

Hero and Villian, Puppy and Kitten

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Chapter 1: Meet Crinkle

Player 1:

Freedom. That's what being a hero meant to **Wulfram**. Propelling himself through the sky with sheer power alone, bounding through the city like his own personal playground. It's why he became a **Registered Esper** in the first place. Sure, he enjoyed helping people, and the praise was quite enjoyable. But when he put on his helmet he felt that he was truly himself. The mask was his real face, and his real face was just a mask.

He was an **Enhancement-Type Esper**, which means he made things stronger and tougher. Namely himself. Some Espers went with flashy costumes that had capes and cowls, but Wulfram needed to wear things close to his fur to affect them. For this reason his own outfit consisted of a luchador brief, a functional belt, and a few pieces of armor to add a touch of flair to an otherwise underwhelming ensemble. The silver helmet was stylized into a fierce wolf, fitting because he was one. It fit perfectly over his face and down his neck, leaving his lower jaw unobstructed. The gauntlets and greaves were a matching set, all of them polished to shine and glimmer in the glow of a city after dark.

Unfortunately for Wulfram, though, he was stuck being Fridolf right now. His civilian alter-ego. Plain, *boring* Fridolf. The lecture at the Furton Medical Institute was nearly over, and he was looking forward to getting to his apartment for some quick shuteye. When he wasn't wearing his helmet, the Esper looked something like a dork. Probably the glasses. He didn't actually need them, but neither did Bark Kent. At least when Fridolf was out on patrol, his costume covered his face.

The bell rang, signaling the end of class, and he closed his lecture notes with a thud. Professor Lechman had the most monotonous voice. Stowing his things in a duffel bag, the wolf exited the lecture hall with a crowd of students, blending in perfectly despite being almost a decade older than them. At least his Esper gift meant he would age well. Enhancers always did.

Nearly one in five residents of the city had Esper Gifts of one sort or another. Of that amount, only one in ten could do anything actually useful with them. And of that number only one in a hundred was capable of feats worthy of being registered. Registering was a double-edged sword, though, as it listed out your powerset to the government. But it also meant you could use your abilities without running afoul of the law.

Naturally, Registered were propped up as heroes, the government even going as far as to encourage flashy costumes and names. It was great PR for what were effectively state-hired mercenaries with super powers. Not everyone registered, of course. And non-registered Espers were treated as criminals, to be hunted down, unmasked and detained.

Wulfram would be busy with such an Esper later tonight. With a crime spree going unchecked, he was asked to step in. Enhancers have a pretty boring powerset, all things considered, but with both strength and invulnerability he was brutally effective. Wulfram enjoyed acting as a first responder more than a police assistant, but the money was good and he wanted to maintain a good rep with the mayor. So time to head home and sleep for a bit before donning his blue briefs...

Player 2:

A striped tail swayed back and forth as it watched from the crowd. Ranjit was on campus at Furton Medical Institute, officially to "Audit" a class. Unofficially, he was auditing someone in the class. Fridolph was a handsome pup, and ever since the tiger had seen him running about as Wulfram, the tiger had found himself smitten. He'd never actually quite felt this way before for anyone. The wolf's voice, his body, his smile... All of it made Ranjit's day. And of course, that meant that the tiger had to have him. But a bit of an invasion into the wolf's privacy revealed that he was just... WOEFULLY vanilla in some senses.

So while Ranjit wanted to earn the pup's heart, he also wanted to expand the wolf's mind a little.

And being a **Mesmer-Class Esper**, that could be as literal a statement as he wanted it to be. So he finished pretending to take notes for Professor Lechman's class, and watched Fridolf leaving, taking a moment to stare at his butt. And then standing up to follow him. Walking up alongside the wolf, the tiger looked up at him. "Hey. Terribly sorry to bother you, but would you mind if I asked you some questions? I'm actually gathering some data regarding wolves in modern society, and I need to interview a few individuals for it. I'll buy you a cup of coffee or something if you'd like?"

Player 1:

Fridolf looked up at the tiger, his hunched posture making him look shorter than he actually was. "Is it part of your thesis?" He asked, internally cursing the intrusion. He only had a few hours before showtime, and he didn't want to lose what little precious sleep he was likely to get. But just blowing the student off wasn't something he wanted to do, either. Though... the tiger looked a bit old to be an undergrad. Were they taking a refresher course? He wracked his mind, only to realize that the tiger hadn't been in Lechman's class before. "Oh, you must be evaluating Lechman's class, huh?" He asked, wondering how he could shake the tiger off of him. Maybe he could direct them to another wolf? But no, the crowd had passed by during the short pause.

Player 2:

Ranjit smiled, hoping the wolf's ears couldn't detect a faint crinkle from beneath his jeans. He'd worn underwear OVER them, which usually hid most scents and sounds, but wolves were famous at hearing, so he was nervous. "I was auditing the class today. There's a higher-than-average population of wolves attending this medical school, so it makes for a good place to gather some social data." He wasn't actually lying there, although the survey he was conducting was as much a part of his job as it was a chance to get close to Fridolf. While he

was talking with the wolf, Ranjit was poking at the wolf's mind with his Esper powers. Without his power-augmenting tools (which he considered cheating) his powers were much more limited, but he could pick up surface emotions from the wolf easily enough. Certainly he could pick up on the wolf's annoyance at his intrusion.

