

Power Girl hovered silently in the middle of the air, hidden by the darkness of night and the clouds blocking the moon. She watched in muted silence and anger at the sight of the men, women and even children going up to the ice cream truck and buying from the owner. She wasn't angry at them rather, she was angry because they could not see what she saw with her x-ray vision and that was the two women held captive within, their breasts being pumped for milk against their will. Said women were two missing police officers who gone missing two weeks ago after they failed to report in after their night shift. Power Girl took up the investigation and it led her to here, to this ice cream truck and the elderly woman who ran it. For the past three days she had been following the woman around, watching her every move, looking for the missing women. It wasn't until today when the elderly lady drove from her home with

the ice cream truck did Power Girl find them. Apparently the woman's house had some sort of material in it that blocked her x-ray vision from looking in. Power Girl would have gone in already and trashed the truck to rescue the women and apprehend their captor but there were too many people, especially children and she didn't to expose them to the battle if one took place. Thus, she waited in silence for the next few hours, hoping the captive women would forgive her for waiting this long.

Power Girl was dressed in her signature, white one piece leotard that accentuated her large breasts along with her large but firm ass and long legs, complete with her red cap, blue gloves and blue boots. Her short blonde hair fluttered about in the light breeze as she floated there.

"Finally," muttered the superheroine as

she watched the last of the customers leave and moments later, the ice cream truck left its place at the park and drove onto the highway. Power Girl followed above, keeping her eyes on the vehicle as moved down the road. Several minutes later it exited the highway, taking the access lane towards an intersection before taking a right and going down that road. Power Girl knew the elderly lady lived on the edge of the city, out past the sprawling subdivisions and out towards a run down farm. As the ice cream truck came to a stop in front of an old two story house, Power Girl landed quickly behind it and with her great strength, gripped the door handle and ripped the door of its hinges. She was expecting to find a shocked woman caught red handed. Instead she was hit face first with a large scoop of ice cream that hit her hard and fast, rocking her backwards.

"Agh! What the fuck!" screamed Power Girl in shock as she quickly wiped the ice cream and found herself looking up at the elderly lay who was holding what looked like a cannon connected via a large hose to a tub on her back. The elderly woman was only 5 feet tall with wrinkled and weathered tan skin. Despite her advanced age, her green eyes were piercing, like those of a hawk and she practically jumped out of the truck, screaming and firing her weapon. The woman's uniform consisted of a pink button up, short sleeved shirt, an ankle length skirt and a pink apron tied around her waist that read "Ma's Ice Cream"

Large scoops of ice cream flew towards Power Girl, striking her all across her body as she reacted slowly in response to the attack. A second later she growled in anger and used her heat vision upon the

still flying scoops of ice cream, causing them to explode in puffs of mists.

"Surrender now!" demanded Power Girl as she advanced upon the elderly woman.

"Never! You'll never stop Ma!" yelled back the elderly woman with a southern drawl as she continued firing ice cream at her.

Unbeknown to Power Girl, the elderly woman knew she was being followed three days ago, having spotted the superheroine when she was in her home. Also unknown to the superheroine, the elderly woman was a former scientist back in the 50s and 60s and knew her chemicals. Thus, the ice cream being fired at Power Girl contained a chemical that neutralized her powers and abilities upon touch with the skin or being ingested into the body. By now, the exposed parts of the

Power Girl's body were covered in the chemical ice cream and soaking into her flesh and flowing into her system. With a mighty roar, Power Girl leapt at the elderly woman with intention of striking her with a light blow. Or she would have had her legs not suddenly given out, causing her to drop to the ground in shock.

"What the hell?" she asked in bewilderment as she tried to get up but found her legs refusing to budge. Before she could do more, more chemical scoops of ice cream struck her in the face, the blows stinging and causing her to wince. The superheroine realized with horror that she was feeling the strikes more and that her body was not resisting them. Knocked backward, she landed on her back, feeling all strength leaving the rest of her body. With weakened arms, Power Girl whipped some of the ice cream from her face, only to find the elderly lady standing over her.

"Checkmate bitch!" said the woman as she pointed the cannon at Power Girl's face and pulled the trigger, sending more scoops of ice cream onto her face. In seconds, the superheroine's entire face was covered in the chemical ice cream, rendering unconscious. Moments later did the elderly woman finally take her finger off the trigger, her eyes watching the superheroine's buried head for any signs of movement. There were none, only the slow rising and falling her chest. She cackled at the sight, filled with glee at what she had just accomplished. Even more so when she realized she had another source of milk for her ice cream. Tossing the ice cream launcher to the side, the elderly woman grabbed Power Girl by her ankles and dragged her towards the house enact her evil plans.

Three Weeks Later

"Wow! Thank you lady!" exclaimed a kid as he received a large ice cream cone that bore three large scoops of ice cream.

"You're welcome dear," replied the old lady from behind the counter of her ice cream truck as she handed out another order to the next customer.

The ice cream truck was located in its same spot in the park with lines of people formed up to buy her famous ice cream. Men, women and children all bought her dessert, filled with joy as they ate it. None of them the wiser to the fact that there were three naked women, bound and gagged within the ice cream truck. The two female police officers were no longer alone in their captivity, now joined by

Power Girl. The once mighty superheroine was naked and placed right beneath the counter in front of her captor.

"Mmph," Power Girl's muffled moan was barely audible, thanks in part to the ring gag stretching her jaw open to its limits while keeping a hose locked in place. Said hose went half down into her throat where a chemical mixture flowed into her stomach and was absorbed by her body. It was the same chemical mixture that left her weak and unable to use her abilities or powers. Thus Power Girl was like a normal woman, unable to get free. Her hands and wrists were bound inside metal gauntlets attached to the floor of the ice cream truck, preventing her from using them. As for her legs, they were pulled up behind her shoulders and locked in place in the roof of the counter above her head, exposing everything to her captor.

Power Girl's breasts were now in the L-cup range, having been increased against her will by the her captor. After her capture, the elderly woman began injecting Power Girl with a cocktail of chemicals that caused her breasts to rapidly grow in size while also stimulating them to start producing milk. It also had the affect of making her nipples sensitive and now that she was hooked up to a milking machine, the constant suction upon her nipples sent waves of pleasure coursing through her body. Down below, the elderly woman had inserted the largest vibrating dildos she could find into her captive's pussy and ass. These were placed there to keep Power Girl distracted as they stayed on the entire time she was being milked, forcing her to cum over and over.

"What kind of milk do you use in your recipe?" asked a woman as she received

her order from the elderly lady.

"Its a special kind of milk, my dear," replied the owner as she pressed her foot against the dildo in Power Girl's pussy, eliciting a muffled moan that only her captor heard. The final touch of Power Girl's bondage was the fake pair of cow ears placed on top of her head, a humiliation to the superheroine as she laid there, being milked against her will while her eyes were rolled up into her skull from the pleasure coursing through her body. She was no longer a superheroine, but now a super cow who contributed to the ice cream truck.

