

It was another normal day in the city whose occupants were busy with life as usual. People went about to their destinations either in a hurry or took their time. Companies were busy. Schools were busy and stores were busy. Of those stores, one was busy with its usual amount of customers who came and went to buy things they needed or wanted. However, their clientele were the type of people that most of society would shun because of their peculiar taste. And what was that store you may ask? It was none other than an adult store called "Hanzo's Adult Emporium". An adult store that sold all things related to sex and sold bondage and BDSM gear. Mr. Hanzo, the store owner was a 5'4, Japanese man in his late 40s with a bald head, a chubby figure and a thin mustache with a small beard. He was a single man, never married, something that some women found

attractive and he had his fair share of dates that led to a homerun but he never settled down. According to his clients, he was a very friendly man who did not judge and very knowledgeable. Every week from Tuesday to Thursday, his store held classes in the evening to educate people on proper sex practices and what not, ensuring people would not get hurt. This was one of the reasons many people who visited his store or knew him considered the man to be friendly. The store itself was a large two story building with an upstairs apartment where Mr. Hanzo lived.

The front of the store bore three large glass displays that were filled with mannequins displaying the many items and gear his store sold. A few of the mannequins were even fully dressed up in latex or leather suits complete bondage gear. Said display cases faced out towards the main road, allowing people who

walked by to see the wares and to even gossip about them. Women, young and old would either blush or makes faces at the things they saw. Men, young and old, made the same faces. However, Mr. Hanzo had a secret that not even his own employees knew about.

Mr. Hanzo stretched his arms, glad to be done for the day. It was after hours and the store was already locked up and his employees had all gone home already. It was the beginning of a three day holiday and Mr. Hanzo had announced that the store was going to be closed so that everyone could relax. But that was all a cover for what he had planned. Mr. Hanzo made his way from the back of the store towards the front, humming to himself. At the front of the store he stopped behind the door that led to the third display area in

the front of the store where the metal shutters were already down, blocking everything from the public. Opening the door, he was greeted by the sound of buzzing sex toys and muffled moans, eliciting a dark smile upon his face. Within the display area was a single figure, encased from head to toe in a pitch black leather suit that hugged her frame in a tight manner, accentuating her large breasts, wide hips and her large but firm ass.

She positioned on top of what was called a wooden horse: triangular shaped frame with an edge that dug into her pussy. Her long slender legs, encased in thigh high leather ballet boots, were tied down on the sides, held in place with rope around her ankles that were tied off to hooks on the floor. Her arms were bound behind her back in a leather armbinder and pulled upward, forcing her to bend over. At

the end of the armbinder was a small metal ring through which rope was used to pull her bound arms upward in a manner that put pressure upon her shoulders. Around her throat was a thick and wide posture collar that forced her to look straight ahead as it pushed down upon her shoulders, preventing her from looking in any other direction.

Encasing her head was a thick leather bondage hood that was laced up so tightly that it accentuated her facial features beneath the hood and the large ballgag in her mouth that left her jaw stretched wide open in a painful manner. The hood itself bore no openings for the eyes or the mouth, save for two little holes over the nose area and a hole in the back. Long flowing blonde hair was threaded through the back of the hood and done up into a single braid and then pulled upwards where the end of it was tied off to another

hook. This helped to keep her head in place, a further measure that prevented her from even wiggling her head.

Strapped to the wooden horse was a large vibrating wand, its large head pressed deeply against her pussy and clitoris where it vibrated on a high intensity. This was made worse by the two egg vibrators tapped over her nipples beneath the suit, hiding them from view and the large vibrating anal plug that filled her ass. All of these sex toys combined, vibrating on their highest settings sent waves of pleasure coursing through the woman's body, drowning her mind in pleasure.

