

# **A Prank too Far - A RWBY FanFic by Cowkites**

Yang and Pyrrha watched them from across the balcony. Weiss and Blake sat across from one another at a table. Half-eaten desserts and glasses of water were pushed to the side as they spoke quietly to one another. The looks on their faces suggested the hangout was more than friendly. Yang and Pyrrha were more than happy to mess that up. Ever since Weiss and Blake had given them both a wedgie in front of their friends, they were eager to get revenge. With a plan and a couple pills, they sauntered over with images of their utter humiliation in mind.

"Hi girls!" Said Yang. "Having a fun little hangout?"

Weiss rolled her eyes as they approached. "Can we help you two?"

"Just thought you two might want some company..." Pyrrha said. She did her best not to sound suspicious but it was hard for her.

Weiss picked up on it immediately. "Are you two still upset about your wedgies?"

Yang fumed. "You humiliated us!"

"It was your skid marks that humiliated you." Said Blake.

"Well then what do you want?" Continued Weiss. "Would you like to give me a wedgie? I'd like to see you try."

"No no no. Not at all. We wanted to just have a friendly..." Yang trailed off.

"Race!" Finished Pyrrha.

"A race?"

"Yup! Two versus two. Whoever arrives first wins it for their team."

"And if we lose?" Asked Blake.

"Then you get wedgied!"

Weiss scoffed. "And if we win you just get another wedgie? Don't tell me this is just your way of getting your fetish catered to."

Yang laughed. "Fine! Let's make it interesting. We each have to chug a glass of water. The finish line will be across town at that big pink building. There's a restroom in there. First ones

there get the bathroom while the others have to wait. Losers get a wedgie and if their bladder can't handle it...then maybe they wet themselves!"

Pyrrha waited for Yang to distract the other two with the rules while she spiked two of the glasses with the drugs.

"So when we win you two will be forced to pee your panties mid-wedgie?"

"If you win." Corrected Yang.

Weiss and Blake just laughed. "Alright girls!" They took the glasses and downed the contents. Yang and Pyrrha followed suit. "Hope you enjoy piss-stained panties."

And with that the race was on.

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'CLOSED'

They had finally reached their destination after nearly twenty minutes of running only to find that the finish line was closed. Weiss nearly screamed in frustration. She turned to Blake and pointed at the sign. The dark-haired girl looked as defeated as Weiss felt. Despite all their earlier confidence, they both felt a growing pressure in their bowels. Weiss hid her discomfort as best she could. She had no interest in showing weakness after she had agreed to participate in the childish game. She wouldn't give them the satisfaction. Blake, on the other hand, looked as if she might go where she stood. The discomfort was plain on her face.

Yang and Pyrrha arrived not too long after their friends. They looked tired but otherwise fine. In fact, they appeared to have fun. "Whoa! Did you two go all ready?" Asked Yang. She played dumb and acted surprised when the 'winners' told her the bathroom was out of order.

"Looks like the race isn't over yet!" Pyrrha exclaimed. "We'll just have to find another bathroom. And this time we'll win, right Yang?" Pyrrha winked at her friend.

Yang grinned from ear-to-ear. She couldn't tell what excited Pyrrha more: the prank or the fake race. Either way, Yang liked the energy. "How about it, Weiss? Blake?"

Weiss looked ready for anything. As she always did. Blake had already started to run down the hall. Weiss dashed after her. This left Yang and Pyrrha. They looked at one another and high-fived. "Would you like to take a leisurely stroll to the only other bathroom in the building?" Yang asked.

Pyrrha giggled. "After you." The two laughed to themselves as they took the hallway opposite that of the one Weiss and Blake ran down. Their victims would need to run around the majority of the building before they'd even get close to the other bathroom. Yang and Pyrrha reached it in under a minute. Once there, they placed themselves in the stalls and locked the doors. The room was filled with laughter as they waited for Weiss and Blake to reappear.

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Blake could barely keep up her speed. What had started as a break-neck run had turned into a slow waddle. Even Weiss has slowed down. It was clear that only her determination had kept her going. She didn't care about her need to go to the bathroom. Once she won, she could do just that. The only issue was that her body cared. No matter how hard she pushed Weiss was forced to slow down to a ragged sprint. "We're almost there, Blake!" She could see the bathroom sign in the hall. They were so close.

But they weren't close enough. By the time they arrived the doors were locked. Yang and Pyrrha were inside. They laughed hysterically as Weiss banged on the doors. "Open up! You may have won but you can't keep us out like this!"

"What was that, Weiss?" Yang asked.

Weiss knew what the girl wanted and she hated it. She looked over to see Blake on her knees, her hands on her stomach. Her ears twitched in discomfort and she whimpered loudly. "Blake really needs to use the bathroom! Open up already!" Weiss's voice grew strained. Her legs had grown weak and the massive pressure in her bowels wouldn't let up. She steadied herself against the door. She refused to fall to her knees. To look as if she might beg.

"Ask nicely." Pyrrha chided.

Weiss cursed through gritted teeth. She was ready to yell when Blake suddenly spoke up. "Let us in already! P-Please!" She sounded weak and exasperated.

