

Stacy's Diapered Downfall (Conclusion)

Stacy whined against her gag as she was led by a leash, forced to crawl with her thick diapered and mess filled behind jutting in the air. Her body covered was covered from the neck down in breathable latex with the exception of her breasts which shook pendulously as she crawled. She was so absorbed by her misery that she failed to notice her breasts and nipples expanding or that Chandra's body was undergoing a more drastic transformation, her hips widening and her waist narrowing, the stretchy bodysuit conforming to fit her increasingly feminine body. Had she been less obsessed with her predicament, Stacy might have felt concern for the woman who had once been her boyfriend, Chad.

As the pair were led through a set a double-doors, the scent of vanilla and the faint smell of something Stacy couldn't easily identify filled their senses. Light music played in the background. Stacy looked around with wide eyes seeing dozens of women wearing similar latex suits to her own. Most were on all fours, resting in pens, their heads down and staring at tri-D screens set into the floor. A subtle sucking sound could be heard from each of them while one had an unfamiliar buzzing sound coming from it. As the pair passed that pen, Stacy realized the woman was watching something erotic and wiggling, mooing quietly in pleasure. Stacy turned her head in disgust.

Adrianna laughed. "What's the matter?" Adrianna asked, her tone taunting as she removed Stacy's gag and leash. "You'll both be like her soon enough, writhing against the sexual stimulator while being milked and filling your diapers."

Stacy looked up at Adrianna and glared at her. "I'm never going to be one of these stupid, docile cows," Stacy growled.

"I'm hungry and don't feel so good," Chandra whimpered. She nudged Stacy and pointed her hoof-glove enclosed hand at a group of "cows" laying on their backs, resting on conforming chairs while sucking from what appear to be oversized baby bottles, holding the bottles in the hoof-gloved hands. "Like, I bet they have more tasty milk from earlier, moo. I want something to drink before I pass out."

Stacy sucked on her lip. She was feeling a bit light-headed as well and the milk did sound super tasty. Stacy felt a tinge of concern about Chandra as it was partly her fault that Chad was in this mess, both literally and figuratively. She turned to look at Adrianna only to realize the guard had left. Huffing with frustration, she crawled over to the other cows, Chandra right behind her.

One of the cows, a redhead in green latex, turned to look at the pair. Her lips popped from around the nipple. She giggled. "Hey, everyone! New cows, moo."

Most of the other cows didn't move from their comfortable-looking spots but did wave their hoof-gloved hands at the pair, their bottles momentarily resting on their breasts. As Stacy stared at those around her, she realized they all had boobs that were as big as volleyballs if not bigger. Stacy's stomach rumbled and she felt lightheaded again. "We're totally not staying," Stacy said, her tone defiant if a little uncertain. "We're getting out of here as soon as we can but we totally need some food first. Where can we, like, get one of those bottles?"

The redhead giggled. "Why would you ever want to leave, you silly moo head? Like, we totally don't have any response... responsa... we don't have to work and stuff, just drink milk, get milked, and let the machines change our diapers." She paused as she rolled to her hands and knees. A moment later, the back of the redhead's diaper puffed out. "Much better. Like, what were we talking about?"

Stacy was aghast. "You totally enjoyed messing yourself," Stacy exclaimed.

The redhead climbed back onto the chair, her bottom mushing down against it. "They give us extra time with the buzzy machine when we mess," she explained with a smile.

"Can we get some milk," Chandra whined.

The redhead giggled. "Oh, like, yeah, from the guard over there," she explained, pointing toward a counter. "I like the guard that's working today. She's like super nice to all of the cows. Just press your hoof against the plate next to the counter and the guard will come to help you."

The pair made their way over to the counter. Stacy pressed her hoof-gloved hand against the plate. "I'm coming, I'm coming you silly cows," Stacy heard a familiar voice say. When the guard walked up, Stacy's eyes widened in horror. The satisfied, cruel grin on the woman's face as recognition dawned on her made Stacy's stomach sink. It was the girl that the pair had raped not long ago, Jasmine. "By the gods, they really got you, didn't they?" Jasmine said with glee. She looked around. "Don't tell me they missed Chad."

"I'm, like, right here and I'm super hungry," Chandra whined.

Jasmine's eyes widened. "Oh my," she said, her grin widening. "Are you the cutest diaper butt cows. Do you two baby cows want some milky? Do you want to mess your diapers even more and become stupid dumb baby cows? Let me hear you moo and I'll give you both bottles."

