

Piece after piece of junk crashed down with loud, deafening clunks, building onto a huge, growing pile of clutter that stood ominously in the middle of this unlit storage room. All sorts of mystical objects decorated this titanic tower of trash. Items as innocent as flowers and foods or as violent as swords and guns, all hailing from dozens of games that were in some way represented in the Smash Brothers Tournament. And yet, no matter how hard Robin looked, no matter how mystical or powerful the item might be, Robin simply couldn't find anything that was useful.

"There like, has to be something here!" The once proud tactician yelped out in desperation, his tone highly feminine and cutesy. "We gotta be able to break this hypnotic conditioning."

Leaning down into an open crate with his cute butt wiggling from side to side, Robin anxiously tossed item after item hoping- No, *praying* that he'd encounter some salvation from his mental shackles in the form of a spell or a power-up. The boy was currently dressed in a skimpy two piece, purple bikini that was branded with the emblem of the Triforce. His hair was still a brilliant white, now having grown to the exact same length as Zelda herself, while Zelda's crown along with her Triforce earring decorated his head. Though the boy's hypnosis had been eased since his last encounter with Zelda to a point that he understood he was not the princess herself, he was still bound to obey her every command and forced to act in this very girly, slutty and princess-like manner.

"That's no good Robi!" The cute princess Marth commented with a soft, bubbly voice as he carefully stepped around the menacing mountain of stuff, his bright pink stiletto pumps clacking with his every step. "Mistress Zelda is gonna punish you again if you keep being naughty!"

Just like Robin, Marth had nothing more than a cute, pink two-piece bikini wrapped around his slender body, one which clung to tightly his cute limp cockle which bulged through his panties. With a thick coat of makeup on his face, a bright pink lipstick coating his plump o-shaped lips, thick bluish locks flowing from his hair, and a pretty crown atop his head, the boy looked as gorgeous as princess Peach herself. The regal aura that exuded from his body wasn't that of a proud, warrior prince, it was one of a dull, bubbly princess.

"Yeah Robi!" Roy spoke loudly, more than eager to hop into the conversation. "Remember last time when she made you breed with that dog!"

Despite being a couple of inches shorter than both Marth and Robin, Roy exuded the fierce gravitas and fiery, commanding demeanor of Daisy perfectly. His body was much certainly softer and cuter than that of his companions, abs barely visible on his taut stomach. Thankfully this only made him look cuter in his tight orange bikini and his elevated heels. Another main difference between him and Marth would be the enormous bulge that protruded from his panties, which put Marth's tinny penis to shame. But other than that, his feminine make-up and styled hair made him as cute as the other two.

"Roisy, you silly girl!" Marth addressed his bimbo buddy with a giggle. "Robi didn't get taken by the dog. I bred with the dog! Robi bred with the dragon!"

"Oooohhhh you're right March! And I bred with the cat!" Roy sparked with excitement. "Mmmhthhhh that cat was so thick and masculine~ Just remembering makes me~~"

The three boys moaned out in unison, their asshole's twitching pleasurable and their bodies shuddering subtly as they reminisced over their previous encounters. Even Robin, who usually tried to stay stoic and

in control felt his cock twisting within his panties. It really did feel good to get boy-hole dominated~ However, before he could get too distracted, Robin quickly recomposed himself and angrily returned to his anxious searching.

Since Robin had been the one with the least time hypnotized and who'd put on the most resistance, his mental faculties were the strongest. Of course, the boy could easily get swept away and give himself to the desires of his conditioning, but most of the time he was able to hold himself together just fine. For Marth and Roy, the story was completely different. The two were so far gone by this point, they often became confused on whether they were the princesses or themselves. There didn't seem to be much resistance or conflict deep in their minds, almost as if Marth and Roy felt no desire to return to their old selves. This was perhaps the biggest reason why they'd fallen so far.

"Ahhhhh!!!" Robin yelled in frustration as he flung more items towards his friends. "Gods please! Give me something!!!"

As if by a string of fate, the object Robin had flung towards the pile slowly slid down the slope of objects until smacking against the sides of Marth's pink heels. The princess' eyes instantly shot wide with surprise, his mouth taking a o-shape as he gasped aloud. Butt wiggling with excitement as he bent down, Marth eagerly took the odd item into his slender hands.

