SUPERHEROINE MUSEUM #04

2ND EDITION - THE HAWKGIRL

EngineSkye - Linda - John De Sade

COMIX
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I CAN'T WAIT TO WIPE THE SMILE OFF YOUR FACE!

HMPHHH

BZZZZZ

BZZZZZZZZ

YOU WILL MAKE A WONDERFUL GIFT FOR MY DAUGHTER, HAWKBITCH!

HAWKGIRL

THE SUPERHEROINE MUSEUM 4
HAWKGIRL

By Linda
Expanded by Echotango

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CHAPTER ONE

Hawkgirl was still cursing her own stupidity. The beautiful Thangarian heroine had been desperately investigating the disappearance of many of her fellow heroines when she'd walked straight into a trap. Hawkgirl was hardly the only heroine who'd gotten captured by the deviant Mad Scientist, Lenka, but that hardly made her feel better when she was facing sexual slavery.

Worse Lenka had decided to turn her over to her step-daughter the deviant Mistress Barbara. To prepare for this she had dressed Hawkgirl in a tight green and yellow parody of her noble uniform, strapped her into a harness and suspended her high over the floor. A corset crushed her waist, a posture collar was wrapped around her neck, and her hands were bagged in thumbless mittens. This meant that even though Hawkgirl's arms were hanging free, the combination of tight latex, and trapped hands left them all but useless.

Worse still, a catheter, and a buttplug had been fitted into her privates and attached to tubes leading to the "waste processing system." Hawkgirl had been disgusted to learn just "who" that system was, and she wondered if it was possible for anyone to be sicker than her captors. Another tube was fitted into a ring gag in her mouth and through which she was force fed the power sapping "milk" that Lenka provided for all her captives. She wore ballet boot high heels (although since she wasn't trying to stand that at least was a problem she could largely ignore). In a final indignity, a pair of nipple clamps had been fitted to her latex covered buds, and on the end of each was a small bell that rang when ever she moved.

With the exception of being moderately stronger than most humans, Hawkgirl didn't have any "natural" superpowers, with the exception of a psychic link that allowed her to control her wings made of "Nth metal." Both her strength and the connection were thoroughly gummed up, and even though the wings were hanging on a wall just a few feet away, nothing she did could restore the connection to them.

Hawkgirl did have a few small patches of hope though, even as she hung and was forced to watch Lenka smoking a cigarette. The first was that Lenka clearly didn't know much about Hawkgirl's background, Thanagar was a martial culture and Hawkgirl had been trained to resist torture, she would be able to hold on much longer than the others before she broke.

The second was that for whatever reason Lenka had decided to leave Hawkgirl wearing her own birds head shaped flying helmet. This meant the small amount of Nth metal inside it was touching her skin, giving her a small amount of extra vitality, strength and healing. Now if only she could find a way to stop drinking the milk...

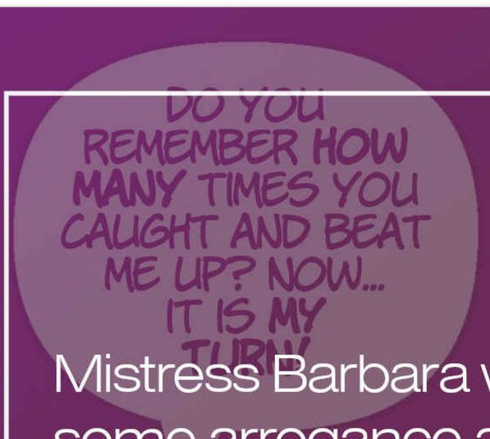

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HMPHHH!
I WILL FUCKING KILL YOU, WHORE!
BUZ ZZZZ
BUZZZ ZZ..
... AAAND THE LEG-BINDER...
HAWKGIRL

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Lenka spoke, "You will make a wonderful gift for my daughter Hawkiegirl, and we shall see if she can train a sex slave from scratch," Hawkgirl shook in her bondage, and added a few choice curse words from her homeworld.

"Yes, yes you hate me; do you really think I care?" Lenka asked as milk began to pour into Hawkgirl's mouth once again, I have to stop drinking this milk she thought. If I can just restore my powers a little way, I can summon my wings and break out of here...and then I'll skin this bitch!

Hawkgirl spun in her bondage and tried to take a swing at Lenka, who just giggled, certain that like so many others Hawkgirl would soon be a broken sex slave. The determined heroine just thought, you'll be laughing out of the other side of your mouth when I get out of here!



CHAPTER TWO

Mistress Barbara was rather pleased with her new toy, but Hawkgirl thought she detected some arrogance as the evil woman at once announced that she would have her first "session" with Hawkgirl as a live show on Lenka's website. Part of Hawkgirl was horrified at the idea of appearing on Deviantbondage.com, and being tormented and humiliated, the other part suspected this might be her best chance to escape.

Barbara confirmed those hopes when she gave Hawkgirl and injection of milk and then began removing the feeding and waste tubes, and replacing the ring gag with a ball. "Now we can't have you wearing these for the party, people won't recognise you, but don't worry the injection I gave you will keep you powerless for at least thirty-six hours, plenty of time to refit your tubes!" YES! Hawkgirl thought, for she was still wearing her helmet and without a constant inflow of milk the Nth Metal would rapidly begin to purge it from her blood stream.



However Hawkgirl knew that she could not afford to raise Barbara's suspicions so she gave an agonised scream of horror at what she had just been told, (and hoped no one realised she was just acting).

Barbara seemed to have been taken in and said, "Right Cheetah get her ready for her performance, and make sure her costume is nice and tight," Cheetah! Hawkgirl thought as sure enough the feline villainess appeared behind her as Barbara left the room.

"Bitch!" Cheetah exclaimed and for an instant Hawkgirl assumed the villainess was insulting her, but then Cheetah added, "I hate her, thinks she so big because she's Lenka's step-daughter,"

She reached out and stroked the captive heroine's bound body, "I bet you hate her as well, but don't worries she'll get her's one of these days, but then so will you. I'm really waiting for Wonder Woman, but you'll do for a starter!"

Hawkgirl struggled and tried to escape but Cheetah was too strong for the weakened alien woman, and quickly she was redressed in yet another torture costume. "You caught me once and beat me up, so now I'm going to enjoy this!"

The new costume was much the same as the last one, except it had a pair of circular openings through which Hawkgirl's breasts were pushed, exposing them to the world in the most humiliating way possible. Also the sleeves that trapped her hands ended in long strips of latex, which could be wrapped around Hawkgirl's body, with a result much like a straight jacket, and an even tighter bondage. Finally two ovals were cut out of the latex over Hawkgirl's buttocks, exposing them for abuse as well.

