SUPERHEROINE MUSEUM #08

2ND EDITION - THE BLACK CANARY

dbcomix.com

$5.90

adults only



EngineSkye - Linda - John De Sade

WWW.DBCOMIX.COM

THE SUPERHEROINE MUSEUM 8
BLACK CANARY

By Linda
Expanded by Echotango

CHAPTER 1

It was a beautiful summer's day in June, it was hot sunny and the sort of day that made a woman want to strip off her clothes and go sunbathing. The former Superheroine Flashgirl was doing pretty much exactly that…except as the sex slave of the vile Mistress Lenka she was still dressed in her hot all encompassing slave suit.

The red latex was a mockery of her once proud uniform, and on a day like this the ultra tight rubber and crushing corset were flooded with the speedsters sweat. A huge pump up gag filled her mouth, her arms were strapped behind her back, and she was kneeling on a beach at the bottom of mistress Lenka's estate.

Despite this Flashgirl was actually somewhat better off than usual. As the castles human dynamo she spent twenty-one hours out of twenty four running on a treadmill as she generated power with her superhuman speed. Today though an extra dose of power sapping "milk" had suppressed her powers and she was kneeling in the shade of a beach umbrella, enjoying a few moments rest.

There was one constant agony however the vibrators that were sealed into her pussy and anus which constantly activated to drive her towards orgasm. That would have been fine since orgasm was the only good thing she had left, except there was a suite of sensors in the twin dildos, and every time they sensed she was on the verge of cuming they send electric shocks through Flashgirl's twin holes. This painfully crushed her back down from orgasm and the constant denial of pleasure was a terrifying and horrific torment. Still she didn't have it as bad as some did she?

Her captor's aide-de-camp (and lover) Mistress Monica lay on a towel in front of her, sunning herself in a purple catsuit and beside her lay what was left of Supergirl. Like Flashgirl Kara was sealed inside a latex catsuit designed as a mockery of her old red and blue costume. Kara's however was treated with substances to resist the suns ray's preventing Kara from recharging and regaining her powers, even her face was sealed under a gasmask while a tube led to tank from which milk was constantly fed. Given that Kara was usually kept as part of the castles waste control system, this to be considered a mercy but terror was still apparent through the two portholes that revealed Kara's eyes.

Next to Flashgirl knelt the woman she despised most in the world, Diana the former Wonder Woman, now Lenka's submissive and loyal rubber maid. To be sure Lenka, Monica and their assistants were monsters, but Diana had been one of them, and now she puttered around in her uniform as if being a slave was the most normal thing in the world.

Flashgirl had no idea what had been done to Diana, had no idea she'd gone through as much if not more horror than Flashgirl had. She certainly didn't know that Diana's upbringing in a fascist state ruled by her mother had left the princess uniquely vulnerable to Lenka's mental and physical assaults, she just knew it felt like betrayal. Besides Lenka and Monica were all but God's to the slave's, and the one absolute certainty was that there was nothing they could do about their fates, but Diana as the favoured slave made a perfect target.

If only someone would come to their rescue…But Flashgirl knew no one was coming, for no one was left strong enough to defeat Lenka, and to try was only to become just another slave…

YOU FUCKING FAT BITCH, I WOULD STUFF THIS PARASOL TO YOUR ASS!

HMPHHH MMMM???

WHERE IS MY COFFEE, **DIANA**? OH, AND ADD SOME **AIR** TO FLASHBITCH´S GAG, SHE IS DISTURBING ME.

I´M **BATHING** IN OWN SWEAT! MISTRESS PLEASE, LET´S GO BACK.

YHHH MAAM! HMPHH HMMMM!

CHAPTER 2

Flashgirl probably wouldn't have been surprised to discover someone was about to attempt to do just that. She would have screamed and begged and called that person a fool but she still wouldn't be surprised that someone was planning another crack at Lenka…

That someone was currently watching the sunbathing slaves through a high powered pair of binoculars and was trying not to throw up in utter disgust. The horror of what Black Canary was watching was almost too much for the leather clad vigilante, and she wanted to scream.

Of course in Dinah Lance's case, said scream could shatter concrete and even at five hundred yards it would (at full blast) liquefy Mistress Monica's bones and cause a very messy death. As much as murder appealed, Dinah knew it would do absolutely no good at all, she might kill one monster, but that would deplete her powers for hours to come. Worse there were dozens of guards prowling the castle grounds and who would no doubt have no issue with blowing Dinah's head off.

