

Big Barda let out a moan as another powerful orgasm struck, sending waves of pleasure coursing through her body like a tidal wave, nearly making her trip. Her body shook, fluids dripping down her inner thighs as she tried to keep on her toes. She couldn't use her hands in any manner nor was she allowed to enjoy the moment. Even if she could.

"Na ha, Kitty," said a man. No, her captor. In the back of her mind, Big Barda still couldn't believe this was happening. She had been helping the local law enforcement who were shorthanded after the attack and massive battle with Brainiac and his machines. The clean up was now in its fourth day and people were still being rescued. All emergency forces were mobilized but were at their breaking point. It was at that moment that many of the rift raft evil doers decided to go out and take

advantage of the chaos. Thus Big Barda was helping the police deal with the crime. She had answered a call for a disturbance in the warehouse district only to be ambushed by a partially destroyed machine of Brainiacs. The ensuing battle was short lived as she was able to destroy it but the machine managed to slip a power suppressing collar around her throat, leaving her as strong as a normal woman. On top of that, it had injected her with a partial dose of a weakening agent in an attempt to capture her.

However, upon the destruction of the robot, Big Barda found herself unable to move or call for help, her body weak. That was when he pounced on her. From the darkness of a nearby warehouse, a tall thin man dressed in dirty work overalls came forth. His skin was a light tan color with a few cuts here and there while his long brown shaggy hair covered his eyes. A

dirty and unkept beard adorned the lower half of his face and he bore a predatory smile upon his face as he looked down upon the weakened superheroine. Despite being weak, Big Barda felt a chill run up her spine upon seeing the lust in his eyes through his shaggy hair. Unable to do anything, she could only yell and protest as the man managed to drag her out of that warehouse and back into the one he came forth. That was the beginning of her night mare. The beginning of where she found herself, stripped of her outfit and now bound, gagged and hooded. Being made to walk against her will to who knows where.

"Keep moving Kitty," ordered her captor followed by a tug on the leash, eliciting a muffled squeal of pain and pleasure. Big Barda's protests and moans were reduced to a barely audible sound by the massive jaw stretching ballgag in her mouth that left her jaw aching. She would have been

drooling all over herself were it not for the whole role of duct tape wrapped tightly around the lower half of her face that squeezed down upon her face. Not even her long black hair was spared as it was layered beneath the tape. To keep her from seeing where she was going, a tight fitting, jet black leather bondage hood encased her head. Making it worse was the fact that it was a size two small, bore no openings for the eyes or the mouth. Only two little holes over the nose area allowed her to breath and that was it.

To keep from using her arms, her captor had slipped them into an armbinder that pulled her shoulders back and accentuated her large breasts. It was laced up so tightly that it her elbows were crushed together within the armbinder. Leather bondage mitts forced her hands into fists while preventing her from using her fingers in any manner to aide her. Her

captor then took rope and bound her upper body in a rope harness that pinned her arms to her back while also framing her exposed breasts with more rope wrapped around the base of each breast. This caused them to swell up, aching from the tight wrapping. Down below, her long muscular legs were encased in thigh high, high heeled ballet boots that forced her to walk on the tips of her toes. Something that was made worse by the 15 inch heels on them, forcing her to focus on her balance lest she fall. To further impede her walking, her captor had placed cuffs above and below her knees, forcing Big Barda to take small steps.

All of this left her in a tight spot, struggling to get free as the power suppressing collar prevented her from accessing her super strength to break free and kill her captor. However, her captor had taken things a step further to torment

his captive. Because of the collar around her throat, there was no way to clip a leash on to her so he improvised, using the materials he had found within the warehouse he was raiding. A warehouse that was used for storing Adult Bondage and BDSM gear along with tools needed for piercings. Now Big Barda was the proud owner of ring piercings in her nipples and clitoris, something that her captor was now taking advantage of by clipping a three way leash to her new jewelry. It was with this new leash that he was now using to guide his captive down the street, earning him muffled whimpers with each tug.

To keep his captive "motivated" the man lubed up two large and ribbed vibrating dildos and shoved them into her pussy and ass, held in place with strips of duct tape. From there, he set their vibrations to the highest settings, making her squeal as

they forced pleasure upon her body. That had been twenty minuets ago when she was finally able to move again. Forced to her feet, Big Barda was dragged out into the open night air, her skin prickling with goosebumps as the cool air brushed against her naked flesh.

"Mmngph!" she screamed in pain as her captor tugged on the leash, forcing her to walk faster. This made him laugh and he tugged on the leash once more, enjoying the way her body shook, particularly her large breasts as they shook. By now, her body was covered in sweat and her inner thighs coated in bodily fluids and she was sure she was leaving a trail that even a goblin could follow. Then she heard the sound of traffic, telling her that they must be closer to other people. People who might be able to help her. To save her.