"What's that?" Roy asked his bimbo bestie with a puzzled look on his face.

"Don't you recognize this Roisy?" Marth retorted while he inspected the simple white mask in his grasp. "It's a Shygal mask! They're very popular in my- Um, I mean in Princess Peach's kingdom."

"Woah, it looks pretty cool!" Roy spoke giddily, getting caught up in Marth's excitement. "So what'd they do?"

"Nothing much, really. They're just decorative! I think..." Marth was more than eager to explain. The mask really was not much to the eye. It was a white plate with three holes, one for the mouth and two for the eyes. The only thing differentiating it from a regular Shy Guy mask was the apparent pink lipstick on the mouth hole.

"Lots of Shygal girls seem to like wearing them." The boy continued. "I've always wanted to try one on myself!"

Without giving it further thought, Marth promptly brought the mask up and placed it against his face. It seemed like a harmless enough idea at first. Marth had seen plenty of Shy Guys and Shy Gals before, all of which looked innocuous enough. Plus, what could go wrong with simply trying a cute, white mask? \

Yet, the instant the back of this mask made contact with Marth's face, swift brown belts quickly shot forth from the mask and wrapped around his head, instantly locked the mask tightly in place. Obviously, Marth's first reaction was to struggle and wail, his hands desperately clawing away at the mask that constricted itself against his face. However, the longer the mask remained firmly attached to the boy's beautiful face, the weaker his will became. A thick foggy cloud seeped into the boy's mind directly from the mask itself.

OBEY

The phrase repeated over and over inside Marth's head, and each time it did so its power only grew stronger.

SUBMIT

Every one of Marth's desires slowly evaporated into nothingness, leaving naught but an empty shell by the mask's own nefarious will.

BECOME ONE WITH THE MASK

As the last bits of Marth's personality were cleaned out in favor of the Mask's wishes, two bright gleaming pink eyes began to shine brightly through the holes in the mask. The lipstick on the mask's surface shifted from pastel pink to a shiny, glittering blue, the same color as Marth's hair. By this point, there was no more Marth anymore. He'd been converted into a mindless Shygal drone.

"M-March? I-Is everything ok?" Roy asked cautiously, a bit intimidated by the sudden, strange display.

Before the boy could get any semblance of an answer, thick globs of shiny, liquid, pink latex began to race down the pearly skin of Marth's body. They all congregated around Marth's stomach, forming into a shiny, pink latex corset that squeezed onto Marth's waist tightly. More drops of latex slithered down onto his shoes as well, slowly building them up into a pair of thigh high, latex high heels. The rest of his clothes dutifully continued to shift after that, his thin bikini top growing up towards his neck and down onto his corset until it reformed into a sleeveless crop top with Peach's signature blue gem in the midst of his chest.

With his clothes having shifted, even the rest of Marth's body began to change at the mask's command. The boy's nipples tingled intensely, a bubbling sensation amassing around his chest. As fat started to build up on the boy's pectorals, Marth's crop top gently stretched out to form two large, spherical orbs that hung heavily from his body. His ass bubbled forth with mass, his hips growing wider as his legs thickened and fattened into girthy thighs. Body shifting into a perfect, hourglass figure, Marth started looking less like a proud prince of Atlea and more like your common, street wench.

"R-R-Robi!!!" Roy cried out in place, his burning fiery attitude having been extinguished by shock and fear. "T-T-There's something w-wrong with March!!!"

Unfortunately, Robin ignored Roy's pleas of assistance, having learned how to block the bimbo's words from his mind long ago. Shivering in place with fear, Roy could do nothing as this strange Shy Gal-Marth creature slowly approached him, its glowing eyes locked onto Roy's gaze. A part of Roy felt intrigued by the figure he saw. He was certainly jealous of Marth's beautifully slim and feminine figure, full of plump assets and slender limbs. Most of all though, Roy's instincts froze him to the core, forcing him to wait for a hero to come save him like the damsel in distress he was.

It was a rescue that would never come, because in just a couple of seconds, Roy was already face to face with the Blue Shy Gal. A mask surged from Marth's hands, its point of origin completely unknown. As the Shy Gal slowly brought it closer and closer to Roy's face, the only thing the bimbo could do was close his eyes and embrace it. Just like with Marth, the mask instantly wrapped its belts around Roy's head, locking itself snugly against his face. Roy did not present as much resistance as Marth, however. The boy's body grew limp as his thoughts and desires were emptied from his mind.

