive diaper he had been trapped in had reduced him to a slow and awkward waddle. He toddled forward around the toys as best he could, his eyes dead set on his friend. *I'll save you Ada! I won't let this trap conquer my spirit!*

Jasper scoffed at the powder. "You call this a trap? Some smelly fairy dust?" She beat her chest with her freehand and boasted to the room. "I'm a Felynx barbarian. No one is stronger!" Jasper spun her battle axe in her hand and stomped forward. She ignored everything else and kept her eyes firmly fixed on Ada. "Don't fear Ada! I'll free you and get you out of that ridiculous getup."

Crinkle...crinkle...crinkle...

The sound grew louder with each step. Jasper grunted in annoyance. "Oh, what now?" She looked down to see that what little armor she wore had been replaced by a thick white diaper with pink tapes and a cartoonish paw-print design. Her boots had stretched up her legs and turned into pink and white striped thigh highs. The rest of her body was left exposed, her ample bosom on display. Again, Jasper scoffed. "Armor corruption powder. I've seen this before; though, it appears you wish to humiliate me. Good luck with that, ya stupid dungeon. Barbarians need no armor. My weapon alone will do just fine." As if on queue, the corruption powder worked its way to her gauntlets. The thick leather and pieces of iron changed to a bright shade of white and were turned soft. The malleable material spread over her hands and contracted until the barbarian's hands were forced into fists. Jasper's axe fell to the ground with a mighty *thud*. She stared in disbelief as the mittens took on the shape of white and pink cat's paws. A sturdy lock appeared at the wrist of each one, thus her fingers had been rendered useless. Jasper fumed at the indignity. "I can still punch!"

Ring...ring...ring...

Jasper felt a sudden tightness in her throat. She pressed her mittened hands to her neck to discover that the powder had turned her leather pauldron into a pink bell collar and leash. She felt her rage build to a crescendo. "Whoever did this is gonna fucking pay! I'm not some gods

damned house cat! I'm a proud Felynx warrior! Show yourself. Fight me, coward!" Jasper roared and stomped at the ground beneath her, but no matter how hard she postured no one appeared. "Fine! I'll get Ada and show you how pathetic this all is! Maybe then you'll show yourself!" The Felynx growled with anger. She was out of her element. It was Nyx that knew how to deal with traps. Jasper looked around herself to find that Nyx had disappeared. Yevan fought with his own corruption, but the Demi-Demon must have hid. *Shit*, though Jasper, *this is bad*.

Nyx had not gone far. As soon as Yevan had warned them of the powder she had covered her mouth and kept her eyes shut. She ran to where she thought nearby cover might be. A few strides to her left and her hands touched the smooth wood of one of the oversized baby blocks. She flared her nostrils and breathed in the sweet air of the dungeon. Relieved to find she had not been poisoned by the dust, Nyx opened her eyes and uncovered her mouth. She reached up to throw back her hood only to feel soft fabric instead of the rough leather hood of her cloak. To her horror, the cloak had been replaced by a pink baby bonnet with frilly lace.

"Wh-What the hell is this?!" She yelled in shock. Nyx peeked around the block and saw that her friends' armor had suffered similar changes. "Armor corruption? Shit. Shit. Shit!" She tried to rip it off but it wouldn't budge. "It's cursed?! No...I just got this armor!" Unfortunately for her, the bonnet was only the beginning. Next came her form-fitting, black leather armor. The tough material became soft and changed colors to a babyish pastel pink. The leggings turned into a skirt and the tom-boyish rogue was suddenly in a girly dress. "Oh fuck this!" She snarled as she desperately tried to rip at the fabric. Like the bonnet, the dress would not tear or be removed; instead, the dress shrunk in her hands. The waist moved up to just under her breasts while the hem of the skirt came to just past her hips. Nyx yelped in shock. Her panties had been put on full display. She could only watch as the plain white fabric turned pink and expanded outward into an incredibly thick diaper. Her legs were forced apart by the massive amount of padding between her thighs. Three large bells appeared just above her crotch and the diaper acquired a humiliating princess and pretty pony print. The tall black leather boots she had owned for years turned into a pair of fuzzy pink socks and white patent leather shoes with buckles. They made it even harder for her to walk on the bouncy dungeon floor and made it impossible for her to be able to sneak about as she normally would. Lastly, the words 'Princess Potty Pants' were stitched onto the chest of her babydoll dress in a flowery white font. Nyx screamed in frustration as the corrupting powder finished its work. It was as if the trap had known exactly what Nyx hated most.

