

Diapered Defeat At The Hands Of Her Enemy!

by Cowkites

"A battle for the ages. That's what many here have named the standoff happening before our very eyes. One of the nation's top heroes, Hard Hitter, is facing her long time nemesis, The Corruptor, here at the Tower of Peace. The crowd around me is confident that Hard Hitter will end this quickly as she always does, but The Corruptor claims to have a new trick up her sleeve. We've heard it before, but the air tonight is electric. Will Hard Hitter win out, or will The Corruptor finally get her revenge against our hard hitting hero?"

Hard Hitter and The Corruptor, mortal enemies through and through, stood together atop the Tower of Peace. There, on the very monument to heroism, The Corruptor had issued her challenge and Hard Hitter had appeared.

"It's bold of you to start a fight here, Kara," said Hard Hitter. She used The Corruptor's real name. Something that was not uncommon among nemeses due to their inherent familiarity. "The whole country is watching this time. Do you really want your humiliation to be seen that badly?"

"Surely, you realize things are different this time," said the villain. She stood not five feet apart from Hard Hitter. An incredible show of hubris given the hero's super strength. "Of course not. You never were one to actually think ahead. All you can do is flex and boast. Well, no more. I know your secret, Sam."

"Do you?" asked Sam, her voice overconfident. "Even if you did, none of your plans have ever worked. You're a laughable excuse of a villain." She grabbed The Corruptor by the ponytail, wrapped the raven black hair around her hand, and yanked upward so that the villain was forced up onto her tiptoes. "No amount of..." Sam grabbed a piece of Kara's armor and ripped it from her chest with ease. "...armor, nor trickery has ever worked on me. I'm impervious, resistant to mind control, and everything else you've thrown at me. What could you possibly hope to do?"

The Corruptor grimaced. She had been in that very same position before. It had always been moments before her loss at the hands of the hero, but not that time. Kara spat in the hero's face.

"The serum that's coursing through your veins...the one that gave you all this power...have you ever wondered if it could be removed?"

Hard Hitter glared at her foe. "You've got three seconds before I beat you into the ground on national television. I suggest you make some good last words to the camera before you're locked away for good."

The Corruptor smiled. "How about this: I win, Sam." The metallic armor that covered The Corruptor's right hand convulsed. Like a snake molting, the armor slid down and away from her hand. The jet black metal liquified mid-air as it flew directly at Hard Hitter's neck at a speed even the hero could not match. It wrapped around Sam's neck and formed into a thick collar.

Hard Hitter dropped Kara in shock. She tore at the collar with her fingers but the metal had already hardened. The hero should have been able to rip the collar off with ease, but her strength would not come. Sam felt weakened. Horribly so. "What did you do? This shouldn't be affecting me!" She stumbled backward as she wrestled with the thick metal. Moment by moment her super strength faded. Several pinpricks to her neck sent a shiver down her spine. Sam's eyes widened with terror.

"Oh...not much...I only just developed a liquimetal collar capable of flushing the serum from your system. No big deal," the villain boasted casually.

"You bitch!" snarled Sam. She stumbled forward in an attempt to knock Kara off her feet, but the villain dodged her easily.

"Swearing now, are we? Tsk tsk, such a naughty little hero..." The Corruptor teased. She stood over Sam with a devilish grin on her face. "You have no idea how excited I am to see the old you. Before that serum turned you into a hero."

Sam's eyes widened. "No..." An intense fear came over her. It had been nearly ten years since a government-funded experiment had turned her into Hard Hitter. The petite, defenseless young woman had become a powerhouse overnight. She had grown used to it. Practically forgotten her old life. To be faced with it again against her will was a nightmare come true. In an act of desperation, Sam did something she swore she'd never do. She begged. "Please..."

Kara grinned devilishly. To hear her nemesis plead for mercy was like music to her ears. "I'm afraid it's too late, sweetheart. You've lost not only this battle, but every battle you'll ever have again. You're little more than a civilian now and you're all mine."

