

“Let me go! Do you have *any* idea who I am?! My lawyers will destroy you over this! This is kidnapping, and if you're thinking you're going to get some kind of ransom you cheeky shits let me tell you my private security is-”

Jasmine Fairchild struggled as she woke, but it didn't do any good. The sow was not in her penthouse, she was not in her private office at her investment firm either. The room around her was bright though, pastels *everywhere*, most of them pink and white in childish patterns. Which might, in some other time and space, have offset the worry. Not so much now, not when she was strapped into some kind of padded bed with white cage bars around it.

“..What.. the *fuck* is going on?! This- I'm.. You are going to let me go right now, understand! Maybe.. maybe we can talk about that ransom after all, but-”

A little squirming about left Jasmine aware she was naked on top of the other obvious problems – and worse yet, she wasn't alone. A figure loomed overhead, wearing a placidly smiling mask that looked like a cow nanny. Disarming as that was to see it didn't mean the figure wasn't a threat, especially not when she reached out with a syringe and jabbed it into Jasmine's thigh with practiced speed. It set the pig to thrashing again, *weakly*. More so by the second as the muscle relaxant started to take hold. Meanwhile, the woman in the cow mask loomed over her and tugged some kind of machinery on a cart closer to what Jasmine realized was a huge crib.

“There. Much better. Much less *fussy*. Now, let's get you prepared.”

All the fight went out of Jasmine almost immediately. Her plump pig's frame wasn't really much of a fighter to begin with but with muscle relaxant in her system she went mostly limp, which left her at the mercy of the figure overhead. It left her wriggling feebly and slowly while her captor handled her, spreading her legs apart and tightening the restraints on them to keep her stuck that way was the first step of such. After that came the first real intrusion, a firm hand slipping between Jasmine's ass cheeks and smearing cream over them – before stuffing something thick up inside her. Something that swelled once it was in there and got *good* and *stuck*.. and then started producing a warm pressure.

“P-please.. Whatever you're.. this isn't.. I can *pay you* so..”

A scoff from the woman in the mask followed. Along with a bit more activity in whatever this insane treatment she was being subjected to was. She lifted the light paunch Jasmine had and the pig felt two small pin pricks underneath, along with a little pressure.

“You're already a thief, darling. You rob your workers, and your investors. I'm not going to lose so much sleep over the latter of course. Still, more than enough for me to make sure this treatment takes.”

It was *mortifying* when Jasmine realized the woman in the mask was putting her in a diaper. An *enormous* one, to boot. Far too large, thick, and cumbersome. At least.. it was *currently* too large. As that pressure in her ass grew more intense Jasmine started to feel a creeping sensation under her skin, and she felt *heavier*. It seemed impossible, but she was gaining weight fast enough to notice. Sooner or later that diaper was going to fit just fine.

“Now, the full body relaxant will wear off in a bit so don't worry your little head about that. The stretching we're giving your bottom though, and that little cocktail I just injected around your bladder? Those are going to stick. Just like all those pounds – speaking of which..”

Jasmine fully meant to try and beg or yell or *something* else still but she didn't get to. The woman who had her captive stuffed something in her mouth, it looked a bit like an uncomfortable hybrid between a ball gag and a pacifier with a hose attached to it. Once it was in her mouth she *tried* to fight it off again but there wasn't anything in her to fight *with*. The masked woman got it strapped behind her head in short order and Jasmine was left to contend with it starting a steady feed of some kind of sweet, heavy cream.

It didn't take long at all before she could feel it adding to the already ruinously fast gain she was packing on thanks to the stream entering her backside. All she could do was keep swallowing so she didn't choke on the stuff, watching her belly get fatter than it already had been, growing upward like a plump pink hillside while she took up more and more of her crib prison. Even if she hadn't been drugged to make it happen this *might* have made her first 'accident' happen. Whichever thing caused it though , Jasmine let her eyes close and whimpered as she felt a hot, damp patch spread between her legs. One that, once it began, she couldn't stop. The muscles she was meant to use to hold back that hot torrent just wouldn't move, they felt limp and useless inside – more so than the rest of her did.

And now, according to this woman, they'd never work again.

“Excellent, that ought to take care of the physical side of this rehabilitation.. Now for the behavioral one. You really are a *greedy* thing, aren't you? I mean, stereotypes seem like a narrowminded thing and then here you come along. Well-”

Opening her eyes as her captor spoke, Jasmine saw the headset coming down over her. It seemed to fasten itself into the same straps holding her pacifier feeding gag in place, ensuring she couldn't see or hear much of anything really. At least, not until it turned on.

