

How the Mighty Have Fallen by Cowkites

Atop a hill, at the end of an old dusty road, there sat an old mansion. Its windows were broken, its shutters askew. The whole house creaked at even the smallest breeze. Despite all this, it was still inhabited. A great and powerful witch plotted her next act of trickery inside. The green glow from her cauldron illuminated the top floor windows, a lure for trick-or-treaters passing by.

The witch stood next to it, spellbook in hand, her shapely figure casting a silhouette on a nearby window. She was beautiful. She had always been; though, her powerful magic had done some of the work for her. The witch thrived on the attention from others. Whether it be lust, adoration, or jealousy; it all gave her strength. Every Halloween she would lure people to her lair and enthrall them with promises of granted wishes or pleasure beyond their wildest dreams. In their stupor they would become her slaves, her pets. She looked forward to this year's additions.

The witch, a seemingly young woman named Lilith, had done her research this year. Many a witch had faded into obscurity as old tricks failed to lure in prey as they used to. Lilith knew that trails of treats would do little more than attract a few simple-minded children, a quarry of which she had no interest. No, Lilith knew better. She was proud to be one of the few modern witches with a smartphone. From that, she learned exactly what drew the attention of her modern-day adult prey: cute girls.

Her sexiness had served her well, but Lilith knew it was time for a change. A more innocent, cutesy look would be the ticket this year. The witch was delighted with her own intelligence. With a flick of her wrist, she magically turned the pages of her book. After a few seconds they suddenly stopped, open to a page in the transformation chapter. The title said cute, or innocence, in some nearly forgotten language. Lilith knew how to read it, but was annoyed to find that the pages had fallen to disrepair in their disuse.

"No matter," she thought, "how complicated can a transformation spell be? I'll simply infer the rest."

Lilith took up her wand and read the magical words aloud.

"Transformanatus egote inf...antile?" Lilith did her best not to let her hesitation show. Magic was confidence as much as it was knowledge. She sighed in relief when the familiar effects of a transformation spell washed over her. "My genius shows," she thought, as smug as ever.

The magical cloud of purple smoke dissipated and with it a new Lilith emerged. She strutted to her floor-length mirror with confidence. Eager to see something similar to the models she had seen online.

Gone was the tall, well-endowed sorceress in her flowing robes; instead, Lilith was now several inches shorter and looked a few years younger. Her revealing robes had shrunk down to a short black dress with frills underneath the skirt, the old black leather hat she sported now looked like something from a costume shop, and her once massive breasts had been reduced to meagre A-Cups.

“My, my, this is definitely...not what I expected. I am cute I guess, but a little too much so.”

She walked back to her book, the frills underneath her skirt swished with each step. Lilith giggled at the feeling. Though she wished to fix her look, she found that she liked it as she got used to it.

“Maybe I should give the new me a second chance...”

Lilith returned to her mirror and couldn't help but smile. She spun around quickly, and giggled as her skirt moved to-and-fro. She felt genuinely happy. Even warm inside. Or perhaps just at her crotch.

“Huh?” Lilith asked aloud, bewildered by the strange feeling. Still in front of the mirror, Lilith lifted her skirt. Liquid dripped down her thighs. She followed it up to her crotch and what she saw shocked her.

Around her waist was a wet pull-up. The kind of padded underwear a toddler needed as they potty trained. And Lilith had soaked it without a second-thought.

She couldn't believe it. The great witch Lilith dressed like a toddler? She couldn't even make it to the potty like one. Her eyes grew wet, her lip trembled. This could not stand.

With determination in her eyes, Lilith tiptoed from the puddle that had formed at her feet and returned to the book. She had to fix this fast. It was almost the witching hour, her powers should be at their peak and here she was in a wet pull-up nearly in tears.

The book was still open, but the page had been changed. At least, that was what Lilith thought. She did not know it, but her own spell had taken away her ability to read like a grown adult. Her ego wouldn't allow her to come to such a conclusion however, and Lilith said the first thing that came to her mind:

“Encantate magnus!”

It was an amplification spell. A powerful one. Cast at exactly 3:33 am.

Lilith wiped the sweat from her brow. She was terrified that she might have lost her touch. Of course, in hindsight, she had. This had not yet occurred to her.