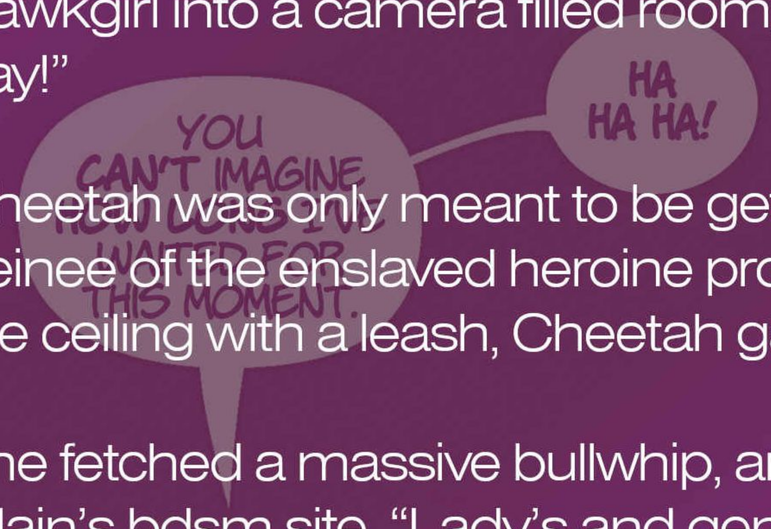
Hawkgirl preyed that her powers would return before her humiliation began, but she felt only a little stronger, and no matter what she did she could not tear her evil "costume", was the "milk" to powerful for her body to overcome?

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DO YOU REMEMBER **HOW MANY** TIMES YOU CAUGHT AND BEAT ME UP? NOW... IT IS **MY TURN!**

HMPHHH!

"You can't imagine how long I've waited for this moment," Cheetah said as she dragged Hawkgirl into a camera filled room, "All the heroine's who ever caused me trouble are going to pay!"



Cheetah was only meant to be getting Hawkgirl ready for Barbara's use, but the exposed heinee of the enslaved heroine proved a little to tempting, and once Hawkgirl was fastened to the ceiling with a leash, Cheetah gave into her desires.



She fetched a massive bullwhip, and the turned on the video camera's that connected to the villain's bdsm site, "Lady's and gentlemen as a special preview, I present Hawkiegirl under the lash!"

Hawkgirl desperately struggled in her bondage, but there was nothing she could do as the whip rose with a snap crack, and then an instant later slammed down on Hawkgirl's buttocks as the captive screamed in pain.

She bucked and thrashed and tore at her suit, but there was nothing she could do as the whip slammed down and tore another red wilt into her skin. Then again and again, until Hawkgirl was begging for mercy and tears pricked in her eyes.

Hawkgirl was beginning to understand the magnitude of her mistake; it was true of course that she'd been trained to withstand torture, but it had been in the sophisticated methods of interstellar powers. She had never experienced something as primal as being whipped by another woman.

Worse her hopes of escaping were rapidly decaying for her powers would not return, despite some time having passed since the injection. Indeed the tiny ghost of them she seemed to have retained, was only enough to heal the wilts on her buttocks. That meant she could take even more torture from the evil catgirl! She howled as she realised her own powers were making it worse!



If that wasn't bad enough a plasma TV hung on the wall in front of her, showing the live feed of her whipping and in a box at one side a web chat on the site. Not one of the comments said what was being done to her was sick or evil, not one of them wanted Cheetah to stop, instead they called for more and more.

A running total of how much people had paid to watch her suffer was shown in another window, it was already in the hundred's of thousands, and Hawkgirl howled at the thought of so many people being so disgusting.

The whipping went on for over an hour as Hawkgirl hung in her bondage, now screaming for mercy, for in the end her "training" did her no good and she was just another fucktoy being tortured.

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HA HA HA!

YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW LONG I'VE WAITED FOR THIS MOMENT.

STOP IT PLEASE! DAMN, I HOPE SHE ENDS IT SOON!!!

MMMMM!

CRACK!

Despite her healing powers her buttocks were covered in wilts and she was desperate for it to stop even if it meant becoming a slave, how could one person be so evil?

"What the hell is this?" asked Mistress Barbara as she came into the room, dressed in a fresh catsuit after a refreshing bath. "You were supposed to get her ready, not whip her bloody!"

"You're not the only mistress here," Cheetah reminded her, "and I was only softening her up,"

"That's my job, and there is only one mistress in this room!" Before Cheetah could react, Barbara side stepped behind her and then stabbed her in the buttocks with a syringe of a very familiar substance. Cheetah swung at Barbara with an angry growl but the supple dominant dodged the blow easily.

The substance took effect quickly reducing Cheetah's stamina to human levels. Sadly if the deviant viewers had hoped for a catfight they were sorely disappointed, as Barbara knocked the Catgirl to the floor.

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OH... SHIT!

THAT'S ENOUGH!

GASP

Cheetah just had time to scream "Oh Shit!" before a gag was stuffed into her mouth, and then a slave collar was wrapped around her neck. With a rapid efficiency born of familiarity, Barbara quickly fitted Cheetah's arms into an armbinder. She then tore off Cheetah's sensible high heels and replaced them with evil nine inch ballet boots, linked by a hobble bar at the ankles.

With cruel ease Barbara hauled Cheetah off the floor, then secured a chain to the end of the catgirl's armbinder and then hoisted the new slave up into a cruel strappado pose. Cheetah screamed as her body was pulled into the notorious "aeroplane" torture pose, her arms held high above her at a painful and tortuous angle.

A pair of scissors now came into play, and quickly two holes were cut in Cheetah's suit, to expose her perfect buttocks to view. In spite of everything Hawkgirl felt a quiet satisfaction that the one who whipped her would now have the favour returned.

Barbara walked over to where the whip had fallen behind Hawkgirl and whispered, "All mine," then jabbed something into Hawkgirl's buttocks. They were still numb as they healed from the assault and Barbara whispered, "Just enough to keep you well, but never enough to escape,"

Hawkgirl howled as she realised just what Barbara had done, she had thought leaving her wearing her helmet was an oversight, instead it was part of a sadistic plan. To give her just enough strength to survive her torment but not to escape it!

Barbara swung the whip in her hand for a moment but then she said, "Actually perhaps the wronged party should introduce Cheetah to her new life?"

With that she reached up and undid the chain holding Hawkgirl's collar and then began to undo the straps holding Hawkgirl's arms to her waist. As she did so, she also reached down to her belt and pushed a button.

A jolt of electricity ran through Hawkgirl's breasts causing her to yelp with pain as her captor said, "You will be unbound, but still controlled, if you try to attack me, I'll shock you so hard you won't be able to see straight." She took the whip and then used the latex strap that had restrained Hawkgirl's right arm to lash it to the slave Girl's wrist, ensuring Hawkgirl could hold it even with her useless hands.

This done she removed the gag, and said, "Whip her, do not talk to me or anyone else, except her, and make sure she suffers!"

"You can't expect me to do this!" Hawkgirl demanded, and then she screamed wordlessly in pain as the switch was pressed,

"You'll do it or you end up right beside her!" Hawkgirl knew she had no choice, besides she knew she wanted to hurt Cheetah anyway, and the best way to escape was to lure Barbara into a false sense of security.

Besides the cat was evil and Hawkgirl was being coerced wasn't she? No Jury in the galaxy would convict. She yelped in pain as she wobbled over to stand behind the evil catgirl, Hawkgirl had never taken ballet and walking on her toes was not a pleasant experience. "Right now we see how much "you" can take Cheetass!" Hawkgirl declared as she raised the whip and bought it down.

One thing was instantly clear, in her bondage suit she could never swing the whip hard enough to do real damage, so attacking Barbara with it was unlikely to work very well. Cheetah however screamed in agony, even at the light blow Hawkgirl was able to manage, "Not fond of pain?" Hawkgirl asked, "Good!"

Barbara clapped even as something like "Stop, no more, I'm sorry!" escaped Cheetah's gag.