The doors opened a crack and Yang and Pyrrha poked their heads out. "Still a little rough, but we'll let ya thr--"

*Braaaapthhhh*

Blake gasped. She had farted. Loudly. The relief was immediate and felt amazing. She had a smile on her face as she farted again and again. The other girls stood and watched. Weiss was horrified for Blake's sake. The other two were ecstatic. They knew what would happen next.

FRRRRAAPTH

Blake gasped again. It turned into a grunt and Blake started to cry. She had no control over her lower body anymore. Helpless to her body's whims, Blake did the only thing she could and lifted her butt off the floor before the inevitable. She grunted again and again as her body gave in. A small stream of urine soaked the crotch of her panties with each grunt until a pool of urine soaked the carpet beneath her feet. Positioned as they were, Weiss got a clear view of Blake's panties as she pooped herself. The soaked fabric sagged heavily. Even slid down Blake's rear slightly as the weight of the mess increased. By the time Blake had finished her legs wobbled profusely. Too weak to keep it up any longer Blake's legs gave out and she fell onto her butt with an audible *squish*.

"W-Weiss!" Cried Blake. She looked pathetic there on the floor. Weiss's heart ached at the sight. But her own issues had become impossible to ignore. The bathrooms had been opened and she could go, but that would mean Blake would be left outside in such a state. Weiss sighed. She grabbed Blake by the hand and tried to lift her to her feet.

"Come on...Blake..." Weiss had wanted to save her from further embarrassment but the girl felt impossibly heavy. The added strain was just too much and with one last heave Weiss soaked her panties. "Wh-Wha-?!" She couldn't believe it. Her eyes grew wet and her lip trembled. How could something so embarrassing happen to her?

"Pyrrha! I think the *ice queen* just melted a little in her panties."

"All over her face too!"

Weiss ignored them and the warmth that spread across her panties and tights. She gathered strength for one last dash. Despite her best interests, she still tried to bring Blake.

*Pfffffftteeerrfff*

Weiss grunted. Her face was red and, much like Blake, she felt incredibly weak.

Yang and Pyrrha gathered around the two of them as if they were toddlers in need of supervision. "I know that look!" Yang teased.

"Are you gonna poop your panties like your little sister?"

Weiss wanted nothing more than to teach the two of them a lesson, but she couldn't. She couldn't even move. Even the slightest change in her position and her bowels would release. So Weiss was stuck there. She held Blake's hand for both their comfort and did her best to keep control. It was all she could do, but she could do it. Wetting herself had been humiliating but she could maintain some dignity if she managed to not poop herself.

Yang and Pyrrha couldn't have that. So they tickled her. "Coochie coochie coo!"

*FRRRAAAAPPPPTHHH*

Weiss cried out as she finally lost control. She fell into a low crouch and squeezed Blake's hand as she pushed more and more of the mushy poop out into her panties. Between gasps and grunts, Weiss rocked back and forth on her heels and cried as she messed her underwear. More urine spurted out and resoaked the front of her panties. Like Blake, she lost her strength and fell back on her butt and into the stinky mush in her panties. Her feet squished in the urine soaked fibers of the carpet as she tried to force herself back onto her feet to no avail.

"Awww! You two look so cute holding hands while you go potty!" Pyrrha teased.

"I honestly thought our little kitty, Blake, would've been cuter but seeing you struggle to keep your potty-training was adorable, Weiss. I would expect nothing less from you."

Weiss felt as if she might day. Never in her life had she been so embarrassed. She felt so weak and vulnerable as she sat there next to Blake. Yang and Pyrrha seemed to tower over them. Their smirks only made things worse. Why were they so happy with their utter humiliation?

It was then that Weiss put two and two together. "You did this on purpose!"

Yang giggled. "Such a smart girl! We spiked your water. Didn't expect you both to have such big accidents but it made it all the better."

"Yeah," said Pyrrha, "and we're in just the place to clean you two up."

Weiss looked around in despair. She hadn't paid as much attention to the smell, the decorations as she ran through the halls. The strong aroma of baby powder. The faint scent of dirty diapers. The doors were decorated with children's drawings and some of the rooms had windows to help staff monitor children. Blake had briefly seen some cribs and toys in the rooms but had not cared. She had needed a bathroom and that was her only concern.

Pyrrha left to speak to a member of staff while Yang kept an eye on the two losers. Blake whined loudly. She sniffled and squirmed on the floor. Weiss felt more upset for Blake than herself. She still burned with desire to escape whatever fate the two winners had in store for them but she could barely manage a crawl as weak as she had become. "What did you drug us with? I-I can hardly move."

"I dunno. Had someone make it. Said it worked like a muscle relaxer. Add in some laxatives, diuretic, and calming drugs and you get two helpless panty poopers."

"You're gonna pay for this! This was too far."

"Yeah..." a weak Blake added, "if you think this was bad...just you wait."

"Oh is that so? I'd like to see you two try and pull anything while having to re-potty-train yourselves." Yang teased. "Are you gonna plot your revenge on your little training potties?"

"It's just the drugs. As soon as they wear off--"

"You'll still be a little panty pooper. Or rather...a little pamper pooper."

Blake's eyes went wide. "Y-You don't seriously mean..."

Yang grinned. "What do you think Pyrrha's doing? She's asking the staff if they have diapers big enough for our two little pottypants girls."