She ran to her mirror, eager to be free of her embarrassment. Instead, Lilith's face turned a bright red. She didn't need to lift her skirt to see what happened. The pull-up was gone, as she had wished, and had been replaced by the thickest diaper she had ever seen. Her long beautiful hair had been cut and pulled into a pair of childish pigtails, a large pacifier had been pinned to her dress, and a pair of knee high socks had replaced her favorite fishnet stockings.

"I'M WUINED!" she wailed. Lilith cried even harder as she heard her own high-pitched voice lisp uncontrollably. "No fair! I...I can't wet people see me wike dis!"

The loud, familiar voice of her patron answered her, "Oh, Lily, look at where your foolishness has gotten you."

The spectral form of an ancient goddess appeared before her, Hecate in all her splendor.

Lilith fell to her knees. The thick diaper crinkled loudly against the carpet and forced her legs apart in a childish sprawl. "Mistwess Hecate pwease! Hewlp me change back."

The goddess studied Lilith for a moment. "No. I think I prefer you this way. Cute, harmless, and you'll help teach those that prefer their egos to their magical ability."

Lilith felt as if she might faint. "Buh-but i wearned my wesson!"

"No, my dear, your lesson is just beginning. You will stay here tonight, in this nursery of your own creation. Instead of a slave, you will find a caretaker. And you will document it all on that little device of yours."

The humiliated witch crossed her arms and pouted. She pushed her legs out in front of her and kicked the floor in anger. "I'm nah going! I'm gonna figuwe out was happenin' and I'm gonna fis it."

Hecate smirked. She knew all too well that things were over for Lilith. Unless she stepped in to stop the amplification spell, Lilith would be completely diaper dependent for the rest of her life. And witches lived a long time. "And how do you hope to fix anything, little witch? You can no longer read the ancient text, let alone English; you can hardly even walk without having to bend your knees to accommodate your new... 'attire'; not to mention that any magical object that could possibly help you is being stripped of its power and transformed as we speak."

"Wha-"

Unknown to Lilith, the amplification spell had not stopped. The magical energy spread outward from Lilith like a plague and transformed everything around her to accommodate her new lifestyle. The old dusty carpets that surrounded her cauldron had turned into soft pink shag

carpeting and bright colored padded flooring. The old oak cabinets and shelves nearest her were now painted white and pastel pink; their designs changed to be more infantile; their contents no longer old tomes and charms, but children's books and toys.

"No, no, no! It took me centuwies to acq-ack...get all dese fings!" Lilith stood suddenly. She fell backward onto her diapered butt and whimpered at her own helplessness. Reduced to an infantile crawl, Lilith crossed the room as quickly as she could to her spellbook. She thought that if she could enlist another witch to help her, that maybe she could reverse the changes. Unfortunately for Lilith, she was the center of the amplification spell. Her mere touch would cause the rapid transformation of anything she laid hands on. The old tattered pages of her grimoire became thick and bright in her hands. Their fine ancient text turned into large font English. Lilith could sense the magic aura of the item dissipate. Her bottom lip trembled as she closed the book. If she could still read, she would be embarrassed to find that the title now read: 'Beginner Magic Tricks for Lil' Magicians'.

Now in full panic mode, Lilith looked around the room for anything that could help her. She wouldn't care if she was stuck like this forever, so long as she could stop things before they got worse. Instead of anything helpful, Lilith found that while she was fixated on her spellbook, her room had been completely transformed. The pile of furs and rugs she had used as a bed had been replaced by a crib more than big enough for Lilith to lay in comfortably. By the looks of it, Lilith wouldn't even be able to climb out if the bars were raised. The candles that littered the room had been replaced with modern day light fixtures that made the room warm and bright. The dusty floors and broken windows had been repaired and repainted. The doors and windows, among other things, had also been baby proofed. The table where she had written many of her own spells was now a padded changing table. Rows of thick diapers lined the shelves underneath. Toys littered the room and the walls were covered in childish drawings of bats and other scary things, all signed in crayon: "Lilith".

Hecate walked from one thing to the next. She occasionally looked to Lilith and took great pleasure in the witch's distraught expression. "Oh look at this, Lily." The goddess stood next to Lilith's wardrobe. The massive oaken piece of furniture was now far smaller with cutesy pink drawers. Cloth diapers lined the lower shelves. Frilly dresses and outfits hung on the from the top.

