

[Diaper Cult Brainwashing]

"I can't believe you wanted to come with me, Hiro! I thought you'd be busy with work all weekend!"

"I was. And this is actually part of work. The sudden appearance of a brand new church and religion falls within my jurisdiction as one of the city's protectors. I'm more shocked you're not at all worried about it."

"Well, I'm a little worried! But at the same time, I've never seen Agatha be happier and more relaxed. So it can't be all bad, right? Even though she walks around wearing a diaper that's really obvious, and she's always got that cute pacifier in her mouth. I honestly had a bit of trouble trying to recognize her under that habit she started wearing, but she's so thick that you can't miss her!"

"You really should think about what you say, Mikai. If she was here, she would've sent you through another wall after hearing all of that. Even if she had ended up mellowing out thanks to this brand new religion..."

It was another ordinary day in Mimoto. Or at least, that's what it felt like. But the discussion bouncing between the two heroines that protected the city made it clear that it was anything but. And it could all be sourced back to the unassuming and peaceful church that had appeared in the outskirts of the city, not far from the Anemone residence.

Mikai Fushimi, the younger of the two heroines and the more cheerful of the lot, had found out about the church thanks to seeing her friend, Agatha Anemone, walking around in the garb that characterized one of the church's followers. The unmistakable and oversized diaper, the nun's habit, and the face-covering hood that made it almost impossible to recognize her. Only though the loud slurps that came with her suckling on her religious pacifier and her enormous drilly twintails sticking out from under the hood made it possible for her to recognize her friend, because otherwise she would've just ignored her and moved on. But since she had paid a little bit attention, she got to hear the religion's sale pitch, before Hiro even tried to contact her.

Her older companion, Hiro Fukano, was a lot less enthusiastic about this entire deal. As part of her employment under Atlas Corp, she was privy to a lot of different elements about Mimoto that most people weren't. The fact that this church had appeared out of nowhere was one red flag. The spread of a diaper-enthused fever through this new religion was another. And as much as her boss complained that they weren't buying his brand since they were proven to be the best, that wasn't part of her concern. The last thing that concerned her was instead the bliss that these individuals felt. Something this inherently infantile and humiliating shouldn't be blissful. Which was why she met up with Mikai to share notes and figure out a way to deal with the church.

"So, what do you think it is? I don't think it's a Jōtaijin, because then Agatha would've been decked out in latex." Mikai put her thoughts on the proverbial table as they came closer and closer to the church that they were both so focused on. A church that seemed completely ordinary, except maybe for the fact that all of the religious statues that adorned the walls were a bit too young looking...

Hiro shook her head. "It's not. Byakko would've picked up the Jōtaijin's signature and I wouldn't need to take this course of action." The older woman explained as she looked at the big church, her heart quietly beating against her chest. She hoped that nothing could go wrong when they tried to infiltrate it. "I have... A hunch. But I can't find out until we head inside. Hopefully we won't need to do much to be accepted as temporary acolytes."

Mikai's eyes widened. She hadn't thought about getting in there and getting answers that way. Then again, religion wasn't her strong suit either. So she hoped that all of it could be easy enough for her to understand, something that only grew more emphasized as she walked up the steps to the church with Hiro by her side, taking note of the strange youthful girl printed into the wooden doors...

The doors to the church opened, and the two heroines were greeted by a pair of matching girls. Both dressed in the customary nun habit, which covered up most of their bodies while at the same time having cutouts near the hips to allow their diaper to breathe. They remained quiet and peaceful, thanks to the pacifiers resting in their mouths. And like the respectful girls they were, they bowed before the new visitors. Even if they didn't seem to share the beliefs that they did.

Mikai instinctively returned the respect with a bow, while Hiro walked right past them. She thought they were just being polite, and that they could just pass on by without any issue.

The skunk-haired woman's lack of respect quickly resulted in the nuns whipping around and delivering a mutual spank to her rear, as they both pointed to another imprint of the young girl that had been sculpted outside and printed into the front doors. This one was more like a sign, and there was more emphasis brought to the hips of the figure. Or rather, the diaper that seemed to jut out from her waist. Without saying a word, they made it clear that you had to be wearing a diaper to enter the main part of the church.

"Come on, Hiro." Mikai chimed a bit. "You said we had to do this, right? Then we have to do it the right way. We can't just be rude!" The good-hearted little heroine chimed as she walked towards one of the changing tables that had been set up at the side, climbing on and stretching a bit as she laid down.

Hiro narrowed her eyes as she followed suit, laying down on the other table as she fussed and huffed. She knew she had said that. That didn't mean she had to like any of this. Not to mention how those nuns had

been disgustingly strong despite their peaceful and blissful appearance, since her ass was stinging like mad from that combined spank...

The two nuns that had greeted them were more than happy to help them don the ceremonial garb that defined a follower of their holy religion. And thanks to their expertise in handling those garments, it was easy to help them put it on as well. All it required was having one of the nuns remove Hiro's pants to allow her legs to breathe, and both hers and Mikai's panties so they were left pure and uncovered.

With these holy diapers in their hands, it was easy to slide them underneath both girls' bottoms, letting the soft fabric cushion their respective rears, before then sliding the midsection through their thighs. Though they instinctively tried to close their legs once the diaper had been pulled through, the sheer thickness made it difficult to do so. And while they were distracted with their instincts, it was easy to snap the tapes onto the midsection, leaving them both adorably padded just like the two nuns that had helped them put their new garment on.

Both nuns bowed before the girls that they had helped change, backing away to the soft tone of their lips suckling around their pacifiers. With them willing to get out of the way, the two heroines could now take it all in. Whether it was the softness of their diapers, or the girl that adorned the front. The same girl that had been printed everywhere...

"Who do you think the girl's supposed to be, Hiro?" Mikai asked the obvious question, all while her cheeks flushed a little red as she pushed her fingers against the diaper. "Wow, this is so soft that I think my hand might get lost in it if I put it in for too long..." She muttered, trying her best to pull her hand back and keep it from pushing again.

Hiro didn't want to answer. Not because she didn't have an answer, but because if she opened her mouth she might let something out that she wanted to keep hidden. Contrary to what Mikai might believe, this hadn't been her first time wearing a diaper meant for adults, and this was... Well it was even better than the ones Atlas Corp produced and the ones she had to prototype...

As Mikai wondered why her partner was so silent, the two quietly entered the main part of the church. And were met with row upon row of seats having been filled to the brim with believers. Each of them currently in the midst of a deep and intimate prayer, the only sound leaving their seats being the crinkles from their diapers. Crinkles that only served to provide a soft background chorus, compared to normally when it would stand out and reveal one's deepest secret...

"Welcome, young ones. Come closer. It's always a pleasure to see new faces join this path."

A warm voice welcomed both of the heroines as they were practically compelled to step closer. Not that it was that bad for Mikai, but Hiro had her apprehensions. Partly because her ass was still stinging despite the soft cushion wrapped around her waist, and partly because she was beyond suspicious regarding everything she was seeing. None of this made any sense to her, especially considering what she had been learning privately.

