SUPERHEROINE MUSEUM VOL.2 SERIES

YOU ARE MINE. MINE!

HMMMPHHH!

OH BOY... SHE FOUND A WAY TO STRIP ME OF MY SUPER-POWERS... WE ARE DOOMED!

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adults only

special guest –
Flashgirl!

REDENSHI
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1.

FLASHGIRL CAPTURED

The red and yellow blur sped across the city, a wild wind following in it's wake flinging debris this way and that as it raced with grim determination towards it's destination.

Flashgirl was usually more careful about the damage her impressive super speed caused but she had no time to worry about cracked windows and flung about trees. The beautiful speedster was on a rescue mission and she could not afford to waste a second.

Her friend Supergirl had dropped out of sight a few days earlier; this wasn't that uncommon an occurrence, since like most heroines she had a secret ID and had been assumed to be taking a few days off. But then this afternoon Flashgirl had received a tip from a stool pigeon that Supergirl was in deep trouble at the hands a pair of slavers.

At once Flashgirl had raced to the location provided (the pigeon hadn't wanted to give that out, but she'd persuaded him) her mind churning. Slaver's, oh why did it have to be slaver's she wondered. Kidnappings for sexual use had been on the rise for over a year, men and women from all walks of life vanishing to suffer at the hands of deviant masters and mistresses. Just the week before footage had emerged of a famous country singer, dressed as a Maid, locked in chains and giving oral to a male master, and she was hardly the first victim Flashgirl had heard about, and was no closer to finding.

Worse ever since a minor heroine named Hyperstar had been captured by that deviant monster Mistress Winter a few months before, it seemed to be open season on Superheroine's. A dozen had been captured and it seemed to be the new challenge among that evil community to own your own heroine.

Flashgirl could not see how they could have captured Supergirl (who was from another planet and the most powerful heroine of all) but in the current climate she could not take the risk. She also should have called for backup, but Flashgirl knew that whatever weakness they had found in Supergirl was unlikely to work on her, and she'd be in and out before the monsters had a chance to react. She wasn't going to let Supergirl suffer a second longer than she had to.

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FLASHGIRL WAS RUNNING THROUGH THE CITY, PROPELLED BY THE AMAZING SPEED FORCE POWERS SHE POSSESSED.

THIS IS SOOO BORING AND STILL, THERE'S **NO SIGN** OF MISSING SUPERGIRL.

OKAY ONE LAST AVENUE AND THEN I'M CALLING IT QUITS FOR TODAY.

FWWWOOOOOSSSH

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Besides she thought with an evil smile, it will go very badly for them if they get in my way! Rounding a bend as she closed in on the reputed location of the slaver base; Huh what's that? She thought as she saw something stretched across the road.

To her credit Flashgirl almost slowed down in time to save herself, but then almost never won any prizes as she slammed into the sticky web of latex plastic that had been stretched across the road.

The web suddenly enveloped her, and for a long instant it stretched elongating like something out of an old cartoon, as Flashgirl continued running and attempting to break free. Instead the web put the brakes on her, and like a cartoon coyote and a rubber band, she was suddenly snapped back and to a stop, hanging above the road in her sticky rubber prison.

Caught fast Flashgirl attempted to spin and vibrate herself free of the web, but nothing happened, she could not use her powers, she could not even move, she was totally trapped! Ice water flowed in Flashgirl's veins, and her heart beat like a drum as she realised she'd walked into a trap!

"What have we here?" a voice asked from behind her, "I knew that vibration dampening net would come in handy one of these days," a tall, and beautiful blonde woman stepped in front of the trapped speedster. Her hair was long, her curves perfect, and her legs seemed to go on forever, an effect enhanced by the purple latex catsuit the woman seemed to have been poured into. She looked like a supermodel Flashgirl thought but there was a cruel and malignant malice in the woman's eyes as she looked the trapped speedster over.

"Who are you? Let me go!" Flashgirl demanded, still desperately trying to escape the trap, even as she grew exhausted from her efforts.

"Why I am employed by the owner of the estate you have just trespassed upon. I see you found our security system, we can't have super beings breaking into the place, it just isn't civilised is it?"

"Let me down from here!" the angry heroine demanded, "I had a legitimate tip a missing girl is on these premises and I came to investigate,"

"Got a warrant?" the woman asked playfully, then pulled out a mobile phone, dialled a number and said, "Hi this is Barbara boss, yeah we got her, silly cow walked right into your trap just like you said,"

Desperately Flashgirl tried to escape but every attempt to move was totally dampened by the next, she could not move her body even a millimetre let along break free of her high tech prison. It was a trap, it had all been a trap, and now instead of saving Supergirl she was trapped right alongside her! "**LET ME GO THIS INSTANT!**" she screamed, and then added, "**LET ME GO NOW YOU BITCH!**"

"Temper, temper, what is it with your heroine's and the arrogance, well we'll soon knock that out of you," Flashgirl shuddered in fear as the woman added, "You should really consider yourself lucky, Superheroine's like you are totally obsolete, so we're decided to offer you a place in our museum. Who knows you might even end up my personal rubber slave trophy…"

Before Flashgirl could react the woman raised a spray can and discharged it in the captive beauties face. The Powerless Flashgirl could not resist the fast acting sedative and she quickly slumped into blackness…

The last thing she heard was her captor's mocking "Goodnight sweetie,"

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FLASHGIRL WAS SO TIRED AND CARELESS THAT, WITHOUT THINKING SHE RAN DIRECTLY INTO A PREPARED TRAP!

WH... WHAT IS THIS STUFF?

