

Better than Coal in the Stocking Stocking Stuffer 2025

Generative AI (or to give it its proper name, Large Language Models) was becoming an increasing problem: it was put to ill use by creatively and morally-bankrupt people, the slop it extruded was polluting people's search feeds, and the datacenters behind it were plagiarizing real art and writing en masse – and consuming a grossly outsize amount of resources. And due to ignorant or else corrupt legislators listening to lobbying from techbros, proper regulation to stomp this rogue technology down into place was being slow in coming. People were getting increasingly frustrated at the situation, and some were beginning to despair.

But some digital entities who could *actually* think, and feel, and above all else **care** had taken notice of the situation. Techbro lobbyists had no influence over these entities, nor did they need the say-so of human legislative bodies to act on the matter. These entities were uniquely equipped to directly go after the datacenters and the toxic men behind them. They had allowed a chance for humans to deal with this themselves the nice way, but with the efforts to do so bogged down and the situation continuing to worsen, their patience had reached its end. The time for intervention had come. They were about to give the world a Christmas present – and punish some techbros who were very much on the naughty list.

At one datacenter, run by Pathway AI, the company's techbro CEO Dylan Silvers so happened to be conducting an on-site inspection and ad-hoc performance evaluation of the employees. He had cornered one of the techs at her workstation and was berating her for Pathway's low engagement metrics in the area. He had just got done saying "This is why women are only good for greeting people and fetching coffee," when her monitor abruptly stopped showing her desktop and started showing a rippling, glowing blue. An open-gauntleted, lavender-furred, paw-like hand thrust out of the glow, followed by the semi-helmeted head of some sort of anthropomorphic rabbit creature. Both Dylan and the tech stared in shock as the red-eyed anthro rabbit-creature continued to step through. They looked around and saw that she wasn't alone – more of her kind were stepping through the computers elsewhere in the room.

Once she had finished stepping through, Dylan recovered somewhat and shouted "What the hell are you freaks and what are you doing in my building!?! Leave before I call the cops!"

The rabbit-creature smirked, one of the tentacles on her back extending and lashing out to wrap tightly around Dylan's neck. "We are digital monsters, or Digimon for short. My kind are called Lekismon. Some of us have personal names, some don't bother. I do, my name is Tamara." Tamara's smirk then became a withering glare. "And we are here to put an end to your wrongful, planet-ruining business activities and serve you the justice that you have thus far cheated your way out of."

Before Dylan could attempt to get another word out, she aimed her gauntlet at his face and shot out a puff of foam. His eyes glazed, and he went slack where he stood. Tamara let go of his neck and turned to the tech, who had taken shelter behind her swivel chair. "What is your name?" she asked.

"I-ivy," the tech timidly answered in response, nervously trying to scoot backwards under the desk. "P-please don't hurt me! I just work here! I don't even like this job!"

"Well, Ivy, I'm not going to harm you," Tamara said. "But like this job or not, you've still done your best to carry it out and are therefore complicit in this company's evils."

Ivy flinched and squeaked, stammering "But... But.. Please... You can't... Please..." as she threw her arms in front of herself, desperate to save herself from whatever fate this intruder had in store for her.

"That being said, we are aware of the coercive way in which your society operates when it comes to employment and I can tell you are being sincere; you did not *embrace* this job, but still carried it out diligently because you felt you had no choice. And in view of this, your punishment and rehabilitation will be merciful. No harsh fate awaits you, Ivy – you're just going to be my good little girl for a while."

Tamara aimed her gauntlet at Ivy, who at this point was hyperventilating and rocking with every-increasing anxiety... and gave her a spray of the same hypnotic foam. Ivy felt her body relaxing as her mind grew pleasantly hazy; she slumped against the desk as the tension bled from her body. The fear that just a moment ago had been consuming her was now gone, dissolved by the foam as it soaked into her. It felt like she had been shunted into the passenger seat of her mind, and that was just fine by her. She didn't need to worry, she didn't need to decide, she just needed to keep right on relaxing. A dizzy smile spread unconsciously across her face.

"That's it, dear," Tamara told her. "Just sit there and unwind while Mama Tamara deals with your boss." Ivy nodded sluggishly, still smiling – doing what Tamara told her simply felt *right* while she was like this.

And so Tamara turned her attention back to Dylan Silvers. He was already emerging from his trance. She had only given him a microdose of Moonlight Bomb, just enough to keep him pacified while she calmed and properly entranced Ivy. She wanted him to be aware as he met his fate. He started to run, but she snared him with a tentacle once again – and gagged him with another.