Chandra mooed loudly but Stacy did not. Jasmine grabbed a bottle and taunted them with it. "How about a little louder? I want to make sure all the other diaper cows know you're one of them, too." Stacy wanted to resist but she was so hungry. The pair mooed loudly enough that some of the other cows giggled. Chandra handed them each a two-liter milk bottle complete with a nipple.

It was with a little disgust that Stacy realized that the only way that she could carry the bottle was to lean back on her knees and shuffled forward, causing the mess in her diapers to mush and spread. Ashamed, she and Chandra made their way to the chairs and laid back on them, holding the bottles with their hoof-gloved hands. Chandra's eyes closed as she drank deeply, Stacy not far behind.

As much as Stacy was loath to admit it, she loved the taste of the milk. It was better than the food from her favorite restaurant, though, when she tried to remember where it was, she couldn't. It didn't matter. The taste of the milk and how well it filled her belly was all that mattered. Even as her bladder began to feel full, it was easier for Stacy to simply wet herself than to stop drinking, get up, and complain that she didn't want to wet herself. A small part of her reminded herself that she was diapered and that was all it took for her to flood her already soiled diaper.

As she finished the bottle, Stacy's head felt fuzzy, as if she were more than a little tipsy. She gave out a satisfied burp as she let the bottle fall to the floor. Rolling to her hands and legs, she realized that, despite all the milk that she just drank, she was still thirsty. Stacy noticed two of the other "cows" in

one corner. The woman on her back was moaning as another woman rubbed her through her diaper and suckled directly from her breast. "No, from her udder," Stacy corrected herself absently. For a moment, she was confused about why she was correcting herself but the thought vanished as she remembered how thirsty and horny that she was. Stacy crawled over, her packed rear end wiggling as she did.

"Can I, like, have some milk too?" Stacy asked.

"Are you sure you're a cow?" the woman teased. "Let me hear you moo again. I, like, want to make sure because only let good cows drink my yummy milk."

Stacy let out a huge moo, causing the woman to giggle. The huge breasted woman nodded with a smile, resting her hoof-gloved hand on the ground. Stacy lowered herself on it and, unconcerned about the damp mess between her legs, began to rub herself against the hoof as she sucked hungrily from the other woman's breast.

As amazing as the milk was from the bottle, the milk directly from the other "cow" was so much better. Stacy's body felt as if she was drinking cocoa after being cold for far too long. While the milk before was super tasty, the milk directly from the woman's "udder" was far more satisfying. It also made her arousal even more intense. She suckled greedily, causing the other cow to moan louder.

In between swallows, Stacy felt her belly cramp briefly. Before she could stop herself, she bore down on her hips and, with a loud "blart", filled her diaper again. The relief of emptying her cramped stomach overrode her embarrassment about pooping her diaper for the third time. Sighing with relief, Stacy went back to sucking happily on the other woman's udder, completely forgetting the swollen diaper filled with a gooey mess ballooning around her backside.

Stacy turned as she heard another cow crawl up. The other cow smiled at her. "You're, like, totally new, aren't you?" The blond-haired woman with breasts twice as large as the cow Stacy was suckling from was wearing a bubblegum pink latex skinsuit. To Stacy's astonishment, the woman was also standing in her hoof-covered feet, though, given the massively thick diaper bulge between her legs, she was more toddling than simply standing. She patted Stacy's mushy diapered tushy and grinned. "I, like, saw you pack your potty. You're, like, totally a real cow now."

Stacy giggled. "Like, I am?" She leaned back, only to lean too far and land on her behind. For the briefest of moments, she was disgusted by the feeling of the mess spreading even more. The thought was fleeting as her udders bounced on her chest. Looking down, she was stunned to see that her once-tiny breasts were bigger than the udders on the cow next to her, though not as big as the udders on the bubblegum blonde. Her hoof-glove covered hands went to her udders, rubbing them, the cool latex causing her nipples to stiffen and making Stacy moan in pleasure.

"I think it's time we changed that diaper butt," Stacy heard. Her fogged mind recalled Jasmine but tried to remember who she was beyond the guard who gave her a bottle earlier. A tiny part of her mind told her that she'd done something bad to Jasmine, but she couldn't quite recall. Stacy was a cow, after all. Cows didn't need to remember anything but milk and filling their diapers like good cows so that they could have their diapers changed. Stacy rolled back onto her knees and hoof-gloved hands and followed Jasmine obediently, her diapered butt wiggling as she did.