It didn't take long for them to reach the innermost part of this open hall, and find a single young girl kneeling down in front of a statue depicting a similar sort of youth, the only difference between the two seemingly being their current state of animation and coloration. Especially once the kneeling and praying young girl quietly stood up, barely even a few inches taller, and turned towards both of the girls that had come to visit her.

Mikai blinked a few times. "You... You look like the statues." The padded girl said in surprise, and Hiro seemed to twitch ever slightly upon noticing this similarity as well. "Is this church dedicated to you? That'd be really weird, you know." She had to make her thoughts be heard, even if they were vapid.

She wasn't wrong with how identical they were. But now that she got a good look at the young girl, she really played up that youthful aspect while contrasting it with a level of maturity that the others didn't try to aim for. Sure, she was wearing the same sort of garment as all the other nuns complete with her diaper sticking out, but her chest was also partly exposed, the soft and barred skin almost radiating heat to the point where you could feel it despite being a few feet away...

"I'm afraid it's the other way around, young one." The little girl, who was actually shorter than Mikai while still carrying a maternal air about her, spoke as she gently bowed before both of her new visitors. "I am Mother Serenity. Welcome to the Path of Padded Peace. I trust you've both come to join?" She asked, smiling as her eyes remained completely shut even as she 'looked' at the two.

Hiro nodded. "We wish to join and understand why the Path of Padded Peace has been able to reach so far throughout this city." She put it as simply as possible. Revealing part of her motive, which would also serve to lure the smaller girl in. If this religion, this Path of Padded Peace had any ulterior motives, she could use this as leverage for her investigation.

Mother Serenity looked to the sandy-blond who nodded as well. Before smiling a bit as she bowed her head. "Then join us, young ones. We're about to offer a hymn to the Goddess of Serenity. So that she may bless us with an eternally blissful existence..."

As the leader of this congregation put her hands together and started to hum a hymn, so did most of the other members. The sound of their soothing voices joining together as one and slowly but surely worming

its way through the ears of anybody that could hear. Bringing bliss to everyone that could understand what they were hearing.

Even Mikai and Hiro couldn't stop themselves from feeling that bliss pour through them. All while they were unable to notice something golden slowly forming on the front of their diapers. A stylized marking that seemed like a set of lips that were waiting to be filled. How they hadn't noticed this mark on anybody else was thanks to the other nuns covering up that spot with the front of their habits.

By the time that they snapped back and regained control of themselves, they felt a sluggish. Like every muscle in their body had just been forcibly put to sleep. And yet nothing else bad had happened. They felt well rested besides that, it was just their bodies being slow to respond to their thoughts, as if they were still waking up from the longest nap in a long time.

"You're both naturals, Mikai, Hiro." Mother Serenity said, her knowledge of their names going in through one ear and out the other thanks to their nearly numb states of mind. "Please. Have a drink of the Goddess of Serenity's milk. It will help you grow in tune with her blessings. Bring you towards the peace that comes with being padded and worshipping her every breath.

Mikai didn't hesitate to take her drink, not even noticing that it was inside a sippy cup before she stuffed it into her mouth and started suckling. Hiro was a little more aware, her eyebrow raising as she looked down at the childish cup. But it was hard for her to stop herself from wanting that milk bubbling around in there. It was nice and warm and perfect for sleepy girls like her who needed somebody's kind warmth to wake her up...

Drinking that milk started to slowly but surely soften up their minds even more than the blissful hymn had. It was getting harder and harder to have an independent thought. It was like their minds were turning into some unclear and barely put together mush that was struggling to understand anything. They just wanted to keep drinking and enjoy the bliss. Even Hiro, who had been trying to resist a bit, couldn't really put up a fight when faced with this kind of wonderful milk...

Mother Serenity smiled as she watched them both swallowing as much of their milk as they could. They were already coming along so smoothly. As she could see with the stylized golden lips growing more defined on their diapers. They were getting nice and close. All that they needed to end up as serene as the rest of the congregation was a little sermon...

She clasp her hands together once again and cleared her throat. "We come together as one. To follow the teachings of the Goddess of Serenity." She spoke, and the followers all repeated what she said...

Even Hiro and Mikai repeated, after finishing their dosage of the Goddess' milk. "We come together as one. To follow the teachings of the Goddess of Serenity..."

"To be serene means to leave it all behind. All material possessions. All malicious emotions. All that matters is the bliss of one's serene and cushy mind..." Mother Serenity continued, her body starting to take on a golden glow as she spoke. Golden lines rushing along her body, as two large and comforting wings sprouted from her back. The comforting and serene wings of the Goddess of Serenity... Because Mikai's initial thought hadn't been wrong.

"To be serene means to leave it all behind. All material possessions. All malicious emotions. All that matters is the bliss of one's serene and cushy mind..." Both Hiro and Mikai muttered, not reacting as the two wings started to wrap around them and pull them closer to Mother Serenity. Her identity being revealed to them didn't cause them to react either, as they were captivated by the sermon...

And then they heard the final words of the sermon. Letting their fates be sealed, becoming another part of the congregation in the process.

"Let us fill our diapers, let this be our prayer to the Goddess. So she may bless us with eternal mindless bliss, so we may avoid thinking about the difficulties that lie ahead..."

Both Hiro and Mikai could vaguely understand what they were saying. But it was too late. Because of how malleable their minds had grown, and because of how good it felt to repeat the Goddess' lines, they immediately spoke and let those words leave their lips as well. "Let us fill our diapers, let this be our prayer to the Goddess. So she may bless us with eternal mindless bliss, so we may avoid thinking about the difficulties that lie ahead..."

Before squatting down and letting out a simple groan. The back of their diapers filled out in an instant, their mushy minds emptying out into the seat of their padding as their eyes turned golden just like the rest of the nuns. Not that any of them had noticed those golden eyes due to the hoods being drawn over the nuns' eyes.

Their minds were emptied. So emptied that they didn't struggle when the Goddess of Serenity stuffed a pacifier into their mouths, instinctively causing them to suckle on the little comforting trinket just like every other member of the Path of Padded Peace. Their induction into this religion had gone smoothly, as evident by the stylized pacifier that now sat in between the stylized lips on the front of their diapers.

When the Goddess withdrew her wings, both of the young heroines had been dressed just like any other nun. And like the rest, they took a seat besides their sisters, quietly praying as they sat on their mushed up minds, praying for the Goddess to bless them with eternal bliss.

Bliss that would spread throughout the world and let it fall to the Darkness, so they may remain eternally blissful even as their world ended. That was the goal of the Goddess of Serenity, who had invaded this world. Who wanted to guide it to its proper end...

All with a hymn and a couple of comfortable diapers, as well as her soothing milk...

[Diapered Sniffit Brainwashing]

There were very few things that Tsubasa Sato, young studious boy and secret pervert extraordinaire, expected to see when he woke up in the morning. He expected to see his bed, his mirror, his glasses, and not much beyond that. Mostly because he tried to keep his bedroom as clean as it possibly could be. This was one of the few things that brought him a sense of security and comfort.