"And how are we today, Luna?" asked Mr. Hanzo, his voice eliciting an angry muffled grunt that turned into a moan of pleasure as another powerful orgasm struck her body. Dressed in the leather suit, one could

not see her eyes rolling back into her skull from the orgasm nor could they see how wet she was, with her inner thighs soaked. This woman was none other than the superheroine known as Luna and for the last two days, she had been Mr. Hanzo's captive. Two days ago, she was a free woman, fighting for justice and for the people. Two days ago, she fought against evil where ever it was and defended the people. Two days ago, she was doing that, having saved Mr. Hanzo from a pair of thieves who were trying to rob him outside of his shop. She had been successful, her good deed saving Mr. Hanzo from losing his life and his money. However, her good deed only earned her this nightmare. After the police took away the two thieves, she stayed with him for a few moments to ensure he was ok and had even accepted a cup of tea from him within his store where she realized what kind of store it was. That had been her downfall and mistake. Upon

drinking the tea, her world began to spin and she found herself going weak. The last thing she saw was Mr. Hanzo's evil grin.

When Luna awoke some time later, she found herself in darkness, pain, and in tight bondage. She couldn't move one inch and to her horror, discovered that she could not access her powers to free from this growing nightmare. She could feel the large anal plug in her ass, the small objects taped over her nipples and she also felt something pressing into her pussy and clitoris on top of the wooden horse splitting her in half. Luna couldn't even move her legs due to the tightness of the bindings preventing her from moving them and she was sure she would have a hard time walking the boots encasing her feet as they forced her toes to point downward. She screamed through the gag for help, hoping someone could save her, free her from this situation. Then the sex

toys came to life, their high vibrations drawing a muffled scream of shock from her. It sent her into a frenzy, the unwanted pleasure quickly coursing through her body. In the back of her mind, she knew something was wrong as there was no way sexual pleasure could act this fast. For several moments she struggled to no avail. Her attempts to get free bore no fruits, not even her powers came back. She was now as strong as a normal woman. A normal woman who was in strict bondage and now being sexually tortured. As the sex toys continued to pleasure her, her body began to react more and more, betraying her. She felt a warmth spreading through out her body, her nipples becoming erect beneath.

Luna screamed into her gag when the first orgasm struck, thundering through her body like a tidal wave, her eyes rolling up into her skull as her mind went blank. The

sex toys kept vibrating, drawing out the orgasm even further before the suddenly stopped leaving her to bask in the after glow. Her moans of pleasure turned into whimpers as the rational side of her mind tried to regain control of the pleasure coursing through the other half of her mind. She even tried to focus on escaping once more while wondering if someone had heard her scream. Luna's thoughts were dashed once more when the sex toys came to life, eliciting a muffled whimper. This went on and on for several hours, leaving her mind and body a mess. She was desperately trying to keep it together, trying to keep her will from breaking but she wasn't sure how long she could resist. Luna was relying on her friends and fellow superheroines to rescue her, hoping they would come soon. But they didn't come and some time later, she heard a door opening and someone coming in. That someone turned out to be Mr. Hanzo and

after he introduced himself, Luna's blood went cold when he told her why he did it and what he was going to do to her.

That had been two days ago after her capture. That first night in captivity saw her being forced to pleasure her captor with her mouth and being forced to swallow his seed. He said it was all part of her training to be his perfect sex toy, something that filled her anger but also fear if she was not rescued. This was done several times before she was re-gagged and forced to sleep all bound up. The next day saw her in the same position in the display case, bound and forced to cum against her will. That morning her captor informed her of where she was at and that she was on display for all to see. Those words struck like lightning in her mind and as she came against her will, she could imagine the eyes of people watching her. Judging her for acting like that in public.

Words like slut and whore filled her head as she began to imagine people calling her those things. She tried screaming for help, hoping that someone walking by would hear her and she even tried to struggle as much to get people's attention, hoping some one think something was wrong. But unknown to Luna, taped to the window, above head head was a sign informing the public that the "mannequin" inside was a robot. Something that was displaying the products Mr. Hanzo sold in his store and as such, no one questioned it.

