

Bright Lights, Big Diapers by Cowkites

“You there, Hayley?” Kara Armstrong pushed her way through the crowd of onlookers. She forced a smile as people recognized her. They almost seemed shocked. Surely they knew a hero would arrive.

“Yup yup, DG.” Hayley replied, her voice loud and clear over the communicator.

“It’s been over a year since I took you on as a sidekick, *Shatterproof*. You can call me Kara, you know.”

Hayley laughed. “Fine, *Kara*. I let the chief know you’ve arrived. He’ll be waiting for you by the steps.”

The crowd grew more tightly packed as Kara neared the bank steps. Police fanned out to make room for her, though many stepped aside willingly as they realized they made way for a superhero.

“Death Grip!” The chief called out. “What on Earth is a national hero doing bothering herself with a bank robbery. I thought for sure I’d get Shakma or Rem Lezar.”

Kara smiled. “I could always go back home.”

The chief clapped his hand on her back and gently pushed her along to the front of the line. “Nonsense! I’m just happy this will have a quick resolution. What we’ll ne--”

Kara motioned for the chief to wait as a high-pitched beep alerted her to a call from Hayley.

“Death G--er, Kara?”

Kara pressed her finger to the communicator. “Yes?”

“I’m set up nearby. Got some info for ya.”

“Perfect.” Kara then looked back to the police chief and pointed to the bank. “Shatterproof just arrived. I’m heading up.”

“There’s two of them.” Hayley continued. “Quick Change and some new girl.”

Kara scoffed. “Quick Change? That gal that can turn objects into other...objects? I hope for her sake that her partner’s the more troublesome one.”

“I wouldn’t be so dismissive. She’s transformed her outfit into a copy of yours. They know you’re coming.”

Once atop the steps, Kara took a look inside. Two women stood in the center of the bank. The more petite one wore an exact copy of Death Grip’s wrestling attire. “She doesn’t have the abs for that.” The taller redhead wore a tight black jumpsuit and cloak. Both of them faced the front entrance. Their eyes met Kara’s. “They were definitely expecting me.” Several hostages dressed up like maids were kneeling behind them, blank expressions on their faces. The normal overhead lights had been cut off and replaced with dazzling beams of purple and pink that emanated from something on the ceiling that Kara couldn’t see.

“Be careful,” Hayley warned, “They’re the only criminals in there and they seem to have the place completely on lockdown. Mystery girl might be stronger than she’s letting on.”

“Nothing I can’t handle.” Kara replied. Eager to get the ordeal over with, she made her way inside and confronted the two.

“Death Grip!” Quick Change called. “I was starting to worry you’d missed the bus!”

Kara slowly advanced on them. “I’d just surrender now, Quick Change. I’m not sure what you two did to those poor people behind you, but a maid outfit isn’t going to stop me from clobbering the both of you.”

The mystery woman looked to Quick Change and then nodded in Kara’s direction. Surprisingly, the villain began to charge at Kara. She didn’t flinch as Quick Change slammed into her in a weak attempt at a tackle.

“You know, there’s a news feed of the inside of this bank. Saw it on the way here. You two sure you want to embarrass yourselves like this?”

The mystery woman laughed. “Bold words for a woman your age still wearing diapers.”

Kara’s eyes widened. She looked down to find that the villain hadn’t lied. The thick bulge under her wrestling shorts made it clear she was diapered. She watched as the bulge grew until the pink plastic backing poked out the back of her shorts. The thick diaper forced her legs apart until she was reduced to an awkward waddle instead of her normally confident stride.

“Kara?! Did Quick Change turn your panties into diapers?”

Her face grew hot with embarrassment as she realized Hayley saw what happened. “Doesn’t matter. Like I said before, some little outfit change isn’t gonna stop me from turning them in.”

Quick Change was delighted. "You look ridiculous! Who knew a national hero like you hadn't been potty trained yet!"

Kara glared at the villain. She grabbed her by the collar and lifted her into the air. "I'm going to enjoy tossing you in a ce--" Kara's words were cut short. A flash of pink light blinded her momentarily and caused her to drop Quick Change. She rubbed at her eyes, disoriented by the sudden shock.