“We can start you over.”

It wasn't the first time Jasmine had been in a VR headset, but usually they turned on and deposited you in some kind of landscape or building. This one didn't, this one sank her into an ocean of color and noise that began to massage her mind with little staccato bursts of energy. Of faster movement. Of sounds that were more like a melody, and maybe had a word or two in there. The pig squirmed and whimpered, trying to muster up some kind of final surge of resistance, but even if the muscle relaxant in her body was starting to ebb a little bit in some places her hips were almost useless after those injections and her focus was withering almost as fast as her ass was growing.

A gentle pat at her belly left her acutely aware of just how much fatter she already was. The diaper was feeling more like it fit properly, the woman's hand sank into her blubbery body effortlessly, and even her feeble attempts to struggle and move just ensured she jiggled and wobbled that much more.

Jasmine tried her last hope, holding on through the barrage on her senses. Attempting to ignore the colors, to keep her eyes closed, to not listen – but she couldn't. Everything in her head was going as soft as her body was and the whispers in her ears kept making her forget to keep her eyes closed, and the glimpses of color played with the way she was swaying to and fro all flabby and soft and heavy and..

Moments passed, or hours, or.. more? Jasmine felt emptier the longer it went on, and not just because she'd wet herself again. The sow tried to reach back for that grasp of fury and indignation, or even just the fear, but they weren't coming. There was just the suckling of thick, fat, creamy sweetness and the empty headed existence being left to her as the devices did their work.

Being touched stopped making her flinch within the first few minutes, and started becoming a comfort of some kind. A thing she maybe didn't get enough of before? It was hard to say. Jasmine just knew that this time when she felt someone cupping her plump, flabby cheek she leaned into it and felt herself smiling when the nice lady's voice told her she was doing good. But she wasn't done yet, not quite.

Jasmine babbled quietly as she was pushed along in a stroller. Granted, it was a *huge* stroller carrying near five-hundred pounds of sow in it in a massive set of pink footie pajamas with clouds on them and an obvious bulge all around her waist for the diaper, but it was still a stroller. She was lazily sucking on her mitten-covered hands, content to be pushed along until the stroller nudged through a set of double doors and she saw what she was actually here for.

The sow squealed. Not out of fear, but excitement. The play room was *gigantic*. As she was unbuckled from her stroller and mostly was poured out of it. With how heavy she was Jasmine hit the ground like a heap of piggy pudding and had to be nudged off of her back, ending on her hands and knees with a lazy giggle.

“Hee.. Dat was fun! Aww dis wooks fun~”

Strangely, as she started to awkwardly crawl toward the other 'kids' playing with huge soft blocks and big inflatable toys and plush animals the size of full grown people Jasmine felt like a few of them were kind of familiar. People she'd seen before, or in the news, or some such thing? Though the pig couldn't really make herself focus on that for long, the news was *boring* after all. That was adult stuff. She wasn't one of those.

Jasmine did stop a moment there, feeling the thought stick in her mind and needing to examine it. To confirm it. But all it took was a second or so, adults didn't wear pajamas or diapers. At least, not usually? Some of them needed them.

Like she did. Adults didn't crawl though, *that* was a deal clincher. Jasmine couldn't walk at all, her hips were wobbly and her ass was heavy.

“H-hey! Can I pway wif dat too?”

Across from her, Jasmine saw two other 'kids' look up from a bunch of toy cars and big inflatable bats they were using to play some kind of demolition derby Godzilla game. One of them – the rabbit – she was pretty sure used to frequent a business only a few withered shreds of her remembered, and the other was.. some kind of important city person of a brown bear who was definitely in a suit last time. Not the diapers and onesies they were in now, that was for sure.

But everyone here was *clearly* a baby, and that's what babies wore. The two looked at each other, the bear sucking on a pacifier but nodding to the rabbit and letting them do the talking.

“Sure! You wanna be the club car or the bat limo?”

Awkwardly shuffling along, Jasmine ignored the sensation of that diaper of hers getting put to work as she crawled. That was just another thing babies did, they couldn't help it after all. She sure couldn't. But she could totally pick her weapon and car as she sloshed and jiggled her way up to the other kids and tried to get up on her knees. The effort lasted about half a second – just long enough to claim her toys before she crashed back down in an undulating, squishy heap.

But it was a happy heap that wasn't going to hurt anyone any time soon.

“Bat limo! Yeaah!”