

A cool night breeze blew through the air, rustling leaves on the trees, accompanied by the sound of crickets. The full moon above in the sky was blocked from time to time by passing clouds, blocking its light and bathing the land below in darkness. This in turned helped a woman as she scurried across the wide open yard of the retirement home located on the outskirts of the city. Said woman was none other than Batwoman who was dressed in black, skin tight outfit that hugged her body in all the right places. It highlighted her wide hips with her long slender muscular legs, and her firm large breasts. Her long red hair cascaded down her back like a waterfall while her mask hid part of her beauty.

The reason the famous superheroine was hear at a retirement home on the edge of the city was to investigate one of the

elderly patients who was rumored to be an ex-Nazi, a war criminal from WWII who managed to escape justice and was now rumored to be here. Batwoman stealthily moved up against the side of the main building, her eyes searching for any signs of trouble and for the cameras. Seeing none, she moved to the back of the building and quietly made her way over to the last patient room on the far end of the building. There was a simple window that led into the room but Batwoman was unable to see inside due to the curtain covering the window. Due to the lack of lighting from within, Batwoman deduced the man was asleep. Retrieving a gadget from her tool belt, she was able to unlock the simple locking mechanism and quietly slide the window up. Batwoman slowly poked her head in, parting the curtains, to see if it was clear. But it was not, the moment her head was fully inside the room, a sudden blow to the back of her

head knocked her out where she collapsed in the window, unconscious.

When Batwoman finally awoke, it was to a bright light and to a headache. She let out a moan and tried to move her hands to block the light but found them unresponsive. Nor was she able to move her head, filling her with fear and questions. She began to worry when she tried to talk only to discover no words coming out of her mouth, not even her lips were moving.

"Well look who is finally awake," said an elderly man's voice that made her eyes open fully. She tried looking with her eyes but couldn't see anything. A moment later, an old man's face came into view, blocking the light. His skin was weathered, tan in color and bore a few scars including one

that went across his left eye from top to bottom. His eyes were black and yet they appeared menacing and sent a shiver up Batwoman's spine despite her not being able to move. She couldn't move but she still had feeling in her body and uttered a surprised moan when a large hand latched onto her left breast, a sign that she was fully naked.

"Ah you feel wonderful, Fraulein," said the old man, his German accent now coming out. "Imagine my surprise when I learned that the famous Batwoman was going to pay me a visit. Mmn. Now that you are hear, I regret to inform you that you will not be leaving here."

His words made the captive woman's eyes go wide and she tried to move her body once more but found it unresponsive.

"Ungn," she muttered, her voice eliciting

a little chuckle from her captor as he finally removed his hand from her breast.

"Oh don't worry my little Fraulein. I am not going to kill you. No, that would be a waste," said the old man as he stepped out of view for a moment before stepping back into view with something in his hands. It took a Batwoman a few seconds to recognize what it was. A jet black, thick leather bondage hood in the shape of bat mask. There were no openings for the eyes nor for the mouth. The sight of it made her go still, eyes wide once more with fear.

"I think its only suiting that my new pet keep her secret identity after all," said the old man as moved out of view again. Batwoman became frantic, her eyes moving back and forth in panic as she tried once more to will her body to move. At the same time she tried to get her voice to work again but nothing responded to

her attempts. The old man came back, this time wearing a gloves and holding a large bottle. Then he began to pour the contents of the bottle onto the flesh of her legs. It was a cold liquid that made goosebumps break out all across her skin as he began to spread all over her legs with his gloved hands. At the same time he began to hum to himself a tune. A German tune.

Batwoman could do nothing but lay there as the old man's hands spread the mysterious liquid all over her legs all the way up her hips on the front and sides and below her ass on the back. Even her inner thighs were covered.

"Now for the fun, Fraulein," said the old man, out of Batwoman's view. She let out a startled moan when one of her legs was lifted and she felt something slipping up it. This was quickly followed by her other leg and she quickly realized that it was leather going up and over her legs. Up and over

her knees it went and then over her waist where Batwoman now knew she was wear leather pants of some sort. Because she could not move or see, Batwoman was unaware of the zippers over her crotch and ass. She could only grunt in anger when the old man repeated the process but this time on her upper body where he took great pleasure in spreading the liquid all around the base of her breasts but never touching them, leaving her puzzled.