"This Dungeon Infanti or whatever can kiss my fucking ass," she shouted with rage, "I'm gonna kill whatever witch thought this twisted shit up!"

With his armor fully corrupted and no more troubles added to his already growing list, Yevan waddled forward toward the lantern and Ada. As he neared the pink light, the pulses of magical energy grew in strength and speed until it nearly blinded him. He felt the power of the strange device get higher and higher. It could only be another trap. Whatever it was, he had to stop it no

matter what. *Maybe if I can get my hands on it, my ward will block the blast and protect the others.*

"Yevan! What are you doing? Get away from that thing!" Jasper yelled at the top of her lungs. Even burdened with the thick diaper, she was too strong and fast to be slowed down. In just a few strides she had nearly reached Yevan.

"Mmmmmph!" Yevan had turned to face her. He wanted to warn her to run but all he could do was mumble incoherently around his pacifier.

The sound of shattered glass drew his attention back to the lantern. Yevan's ward protected him, but it dissipated as soon as the magical energy surged outward. He turned back to Jasper and cried out around his pacifier. Yevan watched, powerless, as the magic engulfed his friend.

Jasper was blasted backward by the magical energy. She cursed under her breath and tried to get back up. Once on her hands and knees she realized that she no longer had any desire to stand. Crawling on the floor like a housecat felt good. "Yevan...I...feel weird."

"Mmmph?" was all the silenced half-elf could manage around his pacifier.

The barbarian looked up at her friend. Even with the massive height difference between them, Jasper had to look up to see Yevan's face. It was something she had grown to hate in her homeland. She had been the runt of her litter, the smallest female Felynx in years. Even some of the men were bigger than her. It had been the reason she had left home to adventure. But there, on all fours; collared; and diapered; she realized she had loved it all along. The humiliation was intoxicating. She felt her cock grow stiff and strain against the soft padding of her diaper. "Am I a good kitten?" She asked him, her voice practically dripped with lewdness.

The spell must have done something to her mind, thought Yevan, I can't help without my magic. Maybe if I can get to Ada...maybe she has a holy spell of purification! Yevan turned to continue forward but was tripped by Jasper's mittened hand.

"Mmpppph!"

"Take my leash, Yevan. Please...I'll be such a good kitty. I'll do whatever you want." Jasper crawled forward with the intention to mount Yevan.

The half-elf could plainly see the massive bulge in her diaper. He would be helpless but to be humped until the Felynx was satisfied if he didn't act fast. That is, if she could be satisfied. With no choice, he gave the barbarian what she wanted. Yevan took the leash and pulled it tight. Jasper purred loudly.

A Felynx that was collared and diapered, begged a half-elf to lead her around by a leash like she were some lap cat. The thought made Jasper's body shiver. She was a disgrace to her proud race. If her family could see her they would disown her immediately. But as good as the humiliation made her feel, she wanted more. "Meooooow..." she decided then and there to give up any dignity she had left. She wasn't a Felynx anymore, but a horny kitten in need of an owner. "Mew..."

Yevan watched his friend debase herself further and further until she had reduced herself to rubbing her diapered crotch with her mittens. *There's no saving her now*, he thought, *I've got to get to Ada*. Yevan dropped the leash and waddled forward.

Nyx couldn't bare to watch. The moment she heard the glass break, she ducked behind the pillar and hoped that it would be enough to save her whatever embarrassment the next trap had planned. When the energy surged outward it weakened as it spread. By the time it reached Nyx it had dissipated to nearly nothing.