In a last-ditch effort, Sam attempted to dash past Kara to the exit. Kara toyed with her. She tripped Sam and sent her tumbling back down to the ground. Sam hissed in pain. She had scraped her knees on the concrete.

"Awww. The poor baby scraped her knee? This is why you crawl, sweetheart. You're not big enough to walk yet," The Corruptor teased Sam.

"Shut up!" Hard Hitter shouted in reply. "I shouldn't be so weak. Wh-Why?"

Kara knelt down next to Sam. She looked at the hero with genuine pity in her eyes. "That's because a new serum is coursing through your veins. Something to keep you from ever returning to your old life."

Sam whimpered. For the first time in years, she was afraid. Her entire body felt weak, her mind slow, and she felt incredibly emotional. It took all her strength not to cry in fear as she watched her body transform. "Stop it...please stop...I don't wanna be...s-soft..." Sam's muscle mass decreased greatly with each second that passed. Before long, her heroic attire was far too big for her frame. The difference in size made her look like a child dressed in her big sister's clothing.

"Ah ah ah...don't be so discouraged. Your new life won't be that bad," Kara reassured Sam. "What's so bad about being your nemesis's little pet? Her sweet little girl incapable of doing little more than crawling around on the floor, drooling on herself like a baby." Kara couldn't help but laugh. She stifled it before it turned maniacal. The villain just couldn't help herself. The once powerful hero sniffled like a whimpering child as she desperately tried to crawl to freedom. It was a sight Kara never thought she'd see. "The camera drones are watching, little hero. Roll over."

Sam stopped in her tracks. Her entire body was too weak to fight the sudden impulse that came over her. The world watched as Hard Hitter, reduced to a civilian in front of her nemesis, rolled over like a dog on her command.

"Now bark," the villain commanded.

Sam tried to bite her tongue, but it was no use. "Arf arf!" She barked in reply. It was the call of a small, yappy dog. "Nnn...why is this...how are y--"

"You're mine now, Sam. My pet, my plaything. Your special serum is gone and with it so to are all your defenses. You obey because I wish you too. My tech has rendered you helpless. Not much longer now and you'll be pi--"

Hissssssssssss...

Sam's eyes widened, her face turned pale, and she started to cry. The crotch of her ill-fitting costume had grown warm and wet, suddenly soaked with urine. The hero Hard Hitter had pissed herself on national television. "No no no..."

"Yes, little girl. You're a pants wetting little baby now. Not a hero. Give in and embrace it. You cannot win. You are already mine."

What adrenaline Sam had left in her system had completely gone. Sam trembled from fear and embarrassment. Her eyes were fixed on the cameras overhead. The Corruptor was right. Sam had already been defeated. The hero accepted that then, along with her fate as The Corruptor's plaything. "Y-You can alter minds can't you?" Sam asked between sobs. "Make someone stupid..."

"You really have been defeated," the villain replied. She raised her hand and motioned to one of the drones that sat stationary on the concrete. It zipped over to them, a sharp edge positioned on its front. Sam flinched as it slashed at her stomach. Hard Hitter's costume was ripped open. The drone continued its work until Sam was left completely naked at Kara's feet. Another motion, and the drone flew back up to Kara. The Corruptor grinned from ear to ear as the drone produced a thick, pink diaper from within its metal body. She tossed it to Sam. "Diaper yourself with one hand. Suck on your thumb with the other. Do that and I'll give you the escape you so desperately want."

"A d-diaper? Buh...but..."

The Corruptor laughed. "Did you not just wet your pants like a little baby? Now that your strength is gone, your body is too weak to handle something like controlling your bladder. A baby like you needs diapers till she's potty-trained. Now do it or I'll parade you around town in them."