In Hecate's hand was a pink-and-white snap-crotch onesie. Bubble letters on the chest read: "Mommy's Little Witch". "Would you like Auntie Hecate to dress you in it before your guests arrive?"

Lilith nearly sobbed like the baby the spell sought to make her; instead, she stood, defiant as ever. She stomped her foot and screamed at Hecate: "I'M NAH A BABY! I'M A CENTUW-CEN....HUNDWEDS YEARS OLD WITCH AND YOU'RE GONNA CHANGE ME BACK!"

Hecate didn't flinch. She placed the onesie down on a nearby table and approached Lilith. "Old and powerful witch or not you've very much forgotten your manners young lady." Hecate snapped her fingers and the pacifier pinned to Lilith's dress floated upward and stuffed itself in the witch's mouth. The front of her skirt then lifted magically and further exposed the thick diapers Lilith now needed. Lilith began to cry as Hecate placed her powerful hands on her shoulders and directed her back to the floor-length mirror.

"Get a good look Lily." The goddess reached down and lightly squeezed Lilith's padded crotch. "I'd bend you over my knee and spank you like the helpless little girl you are now, but I think it'd be more...humbling if a mortal did it."

As if by magic, the doorbell then rang. Lilith's eyes grew wide and her face turned pale. Hecate turned her to the door and gently nudged her down the hall. "Right on time, little one. Last chance for you to pretend you have any power."

The nursery door slammed shut behind her. Lilith stood at the top of the stairs, the front door in view. Her entire body shook with fear, but she walked down the steps nonetheless. She could feel her diaper press against her thighs with each step; hear them crinkle, a constant reminder of her embarrassment.

Before she knew it, her hand was on the doorknob. She opened it, for once terrified of what might happen next.

A pair of women stood at the door. They looked to be in a daze. This was due to the spell that had been placed upon the property. A lure that would cause them to walk up to the house without a second thought. As their heads cleared, they both looked at Lilith with curiosity.

Lilith stood in the doorway. Her skirt still lifted and her diapers still exposed. Her knees shook, her hands clutched at her dress. She suckled noisily on the pacifier, unaware of the drool that dripped down from her chin onto her neck and chest.

Last year a visitor would've been greeted by the most beautiful woman they had ever seen. They would've fallen to their knees, regardless of sexual orientation, and begged to serve her in exchange for sexual pleasure.

This year, the two women on her porch laughed.

"Oh my gosh! Is this your Halloween costume?! Don't you think you overdid it, girl?"

"Is this some kink thing? Do you think she gets off on this?"

They pulled out their phones and took pictures of Lilith. Lilith stood perfectly still, her body unable to move due to Hecate's will. This was, of course, all part of her punishment. The two

posted the pictures to their social media. They even tagged Lilith, guided by the goddess' hand. A few other witches knew of Lilith's online presence. Her entire coven would know of her new lifestyle by tomorrow.

Lilith began to cry, her pride finally broken. She fell down on her diapered rear and sobbed. Though it was far too late, Lilith apologized and begged Hecate for leniency. To the two women in front of her, it sounded like nonsense as Lilith blubbered around her pacifier.

Suddenly, maybe even magically, the two had a change of heart. Something about how cute Lilith was, or how vulnerable she appeared in that moment. The couple felt their hearts melt as they watched her throw a tantrum.

The red-head, a woman named Natalie, knelt down next to Lilith and pulled her into her lap. "Lily, baby, calm down!"

Her partner, Melissa, knelt down as well. Though the two had never raised children nor had any interest in doing so, they felt overwhelmed by motherly instinct as they tried to calm Lilith. "Are you hungry? Need a nap?"

Lilith calmed down as the two looked down on her with love in their eyes. It was a familiar feeling. She wondered if she hadn't lost all her powers.

"I'm nah a baby. I don' need ta be looked after."

Natalie looked at Melissa and shook her head. "Of course our little witch is a handful." She pulled the pacifier free of Lilith's mouth and wiped the drool off her chin with her shirt. Lilith's skirt then lowered, no longer magically forced to lift. Lilith smiled. Hecate no longer watched them. She thought for sure that the goddess underestimated her. She was no match for her own patron, but these mortals could prove useful.