"It wewked! It mithed me," she exclaimed. "Wuh-wait! Why do I talk wike dis? N-No! I thound wike a baby! I'm nah a fweakin baby! Fweakin? Poopy! I-I can't say bad wewds eider! What meanie head made thith?!" Nyx started to panic. She searched her mind for anything else that might have changed but found that she appeared to be otherwise herself. A quick look around the baby block at Jasper proved to her that things could be much worse. "I can't keep hidin hewe! Jathper needs my hewlp!" Nyx made to dash forward only to be assaulted by the noise of bells on her diaper. Nyx did her best to ignore the sound and how impossible her princess diapers made it for her to move faster than a slow walk. "I'm comin Jathper!"

Jasper had started to whimper as soon as her leash went slack. "Meow?" She watched Yevan waddle away, saddened that he didn't want to own her. The sound of bells jingling alerted her to Nyx, who had made her way forward. Jasper had forgotten about her. Maybe she would own her. Jasper crawled toward Nyx as quick as she could with her leash in her mouth. "Mew?" she pleaded. She sat on her back legs with her diaper on display. Like a pet she raised her hands and begged her to take the leash.

Nyx looked on with clear discomfort. To see one of the strongest women she had ever known reduced to such a state. It saddened her to no end. "Jathper...whas wong?"

The Felynx whimpered and dropped the leash and Nyx's feet. She strained to wet herself, to show her just how pathetic she had become but it wouldn't come. She was too horny. When it seemed Nyx wouldn't get the hint, Jasper gave up on subtlety and started to hump her friend's leg. "M-Mew..." she continued to talk like a kitten. Each time she did more and more of the human language she had spent years learning disappeared from her mind. It got harder and harder to think and nothing made her happier.

Without thought, Nyx admonished her friend, "Nuh uh! Bad kitty!"

A blissful look overcame Jasper and her body spasmed. She moaned and gasped as she coated the front of her diaper in sticky fluid. "Kitty..." it was the last intelligent word she would ever utter. She fell backward and wiggled playfully. Jasper wanted a tummy rub. She looked expectantly to Nyx who reluctantly picked up the leash and dragged her friend along. As much as she had wanted the belly rub, being pulled by leash was even better. By the time they caught up to Yevan, Jasper's diaper sagged heavily. She had willingly soaked her diapers and had gotten aroused all over again. The squishy diaper felt incredible as she crawled behind Nyx. Why had she ever wanted to be taken seriously?

Yevan managed to close the distance to Ada as his friends struggled with their own problems. In just a few seconds he'd nearly crossed the hall and reached Ada. With what strength was left to him, he burst into as fast a stride as the diaper would allow him. But it was no use. There had been a third trap. He slammed into an invisible barrier and fell backward onto his padded rear with an audible *crinkle*. He pushed himself back up onto his knees and hit the barrier with his closed fists. "Mmmph!" He cried out in despair. So close, yet so far away.

The barrier shimmered as Yevan hit it. It turned into a mirror before his eyes and the heroes were forced to look at their humiliating outfits. Yevan fell back and whimpered as he took in his pathetic appearance. Dressed as he was he looked all the more like the sissy the humans made him out to be. The mirror shimmered again and Yevan watched as his form changed in the reflection. His already feminine features became exaggerated to the point where he looked even more like his pleasure slave mother. Small breasts formed under his frilly dress. What little body hair he had been graced with disappeared in an instant. His thighs grew plump and his ass ballooned outward. Shiny pink lip gloss appeared upon his suddenly thick lips. Yevan tried to wipe it away but the pacifier made it difficult. He managed to slip a finger past but the makeup wouldn't leave. Yevan gasped around the pacifier as more and more makeup appeared on his face. It was all permanent and further added to his femininity until the only thing that proved his gender was the small dick swaddled underneath his thick diapers and frilly panties. He tried to stand, desperate to flee the reflection that showed his new form, but his thick thighs only made his waddle worse. Yevan had been reduced to an infantile crawl. Utterly defeated, he started to sob and kick his legs in a childish tantrum. His stats and level were all reduced to negative one. The title of mage gifted to him by the college disappeared and all the spells he had learned from years of study were wiped from his memory. The words 'Sissy Baby' were etched into his mind as his new class. Left a pathetic excuse of what he once was, Yevan soaked his diaper as his potty-training was taken from him. Drool coated his chin as he noisily sucked on his pacifier for comfort. In that moment he forgot all about his concern for his friends. He didn't want to adventure anymore. All he wanted was a diaper change and a nap.