"Awww, what's a matter baby? Is it time for a nap?"

"Kara?!" Hayley cried out. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine..." Kara replied, her words slurred. "I just feel kind of funny."

"Hold tight! I'm on my w--"

A solid kick to Kara's back knocked her down to her hands and knees and sent her communicator flying. There on the floor, her senses finally returned to her. She noticed that her outfit had changed further. The tight black wrestling shorts and crop top had been replaced by a pink lace babydoll dress. The dress was far too short and did nothing to hide the massive diaper that was taped snugly around Kara's waist.

"My, my," the mystery woman teased, "Where did the confident Death Grip go? All I see is an adorable little girl crawling around in her diapers."

Kara hissed in response. She raised herself to one knee and grabbed the villain by the neck. "Enough tricks. This ends here, bi--buh...b-b-b..." Kara's words turned to nonsense as she stared deep into the woman's eyes. The vibrant purple and pink lights were reflected so beautifully in her bright green eyes.

"You're right, Death Grip. It does end here. Just not as you expected. Quick Change! Finish little Kara's outfit so she can be properly displayed for our next part."

Quick Change clapped her hands together with glee. "I can't believe we're beating a national hero! And everyone gets to see!" She touched Kara's black sneakers and then her hair. Kara continued to stare into the villain's eyes. Drool coated her chin as she fell deeper into the trance. She hardly noticed a thing as her shoes turned into a pair of pink and white velcro sneakers with frilly lace socks. Her half-shaven chin-length black hair quickly changed color and grew longer. With a pair of pink hair ties, Quick Change tied Kara's now long blonde frizzy hair into a pair of childish pigtails.

The villain grinned devilishly as she admired their handiwork. "Your days as a hero are over, Kara. I've waited so very long to make an example of one of the top heroes and now here you

are, being my good little girl.” Kara’s eyes were vacant. A dumb grin was plastered to her face. “Let’s get started with your reeducation, shall we?”

The sound of shattered glass alerted them to Shatterproof’s sudden entry from the ceiling. She landed behind them, a pained grimace on her face. “Kara! I’ll make you pay for this.”

Kara seemed to come to a little at the sound of her sidekick’s voice, but the mystery villain held her chin in place. “Time to shine my little pet. Shatterproof has been very naughty. You’re going to take care of her for me, aren’t you?”

“Yes...”

“That’s ‘yes, mommy’, little one.”

“Yes mommy!”

The woman stood and motioned for Quick Change to follow. The two circled Hayley and allowed the sidekick to approach Death Grip.

“Kara? Are you alright.”

Kara nodded. Hayley wrapped her friend in a hug and laughed. “You look ridiculous! Let’s take care of this quick before the news has anything else to make into a headlin--”

“You’ve been naughty, Hayley!” Kara said with a giggle. She tackled Hayley to the ground and pinned her on her back.

“Wha--! Kara get off! We need to stop this before things get worse!”

“Oh I’m afraid things were over once little Kara entered here. And here I thought I’d only get one new plaything today.”

Hayley struggled against Kara but it was no use. She was the strongest woman alive after all.

“Who are you?” Hayley asked through gritted teeth.

“Well, Kara calls me Mommy. The press will soon know me as Hypnotix. But you can call me Mistress.”

“No way in hell am I calling you m-m...mis..tress...”

Hypnotix smiled. “I see you looked in my eyes. Such a silly girl.” She crouched down next to them. “But don’t worry Shatterproof I have no interest in turning you into a dumb little rugrat like

Kara here. I've always been so intrigued by your power. Indestructible, but highly sensitive to pain. I was surprised when you didn't cry out from that landing earlier. Tough girl. I wonder how long it would take to break you in?"

"N...No...."

"We'll know soon enough. Kara, flip around and press your diapered butt into Hayley's face."

"Yes mommy!"

"Kara, n-!"

In one fluid motion Kara obeyed and press the thick pink diaper into her sidekick's face. "Like this?"

"Good girl, Kara!" Hypnotix looked back to one of the maids and snapped her fingers. "You with the camera, over here." The maid, a cameraman Hypnotix had grabbed on her way to the bank knelt next to the two heroes and began to film the two.