"My you do have a knack for this, maybe we should make you head slave, and put you in charge of your fellow heroine's?"

Hawkgirl came from a naturally violent race and she could not deny that her kind naturally enjoyed rough sex. On the other hand she believed in informed consent, she was also a decent person who would never beat up her friends (Cheetah being nothing of the kind). Still if she could earn her captor's trust she might have a chance to knock her over the head and flee.

"Interesting..." was all she said.

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HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR OWN MEDICINE, BITCH? NO? GOOD! LET'S FIND OUT HOW MUCH MORE YOUR ASS CAN TAKE, CHEETASS!

HA HA HA!

STOP IT! NO MORE PLEASE, I'M SORRY!!!

CRACK!

HMPHHH NNNNN!

CHAPTER THREE

As Barbara had her sadistic fun Lenka was watching the cameras in the cell and making a few notes on idea's to improve her prison and the next set of heroine's she wanted to capture. She'd also been trying to brainstorm ways to deal with HIM, aware of what would happen if the Dark Night should ever discover the operation.

She'd ended up with the same answer as ever, "RUN" drawn in a big circle, but with luck the Bat would never find them, for they had been very careful. She would have liked to see the look on his face when his protégée was forced into Lenka's harem but that event was still a way off.

"It's an interesting idea, having a superhero punishing a villain, but we have been enslaving a lot of our allies lately," she thought out loud as she watched the show, "Still we'll make even more money," she added. She'd actually had requests to see Cheetah in chains, but until Barbara's impulsive action she hadn't done anything about it.

Now she almost cummed at the thought of another petgirl in her stable, and was about to push two fingers in to her sex when another of her helpers walked in.

Mistress Monica was a tall and well endowed red haired woman, who was Lenka's formal (if not always actual) second in command. She grimaced at what she saw on the screen.

"Is that wise?" she asked. Normally such a question would have found the person asking it under the lash a minute later, but Lenka and Monica had know each other for a very long time.

When Lenka had been head of science for the StB back in the old country, Monica had been a western spy assigned to infiltrate the Czech Communist security services. The CIA probably should have vetted her a bit more carefully. If they had they would have discovered the string of lesbian fucks that had occurred in places where Monica had passed through.

As such when she managed to get a job as security at one of the special prison's Lenka had been running, she had quickly decided her work as a guard was much more fun than passing information back home.

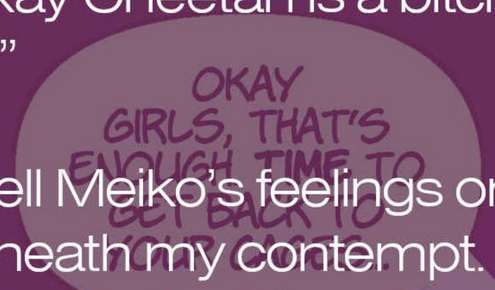
It hadn't been hard for Lenka to figure out her new employee wasn't who she said she was. However as she'd watched Monica sadistically abuse the many women Lenka had been "re-educating" she'd realised this was a woman after her own sick heart.

She set her a task, to capture the daughter of the CIA head of station in Prague, fully prepared to destroy Monica if her loyalty to her country proved stronger than her loyalty to her.

If anything the cruel redhead had been a little over zealous, returning a week later with a bald, tattooed, and broken slave covered in whip marks. Since then she'd been Lenka's best friend, occasional lover, and long time confident. She was also the only other person with whom Lenka had shared her anti-ageing serum, which kept the deviant dominants active and looking young, even as they entered their middle fifties.

Still Monica did deserve an answer to her question, "What do you mean?"

"I mean this, okay Cheetah is a bitch but she was one of us, and need I remind you of the society's rules,"



"I know very well Meiko's feelings on this sort of thing, but anyone who wears a Maid's costume is beneath my contempt. In any case, this is the sixth time Cheetah has defied her superiors, she broke the hierarchy, not my daughter, and for that she will pay."

"Yes but your daughter is pushing the boundary's here, and she has angered some of our subordinates, her arrogance is her undoing."

"We're sadistic dominant's it comes with the territory, was there anything else?" Monica smiled,

"Our team reports success, they just delivered her,"

Lenka smiled, "It's almost a shame Cheetah didn't wait an extra day, but finally...Wonder Woman in, my grasp!"



"That she is Head Mistress, I asked them to prepare her for your inspection, I think you'll like her new uniform..."

"I'm sure I will, though I hope they made it at least two sizes to small, and the boots as well, I want that bitch to suffer!"

"You really don't like her do you?"



"She's a prissy aristocratic fena who was born into her position, just the kind of arrogant děvka I like to take down a peg or two. Also I hear she actually likes being tied up and no one likes a licoměrník, who deny's her own desire for the collar,"

"Er, Lico...what?" Lenka sighed,

"Hypocrite, honestly how long did you live in Czechoslovakia?"

"Sorry, still another potential enemy captured, another slave at our feet, nothing can stop us!"

"Now remember your place, my very old friend..." but Lenka was giggling as she said it, despite their nominal difference in rank Monica was one of the very few people Lenka saw as an equal. Monica leaned in and kissed her on the lips,

"Well I got an Amazon to get ready, enjoy the show," Monica left and Lenka turned back to the screen...

CHAPTER FOUR

Hawkgirl's arm hurt from swinging the whip, the sheer effort to overcome the thick latex that imprisoned her was utterly exhausting. The slave was disgusted with herself for what she had done, and even more disgusted to find she was enjoying it as she watched Cheetah suffer under her lash.

Hawkgirl reminded herself it was for a good cause as Barbara ran a hand over Cheetah's wilt covered buttocks and said, "Right I think that's enough." Then she leaned close to Cheetah and said, "I think I've found a new assistant, so I guess I don't need you anymore, maybe I'll give you back to Lenka, or just make you into another rubber toy...we'll see!"

Cheetah howled something into her gag, that Hawkgirl thought might have been an insult but could have just been a howl of humiliation. Part of her enjoyed seeing a villainess taken down a peg or two, the only problem was that she was right there next to the Catgirl.

Barbara reached down and yanked out the gag, "Hmm I think I'll keep you as my rubber puppy, I've been wanting my own ever since I saw Catwoman,"

"You bitch!" Cheetah shouted, "I'm a free woman and I work for Mistress Lenka, you won't get away with this!" Barbara just smiled,

"I already did, now let's get both of you back in your rubber cages!" she added as she grabbed hold of Cheetah's clit and twisted it sharply. The cat themed villain howled in pain at the savage assault and begged,

"Please, no more, just let me go; I'll be a good cat,"

"That's better, you're mine now, and don't you forget it!"

How pathetic, though Hawkgirl as she took the opportunity to slip behind Mistress Barbara. She caught Cheetah's eye and for a second she thought the villainess would betray her, but clearly the catgirl knew who the true enemy was.

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OKAY GIRLS, THAT'S ENOUGH. **TIME** TO GET BACK TO YOUR CAGES...

MISTRESS BARBARA, WATCH OUT!

HMPHHH!

I WILL SHOW YOU CAGE, **BITCH!**

Some species had developed martial arts around nerve pinches and other quick and painless ways to knock someone out; Thanagar was not one of them. The closest martial art to it on earth was Israeli Krav Maga, and now using all her strength, Hawkgirl bought up her right elbow and jammed it into a certain nerve cluster on the back of Barbara's head.