Stacy was helped up a ramp to a changing table. Jasmine sprayed a mist around Stacy's crotch, unsealing the area and allowing Jasmine to remove the latex cover. "You really filled that diaper up, didn't you? It's too bad your friends can't see you now, your ass covered in slime and piss, your udders leaking milk." Jasmine removed the diaper and, had Stacy been coherent, she might have wondered why the diaper was filled with greenish goo instead of messy brown. The diaper was tossed in a bin to be processed, as were the wipes that Jasmine used. Stacy simply felt relief to be out of the mess. "Such a naughty diaper cow," Jasmine said, her tone mocking. "You're going to keep being a diaper packer for as long as you're here. I think that's too good for you, but I'll have to get by getting to make your life as humiliating as I can while you're here." When Jasmine wiped Stacy's bare pussy clean, Stacy moored in pleasure. "You are a naughty slut, aren't you? You should be ashamed, being turned on by a guard cleaning up your mess."

Stacy moored louder in pleasure as Jasmine slid a finger in her pussy. Jasmine smiled and slapped Stacy's inner thigh, removing her finger. "Cows only get to cum when wearing diapers," Jasmine said. The diaper she then grabbed was even thicker than the first one Stacy had been forced to wear. Uncertain of what to do, Stacy's hips jerked up when Jasmine swatted her hip. The diaper was slid under Stacy's bottom and felt like a pillow. The diaper was then drawn up between Stacy's legs and taped shut. The breathable latex crotch was pulled snugly over it and resealed before Jasmine began to rub Stacy through her diaper again. "You are a cow so your name is 'cow'," Jasmine taunted her. "You're just a dumb, stupid cow that fills her diaper again and again and can only cum when we say you can. Is that what you want, cow? Do you want to cum in your diaper?"

Stacy moored in frustration. "Yes, please. Cow needs to cum in her diaper. Cow is so horny, moo," Stacy whimpered. "Please, let cow cum. Cow will be a good girl and fill her diapers. Pretty please, let cow cum." Her udders began to leak copiously, milk dripping down the sides of her breasts as Jasmine rubbed her through her diaper, the pressure making Stacy hornier by the moment. The feeling abruptly stopped with a laugh.

"No, you may not cum yet," Jasmine said, "but you can go get yourself milked. Stupid cow."

Stacy whined. Her udders did feel quite full but she wanted to cum just as bad as she needed to be milked. Something in Stacy forced her to obey Jasmine when she was ordered to climb down off the changing table. As she crawled down the ramp, Stacy remembered the milking machines and that they had the wands that would rub against her diapered crotch. Suddenly, milking seemed far more interesting.

She waved a hoof-covered hand at Chandra whose diapered butt was ballooned up even larger than Stacy's had been. Chandra's udders were coming in nicely and already leaking milk. The poor girl was being led to the changing station by a guard Stacy didn't recognize. Stacy smiled. Chandra must be a good cow if she was packing her diapers that much. Stacy couldn't remember why she felt so close to Chandra. She knew they were friends, but were all the cows here friends? As Stacy rested her belly on the milking bench, the suction cups raised up to press against her udders before the suction kicked in. The feeling of having her udders milked was almost orgasmic. Add to that the wand that moved into place to pleasure her slit through the thick diaper, it was enough to drive her to distraction. The tri-D screen that appeared as she was milked took the last of her focus. She realized that, as long as she focused on the pleasure of the wand now pressing against her diapered crotch and the tri-D screen, she

could eventually reach a climax. When she did, the last of Stacy melted away. Now, she was simply another cow.

As the tri-D stopped, the newest cow waddled over to greet the rest of the room. Jasmine walked over to her and smiled. "Just wanted to let you know that your boyfriend just got sold to a special client," Jasmine explained. The diapered cow looked up at her confused. "Oh, I imagine that, by now, you'll have completely forgotten, but it makes me happy just knowing about it." Jasmine patted the new cow's diapered butt and headed off. The new cow felt herself wet her diaper and smiled. She couldn't wait to fill her diaper up again.

Epilogue

Stacy and Chad's parents shook their heads in disbelief. They'd been returned to the staging area and allowed to clean up and dress. They'd all seen their children greedily turn on each other. At least Chad had shown a little remorse. He wasn't going to get off the hook completely. He was stuck as Chandra and in diapers for the rest of his life; however, he was going home with his parents. The hope was that they'd be able to re-raise their new daughter into a better person.

Stacy, on the other hand, was a lost cause. The monitor was turned off and, as far as Stacy's parents and the law were concerned, she'd died in a freak accident. The cow that remained was not their daughter.

The cow, now a silly bimbo cow, couldn't have cared less. After all, that's what led to her being a cow in the first place.