And such emotions could be twisted. It wasn't easy (in fact without his tools it was a bit mentally taxing) but in this case it might be necessary. Just to get his foot in the door. Drawing up his power, he took hold of the idea of annoyance at the tiger distracting Fridolf... the concept of that emotional reaction... and twisted it. From *annoyance* into *curiosity*. A thought, unbidden, entered Fridolf's head, feeling just as natural as his own:

Who is this tiger, barging into my life? I should try to find out more about him...

The power wasn't godhood, as much as Ranjit liked to talk it up while he was in his super villain identity in the rare public appearances he made. He couldn't twist *hate* into *love*, or make someone murder their own wife (not that he'd want to do that anyway). And intense and strong emotions were harder to "adjust" like that. But turning annoyance into curiosity wasn't difficult.

Player 1:

Of course, the fact that the tiger had just barged into his personal space like that was a little strange. He wasn't the only wolf in the class, and did a lot to make himself a wallflower. Some registered liked exposing their personal lives, but Fridolf wanted to keep them separate. Revealing his real face would only take away from his mask. And yet, despite this, the tiger had honed in on him. Why?

"I suppose I can spare ten minutes." He said. Maybe if he bored the tiger enough, they'd give up and find someone else to interview.

It was a major flaw for **Enhancement-type Espers**. While they were great at the physical, their mental defenses were left rather deficient. That's why Wulfram wore a helmet, after all. The flashy gear was there to protect him from mental intrusion, not concussion. Of course, as Ranjit was without his own gear, Fridolf was without his critical shield.

Player 2:

It had taken Ranjit a fair bit of time to figure out who exactly Wulfram was behind the mask. It had taken him months, in fact. The fact that the wolf valued the division between his secret identity and his superhero life made it difficult to find any cross-pollination between the two of them. But Ranjit had eventually found it. He'd tracked down his sexy pup, and decided to approach him in public after forming a plan of how to attack it. Because while Wulfram was his arch-nemesis in the city... Ranjit was intent on making their relationship a much less adversarial one.

Maybe he could turn hate into love, after all. It just took a different set of skills and tactics.

Waving a paw, the tiger steered his target towards the Grounded Thinking, a campus coffee shop. "Buy whatever you want. My treat." He smiled, before pushing another thought into Fridolf's mind:

This tiger seems really generous!

The thought paired with a warm smile from the feline, who ordered himself a mocha and a biscotti to dip into it. He was a bit of a fan of chocolate just in general. Waiting for his order, he took a seat at a two-person table and set a binder in front of him, opening it to a "questionnaire" he had prepared. Then he rested his head on his paws, tail swaying behind him like a metronome, as he awaited his conversational partner's approach.

Player 1:

He's pretty generous. Fridolf thought, as he ordered a plain dark-roast coffee. Black. He hated it black, but black was boring. He has a nice smile, though. Followed right behind, unprompted by the Mesmer's power. Which was good news for Ranjit, as an outright dislike would have been an impossible hurdle without breaking the wolf's mind.

Fridolf's ear twitched as the tiger took a seat. *Must keep receipts in his back pocket or something.* His drink took no time at all to get situated, and he settled down across from the tiger. Now that his attention wasn't divided, his mind seemed to split into multiple trains of thought at once. The superhero Wulfram may have preferred First Response, but he was uncannily effective at Detective Work. And while not a Mesmer, he seemed to be able to think in multiple directions at once when he put his mind to it. That one train of thought was devoted to studying the shape of Ranjit's jaw was secondary.

Player 2:

There was a slightly sweet smell to the tiger that hit Fridolf's nostrils, as well as a musky odor that intermingled with it. "First of all, thank you very much for giving me some of your time. I'm gathering this information in a social study to see how accurate or inaccurate several stereotypes about wolves are in modern society." He arched one eyebrow. "Several species have stereotypes attached to them, but I'd like to get a better understanding of people groups and representatives of them." He looked up into Fridolf's eyes, his own pair of baby blue eyes glistening. "I picked you because you seemed to be a bit of a loner. Most of the wolves I've seen on campus tend to hang out in groups, and while there's nothing wrong with that, I suspected you might have a different perspective that would be invaluable." That nice smile returned to his muzzle, as his tail swayed back and forth, back and forth. "Understand, I want to know if there's any truth to common cultural beliefs, and if there isn't, I'd like to help disprove some hurtful stereotypes."

The recognition of the 'nice smile' ran the risk of making the tiger purr. He bit back the urge, however, and gathered his will to project another thought into the wolf's mind, something to be placed amidst the trains of thought:

This tiger seems like he really cares about people!

His goal was to push Fridolf's opinion of him from a slightly negative one upwards and upwards. Growing better and better. If he could inspire butterflies in the pup's stomach, it would be ideal. But for now, he was merely here to gather information. "First question... have you ever felt any urge to be a part of a **Pack**? A larger organization of wolves organized in some sort of hierarchy?"

Player 1:

As it turned out, he'd be a tough cookie to crack once his mind was going. The thought certainly went through, but was simply snubbed as an unimportant train as he began to analyze the tiger's motives. *Is he suspicious of me? Maybe he knows I'm a registered Esper. A fan? A villain? He DOES look familiar.* All of these ran through his mind, as he worked to place why the tiger was really here. Another train analyzed the possibility that he was exactly as he said, while a third thought he might be a scammer. A fourth noticed the sweet-tinged musky smell, wondering where it came from. A fifth was wondering how the tiger could have such gorgeous eyes.