Nyx balked at her reflection. Her awareness of her appearance was bad enough. To be forced to look at how ridiculous she had been dressed was soul-crushing. She summoned what

courage she had left and laughed at the mirror. "You'we nah thcawin me! You fink a mirrow and thome diapews awe gonna defead m-me..." Nyx's courage disappeared along with her words. The reflection shimmered before her and her body started to change. Much like poor Yevan, her body was feminized drastically. Her nearly flat chest grew in size until her breasts strained against the thin fabric of her babydoll dress. Her hips grew wide and her thin, fit frame lost its toned muscle. She shrunk nearly a foot in height until she was even shorter than Yevan. A thin layer of fat made her appear like some spoiled royal with a body better suited to being a courtesan rather than a thief. The dark red color of her skin lightened to a soft pink while her sawed off black horns and short hair grew long and white. The points of her devil's horns became dull and harmless just as her teeth lost all their sharpness. The scars and burns that she had acquired from years of adventuring disappeared and her skin was left supple and flawless. Nyx's grizzled features and hoarse voice became soft and hyper feminine. She looked every bit the princess her clothes made her out to be. Finally, her stats were reduced to nothing. Her class and all the thief skills she had learned from experience faded from her mind. A powerful compulsion came over her and she fell to her knees. Nyx struggled to maintain her dignity, to keep herself from devolving into the diapered princess that stared back at her. "Noooooo...pweathe. I'm nah a baby...I'm a b-big guwl. I-hnnng..." Nyx's eyes widened as she lost control of her bowels. Utterly defeated, she sucked her thumb and sobbed as she filled her diapers with stinky mush. More and more came out until her diaper sagged heavily from the weight. The bells that adorned her diaper rang loudly as she messed herself, clearly enchanted to alert the room whenever she used her diapers. "P-Poopy..." she whimpered. The words 'Pampered Princess' were etched in her mind as her new class. Nyx openly sobbed as what strength was left in her legs disappeared. She fell backward onto her padded bottom and blubbered like a baby as the mush spread to the front of her diaper. "Moooooommy!" Nyx wailed. She wasn't the strong woman she was and she never would be again. She had been reduced to a thumb-sucking pamper pooper and wanted nothing more than a diaper change and a pacifier.

Jasper had been busy massaging the front of her diaper when she noticed her reflection. She watched with glee as her tall, muscular form was shrunk down. Her speckled tawny fur turned snow white as she lost all of her muscle mass. She was unrecognizable as a Felynx. Her soft, pristine fur was not fit for the outdoors. She had become the housecat she so craved to be. A pathetic little thing that wanted nothing more than to be treated as a pet. She purred as her form changed further. Her breasts grew in size until they looked ridiculous on her petite frame. Her hips and ass expanded until she looked like the elven women she had seen selling their bodies in the port cities. Thoughts of being bred and producing a litter filled her mind and any intelligent thought she had left was pushed from her mind. Her battle training and reflexes disappeared and she was left a slutty, clumsy cat girl with no will to fight. She filled her diapers willingly and took pleasure from how heavily her diaper sagged. She mewled and gasped as she orgasmed. The mere sight of herself was enough to drive her to cumming in her diapers. Jasper's level and stats were reduced to nothing. No longer fit to be a barbarian, the words 'Diaper Humping Kitten'

were etched in her mind as her new class. She knew then that Yevan and Nyx were not fit to be her owner. Jasper picked up her leash from the ground with her teeth. She sat back in her messy pampers and bounced up and down. She was never fit to be a barbarian. This was what she was supposed to be all along. All she'd ever want again was a cage to sleep in and a leg to hump.

The demon queen had watched it all from the shadows. As much as the sight delighted her, she couldn't help but feel an overwhelming desire to console the sobbing babies. Only when everything was all said and done did she step out from the shadows and approach the bars of her trap.