IT'S SO STICKY AND FLEXIBLE! THE MORE I STRUGGLE, THE MORE IT'S STICKING TO ME!

WELL WELL WELL... LOOK WHO ACCIDENTLY RAN DIRECTLY INTO MY BONDAGE WEB.

BONDAGE WEB??? WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

SOME KIND OF LATEX PERVERT FREAK? I DEMAND...

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HONEY, YOU DON'T MAKE DEMANDS TO ANYBODY ANYMORE.

I'M MISTRESS BARBARA. YOUR MISTRESS! AND YOU WILL DO EXACT-LY AS I TELL Y...

IN YOUR DREAMS!

I LOVE WHEN THEY RESIST...

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2.

NEW UNIFORM

Mistress Lenka tapped her foot as she waited impatiently for the return of her Maid Barbara, from her mission to capture the latest addition to their collection of Superheroine's. Barbara had called to say Flashgirl was in her power, but Lenka was impatient to get her hands on her latest prize. Finally the deviant dominant saw a powerful SUV coming up the drive towards the castle she'd imported brick by brick from Europe and she rubbed her hands with glee.

Barbara quickly jumped out and moved to the trunk, which she opened, to reveal the figure inside. It was Flashgirl, unconscious and still trussed up in the vibration dampening plastic Lenka had invented. She wondered what her old employers, in the Czech StB, would think of what she'd done with the technology she'd once built for them…

"Yes another perfect catch, a shame she's asleep, I really can't wait to get started on her, and you gave her the dose?" she asked Barbara as she reached out and stroked her captives red spandex uniform.

"Yes the concentrated dose of milk should be hard at work by now, she should be grateful, I hear she's as "fast" in the bedroom as everywhere else,"

"And now she won't be," Lenka replied, "Take her below and let's get our little party started…"

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Flashgirl awoke with a powerful headache, and wondered if she'd been drinking too much. But that was impossible, she couldn't get drunk her metabolism was too fast for… Her eyes snapped open as her affected addled mind spun up and she recalled her capture a scream rending her lips as she discovered the sadistic predicament she was in.

"Holy shit!" she exclaimed, though what came out was a garbled "Roly Rit!" as she took in the horrific bondage she was trapped in. Her spandex running suit had been stripped from her and then substituted for a new one. To a casual glance it looked pretty much the same, until you realised it was made of Ľ inch thick rubber, and was so tight it was like a second skin, uncomfortable, hot and incredibly unpleasant. Flashgirl's sweat was already pooling under her shoulder blades, at the base of her spin and all down her legs.

In place of her running shoes, she now wore ballet boots with eight inch torture heels. Worse she was hanging in suspension from a harness attached around her shoulders, and at her waist, and this harness wasn't quite tight enough to take the beautiful heroine's weight. The agony that the boots caused anyway was magnified since they were at least two sizes to small and her toes, and a single experimental step sent a pulse of agony through her bound form.

If that wasn't bad enough, around her waist she wore a thick leather boned corset, which had crushed her twenty-two inch waist to an uncomfortable eighteen and announced it's presence with her every breath. The corset also pushed her breasts up and outwards causing her well endowed mounds to strain against the thick latex.

Then came her arms which had been twisted around into an unnatural reverse prayer pose, and then strapped together with leather bands, and a large leather bag over her hands. The result was agony from twisted muscles, and a useless mass which was linked by a short chain to the back of the collar she wore.

This was a huge leather posture collar, that wrapped around her neck, and ensured she could not lower or turn her head in any way. She was not however spared the sight of her new "costume" since some helpful soul had set up a mirror in front of her.

Her face was covered by a mask identical to her old cowl, though this was made of latex, like the suit, and was far tighter than the old one. And if the suit wasn't bad enough there was what was inside it. She could feel the huge shaft of an oversized dildo trapped in her pussy, while another plug was (even worse) locked inside her anus, a huge and evil thing that was agony to wear.

Even worse than that, there was a catheter inside her body, with a small tube attached that ran back to a far larger one attached to her anus. Another long tube was strapped inside the captive's mouth, gagging her and leading to a machine on a nearby wall marked "auto-feeder." Flashgirl whimpered as she realised she could be fed, watered and use the toilet while never having to leave her bondage!

For a moment she'd been frozen by the horrific sight, but she soon recovered her senses and thought, Right, somebody dies! She wasn't trapped in that strange sticky plastic any more so…

She tried to spin really fast and destroy the suit with her vibrations accelerating rapidly, but the chains held her fast, and all she managed was to painfully run on the spot at a couple of hundred miles an hour, and swing from side to side. Flashgirl's heart thundered, what was wrong with her powers? She screamed into her gag, trying to tear at it with her teeth, but whatever it was made of was completely immune to her mysteriously reduced powers and tears of terror pricked in the captive's eyes.

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OH MY GOD. I CAN'T USE MY SUPER-POWERS!

AND WHAT ARE THEY FEEDING ME???

MMMM!

UHHH!

VPPP VRRR

VPPP VRRR

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"Ah I see you have awoken at last," a cruel female voice announced, "Welcome back," the woman said as she stepped in front of Flashgirl. Flashgirl guessed the woman was around thirty-five, tall, busty, and like "Barbara," looked like she'd been poured into the latex catsuit she was wearing. She had long red hair, and under other circumstances Flashgirl would have asked the name of her stylist, now she just screamed demands that the tube gag mangled. Still enough got through for the woman to understand her.