"Sewvants! We need to fetch me a new spewlbook a--wha' awe you doin?!" Lilith squirmed in Natalie's lap as Melissa slipped a finger into her diaper. "Looks like she's dry. It's late, she probably just needs a bottle and some sleep."

"Dun ignowe me! I'm you'we mistwe--MMMPPH!" Natalie had stuffed the pacifier back in her mouth. "You're probably right...though I won--oh, wait, Mommy knows that face!"

Melissa nodded knowingly, "Should've known our little stinker would need to make a big stink."

Lilith's eyes widened. "WHA AWE OOU DALKIN' ABOU--" Lilith stopped talking. Her mouth fixated on sucking her paci as her body relaxed and her mind panicked. No matter how hard she struggled, there was no way she could control it. Lilith was about to poop her diapers in a mortal's lap.

“Oh my gosh her face is so cute right now, Melissa. Take a video. I wanna show my coworkers.”

Lilith tried to desperately to squirm or remember any spell in her repertoire, but nothing could stop it. She grunted again, louder and on video this time. A loud wet fart sounded from her bottom. Lilith could feel the mush begin to push out and into the seat of her diaper.

“Natty! I can’t wait to show you her face when she farted. Our little Lily is just so expressive. Yes she is!” Melissa tickled Lilith’s belly as Lilith continued to mess herself. The humiliated witch was helpless but to giggle between her grunts. Since when was she so ticklish?

Eventually, the last of the smelly mess was pushed into her diaper. Lilith hated how relieved she felt; as if she had just been cranky this whole evening not because of her predicament, but because she needed to go poopy in her diaper. Natalie bounced Lilith up and down in her lap, unaware of the rage the witch felt. Of course, what once would’ve been hellfire and brimstone amounted to little more than crossed arms and a pout now.

“Enuff!” Lilith shouted, her arms raised in defiance. “I’m nah your ‘little Lily’. I’m tha gweat and powaful, Lilith! You awe now my sewvants and must obey me!”

The two women looked at one another. “Alright ‘gweat and powaful Lilith’,” Natalie said, “do you want mommy to give you a spanking in your messy diaper or can you be a good girl and apologize for your little tantrum? If you do, and you ask nicely, mommy will change you first.”

Lilith turned pale. She pushed herself out of Natalie’s lap, a look of disgust on her face as the mush in her diaper spread further. “S-Spanking?! Buh-But I didn’t even yell!”

Natalie and Melissa’s eyes began to glow a deep purple. They spoke, in Hecate’s loud booming voice, as one. “Because of your pride, little witch.”

Melissa then raised her phone. Hecate planned for her to send a group message to any witches that had an online presence.

“Melissa will record it all. The great and powerful Lilith, crying as she’s spanked in her messy diapers.”

“Wait! I’ll say I’m sowwy!” Lilith pleaded.

“Too late,” the pair replied, “though I’m sure you’ll still say it once the punishment starts.”

“Hecate, noooo!” Lilith shouted, but she was too late. Melissa and Natalie had returned to normal. Natalie scooped her up with ease, despite the witch’s protest. The amplification spell had certainly done its work. The two women had become the perfect mommies for Lilith.

They climbed the stairs quickly. The door to Lilith's room had unlocked and opened. Lilith couldn't help but groan. In the excitement, she had forgotten what had happened to all her possessions. A chair magically pulled itself behind Natalie. She sat, and with little difficulty, laid Lilith across her lap.

Natalie squeezed the messy seat of Lilith's diaper. "Such a naughty girl." Natalie teased, "Don't worry, Lily. Mommys gonna spank all the bad out. You'll see. You'll be so glad when Mommy's done." She looked up to Melissa and nodded. "Record away, sweetheart."

"Gladly." She replied. Then, to Lilith, "Smile little Lily. All your friends are gonna see!"

Lilith struggled as hard as she could. She said any magic word she could possibly think of, but nothing worked.

The record sound played from Melissa's phone and Lilith's punishment began.

"Apologize for your childish little tantrum, Lilith!"

THWAP

The first slap to her rear surprised Lilith. It had not hurt as much as she thought. Her wet and messy diaper was the worst part and even that didn't feel too bad. Nonetheless, Lilith whimpered from embarrassment and shock.

"I'm sorry..." she nearly whispered.

"What was that?" Melissa asked, "You need to speak up so everyone can hear you."

