

Amanda Waller leaned back in her office, chair letting out a sigh of relief at being done for the day and with all the paperwork her job brought with it. The plump, ebony woman was dressed in a two piece black suit with a dark green shirt and in regular high heels. She was seated at her large and wide wooden desk and was all alone in her office, in fact, in the building besides security, per her orders. Waller took a sip of the whiskey from the small glass upon her desk before standing up and stretching out a bit. Once done, she made her way over to the back of her office where there was a closet that she kept locked at all times. She fished the key out of her pocket, unlocked the door and opened it. Waller was immediately greeted with muffled, angry grunts from the naked, bound, gagged and hooded woman who was hanging upside by her ankles within the sound proof closet.

This woman was none other than the villainess known as Punchline. Her naked skin was marred with cuts and some bruises from her fight with Harley Quinn two days ago. Two days ago when she tried to kill Waller and it was only by the actions of Harley that Punchline was stopped and captured.

"Hello bitch," said Waller, eliciting more muffled grunts from Punchline who squirmed against her bindings, causing her large breasts to shake a bit. The woman's mouth was jammed pack with over a dozen of Waller's panties followed by a massive ballgag that kept everything crammed into her mouth. This was followed by a panel gag and then five whole rolls of duct tape wrapped around the lower half of her mouth, sealing everything in. Encasing her head was a jet black leather bondage hood that bore no

eye or mouth openings. Only two small holes over the nose area and a hole in the back of the hood through which Punchline's long hair was threaded through. Encircling her throat was a shock collar that was shocking her at random intervals and on different settings, causing her some of the pain. Attached to the shock collar were two thin wires that trailed down her chest where they ended in clamps that were affixed to nipples. In turn, every time the collar shocked her, her nipples would get shocked.

Punchline's arms were bound behind her back in a cruel and harsh reverse prayer that saw her bondage mitt clad hands touching the back of her head. Her wrists were locked in place to the back of the shock collar, preventing her from using her hands or fingers in any manner. As for her legs, Punchline's feet were encased in ballet boots with 20 inch heels that would

force her to walk upon the tips of her toes were she to even get away. Small padlocks kept the shoes locked in place, ensuring that Punchline would have a very hard time getting them off her feet. Keeping her suspended from the roof was a thick, course rope wrapped around her ankles.

"You tried to kill me and now I am going to make you pay. Prison is too good for you. No, I'm going to break you and turn you into my pet," said Waller as she reached into the closet and picked up a whip and a massive dildo from the wall of bondage toys and gear she had on display. Punchline's muffled curses turned into screams of pain moments later and in the back of her mind, a small voice began to speak about giving up.