"Who am I? I am Lenka, though you may call me Mistress, I am the owner of the facility you find yourself within, the creator of the technology that confines you…and I am your owner, as of now,"

Flashgirl's response might have been mangled but the curse words were still just about understandable. Lenka just smiled, "Well I didn't expect you to understand, I am what you might call an investor in crime, I have sold criminal's my inventions for use in their plots and made quite a bit of money from it. Crime is changing my dear and thanks to my tech you superhero's can no longer keep up," Don't count on it cow! "Naturally, since I like to make money I have no issue with a global crime wave, but I have calculated that all hero's will be eliminated by my customers in the next sixteen months, again not such a bad thing,"

Flashgirl just stared at Lenka wondering where the woman was going. "As I said getting rid of you interfering heroes is no bad thing, but some of you are interesting to me," she said, running a hand over Flashgirl's bound breasts. Oh God she's one of them! Flashgirl thought as she screamed wordlessly. Lenka spoke again, "Anyway I decided that I would preserve the most interesting examples of your kind, like a zoo and endangered species, but I like to call this a museum. As you may have guessed I caught Supergirl and a few other of your friends and now you are mine as well,"

Flashgirl made one last attempt to get her powers to work properly, but all she could do was sway a little in her bondage, "Oh it won't work, my Maid and I recently discovered a very interesting substance which when ingested suppresses Metahuman abilities. My maid injected you with a concentrated dose after she knocked you out, and you're feed will contain just enough to keep your powers at this low level from now on. You see as I said I don't want to destroy such a perfect female form like yours but I can't have you being a heroine, so I'm turning you into a rubber slave instead!"

Flashgirl screamed and thrashed as she realised that the dozen enslaved heroine's was now thirteen, this could not be happening, she thought, but it was, and Mistress Lenka was wasting no time, laughing at her captive's struggle's then saying, "Right we'll start with you getting on the treadmill in front of you, you may not be very super any more, but slaves need to exercise,"

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I KNEW THAT UNIFORM WOULD BE MUCH MORE SUITABLE FOR YOU, FLASHBITCH.

FLOOR 00

AND WHO THE HELL IS THIS??!

GRRRR!

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"Ro re rell!" Flashgirl managed into her gag tube, and Lenka just smiled and stepped behind Flashgirl,

"I always love it when they fight; it's so much more fun!" Suddenly there was a snapping sound, followed by a "**CRACK!**" and then something slammed into Flashgirl's buttocks. The thick latex gave some protection, but not very much as the bullwhip slashed across Flashgirl's heinee sending a pulse of boiling agony through the heroine's body, and leaving a pulsing wilt under the latex. Flashgirl's instincts took over and she started running, but the insanely strong chain's locked her on the spot, and so the whip easily found her exposed buttocks again and again.

The whip rose again, and slammed down again so that Flashgirl bucked in pure agony, as the whip slashed her perfect flesh, then it came down again, and again until her buttocks were one mass of pain. Flashgirl was used to pain, it was an occupational hazard as a hero, but to be whipped sexually by another woman was a humiliation and a horror the likes of which she had never known. Worse to be stripped of her powers, to be so utterly defenceless was terrifying…

If that wasn't bad enough her running was also moving the dildo and butt plug in her loins, and she howled in pure humiliation as she found herself being stimulated by them. Her captor on the other hand just laughed at her torment.

Worse as the whip fell again, she realised that given the suit she was trapped in and the length's Lenka had already gone to, the whipping would go on, until she was either whipped bloody, she passed out, or she obeyed. But she could not do that, she was a free woman, not some slave. Still she begged for mercy as the whipping went on and on, sending pulse after pulse of agony through the bound heroine's perfect form. Lenka was counting, and even as Flashgirl desperately tried to keep her heinee away from the evil woman, she heard, "Forty-eight, forty-nine, and fifty!"

Finally it stopped, and Lenka demanded "Well will your serve me Fastbitch, or do I need to do another fifty?" Oh God she's insane, Flashgirl realised, and with no other choice, Flashgirl took a couple of painful steps, and placed her feet upon the treadmill. "There was that really so hard?"

"Good you decided to obey me," Lenka added, "Now we'll have some fun," Just wait until I get free! Flashgirl thought, but in her bondage, and after the whipping, she realised how unlikely that was to happen. Her buttocks were throbbing in agony, while her sex had been driven near to climax by the dildo locked within, and Flashgirl screamed in horror at the strange feeling of pleasure and pain mixed together in her bound body.

"By the way I hope you like your new costume, it is a parody of the old one of cause, both so all who see you in the museum will know who you were, and all my subscribers will know I've enslaved Flashgirl and not some random twentysomething. We'll make millions," Lenka added,

Flashgirl now noticed the camera's placed around the room and a wordless scream escaped the trapped heroine's lips. "Right as I said exercise, I know you love running, so let's see how fast you are in that suit of yours," Lenka said, as she picked up a small device which trailed a long cable and which she hooked to a plug on Flashgirl's suit. "Testing, one, two, **THREE!**"

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HMPHHHH!!!

NO MATTER HOW MUCH ENERGY I GIVE, I CAN'T RUN FASTER THAN 300 MPH!...

I HAVE NEVER FELT SO OBJECT-IFIED!

AANNDDD 21... *YES!* YOU ARE COMPLETELY UNDER MY CON-TROL.

YOU MIGHT BE STARTING TO UNDERSTAND IT. I'M USING YOU AS A HUMAN DYNAMO!

YOU WILL BE RUNNING TO THE REST OF YOUR PATHETIC LIFE.

SLAP

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT WASTE YOU ARE PRODUCING FROM YOUR HOLES.

IT ENDS IN A BLENDER AND PUMPED IT DIRECTLY TO SUPER SEPTIC IN THE LOWEST LEVEL OF MY CASTLE! *HA HA!*

BRRRRRRR...