"Mng!" moaned Luna, her body shaking from the orgasm. She knew it was now the end of her third day of captivity, having been able to keep track of things after her captor told her. Luna was still holding onto the hope that she would be found, that help would come. However, a small voice of doubt began to take root in the back of her mind, whispering into her mind to give

in. To become Mr. Hanzo's pet, his sex toy. It whispered that no rescue was coming, that she was not going get free. That this was all she was good for. That she was not a superheroine.

"Lively as ever I see," smirked Mr. Hanzo his hands began to massage Luna's breasts, eliciting more muffled grunts of anger that were mixed with moans of pleasure. "Oh good, you like that. Let's get you back upstairs and continue with your training."

Those words made Luna whimper in terror at what was to come. She hoped rescue would come soon.

Six Months Later

Mr. Hanzo was seated at his desk,

pouring over some paperwork when suddenly, the back door buzzer went off. It was after hours and all the employees had already left, plus there were no more shipments scheduled to occur this late at night. He looked over to the security monitor next to his desk and his eyes went wide at what he saw. There were four women standing at the back door but they were not just any women. They were all superheroines and fellow superheroines of Luna. Just from the black and white film, he could tell who they were.

There was the stunning DareDoll Sapphire in her tight fitting, blue one piece leotard with her thigh high boots. The beautiful woman's long blonde hair cascaded down her back like a water fall and her white mask hid her true identity. Standing next to her was the equally beautiful Blue Jay with her long raven hair reaching down to her waist. She was dressed in a simple, short

length dress that bore spaghetti straps, hugging her curvy frame in such a manner that made men drool all over themselves and knee length black boots. Like her friends, she to wore a mask to hide her identity. Next was Blue Streak, dressed her one piece, blue leotard that accentuated her large breasts with its blue elbow length gloves. Her long legs were encased in blue thigh high stockings over which she wore knee length boots. Blue Streak's long flowing sliver hair added to her beauty and mystery. And unlike the others, she did not wear a mask to hide her identity and yet, people still did not know who she was in the civilian world. Lastly was PatriotGirl with her red, white and blue outfit that consisted of a short sleeved leotard and spandex pants of the same color. The front of her outfit bore a plunging neck line that showed off her large breasts, something that was used to distract her enemies and her knee length red boots

lifted her firm ass. She too wore no mask to hide behind, relying only the fact that again, no one knew who she really was.

"My my my. Looks I get to expand my collection," said Mr. Hanzo before glancing at the large locker behind his desk.

"Mr. Hanzo, thank you for meeting with us," began DareDoll Sapphire as she and the other superheroines were now seated inside Mr. Hanzo's office. On the desk in front of them were four cups of freshly made tea from which they begun to drink from. Mr. Hanzo was seated on the other side of the desk, sipping from his tea.

"Of course ladies. By chance, is this in regards to your missing friend?" he asked, keeping a straight face.

"It is," spoke BlueStreak. "Those two thieves who attempted to rob you the night Luna saved you were found dead yesterday morning. Thus we are left with no more clues."

"We were hoping that you may have remembered anything else," added Patriot Girl.

"Perhaps your cameras caught something that night," said Blue Jay, looking over towards the security monitor next to his desk.

"Unfortunately, my cameras were down that night as the storm the night before fried the system," replied Mr. Hanzo. As he listened to the superheroines speak, he began to see the drug he put in their tea kicking in. Blue Jay's speech suddenly began to slur as did the others who then

discovered their bodies becoming weak.

"Wash dsh yish duu tuu uss?" moaned DareDoll Sapphire as she looked over at Mr. Hanzo. Gone was her strength and she was finding it harder and harder to move and speak. All four women looked at Mr. Hanzo and the evil smile that was now upon lips as he put down his tea.