Weiss and Blake looked down the hall. Pyrrha stood there at the end of the hall near the open door of a nursery. She pointed to Weiss and Blake and the staff looked over. The conversation ended and Pyrrha returned. "It's your lucky day girls! They've got a nursery free that's sized for girls your age that keep their panties dry. Wanna help me get these two cuties on a changing table?"

Yang nodded vigorously. Weiss and Blake were powerless to resist. Their strength had been sapped to the point where they had to hold hands and toddle with their free hands gripping Yang's clothing just to move forward. They both grimaced. Each step was another reminder of the shame in their panties. Urine dripped down their thighs into their shoes. The seat of their panties sagged from the mess.

They both squirmed and whined as they were strapped onto changing tables. Yang and Pyrrha made a big show of how much of a mess their victims had made. Blake started to cry again as a thick kitty-cat print diaper was slid under her rear. It crinkled loudly with each movement. It was hell to her sensitive ears. "Noooo! Don't diaper me! I-I'm not a baby!" Blake wriggled an arm free of the straps and reached for the diaper. She lifted her butt as high as she could and made to yank it free but Pyrrha just chuckled and moved her hand as if Blake were nothing more than a naughty child.

"Tsk tsks." Pyrrha chided. "If you can't be a good girl for your diaper change then we'll just have to take some precautions." She reached under the changing table and produced a pair of locking satin mitts. "This should keep Kitty's claws away from her diapers."

"Don't you dare, Pyrrha!"

Pyrrha ignored her. She put the gloves on her one after the other and locked them in place. "Be a good girl and I might let you out of them."

Blake practically hissed in response. This amused Pyrrha to no end. Her captive only got cuter.

"You let me go this instant!" Weiss commanded. "You've had your fun! No--mmmph!" She sputtered and babbled as Yang pacified her. The large pink plastic shield and big nipple made it feel as if it were made for her. The sheer size of it made her feel small in comparison. As if she really were a baby. Yang strapped it around her head and locked it in place.

"There we go. A paci for a fussy little baby."

Weiss's face was a dark shade of red as she babbled incoherently around the pacifier.

"So much better! Seems like some cranky little girl needs a nap." Pyrrha had taped Blake in the thick diaper and placed her in a playpen in the far corner of the room. Blake sat there in the pen and blubbered. Too weak to exert herself and with her hands in mittens, Blake could only paw at the pen walls and whimper.

"Great idea!" Yang taped Weiss into her own diaper. It was white and blue with a baby block pattern. They spelled out 'Baby Girl' right on the crotch. Weiss was mortified. "Time for cranky baby's nap!" Yang grabbed Weiss and escorted her over to the playpen. Once there, she was pushed inside and laid down next to Blake. Yang pushed her down onto her back. Weiss was too weak to fight it. She could feel the warm embrace of sleep take her as Blake yawned and wrapped her arms around her waist. She wanted to fight. To get revenge on their two captors, but she couldn't even will herself up. The thought that she had been reduced to such a low. Pacified, diapered, and napping in a playpen. If she were more awake she might have noticed the crotch of her diaper grow warm or that she had started to suck on the pacifier in an even rhythm. Blake had followed suit and had even pressed her diapered crotch into Weiss's padded rear end. Completely out of it, she pulled Weiss in close and gently grinded against her until she drifted off. Her movements slowed and her soft moans turned to even and slow breathes. Weiss had already passed out. Her soaked diaper had discolored and grown quite heavy. The two made quite the sight. Yang and Pyrrha were ecstatic.

"Let's let the little girls nap. Wanna go get some lunch?" Yang asked.

Pyrrha nodded. "And we can't forget to bring back some more nummy nums for our little babies!" The two laughed aloud as they exited the nursery. They couldn't wait to come back and tease them more.

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Blake woke up first. She sat up and stretched. For a moment, she had forgotten all about the prank. Her humiliation at the hands of Yang and Pyrrha. But the diaper was still there, her hands were still restrained with mittens, and a thick diaper forced her legs ever so slightly apart. She

tried not to focus on the negatives. Her strength had returned. She'd wake up Weiss and they'd escape. Then they'd get their revenge.

"We--" Blake stopped. She had wanted to wake her friend but her bladder suddenly felt full to bursting. She turned away from Weiss, too embarrassed to wake her then. There was no way she could hold it. Helpless to the whims of her still weakened bladder, Blake gripped a soft blanket on the floor of the playpen as she lost control and soaked her diapers. She couldn't help but sigh happily with the release. The pressure had been so intense that she couldn't help but feel good doing it.

Weiss stirred from her slumber. She looked around and remembered her predicament. Next to her was Blake. She was on all fours with her diaper turned to Weiss. Weiss couldn't help but watch as Blake wet herself. She watched the diaper discolor and sag. She could hear the loud *hiss* of urine spurting into the thick padding. As Blake finished she let loose a soft grunt of relief. She fell back on her bottom and saw Weiss. Her eyes were fixed on Blake's wet crotch. Blake tugged her dress down to cover it. "I-I couldn't hold it."

Weiss looked away for a moment. She couldn't speak so instead, she placed a hand on Blake's thigh to comfort her then pointed at her own wet crotch. They hugged one another. The comfort was desperately needed.

"That pacifier is locked isn't it?" Blake asked.

Weiss nodded. She refused to even attempt to speak. She sounded ridiculous with the pacifier in her mouth.

"So are these mitts. We'll need to work together to escape."