"Hey you! What the hell are you two

doing?!" yelled a voice, that made her freeze for a second and fill her with hope.

"Mmngh! Hmp Mng!" Big Barda screamed into her gag, begging for help while struggling against her bindings.

"Sorry officer. My wife is a very kinky woman and she wanted to go out and do her usual bondage walk. I tried to tell her no and that now was not a good time, but she wouldn't listen," said her captor, his words making Big Barda upset as she continued screaming for help.

"Is that so? Well keep her at home! We have enough problems as it is," ordered the man now identified as a police officer.

"Mng? Nmg! Hmpg mng!" Panic filled Big Barda as she realized that the police officer believed him and was going to let him get away with it.

"Come along dear. You heard the nice police officer. We need to get back home," said her captor, tugging harshly on the leash, silencing Big Barda's protest and filling her with pain and pleasure. To her horror, Big Barda felt her legs moving forward, following her captor's command. Her legs were shaking from the pleasure and pain of the leash and the vibrating sex toys made her mind even more unfocused. In just several moment, Big Barda and her captor were past the police officer and walking down the street. She tried calling out again to the sound of other people nearby but all she received in return were cat calls and derogatory names. Unknown to Big Barda, her captor had dragged her into the Red Light District of the city, a place where no one was going to question a man walking a woman on a leash.

She let out a whimper, eliciting a chuckle

from her captor who was now walking beside her while still keeping a tight reign on the leash. The man was relishing the looks he was getting from people as he walked his captive down the street. Down the street towards his home.

"Mnngh!" moaned Big Barda as her captor reached out with a hand and took hold of her left ass cheek, squeezing it with his fingers, digging them into her flesh.

"We're almost home Kitty ," he whispered into her ear, eliciting another muffled moan. Big Barda was barely paying attention as her mind was once more focusing upon another growing orgasm that was pushing her towards a clift. It was getting close, giving her body what it wanted. What it was craving. Her captor smiled at the way her body was shaking as he guided her towards a small and old

wooden waist high fence. Beyond the fence was an old, large one story house. His home. Big Barda was guided through the gate of the fence and then upto the front porch. Seconds later, she was ushered into the house and into her new home where she was never seen again.

SIX MONTHS LATER

In a large house in the suburbs, a man sat in the living room of his house in front of the fire place, enjoying the warmth from the fire. He was tall and thin man with long shaggy hair that was trimmed up front, revealing his eyes as he look down at the tablet in his hands. A simple brown bath robe covered his body from which he was naked underneath. On a small table to his right was a glass of very expensive

whiskey, something he had stolen from his times sneaking around the warehouse district. That was one of many things he had stolen and kept for himself. There were many things he took, very expensive things that he took and sold on the black market and earned himself a very large sum of money that allowed him to move out of the Red Light District and into the suburbs. Of course his house was located on the last street and at the end of it in the subdivision he lived in. On top of that, he bought the house lots on either side of his new home for all the privacy that he wanted. Wanted for his dark intentions with his pet.

Said pet that sat at his feet on the left side his chair. Big Barda sat upon her knees, kneeling next to her Master in silence. She was dressed in a purple negligee that was see through and bore openings over her large breasts. Around

her throat , she still wore the power suppressing collar that kept her weak and now docile her to her Master. Her wrists were cuffed behind her back with her hands encased in purple bondage mitts to still prevent her from using her fingers. Big Barda's ankles were cuffed with a short length of chain between them, forcing her to take shorter strides if she was allowed to walk. Blinding her was a purple, leather bondage hood that bore no eye openings but an opening for her mouth . Big Barda's long black hair was even longer now and was threaded through a single hole on the top of the hood and done up into a high ponytail.

The man looked over at his pet and then at her new enlarged breasts. Breasts that now bordered on the I-cup range. During his ransacking of the warehouse, he found a cache of breasts growth serum and took it with him with the intent to sell. Instead,

he used it on Big Barda after a failed escape attempt as a punishment. That seemed to break her and shortly after that, she became docile and began to take to her training.

"Kitty, suck," he ordered as he put down the tablet and parted his robe to reveal his large and girthy cock. Big Barda, now known as Kitty did as ordered by her Master. She crawled forward on her knees until she was between his legs. She leaned forward, pressing her lips close to his cock before dragging her tongue up the shaft. Then she took him, engulfing his entire cock into her mouth all the way down to the base. The man moaned in pleasure at feeling her throat muscles around his cock. He placed a hand on top of her head, guiding his pet as her head bobbed up and down on his cock. No longer was Big Barda a superheroine. No longer was she a free woman. Now she was bondage

captive. His pet.