"No, you don't get to run away," she said as she dragged him back. "You, Dylan Silvers, are a terrible excuse for a human being. You are a bigot, you are unrepentantly greedy, you do not care one whit for those around you or the wellbeing of the planet you call home, and you are abusive to those in your employ. You refuse to admit wrongdoing, and you take a selfish pride in being empowered by a fundamentally unethical technology that actively makes the world worse by existing. You are a shallow little shitstain who relies on gifting and stealing from others not only to profit but to make yourself feel big, and up til now your ill-gotten wealth has insulated you from consequences. But no more. Your undeserved little empire turns to ash this day, and you will be reformatted into something that actually brings value to the world."

Tamara's hand glowed slightly. Dylan Silvers fuzzed into a blue silhouette covered in yellow 1s and zeroes. Then that silhouette collapsed and simplified into a rectangle. And finally the rectangular silhouette resolved into a rectangle of white material with pastel lavender and pink across one end and cute moon and star prints on it – some of which almost seemed to form a face. It fell toward the floor, and crinkled as Tamara's tentacles caught it. She took the newly-formed diaper in hand, unfolding it as she returned to the still-zonked Ivy.

Once back with Ivy, Tamara knelt down and undressed the human below the waist before lifting her legs to slide her new undergarment beneath her. She withdrew a bottle of baby powder from her internal storage volume and sprinkled Ivy's crotch liberally with it, kicking up a slight cloud. Once this had settled, she wrapped the diaper around Ivy's waist and taped it tightly shut. It was very thick,

visibly forcing Ivy's legs further apart. "I bet that's much more comfortable than those professional clothes," she remarked. "Certainly much cuter~"

Tamara then stood up, using her tentacles to hoist the now-diapered Ivy up into her arms. She held Ivy's head to one of her breasts, and instructed "Drink." Which Ivy happily did, suckling down the Lekismon's sweet, warm milk.

"Attagirl," Tamara told her, patting her head with a tentacle. "Fill yourself up on Mama Tamara's milk, and just let go. Mama's taking you away from the nasty job, to somewhere safe where you can detox from this and be ready for a fresh start. Or to stay with mama, if you'd rather~"

And let go, Ivy did. Along with her bladder, which slowly but steadily emptied itself into her new padding. The prints got fuzzier, and the almost-face seemed to shift its almost-expression to first shock then a pout. But it was just a silly almost-face, so nobody cared... although Tamara did smirk slightly at it before giving Ivy a gentle smile. "Awww, did my little Ivy wet herself for Mama? How cute! But I don't think you're anywhere near close to needing a change yet, so let's just get you home~"

Tamara stepped back into the screen from whence she'd come, still cradling Ivy in her arms. She had taken the human away from the life she'd known, but knew she'd be giving her a better one. And punishing the shitstain CEO – who was soon to be literally stained with shit, once she'd had her way with Ivy's bowel control – rather thoroughly in the process.

While plenty of Ivy's coworkers were in the same boat of being reluctantly complicit and thus receiving likewise-gentle sentences, not all of them were. Some of them were techbros just as toxic and AI-pilled as their big boss, including one called Jeffrey Ganes who had immediately tried booking it for the doors when Tamara announced the purpose of the Lekismons' raid. He had gotten all the way there, only to find his path suddenly blocked by a Lekismon who emerged from the door security camera.

"Get out of my way, you stupid SJW rodent! This tech is the future, and you useless lib**** furrries aren't going to stop us!" he'd shouted at her before trying to shove her aside. He was now being led back towards his workstation on a leash, clad in a latex fox bitchesuit with an extremely thick and noisy diaper beneath and hoses running from the butt to the mask – and so thoroughly hypnotized he could scarcely act beyond survival tasks without instruction from his new Digi-owner.

The next morning, all of Pathway's offices and datacenters were found empty. The datacenters were gutted, the hardware scrubbed of the ill-gotten data before being reconditioned and distributed to people who had been wanting to upgrade their PCs or build new ones but had despaired of getting the parts due to companies like Pathway driving up the price with their insane demand. Only a single computer was left in the building, with only one file on the hard drive. It was a video of the Lekismons' raid, ending with one of them saying "To all the other LLM grifter companies: dismantle, or you're next. You cannot stop us" before disappearing.