"Not really. Always been something of a lone wolf type." He replied promptly. Being part of an organization is too much hassle. Too many chains.

It was true that after enough time Active as a hero, Wulfram had been approached by many groups of Registered Espers, scouted to join their teams. He was perfectly willing to work with them, but he declined to sign on each and every time.

Player 2:

The Mesmer was careful not to frown. There was a stereotype about Enhancement-type Espers being vulnerable to mental manipulation, and it seemed like Wulfram wasn't quite fitting it. The wolf's mind was managing multiple different thoughts in parallel, buzzing with activity. It wasn't the most high-functioning mind Ranjit had ever touched, but it was better than many. And it made his heart race. He let his tail swish behind him gently, back and forth. Mere mental tricks would not be enough, it seemed. "I see. Alright, next question..." He made a show of his finger trailing down the page he had open on his binder, before letting it drop away. One of his most portable Augmentation tools, the gear he'd had built to enhance the potency of his powers as a Mesmer, was in his pants pocket. Touching it would activate it, and as long as he did it carefully, he could avoid alerting Wulfram. "Have you ever felt a desire to howl at the moon?"

His mental senses seemed to spring alive. Ranjit's passive senses of another mind were amplified somewhat while touching his tool. Just enough that he could more easily keep track of the thoughts running in Fridolf's head almost as effectively as the wolf himself did. With this enhanced sense, he was able to manage priorities easier, choosing which trains of thought to allow to continue and which to try and suppress; The idea that the tiger was a scammer was the train he most wanted to reroute. A thought pushed into Fridolf's mind that *it simply wasn't likely that the tiger was scamming him*. He'd done very little that scammers did, and seemed to only

want to ask him some questions, and not even about personal information. The train of thought was redirected to nowhere, a possibility to dismiss. "Third question I can ask as long as I'm having you consider things... did you know you have captivating eyes?"

Player 1:

The second question made Fridolf frown. "Wolves don't howl at the moon." He said flatly. "Feral wolves howl to communicate with each other over long distances. And you should make a note that it's a degrading bit of nonsense." *Well, he's not a scammer. A scammer wouldn't make a blunder like that.* He thought. Maybe not where the Mesmer was hoping it would go, but it accomplished the goal.

The third question, however, killed all but his final train, which sprung new threads of its own. *Did he notice me looking? Is he interested in me? Am I interested in him? Was this his plan all along?* And with these came a flutter in his stomach, which he did his best to push down. The self-satisfied look on the tiger's face made it hard, though.

Fridolf took a sip of his bitter coffee to help clear his mind, giving himself a convenient excuse to pause as he re-centered himself. "I don't think that question was on your sheet there, was it, Mr.?" He paused, realizing they had yet to even exchange names.

Player 2:

The tiger's pen scribbled onto the page, presumably writing down Fridolf's answer. "I think you might underestimate what's written on my sheet." Ranjit laughed, holding up the page and letting Fridolf see it. Scribbled into the margins was "**Question 3: Does he know he has captivating eyes?**"

The actual question three printed on the page was something entirely different, asking about the stereotype of wolves having superior senses. It wasn't as important, however, as the mental responses Ranjit was noticing from the off-duty superhero. He'd hit a goldmine of mental activity. The tiger worked steadily, trying to steer that final train towards a specific direction: "*Am I interested in him?*" became a question of greater priority in Fridolf's mind, as the tiger reared up in his seat and smiled. "**Ranjit Talis.** I work in the IT field, but I'm a bit of a hobbyist sociologist. I like the social sciences, especially because... well, I suppose I'm a people person." He let a rolling growl, almost a purr, escape his body. "I suppose I should admit a slight ulterior motive in asking you here. Seeing you all off on your own, I got to wondering why. You're quite handsome, and I imagine you might have no trouble finding friends or a partner if you tried." He let his tail dance back and forth behind him. "I found myself wondering why you were all alone, and if you ever got lonely." He chuckled. "Also, I found myself wondering if I could make you smile, even if only for a moment."

He chuckled. "Anyways, the real third question... As a wolf, do you feel you possess superior senses of smell or hearing?"

Player 1:

A goldmine indeed. The thought "*Am I interested in him?*" was easy to bring to the forefront, and the wolf found himself studying the tiger in earnest. As well as he could with the table between them, that is. That thought sent his tail swaying back-and-forth. "I'm Fridolf. **Fridolf Schneider**. And y-yeah..." He answered a bit flustered now. "I do, sometimes." Probably why he disliked his civilian persona so much, actually. Wulfram reveled in being alone. Fridolf drowned in it. *He's certainly good looking. And he took me out for coffee. I suppose this is supposed to be a first date?*

The real question, once asked, prompted Fridolf to close his eyes. His left ear twitched and his nose flared as he decided a demonstration would be better than a straight answer. When he honed his senses on the tiger, though, a few things became apparent. The musky smell was definitely urine, and it was coming from Ranjit. As was the sweet smell. It took a few seconds longer to place that one, as he'd never really given the baby aisle at the store any thought, but it was definitely a type of **puppy powder**. That added with the subtle sound of rustling under the tiger's pants... "That depends... are you wearing Depends?" He asked with a smirk. It wasn't a smile, per-se, but it flashed his fangs all the same.