THWAP

Lilith gasped aloud. The spanking had not hurt at all; in fact, it felt good. She actually enjoyed the feeling of her messy diaper being squished. *What's going on?!* she wondered.

"I'm sorry, m-mommy." she said it louder this time, even turned her head toward the camera slightly. Her face flushed with embarrassment. Lilith felt her lips curl up slightly in a subtle smile, a moan on the edge of her lips. It had dawned on her. Another cruel punishment. Lilith now craved the humiliation. She could feel it grow in intensity with each spank. Part of her was terrified. She had ad libbed the 'mommy' just then. How low would she sink for pleasure?

Natalie squeezed Lilith's diaper. "That's good, little Lily. But I think you could do better. Maybe you...want a chance to do better, hmm? Do you, baby girl?"

Lilith eyed the camera. Every witch in the coven would see this video within the hour.

“Yeth, mommy...pwease wet me twy...” Lilith begged. She did her best to look genuine, defeated. It would humiliate her more that way.

Natalie knocked Lilith’s hat to the floor and grabbed her by the pigtails. Lilith let a moan escape her lips. She still squirmed in her mommy’s lap, but no longer from fear or pain. No. Lilith humped Natalie’s lap from pleasure. She wanted the coven to know how much she enjoyed her own humiliation.

THWAP

“Oh goddeth!” Lilith lisped. The pleasure just wouldn’t stop, nor would it lessen. “I-I’m sowwy for bein’ such a naughty widdle guwl mommy!”

THWAP

“I’ll be your good baby mommy! I...I wuv my diapees! I wanna stay in dem and cwawl around on the fwoor foweve!”

“And you will, Lily.” Melissa said, “You make such a good little obedient baby, doesn’t she babe?”

“That she does...” Natalie then shifted Lilith in her lap so the witch sat faced forward, her legs spread on the outside of Natalie’s. Lilith spread them out further and lifted her skirt so her diapers were on full display. She loved how heavy it felt and how the diapers sagged from the weight of her mess.

“Now we have just one more thing to do before sleepytime. Every witch needs a magic wand. Isn’t that right, Lily?”

Lily nodded, eager to see what her mommy had planned. She did not have to wait long. An oversized pink pacifier and large vibrator magically floated toward her. Lilith bounced up-and-down with delight. She willingly let the pacifier slide in and sucked on it with delight. Then the vibrator pressed into the crotch of her sagging diaper.

Lilith grinned ear-to-ear for the camera. Drool already covered her chin and the collar of her dress. She could only imagine how pathetic she looked to the other witches.

“What does the baby say when she wants something?” Melissa asked.

“Pwea--oh oh g-g-goddeth...!” Lilith momentarily forgot how to form a sentence as the device turned on. Natalie did not bother to restrain Lilith, they all knew that the witch wanted what she gotten.

After about a minute of the device teasing her, it finally pressed in hard and remained there. Lilith moaned around her pacifier. She nearly dropped it, but was determined to keep the humiliating object in her mouth. After all, she wanted her video to be perfect.

Eventually, the device relented and the video ended. Lilith, despite how she pleaded to stay in her messy diapers, was changed into three thick diapers. The padding was so thick that she was forced to crawl so long as she was in them. She asked to be changed into the “Mommy’s Little Witch” onesie she so despised earlier. It was tight with all the padding, but Lilith loved how it squeezed her diapers against her. In fact, Lilith loved everything about her new life now. She decided that she would have to thank Hecate should she see her again.

With tired eyes of their own, Melissa and Natalie laid Lilith down in her crib. They dressed her in mitts and booties, at Lilith’s request of course, and made sure she had her teddy bear and pacifier. Melissa fed her a warm bottle of milk and Natalie read her a bedtime story about a witch that was punished for being too prideful. It was Lilith’s favorite already.

“Nightie-night, little Lily” Natalie said softly.

“We have a big day planned for you tomorrow. Plenty of pictures and videos to take as you try out all your new toys and clothes.”

“Oh, I found a stroller big enough for you baby. We could take a little trip to the park, or maybe the mall?”

Little Lily smiled at her mommies. She wondered if she had she ever felt so happy. With a sigh, Lily clutched her teddy to her chest and closed her eyes. She drifted off to sleep and dreamt of all the humiliation she couldn’t wait to enjoy.