Weiss nodded. They helped each other stand and managed to work the child lock on the playpen. They poked their heads out the nursery door and, when they were sure the coast was clear, they quietly exited and shut the door behind them.

"Look!" Blake pointed to a rectangular metal panel in the wall. There was a large handle at the top and a cart full to the brim with cloth next to it. "A laundry shoot. We can escape that way." The two approached the shoot and looked inside. "Ugh. Something stinks. Must be next to a dumpster. Come on Weiss we got--eep!" Weiss and Blake were both grabbed by the waistbands of their exposed diapers. "N-No!"

"Oh yes!" Yang exclaimed.

"We're back and we have special treats for our little jailbirds." Pyrrha held up two baby bottles full of pink liquid. "A higher dose to help you two learn to behave yourselves."



The two diapered girls tried to make a break for it but they were still too weak. Yang and Pyrrha kept firm grips on their diapers and pulled them into a restrained hug. The bottles were forced into their mouths and squeezed to force it down their throats. Weiss's pacifier had been removed from the harness and replaced by the bottle. Forced or not, the bottle was stuck. She'd drink it no matter what if it was there long enough.

The higher dose worked much faster. Weiss and Blake both were once again putty in their friends' hands. Blake started to fart again. The smell was strong but was easily masked by the intense odor that wafted from the shoot. It wasn't long before they both pooped their diapers again.

*FRAAAAAPTH*

Weiss grunted and pushed. She had no control as she was. With her legs spread wide she pushed a sizeable load into the seat of her diaper. Tears poured down her face and mixed with the drool on her chin as she pushed more and more of the stinky mush into her diapers.

Yang cackled with delight at the sight. "And you two didn't wanna be put back in diapers. You clearly need them. You're just two big babies!" She then removed Weiss's bottle and replaced it with the pacifier. "Can't have baby getting cranky in her messy pampers."

"Hmmm...I don't know Yang. You think they really messed themselves again? I think we should maybe take a closer look..." Pyrrha yanked the waistband of Blake's diaper into the air and the dark-haired girl gasped. The warm mess she had just deposited into her diapers spread against her backside. The gratuitous mess was too much for her to bear. She tried to fight but Pyrrha only lifted higher until she was forced to stand still on her tiptoes. She couldn't move in that position lest she lose her balance and have the entirety of her weight press into the diaper. "Puh-Please Pyrrha!"

The two laughed. "You're right! Weiss here made a lot of noise but she might have been faking it. Did you go boom boom in your diapers little girl?" Yang yanked upward until Weiss was just as high up as Blake.

"Mmmph!"

"Is that a 'yes,' little girl? Are you a silly little baby that needs her diapers?"

Weiss refused to answer. Even when Yang tugged harder she fought the urge to give in. She'd never sink so low as to admit that.

Yang scoffed. "Fine. Let's just make 100% sure you messed your diapers then." With one hard heave Weiss was propelled into the air. She gasped as her body settled down into the messy diaper. It spread all around and even into the front. She had no idea a diaper could stretch that

much. The feeling of her poopy diapers squeezed against her butt and crotch was too much. Weiss started to cry as she dangled.

"Blakey? Help your little sister Weiss out and take a look at her diaper."

Blake looked at Pyrrha and then to Weiss. The diaper was clearly and thoroughly soiled. There was no doubt about it.

"Is Weiss a silly little baby that messes her diapers? Tell the truth and I'll let her down."

Blake met Weiss's gaze and they both looked away. Blake nodded.

"Use your big girl words."

"W-Weiss is a silly little baby that messes her diapers."

Yang and Pyrrha laughed. "Hear that Weiss? Even Blake knows it." Yang lowered Weiss to the floor. She took delight in the audible squish that was heard when Weiss's butt touched the floor.

Pyrrha then lifted Blake higher as well. "And how about you Blakey? Are you gonna be a good girl and tell us what naughty thing you did in your diapers?"

Blake closed her eyes. Her lower lip trembled. She knew what they wanted. "I went poopy in my diapies."

Her captors' laughter echoed in the hallways. "Good girl!" Pyrrha praised. She set Blake down on the floor next to Weiss.

"Now what to do with our naughty little girls? They tried to escape after all."

"We should give them what they want." Said Pyrrha.

"Oh?"

"Yup! You wanted to escape in this shoot, didn't you?"

Weiss looked away and sulked. Blake was forced to answer. "Y-Yes."

"Well go on, get it. Little girls love slides, right?"

Blake didn't need to hear another word. She grabbed Weiss by the hand and when Yang opened the shoot she got it and took Weiss with her.

"Bye bye girls! Have fun in paradise."

Blake was confused at first, but as they slid toward the bottom she realized their mistake. The shoot wasn't for laundry. It was for dirty diapers.

"No no no!" They flopped into a large dumpster filled halfway with stinky diapers. The smell of poop and stale urine was overwhelming. The two girls gagged and clawed at the sides of the dumpster but they were too weak to hop over. They both cried as they endured their fate. They were forced to lay on the dirty diapers while wearing their own for a couple hours before they were strong enough to move. Once free they made the walk of shame home in their exposed, sagging diapers. They stunk of baby powder and dirty diapers. It was plain to see just how much the two needed diapers. But they couldn't care anymore. What had started as a prank had been one of the worst days of their respective lives. It was then that they swore to get revenge. And they'd make sure Yang and Pyrrha would never forget it.