Player 2:

"Hahaha! Very impressive!" Ranjit made no show of shame or embarrassment at the inquiry. He was long over any sense of modesty about his circumstances in life. "I was crippled in an accident at a very young age. I've since taught myself to walk again, but there was some irreparable damage down there. So yes, I do wear some protection of a certain sort." The tiger answered without any hint of immodesty in his voice. It was true that he was functionally unable to control his bladder (He could hold it, though it took a lot of self-control and focus and he usually didn't bother) "I suppose that might be why I sought out the vocation that I did." He would probe Fridolf's mind for any emotional reactions to that information. Any positive emotions (especially curiosity, interest, or attraction) attached to the knowledge would be something he would amplify. While at the same time, any negative reactions Fridolf had towards the information (such as disgust, revulsion, or hate) would be something the tiger would seek to reduce the intensity of... or destroy entirely, before they reached the canine's conscious mind. He put as much effort as he could into this, focusing and staring at the incognito superhero for a few moments. He was even sweating slightly with the exertion of his intense focus.

A moment later, he was tilting his head. Stupid. He still had to commit to the show of public interaction, or else he'd look suspicious! "Sorry! Ah, I was just remembering something. I have two more questions, if we can focus on them." He looked back down at his list, and moved onto question four. "Do you feel you have any predatory instincts, as a wolf?"

Player 1:

Well, there were certainly no outright hostile emotions, though Fridolf didn't find the idea of diapers particularly attractive. That said, flashes of "*What if that were me?*" made an excellent springboard for inserting a kernel of interest, something that could be grown. This new train of thought chugged speedily away, reaching the "*What would it feel like?*" station by the time Ranjit asked his next question.

"Hm? Well, I could ask you the same thing, and I'm sure you'd give a similar answer." Fridolf said, ears doing an easily missable dip in embarrassment as his mind seemed unable to detach from the thought of diapers now that it had wormed its way in. Had the tiger not been inside his head it would have gone by completely under the radar.

"I like chasing things, sure. Not a fan of sport hunting, though. Not that I'm against it, just not my thing." He said, not verbalizing the other half of that answer. That he did indeed participate in a type of hunt. Mainly dangerous criminals. Not petty robbers or bandits (at least, not without being ordered to by the city) but the truly dangerous Espers. Like **Firestorm**, who took out half the industrial district of the city three years ago. Or **Malificar**, who was a Mesmer that nearly caused a deadly riot in the city square.

Player 2:

Ranjit picked up on the thoughts of the wolf, particularly recognizing two names he found distasteful: Firestorm and Malificar. Both tremendously wasteful, destructive fools, in his opinion anyway. The Tiger had to suppress his instinct to growl, though in fairness managing his own emotions was not difficult for someone gifted with his sort of mental powers. While he listened to the hero's response, he would continue to tend to the idea in Fridolf's head.

What would it feel like?

The thought became not a train track, but a seed. A seed planted within the silly puppy's mind, finding itself in the fertile soil of a bright gifted mind who asked questions and was curious as part of his job. The tiger was already so proud of his future puppy, he had to resist the urge to purr and smother the hero with affection. Each moment they continued their conversation, he would continue to encourage the idea to take root in Fridolf's mind: *What would it feel like to wear diapers? To need diapers? To have to wear them like the tiger did? How would it feel to use a diaper like the tiger did? Did his cock work right? Could he top even in spite of his injuries? Would I want him to, or would I prefer him to bottom like a kitten?* The thoughts were things that Fridolf might have found alien before, but with the base of "*What would it feel like?*" in place, the tree would grow within his mind, growing from **curiosity** to **active interest**. Of course it would need to be maintained and fed again and again... but Ranjit was willing to bring as much of his power as he could to anchor the idea and the implications rising from it within his future puppy's mind.

Thankfully, the mental exertion only meant he was growing sweaty and a bit fatigued. He could manage to keep himself from looking too odd while he talked with the wolf. "Alright. My fifth question, then." The tiger flashed his coffee date a showy smile, baring his bright white fangs for a moment. "Do you feel the concept of **"alpha males"** and the like within canine sub culture to be a tiresome and cliché stereotype, or do you think it has some grain of truth to it? Or do you have a third opinion?"

Player 1:

"I-I find the idea of Alphas, Betas a-and Omegas to be very hurtful to the image of wolves. We're categorized as arrogant, s-submissive, or utterly useless. It's caused me no short amount of s-strife growing up." And that seemed to be true. Part of why he did his Lone Wolf thing, actually, was his dislike of how he was treated by groups in the normal world. Putting on a mask might free him, sure, but he had no illusions that other masked individuals were still the same short-sighted petty jocks that they were back in junior-high.

That said, his composure was starting to fray. The incessant thoughts about Ranjit's diapers was starting to push its roots through his well-laid tracks, derailing his other trains of thought. Soon he was finding it almost impossible to think about anything other than wearing special bedtime pants like the tiger.

"What does his diaper smell like?" That particular thought bloomed from Ranjit's tree all on its own. Along with a warm flicker of **lust** that caught Fridolf utterly off guard. He took a swig of his coffee, getting the dregs on the bottom of his tongue and savoring the bitter wash. It helped clear his head.

Player 2:

The line of thinking that was starting to steer Fridolf's thoughts was very appealing to the tiger, who felt his bladder slipping once more as he dribbled a bit into his diaper. With a soft sigh, he made sure that if the wolf could hear him doing the deed, he'd also hear how good it seemed to feel to the tiger. He wasn't bothered by his medical condition in the slightest. Quite the opposite, he was very fond of diapers these days.