Which was why he was nervous when he woke up in a dank and dark cell and was suddenly accosted by two masked looking... girls? He wasn't quite sure what they were, especially since their outfits were tight yet not tight enough to reveal anything that gave their gender away. It certainly didn't help that their hips were a lot puffier than he expected from girls dressed in bright and rubbery red dresses that left mostly everything below the belt uncovered. They even wore long black latex stockings that made it impossible to tell what their legs were like under that.

All that he could tell while he was being dragged along... Was the fact that they were both a bit too giggly for their job. Even as they dragged him in a straight path, both of the masked girls were prone to stopping up randomly and just letting giggles slip out of the two snouts on their masks. They were... Honestly really familiar when they were like this. If they had just one snout, he would've probably compared to the Sniffits that were enemies in a couple of the games he played, but...

He didn't get to dwell on that thought for long before he was dragged into a dimly lit room with a single table in the middle, where the light was being concentrated. And in front of that table was a woman that looked a lot different compared to the two that had been dragging him along. For one, she wore a nice white cap on her head to make it clear that she was of a higher rank. And beyond that, you could actually make out breasts on her chest, making it clear that she was some sort of woman. But the blank look inside the eyeholes of her mask made it impossible to discern what kind of mood she was in, which made it harder for him to tell how he should act.

"Is this the new recruit?" The masked woman said, and both of her ditzzy subordinates spoke. "Good. He's looking more than ready already." She continued, her heels clicking as she stepped closer and brought her hand down towards the boy's crotch...

Tsubasa let out a cry and blushed deeply as he felt her tender fingers and latex-covered hand rub up against one of his most sensitive spots. This was not what he had expected to go through today. Much less the fact that he'd be surrounded by three strange masked ladies. "W-What do you want from me? I-I'm no recruit!" He cried out, trying to prove his innocence and his ignorance.

"Oh, but you are. Boys like you that have this deep need inside them... They make the best recruits." The Officer's sensual and mature voice echoed through his mind. Making it harder for him to resist. He really had to curse his taste in women right about now. "Strip him down. We need to make sure he's ready before we get him strapped in."

Both of the masked subordinates saluted and obeyed, as they very quickly stripped the boy down completely. Not that he had much covering him at this point. Only really his vest, his shirt and his pants. His boxers were barely an obstacle either thanks to the tender bulge pushing out the waistband a bit already. "S-Stop! I don't want this!" He cried out, struggling against the two girls to no real avail. They were so much stronger than him... Not to mention their latex grip was turning him on as it rubbed up against his naked skin.

"It doesn't matter what you want. You'll come to understand that your role in this world has already been decided. Just like theirs have." The Officer said, as she slowly reached down to the boy's now-naked crotch, carefully sliding her hand across it, like she was trying to stroke it...

Click

Only for his eyes to widen and a mildly pained cry to leave his lips. All thanks to his cute little cock getting locked away inside a latex cage. Perfectly sized for him. How she got it was a question that would be hard to answer, but it was clearly not an answer he was going to get. The only thing he would get was the arousal pouring through him and the shame pouring onto his cheeks.

"My my. You didn't scream. You're already showing great promise, recruit. You'll be just as obedient as those two soon." The Officer spoke as sensually as ever, all while she motioned for her underlings to help him closer to the table as she reached for a special implement underneath it.

Tsubasa wondered how this could end up getting any worse. The sensation of this cage cramping down on his cock was bad enough, but surely these three couldn't ruin him further. He had only just woken up a few minutes ago, and being dragged along by two ditzes wearing masks before having his cock caged was already way beyond what he could handle.

Which was why his heart sank a little more as he saw the thick diaper that the masked officer pulled out. The thick diaper that would ensure that he wouldn't be able to stand perfectly straight. Once that thing wrapped around his waist, he would be forced to waddle around. No wonder they were stopping every few seconds, they needed to readjust. And that also explained why their hips were so big, it was all because of the padding that they wore. How he had missed that... Well, he had to chalk it up to the haze inside his mind and how he was still bordering on asleep.

He still didn't really get a chance to struggle or fight back against this treatment. Once he was given a view of the diaper that would be wrapped around his waist, he was forced onto the table so it could be easily slipped on. The two underlings made sure that his rear was being lifted up so the Officer could slip it under, then they spread his legs so she could weave the midsection through his thighs before snapping it shut with the tapes, and then patting him right there his cage would brush up against the padding.

A moan slipped from Tsubasa's lips as the Officer laughed. She was far beyond pleased with the reactions he was putting on. Especially since he'd be easy to clothe when he was this aroused. In fact, she overestimated just how easy it would be, because by the time he had stopped moaning, both of her underlings had managed to slip on the characteristic red suit, as well as the latex gloves and boots that needed to be attached so he was all nice and sealed. There were only two things that still needed to be attached...

To achieve this, the table was adjusted until it looked like a chair, forcing Tsubasa to sit up and look at the dominant Officer with a blush on his cheeks. Something about how tight all of this was made it even harder to think. Especially as all of that tight fabric pressed down on his diaper. He didn't like wearing that crinkly thing... W-Well he didn't want to admit that he liked it, but he knew that it was almost impossible for him to hide something like that. Especially since she had already been able to tease him so much already.

He let out a soft groan as he felt something start to weigh down on his back. Something heavy that was at least the size of his torso. He could only just barely look over his shoulder to see a rather large cylinder having been strapped to his back. Something that was only possible because the seat didn't really have a back, more just a place for his head to rest against...

Finally, his mask. It was the same design as the masks that the girls and the officer wore, and he didn't get a say in the matter as it was fitted onto him. It latched right onto his bodysuit, making it completely

inseparable. Leaving him to breathe through two incredibly tight holes, that were just begging to be plugged up.

And plugged up they would be, as the Officer turned towards her underlings. "Sniffits! Present your bottoms and load them to the brim!" She cried out, causing the masked boy's eyes to widen as everything started to click into place within his mind.

With their identity revealed as Sniffits, the two underlings eagerly stepped all the way up to the boy strapped to the chair, and made sure to keep real nice and close to him, to the point where each of his mask's holes were pointed towards one of their butts. Only for them to let loose nice and thick moans and groans. All while the back of their diapers gradually and slowly started to sink. Bit by bit. Little by little.

Tsubasa was forced to get a deep whiff of their scent. And his cheeks, which had already been reddening ever since he had been carried along by the two Sniffits, turned an even deeper shade of red thanks to the smell. It was foul. It was awful. But he liked it. He had to curse himself for liking it, especially as they both started to push their rears closer and closer to him, each of them giggling like the ditzy minions that they were. Almost completely ignoring that they were in the middle of helping a recruit along.

"That's enough, both of you." The Sniffit Officer said, and both of her underlings suddenly snapped to attention and saluted her, even though they had a big dumped diaper currently trying to break free from their suits. "Deal with your messes. Then load his Pailpack. And make it snappy!"

The Sniffits both hurried off, leaving Tsubasa to quietly soak in their smell. It was an awful smell. And it made him hard. Not that he could really get hard because his cock was still locked in its tight and rubbery cage, but he could definitely feel the blood rushing down there. He wanted to cum. He really badly wanted to cum...

