

[Bad Ending] Intelligence Check

by Cowkites

"I told you we should've waited for a mage," Jakob bemoaned. As the party's cleric, he was far more wise and tough than he was intelligent.

"Yeah yeah yeah," said Helena. "You know what they say about hindsight...it's uh...well it's easier to...um..." As the party's tank, it was Helena's job to keep Jacob away from harm. Despite their working relationship, the two weren't overly fond of each other. Somehow, Helena was far less intelligent than Jakob and potentially the dumbest of the group of three. "Velen, you know what I mean, right?"

Velen shook her head. "I couldn't care less about whatever you two are bickering about. We're trapped in here and we need to solve this puzzle or...gods knows what will happen." As their ranger, Velen had an eye for detail. Nonetheless; even she, their fearless leader, was stumped.

The three heroes were trapped in a padded, sealed room deep within the depths of Dungeon Infatigable. Strong and protected as they were, the party managed to reach the lower levels without so much as a scratch on them. The traps and monsters had been no match. Truly the party was undefeated. That was until they found themselves prisoner to a devious puzzle room. The room was featureless save for the padded walls and several small openings in the floor. Upon closer inspection one might find that one of the openings hides a switch that, when pressed, would reveal an opening in the north wall. Unfortunately for the party, none of them thought to look in the openings. It was only when pink fog began to pour from the holes that Velen thought to look.

"What are you doing Velen?!" shouted Jakob.

Velen had already knelt down next to the openings. The fog came to her chest and steadily rose with each second that passed. "They're the only things in the room that we can mess with! Maybe if I can just reach inside one I can get us out of this..."

"Be careful," warned Helena.

"I've disarmed every trap we've come across. How could this be any different?" said Velen. Her confidence was high. She had a natural immunity to poisons and diseases. There was little chance that whatever spewed from the holes would actually affect her. At least, that's what she thought. Velen reached down into one of the openings, her head just out of the fog. She found nothing. Velen grimaced, then reached deeper. It wasn't until she laid on her side, completely

enveloped in the fog that she was able to reach to the bottom. There she found nothing but a grate. Velen coughed repeatedly and she pushed herself back to her knees. The fog had raised higher in the short amount of time she had reached down. Velen had to stand to get some clean air in her lungs. "Help me, you two. I know the answer is down in one of these holes. I-I can't do this alone."

Jakob and Helena looked at one another. It was clear neither of them wanted to risk even a second in the fog. It was only when Velen went down to search another hole that Helena stepped forward. "Fine, fine. If it gets us out of here. Maybe you should hang back, Jakob. So you can heal us of whatever this smoke does."

Velen was on her third hole when something started to happen. A warmth spread throughout her body. She felt light-headed and much slower. When she pressed herself to the floor to reach into the next hole, it felt difficult to push herself back up. Her legs felt weak and a strange desire overcame her. Velen did not stand for air and instead crawled to the next opening; only it had been one she already searched. Velen's short-term memory had taken a hit. She was so distracted that she hardly noticed her stats take a significant hit. Her intelligence and wisdom had dropped several points in a matter of moments. Strength dropped next and soon Velen had difficulty standing at all. Drool dribbled down from her lips. Her coughs were broken up with giggles. The party's rogue quickly forgot what she was doing and settled for sucking on her fingers.

"Velen?" asked Helena. "Shit. Jakob? Something is happening to Velen. She's acting weird. Fix her already!"

Jakob examined Velen and was shocked to find that no curse or debuff affected her. "I've got bad news. Velen's lost five levels and most of her stats already. If this keeps up she's going to lose her specialization too! I-I can't fix this. You need to get out of that smoke now!"

"The fog is rising Jakob! I've gotta stop it or you'll be affected too," said Helena. "I can always grind more levels out. It's not a problem." Helena coughed nearly every other word. Like Velen, Helena had lost multiple levels and her stats had taken a major hit. Her eyes felt heavy and a goofy grin tugged at the corners of her mouth. "...I think I found it!" Helena felt a metal ring at the bottom of an opening. She tugged on it. A loud rumbling alerted the party to Helena's success. "N-Now I can g-ummph!"

Velen had tackled Helena to the ground mid-sentence. It was then that Helena saw through the thick smoke that Velen had changed in more ways than one. Her leather armor had gotten soft and turned a similar shade of pink as the smoke. Her long brunette hair had lightened to a dirty blonde and was in a pair of pigtails ties with pink ribbon. The tall leather boots on Velen's legs shrank down before Helena's eyes until only a pair of pink locking booties remained. Three buttons appeared on the crotch of what was once Velen's armor just as her undergarments ballooned outward into a crinkly and thick diaper. Stitching appeared on the one piece outfit.