And if he did pull this off, soon so would Fridolf be.

Writing down the wolf's response to the final question, he gave a nod and smiled. "Final question then." He reached down and pulled out a business card. He usually kept a few on him connected to his mundane life, just in case he needed them. Flicking it up onto the table and placing it down, he purred up to the wolf. "Would you like to see me again?" After a moment, he clarified. "I had a lot of fun, and beyond just being a good subject for the survey, I think I'd like to get to know you better." His ears were perked. This was a ***hunt*** for the tiger. One less meant for violence and more meant for more pleasurable activities. "What would you say to a lunch date somewhere? You can pick the time and date, whatever works around your schedule."

Player 1:

"U-um... L-lunch? Sure!" Fridolf said, ears now doing rather noticeable dips. The sound of Ranjit's diaper being filled with tiger-piss was unmistakable now that he knew the diaper was there. And now that he recognized the hints of fresh urine he kept smelling. That whiff of unusual salty scent he'd been unable to place earlier suddenly made sense. *It smells nice, doesn't it?*

The idea of having a lunch date was very appealing to him, but for reasons he found utterly confusing. *What if I borrowed a diaper?* He strangled down a whine before it could vocalize,

taking the card with a paw that was shaking not just because he was focusing really, really hard on keeping it steady. "H-how about Friday?" He said. "There's a good steak place. We can... um... have lunch there?"

Player 2:

Oh, that was *interesting*.

The tiger couldn't help but perk his ears at the thought. Did the *famous* superhero Wulfram have a private little fetish for piss? That was something worth encouraging. Although it wouldn't be easy; without his other amplifiers Ranjit was already feeling a bit taxed. Still, the tiger decided to push himself one last time and try to amplify that final thought.

It smells nice, doesn't it?

Becoming...

A wet diaper smells nice, doesn't it?

The tiger would feel his arms trembling slightly. If he exerted his mental powers too much without his Amplifiers it started to cause his nervous system some strain. He really couldn't push the poor puppy's mind any further. Even if it was safe for Fridolf, Ranjit's body would start to feel numb, and his limbs would grow sluggish and unresponsive if he pushed too hard. Not to mention he'd be at risk of severe migraines that made focusing his powers harder, and nosebleeds if he kept pushing himself too hard. "Friday sounds lovely. I'll have my secretary clear some room in my schedule for a long lunch. Contact me with the details of the restaurant's location and what time you'll be free." Ranjit pushed his chair back, standing up. His diaper was swollen enough that there was an outline of it along his pants. "Oh, and Fridolf?"

The big feline winked, with a toothy grin on his muzzle. "I caught you looking." The tiger would turn away, sauntering off with a confident hip wiggle, his tail swaying behind him almost like a metronome. He was quite content with how this engagement had played out, and he even thought he could see some blush under the wolf's fur. For the moment, however, he had plans to make, a diaper to change, and a costume to put on. It was time for his super-villain self to make some noise and get the attention of a certain super-pup that evening.

Player 1:

Fridolf, meanwhile, had to head home. His head swarmed with thoughts of Ranjit the entire trip back, ears and tail doing a little dance, and his face feeling hot the entire way. After using the number on the card to set up the lunch date he turned it in for the day. He would not, however, be getting that nap in. His mind would wheel around in circles, unable to stop thinking about the tiger, the crinkly diapers they wore, or the way Ranjit's piss-scent made his toes curl. Wulfram was in for a very long night, as pent up as Fridolf was leaving his alter-ego.

Player 2:

On its surface, this evening's plan was a terrible one.

It wasn't the **Mesmer Supervillain Dawon's** MO at all to be so public. He focused very heavily on blue collar crime and theft. The tiger had made himself known enough to garner a reputation, and there was a prideful part of the feline who reveled in having some level of infamy. But some of Dawon's absolute best crimes were ones no one even knew he had done. He'd left evidence, either legitimate or falsified, to implicate entities he disliked within major corporations. Sometimes he even targeted specific figures within businesses and politics he deemed dangerous or unworthy of their roles and implicated them of a crime specifically. He wasn't even much of a fighter, beyond about six years of martial arts training and a surprisingly high tolerance for pain. His superpowers were ill-suited for a brawl and usually if he had to use his martial arts training it meant something had gone terribly wrong.

So taking over a local television studio was one of the dumbest plans he'd ever committed to. Oh, he put in the time and effort. About fifty slightly-Mesmerized thugs wearing a uniform he had designed in ten minutes and had a friend mass produce. They had guns (armed with rubber bullets) and got to patrol around looking and feeling tough. He terrified a few overweight studio executives and underpaid local actors. No one had been harmed yet, beyond a few welts when a security guard tried to take control of the situation when Dawon wasn't in the room to handle the situation and his thugs had opened fire. The plan was stupid, would attract attention almost inevitably and likely escalate into a conflict.

And yet it was worth it.

It was worth it to lure Wulfram to the location. It was worth it to have recording equipment ready. It was worth being stupidly public for just one chance to accomplish his dream.

And it all began by interrupting the television waves.

"Why hello there, fair city-goers!" Dawon wore a helmet that disguised his species by covering his head and muzzle. He wore special pheromone perfume for similar reasons, to disguise his body's natural scents. A suit of sleek, lightweight gray body armor both absorbed blows and concealed his diapers.