The evil monster screamed in agony as every nerve in her body misfired at once, and she collapsed senseless to the floor. "YES, that will teach you bitch, no one treats other sentient beings like that!"

Quickly she checked Barbara's body for anything to help her undo the suit, a knife or something similar, but she found nothing, and turned to flee. "Hey what about me?" Cheetah asked,



"You're as bad as her and here of your own free will, if I had a little more time..." but she didn't and so with Cheetah's curses in her ears, Hawkgirl fled.

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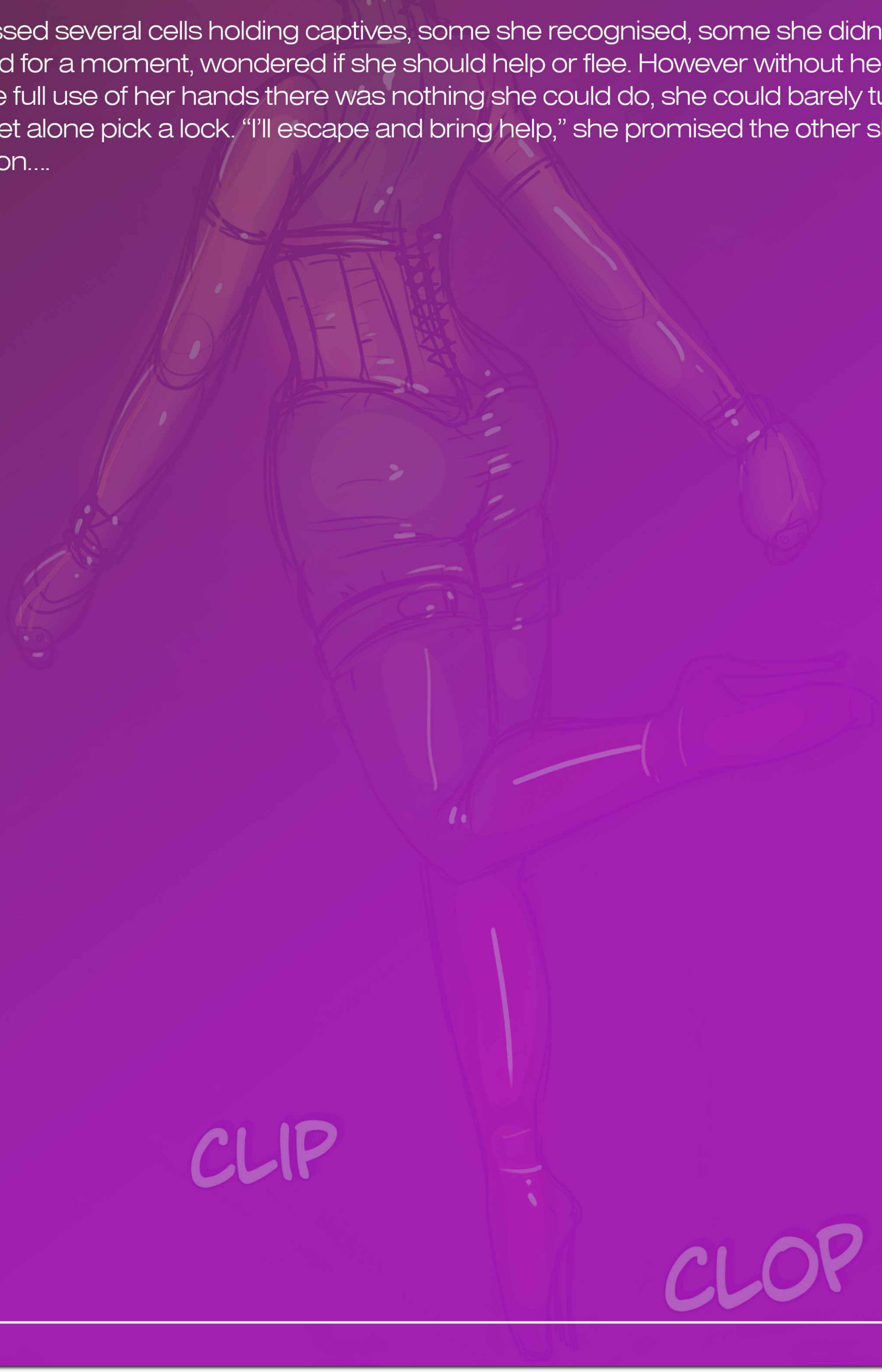
AUCH!

I WILL SHOW YOU, BITCH! NOBODY CAN TREAT US, SUPERHEROINES, LIKE THAT!

A normal human would never have been able to run in the heels Hawkgirl was wearing but her inhuman heritage included a supernatural sense of balance and so she easily rushed through the corridors. She did however wince at the shooting pains that the boots sent up her legs, but she ignored them and focused on finding an exit.

"This place is like a rubber labyrinth," she thought out loud as she hunted for any kind of escape route. Her feet were growing more pained by the second, and she was sweating in her thick rubber suit. Worse the substance was still in full effect and she was getting tired unnaturally fast. The latex whistled as she moved and the boots struck the concrete with a sound like a horses hoof.

She passed several cells holding captives, some she recognised, some she didn't, she hesitated for a moment, wondered if she should help or flee. However without her wings, or even the full use of her hands there was nothing she could do, she could barely turn a door handle let alone pick a lock. "I'll escape and bring help," she promised the other slaves, then moved on....



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DAMN! THIS PLACE IS LIKE A RUBBER LABYRINTH.

CLIP

CLOP

CHAPTER FIVE

Lenka was sitting in her control room, her eyes closed and the latex Mermaid that had once been Aquagirl deep in her pussy. The brainwashed Atlantian was insanely happy to be out of her pool for once and was eagerly lapping at Lenka's pussy, even as she bobbed up and down like a human seal. "Yes that's it Aquacunt, show me what you can do," she moaned as she opened her eyes for a second.

"What the...kurva!" she exclaimed, shoving Aquagirl to the floor as she mashed the emergency alert button. "SLAVE ESCAPE!" she screamed into a microphone as she saw her step-daughter lying on the floor, and that Hawkgirl was gone.

She kicked Aquagirl out of the way as she grabbed a dart rifle and without even zipping up raced out the door. Aquagirl was left lying on the floor like the beached sea creature she was, immobile in her latex costume. She looked up at the image of Cheetah in her strappado and settled in to watch the show. As part of her brainwashing Aquagirl had been all but addicted to Television which was one of only two rewards she was ever granted (the other was the orgasm) and this show looked interesting.

Deep down in her shattered mind a tiny spark of free will thought, "Go Hawkgirl...Go!"
...
An alarm suddenly began blaring and then Lenka's voice screamed "SLAVE ESCAPE!" from a nearby speaker. Hawkgirl desperately looked for a way to defend herself as she heard the sound of guards coming running.

"There she is! Got you Bitch!" she heard as two groups of guards cut off her escape routes, there was an exit ahead of her, but it was already to late, as a guard raised something that looked like a bazooka.

Knowing what was to come, Hawkgirl tried to dive for cover, but instead of a rocket a huge sticky net erupted from the barrel and crossed the distance to the heroine in an instant.

The sticky net enveloped her sending her sprawling to the floor trapped in a cocoon of latex. "LET ME GO!" she screamed, "I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU MESS WITH—ARGH!"

