

The sun hung high in the spring sky, bathing the land in its warmth while a cool breeze blew through the city. Out in the suburbs, people came and went about from their homes, without a worry in the world. One such person who lived in this particular suburb was Mr. Hanzo, a short Japanese American man. His home was located on the last street of the subdivision in the last spot, away from everyone. He was a friendly man who always greeted his neighbors with a smile and helped out in any way he could. To everyone, he seemed like a nice person, but that was far from the truth.

Mr. Hanzo whistled to himself as he climbed out of his car, waving at his neighbors, as he made his way to the front door of his two story house. Keys in hand

already, he quickly unlocked the door and walked before closing the door and making sure it was locked. He placed his brief case on top of the small table next to the front door before taking off his sport coat and tie. From there, he let out a sigh of relief before making his way into the kitchen where he grabbed himself a cold bottle of beer and began to drink from it, savoring the silence of his home. When he was halfway through with it, he went over to the basement door on the other side of the kitchen and unlocked it. Opening it shattered the silence of his home as muffled moans and whimper could be heard emanating from the basement, eliciting a dark smile upon his face.

A flip of a light switch inside the doorway drove away the darkness of the basement for him to see each step. Each step that elicited the creaking sound of wood as he made his way down the stairs

and into the basement where he was greeted by the source of the muffled moans and whimpers. There, in the middle of the basement floor were a group of naked, bound and gagged women. It sent a shiver of pleasure up his spine as he looked upon the women and the way they were set up. Said women were forced to stand upon their hands and knees with metal frames around their arms and legs, keeping them in place and from getting away.

They were arranged in a circle, like a ring, ass to face. Each woman wore latex panties, however, said panties were also used like bondage hoods in that each woman's head was trapped within the panties of the person in front of them. The latex panties hid their entire heads, hiding the ring gags stretching their jaws open in an aching manner while also hiding the doubled head, dildo screwed into place.

One side of the dildo went into the captive's mouth while the other end went into the pussy of the woman in front of her. With the tightness of the latex panties, none of the women could pull free, forcing each woman's face to be buried into the ass of the woman in front of her.

The sight of it all made Mr. Hanzo highly aroused as he savored the sight of his artwork. Of his bondage ring. These women were not your everyday, average woman. No they were all superheroines and villainesses. There was Wonder Woman, Power Girl, Batwoman, Super Girl, Harley Quinn, Catwoman, and Poison Ivy. Each woman bore a collar that encircled their throats, suppressing the powers of those who had them while the others bore regular shock collars. On top of that, weighted nipple clamps were affixed to their nipples, causing them to ache from the alligator clamps holding onto them. Added

to that, soft rope was wrapped around the base of each breast, causing them to swell up and ache even more.

Adding to the torment of each woman were the regular injections of the aphrodisiacs that Mr. Hanzo would inject into them every afternoon when he came home from work. A sight that he enjoyed, watching as each woman was highly aroused. On top of that, the other ends of the dildos vibrated on a high setting, eliciting strong orgasms as waves of unwanted pleasure coursed through their bodies.

Mr. Hanzo made sure the camera he set up in the corner was recording the bound women. Recording his bondage ring. The women had already been his captives for the last two months and he still couldn't believe that he had managed to pull it off. All the days and late nights of hard work

had paid off and the bruises were worth it. He stood there behind the camera, watching the women struggle, watching the steam vent out of the small holes in the latex panties that allowed the captive heroines to breath. His smile only grew as he watched some of the women begin to fuck each other, thrusting their hips back or thrusting their heads up and down. Feeling satisfied, Mr. Hanzo went back upstairs, leaving the captives heroines to each other, to their ring of bondage and orgasms.