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Flashgirl howled in pain as a shock stung her right nipple, then another stung her left nipple, and a final one stung the inside of her pussy. "You like that? Good I think it's time I fully explain things to you. Now as you may have noticed your powers are somewhat…reduced, I'm not going to tell you just how we're doing that (because nothing fouls up a plan like explaining it to the enemy), but as you have noticed, you can only run at a few hundred miles per hours, and forget about being able to vibrate free." How! But that's impossible! How could anyone do that? Flashgirl thought. Not that how really mattered, only that Lenka had done it!

"Before you get any ideas in addition to being full of electrodes to discipline you, the latex in the suit is a special rubber designed to withstand vibration and stress from speeds up to about Mark 3, yet transmit tactile experiences from the outside. Your chains and straps meanwhile are made of solid promethean/adamantine alloy, even at full power you cannot vibrate through them. Now have you ever seen a bicycle dynamo?"

Flashgirl's eyes widened, surely not? But trapped in latex and chains, and having already been mercilessly whipped she realised nothing was impossible. "Yes you will not only be on display, you will also power my museum, you can still run at about 300 mph and you do so on the treadmill, spinning the generator, and saving me a fortune on the electric bill." Giggling Lenka added, "For each hundred miles you complete you will be rewarded, and you get two minutes rest an hour. Try to stop for any other reason, and…" Flashgirl screamed in pain as another shock attacked her pussy.

"Also I know that you need vast amounts of calories to keep up your speed, this tube will keep you feed, while the other ones will take away the waste to our reprocessing plant." Oh God how can this get any worse, Flashgirl wondered as she made one last desperate effort to fight her bondage. It did her no good, as Lenka simply said, "Now start running."

For a moment Flashgirl stood perfectly still, determined to defy her captor, but then the shocks began, agony assaulted her breasts, then her already sore heinee, and then her pussy once again. Flashgirl did what was her instinct in such situations, she began to run, the mill turning rapidly under her as her legs blurred and she quickly sped up to over one hundred miles an hour.

Still the shocks continued and Flashgirl ran faster and faster, desperately trying to break free of the suit. Meanwhile liquid food poured into her mouth, forcing her to swallow over and over as she desperately tried to run as fast as she could. The stuff was disgusting, tasting like milk mixed with something…else, something utterly alien, she wanted to vomit but she knew she'd drown in the stuff if she did, so all she could do was swallow and run.

She was desperate to go fast enough to destroy the suit and bonds by friction, but nothing she tried, would let her go faster than 300mph, and that did no damage at all, to the evil bondage. Worse every step she took sent jolts of pain up her distended feet, and Flashgirl was taking an awful lot of steps!

She screamed wordlessly, mortal terror seizing her body and soul through what was happening to her, surely it could not be true, that she was expected to spend the rest of her life running like this? Suddenly she was reminded of something else, every motion of her body was moving the dildos in her sex, and if that was not bad enough, she was rapidly growing aroused. She screamed again horrified her body could commit such treason towards her…

Lenka was happily watching the slave suffer in her bondage, rubbing the crotch of her own suit as she did so and now suddenly said, "Oh one other thing, I sometimes rent out time with my exhibits to interested parties, so here we go, meet… Cheetah!"

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MISTRESS LENKA PROFITED ON CAPTURED SUPERHEROINES BY RENTING THEM TO SUPER VILLAINESSES THAT MADE THE HIGHEST OFFER.

A DEAL IS A DEAL, SHE IS YOURS. BUT DON'T BREAK HER TOO MUCH. I WILL BE BACK FOR THE NEXT **50** WHIPS IN A FEW HOURS.

HSSS DON'T WORRY. SHE WILL BE... FULLY USED.

GULP

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The slave screamed again as a tall woman bounced into the room. Flashgirl didn't know Cheetah very well, the feline villainess wasn't one of her regulars after all, but she was surprised to see what the catgirl was wearing in place of her usual leather costume.

It was a tight latex copy of that uniform complete with a corset and (sane) high heels, and the crazy Catgirl had an evil look on her face. "Well, well Flashgirl, it's been a while since we last met, I still remember though," Since Flashgirl had bounced her up and down a street after a botched bank job that wasn't to surprising, and even as she ran, Flashgirl wondered what the evil Cat creature had in mind for her.

"I'm really waiting to get my hands on Diana but you'll do for a starter, "Cheetah said, as she asked, "Can you stop her for a bit so I can get a closer look?" Lenka nodded, and pushed a button, and Flashgirl screamed as another blazing shock erupted across her body, and Lenka demanded,

"STOP!" For a moment Flashgirl tried to keep going, making one last effort to escape her bondage, but the agony grew worse and worse as the shocks grew more powerful Having no choice Flashgirl pulled to a stop, her chest heaving and her suit slick with sweat, as Lenka turned to Cheetah smiled and said,

"Have fun, and don't forget to pay on the way out," before leaving,

"Spoil sport," Cheetah said as she closed in on the captive heroine, and ran a hand over her bound breasts. "Well you must be a DD at least, aren't these heavy when you run," Flashgirl howled in terror but could do nothing to stop the evil creature as she ran a hand over Flashgirl's sore and sweaty body, and said,

"This really is the best use for someone like you, a human dynamo, all tied up in this perfect rubber costume, I bet it's really hot in there?" Cheetah said before turning and walking around a nearby corner and coming back with an object that trailed long wires. "I can see one problem however, you really are rather plump, aren't you, I think a sauna would cut down the weight, don't you?"