Mistress Lenka had arrived and immediately kicked Hawkgirl in the stomach, "You'll show us what? You tried to escape, and there is only one penalty for that. Place her in extreme bondage, and she is never to be untied, ever again!"

Two guards grabbed Hawkgirl by the armpits and dragged her kicking and screaming back into the evil prison...

CLIP

CLOP

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NO!

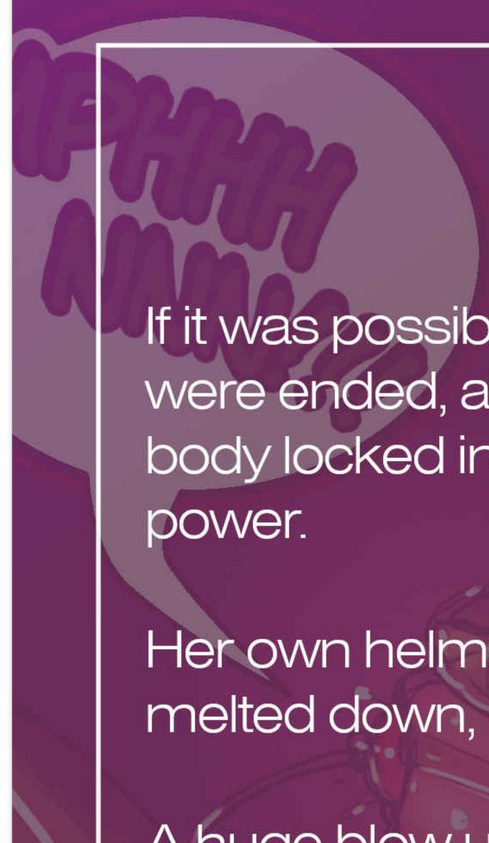
GET HER!

THERE YOU ARE, BITCH!!!

CLIP

CLOP

CHAPTER SIX





If it was possible for things to get worse, then they had, and any plans Hawkgirl had for escape were ended, almost certainly for good. She'd been strung up in a spread eagle pose, and her body locked in place, using chains of Promethium which she could not have broken at full power.

Her own helmet had been removed, and then it and her wings had been taken away to be melted down, removing any need to use the milk even as a perfect replica was put in its place.

A huge blow up gag totally filled her mouth, and a blow up dildo filled her sex, blown up so huge that she though her pussy would tear in two. The catheter and the butt plug were back in place and she'd been assured they would never be removed again. Her corset had also been tightened to a dizzying sixteen inches which had forced her tits up and fully out of the holes in her suit.

Thick bands of rubber orbited the base of each breast; squeezing them painfully and keeping them blood engorged and aroused at all times. Worse the design of the suit pushed the tits outwards at an almost forty-five degree angle adding to the constant agony of the former heroine.

Not that anyone cared as a recovered Mistress Barbara entered the cell that was Hawkgirl's new home and said "You could have been my personal premium slave girl, but instead you chose pain!" She swung a whip at Hawkgirl's back and added, "I'd say this hurt's me more than it does you, but I'd be lying,"

Hawkgirl's life now became one of nothing but pain and suffering, there was no more pleasure, no more joy, only non-stop torment. That first day set the pattern for what was to come.



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HMPHHH PLLL NNN!!!

OKAY. IT IS TIME FOR A NEW PLAN!

YOU COULD HAVE BEEN MY PERSONAL PREMIUM SLAVE GIRL, BUT INSTEAD YOU CHOSE PAIN!

HA HA HA

SLAP!

BUZZZZZ

Her vulnerable and sensitive breasts now became the plaything of a cruel and angry monster. Barbara raised a cat-o-nine tails and said, "I think it's time to give your breasts their daily massage, don't you?"

Hawkgirl's eyes widened and she struggled in her bondage, but there was nothing the enslaved heroine could do as the whip was bought down across her breasts. Hawkgirl had thought she knew torment and pain, she now discovered how wrong she was.

Ignoring all pleas for mercy, and all cries for aid, Barbara swung the whip in a pendulum motion, striking first one breast and then the other. Slap! Slap! Slap! On and on it went jolts of agony erupting through the enslaved heroine's body, as she was tortured by the evil dominant.

Agony boiled through Hawkgirl's body as the lashing went on and on, ten strokes of each breast, twenty and finally twenty-five strokes each. Her breasts were reduced to twin mounds of pain, and she begged and begged for mercy that would never come, hot tears in her eyes as a lifetime of suffering stretched ahead of her.

In agony from her whipping and the plugs in her holes Hawkgirl could only scream, suffer, and understand the full enormity of what had happened to her. She had though herself well studied in pain, but it was all too clear that she had had no comprehension of just how cruel her captors could be.

She was locked tightly into her suit and bondage, and escape was impossible, even as she was force fed, vile tasting gruel at regular intervals. There was no more milk, none of the occasional treats of real food co-operative slaves received, instead there was only just enough to keep her healthy but helpless.

"How does it feel to be helpless, immobile, to be tortured so?" Barbara asked, "How does it feel to be a traitor, I offered you the world and you slapped it away," the whip rose and fell a few extra times. "You could have been something wonderful; instead, I will teach you the true meaning of pain...

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I WILL **NOT** STOP SLAPPING YOU UNTIL YOU CUM IN **PAINGASM!**

NO, **NOT** AGAIN! NOT MY **BREAST!!!**

SLAP!

HMPHHH NNNNN!

CHAPTER SEVEN

"I'm sorry Lenka but I have to insist, she won't obey the rules, and her actions threaten us all," Monica said as she and Lenka sat in the control room a few hours after the failed escape.

"She's young, and Hawkgirl's escape was a total failure," though in truth Lenka was well aware her stepdaughter was far too reckless, and Hawkgirl had come very close to escaping the complex.

Monica said, "It's not just that..." she leaned forwards and said, "Okay I'll give you that Cheetah was a prissy whore who probably deserved the collar, but she was one of us, and she isn't the first one, this has happened to,"

"Karmen was a traitor...and Disruptor broke a contract with us,"

"That's not what some people are saying, and you heard what she said to Lucille Anderson at that party last week, you remember?" Lenka nodded, Lucille, and her twin sister/incestuous lover Ana, were two of Lenka's competitors in the slaving industry. Like Lenka they had enslaved heroine's and were her closest rival's in the trade. They had what you might call a tacit truce, Lenka worked the New World and they worked the Old from their base in Siberia.

Recently Lenka, Monica and Barbara had attended a secret conference of major criminals down in Peru. Barbara had insulted Lucille's record claiming that since she'd only managed to enslave Russian heroine's she was an inferior dominant. Things had degenerated and Barbara had threatened to fuck the older girl until Lenka and Ana had managed to break things up.

The Anderson's had not been happy, and Lenka had been embarrassed in front of the entire evil community, add in her carelessness, and her inability to work with others and she was fast become a liability.

At the same time Barbara was the closest thing Lenka had to flesh and blood, and she still hoped to make her, her successor one of these days. Perhaps a lesson was needed before she ended up wearing someone else's collar? A period on Monica's leash might be just what was needed....

"Very well, you may train her in obedience, but she is not to be permanently harmed, she is still my daughter, teach her a lesson, but be nice to her,"

Monica smiled, "Oh we'll be very nice to her," even as she thought about the things she would do to Barbara. She'd hated the girl since day one, seeing her as an incompetent worm that'd weaselled her way into the affections of Lenka, who was blind to her true nature. Barbara might have made a half decent Maid, as a Mistress she was at best incompetent, at worst a danger to herself and (more importantly) others.