As he imagined what it would be like to splatter his cum all over the inside of this crinkly garment around his waist, he suddenly felt a weight pulling down on his back. Something had been crammed into his... P-Pailpack, was it? Oh, oh no, it was... Then, if that was what it was, then..!

His mind raced, but it came to a screeching and abrupt halt once the hoses that came out of the Pailpack were attached to the two holes on his mask. And a second later, he breathed in the concentrated scent from those two diapers that had been stuffed into the Pailpack.

Tsubasa's eyes rolled into the back of his head as he was forced to let out a mild scream of pleasure. All while huffing more and more of that air almost automatically. He didn't want to huff it that badly, but his

body was immediately taking to it with ease. It was like he had been born to huff this kind of concentrated stink. It was... It was perfect for him.

To make matters worse, both of the Sniffits were giggling right beside him. They had completely dry butts, but they were more than happy to shake around his Pailpack a bit to make sure the smell from their dirty diapers flowed as quickly into his mask as it possibly could. Because the sounds he was making were just... Ehehehe, it made them all sorts of excited, even though they were just as locked up as he was...

Their Officer, however, was even more pleased than they were. The sight of the boy trembling and the sound of his diaper crinkling so much that it almost sounded like he'd climax... It was the sign of a good recruit. She had truly been able to find somebody that would please the Empress, once she got a taste of him.

"Haaah... B-Bring him closer!" The Officer said as she squatted down ever slightly. All while the back of her diaper quickly started to sag, a proverbial brass orchestra resounding from her rear as both of the Sniffits did as they were asked, shifting the chair around as they brought the boy as close to the Officer as they possibly could.

Tsubasa had been partly debilitated by the sheer power of the scent inside his Pailpack. But it didn't even come close to the feeling pouring through him as he was suddenly forced up against the Officer's rear, his body trembling as the warm and earthen smell of that fresh mess broke through his mask and overpowered the existing smell from his Pailpack, while he also got a taste of how it felt to brush up against somebody's diaper while it was still being actively filled.

His mind was growing foggier with every moment. What was he supposed to do when he was being filled with this much stink? Who... Who was he, even? He felt like he had a name, but the more he tried to hunt it down, the more the smells of those dirty diapers overwhelmed him. What was he supposed to do? He didn't know, so he just kept on huffing. Letting it calm him. Letting it make him grow more aroused. Letting him become more and more like the other two giggly girls, as he too started to giggle.

"He's so close..." The Officer muttered, panting as her underlings each grabbed ahold of her suit and tore open a temporary hole so they could undo the tapes and pull off her dirty diaper. It didn't feel good to have it removed, but it was something that she needed to do. Both because it would help push him further, and because there was one last thing she needed to do to test his true compatibility as a Sniffit.

The 'Recruit' only barely grew aware of his surroundings after he was pulled off the Officer's diapered bottom, mostly when he felt that very same diaper being stuffed into his Pailpack and the Pailpack being closed and shut off so it wouldn't burst open despite how stuffed it had gotten. The smell intensifying

certainly made it hard for him to see anything, especially as his cock desperately tried to grow erect within his cage once more.

But that changed once he saw something push through his haze. Something big. Something thick. Something that was throbbing just like the thing within his diaper. Something that he never thought he would start obsessing over because he wasn't that kind of boy.

It was a cock. Not just any cock. It was a really big cock. A cock that was drooling cum straight onto his mask, letting that sticky and virile scent slowly but surely mix together with the dirty diapers that he was busy huffing from. It was such an overpowering scent that he couldn't possibly avoid smelling it.

The 'Recruit' didn't even see the cock move, and yet he was driven absolutely up the wall by it. It was so wonderful, it was so sublime. He wanted it. He needed it. Even though he wouldn't even get close to cumming by gyrating around in his seat and letting all of that soft padding stimulate his caged cock, he did it anyway. Because that was what the cock in front of him was driving him to do.

His vision had completely narrowed in on the rod. It didn't matter that he could hear the two Sniffits giggling. Nor did it matter that he could hear the Officer giggling. To him, the whole world was the cock in front of him and the smell pouring into his nostrils and his mouth. That foul mixture was driving further and further up the wall...

The cock crept ever closer. A mere inch from touching his face. And then he heard the Officer's silky smooth voice. He listened more than ever, because it seemed like the voice and the cock was connected... O-Or maybe that the cock was the one talking..!

"Submit. Give in and join us. Then you will get your reward. The reward for being a good and obedient Sniffit Recruit."

He didn't even try to hesitate or resist. He had seen what the three Sniffits did, and he knew that it was what he had to do. So he pushed. He pushed and he pushed, not bothered by the tugging sensation in the back of his mind. Not bothered by the way that it felt like important things were slipping away from him. All that mattered to him was that he pushed and that he obeyed the voice of that cock..!

The Recruit let out a delighted gasp and pant as the back of his diaper started to sag. Not just a little, but a lot. With a whole bunch of his own personal stink. Unaware that the stink was so potent because he had just shit away things that were important to him. As far as he understood, right this moment he was nothing but a Sniffit Recruit...

And his induction into the ranks of the Sniffits was complete as his Officer released sweet, sticky seed all over his mask. He trembled in response, as he was allowed to drool a little bit of his own cum. A few droplets pouring from the tip of his caged cock, soaking into the front of his diaper.

"Welcome to the Sniffits, Recruit. Remember, Good Sniffits don't think. Good Sniffits Stink." His Officer said, as she snapped her fingers and forced her two minions to pull her up and hold her steady. "Your first task... Give me a change."

The Recruit listened. And the Recruit obeyed, following the Officer's orders while huffing the discarded scent of her diaper and his fellow Sniffits as his body followed the same directions that had been carried out to put him in a diaper. All while his eyes laser focused on the cock until it was shut away within the diaper...

All while his mind remained in a stinky haze. Not knowing who he had been. Not knowing who he still was. Only following orders like a good Sniffit, and nothing else. Even as he heard her give more orders, he didn't properly process them. He just giggled and followed behind the others, vaguely understanding what he needed to do. He didn't need to, as long as he remembered the mantra that his Officer had taught him...

Good Sniffits don't think. Good Sniffits Stink.

[Mommies to Babies]

"Oh, you two are just adorable!"

That was what Lusamine and Cynthia had heard, in the middle of their discussion regarding the partnership between the Aether Foundation and the more traditional Pokemon Leagues. They were in the midst of talking about a potential challenge for those that were unable to even beat a single Elite Four member after going through the trouble of defeating every Gym Leader. A trainer's proficiency course where they were allowed to borrow the Pokemon that the Aether Foundation had been caring for, as to train their abilities to command.

As they both looked towards the woman that had called for them, they were greeted by a large looking pale woman that didn't seem to be native to any region as far as they could tell. Not only that, but she towered over both of them and made them feel awfully insecure, a feeling that neither of them had felt in years. So much so that they were forced onto the defensive, calling out their Pokemon...

"A battle? Then I'll use Milk Drink. Here you go, you cute little girls."