"You may not know my name. It is **Dawon**, but that's unimportant. You see.... I've grown quite tired of media bias. What ever happened to objectivity in news reporting? Why all the propaganda? It's such a tedious, tiresome state of affairs. And the only thing worse than biased journalists seeking to brainwash instead of inform are the sheeple who buy into it." The tiger, whose supervillain costume made him look like a dog of some kind (all part of maintaining an effective alter-ego) gave a theatrical evil cackle as he leaned down to rest his head on his left paw, while seated at an otherwise-empty two person news desk. "So what's the solution here? I'm glad you asked! If we as a civilization cannot embrace objective truth, then we aren't worthy of broadcasting a message of any kind at all. Here's this television station's final news bulletin!" He sat up to pantomime a reporter's posture and pose, tapping some blank papers against the

desk. "Is there a bomb in this news station right now? News at eleven!" He chuckled. "But first a statement from our sponsor... Dawon the Super Villian! And that statement is... **"I might just rethink this entire hostage situation if Wulfram the esper charges right in to face me..."**

Player 1:

Wulfram received a call, a transmission from the **Esper Control Center**, or **ECC**. Apparently someone had taken over the studio, threatened the staff with guns, and had even challenged him directly. *What an idiot*. Given the armor, the initial reports figured that they were either a well-equipped **Mundane**, or a **Combat-type Esper**. Which made sense if they wanted to fight Wulfram directly.

As he made his way to the studio, he declared to himself that he would take them down quickly and without fanfare. No banter or prolonged show of a fight. Just finish them off quickly and unceremoniously to discourage copy-cats.

The word "**cat**" sent a train of thought directly to "Ranjit station", and by the time he landed next to the police barrier outside he was fighting with secondary thoughts about well-shaped tigers wearing wet diapers and giving him bedroom eyes. He was just a **mess** tonight.

"Focus!" He chided himself, as he got a briefing from the officers on-scene. The villain was still broadcasting, which meant he was in the studio on the tenth floor. The wolf took a few steps back before getting a running start. A single leap took him up five stories, and a quick hand-vault (which left a crater in the window frame) took him the rest of the way. Setting himself on the tenth-story frame, he kicked out the corner, forcing the window to fall in. No doubt the rattle and whoosh of air would alert them to his presence, but the wolf just needed to close with the Dawon quickly. Before they could think of using hostages to keep him in line.

Player 2:

Dawon was seated at the newscaster's desk when he heard the rattle and shattering of glass. The window had fallen inward and shattered. A whoosh of air followed it. The tiger took a deep breath in, steeling himself for what was to come. He had imagined he'd be more nervous when this encounter inevitably took place. But he was strangely calm. One feature of his powers as a **Mesmer-Class Esper** was his ability to control his own mind and manage his own emotions with a supernatural Will... but tonight, Dawon was surprised to learn that wasn't necessary. Even the fact that Wulfram had come from an angle he hadn't planned on wasn't particularly worrisome. (He had expected the hero to go for the hostages first, in case Dawon was the sort of supervillain who would kill anyone even if the heroes complied) Entering through the window hadn't been planned for... but he found it wasn't shocking either.

The situation was still under his control.

Looking up in the direction he'd heard the noises from, he reclined in the chair, putting his costumed boots on the desk as if he owned the broadcasting station. "I know you're here, you know." He allowed himself a cocky chuckle he'd never normally make. The second you got

arrogant was usually when you were about to lose, or so he'd learned from studying other supervillains. "You may as well step out now. I just want to talk. And if that's all that happens, no hostages will be harmed at all and I'll release them in fifteen minutes. But if you come in swinging, who knows what you might push me to do?" A fight was what Dawson was expecting given Wulfram's track record. But he always offered the rare foes he did end up fighting a chance at the easy way first... if only after he knew exactly how to screw them when they chose the hard way.

Player 1:

"Release the hostages now, and I'll sit down and listen. You'll get fifteen minutes." Wulfram countered. He didn't have backup, one of the flaws of operating as a Lone Wolf. That meant he had to move fast. The villain responded to the window quickly, so the wolf slid a speaker down in the shadowy corner, turning off the LED effects of his helmet. He figured he should be able to move around the field of view of this "Dawson", or whatever his name was. Keep him talking while facing the speaker, and then rush in at a different angle. He'd learned early on that you can't rely on the goodwill of a villain that has a bargaining chip. "You don't get to chat until they're free."

This was the point where his mundane skill set really shone. Everyone, of course, knew that Wulfram was super-strong. But many people don't seem to put together that strength and speed went paw-in-paw. He was little more than a blur as he moved across the studio, hoping the sudden breeze from the shattered window would cover the displaced air. He landed out in the open, getting a clear line to "Dawson", and made his second leap. Quick and dirty. At least, that was the plan.

Player 2:

"You're physically stronger than me AND you still have something *almost* resembling the element of surprise." Dawson crossed his legs, folding his arms against his lap and making a show of having not a single care in the world behind his own mask. His costume made him look canine (deliberately, it made him harder to identify) but the feline instinct to seem non-concerned even while in mortal danger was a damn hard one to resist. "So no, I don't think I'm going to be giving up my bargaining chip." He'd noted Wulfram's strength and strategy. But NOT the heroic wolf's speed. For a lot of physically inclined Espers **Strength** and **Dexterity** went hand in hand, and it was probably the case for Wulfram as well. But Dawson wasn't concerned about that... he kept himself pretty rigorously trained and had some special gear that left him feeling he could probably at least give the canine a run for his money in that respect. If Wulfram actually had super-speed to go with his super-strength, he might be in trouble however...