"Hello, little ones," said the queen, "I'm so sorry you're all so distraught. But don't worry. Mommy's here. She'll take care of those dirty diapers and tears." The defeated heroes looked up at her. Ada and Yevan looked shocked. Jasper couldn't have been happier. "And don't worry sweet kitten, mommy will take care of you and all your needs too." The queen then looked at Nyx and smiled. She stepped forward and the bars parted for her. The Demi-Demon whimpered and backed away as she approached. "Oh come now, sweetheart. Don't tell me you forgot what your mommy looks like. Weren't you just calling for me?"

Nyx's mouth opened wide in shock. "Muh-Mommy?"

"That's right, baby. Mommy wanted to see you so bad she had Ada here help out. I'm so glad you've returned to me. And you're finally over that tomboy phase of yours. There's no doubt that you're my good little princess now. The demonic court will be so happy to see you in my lap."

"Nuh uh! C-Change me back, mommy! Pwease!"

The demon queen smiled warmly. She bent down and stroked her daughter's cheek. "Sorry, little girl. Mommy knows best. If you're a good girl maybe mommy will potty train you...or...she might just keep you in diapers, no matter what. You look oh so precious now. Doesn't she, Ada?"

The two demons looked back to Ada to see the girl clap her hands together and giggle. "She's such a cutie mommy! Can we play sometime, pwease?"

"Of course, my sweet. But only if Nyx behaves herself." The queen looked back to her daughter. "Now...are you going to start acting like a good little princess or does mommy need to teach you a lesson?"

Nyx's pink skin turned pale at the thought of her mother disciplining her. Even then she shook her head 'no.' There was no way she'd sink so low. "I'm nah a baby! I wan my big guwl pandies!"

The demon queen sighed. "It appears that mommy is going to have to teach you some manners after all. I expected as much. You were always such a rebellious girl." She snapped her fingers and a chair appeared behind her. "But don't worry. I'll raise you right this time. You'll be my obedient little girl before too long. There's nothing spankings and timeouts can't solve. Especially in this wonderful dungeon."

As defeated as he was, Yevan felt strongly for Nyx's plight. He jumped forward and grabbed at the demon's leg. "Mmmmmph!"

The queen sighed. "Don't worry, sissy. You're my little princess too, but mommy has to deal with little Nyxxie." She looked over to her new house cat. The kitten eagerly humped away at a large teddy bear, completely unconcerned of what happened. "What's her name? No--nevermind. She's my little pet now. I should get to name her. How does Mittens sound, kitty?"

"Meow!" The cat loved it. The magic of the dungeon wiped the party's mind of her old name and replaced it with Mittens.

"Good Mittens. Why don't you come over here and keep little Yevvie busy, would you?"

Yevan's eyes opened wide as the cat pounced at him. He tried to flee but was too slow. The cat girl pinned him to the floor and her breasts were quickly pressed into his face. She humped his crotch in earnest and mewled with each thrust. Yevan whimpered around his pacifier. He couldn't believe how quickly he had become aroused. His small cock strained against the thick padding and his thoughts strayed to how good it felt to be sissified and used. Yevan tried to fight the compulsion but it was no use. The dungeon corrupted him with each second that passed. He had never been one for sex and cocks had never aroused him, but he had started to crave it. Part of him wished that they could have removed their diapers so he could play with Mittens' parts, but the squishy diaper felt so good to hump. He forgot all about Nyx and Ada for the time. The pleasure was just too great.

The queen looked back at her daughter. The Demi-Demon had tried to crawl away but had collapsed barely out of the demon's reach. She bent down and grabbed Nyx by the waistband of her diaper. The girl started to cry as the poop in her diaper was mashed into her butt from the slight wedgie.

"Noooooooooooo...mommy pwease! I'll be a good girl! I pwomise!" Nyx had given up on pride. She only wanted to escape her punishment. "I'll be a good widdle baby!"

"You certainly will. After mommy properly disciplines you." Nyx sobbed openly. She kicked her legs and flailed her arms in a full blown tantrum. The queen ignored her weak attempt at escape. She sat down in the chair and pulled the girl across her lap. "Ten should be all you need, but I want to hear you count them. If you mess up, I'll add another ten."

"W-wha? Nuh...no! Dun do id!"

THWAP

Nyx yelped. Despite the thick padding of the diaper, the pain she felt was immense. What hurt her more than that was the shame that built up inside her.