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Three weeks had passed since the day of the prank. It took two of those weeks for Blake and Weiss to regain their bladder and bowel control. They'd endured nearly constant humiliation and embarrassment since the prank. Both would wake up every morning with heavily used diapers. There had been no way for them to hide the thick diapers their condition required. Everyone had known.

Blake and Weiss would have their revenge. They pretended to forgive their friends for their prank. To make them drop their guard. Finally, a week after they had graduated back to big girl panties, Weiss and Blake found their chance. They were invited to a group dinner. A potluck. It was almost too easy. They spiked the food and waited for the effects to kick in.

"Oh my gosh, Weiss, this food is delicious," said Yang.

Weiss smiled. "Thank you. It's a family recipe. Or so I was told. Eat as much as you like." She looked to Blake and their eyes met.

"This food is really...filling." Pyrrha burped and rubbed her stomach. "Might fall into a food coma." She laughed nervously. She could tell something wasn't right. The food was delicious, but Blake and Weiss behaved strangely. She finished another bite. Once she swallowed the discomfort continued to grow.

"Oh no..." Yang's eyes widened. She stood quickly. Her hands cradled her lower stomach. A loud and long fart escaped her backside. "You didn't!" She exclaimed. Her eyes were fixed on Weiss. The silver-haired girl had a devilish grin on her face.

"What's the matter, Yang? Upset tummy?"

"They didn't wha--" Pyrrha gasped. "Oh no there it is!" She doubled over in pain. "W-Where's the bathroom?!"

"Why you're wearing it silly," said Blake, "Considering how much you just ate you can kiss your toilet time bye-bye!"

"That's right our cute little potential panty poopers. We decided to give you girls a healthy dose of your own medicine."

"Hey, hey! I get it, you're mad. But if y--"

*PTHAAAAP*

Yang gasped. She fell to her hands and knees and started pooping herself almost immediately. Just as Blake said, she'd never have bladder or bowel control ever again. Yang knew it as soon as she started peeing mid-poop. She couldn't stop either act. She would go until she was empty. Thanks to the big meal they had just had, both girls were in for a big mess.

"Unnnnf...I-I can't st-aaaaah...buh..." Yang's speech had been reduced to nonsense as she grunted and strained. She could feel her panties sag under the weight of her mess. Urine squirted into her panties and dripped down to the floor.

"Yang! Bad girl! You ruined the carpet. To think we ever let you wear big girl panties."

Yang whimpered and cries as she finished in her panties. The stench made her eyes sting and the warm mush squished between her butt cheeks made her skin crawl.

"Weiss, would you mind changing lil potty panties Yang here into a diaper? I see a little girl in need of attention."

Pyrrha had fallen to the floor just as Yang had. Only she had managed to hold it in. She was too weak to move and scared that the slightest movement might cause the floodgates to open. She was completely unprepared for the fingers that danced along her armpits.

"N-No!"

*Hissssssssss*

Pyrrha started to cry. Her tears poured down her cheeks just as her pee dripped down her thighs. She tried to stop the flow but only succeeded in nearly pooping herself. *It's okay.* She told herself. *It's just some pee. Poor Yang pooped herself. If I can just...crawl...to the bathroom.*

Pyrrha stopped in her tracks. Fingers had slipped themselves under the waistband of her underwear. Without warning they yanked upward and gave Pyrrha an intense wedgie.

"Cute panties! Too bad you used them like a big girl might use a potty."

Pyrrha cried out. The sudden yank was too much. She had lost control of her bowels. "N-No...! Poo--unnnf!"

"Awww! Looks like Pyrrha needs thick diapers too." She yanked harder and watched with delight as Pyrrha squirmed and begged for mercy. She continued to poop in her already soaked panties. The wedgie left no room for anything and she made a terrible mess all over herself and the floor. "Make room on the table, Weiss. Got another little panty pooper on our hands."

Their diaper changes went much the same as it did with their counterparts only with the higher dosage, Yang and Pyrrha were even more weak and docile than Weiss and Blake had been. Blake found their pathetic struggle to be absolutely adorable. They couldn't even resist when they were stripped naked.

"What're you two doing?" Yang pleaded. "L-Let us go! Please!"

Weiss smirked. She dangled a head harness with a pacifier attached. The very one she had worn when she had been on the receiving end. "Let's pacify the cranky widdle baby, shall we?"

"N-Mmmmph!"

"Better. And how's Pyrrha doing, Blake?"

Pyrrha laid on the changing mat. Blake had double diapered her. She was a few feet away with her hands in a wardrobe. After a minute or so of searching, she pulled loose a frilly pink babydoll dress. Pyrrha looked mortified when she saw it. "No way! Get that away from me!"

Blake just chuckled. "You're too helpless to refuse I'm afraid. You gonna be such a cute little girly girl in your pwetty pink dwess." Pyrrha struggled but it was pointless. Blake easily wrangled her and put her in the dress. It was far too short to hide any of her diaper. A pacifier was clipped to the front of the dress. The word 'Princess' adorned both the dress and the pacifier. Pyrrha hated it. Next came pigtails tied with ribbon and a pair of locking pink mitts. "Such a pretty little princess!" Blake pinched Pyrrha's cheek and the red-head looked as if she might scream.

