

"Don't you dare hurt them!" warned Wonder Woman to the old man pointing his shotgun at the group of naked women, bound and gagged next to him. Said man was only 5'5 tall with tan withered skin, a scraggly beard and a bald head. He was dressed in dirty blue jean type overalls with mud covered boots and nothing else. He looked dirty and when he spoke, Wonder Woman could see he was missing several teeth. In all, to the superheroine, he was a hillbilly. His dark brown eyes were filled with a mixture of evil and lust as they roved over Wonder Woman's large breasts and her long tanned legs. Wonder Woman herself was dressed in her signature outfit with her golden lasso affixed her hip. Her long black hair cascaded down her shoulders and back like a waterfall, adding to her beauty.

"Now that all depends on you, Wondy,"

said the man with a drawl, a evil grin on his face. "You can cooperate or I'll shoot these women."

Wonder Woman growled in response to his words. She had been helping the police investigate the disappearance of several women at a carnival that took place on the edge of the city several days ago. Her investigation led her deep into a forest where she chanced upon the old man in the middle of moving the missing women onto an old beat up truck. Believing she could handle the situation, Wonder Woman told no one where she was going.

"If you do that, then you will have failed in whatever your plan was," replied Wonder Woman, crossing her arms beneath her chest, which in turn had an effect on the man whose grin grew bigger.

"Be as that may be," he said with a rough

voice, "I can always get more women. Now are you going to do as I order or will I have to hurt them?"

Muffled pleas and whimpers made Wonder Woman look down into the tear stained eyes of the captive women, fear and hope mixing in them as they pleaded with Wonder Woman to rescue them.

"If I do as you say, will you release them?" she asked, turning her gaze back to the man.

"Why bless ma heart if I am not a man of ma word," he said. "I'll release them if you take their place!"

The captive women screamed into their gags, pleading for Wonder Woman not to do it, not to surrender herself to the evil man. It tugged at the superheroine's heart but she knew she had to do it in order to

save them. She also knew that she could handle anything this hillbilly threw at her.

"I'll do it but you better keep your word," growled the Amazon as she raised her hands and took a step forward.

"Hold it right cher!" he exclaimed, pushing the shotgun closer to the women. "I'm not an idjet! I know how strong you are! Take off your clothes!"

"What?! How dare you ask me such a thing!" replied Wonder Woman in anger as she began to protest but stopped when the man grabbed one of the women by her hair and pointed the gun at her face. The superheroine glared at him for a moment before she relented, letting out a sigh. In the next moment and to the sadness of the captive women, Wonder Woman undressed, removing her outfit and lasso and placing them upon a log nearby,

leaving only her boots on.

"Your boots too," demanded the man and those followed, leaving Wonder Woman completely naked with her hands up in the air. She didn't bother trying to hide her breasts or pussy, knowing full well that it would distract the man and make him mess up. "Good. Now come over here so I can get a good look at you."

Wonder Woman did as ordered, walking over the mud and leaves to come to a stop in front of him, gazing down upon him with anger. The old man smiled at the sight of the naked Amazon standing up close before him and his hand holding the shotgun wavered, moving the barrel of the weapon from the captive woman's face. Fast as lightning, Wonder Woman struck, her right hand knocking the shotgun out of his hands while her left fist slammed into his jaw. The man's head rocked backwards

and he flew back, landing in a heap in a pile. The mighty superheroine quickly grabbed him by the front of his overalls with intention of knocking him out but saw that the man was out cold from the blow.

"Worry not ladies. You are now free from this nightmare," announced Wonder Woman as she released him and turned to the captive women. The superheroine squatted down to free the first woman with the intent of using her strength to break the ropes when muffled moans of terror made her look into the eyes of the women. They were all looking up and behind her. Wonder Woman turned her head in time to see the butt of the shotgun slamming into the side of her head.

"Argh!" she cried out from the powerful blow as it knocked her down to the ground. It left her vision swimming for a moment as her healing abilities kicked in but he old

man didn't wait and several times he slammed the shotgun into the Amazon's head until she was knocked unconscious, overwhelming her healing ability. The old man stood over the mighty superheroine, bleeding from his lip and missing another tooth as he bore an evil grin.

"I told you I was an inject," he said before turning his attention to other women who looked on in horror at seeing their rescuer unconscious before them. "Time for the fun to begin."

Wonder Woman awoke with a groan, her head throbbing as she slowly opened her eyes to take in her surroundings. On top of that, parts of her body ached and throbbed. The throbbing in her head went away immediately as she found herself in what looked like an old run down barn with

the only source of light coming from a lamp hanging above her. Sunlight filtered in through the cracks of the barn, telling her it was still day time but she was unsure of where she was or how long she had been unconscious. That had come as a surprise to her, a surprise that an old man had defeated her.

"Mgnh!" she tried to speak, only to discover that was gagged and then she tried to move, and discovered that she heavily bound and that she couldn't use her strength break free.