She thought of the whips, the chains, the ballet boots, the corsets, the shock suit, the anal and vaginal plugs, the nose hook... as she got up and left the room.

Lenka for her part knew exactly what her deviant friend would do to her daughter. She supposed she should put a stop to it, after all Barbara trusted her; saw her as a mentor in the big wide world of evil. Lenka shrugged, she liked Barbara but the girl really was useless, and she had pissed off far too many people to be an adequate successor. Besides if it came down to the Lover she'd known for thirty years or the "daughter" she'd known for three, she'd side with Monica any time.

She would give it a week, if Barbara learned her lesson she'd give her a second chance, if not? Well there were plenty of young up and coming sadists she could adopt, and Barbie could join the other four "daughters" who'd failed her before, in chains in a Thai brothel.

She quietly entered a long string of code into the main computer, activating the cameras hidden in her step-daughter's room, then settled back to enjoy the show.

CHAPTER EIGHT



It was late as Monica gathered a few of her assistant's and headed for Barbara's room, where they burst in to find Barbara fingering herself before bed.

"What the—!" she exclaimed, "What the hell do you want!?!" she demanded as Monica strode over to her bed, and with a single swipe knocked the arrogant girl onto her back.

"Let me go you fucking—," two of the assistant's pounced on her and held her down, while Monica produced a gag, "—you won't get away with this I'm Lenka's daughter!"

"Not the first and you won't be the last," was all Monica said as she held the gag over Barbara's face.

"What no you—Humph!" It was a classic error but Barbara had made it, opening her mouth to speak and allowing Monica to ram the gag into place.



Fear boiled in the beautiful sadist's veins and she struggled desperately for her freedom, but her captor were to strong and quickly began stripping her down to dress her in a new costume. "Calm down little SLAVE!" Monica said, "We are here to punish you for your bad behaviour," she added with a laugh, "You need teaching a lesson!"

Barbara howled in shock as she realised the boot was now on the other foot, and she who had enslaved and tormented so many faced the same fate herself. As her captors held her rigid and began dressing her in a cruel new rubber suit she screamed for Lenka, horrified her step-mother could betray her like this!

Monica had no interest in playing nice with the silly twenty something, her screw up could have landed them all in jail and she was going to pay for it!

Wasting no time, she sprayed Barbara in the face with knockout spray, sending the fallen Domme into a deep and dreamless sleep...

Ow! I am going to kill that bitch this time! Barbara thought as she swam back to awareness sometime later. Her head was like a four alarm hangover, and she cursed Monica, who'd had it in for her since day one and had now played such a sick practical joke by capturing and gagging her.

She opened her eyes, ready to take grim revenge...she couldn't see, she was blind, no wait that wasn't it, she was in total blackness! Surely not! She thought as she explored her surroundings.

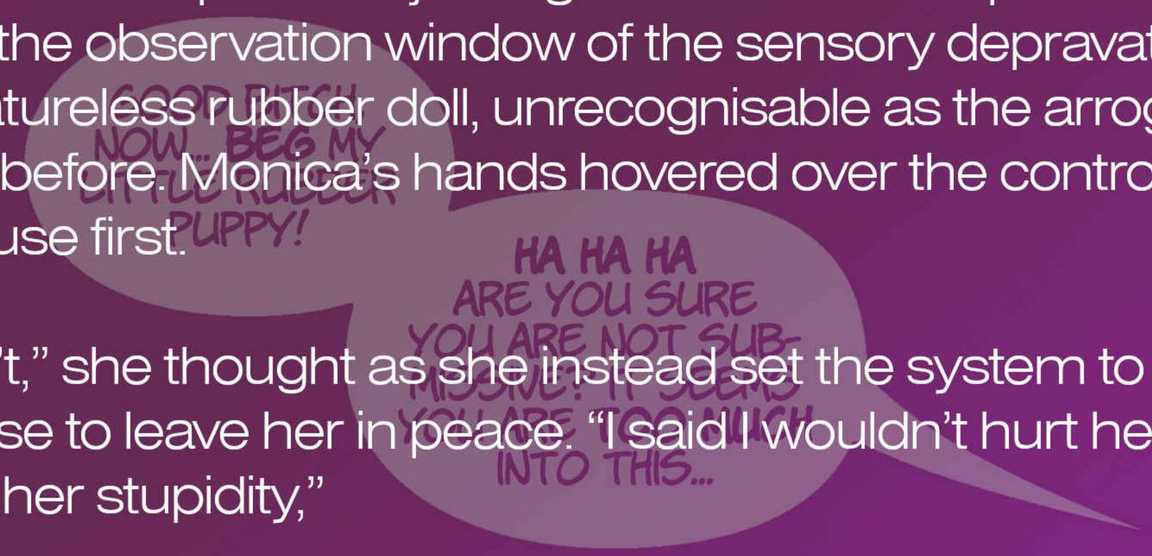
She could feel the familiar comforting grip of latex, tight upon her body, coating her like a second skin. Around her waist she could feel the pressure of a corset, but far tighter than the one's she normally wore, more like the tight laced sheath of a slave! On her head she could feel the tight latex hood that covered it completely, as well as the gasmask that covered her face, the breathing tubes forced up her nose, and the feeding tube forced into her mouth.

In her loins she could feel a catheter and an anal plug connected to waste tubes, and the alien touch of a dildo in her sex.

She seemed to be hanging spread eagle, and a tug with her ankles and wrists betrayed cuffs holding her suspended but she also seemed to be floating. Whatever she was floating in was warm and comfortable even as her body grew sore from it tight bondage. However she was completely cut off, she could not see or hear, while taste and smell were overwhelmed by rubber, and all she could feel was the suit crushing her body.

She screamed into her gag as she realised the full horror of just where she was...

Monica watched the latex prisoner jerking around in her depravation suit, her sex moist as she watched through the observation window of the sensory depravation tank. From the outside Barbara was a featureless rubber doll, unrecognisable as the arrogant young Dominatrix she'd been a few hours before. Monica's hands hovered over the control panel, as she wondered which torment to use first.



"No actually I won't," she thought as she instead set the system to feed Barbara every six hours but otherwise to leave her in peace. "I said I wouldn't hurt her, so I'll just let her have a few days to think over her stupidity,"

It was a sensory depravation tank; she was sealed in a sensory depravation tank! Barbara screamed and begged for mercy, but no one came...

True to her word Monica did no harm to Barbara but just left her hanging quietly for two days in the dark. To Barbara it seemed like two years, two years of hanging forgotten in the darkness, unable to move, unable to do anything but think, and when she was finally decanted onto the floor, she was half crazy with fear.



What was happening to her, why had she been betrayed so? But no answers were forthcoming as Monica quickly redressed her in a new latex suit, and then bound her in a humiliating pose. The terrified captive screamed for mercy, reduced to begging before a woman she would have brushed off two days before...

Her hands were laced into special sculpted plastic mouldings, shaped like a dogs paws, her feet were laced into ballet boots, and then a butt plug was rammed into her anus, to which was attached a fluffy tail like a Dog would have. Finally a ball gag stretched her lips, and a dogs muzzle was strapped over this.