"I'm not a pretty l--mmmph--bleh!" Blake had stuffed the pacifier in her mouth. Pyrrha had spat it out almost immediately. "Cut it out!"

"'Cut it out' she says. Thanks to you two we were stuck in diapers for weeks."

"We couldn't walk down the street without someone noticing our wet or messy diapers." Added Weiss.

"It's only fair you two should receive the same treatment...and then some." Blake grinned from ear to ear. Her expression reminded Pyrrha of a cat that played with her food.

"W-What do you mean and then some?"

"Well..." Blake giggled. "Why don't we make our way back to that nursery and find out then?"

Pyrrha and Yang both looked horrified. They had never expected to go back to that place, especially in such a state.

It took a few minutes for them to get Yang dressed and get both of their victims out the door. They had put her in a cute yellow top with a duck on the chest and a pink baby bonnet. Yang started to cry as she realized that was it. They would leave her diaper completely exposed. With the pacifier and bonnet to match, she looked every bit the big baby.

Yang and Pyrrha were too weak to walk so Blake and Weiss piggy-backed them across town. The two diapered girls were too ashamed to show their faces and buried them in the hair of their 'caretakers.' Neither of them looked up for anything until they stepped into the daycare facility. The familiar scent of baby powder hit their nostrils and they recoiled at the thought of winding up like Blake and Weiss had.

"Perfect! Glad we got all this setup earlier. Makes things so much easier."

Pyrrha looked up from Blake's back to discover a bigger nursery than the one they had been in before. A large baby bouncer and highchair had been setup for them. Various foods and bottles were stacked on nearby tables. Hot sauce and castor oil were a couple of the ones she could make out. She was then set down in the bouncer, the thick diaper crinkled as it was pressed into the seat. With her strength sapped, Blake's struggling looked more like a little girl bouncing in her seat rather than an attempt at freedom.

Yang, meanwhile, had been stuffed into the highchair and locked behind the tray. Her arms were strapped to the arm rests and her fate was sealed. She squirmed to no avail. The diaper crinkled against the crotch bar. She blushed at the sensation of the thick padding pressing into her crotch. Each shift in movement caused the padding to press in again. Yang stifled a gasp and did her best to stay still. The thought of getting aroused in front of Weiss and Blake, especially in her state, was terrible.

"Hey Weiss! Wanna switch? Pyrrha looks so stinkin cute in her princess dress and her bouncer."

Weiss took a look at how squirmy Yang was and smiled. "I'd love to!" Yang tried to hide it but she knew what went through her mind. Weiss had felt it herself. As humiliated as she was in diapers, there were times when it almost felt good to press one's thighs together in them. To feel the bulk press into her crotch. Especially when wet. Weiss was ecstatic. "My sweet, innocent little Yang. Are you ready for some just desserts?"

Yang grimaced behind her pacifier.

"Oh! I forgot how attached to your paci you are." Weiss removed the harness.

"You already got your revenge! Let us go."

Weiss looked back to Blake and scoffed. "You hear what she's saying, Blake?"

"Silly little girl."

Weiss turned to Yang and leaned in. She slipped a hand under the high chair tray and squeezed the front of Yang's diaper. "If we stopped now it'd probably take a week or two for you to be able to wear and keep your big girl panties clean again." She massaged the front of Yang's diaper slowly and leaned in closer. "But that's no fun."

Yang tried to back away from Weiss's hand but there was no room. She whimpered, embarrassed. She didn't like how it made her feel. Her arousal was obvious to Weiss. The silver-haired girl would take advantage of that.

"Once we're done with you two you'll be known as the biggest babies there are. Stuck in diapers for the rest of your lives!"

"W-What?!" Pyrrha yelled from the bouncer.

"You're joking! Don't do this. I don't wanna be stuck in diapers like thi--"

*Hisssssssss*

Yang shifted in her seat. She tried to get the urine to flow to the back of her diaper. To someone avoid Weiss's detection. But it was no use. She knew immediately and she squeezed the thick wet padding much to Yang's dismay. Unable to help it, Yang let loose a quiet moan. The feeling of the wet padding against her crotch felt surprisingly good. She hated it.

"Awww does little miss pee pants like it when she gets diaper rubs?"

"N-No! I...unnnf..."

Weiss squeezed again and gently massaged the soaked padding. Yang couldn't hide her pleasure. Even Blake and Pyrrha noticed.

"Would you look at your baby sis, Pyrrha? She's such a good girl learning to enjoy her diapers like that. But don't worry, mommy Blake will make sure you have just as much fun." Blake opened a jar of pink baby food. It looked to be the same formula as before, only darker and thicker. Blake grabbed a spoonful of hot sauce and castor oil and mixed it into a diabolical concoction. "Now open wide, little girl! Time to kiss your potty-training bye bye."

Pyrrha sealed her lips shut but Blake pushed the spoonful in with little issue. She panicked and tried to slap the spoon away only to lose her footing and fall into the bouncer. She sprung back up and accidentally gulped the spoonful down. She gagged at the awful taste but before she could even think to close her lips, another spoonful was pushed in. Pyrrha could only sit there and take spoonful after spoonful of the disgusting mush. She was too weak to fight and the threat of bouncing in the chair like an infant kept her hands firmly gripped to the straps. She held her diapered butt just above the seat. It took all her strength but she refused to bounce in the chair.