That was the last thing they remembered before the taste of something thick hit their tongues and they blacked out. By the time that they woke up, they were well aware that everything had changed. And it wasn't just because they weren't standing on the outer side of the Aether Paradise any longer.

What had happened to the President of the Aether Foundation as well as the Champion of the Sinnoh Pokemon League was that they had been rather unambiguously kidnapped. They woke up in a shared crib, stripped of everything they were wearing, with very little they could do aside from just look around and let their surroundings sink in.

"That woman... Why did she bring us to such a place?" Was what Cynthia intended to say when she looked around and noticed that they were sitting in the middle of a giant nursery that was way too oversized for adult women like them, which just made them seem like they were children. Which was another feeling that washed over her as all of her words came out sounding like baby babble, since her control over her mouth had been lost completely...

"Cynthiwa!" Lusamine cried out, only to freeze as she felt her words failing her as well. It didn't feel right. It felt completely wrong. That's what her mind told her. But her heart thought it was right for her to nearly babble like this.

It wasn't just their mouths that had been completely ruined. As they looked down at their naked bodies, they were quick to notice something that made it difficult to close their legs. Two very big diapers, with cutesy little pokeballs decorating the padding to make it look like they had been caught. Which, by all accounts, they had been.

"Nho..." Cynthia muttered as she fell onto her butt. Crinkles started to resound, making her blush even harder. She had been defeated and put back in such an infantile state, just from a single move? She hadn't even sent out any pokemon, she had just fed them milk.

Lusamine wasn't feeling much better, taking a seat besides her fellow blonde as she tried to keep calm. It was hard. Really hard. Mostly because she was completely naked aside from the thick diaper between her legs. The woman that had done this to them was anything beyond what they could ever imagine. Even though she had been investigating and toying with Ultra Beasts, she was on an entirely different level. Especially with the way she defeated them with a move intended to heal.

"What do?" The padded President asked her padded Champion companion, looking to her for some sort of answer. She really wanted to hope that she'd have an idea on how to get them out of here. She had previously dealt with the crisis in her region that involved the Pokemon that controlled Time and Space. It only made sense that she'd have knowledge of how to escape situations like these.

Cynthia just shook her head. The best idea she had was to wait for the woman to arrive yet again. That way, they might get some answers. And beyond that, they might be able to get some clothes. It was really cold. So cold that she instinctively started to wrap her arms around the other blonde, huddling together and letting their diapers push up against one another while they staved off the cold of being so terribly naked...

"Oh, look at you two! You're already so far along, and I've only just fed you once!"

Lusamine and Cynthia both broke away as they heard the same maternal voice that had called out to them before, both of them looking around to try and find her. Only to see a shadow underneath them, and once they looked up they were able to stare straight at the red-clad woman's bosom. A bosom that still haunted them after what they had been forced to endure.

"You!" "Bad!" The two diapered ladies cried out. As long as they kept their cries as simple as possible, they were still able to enunciate ever so slightly in an adult manner. That meant that they didn't babble, and it meant that they maintained the slightest bit of dignity despite the fact that they had extremely thick diapers around their waists.

The much larger woman giggled as she towered over them, kneeling down so her tits rested on the railing of the crib with a smile on her face. "I'm not bad at all. I just thought that you were both adorable, and you deserved to be as adorable as that. Forever. Is that really so bad?" The pale-skinned and huge-titted woman said. "Besides, if you're going to be adorable babies for the rest of time, you need a Mama like me."

"No Mama!" "Bad Mama!" Both of the little ladies cried out. They were very adverse to this treatment. As any proper adult would be when they were faced with somebody that tried to infantilize them. Mama was... M-Mama was... Mama..?

Lusamine and Cynthia looked to each other with a panicked look on their faces. They couldn't think of Mama as anything but Mama. That was bad, Mama had done something to them just by being there. They had to do something to get away from her. Otherwise they could fall even deeper. And neither of them wanted that. Even if... Even if just looking at Mama made them feel really warm...

Mama giggled as she looked down at them. "You two are just adorable." She chimed before sighing and letting her head rest on her enormous bosom. "But since you're so adorable, I'll let you know a few more things. You deserve to know what's happening, since you were such good girls already." Mama said, clearing her throat a bit. "My name is Asphodel. Mama Asphodel to the two of you. And I've been able to pluck cuties like you two from your worlds, all so you can be my babies forever and ever. Don't worry. Nothing here can hurt you. Nothing here will make you feel bad. You can enjoy life as my sweet little children, never growing up, staying endlessly cute."

"N-No! D-Don't want!" Lusamine was the first of the two to speak up as she heard that. She had children back in her world. And as much as she had hurt them by her pursuit of her research and her questionable treatment of the Pokemon in her direct care, she still wanted to see them grow up and surpass her. Which meant that if she stayed in here and never grew up, then she'd never see them either! She couldn't allow that to happen. "W-Wanna go back!"

Mama giggled as she reached over the crib bar, planting her head on Lusamine's head and gently patting it. All while her soft crimson eyes started to glow ever so slightly. Not egregiously, so one would be drawn to look at them. Just enough that one might get suspicious and think she was doing something.

As the padded President felt Mama's hand patting her on the head, it was like.. It was like... What was it like? She wasn't sure. All that she knew was that her lips were subtly throbbing like they needed something, so her thumb started to instinctively slip in between them, the former adult letting her drool roll down her hand as she sucked on her single digit...

Cynthia watched as the worry in Lusamine's eyes dimmed ever slightly. It wasn't like it had gone away completely, but the way she sucked her thumb seemed to dampen those feelings. So much so that the padded Champion looked at her own thumb with a blush on her cheeks. She didn't want to try it, but... It looked like a lot of fun, and if they were going to stuck here forever...

"Go on." Asphodel chimed as she looked down at the Baby Champion, giggling as the little lady looked up at her with worry in her eyes. "It's just your thumb. Babies suck them all the time." Mama didn't even bother trying to make it sound like she thought of them as adults. They were babies. Through and through.

It was hard to go against what Mama told her. Even if she didn't understand why it was so difficult to go against her words. But at least Mama gave her approval, so Cynthia quietly stuck her thumb into her mouth and started to suckle, the worry still bright on her face.

That very same worry started to fade little by little as the drool started to run down her cheeks, her expression dampening as it felt kinda nice to just... suckle on her thumb. It was distracting enough to make

her forget that she was an adult for just a few moments. It made her feel like she only had to suckle and suckle. She didn't have duties, she didn't have obligations. She was a baby, who should just enjoy life and just... Be a baby. Which meant to suckle and suckle on her thumbby...

Asphodel giggled as she looked down at the two babies. They were coming along so nicely. Then again, they had gotten a powerful taste of her milk as the first part of their regression. That was one of her most effective methods of making babies. It only made sense that they were falling this badly already...

Lusamine's eyes suddenly widened. She couldn't feel her teeth. As she suckled on her thumbby, there was no teeth that were grinding against the soft digit. In fact, the only thing she could feel was her gums. It didn't feel right at all. So much so that she started to cry, soft tears rolling down the sides of her face.