"Well looky here! You're finally awake Wondy," teased the old man as he came into her view, holding up a cracked, full length mirror that he placed before her. "Do you like your new clothes?"

Wonder Woman looked into the mirror, her eyes going wide at what she saw. She

was still naked, but now her arms were bound behind her back in a full length armbinder that forced her hands to press together, palm to palm. This in turn accentuated her large breasts which in turn made her see that her nipples were now pierced with little bells dangling from them on short lengths of chain. The bells shook as she slowly tried to sit up and her eyes went wider when she felt the large anal plug filling her ass. Looking at herself in the mirror, her eyes went to the fake mass of feathers behind her back that was attached to the anal plug. Said feathers were arrayed going upward and out, almost like a peacock. Upon her legs and reaching up to her thighs were ballet boots that bore very high heels that she knew would force her to walk upon the tips of her toes. The tips of the ballet boots bore fake bird like toes, leaving her to wonder what the purpose of that was.

Around her neck was a strange looking wide, metal collar with several flashing lights, its purpose unknown to her. Wonder Woman's eyes then tracked to her mouth where she saw what looked like a bird's beak, a large one at that was strapped over her mouth, hiding the large, jaw breaking ballgag in her mouth. More confusing and shocking was the fact that the top half her face was now painted a light blue and the bottom half a red color of some sort. Taking it all in, it took several seconds for the Amazon to understand her bizarre bondage, with her eyes going wide.

"That's right Wondy. You dressed up like a turkey," cackled the old man and he laughed even more as Wonder Woman tried to use her strength to break free and beat the man into a pulp. She was left confused a moment later as to why she couldn't use her real strength. In a sense,

she was now as strong as a normal human woman.

"I told you I wasn't an ijet, Wondy," growled the old man after he finished laughing. "That there collar on your neck, I built to suppress your abilities. You're mine now but I think we should have a game. A chance for you to get free."

The old man pulled out a leash from his pocket and clipped to Wonder Woman and despite her struggles, she was made to stand up and follow her captor out of the barn. Exiting the barn, she blinked her eyes several times to adjust to the light and after a moment, she saw that she was now in what looked like a run down farm. There was an old rickety one story house made from wood that looked as if it was ready to topple over. There was the barn behind her and in front of her was a pig pen that bore two pigs. That was it. The surrounding

area was nothing but woods, thick forested woods. There was no sight or sign of the captive woman or his old truck. She thought about using her legs to kick him and knock him but then realized that would still leave her bound and gagged. The old man dragged her over to the edge of his farm, making her face the trees and small path carved through.

"Now here's the deal, Wondy. I'm going to give you just 30 minutes to find your way out of this here forest. A chance for you to escape and come back after me," he explained with a his evil grin. "During those 30 minutes, I am going to be hunting after you and if I catch you, then you'll be mine forever."

Wonder Woman's eyes went wide at that as her mind was filled with the dark thoughts of what this man would do to her. She was dragged out of her thoughts when

he pulled out a large ribbed and girthy dildo out of his pocket. A shudder ran up her spine as she watched him spit upon it several times before using his hand to spread his saliva all over its length, knowing what he intended to do with it. Wonder Woman moaned into the gag as the man used his fingers to spread her lower lips open and shoved the saliva covered dildo into her pussy, pushing it all the way. So much so that it filled her up, stretching her out to her limits, leaving her legs shaking. Without warning, the hillbilly pulled the long length of the leash down between Wonder Woman's legs, causing it to press tightly against the base of the dildo before tying it off to the end of the armbinder. This in turn made Wonder Woman hunch over as the leash was now used as a crotch rope. She mewled into her gag from the sensation, from the feeling of the dildo and the anal plug filling her holes. Without her abilities, she was

left more vulnerable to lust.

"Now then Wondy, Imma going to give you a head start, let's say 5 minutes," grinned the hillbilly before he slapped her ass, spurring her forward. "Go on! Git!"

Wonder Woman ran as fast as she could or tried to. With the dildo rubbing against her inner walls of flesh, the large anal plug, her bound arms, the crotch rope, pierced nipples and the ballet boots, her movement and speed was reduced. But that did not stop Wonder Woman as she jogged down the trail, desperate to get free. She continued to struggle with her bindings but no give in them, filling her with frustration but also with fear, a fear that seemed to grow. The mighty superheroine let out a whimper at that, knowing that the nipple bells would give off her location but she knew she had get free. That she couldn't get free. Thus, she

pushed on, hope still in her. Each movement sent her arousal higher and higher as she tried to focus and yet, the dildo was rubbing against her inner walls of flesh in all the right areas. It made her feel repulsed by the fact that the dildo was covered in her captor's saliva, yet to her horror, her body was reacting to the dildo.