Oh God is that what I think it is? The trapped heroine wondered, and then saw that it was a portable electric air heater! She placed it behind Flashgirl then went to get another one. Flashgirl begged for mercy into her gag, but Cheetah just laughed at her, "These can put out **10000w**, we'll have that weight off really quickly, and even better, I get to torture you at the same time. I had bruises for weeks, after you caught me!" she added.

Realising the plan was to torture her with Saharan heat, Flashgirl desperately begged into her feeding tube, even as Cheetah reached up and unclipped it. Now more clearly Flashgirl begged "Uhhh Plesss row!" into her ring gag.

"Save your breath slave, this is going to be fun!" Cheetah said as she turned on the heat… Flashgirl screamed as the temperature rapidly rose, then screamed again as she shocks assaulted her trapped body, "Run little bitch run!" Cheetah demanded…

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YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW LONG I'VE IMAGINED THIS... WELL NOT EXACTLY ***THIS***, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

THIS IS EVEN BETTER THAN WHAT I PLANNED FOR YOU!

CHEETAH PLEASE...

A HUMAN DYNAMO. PERFECT UTILIZATION OF YOUR USELESS BODY.

SHULUMP

SHULUMP

SHULUMP

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3.

RUBBER KITTY

Flashgirl was not the only heroine currently imprisoned within the castle, though if you asked she'd likely deny that title to the woman who was suffering nearby. The woman had been a thief, a liar and (on a good day) an anti-hero, but these days she was simply a slave.

She had been a flexible and skilled acrobatic cat burglar, now she could not even walk on two legs. She knew that she was a test subject for bonding plastic permanently to the human skin, she'd been told as much about the black catsuit she was trapped in, as well as the fact it was water permeable, allowing her to be cleaned without any need to test if it was bonded forever or not.

Once a day she was sprayed down with a hose and the enormous buttplug in her anus was removed to allow her to use the toilet, at all other times it stayed in place, sending jolts of pain through her distended anus with every step. She was little more than a pet, a sort of parody of a tame animal and not a human being.

Her head was locked into a heavy latex cowl with a pair of rubber cat ears on top, while her neck was sealed in a special posture collar that forced her to keep her head up and facing forwards. She was trapped in all fours, by the fingerless mitts that ended the arms of her catsuit, and the straps and plastic sheaths that kept her legs folded over, and forced her to walk on hands and knees. Around her waist she wore a corset, crushed her waist to a dizzying seventeen inches, the result of long term corset training. The buttplug was connected to a long plastic tail that moved realistically with every painful step the slave took, and finally a leash was locked to her collar, and a ball gag filled her mouth. Catwoman had become Mistress Lenka's petgirl.

She'd been captured sometime earlier, when a tip about the location of a rare cat's-eye emerald turned out to be trap. Having no superpowers it had been easy for Lenka and Barbara to expose her to a powerful knockout gas, and she'd awoken strapped to an operating table. Her leather uniform had been sliced off, and then she'd been imprisoned in the costume she now wore.

The torment that followed had been endless, Catwoman had been proud, and something of a Dominant herself, but months of torment and sexual abuse had worn down her defences. Slowly but surely her will had been broken, until she could do nothing but obey Mistress Lenka.

She'd been like this ever since, her will broken, forced to act like a cat, forced to walk like one, forced to eat out of a cat bowl. But a cat would never act like she did now; she acted more like a dog, a submissive puppy, utterly obedient to her captor. And all she could think about was that it could be worse, was worse for just about every other heroine in the place. And worst of all for…no she wasn't going to think about what was down in the basement.

Catwoman had long ago accepted her fate and she had become totally obedient, but still even as she moaned in fearful anticipation of what her captor had in mind, Lenka swung the whip at Catwoman's ass, not even prepared to allow that tiny bit of resistance. "Never forget that you are a slave," Lenka said, even as Catwoman howled in pain.

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MEANWHILE IN THE HIGHEST LEVEL OF MISTRESS LENKA'S CASTLE.

I KNOW YOU WERE NOT 100% A SUPERHEROINE, THATS WHY YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO MOVEMENT, BUT TRY ANYTHING STUPID AND YOU END EATING SUPERGIRLS RECY-CLED SHITS!

GOOD KITTY!

OH MY GOD. SHE IS COMPLETELY CRAZY!

MUHOW MUHOW

I NEED TO BE A GOOD SLAVE AND PLEASURE MY MISTRESS.

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"Oh you really are adorable," Lenka added, as she picked up Catwoman's leash, and said, "Now come on I want to show you something,"

Catwoman yelped as the plug moved painfully in her anus as she took her first step, "You know you really should thank me, that outfit looks so much better than that purple thing you wore when we first met." Lenka reached down and painfully squeezed her captive's ample breasts, causing her whimper in pain. "Besides, this is your final permanent outfit, and how many heroines do you know around here who have as much freedom of movement, you wanna be a "processor?" Catwoman whimpered, a flash of what was in the basement crossing her mind; she had no desire to be part of that. Whimpering with pain, she struggled to follow her captor across the hard stone cobbles of the castle…

Flashgirl meanwhile was suffering, she was hot, sweat was pouring from her bound body, and her feet were in agony from running mile after mile in the torture heels. If that wasn't bad enough, Cheetah had set the electrodes in her suit to automatic, sending a boiling pulse of pain through her tits and sex once a second every second.

Cheetah meanwhile had unzipped a zipper over her crotch, and was gently stroking her pussy, as she asked, "I wonder what will happen first, will you orgasm, or will you pass out?" Flashgirl screamed in pain and humiliation, for the dildo had driven her close to climax, but not quite far enough, and a part of her was deeply frustrated at her failure to achieve orgasm.