"Ladies, I'll tell you what happened to your friend, Luna," he said as he stood up, pushed his chair in and went to the large locker behind his desk. He took his time spinning the dial on the lock, looking over his shoulder as he watched PatriotGirl slump forward onto the desk while BlueStreak was now leaning over to the side while still managing to look at him. Blue Jay herself was slumped back in her seat, her head propped up on the back of the chair, allowing her to see him. Moment's later, he had the locker open and

stood off to the side, allowing the four weakened women to see what was inside. Their eyes went wide with shock and horror followed by garbled groans as they laid eyes upon their missing friend.

From out of the locker stepped Luna, dressed in a tight fitting latex outfit that hugged her body, accentuating her curves. Around her midsection was a corset that squeezed her stomach and propped up her large breasts. Luna's arms were bound behind her back in a harsh reverse prayer that saw her bondage mitt clad hands touching the back of her head. The lower half of her face and her neck was covered in a neck corset that hid the large and girthy dildo gag keeping her silent. Her long blonde hair was done up into pigtails that nearly reached her ankles with red bows in them. Luna stepped forward on ballet boots that bore 20 inch heels, forcing her to walk on the tips of her toes

while her ankles were cuffed with a short length of chain in between them, shortening her stride.

"Nngno!" moaned the women in horror at seeing their missing friend and the look of submission in her eyes.

"That's right ladies. Your friend Luna is now my sex toy," said Mr. Hanzo as he groped Luna's breasts, eliciting a muffled moan of pleasure from her. "You came too late to save your friend but don't worry. All of you will be together from now on. You'll be joining her in becoming my sex toys."

All four women let out moans of disbelief and fear at his words as they were now powerless to do anything.

"Oh, before I forget. That tea you drank, it contains a chemical that seals away your superheroine abilities, leaving you as

strong as normal women. You'll be weak for the next two hours which is enough time for me to get you ready for your new lives."

The women could do nothing as Mr. Hanzo dragged them one by one to the storage room in the back where they were quickly stripped of their clothing. Then they were gagged with massive ballgags, hooded with leather bondage hoods that bore no openings save for two small holes over the nose area and then put in armbinders with bondage mitts on their hands. This was followed by a leather harness framing their sexy bodies and then knee length ballet boots on their legs with ankle cuffs upon them. The final touch was tight fitting collars buckled around their throats with a single chain looping them all together. Said chain was then clipped to a hook in the wall, preventing the captured superheroines

from going anywhere. By the time Mr. Hanzo was done, the women had regained their mobility and some of their strength, allowing them to struggle and scream into their gags. They had even managed to stand up in their ballet boots and were now doing their best to keep from falling over. Their struggles made their breasts shake, arousing Mr. Hanzo. All of their muffled grunts and screams ceased when they heard a woman moaning in pleasure from being fucked and took them a few moments to realize that their captor was fucking Luna nearby. That drove them into a frenzy, but they were powerless, unable to do anything to stop Mr. Hanzo. A growing fear filled them all as they wondered on their fate.

The following day, Mr. Hanzo's store was filled with customers as usual with many

of them complimenting the new robotic "mannequins" in the display windows up front. No one realizing that those were not mannequins but real women bound, gagged, hooded and encased in leather and latex against their wills. As before, the display areas were enclosed within sound proof rooms, thus no one could hear their muffled screams, whimpers and pleas for help. Each woman was bound up a strict manner with sex toys drawing unwanted orgasms from their bodies and drowning their minds in pleasure as the chemical in their blood stream made their bodies react to the stimulation far quicker.

Mr. Hanzo watched all of this from his office, on the security monitor. His large wooden desk hid the fact that Luna was beneath his desk, her mouth filled with his cock as she pleased her Master. She let out little moans of pleasure she bobbed her head back and forth, taking him all the

way to the root. All the months of captivity and training had broken Luna and soon she became an obedient sex slave to her Master. A sex toy for his pleasure. That was all that mattered to her now. Gone was her old life, replaced with a life of servitude and soon her former friends would see it that way too.

