

The hot blazing sun backed the land below as it shined down upon the middle eastern city and the American military base located on the outskirts of the city. The guards at the gate kept an eye all all went by or went in or out of the base.

"Oh, here comes Abdul and his wives," said one of the guards to the others, making them all look in turn as a man accompanied by six women approached the gate. Abdul was a short, chubby man with dark tan skin, a long beard and bald head. His brown eyes studied everything he saw and he was always smiling. Today he was dressed in a simple long sleeved button up, white shirt with brown pants and wore his usual brown shoes. Behind him walked his six wives, covered from head to toe wearing a simple black abaya that covered their entire body while a burka covered their entire head save for a veiled

slit over the eyes that allowed them to see where they were going. Their hands were covered in black gloves and their dress reached all the way to the ground, hiding their feet.

"Mr. Abdul, nice to see you again," called out one of the guards.

"Ah my friend, how are you?" asked Mr. Abdul in greeting.

"Doing well and thank you for that information you gave us last time. It saved some of our guys the other night," replied the guard as he scanned Mr. Abdul with a metal detector wand. The guard didn't dare scan the women as it would be offensive in the middle east and could lead to trouble.

"I am happy to hear that," replied the short man before he and his wives were

waved through. "Take care my friend."

The reason for Mr. Abdul's visit was because he was an informant, letting his government and the Americans know about any activity pertaining to a group of evil terrorist who had tried overtaking the country. Not just this country but several others. The evil men had failed in some places but succeeded in others. Another reason Mr. Abdul was there was because he was meeting with the famous superheroine known as Wonder Woman. The superheroine herself had been there for a month now, helping out and become his go to contact.

Mr. Abdul always met with Wonder Woman in private because he had his wives with him and felt more comfortable speaking with her. The group headed towards a building on the far right side of the base where they entered in a building.

Inside they were met by Wonder Woman herself who guided them to their usual meeting room.

Two hours later, Mr. Abdul and his wives exited the building, heading back to the main gate. No one paid attention to the group as they were used to them by now. Of course, if they had been paying attention, they would have noticed that there was now a seventh person walking with them who was dressed the same as the other women. Said person was walking in the middle of Mr. Abdul's wives, as if they were being guarded. If anyone had looked, they would have noticed that the women were walking closely together and holding onto the seventh woman. This new woman was none other than Wonder Woman who was weakly struggling against the grips of the other women.

Wonder Woman let out a moan that was barely audible as she tried to get free from this situation she found herself in. Her body was weak from the tea she had drunk from after it was offered by Mr. Abdul. Not wanting to offend the man, she accepted it. Save, seconds later, she found herself going weak, unable to access any of her abilities. She could do nothing as Mr. Abdul's wives pounced on her, stripping her of her outfit before binding and heavily gagging her and then covering her up with a matching abaya and burka.

Wonder Woman's mouth was packed to the brim with over a dozen panties that belonged to the women. Every nook and cranny was jam packed with the clothing and was followed up by a massive ballgag that packed everything further into her mouth. But there was more. The women then took six whole rolls of duct tape and

encased the lower half of Wonder Woman's face with the tape. Sealing everything in and reducing her whimpers and moans to barely audible. A person would have to be standing next to her just to hear her moans. Next came a wide and strict posture collar around her throat that pushed down upon her shoulders and forced her to look forward. Said collar prevented Wonder Woman from turning her head in any direction.

Around the base of her breasts, shock leather belts were wrapped around them in a tight manner that caused her large breasts to swell up. Said belts could be triggered to send a small jolt of electricity into her body when activated to keep the superheroine under control. To further keep her compliant. Shock nipple clamps were affixed to her nipples. The biting pain from the clamps would add to the shock to her nipples.

Below her waist, another shock clamp was affixed to her clitoris, a further measure to keep her compliant. Her pussy was filled with a large vibrating dildo that was held in place several strips of duct tape. To prevent Wonder Woman from using her arms, they bound behind her back in a cruel reverse prayer with layers of duct tape. Said tape went up from her elbows all the way to her wrists. Her hands were forced into fists and then taped over, made into useless balls of flesh. A length of tape went over the posture collar and around her wrists, keeping her arms pinned to her back. To hobble her walk, ballet boots with 15 inch heels were placed onto her feet, forcing Wonder Woman to walk on the tips of her toes and in turn, would prevent her from getting far. To further limit her mobility, a whole role of duct tape was used to bind her legs below and above her knees. To hide everything, the

superheroine was covered in an abaya followed by a burqa.

The women on either side of Wonder Woman kept a tight firm grip on her arms while some of the other women were in control of the shock gear, triggering them every few seconds to keep Wonder Woman quiet. Wonder Woman was thankful for them holding onto her as she could barely walk in the ballet boots. For the last hour, she had been shocked none stop by the women. As it happened, Mr. Abdul sat by, quietly watching the sight while one of his wives sucked him. In truth, Mr. Abdul had been after Wonder Woman from the beginning and had planned everything out. He walked in front of his wives as usual, a smile on his face while they kept Wonder Woman quiet. The superheroine saw the guards and was about to about to run forward when all the shock equipment went off at once,

causing her to freeze up in pain. The women holding her, lifted Wonder Woman up a few inches off the ground, moving her with ease. She made an attempted at crying out but it was barely audible.

"Mr. Abdul have a good evening," called out one of the guards as the man and his wives passed through with no one paying attention. One of the guards thought he heard something but ignored it attributing it to the sound of the wind. And just like that, Mr. Abdul had kidnapped Wonder Woman from right under the nose of the Americans. The superheroine was put back down on her feet, the shocks turned off, whimpering and moaning as she forced to walk. She couldn't even turn her head to look back for any help. For the next hour, Wonder Woman was forced to walk in the ballet boots as they she was led into the city. Several times she tried calling out for help or made attempts to be

helped and was shocked in turn. By the time they made it to Mr. Abdul's home on the other side of the city, Wonder Woman was a whimpering mess. The man's home was a walled off compound with a two story home, a garage for his SUV and a small garden. Next to his home was a small pen for his sheep and a small chicken coop for his chickens.

"You belong to me now Wonder Woman," said Mr. Abdul as they entered into his house. "That tea I gave you has sealed off your powers. You are just a normal woman now and you shall be my seventh wife. Get her ready."

Wonder Woman's eyes went wide with terror and she let out muffled pleas as she was dragged away by the man's wives.

Some time later saw Mr. Abdul seated in a chair in his room, relaxing by the window

as he overlooked the countryside. A knock at the door drew his attention and a second later, his wives walked in with Wonder Woman in tow. The once mighty superheroine had undergone a transformation at the hands of the Mr. Abdul's wives. She stood there before them all, naked, bound and gagged. Her once long raven hair was gone, leaving her completely bald with her skin now shining from the oil that was rubbed into her skin. A large white ballgag now filled her mouth, causing her to drool all over herself, a trail of saliva already running down her chin. Over her nose and mouth was a thin white veil that was held in place by the new ring piercings in her ears. Around her neck was a bejeweled, black leather collar that was covered in rubies and diamonds.

Her arms were now encased in a white armbinder with her hands encased in white bondage mitts as well. Dangling from her

nipples were weighted nipple clamps that pulled down upon her nipples. Down below, her clitoris now bore a diamond stud, a sign of her enslavement to the Mr. Abdul. A sign of her belonging to him. The final touch was the thigh high white sheer stockings encasing her legs and the white ballet boots upon her feet.

"Beautiful. Wonder Woman, your new name from now on is Fatima. No longer are you the fame superheroine," said Mr. Abdul as he got up and approached the shaking superheroine. "Let us seal our union."