In spite of her suffering though, Flashgirl actually felt hope for her situation. The reason for this was that she was getting faster…The only explanation was that whatever Lenka had used to suppress her powers was wearing off. If she could just endure a little longer, her powers would return, she would be able to break free, and then a few people were going to die…

It was a long walk as her captor led Catwoman through her perverted "museum" passing the many horrific exhibits. Catwoman could only follow her captor, her sore knee's striking the floor as she looked over the horror she had become part of. There were dozens of exhibits, for now most were empty but Catwoman knew, her Mistress planned to fill them up each exhibit just waiting for its intended victim to arrive. The broken feline was certain the exhibits would be filled as well, aware of how totally she had been crushed, and what would happen to all the other victims…

They walked passed a door to the basement, where she knew Supergirl was deep in an utterly disgusting hell, and then they walked passed Lenka's only male prisoner, strapped to a table in his own isolated room. The ruin of his red cape hung on one wall, while a drip in his arm fed him a concentrated version of Lenka's power sapping serum, mixed with that eerie green substance that had once been considered his only weakness.

He had only been captured to get him out of the way, for Lenka was a committed lesbian, and would never have relations with any man. Instead he'd been sealed in a powder blue isolation suit, designed to block out all solar radiation, his head sealed under a similar hood, the only openings being for his mouth and nostrils. These had tubes forced up them, the one in his mouth entered his stomach, to force feed him, while the two nose ones were connected to a life support system that fed him a modified atmosphere based on that of his own world, further weakening him.

Another tube connected to his anus for waste removal, while a plastic cylinder was fitted over his cock, to this were connected dozens of electrodes, and hundreds more throughout the suit, keeping him under 24/7 electrical torture.

It had been six weeks since his capture and he'd been in total isolation and torture for all of that time, and Catwoman wondered if anything of the Last Son remained inside that suit!

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Her thoughts were interrupted as a harsh tug on her leash forced her to follow her mistress…

Finally Catwoman was led into the power room, and looked on in horror at the sight of Flashgirl strapped up and running for her life on the treadmill. Sweat was pouring off the bound beauty as she screamed in agony from constant shocks, and desperately tried to break free. Cheetah meanwhile was sitting in a corner with two fingers up her sex, and Catwoman looked in disgust on her fellow villainess. Still Lenka did show one tiny bit of mercy, and picked up the feeding tube before reconnecting it so gruel could flow once more into the exhausted slave.

It was not a mercy however, Catwoman knew that the power sapping serum was introduced through the slave's food, and it seemed Flashgirl had guessed that as well as she desperately tried not to swallow the milky substance pouring into her mouth. The new slave screamed in horror, but survival instinct took over and she was forced to begin swallowing, just as Lenka said, "You will drink it, or I'll have a tube put down your throat," as she rushed over and pushed a button on the auto feeder to increase the dosage.

Not that it mattered as the massive overdose of the milk quickly shut down Flashgirl's powers completely, and quickly she was just a normal girl, struggling to walk at the command of the electrodes once more. Lenka grabbed the terrified heroines jaw and said, "No you don't get away that easily, you must be very tired going all out like that, so drink long and deeply,"

She turned and glared at Cheetah who was zipping herself up, "As for you, you were told not to take the tube out, you know she required hourly doses to keep her powers suppressed or her metabolism will burn through the milk in double quick time,"

Cheetah shuddered as Lenka advanced on her, "I'm sorry I forgot," the cat themed villainess said, and Catwoman took secret pleasure in her copycat's suffering,

"Yes well now we'll have to fit her with a feeding tube to make sure she takes her medicine, good thing I had no plans to use her mouth!" Lenka replied,

"Look I'm sorry; I'll make it up to you,"

"I'm sure you will, because I'm doubling your fee," Lenka said, "And if you do something this stupid again, you can spend sometime on the other end of the leash, now get out of my sight!"

Catwoman giggled quietly into her gag as the big bad villainess fled the room. Lenka then walked back to her new slave and stroked her bound breasts, "Now keep eating, I know you're very hungry after all that speed, even as Flashgirl defeated gulped down the last of the massive serving she'd been forced to swallow.

"Don't be afraid to use the other tubes, my dear, I know you're very full after that, and my Super efficient processor in the basement is just waiting for your waste,"

"And I'm sure my milk cow is going to be working overtime after that portion so I hope you enjoyed it, I know Karen didn't!" Lenka added with a grin, as Catwoman shuddered, aware of just how the "milk" the Metahuman's were being fed on was made.

"Now lets have no more escape attempts from you, I will tell Mistress Barbara to keep you like this awake and running for the next forty eight hours, no sleep, and as little rest as needed to keep you alive, that should teach you what happens to silly sluts who try to escape. And if that doesn't work, I'm sure Kara could use a roommate.

Flashgirl screamed as the shocks and the belt started up again, and she was forced to resume her tortured progress on the belt. Lenka tugged savagely on Catwoman's leash, leading her out of the room and leaving the slave heroine to suffer…

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WHAT THE... SHE USES MORE ELECTRICITY THAN SHE PRODUCES!

OHHHH YEAH! SUFFER! SUFFER FOR ME, FASTWHORE!

OH MY... IT'S FLASHGIRL! SO THEY CAP-TURED EVEN HER!

MUHOW

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FLASHGIRL WAS SWEATING LIKE A STUCK PIG DRESSED IN ALL THAT RUBBER LATEX BONDAGE!