A leash was attached to her collar and then Monica had danced happily around her captive, showing off the comfortable red latex dress she was wearing.

For her part Barbara was in agony, trapped in a petgirl suit, just like the one she'd threatened Cheetah with so long ago. Her anus was painfully stretched by the buttplug, her boots were too small, and the muzzle dug into her face.

But worse than that was the humiliation, to go from being so totally in control to wearing the collar herself, it was a cruel shock and to be made to crawl around on all fours and lap water from a dog bowl was even worse. She had intended this fate for Cheetah and now she herself was trapped in it!

Monica ran her through a perverted "training session" making her act like a dog, she had to sit, to beg, to roll over and play dead. And then she was made to crawl around the complex on all fours, shooting pains running up her legs and arms as she was displayed to the captors and captives, the former now become the latter.

She was paraded past Catwoman, who she had so wanted for her very own, and even Flashgal had smiled around her feeding tube as she pounded the endless treadmill that generated the mansions power. The Princess was fallen, and now her many enemies were enjoying her humiliation and defeat.

"HaHaHa, you look so adorable, "Monica said as she bought Barbara back to the first room, "It's a pity I can't keep you like this forever, or maybe I can..."

Barbara screamed in mortal terror, wondering how things could possibly get worse...

Over the next three days, every single Mistress in the complex had a play with the bitchslave that Barbara had now become. She was forced to act like an animal before those she had once commanded, the horror and humiliation driving her to constant tears as she suffered as she had made others suffer.

She was a slave and it was their job to torment slaves. A job they loved very much!

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GOOD BITCH, NOW... **BEG** MY LITTLE RUBBER PUPPY!

HA HA HA ARE YOU SURE YOU ARE NOT SUB-MISSIVE? IT SEEMS YOU ARE **TOO MUCH** INTO THIS...

WHY MY MOTHER DOING **THIS** TO ME???

WHINE

PUNISHED

CHAPTER NINE

Barbara begged for Lenka's aid but it was not until the third night that her stepmother came for her, and carrying a massive dildo.

Ignoring Barbara's pleas as the girl lay in her cell; Lenka undid the zip covering the girl's pussy, and then began ramming the ten inch monster inside. Barbara howled in horror as the person she'd thought loved her now violated her, even as Lenka said,

"I am very disappointed with you, you enslaved one of my mistress's without cause, you allowed a heroine a tiny bit of freedom, and then...you...let...her...escape!"

"Your arrogance could have doomed us all you stupid ignorant Fena, well how does it feel to be someone else's Bitch?" She slapped Barbara's heinee, "This is what happens to stupid arrogant bitches that screw up!"

With that she pulled the dildo out of the captive's soaking wet sex, then moved it up and rammed it inside Barbara's anus. Barbara screamed in agony as her back passage was stretched by the evil device, and she begged "Mom, please, no!" into her gag,

"My you have a tight anus, and don't call me Mom, that is a title you have to earn back. This is your punishment for being stupid, a week in chains, of which five days have passed. Feeling sorry yet?"

Barbara tried to apologise through her cruel gag as Lenka laughed, "I'm sure you learned your lesson, but you have two more days, and I intend to use them to the fullest!"

Barbara had been through an ordeal that would break any normal woman, learning much about anal torture, and suffering along the way. However if Lenka thought she'd learned her lesson she was to be sorely disappointed.

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BARBARA BARBARA... YOU HAVE **SO** TIGHT ANUS... AND **DON'T** CALL ME MOM, THAT IS A SOMETHING YOU HAVE TO EARN BACK!

MOMHHH PLSSS NNN!

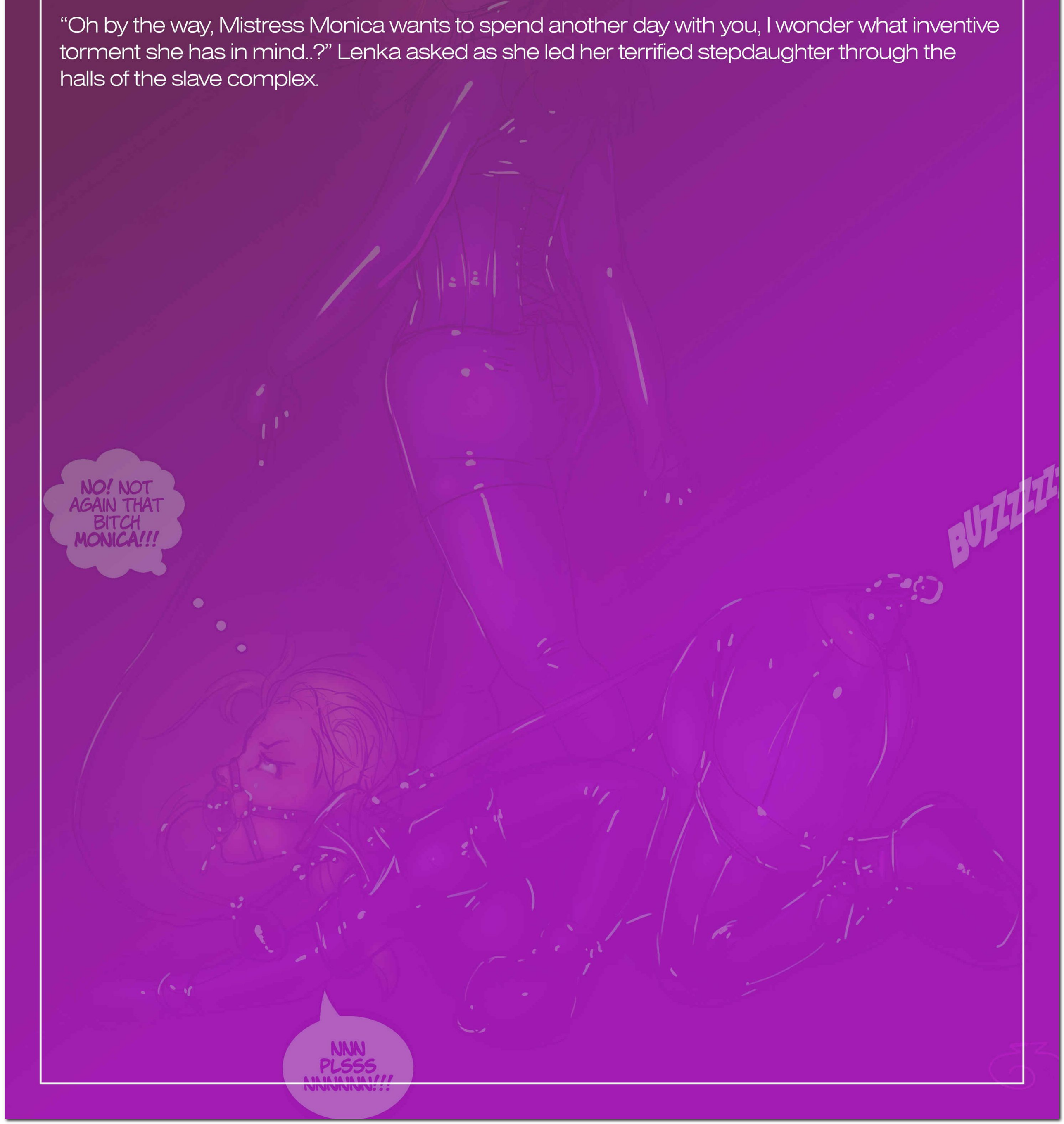
NNNNN!!!

