

## **[Bad Ending] Tummy Troubles by Cowkites**

Hannah Bloodletter stood atop the body of her defeated foe in triumph. Fifty floors of Dungeon Infantile were behind her. Only fifty more until she reached its lowest floor and its greatest treasure. She had never felt so confident and strong. Hannah took a deep breath in and savored the moment. It was then that she noticed something was off. Her stomach growled at her.

"Am I...hungry?" Hannah was taken aback but the realization. It was commonplace for adventurers to eat an enchanted meal prior to their dungeoneering. It would keep them full and well rested for the duration of the dungeon. Hannah was certain she had done everything she needed to before the dungeon. Had she really forgotten? "Thirsty too...shit...I didn't pack anything." Hannah searched a nearby pack, likely left by a corrupted adventurer, and discovered a canteen tucked away at the bottom underneath some food stuffs. "Thank the gods..." she brought the bottle to her lips and took several swallows. It wasn't water but it was delicious. The sweet and creamy liquid disappeared past her lips in a matter of seconds. Hannah burped loudly and dropped the canteen. It hit the stone floor with a soft thunk. "Odd..." Hannah looked to where the canteen had landed only to see an oversized baby bottle in its place. "What the..."

Hannah cursed herself for having done something so foolish as to drink from an unknown canteen. "The sooner I get to a checkpoint the better..." She kicked the bottle across the room and made her way to the exit doors. They opened for her and revealed a well-lit hallway with pink pastel walls and a soft padded floor. Hannah rolled her eyes and stepped in. The doors shut themselves behind her and she found herself all alone in the long, quiet hallway.

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It took Hannah several minutes of walking down the corridor before it finally opened up into a larger room. It was pink and padded like the hallway, but the ceilings were higher. Several more hallways branched off from the room as if were the center to some massive labyrinth. Hannah didn't like it. To make matters worse, her stomach had begun to rumble and cause her pain.

"Shit...where do I even go now?!" Hannah yelled in frustration.

"Language!"

Hannah turned to see what appeared to be a succubus dressed as a maid just a few feet behind her. She took a step back and shielded her eyes. The demon's full figure and soothing voice were sure to be her downfall if she weren't careful. "Back, demon! I won't be tricked by you."

The demon scoffed. "They always say that."

"Well, don't worry. You won't be hearing anyone say it ever again." Hannah readied her axe and took a step forward. Suddenly, a single clear note echoed through the padded labyrinth. "Prep--ugh...my stomach..." Hannah gasped as a sudden surge of stomach pain forced her to drop her guard.

"Oh? What's the matter hero? Don't tell me you've lost the will to fight already?"

"Oh shut u--oh gods...my stomach..." Hannah dropped her axe to the ground and groaned.

The demonic maid cocked her head with interest. "Your stomach hurts?"

"What's happening?" Hannah bent over at the waist and cradled her stomach. The pain was immense. She couldn't believe it. Surely she had felt wounds far greater, but the sudden bout of stomach pain was enough to cause her to drop her axe and double over. "Hnnng..."

The demon brought a dainty red hand to her face and chuckled. "Oh my! I'm so sorry, little dear. I had you mistaken for an adventurer. Do you need Nanny to rub your tummy?"

Hannah spit on the floor. "I'm the toughest adventure you've ever faced, you b--ugh!" She grimaced and fell to her knees. "What's happening to me?"

The Nanny approached without fear. She towered over the balled up Hannah and lightly tousled her hair. "Well, little-miss-adventurer, did someone bottle feed you earlier?"

"I-I was tricked..." Hannah wanted to do nothing more than to rip the Nanny's legs out from under her but she couldn't move. She was in too much pain.

"My, my. Tricked into being bottle-fed. You must be quite the simple little girl. Shouldn't be too big a mess then..." The Nanny knelt down and gently caressed Hannah's back. She then slipped her fingers down the adventurer's pants and shook her head disapprovingly. "Too smart to get tricked into diapers, huh?"

"My canteen turned into a bottle! No one bottle fed me. I'm not a baby! I don't...hnnng...need diapers." Hannah grunted and a loud, long fart escaped her backside. The Nanny held her nose and fanned the air. "Pee-yew! You smell like you need a diaper. And, according to that bell, you're about five minutes away from pooping your brains out."

"What?!" Hannah refused to suffer the indignity. She gathered her strength and tried to pull herself to her feet. "I'm gonna...f-find a toilet..." She fussed with the buckles on her pants but her fingers wouldn't listen. Her feet were just as indifferent and tripped over one another. Hannah fell face first onto the padded floor. She cried out in pain.

<i>braaaAAAAAAP</i>

Another fart. This one louder and wetter than the last. "N-No...why am I..."

The Nanny appeared at her side and placed a finger to her lips. "Shhhh...no need to fret. Nanny's here. She'll take care of you." She rolled Hannah onto her back and got to work on her buckles. Hannah was too weak to resist. "That bottle you drank is from the lower floors. It's a special concoction that helps keep our little ex-adventurer babies nice and regular."