Tears poured down Sam's face as she pushed her thumb in her mouth. She had no choice but to obey. It was difficult to unfold the diaper with just one hand, but Sam eventually managed it. Her mind raced as she fumbled with the crinkly padding. Sam couldn't believe how low she had sunk. The entire country, maybe even the world, watched as one of its greatest heroes sucked her thumb and tried to diaper herself in front of a villain. Sam blubbered to herself as she did it. It felt as if she had no other option. To think she had once been awarded a medal by the president. Thanks to The Corruptor, Sam couldn't even work the tapes of a diaper.

"Tsk tsk...such a helpless little girl. Do you need mommy's help?"

Too embarrassed to speak, Sam nodded.

"Ah ah. Use your words."

"Pwease diaper me mommy..." Sam lisped around her thumb. She then covered her face in shame as Kara knelt down next to her.

Kara wiped Sam clean and powdered her with the help of the drones. She then pulled the front of the diaper up and taped it in place. "There. No more messes. Well, no more outside of your diapers."

Sam uncovered her face to look. The thick, pink diaper forced her legs apart. The words 'Hero in Training' were written on the crotch in bubble letters. Her face burned red with shame. "C-Can you help me now...? I did what you wanted...mm...mommy."

"Of course," said the villain, with a smile. "But only once we get home. We're close by my hideout, so why don't we walk?"

Sam started to cry again. "B-But you said!"

Kara snapped her fingers and her drones surrounded Sam. They quickly got to work further humiliating the hero. Sam was forcibly dressed in a bright pink crop top with a prominent diaper company's logo on the front, her hair was pulled up into pigtails, and a harness with a leash was placed over her head. An o-ring style gag was then secured to her head and a large baby bottle was screwed in so that the large nipple was forced into her mouth. It dripped constantly. Sam was forced to drink the liquid whether she liked it or not. Next, a spreader bar was fixed to her legs so that Sam waddled even further. Weak as she was, Sam could barely manage to stay upright. Lastly, locking mittens were secured to her hands.

"Mmmph!" Sam whimpered. The bottle, full of liquid as it was, weighed heavily on her head and neck. She was forced to hold up the bottle with her mittens hands to relieve the pain. It made her look as if she were eagerly drinking from the bottle.

Kara laughed long and loud. "This is a good look for you. Much better than your old outfit, don't you agree?"

With the battle clearly over, a camera drone had flown in for a close-up. Sam could only nod in agreement as the camera captured every second of her humiliation.

Kara smiled. She took Sam's leash and made her way into the building and down the steps. The walk was long and tiring. All the while, the bottle dripped into her mouth. The sweet liquid tasted good enough that Sam started to genuinely gulp it down. By the time they reached the bottom, Sam had finished half the bottle and her bladder was nearly full. Her legs wobbled with each step, her eyes drooped. She hardly noticed the cameras as they stepped outside. Her mind was slow and foggy. Everything seemed so bright and pretty. Sam couldn't help but giggle and wave to the smiling people. The formula she drank was Kara's promise fulfilled. With each swallow, Sam grew weak and stupid until she had gotten her wish. Sam waddled behind her villainous mommy as the crowd jeered. Any resistance was met with a fierce defense from The Corruptor's drones. No one would save Sam that day; instead, as they neared The Corrupter's hideout, Sam finally lost control of her bladder again. She giggled like a fool as she completely

flooded her diapers. The crowd laughed and pointed. It turned out that the words on her diaper were actually wetness indicators. They slowly changed as Sam soaked the thick padding until it read 'Diaper Soaking Loser'. The old Sam might have cried. The new Sam just giggled. With the bottle much lighter from having been drained, Sam was free to waddle behind her mommy and rub the crotch of her diaper. It felt so good to squish the padding into her crotch.

The world watched as one of their greatest heroes disappeared in a cloud of smoke with her new mommy. Hard Hitter would later reemerge as her mommy's sidekick. A self-proclaimed loser that went by the name 'Pampered Pet'. Armed with little more than a soggy diaper and a rattle. The Corruptor used her more as a fear tactic than anything. Eventually, she wielded collars similar to her own and helped her mommy create an entire nursery full of diapered pets.