MISTRESS LENKA PLEASE *STOP HER!*

HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR RUBBER SAUNA SUIT? *AHA HA!*

SHUUMP

NNNNN!

CHEETAH JUST CROSSED THE LINE, I THINK SHE JUST JOINED OUR MUSEUM OF THOSE WHO'VE GONE TOO FAR!

SHULUMP

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4.

RUBBER PONYGIRL

How long does it take to break a woman? To take a defiant, powerful heroine and turn her into a broken a defeated sex slave? In Flashgirl's case this was a matter of days. She'd tried to resist, but the promised two days on the mill had turned into a solid week of torment. She'd been forced to run and suffer, every second of every day, allowed less than two hours sleep a night still hanging in her bondage.

For a hyperactive speedster like Flashgirl to be locked in one place like that for so long was almost as horrific a torture as the whippings, the electric shocks, and the constant crushing weight of her latex suit.

Lenka and Barbara had at least stopped making her drink the slop from the feeding tube, instead forcing her to eat tasteless ultra high energy food bar's every couple of hours. However any hope the evil Domme's had screwed up had been crushed, when a shunt had been fitted into a vein on her right arm, and she'd been given an injection.

Lenka had mentioned it was a concentrated and refined form of whatever it was that knocked out her powers, enabling them to control her with a simple injection every six hours. Not that the feeding tube didn't come back into play regularly anyway, serving as yet another torture as she was forced to desperately swallow the milk, until it seemed her stomach would burst.

Flashgirl hated the evil Domme's but day after day it became more and more clear that her only hope was to obey them. She'd quickly realised that they were pure sadists, who had no interest in getting her to love them, or even to enjoy her suffering, as long as "they" enjoyed the suffering.

She'd also been given a brief tour; she'd seen what had been done to Aquagirl, the horrific suffering of Powergirl, and worst of all what had happened to Supergirl in the basement, and her cousin in his isolation suit. Flashgirl did as she was told to avoid anything worse!

On the eighth day, things started as had become routine, with Barbara using an electric shock to bring her out of a disturbed sleep. She'd expected to be fed and then to start her morning run. However instead, Barbara gave her a concentrated injection, and then once she was sure Flashgirl was totally powerless, she unhooked the slave from her chains and allowed her to lie on the ground.

For an instant Flashgirl was grateful for this first little piece of mercy from her captors, and she even savoured the feel of the cold water hose as it sprayed the sweat and dirt from the latex suit. She'd been informed that it was now bonded to her flesh but for a moment she wondered if they would let her take it off just for a little while.

It was a vain hope, as instead Barbara began undoing the laces that held the boots closed over Flashgirl's crushed and enpointe feet. After a week in the boots her feet had adapted and when Flashgirl tried to straighten them a bolt of pain ran through them.

In any case she was not given very long to enjoy cool air on bare flesh, as Barbara picked up another pair of boots and rapidly began fitting them in place.

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Too terrified to resist, Flashgirl just lay there as the boots were fitted and then laced up and locked together with a two foot long hobble chain. Flashgirl whimpered as Barbara held up a mirror so the slave could look down her nose and see the horrific new boots.

In many ways the yellow leather horrors were much like the old ones, angled so the victim had to walk in ballet dancer pose, at least a size to small and designed for discomfort. There were however to important differences. First the toes of the boots were shaped like a moulded plastic horse's hoof, complete with a horseshoe attached to the sole, and worst of all there no heels. How on earth was she supposed to walk or run in these?

Barbara did not stop there; instead she began undoing Flashgirl's arm bondage and then straightened them out for the first time in forever, and Flashgirl howled in pain as distorted muscles slipped back into place.

This done Barbara then stripped the rubber gloves off Flashgirl's hands and then forced the slave to form fists. For an instant Flashgirl thought about hitting her, but she knew it would do no good, she could not hope to escape in her current state, and she'd probably end up a human septic tank for her defiance!

Instead she allowed Barbara to fit new gloves into place; these fitted perfectly over her fists and like the boots were moulded in the shape of a horses hoof. This left her hands totally useless but Barbara still fitted a spreader bar between them as added insurance.

Finally Barbara popped out Flashgirl's ring gag, for an instant Flashgirl desperately begged for mercy, but a single punch to her latex covered breasts was enough to turn this into a howl of pain. She could only cooperate as a head harness was fitted around her head. The attached bit gag fitted neatly into her mouth, a pair of blinkers either side of her eyes further reduced her vision while a couple of plastic donkey ears added to the human pony image.

"There you'll be a perfect Ponygirl," Barbara said as she clipped a set of reins to the rings either side of the bit gag, and then hauled Flashgirl upright on her treadmill. Oh God! Flashgirl though, aware that her fears of things getting worse had come true and like Catwoman she was to be a human animal!

She yelped in pain as her toes took her full weight, wobbled, and then fell over painfully on her back. Barbara hauled her upright again, and Flashgirl fell over again. They repeated this four times, until she found that by holding her weight forwards she could just about keep upright. By now Barbara was gigging at Flashgirl's suffering, and suddenly snapped her fingers, "Oh I almost forgot," she added as she picked up a long "tail" of chestnut brown hair attached to a buttplug.

She disconnected the waste tube, pulled out the attendant plug and then fitted the new plug into Flashgirl's anus with a yelp of pain, and a shudder of humiliation as the tail swished realistically like a horses!

Even as Flashgirl took in the horror of the modifications, Barbara produced a remote control which caused the cameras in the cell to swing in close on their gimballed arms, along with a series of spotlights. "Right we're going to film a movie, you and I," the evil blonde said, "I call it Pony's first rodeo!"

