

*"...In other news, the Justice League was able to stop Brainiac from taking over the world. The villain's attack caused much damage to several cities around the world but now recovery efforts are on the way. However it was noted that the famous Superheroine, Wonder Woman, was missing from the fight..."*

Mr. Hanzo turned off the TV, a dark smile upon lips as he sat upon his living room sofa, a glass of whiskey in his left hand. Sure it was something expensive for someone like him on a janitor's salary but it was worth it at the moment. He was a Japanese-American man who was 5'5 tall with a large round stomach, a bald head with beady eyes that peered through large round rim glasses. A well trimmed mustache and beard adorned his face, while a scar running up the left side of his

face completed his complexion. He was currently dressed in his janitor uniform that consisted of dark blue overalls with black boots. Mr. Hanzo had been working today at the warehouse when the order came in for everyone to get home due to the attack from Brainiac, of course he wasn't too worried and now that everything was over, he was able to breath a little better.

"I think its time," he said to himself before draining the last of his whiskey and placing the now empty glass upon the small coffee table in his living room. From there he got up and walked into the small kitchen of his one story home that was located in the back of a subdivision in the suburbs. Mr. Hanzo went directly into the walk-in pantry and towards what looked like a wall with shelves where upon he pressed a hidden switch and the wall swung inward, revealing a set of stairs that

went downward into the hidden basement. Mr. Hanzo walked in and flipped a light switch that drove away the darkness, revealing more of the stairs. He closed the secret door behind him and calmly walked down the stairs all while keeping the dark smile upon his lips. As he neared the bottom of the stairs, he began to hear muffled grunts mixed with moans that were barely audible. Reaching the bottom of the stairs, he was greeted with a sight that made him very aroused, his smile turning into a grin.

There before him, bound, naked and gagged was the famous superheroine Wonder Woman. She glared daggers at her captor, her nostrils flaring in anger as he walked closer and if looks could kill, hers would. Wonder Woman could nothing at all because of the way she was bound, bound in a manner that had her doing a hand stand while being hogtied. What made it

worse was the fact that she was bound with her own Lasso of Truth. Wrapped around her throat, the two ends of the lasso were bound to her ankles, pulling her legs back to such a degree that heels of her feet were almost touching the back of her head. On top of that, the lasso also bound her calves to her thighs, preventing her from unfolding her legs. Behind the bound superheroine and pressed up against her pussy was a metal pole that bore a hole on the top of it through which the lasso was threaded through, keeping Wonder Woman on her hands. Said pole also hid the large vibrating, girthy dildo that was buried deep into Wonder Woman's pussy and was the main reason for her muffled grunts. It was also part of the reason she was covered in a layer of sweat.

Wonder Woman's wrists were bound together with over a dozen zip ties

followed two whole rolls of duct tape and then a length of rope. In turn, this caused her arms to squeeze her large naked breasts together, making them appear even larger. Encircling her fingers were metal rings with tiny metal poles connecting each ring together, forcing her fingers to be spread apart. To keep her silent, Mr. Hanzo had filled Wonder Woman's mouth with over a dozen of his boxer briefs followed by a massive 4 inch ballgag that stretched her jaw wide open while pushing the briefs further into her mouth. From there, five whole rolls of duct tape were wrapped around the lower half of her face, nearly muting her grunts and moans.

"And how are you today, my little pet?" asked Mr. Hanzo as he stood before Wonder Woman, enjoying the way her body shook and the way her long black hair was now matted down to her body from all the

sweat.

