

"Gee! Thank you lady!" exclaimed on kid, who was dressed up in a superman costume. "Thanks for all the candy!"

"Yeah! Thank you Lady!" said another kid, their star wars costume a size too big.

"Your mummy is really cool!"

"She's almost life like too!" added a third kid dressed as a pirate. "Your decorations all look life like!"

"Thank you kids. Enjoy the candy and be safe," said the Owner of the house, Mrs. Anna as she watched the three kids walk away from her front porch and down the pathway through her front yard, their eyes looking at all the Halloween decorations in the front yard, before getting back onto the sidewalk. A sidewalk that was busy with children, teens and adults going around and enjoying themselves as they trick-or-

treat on Halloween. Mrs. Anna was an elderly German woman in her late 60s yet, one look at her and you would think she was only in her 50s. She leaned next to the upright coffin positioned next to her front door and peered inside at the "mummy" that was shaking within, almost as if they were struggling. It was a female because of the way the light brown bandages accentuated their large breasts that seems jiggle with their movements. From the head down to their feet, they were wrapped up in the light brown bandages with their head covered up by a fake Egyptian burial mask that depicted a beautiful woman. Instead of having their arms crossed over in front of their chests, they were instead pinned to sides with their mummified hands pressed tightly to their thighs.

From the outside and to people passing by, it looked like a mummy but it was far from the truth. In reality, a real woman was

beneath the bandages. She was naked and imprisoned, held captive by Mrs. Anna. Her moans and pleas were muffled by the large and girthy dildo that filled her mouth with its length reaching into her throat while its girth forced her jaw wide open. Keeping the dildo sealed in place was light brown bandages wrapped tightly around her head, encasing it totally and leaving her in the dark. A leather bondage hood was then laced up tightly over her head with the Egyptian mask attached to it. This kept her voice muffled, only audible by people as they approached Mrs. Anna's door. The bandages hid the black collar encircling her throat with a small length of chain connecting it to the back of the coffin, keeping her tethered. Affixed to her nipples were vibrating eggs, held tightly in place by the bandages which in turn caused the vibrations to pulse deeper into her body. Down below, a double headed, ribbed vibrating dildo fills her pussy and

ass, sending waves of unwanted pleasure coursing through her body. Pleasure that would have made her cum were it not for the clamp affixed to her clitoris that prevented her body from getting its release, from getting the pleasure it wanted. The final piece of torment hidden by the bandages was the ballet boots adorning her feet that bore 25 inch heels, forcing her to stand up on the very tips of her toes. Heels that would make walking very slow and painful. Also hidden by the bandages was the leather belt around ankles that was also tethered to the back of the coffin.

"You hear that Wonder Woman? They like you," teased Mrs. Anna as she held up a small remote and pressed a button on it, eliciting a muffled squeal from the bound and gagged superheroine as the vibrating sex toys all went up another level, sending stronger vibrations through out her body.

"Have fun." Wonder Woman shook against her restraints, the forced denial driving her crazy. She was powerless, as strong as a normal woman due to the spell placed upon the collar wrapped around her throat. It was magic unlike anything she had ever faced.

Mrs. Anna walked away, smiling as the superheroine's muffled moans faded as she walked into her yard to check up on the rest of her Halloween "decorations". Hanging from the tree was a "ghost" a figure suspended from a tree branch and covered with a large white sheet with two holes for eyes. It seemed to sway about, shaking as if it were a real ghost and muffled moans could be heard from it as he stopped before it. Hidden beneath the hood was the superheroine known as Power Girl who struggled against her binding to get free. Her naked skin was covered in a layer of sweat from her

struggles and from the constant orgasms she was enduring. Like Wonder Woman, she too was gagged with a large girthy dildo that was held in place with tape with a leather bondage hood encasing her head, leaving her to struggle in the darkness. Encircling her throat was strict and wide posture collar that bore a spell that left the mighty superheroine weak, preventing her from accessing her powers.

Leading down from the collar were two thin wires that trailed down to her nipples where they were tied off, pulling upward on her nipples and breasts. Between her legs, Power Girl was filled with a large vibrating and ribbed dildo while a large vibrating anal plug that bore a line of anal beads filled her ass. A chastity belt locked in place held everything in place, preventing her from pushing the intruding sex toys out. Making things harsh for Power Girl was the fact that she suspended in the air

in a hogtie position that placed a lot of burden on her shoulders. Her wrists were cuffed to her ankles with strong rough rope binding them further. Said rope was also used to make a chest harness that framed her large breasts. From there, a series of rope was used to suspend her from the tree branch above, with the white sheet hiding everything.

"Hello my dear. Thought I should tell you that the kids love you as a ghost," teased Mrs. Anna. The muffled whimpered plea in response to her words was music to her ears. She looked down at the grass below Power Girl, her smile growing at seeing how wet it was from the many times the orgasms had thundered through her body. She pulled out another remote from her pocket and pressed a button on it, watching as the "ghost" movements became even more erratic, adding more realism. Power Girl screamed into her gag

as the vibrations went up another level in intensity, bringing forth another orgasm. "Keep up the good job my little ghost."