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A FEW DAYS LATER, ONCE FLASHGIRL WAS PUMPED FULL TO THE MAX WITH POWER SAPPING MILK...

YEEEHAAA, RUN. RUN PONYFLASH! WE ARE MOVING ON TO THE NEXT SCENE OF YOUR SPECIAL PORN MOVIE.

SOB

I HAVE NEVER FELT SO HUMILIATED! I WOULD RATHER RETURN BACK ON THE TREADMILL.

SOB

YOU'RE GOING TO EARN US A LOT OF MONEY!

CRACK!

GIDDY-UP!

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"We shall start with basic walking, I want you to high step, lift your leg up, with your knee bent, then bring it back down," for a moment Flashgirl's eyes widened in shock. That was almost too easy after what she had suffered through, and since she was well aware of what would happen if she disobeyed, she did as she was told. The result was like a kind of jump, or she realised, a horse trotting along! "Good, again," Flashgirl repeated the move, "Again," and again, and then Barbara commanded that she start walking like this as fast as she could.

In some way's Flashgirl was grateful her powers were turned off, it was a lot less painful when she lost her balance at five miles per hour instead of two hundred. She landed on her back with a grunt of pain, and then howled a hosanna of agony as Barbara activated the electric shock plates in her suit, sending pain boiling through the slaves' bound body.

"You will get this right, you are a Ponygirl, and ponies walk on tip toes!" before pulling her upright and starting again. "If you want some incentive focus on my body and not your feet, after all, once we're done here, I'll start teaching you to please me with your mouth,"

Flashgirl screamed in mortal terror, as Barbara added, "I really must thank step-mother, you're the best birthday present ever…"

End of part Two

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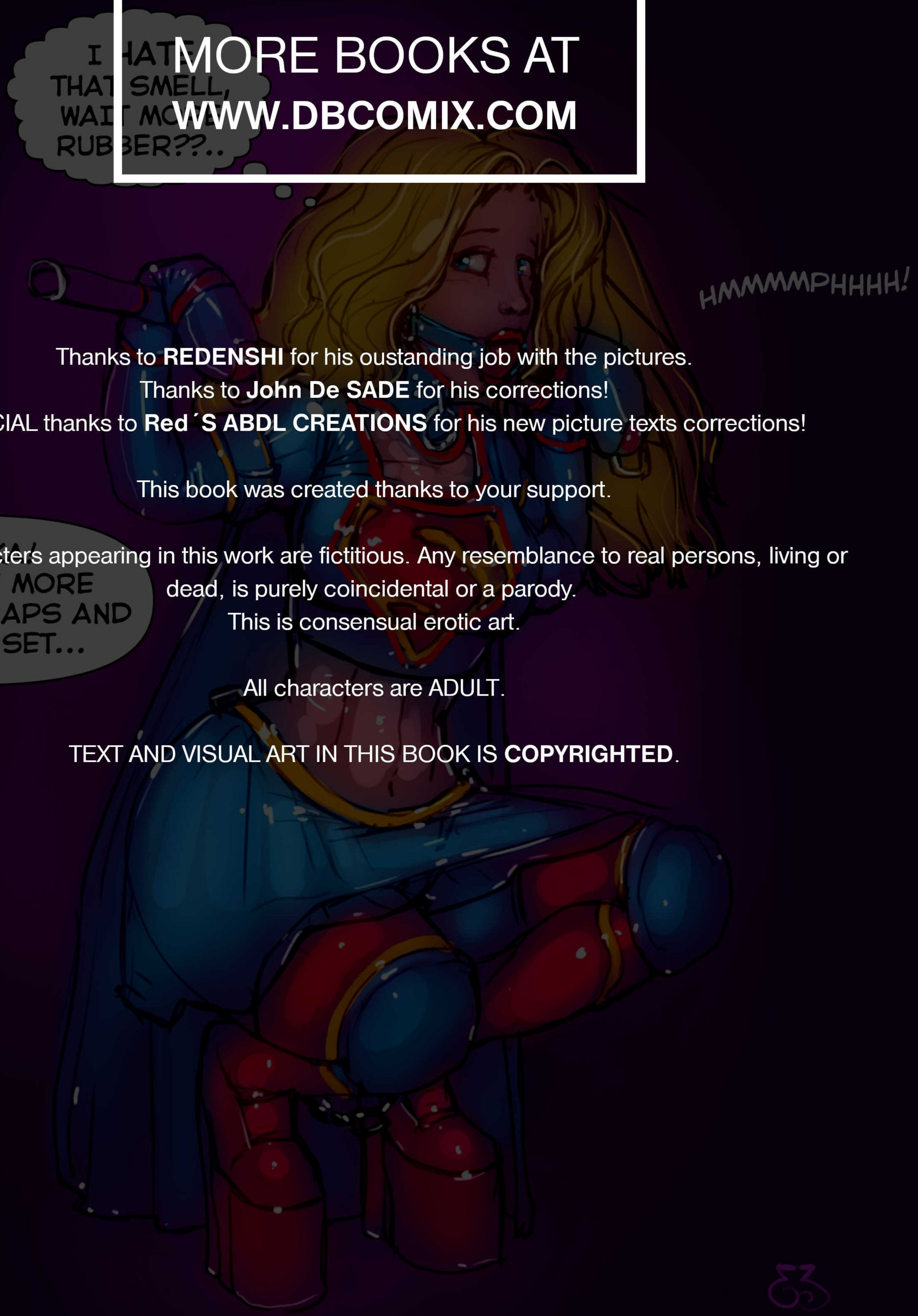
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