"How about this as a counter-offer? You show yourself at a distance, stand there, I release my hostages, and then we ta-aaah!" The tiger yelped as he saw Wulfram land and then launch himself at Dawson, the tiger pushing off the desk and falling backwards, letting the chair crash to the ground as he rolled backwards. His diaper crinkled under his outfit, hopefully inaudibly, as he tumbled backwards head over tail and landed on his footpaws, bouncing up to a standing

position and narrowly avoiding the initial assault. "Hah! Straight forward! Bold of you!" But the wolf was now within range of his foe.

And this time, Dawon had all his Augmenters with him. His psychic powers were fully enhanced, at the peak of what the tiger was capable of. And while he'd been as subtle as a surgeon's scalpel at the university before, now he was as blunt as a sledgehammer. Gazing forward to lock his eyes with Wulfram's, he growled as he projected his Will into the hero's mind. "**Sit down and suck your thumb.**" He said, his powers not trying to redirect train tracks now, but trying to force Wulfram to be unable to think of anything else than the command and obeying it.

Player 1:

The villainous Mesmer's plans might've worked. Except that Dawon wasn't the only one with his equipment this time. His mental assault got as far as Wulfram's helmet before it simply *dispersed*. Another thing the feline foe apparently hadn't counted on, but now it made a lot of sense. **Enhancement-Type Espers** were commonly vulnerable to **Mesmer** assaults, so of course the wolf, who went solo, had some form of defense! His helmet!

The wolf took a swing at Dawon, looking to go for a takedown. That said, the compulsion had still been pretty strong, and while he didn't run the risk of following it, it did unbalance him a bit, causing him to stumble, letting the cat dance out of his reach. One thing was clear. If Wulfram got his paws on Dawon, the game was over.

Player 2:

"Hm. Unexpected." Dawon wasn't so arrogant as to deny it when he made a mistake. He'd expected Wulfram to be a pushover when it came to the tiger's mental abilities, and that clearly wasn't the case. An unfortunate consequence to **NOT** getting into these silly Esper-vs-Esper conflicts on a regular basis: His instincts and expectations weren't honed for this sort of thing. Hopping backwards and avoiding the takedown. Dawon used the momentum of his motion to grab the office chair he'd knocked over previously and swung it at Wulfram, letting it fly and keeping the stumbling canine off-guard. "I do believe we've hit a stumbling point here. You're clearly not willing to talk except on your terms, and I'm not quite bloodthirsty enough to want a fight I might lose." The tiger also wasn't arrogant enough to deny it when he was outmatched.

Despite certain cat-instincts insisting he do just that.

And so the feline made a theatrical, pronounced shrug. "So you win. I concede defeat. You can retake the broadcast station, the elaborately disguised metal shell I claimed was a bomb, and I'll have my hired thugs peacefully leave the premises. Following Exit Strategy 2-B, of course. If I get a reputation of just letting the hired help get arrested when a scheme goes sour, it'll be harder to recruit new ones in the future." **Exit Strategy 2-B** was a controlled retreat through the tunnel under the television studio that he'd made into the sewers. It was how they'd gotten in unnoticed in the first place, and since they'd literally dug in from underground it was unlikely the authorities would think to stop them there. All it took was a message delivered to the five

slightly-more-intelligent thugs he'd designated as Captains and it was already beginning to play out.

"Of course, you'll have to want to arrest me. Can't have that, even in defeat." The tiger frowned beneath his mask. Hiding his species with scented chemicals and body-costumes would keep him relatively safe from identification, but he had to escape first. And he didn't want to leave his handsome hero without something to remember him by.

The chair thrown at Wulfram was unlikely to actually hurt the hero. But what Dawon was going to do after it was certainly going to hurt **HIM**. Mind-tricks were easy for the tiger. Telekinesis was not.

In fact, telekinetically lifting or manipulating anything heavier than a fork was exhausting for Dawon. His Augmenters helped with that, a little bit, but even so what he was about to do was going to cause him migraines and a nosebleed at the very least.

Taped underneath the chair was a small syringe filled with a pale blue fluid. It trembled for a moment where the chair lay after hitting Wulfram.

And then ripped free of its binding to plunge itself into an exposed part of Wulfram's flesh, injecting its contents into the hero.

The wolf would not feel any different from the injection's contents. At least not immediately. But he would see Dawon stumble backwards for a moment, clutching his helmet.

And then turn and bolt for the nearest stairwell.

Player 1:

While the chair didn't hurt, it didn't prevent him from stumbling. He hadn't been expecting that move. A gun? Sure. A chair? He must have really shaken the villain. As Wulfram recovered he started to press forward, only to have a sudden sharp pain cause him to stumble again. By the time he pulled the syringe out, Dawon was out of immediate reach. And he didn't have the time to pursue his foe for capture. He needed to confirm the hostages' safety first. *No way can I trust that the bomb was a fake.*

Normally a thrown chair wouldn't have so much as slowed him. And a syringe like that would have just plinked off his skin. But he was distracted tonight, and he hadn't been as vigilant about blocking attacks as he should have been. While Invulnerability, or rather the **Reinforcement of his Body**, was a power Wulfram possessed, he still had to activate it. An unexpected assassination could be quite lethal, one of the reasons he kept a low-profile civilian identity.