OBEY

Any sense of individuality was promptly deleted from his mind. He belonged not to himself, but to the collective.

SUBMIT

Fulfilling the wills of his mask was his one and only purpose. Servicing the goals of Shy Gals was the only thing that brought him joy.

BECOME ONE WITH THE MASK

Two brilliant, pink dots shone from within the eyeholes of the mask, its pink lips taking a fierce shade of orange. Roy was no more, and in his place rose Shy Gal Orange, who was more than proud to bear such a moniker. Standing upright with a confident posture, the newly transformed boy panted happily as the orange globs of latex slid down his boyish form. Centralizing on his midsection, they lovingly wrapped around Roy's body to create a shiny, glimmering, orange corset.

The bottom part of the corset extended outward into an orange, frilled, latex skirt that spread out so far and high, though it did nothing to hide the boy's privates. Meanwhile, his already thin panties further slimmed down into extra skimpy thongs that could barely hold the boy's larger package in its constraints. More and more latex dripped down Roy's figure, surging around his arms to create a pair of thin latex gloves and combining with his heels to form a pair of knee-high latex boots. Bikini top growing into a tight, compact tube top with Daisy's floral green gem at its center, Roy's perverted outfit had been revitalized. Though his changes were far from over...

As long breathy moans escaped from this Shygal's mouth hole, his nipples grew hard and perky with lust. Becoming as pink and sensitive as a woman's beautiful teat, they proudly bulged through cloth of his tight orange top. With each beat of his heart, Roy's chest would push those deliciously thick nipples forward. With every one of his breaths, the boy's pecs would soften and grow, losing their size and definition in favor of a plump, busty orb. Soon, Roy's once flat chest had completely exploded into a set of fat D-Cup breasts that looked more at home on the body of a mature woman rather than a cute boy like him.

And nevertheless, Shy Gal Orange carried them with pride. The boy's latex covered fingers gripped onto the pair of fat tits eagerly, squeezing and rubbing them as his shoulders shrank and his hips flared outwards. Thong stretching out further, Roy's butt expanded to a set of thick, squeezable pillows whilst his thighs thickened and fattened with mass. What was left was an absolute bombshell of a boy. A huge ass that wiggled with his every breath, two pair of voluptuous breasts which threatened to spill from his clothes at any second, and a shapely, feminine figure that was to kill for. Most important of all however was Roy's totally empty brain. Regardless of how hot his body might have been, he was nothing more than a mindless drone, his only purpose being to serve his mask's will.

With this process of unification complete, the two Shygal drones came closer, eagerly pressing their bodies together in a victorious and ecstatic manner. Their fat, heaving breasts smooshed against each other, their shiny latex corset squeaking brightly whilst their bulges lovingly made out.

But their job was far from done. Far in the corner of the room, another promising Shygal convert found himself ducked into a box, flinging items randomly. This would simply not do. Following directives from their masks, the two Shygal drones mechanically marched towards their soon-to-be comrade.

Throughout it all, Robin suspected nothing. He did think it was a little bit strange that the usually endless babble that flowed from his bimbo friends' mouths had come to a stop without any sort of warning. But the man thoughtlessly chalked it up to them probably finding some sort of trinket that would take their short attention spans. It would come to him as a complete shock when the boy suddenly found himself being pulled from the box he was ducked in and then violently flung onto the ground below.

"Oouch! Oomph..." Robin cried with annoyance, turning his face towards Marth and Roy in anger. "What the heck is-?!"

Instead of finding said bimbos however, Robin was instantly confronted with a pair of menacing, voluptuous Shy Gal drones, their gleaming pink eyes staring deep into the man's soul. A nervous gulp slid down Robin's throat, his gut trembling with an anxious sensation. Feeling completely intimidated, Robin slowly opened his mouth in hopes of contending with the pair. But before he could even get a single word out, Shy Gal Blue summoned a mask out of thin air and swiftly placed it against Robin's face, causing it to instantly latch onto his head with force.

Robin's hands sharply wrapped around the mask's edges, his body swinging left and right in a desperate attempt to pull the mask off with his arms. It was an entirely futile attempt. Not only had the mask completely attached itself to Robin's face, but within no more than a few seconds its corrupting effects were already spreading into his psyche. With each frenzied pull, his strength began to diminish. Every passing second, his will to resist slowly subsided.