Cynthia heard the other blonde crying, But instead of noticing that her own teeth had started to erode and disappear leaving her with a gumless and numb mouth, she noticed that her hair had been styled into a pair of childish pigtails. That was the part that was making her tremble and feel the sadness swelling within her. The teardrops were pouring down her cheeks, all while her teeth continued to very carefully recede and vanish.

"Oh dear. You're both so shocked about all of this. Don't worry. Mama's here for you:" Mama Asphodel chimed as she lowered the bar leading into the crib, making it easier for her to reach for both of those cute babies. She tugged them over by their waistband, the loose-fitting but incredibly puffy diaper making it very convenient for her in situations such as these.

Once they were close enough to pull into her arms, she sank her hands into their padded butts and lifted them up. One baby for every arm, pushing them gently up against her bosom and letting them get a bit of warmth so they'd both calm down. She even gently swayed left to right, rocking both babies to calm them a bit faster.

The tears slowed down until both of the blonde Babies let out yawns. They were getting really sleepy from being in Mama's arms. But before they could sleep, they needed something... They needed... Something really tasty. And they could smell it too, as they both pawed towards their oversized Mama's dress. They wanted their milkies.

Asphodel was more than happy to indulge them, as the buttons on her dress were undone one by one. Once the five buttons that kept her bosom constrained had been popped open, her dress parted and slightly slid down her shoulders, allowing those massive mammaries to be let free. Those enormous milky tanks that immediately started to squirt out a bit of that rich white liquid that both of her babies craved.

Neither Lusamine nor Cynthia even thought about how dangerous it could be to drink that milk. They just latched onto those massive nipples, that were nearly as big as their respective hands, before suckling just like they had suckled on their thumbs. It was actually even easier than suckling on their thumbs, because the lack of teeth made their mouths close around the large nipple and concentrate all of their sucking power on it.

As the milk quickly started to pour down their tummies, Mama hummed a little lullaby and rocked them around a bit more. All while walking towards the changing table, her eyes quietly glowing white a few extra diapers started to pile up on the surface. One with Great Balls as the pattern, then one with Ultra Balls, and finally one with Master Balls. What she needed two stacks of three diapers for was anybody's guess. But it didn't hurt to have them handy when she was carrying around a pair of utterly adorable baby girls that needed as much milk as they might need. Not that it'd help them grow, this was just to make sure that their tummies were completely satisfied.

Lusa... Lusa and Cynth... Cynthia kept on suckling and suckling. It felt really good to swallow Mama's milk. Not just because it was playing into their regressing minds which made them forget their full names as they kept drinking more of it, but because it was just that darned tasty. Why would they ever stop drinking something that was this delicious? They never wanted to stop, that was how delicious it was...

Which was why little Lusa and little Cynthia were caught so terribly off guard by their tummies throwing a real fit. Their tummies were crying out and it felt like there was something really big stuck inside them. So much so that they wanted to try and get it out, but they couldn't stop themselves from suckling on Mama's boobies. The milk was too delicious. It didn't even cross their babified minds that it was all caused by that wonderful milk.

They didn't know what to do. Except look up towards Mama, hoping that she had an answer to their problem. And given the smile on her face, it seemed like she did. She let that smile widen as she leaned down ever slightly to peck them both on the forehead, before placing her head in between their ears so they could hear her whisper.

"Push. Make a biiiig poopy. Then the pain in your tummies will go away."

...Of course! Mama knew everything, and that totally made sense! The reason why their tummies were throwing a fit was because they weren't making big poopies! Babies like them were supposed to make reaaaaally big poopies, duh!

Both little Lusa and little Cynthia closed their eyes as they kept suckling more milk down, while pushing and pushing and pushing. They wanted to rid their tummies of the bad pain. Not realizing that by giving into

what Mama suggested, they would be ridding themselves of any lasting connection. Because that poop that they hadn't gotten out of their system... It was their adult memories and their adult thoughts. All of clumped up inside their bowels, with the milk in their tummies doing its best job to put pressure on it.

The faintest voices were echoing out inside the backs of their head. But they didn't listen. They pushed and pushed. And as the tiniest and faintest scream tried to make them stop...

The little Babies felt a sense of relief washing over them as their holes parted and their very first bit of poop exploded out of it. A real big snake that made their enormous diapers sag, because even puffy messes that were supposed to keep them from waddling couldn't lift up something as heavy as what they just pushed out. Nor could it avoid turning a deep shade of brown, the sheer filth of their first poop quickly rubbing off on the inner layer of padding.

It didn't stop at a single rope either. All of the milk that they had been drinking quickly flushed through them and turned into extremely poop water, their diapers soaking up all the stinky stuff as they grew soggy and brown, not that either of the two babies were too bothered by the stinkies. They could never be bothered by that ever again, as their former adulthood squished around inside their extremely brown diapers.

Asphodel giggled as both of her babies finally popped off her nipples, their biiig diapers making it a bit hard to carry them. "Good girls. Now, you'll be Mama's. Forever and ever." She chimed, as she laid them both down on the changing table. In such a way that their diapers were resting against the butt of the inner most layer of the brand new diapers.

Both Lusa and Cynthy giggled as they felt those big stinky diapers getting pushed up against them as one, then two, then three diapers were snapped onto them. It didn't matter that they were all sorts of sticky and squishy on the inside, the outside was so puffy that they were on the verge of having a big and almost adult oopsie just from the intensity of it all. In fact, the subtlest glow from the purple parts of the Master Balls showed that those silly little Baby girls had a climax from the layered butts.

Asphodel giggled as she hoisted them back up again, the weight of their inner layer offset by the softness of the outer layers. Letting her easily carry them out of the nursery... And into the depths of her manor, where they'd meet all of their other brothers and sisters. All while a single thought rolled through her head, one that made her idle maternal smile widen into a cute grin.

'Gotcha! You've caught Baby Lusa and Baby Cynthy!'

[RWBY Fat Femboy TFs]

Neopolitan was a tricky little lady. The fact that she had illusions at her command thanks to her Semblance meant that she was also incredibly difficult to fight. Not only could she be anybody that you had ever met, but if you did figure out who she was, she'd probably evade your attacks by letting an illusion take it for her. But even with this quality in mind, there were some that had managed to figure out how to fight her regardless.

"So, pipsqueak! Your luck's run its course!"

Yang Xiao Long, of Team RWBY, cried out as she smashed her fist against the palm of her hand. She had a grudge against the multi-haired little lady, especially since she had managed to outdo her footwork at least a couple times at this point. But this time, it wouldn't stop her.

"Underestimate her at your peril, Yang. You know what happened last time." Because she had brought backup, in the form of the rest of her team. Blake Belladonna, the black-haired Faunus among the four of them, tried to serve as a voice of reason. Even if she wanted to assist her friend in taking down one of the hardest opponents they had all faced.

The white-haired heiress, Weiss Schnee, let out a brief chuckle as she entered her favorite stance. "Try not to overestimate her either, Blake. She's just one girl. We've fought worse. We've been led by worse!" Weiss snarked a bit, casting a glance towards the dark-redhead who had already brought out her scythe in its full capacity.