Barbara could not wait to get her hands back on that Superbitch Hawkgirl, or any of the heroine's, all of whom she held responsible for what had happened. And then she would destroy Mistress Monica, she would break that whore, as Monica had tried to break her, and then "Mother" maybe I'll make you pay as well.

But Barbara knew that would not happen, as for a moment she wondered if Lenka had done this because she feared Barbara. She knew that was not the case, but now she feared Lenka, and would not defy her again...well at least until she could be certain of victory!

But once I get out of here those Superbitches are gonna suffer like never before!

"Oh by the way, Mistress Monica wants to spend another day with you, I wonder what inventive torment she has in mind..?" Lenka asked as she led her terrified stepdaughter through the halls of the slave complex.



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MISTRESS MONICA TOLD ME SHE **WANTS** TO SPEND ANOTHER TRAINING DAY WITH YOU... **ARE YOU EXCITED?**

NO! NOT AGAIN THAT BITCH **MONICA!!!**

BUZZZZZZZ..

NNN PLSSS NNNNNN!!!

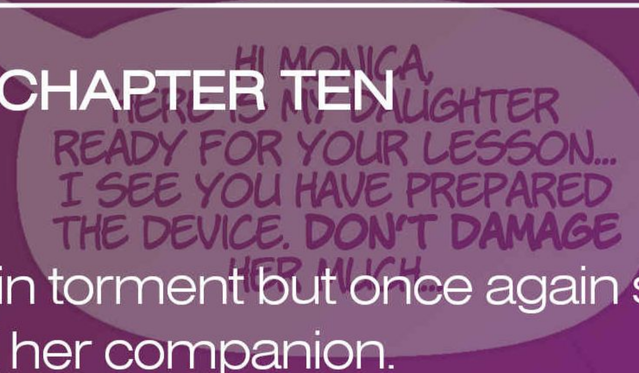
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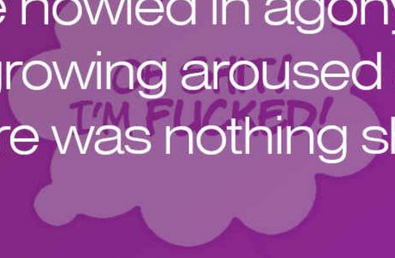
CHAPTER TEN

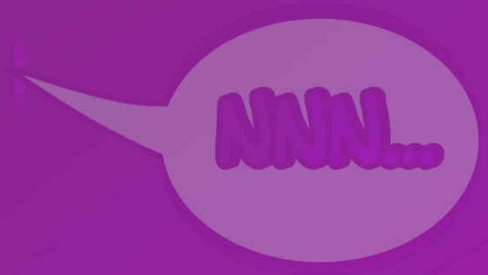
Barbara had thought herself an expert in torment but once again she was reminded just how little she knew compared to Lenka and her companion.

She had been sealed up in yet another catsuit, and then a tiny egg shaped vibrator had been slipped into her sex. This proved to be combination vibrator and shock device, for one second it pleasured her then the next it sent a shock through her sex. She howled in agony, as she experienced pleasure and pain at the very same time, her body growing aroused all the same. She screamed at her traitor form, but like so many before her there was nothing she could do to stop what was happening to her.

However this was only the prelude to the main event as she was dragged to a latex coated chamber, filled by a sinister leg spreader device. It was simple yet incredibly cruel for the victim.









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HI MONICA,
HERE IS MY DAUGHTER
READY FOR YOUR LESSON...
I SEE YOU HAVE PREPARED
THE DEVICE. **DON'T DAMAGE**
HER MUCH...

OH **SHIT!**
I'M **FUCKED!**

NNN...

BUZZZZZZZ..

BUZZZZZZZ..

BUZZZZZZZ..

BUZZ...

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Strap by strap Barbara was fixed into place, she begged for mercy, but none came, until Lenka said, "Monica this looks rather cruel, you're sure it won't hurt her?"

"Oh there won't be any permanent damage, except of course for her pride," Monica replied, Lenka smiled and Barbara howled in terror.

Her torment was as cruel as it was simple, Barbara had been made to sit with her back against the wall, and then her bagged and bound hands had been strapped to her inner thighs. Meanwhile a short chain locked her collar to a D-ring on the wall, and then her legs had been spread apart and then each was lifted up, and then each ankle was fastened to a bracket on the wall.

The result left the fallen mistress totally immobile and exposed, even as her legs grew sore from the extreme pose she was trapped in.

Ignoring any pleas for mercy, Lenka and Monica continued to prepare the slave for her ordeal. The egg was removed, and in their place, a dildo was shoved into her sex and strapped into place. This was wired up to a control console and which could either vibrate the dildo or send a stinging shock into the pussy itself at random intervals. She might be shocked for hours, or she might be pleasured to climax or worse to just this side of climax before shocks sent her crashing back down...

A catheter and waste tube were fitted as well, and Monica added, "Oh by the way this can give enema's as well..." Barbara pleaded with her stepmother but Lenka just stood stony faced and said nothing.

A ring gag was fitted into Barbara's mouth, and then came the final item. Barbara howled in horror as she realised it was a nose hook, which was quickly inserted into her nostrils. A long piece of string was attached to it, and this was threaded through an o-ring mounted on the wall over Barbara's head.

Monica then pulled the string tighter, until Barbara's nose was pulled painfully upwards and then tied it off. "You like to turn your nose up at people, and now everyone can see it," Monica said,

She stepped back and admired Barbara's bondage, and then took out a camera phone and snapped a picture. She then leaned back in and slipped a purple leather harness over Barbara's shoulders. She then hit a button, and Barbara found herself being pulled upwards, until she was hanging about six inches off the ground.

Barbara howled in pain as her shoulders and ankles took her full weight, and then howled again when she realised the suspension left her head at precisely the right height to eat out a woman's sex.

Barbara begged for mercy her garbled pleas mangled by the gag, her blue eyes wide with fear and pleading. But Lenka and Monica just ignored her.

Monica said, "Right you'll be kept like this for a while, except for five minutes each hour when you get a tiny bit of rest, "she then motioned to the door of the rubber cell they were in, where a queue was forming.

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Barbara gave a scream of terror, and then a moan of embarrassment, and went bright red. Every Mistress in the place was lining up and most had bought their slave's along as well. Smiling Monica turned to leave then added, "The record for oral service in this facility is twenty-five in an hour, I wonder if you'll break it," She then turned back and stuck a crudely written paper sign to the wall over Barbara's head, it said;

CUM BUCKET
FREE FOR USE BY ALL

She then walked out of the room, Barbara's heart thundered as she made one last plea to her stepmother. Instead Lenka just said, "Good night Barbara, oh and I almost forgot, you're booked to work as an oral slave for the next two days, have fun!"

She turned and left, Barbara screaming "**NNNNN**!" into her gag, as the first Domme stepped inside, and began to unzip her catsuit...

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HA
HA HA

N N NNN
PLSSS
NNNNN!!!

ENJOY YOUR
PUNISHMENT,
TOP MODEL
BITCH!

BUZZZZZZZ..

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SUPERHEROINE MUSEUM #05

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Thank you for your support :)

Linda, EngineSkye and EchoTango

Special thanks to Mark and Fabio for their help with corrections and cover lettering!

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