Until eventually, Robin wasn't trying to resist the mask's grasp at all. Of course, he rationally understood this was a very critical and perilous situation. Robin couldn't afford to **OBEY** this strange, unexplained feeling of calmness. A myriad of terrible things could happen if he were to **SUBMIT** to these foreign desires. Robin had to resist! He had to fight back, to find a way to escape this terrible situation! He had to- He had to-!!!

BECOME ONE WITH THE MASK

In an instant, every single one of Robin's independent thoughts had completely crumbled into dust, replaced by two glowing pink irises that sparkled through the eyeholes of his Shy Gal mask. The lips on his mask turned a ghostly white, pale enough to stand out from the rest of its white surface. Meanwhile, more globs of latex flew down Robin's body and wrapped tightly around his squarish midsection. From now on, there was no need for him to use his brain. His one and only purpose would be to follow his mask's every direction.

The boy's clothes quickly started shifting to better fit this new submissive demeanor. Sticky latex goop spread down from his corset, squeezing around his legs and covering the rest of his tummy until it had encased the entirety of his crotch. Meanwhile, the top of the corset stretched up towards his chest, dissolving his bikini top to leave his shoulders exposed and his nipples covered with triangular flaps. As a cute circular latex mound surged from the boy's butt and two long, vertical latex ears sprung up from his head, Robin was given the cutest purple, latex bunny suit a boy could ever dream of! The only thing missing at this point was the correct assets to fill it.

Luckily for Robin, that's exactly what laid in store for him. Pushing his chest forward with desire, the bashful Shy Gal White let out a breathy moan as he felt his chest bulging forth from his body. The enlarging pecs readily stretched out the top of Robin's bunny suit, quickly filling out into the shape of ridiculous, spherical mounds of fat. As Robin's ass became fatter and his legs thickened into mighty, jiggling thighs, the boy's melons soon surpassed the size of even his head. Frankly, it was a miracle that they *weren't* spilling out of his unsecured bunny suit, for even the simplest of motions would cause them to bounce uncontrollably. Not only had Robin been giving an enormous set of breasts bigger than that of his companions, he'd been given the largest pair of tits in the entirety of Smash!

"I must thank you for your assistance, Shy Gal White."

With Robin's conversion complete, Shy Gal Blue looked down upon the kneeling drone. His hand gently cupped the underside of Robin's shin, causing him to coo with desire as the other boy's slim fingers caressed him.

"Now that you have freed us from our prison, we can spread forth unimpeded." Shy Gal Blue continued, his voice highly feminine yet also robotic and ominous. **"For having done such a good job, I believe a reward is in order~"**

White's eyes could not avert from Blue's gaze, his heart hanging on each one of Blue's words. He was absolutely enamored with the godly Blue Shygal, not just in body but also in mind. His cock pressed erect against the squeaky texture of his bunny suit, doing its best to stay hardened under the strong pressure of latex. Since Blue had been the one to don the original mask and also convert White, the feelings of adoration White felt towards him simply could not be contained.

Hands pulling his pink panties down, Shy Gal Blue pushed his crotch forward, presenting his erect penis to Shy Gal White. Though it was the smallest member of the group at barely a couple of inches, White started salivating at its adorably throbbing sight.

"Present your breasts to me, White. Those are the gifts your mask has given you." Shy Gal Blue exclaimed in an authoritative tone. **"I will allow you to pleasure my cock with those bountiful gifts."**

Without skipping a beat, Shy Gal White kneeled before Blue's penis. **"Yes Mistress Blue~!"** Shy Gal White happily groaned, not a single shred of inhibition present in her demeanor. **"I would love nothing more than to pleasure your wonderful penis~~"**

Pressing his arms together and lifting his bust upwards, White eagerly presented his titanic cleavage to the other drone. It was an invitation so succulent not even Blue could resist. With his slim hands firmly grasping the other boy's plump tits, Shy Gal Blue furiously slammed his crotch against White's chest, sinking his entire member into the depths of the other boy's cleavage.