Ruby Rose, the leader of Team RWBY, grinned a bit as she spun that scythe of hers. "Well you don't need to worry about my orders when we're fighting her this time! She's not going to be able to trick all of us at once, I promise!" Ruby cried out. Her sister had asked them all to come here, there was no way that she'd let her down after she had gone out of her way to rely on her. While they were a team, it wasn't often that Yang put her trust in her so explicitly. This was a first, really!

Neopolitan smiled as she saw the four gearing up to fight her. Oh, she did love a good fight. Especially against the group that had led to her dear Roman's demise. But since she had lost the man that she loved, it was only right for her to make somebody to replace him. And she had just the tool to do so.

Out of the four, the first to strike was the white-haired icy girl. She slid straight ahead, using her runes to turn the ground underneath her to ice. "Follow my strike, she won't be able to dodge if we all hit at once!" Weiss cried out. Even if she was going to take the first hit, it probably wouldn't-

SPLAT

All the other members of team RWBY were shocked as Neo did what none of them could've predicted. She dispelled a single illusion, and revealed a massive wooden mallet. One that slammed straight into their white-haired companion... And despite what they would've then expected, she didn't turn into a bloody print on the ground.

No, once the mallet had been lifted right back up, a Weisscake was very visibly resting on the ground below. It was actually kind of funny looking at her, since her eyes were bulging out after the impact. If one of them were particularly hungry and maybe a bit morbid minded, they would consider having a little taste.

Neo smiled from ear to ear as the illusion consumed her mallet once more, walking right over to that silly pancake as she carefully stuck her hands into it. And she tugged and tugged, slowly pulling up on it as it was like a piece of modelling clay.

In fact, that was exactly what she was doing. Without saying a word, she was pushing and pulling on every little part of the former pancake. Restructuring her and making her look a lot bigger than she was before. Where the extra mass had come from was anybody's guess, but all three of the other girls couldn't pry their eyes away from the sight of their friend being put back together...

Though once she finished doing just that, they all wished that they hadn't. When Neo finished adjusting the heiress to fit her exact specifications, she planted a kiss right on the white-haired girl's lips...

And a masculine and childish cry left the now-oversized girl's lips. Because she wasn't a girl. She was a big, fat and babyish femboy. How could you tell that he was babyish? Why, simple. There was an equally fat and oversized crinkly garment sticking out from his brand new set of business bottoms, which clashed heavily against the pretty shirt that he wore. Not that he was wearing that very well, since it couldn't fit over his enormous gut that was hanging out and showing off the very pretty belly button ring that had pierced through his outie, with the shirt doing its best to cling to his moobies and his lumbering arms instead. Combine all of that with the pretty and fashionable glasses that he wore, the way that his hair had been styled like a combover, and the extremely oversized bulge that made the bulging diaper the least of anybody's concern, and he had been... Well, there were very few ways to describe his current state other than ruined.

"Daddy! Daaaaaddy!" Weiss cried out as he huffed and slapped his tummy. "I wanna eat! Can't we go eat?" He cried out like a brat. Despite looking like he was fashionable and ready to go out and shark some competition out of a deal, he was really just a giant brat. That certainly explained the diaper, but it

explained little else. Not that it needed to explain anything, especially as his 'Daddy' kissed his big belly and made him squirm and moan, the oversized brat reaching into his mooby cleavage to dig out a diamond pacifier that he stuck into his mouth and suckled on. He knew better than to fight back against 'Daddy' when he got like this...

To say that the rest of Team RWBY were shocked by this development was an understatement. Ruby couldn't really process what she was seeing, Yang was... Well she was aroused and she didn't like that she was aroused, but the only one that was outright disgusted by this change was Blake, who had seemingly disappeared.

Neo smiled as she walked away from her big business baby brat, stretching as she stood in the open. If somebody wanted to try and cut her down, or even shoot right through her, this was the perfect time to do so. Which also meant that it was a trap, because she definitely had an illusion active.

Blake still tried. Moving right out of the shadows as she split in two, using her Semblance to make it harder to hit her back after her attempt retribution. Slashing right in synch with her duplicate, the speedy feline just managed to shatter the illusion and expose Neo's true location, lounging on top of her brat's shoulder, while leaving her open to an attack... If the multicolored trickster had a way to hit two spots at once.

SPLAT

She did. Ruby and Yang were given a nice view of the two mallets that came crashing down on their black-haired kitty friend, removing any need to try and figure out which one was the right one. And neither of them even tried to go over and help Blake out, because how were they going to succeed? If they didn't have a good plan, they'd get splatted just the same!

Neo rubbed her hands together as she walked right over to the Blakecake, grabbing ahold of the kitty's bulging tail and using it to pry her off the ground. Then it was time to remold her into a good toy to play around with, the multicolored trickster tugging and pulling once again. But this time, she'd make something that was a lot less loud and a lot more playful. Something that went along well with the cute kitty aesthetic, while being utterly humiliating at the same time.

By the time she put the finishing touches on Blake and kissed her to make the brand new toy spring to life, the silly kitty looked far different from her usual self. For one, there was that egregious bulge between his extremely fat thighs that denoted his brand new masculinity. It was honestly a wonder that it managed to stay packed within his brand new booty shorts, the very same booty shorts that were decorated with a corny yet thoroughly devoted 'Nyaddy Neo' to denote who owned him. That kind of ownership decorated the rest of his body too, whether it was tattooed right onto his flab complete with a cute belly ring that had

Neo's face printed on it, or printed on both halves of the crop top that pushed up his moobies and made them look even more alluring than a genuine set of equally fat tits. They were super firm looking, as if they had been pumped full of silicone, but that only added to his new aesthetic. An aesthetic that was completed by the incredibly cute pig tails that complimented the new shade of blonde that Blake's hair had taken on.

Blake's eyes snapped open as he giggled, his fat tail slapping against the sides of his belly in such an overly excited way. "Nyaddy Nyeo!" He giggled, a complete and utter pun-obsessed dork at this point. Such a departure from what he had been when he was just a normal stoic girl. "Have I been a good kitty? Canyon't I have a bit of catnip?" The kitty bimboi cried out with need as he rubbed his belly, even spreading his tummy a bit to make it look like his pierced belly button was trying to open so his 'Nyaddy' could stick something inside.

Neo rewarded his brand new airheaded devotion by violently slapping that enormous tummy, causing the fat to jiggle from side to side and make the bimboi's bulge squirt out and stain his poor shorts in the process. He was happy to be abused like this, and he wanted mooore. So much more that he tried to hug his 'Nyaddy', only for the girl to shatter as she was revealed to be another illusion.

Yang clenched her fist as she stepped forward. Two of her friends had already turned into such perverted travesties. She wasn't about to let Neo turn her sister as well. Especially since if anybody had to turn her into a perverted femboy, it'd be her. "Bring it on, pipsqueak! You won't get a chance to crush me!" She shouted, punch her fist into the palm of her hand.

Neo obliged the challenge as she broke another illusion, causing a single mallet to come crashing down from above. A mallet that was met by the sheer power that the blonde possessed, as it shattered into fine chunks of wood thanks to a single punch from Yang.