"Now the whole world is going to see just how powerful I am. Kara?"

Kara looked back at Hypnotix and the camera. "Uh huh?"

"Look into my eyes."

"Okay...mommy..."

"You, Kara Armstrong, have been defeated. Your days as Death Grip are over. From now on, you're nothing more than Mommy's good little girl. You love and need your diapers. You love crawling around and acting like the overgrown baby you really are."

Kara listened as if she had never heard something so incredible. She nodded at every statement as if she committed to memory.

"Now tell the world what you really are, Kara."

Kara looked into the camera. "I'm mommy's good little girl."

"Are you a hero?"

"Not anymore. 'Cause Mommy and Auntie Quick Change put me back in diapers."

"You need your thick princess diapers don't you, little girl?"

Kara giggled. “Uh huh! I’m a big baby..”

Hypnotix smiled. She grabbed Hayley by the hair and gave it a firm tug. “Why don’t you show the world how badly you belong in diapers? Go on, you aren’t potty-trained anymore anyway.”

With that last sentence, Kara felt something change in her body. Any control over her bladder and bowels completely disappeared. She relaxed atop of Hayley and began to grunt almost involuntarily as she felt a release of pressure from her bowels. Kara giggled at Hayley’s squirming. The movement of her nose against Kara’s crotch was enough to tickle the girl intensely. Kara moaned as a loud wet fart squeezed out. Hayley’s squirming intensified, but it was no use. She began to cry into Kara’s diaper as the first of her friend’s mess began to fill the seat of the padding. Kara giggled and bounced up and down. So distracted was she by the relief that she completely ignored the warm soggy crotch of her diaper as her bladder emptied out. Once finished, Kara collapsed atop her friend. She sucked her thumb absentmindedly and looked at the camera, unsure of what she should do next.

“Enjoying yourself down there, Shatterproof?”

Hayley had stopped struggling. Her mind still foggy from the effects of Hypnotix’s lights, she could hardly process what had happened. She could only lay there as she endured the stench and warmth of Kara’s diaper on her face.

“Quick Change, how’s it looking out there?”

“More supers in route. We need to leave soon.”

“Kara, I want you to hold Hayley tight like a teddy bear. We’re going to take a little trip somewhere more fun.”

Kara beamed. “Okay mommy!” Kara lifted herself off her friend and pulled her into a bear hug. Hayley hung there limp as Kara waddled after the two villains, her discolored messy diaper sagging between her thighs.

Three Months Later

Hayley whimpered around the gag in her mouth. She laid across Quick Change's lap wearing little more than a thong and some restraints. The villain grinned ear to ear as she lightly slapped each of Hayley's cheeks one after the other. Back and forth. Again and again. Even the lightest slap was enough to cause her to cry out. The ball gag prevented most of the noise. She hated how much pleasure she felt with each spank to her bare cheeks. How wonderful it felt to be so

humiliated as a hero. Part of her wished Hypnotix had reeducated her like Kara. Hayley had only be hypnotized so much as to change her behaviors. Her mind was mostly intact. She hated how easily the villains had 'broken her in'. There was hardly a day that went by that Hayley didn't grovel to be pulled across their laps and taught a lesson.

Kara, on the other hand, never looked happier. She laid across Hypnotix's lap. Her lips pressed to the villain's nipple. Breastmilk and drool dribbled down her chin and onto her bare breasts. She was double diapered with the same pink princess diapers the whole world had seen her mess on live TV. They looked much the same now, sagging from the weight of her mess. Her toned body had grown soft and pudgy and her contacts had been replaced with a pair of thick rimmed glasses. Not that she needed them. Thanks to her retraining, Kara no longer knew how to read.

The two were constantly being recorded. Videos and streams of the two heroes fetched a high price. Hayley couldn't believe how excited she grew at the sight of cameras. She shivered with delight at the thought of others watching her degrade herself. How long, she wondered, would she have to endure such embarrassment before they would be rescued? She often imagined what might happen if a rescue attempt failed. What kind of new playmates would they get?