"Lmng mng gn!" Wonder Woman's demand was barely audible but Mr. Hanzo understood what she was trying to say and laughed at her request. She tried to growl at him but the sudden and very audible vibrating sound cut off her growl, turning it into a whimper, as her eyes slowly rolled up into her skull. In the back of her mind, Wonder Woman still could not believe she was in this situation. That she could not believe that a mortal, a janitor of all things had gotten the drop on her and was now keeping her captive. She had been investigating the warehouse district for possible stolen items. Wonder Woman had entered into one warehouse, only to discover that it belonged to an Adult Company that made bondage and BDSM gear. Curoosity got the better of her and she opened one of the crates to find it full of large ballgags and so caught up with

looking at the gags, she failed to notice the janitor coming up behind her. Mr. Hanzo jabbed her in the back with a taser at its full strength while pressing a rag doused in several chemicals over her face. The taser and the chemicals were enough to overpower the superheroine and in moments, she was out. When Wonder Woman woke up later, she found herself in this position, naked, bound and gaged. And when she attempted to break free, her captor gave the order for her to not break free and to her horror, she felt the Lasso compelling her to obey. She had been hoping that someone would come rescue her but unknown to Wonder Woman, the security cameras were down and she had not told anyone where she was going.

That had been last night and adding to that misery she was enduring now was the vibrating dildo that kept edging her over and over. It kept pushing her body to the

edge of an orgasm but never letting her go over, never letting her body get what it was starting to crave. The dildo would vibrate on a high setting, sending waves of unwanted pleasure coursing through her body and yet, it always stopped right before an orgasm. Already, Wonder Woman's body was starting to betray her, her nipples erect and a small growing voice in the back of her mind was telling her to start fucking the dildo, to give in. Already, the base of the pole was covered in her bodily fluids as was her inner thighs. Her muscles strained against her bindings and were aching from being in her current position.

"Is that so?" said Mr. Hanzo as he walked around the bound superheroine before kneeling down next to her where he grabbed her chin and forced her to look into his eyes. "I wonder how long you can last? I wonder how long it will take for you

to break? I wonder how long before I can turn you into my pet?"

Wonder Woman tried to glare at him but the vibrations from the dildo were taking their toll upon her body and mind. She stopped herself when she felt her body trying to push back against the large sex toy, something that Mr. Hanzo didn't miss. He smiled before releasing her chin and then stood up and made his way over to the a table in the corner of the basement. Wonder Woman watched him for several seconds, letting out a moan once more as she felt herself getting closer to the edge again. And once more without warning, the vibrations stopped, eliciting a muffled moan from Wonder Woman as she was denied once more, that which her body was now craving. She closed her eyes, trying to clear her mind and opened them once more when she heard him coming back. Wonder Woman's eyes went wide

upon seeing the syringe in his hand and she squirmed in her bindings, shaking her head and trying to get away from him but it was no use. Mr. Hanzo grabbed her right breast where he took an alcohol pad and began to clean her nipple. Then he slowly pushed the needle into her nipple and injected half of the clear liquid within the syringe. Her left breast then followed suit. Once he was done, Mr. Hanzo returned back to the table for something else.

Meanwhile, Wonder Woman began to feel a warmth spreading throughout her body, her breathing becoming even heavier while also feeling her lusts skyrocketing to the roof. She realized to her horror that her captor had injected her with an aphrodisiac.

Her body began to react even more and she felt herself becoming more aroused as each second passed. Wonder Woman looked up at Mr. Hanzo in time to see the

jet black leather bondage hood in his hands. She could do nothing as her world went dark and her head was embraced by leather and tightness. Said hood bore no eye or mouth openings save for two holes over the nose area, trapping her in darkness. Once it was laced up tightly, Mr. Hanzo returned back to the table to grab some wireless headphones and placed them upon Wonder Woman's head where her ears were beneath the hood. No she was deaf to the world, unable to hear a thing until Mr. Hanzo went to laptop on the same table and pressed a button. A second later, the moans of women in bondage and BDSM porno flicks began to stream into Wonder Woman's ears, eliciting a muffled moan that made her eyes roll up.

"I'll check up on you later," Mr. Hanzo said, knowing that his pet couldn't hear him. Mr. Hanzo smirked at that before

making his way back up the stairs. He made sure to turn off the light before exiting, plunging the basement into darkness. Only the muffled whimpers and moans of Wonder Woman and the vibrating dildo starting up once more were the only signs of someone being down there.