Feeling aggravated at the botched capture attempt, and the two successful attacks landed by Dawon, he informed the police that the perps were withdrawing, and to send in the bomb squad. The wolf, meanwhile, went to hunt down the hostages. He would play up the PR side of being a

Superhero. Not that he'd stick around for long, just enough to let them know he was the one responsible before getting a friend to analyze the toxin. *Best not to put that off.*

Player 2:

Dawon vaulted down the stairwell, trying to avoid twisting or breaking an ankle and fighting bouts of dizziness. He was far from his best right now. **Telekinesis** was *NOT* a power he could employ lightly. If he stopped running for too long, he'd probably vomit out his lunch. Maintaining the fast pace helped him stay focused. He kept running. Racing down the stairs and heading for the escape tunnel he'd set up. With some luck, he'd escape from Wulfram and make it to the exit.

Of course, this wasn't exactly a failure. "Didn't expect him to have something to block **Mesmer** abilities, but... the toxin was a second resort, not even my last one. I still accomplished my goal." His goal was an expensive waste of resources, but it made sense given his actual motives: The toxin itself was intended to be a fast-acting drug that attacked parts of the body and decayed quickly to avoid detection. Specifically, it would target the nerves that controlled Wulfram's bladder control, causing permanent damage. The impressive hero would start to have trouble noticing when he had to pee, and more trouble "holding it" when he knew he had to.

Dawon was familiar with the toxin very well. After all, he'd been a victim to it once.

Painfully aware of how much he was soaking his diaper as he ran, the supervillain made his escape into the night.

While Wulfram would feel a sudden and painful need to pee, just as he was in the middle of coordinating hostage rescue.

Player 1:

Sudden, painful, and distracting. *What would it be like to wear diapers? Fuck, this is not what I need to think about right now! Dawon's toxin? Probably.*

He focused his abilities inwards, doing what he should have done the moment he saw the syringe. He amped up his metabolism, working to break down whatever poison was in his bloodstream.

Wulfram gave the hostages a brief wave, before telling the police he would pursue Dawon. That there was still a chance to pick up the villain's trail. In reality, he was going to rush for his base, hopefully before he managed to embarrass himself. Still, he made a dashing figure as he leapt from the window into the night. His reputation intact.

At least for the moment...

What a mess of a night. His head hadn't been in the game at all. And now, he was having to **Reinforce** his bladder-muscles to keep from piddling himself like a young puppy. *Why don't you*

let go? Fuck. Let loose all over yourself? The thoughts made Wulfram growl in frustration. He wasn't going to degrade himself like that!

Was he?

The entire trip back, he was running through multiple scenarios of Rajit and him. The tiger asking all sorts of scandalous questions, those eyes silently urging him to give in.

The wolf landed on the top of a building, vaulting over the edge and sliding down the wall in a controlled fall. A quick glance left and right confirmed that his only company here was a dumpster and a bunch of loose trash cans. Eyes squeezing shut, he second-guessed what he was about to do. *What would it feel like to wear diapers? To need diapers? To have to wear them like Rajit did? How would it feel to use a diaper like the tiger did?*

He wasn't wearing a diaper, but he did consciously release the **Reinforcement** to his bladder. And his body did the rest, with or without his consent. Warmth flooded between his legs, filling the hero-brief he was wearing. The water repellent material didn't absorb anything other than the smell, causing liquid to cascade out along his thighs, running down his legs. It flowed over and under his greaves, finally pooling into a puddle around his feet. The sense of pure relief was bliss to the wolf. And he needed to readjust himself as he got unusually excited at the deviant act. He'd just pissed himself.

Like a little puppy.

Almost immediately afterwards he felt regret. *What the hell am I doing!?* He thought, looking down at the puddle, glistening in the light of a flickering alley bulb. Taking a few steps back, he vaulted up and out of the alley, finishing his trip home. He'd need a long shower to work that piss-smell out of his fur.

Player 2:

It was almost like a lightbulb flickering on in Wulfram's brain. Letting go, peeing into his briefs like a helpless little puppy... it came with it an almost-addictive sense of euphoria that flooded his brain and momentarily made it hard for him to think of anything else other than the sensation. Pavlovian Conditioning was in play... each 'accident' would reward the hero with more endorphins while using a potty like a big boy would just be rewarded with nothing at all.

As he wet himself the questions flooded his mind. Wondering what it would be like to wear diapers like Ranjit did. To need diapers like Ranjit did.

It turned out there was a certain **joy** in release. Needing diapers felt pretty damn good.

But the pleasure of wetting himself was fleeting. Wulfram would find himself left with piss-soaked pants and an awkward boner that didn't seem to want to go down. Throbbing and drooling precum against his crotch while he left the alleyway, heading home.

While his costume drip-drip-dripped puppy pee behind him.

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Things died down over the next few days. Dawon would not cause any more problems, likely laying low after his heist went so fantastically bad. Wulfram was heralded as a hero once more, his embarrassing incident in the alleyway unknown to everyone except himself. Investigations into the contents of the syringe came up revealing nothing... the Esper's **Metabolism Boost** had apparently eradicated even trace elements of the drug, making it impossible to identify what he'd been injected with in the first place. And the canine felt fine... admittedly, he had a few moments when he had to run to a toilet or risk wetting himself again (plagued by more curious thoughts each time) but whatever negative effects the toxin had had were likely things he'd overcome with his powers.

It wouldn't be until about a week later when Ranjit would approach the hero again, as a civilian.

**[End Part 1]**