"Stawp! Mooooommy!"

"What did I tell you, Nyx? That's ten more."

THWAP

Nyx blubbered loudly. A mixture of snot and tears streamed down her face. She could feel the shame take control of her. It wasn't about the pain or humiliation anymore. The punishment actually made her regret how naughty she'd been.

"O-One! Pweeeease mommy, I'm sowwy!"

"I know, princess, but you need to learn. Keep counting."

THWAP

Nyx gasped. She regretted it all. When she left the demonic court, her tomboyish style, her adventuring. Her mommy was right. She was a naughty little girl that needed to be punished. Nyx accepted that.

"Tuh-two!"

THWAP

She'd listen to her mommy from then on. She'd be the good little princess she was meant to be. It would embarrass her to no end to waddle back to the court in her messy diapers but she would do it for her mommy. She needed to learn. Nyx knew that.

"Thwee!"

THWAP THWAP

Two in a row was a lot for Nyx. The mess in her diaper had spread to the front where it mixed with her urine as she helplessly wet herself. Her bells rang loudly at the humiliating act. She

resolved then to tell her mommy that she belonged in diapers. To tell her it was good that she made her into a big baby.

"Fouw! Figh! F-Fank oou mommy!"

The queen smiled. The shame spell she had enchanted her daughter's diapers with worked like a charm. The girl had learned her lesson.

THWAP

"S-Seben?"

"Are you going forward on purpose, Nyx. Tell me the truth."

Nyx shook her head. "I-I fowgot mommy. I dun know wha cometh afder figh..."

"That's alright, little girl. You don't have to count any more. Mommy knows how hard it is for you. Do you want me to stop?"

Again Nyx shook her head. "Nuh mommy. I been a bad guwl."

The demon patted the seat of her daughter's sagging diapers. She grabbed her by the waist and lifted her up to sit on her thigh. "In that case, we'll save your remaining spankings for when I announce your return to the court. There's going to be some changes when I return. Who would make a better example than my naughty daughter." The queen slipped her apron down and exposed her breasts. White milk dribbled down her breast. Ever since she had entered the dungeon she had lactated profusely. Ada had happily drank it all and now the queen was eager to have her daughter try it. She guided her daughter's face to her chest and dragged her nipple along her cheek. The girl opened her mouth and took the nipple in almost instinctively. Nyx suckled noisily as her mother stroked her back. "Mommy's milk is very addictive. Once you finish you'll need to drink it every day. You'll be such a cranky little baby if you don't. No more adventurers for you, little girl. You'll need to stay close to mommy from now on."

Nyx drank greedily from her mother's breast. The thought of being so dependent on her mother would have terrified her old self but she knew then that it was for the best. She was a naughty girl that needed discipline and structure. She'd gladly become addicted to her mommy's milk. It was what she needed.

As the two bonded over the feeding, two motherly succubi entered the chamber. One lifted Ada into a sling on her chest. The girl sucked on her pacifier happily as the demon escorted her from the room. Mittens and Yevan were pried apart and placed in a double stroller. They breathed heavily and sweated profusely from their fun.

"Finish up and it'll be time to head back home to see your old friends and family. They're expecting you. They can't wait to see how you've changed."

Nyx felt a smile tug at her lips. The thought excited her. With a soft grunt around her mother's nipple she filled her diaper once more. She farted loudly as she pushed out the smelly mush and nearly caused the diaper to burst from the use. The breast milk spilled down her chin as she neared the end of her feeding. The milk grew more delicious with each suckle. She knew then that her mother was right. Never had she tasted something so good. As her mother pulled her away, Nyx already craved more.

The queen tickled her daughter's chin. "Time to go, darling. I think a diaper change in front of the court is in order. They'll want to see how good you are at filling your diapers." Nyx's mommy stood and placed the girl on her hip. The still warm mush in her diaper spread outward as her weight was placed on her mother. Nyx eagerly accepted a pacifier and sucked on it as she felt her arousal grow. As depraved as it was, the Demi-Demon hoped that her mother might take care of that for her too. How had she ever lived without her? It should've been clear to her from the start. Nyx was a mommy's girl through and through.