"Where's the bathroom?" Hannah asked. Her voice weak.

"There's no potties down here, sweetheart." The succubus pulled Hannah's boots free and then her pants. "Nanny is going to diaper you." She pulled a thick, disposable diaper out from under her apron and spread it between Hannah's legs.

"No..." Hannah could barely resist anymore. Whatever had been in that bottle had rendered her nearly completely helpless. No physical or magical strength would come to her. She was at the demon's mercy. "I can go on the floor."

The demon laughed. "Not on my floor you aren't. Now just quit your fussing and let Nanny diaper you before you make a mess of yourself."

Hannah grimaced. Like it or not, the demon was right. She decided to just allow herself to be diapered. She'd use it until she felt better and then just go on about her way. The demon looked strong but would be no match for Hannah once she had recovered. "Fine...but just this once."

The Nanny removed Hannah's underwear and let it dangle on one of her long black nails above Hannah. "Not likely. You left skid marks in your underwear, little girl. Did you nearly poop yourself just now or do you need someone to help you wipe?" The demon grinned from ear to ear as she waved the dirty panties over Hannah's face. "Well, it's no worry..." She tossed the panties down next to Hannah and got to work wiping her backside. Hannah squirmed and whimpered as the demon made sure to clean as thoroughly as she possibly could. "...in just a couple minutes you won't be able to wipe yourself anyway."

If Hannah could have shot up in surprise she would have; instead, she weakly grabbed the edge of the demon's apron. "What's that s'posed to mean?"

"You are a simple girl, aren't you? Don't you remember earlier when I said you're about to poop your brains out? I meant that literally."

"N-No! I can't let that happen! I g-gotta m--hmmph!" Hannah found a pacifier stuffed in her mouth before she could finish her sentence. The demon cackled with delight.

"You gotta...? Come on, big bad Hannah Bloodletter, what're you going to do aside from go poopy in your diapers? Hmm? Are you gonna cry?"

Hannah tried to speak but the pacifier wouldn't budge. Cursed like everything else in Dungeon Infantile. Hannah could only suck on the pacifier and weakly thrash her limbs while the demon powdered her and taped the diaper in place.

The demon playfully patted her diapered crotch. "That's right, Hannah. That cute little elf that told you of treasure was my obedient servant. In exchange for her freedom she needed only to bring me someone stronger. And you will do wonderfully. Just another helpless pamper pooper I can siphon magical energy from."

"Uuuk ooou!" Hannah babbled.

The demon smiled. She knelt down and removed Hannah's pacifier. "What was that, baby?"

"Fuc--uuuunf...n-no...wha...oh gods!"

<i>FTHTHPRAAAAAP</i>

The bowel movement was so intense Hannah nearly moaned as her body betrayed her and let loose. Her fingers and toes grasped at the soft padding with each grunt and push. spurts of urine periodically soaked the crotch of her diaper. But they were nothing compared to the mush that had begun to fill the seat of her diaper.

<i>PHHHRAAAAAPTH</i>

Hannah began to cry. She couldn't believe how low she had sunk. Never before had she been so handedly defeated and if she couldn't find a way out she would never succeed at anything other than pooping her diapers ever again. She tried to ignore her own pathetic grunting and the loud, disgusting noises of her pooping herself but it grew more difficult to do by the second. The magical words and runes she had learned, her physical training, all of it seemed to slip away from her just as she reached for it. Perhaps if she could anchor herself to something she could manage to keep some part of herself intact. It's all she could hope for.

"Awww! Such a cranky widdle baby. Here. Nanny has your paci, Hannah Pamperpooper. Be a good girl and suck on it."

The pacifier was stuffed in Hannah's mouth and all hope was lost. The anchor she had hoped for had become the soothing rhythm of her sucking on a pacifier. It only amplified the infantile thoughts that sought to envelop her mind. The name Hannah Bloodletter slipped away from the girl's empty brain with everything else she had learned past the age of two. All of her intelligence and wisdom turned into the mushy mess she had just made in her diapers.

"Baba guh..." Hannah babbled.

"My, my. How wrong I was to call you simple." The demonic nanny squeezed Hannah's messy diaper and marveled at the sheer amount of poop she had pushed out into it. "I should've double diapered you. But that's no worry. All my little ones are triple diapered and kept in locking plastic panties. And once I've sapped you of all your innate magical energy and strength I'll do the same to you." She then picked Hannah off the ground and rested her mushy bottom on her hip. "Each day you'll regain a little bit of your old intelligence only to poop all of it back out in your diapers for Nanny. Yes you will!"

Hannah giggled and clapped her hands together with delight. She didn't understand a word her new Nanny said, but it didn't matter. She was too dumb to understand anything more than the intense relief she felt after filling her diapers. Nothing had ever felt so good. She could only hope that her new nanny would let her do it more. She'd even beg if she had to. She was Hannah Pamperpooper after all.