

## Repurposed by Cowkites

In a dark alley outside of downtown old New York, a well-to-do woman and her hardened companions stand opposite a young criminal. The woman speaks first. "Quite the record on you. You know those enhancements of yours can be tracked. You're just renting them and rent is overdue."

"Eat shit, ya corporate whore." The criminal replied. She spat at the ground between the woman's feet and stepped around her hired goons. Only, she wouldn't make it pass them. A strong hand grabbed her by the neck. With a heave she was tossed on her ass back on the ground in front of them.

"That's mistress corporate whore to you, urchin. As per the agreement you signed: failure to pay for the rented parts results in repossession of said parts. Considering your entire body is riddled with Omni property we'll be taking all of you, Margo Finch."

Margo stood, dusted off her jeans, and scoffed. "Just try it. I've got enough Omni-tech to rip you to shreds before the fucko twins here can even move." She smirked. With a thought she produced enough adrenaline to send herself into a rage. The raw energy that surged through her body brought a smile to her face. She would enjoy what would happen next she thought.

"You're Omni property now, Margo. You need to act like it." The woman rolled up her sleeve to reveal a small panel embedded in her arm. She pressed a button and Margo immediately felt the energy leave her. So much so that she felt weaker than before. She turned to run, but it was too late. With a *thud* she fell to the ground, reduced to a crawl. Her words turned to whimpers and her bladder released. Her face grew hot with embarrassment just as her crotch grew damp and warm with urine.

"Much better." The woman gloated. She then nodded to her guards. "Strip her down and collar her."

"N-No..." A single pathetic word was all that Margo could muster as the two guards pinned her to the ground, stripped her of her wet clothing and collared her like a dog. She was left nude, her arms and legs spread, as the woman knelt before her. Margo hissed as her cock was flicked. "A dick?" The woman asked, bemused. "All the better. So much easier to control."

"Stop..."

She was ignored. "You're lucky. A bounty hunter would have killed you. A repo man would've torn you to pieces and taken the pieces." The woman reached into her bag and pulled out a thick crinkly piece of clothing. "I shall keep you as a pet. Collared, obedient, and diapered." She unfolded the diaper. "Lift." Margo's body obeyed. "Good girl." She slid the diaper under Margo's

butt. "Down, girl." Margo could do nothing as she did as commanded and was taped into the embarrassing garment. A leash was attached to her collar, which the woman held tight. The woman then stood and pointed to the van parked at the end of the alley. "Crawl inside."

Margo started to cry as she did as she was told. "Please stop..."

She was again ignored. "We'll need to clean you up and get rid of those ridiculous piercings and tattoos. I prefer my pets innocent and girly."

"F-Fuck you."

The woman smiled. "Good. I thought you had given up. I choose you for your violent past. I like to break my girls in."

Margo crawled inside the van. The shock of what had just happened was replaced by pure hatred. "You're not gonna break me in you dumb bitch."

"Strap her in and get her comfy." The woman looked down at Margo. "I'd like to see how confident you feel in a pretty dress, your hair in pigtails, and your diaper sagging from use. All my girls learn their place eventually. You'll see."

The guards lifted Margo and secured her in soft padded chair that was more like a carseat than anything. Her arms, legs and waist were strapped down. Her collar was secured to the wall. "You're lucky you have that device or I'd--mmmph!" A gag quieted her. Her face turned a bright red as she realized it was a pacifier that had been stuffed in her mouth. The guards turned the mouth guard and the nipple expanded until it filled her mouth. She began to drool as the gag was strapped and locked around her head.

"My you're so much cuter now. I almost feel bad for you. Here..." The woman pressed another button on the panel and Margo felt her strength return. She immediately tried to energize herself, to break free of her restraints, but she hadn't been given enough. Only enough to struggle in vain. "Better?"

"Baabaa ga..." Margo tried to reply but could only babble around her pacifier. Drool dribbled down her chin and onto her breasts.

The woman knelt and strapped a device to the chair. She pressed the rubber head of it into the diaper and switched it on. Margo gasped and let a moan escape before she could contain herself. "No use fighting it, little girl." Another button press on her panel and Margo felt her body become far more sensitive than before. It was useless to try and contain herself in this state. Her cock struggled against the thick padding. An obvious bulge formed as Margo whimpered and moaned around the pacifier.

"It's nice isn't it? How the vibrator feels pressed against the diaper. My pets tell me it feels even better when you're wet." Another button press and Margo soaked her diapers helplessly. If she had any senses left to her she'd have never admitted that the added warmth and damp padding did in fact make it feel better. But Margo couldn't think straight. She shook and moaned in pleasure as she pissed herself.

"Get used to the feeling. Mommy will make sure you never use a potty or cum in anything other than your diapers ever again."

"Mmmmp! Guh...buh..."

The woman stroked Margo's face. "It's a long ride to the facility. Can you keep track of how many orgasms you have on the way? Can you even count that high, princess?"

Margo couldn't. Not as she was. She could hardly think at all. The pleasure consumed her. Strapped to the chair in her soaked diapers, her new mommy staring down at her, Margo's cock twitched. Her eyes rolled back in her head and her entire body shook as she came. She could feel the load squirt into the padding and cover her cock and balls. It felt like nothing she had ever experienced before.

"Good girl. Can you say 'one'?"

"Unnnn..."

The woman smiled. "Such a smart girl." She tousled Margo's hair. "My last pet came ten times on her ride. Mommy will give you a treat if you beat her."

Margo could only grunt in response.

"I'm sure you'll make mommy proud, princess."