"Mnngh!" she let out a muffled squeal when the anal plug suddenly began to vibrate, nearly causing her to stumble as her legs went weak from the new source of pleasure and distraction. Another squeal was elicited when the vibration went up another level without warning and in turn, the vibrations hit the dildo, causing it to vibrate. Her knees went weak at that and soon it became too much for the superheroine. A powerful orgasm struck her body, sending waves of pleasure coursing through her body as her eyes rolled up into her skull. Wonder Woman

came hard, bodily fluids flowing down her inner thighs as her mind drowned in pleasure and lusts, overcoming her rational side of her brain. She was a whimper mess when her senses came back, horror in her eyes as she wondered how much time had pass already. Despite the vibrating anal plug, Wonder Woman stood back up on shaky legs and continued forth, desperate to get free and to get help.

Over the course of the next 25 minutes, Wonder Woman trekked through the woods, moving as fast as she could, desperate to be free of her captor and her bindings. However, her struggle was hampered by her orgasms that left her weak and feeling unsure if she would get free. Panic and fear, lust and pleasure were in full control of her mind. A tiny bit of rational thinking held on, but barely. Saliva poured down her chin like a waterfall, coating her chest and stomach while her

inner thighs were coated with bodily fluids that mixed with her sweat soaked flesh. Her calves burned from walking in the ballet boots as did her feet, aching from being forced upon her toes. Wonder Woman's long black hair was plastered to her body, soaking up her sweat and parts of her skin were covered in small cuts from tree branches and bushes. She stopped for a moment, looking around with weary eyes as she tried to get a sense of her surroundings. Suddenly she heard the sound of voices to her left, distant but close. Hope flooded into Wonder Woman and she took off in the direction of the voices. After rushing forward several feet, she saw a clearing in the trees and to her hope, saw a group of police officers talking.

At that moment, Wonder Woman didn't care if the men saw her like this and she moved as fast as she could towards them.

Her hopes were dashed when a sharp stabbing pain hit her in the left butt cheek, eliciting a moan of shock and pain that caused her to crash into the ground. With a whimper she turned her head, moving her ass closer to see a dart sticking out of her ass, its fluid pouring into her body.

"I got you Wondy," said the old man, his voice filling Wonder Woman with terror as she watched him stalk out of the trees, silent as a mouse. Wonder Woman tried to get up, tried to scream into her gag to get the attention of the cops and she even tried to shake the bells on her nipples. Yet her body felt sluggish, slow to respond to her brain's commands. Her eyes felt weak too, threatening to close, to drown her in darkness. The old man knelt next to Wonder Woman and gripped her chin, forcing her to look into his eyes.

"So close to help Wondy but it won't do

you any good," he grinned. "You're mine forever."

Those were the last words Wonder Woman heard as darkness swallowed her up and she let out a small whimper before collapsing onto the ground.

Several Months Later

The hillbilly sat on his front porch, rocking back and forth as he sipped his moonshine while watching his turkey, Wondy, move about in her enclosure. Wondy being the woman and superheroine formerly known as Wonder Woman. This put a smile upon his face as he relived the day he caught Wonder Woman and turned her into his pet turkey.

"Look at you now Wondy. No longer a superwoman," he said to himself as his eyes roved over her body.

Wonder Woman's arms were no longer bound in an armbinder but were not frog tied, encased in leather sheathes made from animal hide while her hands were made into fists and wrapped up with more leather to prevent her from using them. Said sheathes were covered in layers of turkey feathers, hiding her bound arms while more feathers now adorned her entire back and her stomach. The superheroine's breasts still bore the nipple bell piercings but were now large, have grown in size due to the medicine her captor fed her. Said breasts were now five times times their original size, swaying about with each step she took. Her legs were still adorned with the same ballet boots since the day of her capture, forcing

her to walk on the tips of her toes with the fake bird's feet on the tip of them. More feathers now adorned her legs, leaving none of her flesh exposed beneath. Between her legs, her pussy was left exposed, clean shaven at all times by her captor while her ass was still filled with the anal plug and the fake turkey feathers connected to it.

Wonder Woman took short steps as she moved around the enclosure that was now her home. She did so because she couldn't see due to the leather bondage hood made from animal hide encasing her head, leaving her blind to the outside world. The outside of the hood was painted over to resemble a turkey with fake eyes stitched to it, adding to the her forced costume. Her black hair was now kept shoulder length as it hung out beneath the hood, done so by her captor. As for her gag, the hillbilly had shown why he wasn't an idiot, having

developed a new type of gag that resembled a turkey's beak. The beak worked in a way that it prevented her from fully using her mouth as it kept her tongue stretched out and held in place outside of her mouth. This in turn prevented Wonder Woman from speaking, just the way her captor wanted. Another way he proved he was smart was the change he made to the power suppressing collar around her throat as it now let her have access to her healing abilities and nothing else. A long length of rope was clipped to the leash and was tied off the pole in the middle of the enclosure, forcing Wonder Woman to walk in circles around her enclosure. During the night, she was taken inside his home where she was forced to sleep within at the foot of his bed, leashed to it. Wonder Woman's life as a superheroine was over and her life as pet turkey was her new norm.