Both drones let out breathy, needy gasps at the same time, losing themselves in the mind-bending pleasures of their masks. Shy Gal Blue struggled to stay standing as all of the thick, supple mass of White's breast squeezed onto his member. For a second, the mental cables around Marth's mind weakened and almost let him slip out. Thankfully, it did not take long for the mask to recover full control, and soon Blue had decided to punish White's perverted, naughty breasts by fucking them mercilessly. As the boss of this little group, it was up to him to show everyone who was boss around here.

Blue was rough, careless, dominating. The way he fucked White's breasts was less like he was making love to a fellow drone and more like he was simply fucking a plastic fleshlight. White could feel a buzz of pain and pleasure course over his entire bust, his breasts growing bright red sensitive with each continued thrust. And he was loving every second of it~ To White, it really didn't matter how roughly he was treated or how much pain his body accrued. His only purpose was to please the mask, so seeing Mistress Blue enjoying himself with his body was all the pleasure that White could have dreamed of.

Perhaps at one point, Robin would have absolutely hated the situation he found himself in. Being forced to grow huge breasts, having to give the bimbo Marth a titjob, and getting turned into nothing more than a submissive little bitch... These were things that would have once enraged Robin, forcing him to formulate some sort of plan to escape. However, Robin was totally gone. All that was left now was Shy Gal White, and White absolutely loved pleasuring his mask and his mistress. The drone's cock was ready to explode at the mere thought.

"Hmmm~ Must be nice getting to pleasure Blue like that, right?"

All of a sudden, Shy Gal Orange surged from behind White, lovingly wrapping his arms around the other drone's slim body. **"O-Orange!?"** White gasped as he felt Orange's bouncy bust pressing against his back, his buttohole shuddering to the sensation of Orange's cock rubbing against his buttcrack.

"If Blue thinks you did such a good job you deserve a reward, perhaps I should give you a reward myself~" The boy teasingly whispered into White's sensitive ear.

The only response Shy Guy White could muster was a myriad of helpless whimpers that escaped from his breathy throat. The poor boy couldn't help but melt in place as Orange's hands gingerly wrapped around White's pulsating bulge, his slim fingers rubbing and teasing away at White's needy cock. Orange's hot breath caressed White's sensitive ears, his erect cock continuously grinded against White's plump butt. Every single movement was intentionally crafted to cause White's sensitive body to shiver and crumble to his brethren's touch. Between Orange's meticulous teasing and Blue's intense titty fucking, Shy Gal White felt like he was going to lose his mind!!!

"Oooohhhhh White~ You're so gosh darn cute~~" Shy Gal Orange lusciously moaned directly into White's ear. **"I just need to have you for myself~!"**

Unable to hold back his urges any longer, Orange grabbed White by his shoulders and pinned him face up against the ground. His hands viciously spread White's fat cheeks apart, his fingers desperately pushing the part of the latex bunny suit that hid White's delicious buttohole covered. White opened his mouth to complain, but any misgivings he might have had were quickly silenced as Orange's girthy, erect cock slammed into the boy's tight anus with a mighty, powerful thrust. Pleasure reverberated throughout White's entire form, his breasts and cock pulsing with pure lust. It was the perfect match~!

Orange wasted not even a single second in getting to enjoy White's plump, perverted body. Arms locking around his brother's thin, feminine waist, the orange haired boy started to pump his cock into White's hole over and over and over again. His hips swung at supersonic speeds, summoning a fiery force that caused White's butt to pulsate and glow a bright red with every one of his thrusts. The animalistic fervor that Orange presented was simply orgasmic. Like a feral beast enflamed into a sexual heat, Orange's body was running on pure raw instinct and lust.

Being completely incapable to push against the physically superior Orange, all White could do at the moment was sit there taking thrust after thrust of pleasure. His anal walls lovingly wrapped around Orange's cock, greedily attempting to squeeze his shaft as much as they could. His breathy, submissive voice cried out to each one of Orange's motions. And still, it wasn't enough. Orange wanted more, his desire for conquest left ever as hungry as before. There was only one thing that one sate him, only one delicious luxury that would alleviate Orange's greed, and it rested right on White's bountiful chest.

Lips clamping onto the top of Shy Gal White's bunny suit, Orange viciously yanked White's outfit down, exposing his succulent, erect nipples to the cold, open air. Within seconds, the mouth hole of his mask was securely wrapped around White's pulsating teat, his extended tongue swirling around, greedily suckling away at the fairest breasts of all the land. White's entire body throbbed in response, overwhelmed by a sexual sensation the likes he'd never experienced before. He could feel his cock start to ooze with flowing precum, his anus squeezing onto Orange's cock with increasing force whilst his nipple shivered in Orange's quaking mouth. Not only had White become a slave to a mask, he'd become a slave to his own luscious desires.