Batwoman's idea of being dressed in leather pants changed when she felt the old man rolling something up her skin from her waist, telling her that she was now being forced into a leather suit of some sort. Moments later, her arms were fitted through the long sleeves only to discover there was no opening at the end of the sleeves. Her hands were forced into fists and she could feel the mysterious liquid pool around them.

"Now then my Fraulein, I guess its time I tell you what is about to happen," said the old man, an evil smile upon his face as he held up a massive ballgag that made her eyes go wide. "This gag is going to go into your mouth forever. Permanently. You see, I covered your entire body with glue except for the important areas that will be of use to me."

If Batwoman could scream, she would have. If she could punch this man, she would have. Instead, fear coursed its way into her being, filling her with dread as she could only watch as the old man covered the ballgag with the glue that would seal it in her mouth forever. Her jaw was forced open and the ballgag shoved in without mercy, eliciting muffled and garbled whimpers as her jaw was stretched wide open to its limits in a painfull manner. It was buckled tight in place with more glue

covering the buckles. Then he held up the leather hood and began smearing the glue inside of it. The last thing Batwoman saw was the evil grin on her captor's face before she was plunged into permanent darkness. The hood was laced up tightly over her head, so tightly that it accentuated her facial features. From there, the old man cut any of her hair sticking out of the bottom of hood, followed by gluing a collar around her throat. Attached to the collar was a name tag that bore her new name: Fraulein.

With that done, the old man removed his gloves before flipping Batwoman over onto her back where he forced her arms into a tight fitting leather armbinder that trapped her arms behind her back while accentuating her large breasts. Upon her legs went thigh high, ballet boots that bore 20 inch heels that would force her to walk upon the tips of her toes. Once she was

fully dressed, Batwoman was carried over to the old man's closet where he had a secret compartment that was barely big enough for Batwomen to stretch out. A short length of chain was clipped to her collar and then she was closed in, locked behind a false wall. hidden from all view.

The following night when the old man opened up the false wall, he was greeted by a struggling Batwoman whose screams were muffled by the gag, pleading to be let go. Her voice was already hoarse from the constant screaming and now her body was weary from the struggling and from the lack of food.

"Oh is my little Fraulein scared?" asked the old man, mockingly. Batwoman replied with several muffled grunts along the lines of curses at him, but he only laughed at that. The short chain was unclipped from

her collar, replaced with a leash where she was forced out of the small compartment and made to walk in her new heels. She stumbled about, barely able to walk on her toes and was forced to rely upon her captor. Batwoman was taken to a small dining table in the middle of the kitchen where she was forced to bend over a chair with her legs spread wide. Her leash was tied off to a hook beneath the table, keeping her in place. Then she felt the zippers over her ass and pussy being pulled down, sending cool air to brush up against her private areas.

"Its time to feed you your liquid diet, my little Fraulein," said the old man as he held up a syringe. "You know, modern medicine has come so far. If we had this stuff when I was a young lad in the German army, we could have won the war."

Batwoman let out a muffled squeal as

she felt the needle pierce her skin followed by her hunger and thirst disappearing as the mysterious medical cocktail went to work.

"Now my little Fraulein, its time for my fun," the old man's words sent a shiver up Batwoman's spine and whimpered in fear when she hear him unzipping his pants. She nearly jumped and tried to run away when she felt him pushing into her pussy, his large cock already lubed up and hard as a rock, ready to go. His hands latched onto her breasts, holding her place as he used them to hilt himself into her depths.

"Ah so tight my little Fraulein," cooed the old man. "This is your new life now. No one knew you were coming here and not even Batman will save you."

Batwoman whimpered into her ballgag as she fucked and used by her captor. In

the back of her mind, she hoped that rescue would come, that someone would rescue her. But it was not to be. Several months later she would still find herself enslaved by the old man and kept hidden as his pet in her new uniform.