With each second more and more was written until the words "Dumb Diaper Humper" were written in white font.

"Wuwvy pink smoke! Bwain fuuuunny." Velen giggled as she slowly managed to get out those few words. She straddled Helena and vigorously humped the strong warrior.

"What the hell are...y-you doin'..." Helena had nearly pushed Velen off herself, but the last bit of her strength was completely drained in that moment. She was left helpless to Velen's whims as her own armor shifted and changed on her body. "Nuh!" Helena protested. What was left of her fighting spirit pushed back against the transformation, but as more smoke entered her body, Helena lost control. She felt her bladder suddenly loose and soak through her panties just too early to be fully absorbed in the thick padding of her brand new diaper. She squirmed and bucked against Velen as her own mind was completely emptied. Dressed in a matching onesie, Helena was given her own humiliating title emblazoned on her chest: Silly Diaper Soaker. The two giggled and playfully groped one another all while Jakob watched in horror.

"St-stop it you two!" Jakob yelled. To his surprise, Helena and Velen stopped. Unfortunately for him, it was only because he drew their attention. They quickly crawled towards him, devilish grins on their faces. "Stay back!" Jakob pleaded. He turned back to see that the wall behind him had opened to reveal a new, smaller room. The pink smoke had not stopped, but the extra square footage had slowed its spread. One last puzzle stood in the way of their freedom. A locked door with three slots. One triangle, one square, one circle. Three matching blocks laid on the ground before it. They were positioned in the exact same order as the slots on the door were. It was the easiest puzzle there was. Hopeful, Jakob ran to the door and picked up the first piece, the circle. He pressed it into the slot and heard a satisfying *click*. "Oh thank the gods!"

"Jakob! Come pway!" Velen whined. Helena and Velen had grabbed both of Jakob's legs and threatened to pull him down into the smoke with them.

"Let go! Can't you see I'm trying to save you," said Jakob.

The smoke had reached Jakob's waist and with the remaining pieces on the floor, he was forced to dip down for just a moment. The thick fog caused him to fumble blind. To his dismay, the pieces had disappeared. "No!" He shouted.

"I wike da bwock!" said Helena. Her head peeked out of the smoke. She gnawed on the block like an infant. When Jakob reached down Helena hid in the smoke and the cleric was forced to follow her. When he did, Helena and Velen both pinned him to the soft floor. They giggled as they both mounted him, Velen on his crotch and Helena on his face.

"Mmph!" Jakob cried out, his voice muffled by Helena's soaked diaper. He felt his clothing change. The smoke had soaked into his clothing, but thankfully, Helena's diaper prevented Jakob from breathing more in. A loud crinkling and the sensation of his genitals pressed against

thick padding alerted Jakob to the bulky diaper taped to his waist. Helpless to his party's whims, Jakob couldn't help but grow aroused as Velen and Helena both humped him. Soon, Jakob's body betrayed him. He humped back and he breathed deep the scent of Helena's diaper. His cock strained against the padding and long lost feelings for Velen and Helena both filled his mind. Just when it seemed he might give in to a powerful orgasm in his diaper a painful pinch shocked him back to reality. There was no doubt. A cock cage locked him up tight. He whimpered as his semen dribbled out from the cage, his orgasm ruined.

Helena and Velen giggled and clapped their hands. Helena raised her bottom and a thick cloud of fog filled Jakob's nostrils. "No mowe big boy stickies for Jakob!" Velen teased.

Jakob whined in-between coughs. He had enough sense left to check his stats. His level had already dropped significantly and what little intelligence he had left completely disappeared. He looked down at himself to discover that his robes had changed into a frilly pink dress with matching pink rubber rhumba panties covering his massive diaper. The words "Locked Up Little Sissy" were displayed prominently on his chest. "Nuh! No! I'm not a sissy! Not a--mmmph!" Helena had stuffed a pacifier in Jakob's mouth. She held it in until Jakob was left sucking it instinctively. A warmth spread through his diaper as he helplessly wet himself. Jakob's class disappeared and was replaced with exactly what was written on his chest.

Helena and Velen suffered similar fates and soon they all sucked gleefully on the pacifiers. The two girls humped each other with delight while Jakob watched and desperately tried to hump his hands through his cage and diaper. When they finally tired themselves out, the smoke had dissipated and the girls slept peacefully on one another. Jakob babbled and clutched the blocks. Some deeply hidden part of himself still wanted to escape, but the locked up little sissy was too stupid to figure it out. Jakob settled for sucking on his toes blissfully. And with that the party was defeated. Soon, a roaming mommy found them and took them back to her nursery where she trained them into being her perfect little baby slaves. May they serve as a warning to all you adventurers out there: it always pays to have an intelligent party member.