Above them, Shy Gal Blue stared at the love making due with the same, blank expression. Though his mind was being overrun with ecstasy, a bit of White still felt bad that the special time with his mistress had been interrupted. Luckily, Blue didn't seem upset about his titjob being cut short. In fact, it didn't even look like he was surprised. Instead, the boy simply knelt down wordlessly, bringing his still erect cock closer to White's face. With such a calm and collected demeanor, it almost looked like he expected- No, he'd *planned* for things to go this way in the first place.

Glowing pink eyes bearing right into White's perverted form, Shy Gal Blue's slim hands floated down onto White's face. His fingers ruffled White's tender hair, cupping and caressing his soft cheek as a litany of debauched moans escaped from his plump lips. While his digits poked and massaged White's lips, Blue began speaking in a very serious tone.

"This is the life of a Shy Gal drone." His words seeped into the deepest recesses of White's mind, creating a mark that he'd never forget. **"Remember it well, pet."**

Without even the slightest of warnings, Blue greedily thrust the entirety of his penis directly into White's luscious, defenseless mouth. The member easily fit through the mask's small mouth hole and past White's plump lips, which were more than eager to accept its Mistress' delicious member by sucking and slurping all over its shaft. Using his hands to firmly hold White's head in place, the aroused drone furiously slammed his hips against his comrade's face, letting his balls drag about the mask's cold, smooth texture while his shaven crotch pressed tightly against the small mouth hole.

Just as before, Shy Gal Blue absolutely fucked White's lips with a rough, emotionless set of motions, more akin to a mechanical automaton than a living, breathing human being. Prodded and twirled inside White's mouth was absolutely ruthless. Though his penis was decently small, the mere roughness of his treatment was enough to force White to gurgle and gag on his member. Blue wasn't merely trying to relieve his cock, he wasn't just trying to bring White ecstasy with his reward. No, he was proving a very important point. From this day onward, White would forever understand that both his body and his mind belonged to the will of the mask.

Caught between Orange's savage asshole pounding and Blue's relentless mouth fucking, White found himself in a universe of absolute bliss. From his giant, jiggling tits, to his plump lips and quivering asshole, every single part of his sensitive body was being lovingly caressed by his fellow drones. It was rough, it was violent, White couldn't even breathe thanks to the virile penis that plunged into his mouth. But honestly, the drone didn't even care about breathing anymore. He'd achieved something much more important than that. He wasn't this nameless whore being used and abused, he was part of the collective.

While on the outside this scene might have looked like nothing more than savage, homosexual sex, within each of the boys' minds, something much grander was blooming. Their bodies rocked rhythmically, moving along in a set of perfectly synced motions like that of the ocean's waves. Each one of their goals, their desires, their needs, all converged into the same thing, aligning their minds through the same axis. There was no individuality, no independence, no resistance to the glorious orders of the mask. The boys had shed their identities as individuals. They were now the single, unified entity of Shy Gals.

It was a realization so powerful, every single one of them came together at the same exact time. Orange's hips pushed firmly against White's butt, his cock throbbing deep in White's colon as thick blast of seed covered the boy's anal walls. Blue held White's head firmly against his crotch, blessing the more submissive boy with a deliciously steamy first taste of his freshly produced seed. Lastly was White, who's still constrained cock spouted off a cascade of warm sticky seed inside of his latex bunny suit. The latex was so thick, it did not let a single droplet of cum free, causing the jizz to slowly pool around and cover his still throbbing member. Not that the drone seemed to mind, as he eagerly wiggled his crotch whilst his cock stewed in a fresh mixture of its own sperm.

With their most debauched need satiated, the trio of drones felt their bodies grow limp and relaxed, almost as if they'd expended all of their energy and were shutting down. Warm, energies permeated through their cores. Happy thoughts of unity and mindlessly obeying orders buzzed within their minds as they began to grow drowsy. The boys might have broken free from their sissy hypnosis at the hands of princess Zelda, but whether or not this would be much better from the current dronified state they currently found themselves in, only time would tell...