Yang had been put in a similar situation. Weiss had placed a bib around her neck and a clothespin on her nose so that she was forced to take spoonful after spoonful of the spicy, oily mixture. She cried and kicked in the highchair but it was no use. It wasn't until the entire jar was finished that she was finally given a moment of respite.

"Such good girls eating all their nummy numms!" Blake praised.

"You girls really must've hated being potty-trained to gulp it all down so quickly. Well don't worry. Once that food passes through your system you two can look forward to needing diaper changes for the rest of your lives. You'll get so desperate that you'll probably even beg us to help you."

Blake giggled. "Serves you two right! Maybe now you'll think twice about your little pranks."

*Fraaaaaphthth*

Yang grunted and strained as the food finally took effect. She squirmed in her seat but only succeeded in stimulating her crotch once again. She whimpered. The thought of pooping herself while horny repulsed her. She had to stop one from happening. But it would not be. Weiss watched her closely. She'd make sure Yang did exactly what she wanted.

"Awww...such a cute little wiggle worm. Are you getting excited to go poopy?" Weiss removed the tray to get a better look at Yang's predicament. The diapered girl sighed with relief as the stimulation left.



"Don't get too sad, baby. I brought something special that feels much better than humping your high chair."

"N-No please. Don't make me do that!"

Weiss held aloft a large vibrator that had been plugged into the wall. The large head of the toy was pressed into Yang's crotch and the device was strapped to her thigh. "Don't make you do what? Poop yourself? Cum in your diapers? It's your body, Yang. Are you so helpless that you can't even stop those things from happening? You clearly need diapers then."

"No pleas--uh...buh..." Yang was reduced to infantile grunts as she reached a point of no return. Her stomach was too upset and her bowels too weak to fight. All Yang could do was sit there as she lost all control and pooped her diapers. The smell came as soon as Yang started to mess. Weiss made sure to remove the clothespin from the girl's nose and place it on her own. Yang's face distorted in disgust as she smelled what she did. It had been bad enough how awful the wet, hot mush felt against her backside. How it spread and covered every inch of the diaper. She could feel it start to sag over the edges of the high chair seat. There was no way she could hide her shame. And when Weiss turned on the vibrator, she became all too vocal about it.

"Oh! N-N-No Weiss please! It feels...oh puh-please!" Yang's words fell apart into grunts and moans as she grinded into the vibrator. Even then she still pushed more and more of the smelly, hot poop into her diapers. She hated how intense the pleasure from the vibrator was. It made her wonder if she really enjoyed what had happened to her.

Pyrrha watched in horror as her friend was reduced to a babbling mess. Her diaper sagged well over the high chair seat. Yang's legs were pressed into the sides of the high chair legs. She shook and gasped every few seconds.

"Looks like someone's jealous. Why don't we get you feeling nice and happy too Pyrrha?"

Pyrrha, already finished with her own jar of disgusting mash, knew that she would meet a similar fate soon. Her control was all but gone and her arms struggled to hold herself aloft. "I-I'm good..."

Blake and Weiss both laughed. "Ah ah ah! The big girls know what's best. And what you clearly need is some help becoming the silly little poopy diaper butt that you are."

"Don't worry. Just look at Yang. You'll love every minute of it."

Pyrrha looked to Yang to see her friend in absolute bliss. She grinded her messy crotch against the thick head of the vibrator. Her eyes fluttered and drool coated her chin. She knew she had no choice, but she was determined to hold out. At least, she thought that until a second vibrator found its way to her own diapered crotch. "Guh!"

The pleasure was intense. So much so that Pyrrha lost control of both her arm muscles and her bowels. She dropped into the seat of the bouncer just as her bowels released. She pressed even harder into the vibrator and moaned aloud as the pleasure intensified just as she pushed a large amount of poop into her diapers. Pyrrha gasped and whimpered as more and more poop filled her diapers. She couldn't believe how much they could hold. It felt as if she could hardly feel the padding anymore she had filled it so much. One thing she could feel was the intense and constant pleasure of the vibrator pressed into her crotch. Much like Yang, the vibrator was strapped to her thigh. She was helpless but to enjoy the feeling. Some part of her was thankful for it. Better to enjoy the moment that sit in her massive poopy diapers and cry.

Blake and Weiss stood back and admired their handiwork. "Poor widdle girls." Said Blake. "Diaper dependent in two ways now."

"They'll probably ask us to do this to them again before too long."

"They'll probably even thank us for giving them such wonderful orgasms. For showing them how much they need and love their diapers."

"Very right." Agreed Weiss. "But you know...this is good...but it could be better. Quick, help me get them in the playpen before they have all their fun."

Yang and Pyrrha both almost cried as their vibrators were ripped away. Blake and Weiss handled them roughly as they pulled them free and deposited them in the playpen. Their mushy diapers and weak muscles kept them floor bound so they could only look up and whimper.

"You two almost look sad. Do you miss your bouncer Pyrrha?"

Pyrrha buried her face in the soft floor of the pen.

"Well don't worry," assured Weiss, "who needs a vibrator when you've got a perfectly good face to grind against."

Yang and Pyrrha looked at one another.

"Go on. You both know you want to push your smelly, poop-filled diapers in each others faces. To hump to your hearts' content."

Yang could feel a bit of clarity return since she had been freed from the high chair's grip. "We're not going to just do whatever you say. We're not some dumb little diaper hu--mmmph!"