"Really? That's it? I thought it'd be harder to break thos-"

SPLAT

Before Yang had a chance to celebrate her brief victory, two more slammed into her from opposing sides, causing her to be splatted into a Yangcake in between them. Even if she had managed to see them coming, one of them would've still hit her. Leaving her to quietly collapse to the ground as she was freed from the space between them, both her fat tits and her eyes bulging out and leaving the rest of her body completely flat.

Neo rubbed her hands together as she walked over and grabbed onto those tits, shaking the Yangcake around to add a bit of air to her and make her grow and grow. Stretching her out until she was even bigger than the rest other two moldable messes had been, making it even easier to fix her up.

Another kiss was all that it took to wake Yang from her existence as a Yangcake, and a wave of warm and servitude washed over the usually rambunctious existence. So much so that the blonde bowed down as respectfully as she possibly could, letting her cheeks... and newfound masculinity, expose itself to his sister.

"Goshujin-sama. I am pleased to serve you today. What would you like? A bath? Dinner? Or me?" Yang asked, as he carefully lifted his head up. All while his hair turned from long and black to short and tied into a bun, just like a Geisha would. Because that was what he was. A fat geisha whose entire skin had turned chalk white, to show just how pure he was. Upon sitting up and letting his feet compress themselves against the fat bulge pressed in by his fundoshi, it was easy to see how his loose-fitting kimono was perfect for this kind of job. It added an allure of eroticism that normal clothes wouldn't, while still letting a lot of it hang out. Especially his fat legs that were perfect for servicing strong husbands, like Neo.

But what stood out about the Geishafied boi was less the sheer fat that covered his blubbery body, and more how it was emphasized. His kimono acted like a pseudo-bra, pushing up his moobs just like the near-fake ones that Blake had. And unlike his fellow bois, the loose kimono actually did manage to wrap around his belly for the most part. The only thing that was exposed was the wedding ring around his belly button, and the drool that poured out from the hole inside it. This was the Geisha's preferred orifice, and one that still needed so much attention from the one that he had chosen to marry... At least, according to his memories. He couldn't remember being anything but a horny and loving Geisha for his 'Goshujin-sama'. Much less having a sister.

Ruby trembled a bit as she looked at her team and how they had been turned into fat femboys that all embodied some weird kind of kink. But at the same time, Neo was distracted! If she just used her Semblance and went in for a good strike, then... Then...!

BANG* *SPLAT

The moment she pulled the trigger to launch herself using her scythe, she slammed straight into one of the mallets that were still covered by illusions. Instead of getting close to her enemy, she instead just hastened her demise, as she quietly popped off the flat side of the mallet as a cute and easily pliable Rubycake.

Neo licked her lips after kissing the exposed belly button belonging to her Geisha Wife, before turning towards the silly girl that had managed to get herself flattened before she even had the chance to change her. Not that it'd be hard to mold her, it just required her to flip the silly Rubycake up into the air, spin her

around a bit to make sure she got even girthier than the other ones, and then grab the edges and wave it around to add some mass...

Once she had placed the silly clay-like Rubycake back down, she just tugged on it a bit, and once there was a face she could kiss, she planted her lips right on that cute mug to make sure that her last toy came to life just like the others. And this one would be special...

Ruby shook around as he felt his body trembling. Being brought back to consciousness after being flattened was an experience that he... Had he been through it a lot before? He wasn't quite sure, but it definitely felt like it. That would also explain why his hair had turned a bit silver, since he was a rather aged femboy. A grampa in his own right, even if he looked as young as the day he married his sweet little Neo.

Of course he wore basically nothing at this point. From the moment they were married, the two knew that he shouldn't wear that would keep his figure obscured. The only thing he wore was that thick speedo that kept his bulge nice and compressed, because making a mess whenever his lil' hubby kissed him wouldn't be right. Oh, the kids were kicking around inside him. They were just as excited about their papa's presence.

Grampa Ruby laughed as he slapped his hand against his tummy, the slap causing his firm pregnant tummy to wobble a bit before a set of marks appeared on the surface. Dozens upon dozens of filled out baby markers, showing his expertise in the field of breeding. He hadn't done this for so long with his sweet little hubby, the one he treated almost like a son rather than a lover, without having something to show for it.

"Neo, my sweet little angel. The kids are being rowdy, wanna make sure they calm down?" The near-naked femboy grandpa said as he grabbed ahold of his gravid dome, letting his belly-pussy pop its 'lips' out and spread open, so anything could pop into that hole and knock him right back up. "Or do you just wanna look at your old man squirm because you've filled him with another dozen?"

Neo smiled and just fingered that hole for a moment, before motioning for the others to come closer. The bratty Baby, the needy Bimboi, the loving Geisha, all of them were needed right here.

"Daddy! Can't we eat? I'm so hungry!" Weiss cried, his diaper crinkling obnoxiously as he stopped right by Grampa Ruby's side. He really wanted to eat, so his tummy would stop shouting.

Blake giggled and let his big fake moobies bounce as he skipped over to Weiss' side. "Nyaaaddddyyyy. Plow meeee!" He cried out with need, only stopped from pouncing onto the one that had changed him thanks to Weiss holding onto his tail like a toy.

"Goshujin-sama." Yang chimed as he walked over, his chalk-white smile complimenting the pink plush that had been powered onto his face. "Anything you wish, I will do. All for you."

Grampa Ruby grinned a bit as he looked to his other fembois, before looking right at Neo. "That time again?" He asked, and the multicolored girl nodded. "Well, if you insist! Just remember that I'll always be your gramp-"

SPLAT

Two even bigger mallets slammed the four together at the same time. Mixing them into one big RWBYcake, which Neo didn't even need to mess with. Once it sprung back up after being melded together by the impact, the beauty was something to behold.

The brattiest business baby, mixed with the neediest bimboi, mixed with the devoted Geisha, and the experienced breeding Grampa. All of those aspects mixed together into one devoted baby-wife, who wore a suit that only covered his chalk-white moobies with big piercings and extremely leaky teats, had four rings wrapped around his massive belly button and about a thousand baby markers circling the belly button as his enormous gravidity pushed out, was stuck in an enormous and obnoxiously loud diaper that was pushed in by the fundoshi and speedo that did very little to compress the even bigger bulge hidden within, and was suckling on a big diamond pacifier that made his horny eyes and his weary expression pair together perfectly with his Geisha-like pale skin. All while he had a single black ponytail woven into a simple bun, mixing it all together as he towered over his hubby.

"Nyaddy-sama." RWBY said with a sultry voice, his belly-pussy drooling. "Breed me!" That respectful and sultry air was done away with thanks to a single cry, as the needy and oversized lover wanted to be pounded.

Something that Neo was finally willing to satisfy, as she removed her pants and revealed a real monster of a cock, the last illusion she'd ever dispel...

Before latching on and giving her Bratty Bim-Baby Geisha Grampa-wife what he wanted, their cries marking the end of Team RWBY, and the birth of a strange yet fulfilling relationship...