The elderly woman then walked across to the other side of her front yard where there was a "flying witch" set up. Said witch was positioned on top of a broom that it held with its hands as if it was riding it with its legs dangling down the sides and was dressed in an all black dress with a black corset around its midsection. It bore an ugly face with a long crooked nose and a smile filled with crooked teeth. However it was just a mask and the black dress also hid the wooden horse beneath it. Barely audible moans were heard as Mrs. Anna approached the decoration.

"Hello my little witch. The children adore you," whispered Mrs. Anna, her words eliciting a very muffled moan. Hidden beneath the mask and dress was the

heroine known as Batwoman and like the others, she was naked beneath her disguise. The ebony heroine was situated on top the wooden horse with it between her legs. Cuffs around her ankles were shackled to spikes that were driven deep into the ground which in turn pulled down upon her legs, causing the edge of the wooden horse to push against her pussy in a harsh manner. Her upper body was held with an iron frame that prevented her from moving any part of her body. Batwoman's arms were pinned behind her back in a reverse prayer with bondage mitts encasing her hands to keep her from using her fingers. Circling the base of each breast were leather belts that caused them to swell up and ache to be released. Because she was a normal human, Batwoman did not bear a special collar, rather she wore a shock collar that would shock her if she made any audible sound it could detect, forcing her to be quiet as she

endured the misery and agony she found herself in.

Like the other heroines, she was gagged with a monster size dildo that was kept in place by a leather bondage hood that was a mock up of her face mask. It bore no eye or mouth openings, leaving her to struggle in total darkness. A fake witch mask went over her hooded head, that combined with the black dress, hid any evidence that she was there. Fake arms and legs were attached to the iron frame to keep up the appearance that it was "flying witch."

Mrs. Anna took out a third remote and pressed a button on it which in turn activated the shock collar into shocking Batwoman, her muffled squeal pleasing to her captor's ears. "Such lovely music my little flying witch."

The elderly woman turned and left,

strolling over to the final decoration that was set up beneath a large tree. Before Mrs. Anna was a "scarecrow" with a large pumpkin head that bore an evil face carved into it. The cross the scarecrow was affixed to was over ten feet tall, placing it high above the ground, forcing Mrs. Anna to look up at it. It was dressed in "blood" stained blue overalls with a stained shirt and a wide brim hat. Dried hay stuck out the arms and legs and waist of the outfit, adding to the appearance of it being a scarecrow. Yet, it was all just a disguise that hid the superheroine held captive within. Supergirl's body shook as she tried to fight off another orgasm that was seconds away from hitting, something she was trying to stop but was failing.

"Hello my little scarecrow," said Mrs. Anna. Not hearing a single sound from the bound beauty made the elderly woman's smile darker. Supergirl's moans and pleas

were not audible at all due to the many layers of her gag, a punishment for trying to escape. Her mouth was filled up with liquid rubber that then solidified but did not flow into her throat. This in turn pinned her tongue to the bottom of her mouth, while also preventing her from opening her mouth. On top of that, Mrs. Anna had used ten whole roles of duct tape to mummify the woman's head, leaving only her nose poking out. Not even her hair was spared. On top of that was a leather bondage hood to seal it all in, laced up tightly and locked in place. Like Wonder Woman and Power Girl, Supergirl bore the same power suppressing collar, leaving her weak and unable to get free.

She was then dressed up in the blue overalls and shirt and then bound to the cross with metal cuffs pinning her arms to it. The clothing and hay kept the cuffs hidden, preventing anyone from seeing

them. The gloves stitched to the end of the sleeves hid her bondage mitt clad hands that were forced into fists. Tormenting her breasts were metal cuffs cuffed around the base of each breast followed by alligator clamps that pinched her nipples. Further down and between the superheroine's legs, a small pole jutted out from the cross on which two monster size vibrating dildos made from kryptonite were placed. Supergirl was placed upon these dildos, stretching her out to her limits and filling her up all the way. Her legs and ankles were then cuffed to the lower half of the cross, but with weighted boots strapped to her feet that pulled down upon her body, forcing the dildos deeper into her body.

"You make such a wonderful scarecrow. In fact, think that will be your new life from now on," teased Mrs. Anna. She pulled out a fourth remote and with a wicked grin

pressed a button that sent the vibrating dildos all the way to their highest setting, causing Supergirl to struggle even more and yet, not a single sound could be heard. Her muffled whimpers hidden from prying ears. The elderly woman cackled at the sight before she heard the sound of laughing children approaching her front fence, excited upon seeing the decorations. "Oh look! More children!"

Mrs. Anna walked away from the bound superheroine and made her way back to her front porch where she welcomed the children.

"Hello my dearies! My! What wonderful costumes you have!" she said with a cheery smile.

"Lady! Your decorations are awesome!"

"Yeah! How do you make them move

and make noise like that?"

"Haha! Why with magic my dear! Now everyone gets a large handful of candy," said Mrs. Anna, much to the delight of the children. In moments they were gone, excited about the candy and the decorations.

"Now I wonder which superheroine I shall add to my Christmas decoration's?" she asked out loud to Wonder Woman, an evil grin on her face. The bound superheroine could only whimper in response to those words and the nightmare she found herself in.