"Good girl, Pyrrha!" Their captors praised.

The redhead had straddled Yang and did just as she was told. She pushed her friend down and humped her face. Yang could only lay there and take it. She wanted to scream and kick but the poopy diaper kept her quiet and her friend's weight kept her still. She was forced to endure the treatment and slowly lose her willpower. It wasn't long before Yang broke again. She grabbed Pyrrha's pigtails and forced her down into her own smelly diaper. The two grunted and moaned into the soiled padding. It was the most intense pleasure the two had ever felt.

"We're much better at this than they were huh?" Asked Blake.

"That we are. We broke them in do easily. They'll never forget today."

"We might've turned them into a couple of gay little diaper lovers."

"They certainly look that way now." Weiss agreed. "But you know what would make this even better?"

Blake shook her head, a grin plain on her face.

"Let's leave our little diaper messers here to play for a bit. I'm sure they'll have no desire to leave if they can't keep their hands to themselves."

Blake clapped her hands together in excitement. "What're we going to do?"

"Get ready to put on a little show, of course!"

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Yang and Pyrrha had not noticed when Blake and Weiss left. As far as they were concerned there was nothing beyond the walls of the playpen. For what seemed like hours they gleefully humped each others faces. They repositioned themselves so that they could hump each others diapered crotches. Their lips met and they made out as they moaned. Every so often one of them would wet or mess themselves again. Helpless to their desires, the humiliation would only reinvigorate them into a frenzy of lust. It was only when Blake and Weiss returned that they snapped back to reality.

"My my, you two have been busy."

"Have fun, diaper humpers?" Teased Blake.

Yang and Pyrrha's faces turned bright red as they realized just how out of it they had been.

"Anyway, we brought someone over to help get you two back home."

The two diapered girls looked horrified.

"Yeah we need someone between you two to keep you from grinding on each others messy diapers."

"Ruby!"

Yang nearly yelled. "No no no! Don't call her in here. She can't see me like this!"

Weiss smirked. "Like what? Crawling around on the floor in your poop diaper? You're diaper dependent now, Yang. Ruby's bound to see your messy pampers. She might even have to change you."

Before either could say more Ruby entered the room. Her nose wrinkled and she waved her hand. "Pee-yew what stinks in...here...Yang? Pyrrha? Are you two...?"

"Weiss and Blake did it!" Shouted Yang.

Ruby stopped in her tracks and looked at the two girls. "Wow you weren't kidding." She walked over to Yang and bent down. "They told me all about how your infatuation with your little fetish made you diaper dependent. You don't need to lie."

Yang was shocked. "B-But that's not true!"

"I saw you two humping through the door."

Yang and Pyrrha looked at one another. "B-But!"

"No butts! How are you two supposed to do anything like this? Did you even think of your teams?"

They both looked down in shame. Weiss opened the playpen gate and the two girls crawled out. "They can't do much more than drool and poop themselves anymore." Said Weiss.

"That's not true," cried Pyrrha.

"Well the pooping is certainly true. Why don't you try and stand. If you can, then I'll give you a diaper change before we go...if not...then we'll just have to put you both in a couple strollers along with your poop diapers."

Yang couldn't believe what she heard. All in front of Ruby no less. How ridiculous must she have looked. "I-I'll show you!" Yang pushed herself up onto her hands and knees and managed

to enter a low crouch on wobbling legs. Pyrrha didn't bother to try, or if she did she had already failed. She sat in her poopy diaper with her eyes locked on the floor.

"Is that all you can manage little Yang?" Teased Weiss. "If you wanna fight you'll need to be able to run. If you can't even stand..."

"Shut u---noooooo!"

*FRAAAAAPTH*

Yang fell forward onto her hands and knees and arched her back. With a loud moan she pushed out another large smelly load of mush into her diapers. Pyrrha, left a depraved mess from their hours of humping, fell onto her back and stuffed her face underneath Yang's butt just as she fell. Yang gasped and started to grind without a second thought. "I-I can't help it...it feels so goooood."

"I'm sorry Ruby." Said Blake. "Looks like Yang and Pyrrha here can't go on as adults anymore."

"They're just a couple of silly little poopy butts now. I'll see if the staff won't mind us renting out this room until we can get a nursery made up for them."

Yang started to cry as she realized Weiss was right. Her messy diapers had made her useless. She wanted nothing more than to keep humping Pyrrha's face. To press her own face into Pyrrha's diaper and take a deep breath in.

"Geez! To think I really admired you two." Said Ruby.

"We all did, Ruby." Weiss spoke with fake sincerity. She was truly thrilled at their results. Yang and Pyrrha got what they deserved. "But hey, they'll probably need a babysitter. They love pooping and cumming in their diapers but they're otherwise pretty easy to watch."

Pyrrha sat up and pushed Yang to the floor while the 'adults' talked. Yang desperately wanted to fight her new desires. To try her best to potty-train herself back to her old self but as Pyrrha pushed her own massive, messy diaper into her face, Yang lost all desire. Together they humped each other's faces and came into their poopy diapers. They moaned and grunted loudly until their friends left to discuss their fate. They both knew they'd never get out of diapers. And as Yang came into her diapers she gasped and moaned and found herself incredibly happy. Never had a prank ended up so good.