Black Canary knew that was infinitely preferable to what had happened to her friends but she hadn't spent four hours sneaking into the grounds to be stopped now. Dinah still found it hard to believe what had happened. Months earlier Powergirl and Aquagal had vanished and then a few weeks later so had Supergirl. Around the same time Superman had departed on an off world mission and day's later films had started circulating on the web.

These films showed Powergal turned into a latex coated human Cow, Aquagal turned into a latex mermaid and used as a sex toy, and Supergirl…she didn't want to think about what had happened to Supergirl. Then Flashgirl had vanished, Catwoman, Hawkgirl and finally Wonder Woman and Artemis…

Film of them had shown up as well, each suffering horrific bondage and torture at the hands of unknown captors. Months of effort had failed to find the lost girls, or Superman who it had become clear was missing as well, his mission revealed to be a fake.

Finally Canary had picked up a lead when an arms dealer claimed to have had an attack of the guilt's and wished to sell out the kidnappers. Dinah might even have believed her if not for the fact that a similar tip had lead to Wonder Woman getting captured. She'd been able to trace the call and after a tortuous search through shell companies had traced the "arms dealer" Lenka to this castle and found her friends.

Dinah gritted her teeth as she looked down on Wonder Woman now dressed in a latex Maid's costume, holding a tea tray and submissively serving her captor. In some ways Diana was the worst of all, the others heavy bondage suggested Lenka and Monica still worried about them getting free but Diana was barely bound, only a few chains to suppress her powers. Worse while the others had to be dragged along, she had silently followed her Mistress without as much as a single prod.

CLAP
CLAP

Canary knew Wonder Woman was a submissive in the bedroom of course; hell the leather clad heroine had even topped the Amazon a couple of times, but to go from kinky games to this. Wonder Woman was meant to be the best of them, the hero all others looked up to, instead she'd become, this, this creature of Lenka's will!
Well if that was the way Diana wanted it, Canary could always use a new Maid and from the reactions of Flashgirl and Supergirl, they'd be happy to join her in just vengeance. Dinah moved to sneak deeper into the compound only to stop as she saw, Monica stand up. The devil woman nodded towards a pair of female guards who stepped forward and took up the leashes of Flashgirl and Wonder Maid, and then led them back towards the castle while Monica dragged Supergirl upright.

Trapped in her total isolation suit Supergirl was forced to hobble after her mistress as she led her into a patch of woods. Canary almost came as she watched Kara's breasts straining on the latex, her waist crushed by a leather corset and her cape fluttering in the breeze. She watched as the Kryptonian's hooded and collared head shook as she was dragged along by the cruel mistress. Dinah moaned slightly as they passed close to the tree she was hiding up and she heard Monica say,

"You are so close to escape, this must be so cruel for you, so close to your power, yet helpless without the sun…Not that I care of course, you're so much more fun like this…" Giggling Monica added, "Now shall we go for a five mile walk with you in that hell suit or do you want to go back to the basement now?" Kara's muffled scream and a rapid step forward suggested she wanted to walk, and given what Dinah knew about her friends suffering in the basement she could not blame her. She watched as Monica giggled again and then dragged Supergirl along behind her.

They were getting deeper into the woods and for a moment Canary contemplated attacking Monica and trying to free Kara, but then she noticed the subtle movements in the undergrowth and realised Monica was being shadowed by others. She might have managed to kill or incapacitate Monica, she might even have gotten away with Kara but even for a fighter as good as Dinah there was a chance she'd be stopped by the guards.

In any case even if she saved Kara it would be weeks before Supergirl would be in any fit state to help in a rescue, not to mention the very real risk that Lenka would execute the others if she thought they were all about to be rescued.

Leaving her friends to suffer turned Dinah's stomach but she knew the only way to ensure they were all saved was to get to Lenka, disable her, and then use the castles own security systems to knock out the guards before they could kill the captives. She didn't actually know if Lenka would kill the girls or not but at the same time she simply could not take the risk. She waited a minute for the depraved party to move on, and then resumed her slow progress through the grounds…

CLAP
CLAP

WWW.DBCOMIX.COM

YOU ARE SO CLOSE TO ESCAPE, THIS MUST BE SO CRUEL FOR YOU, SO CLOSE TO YOUR POWER, YET HELPLESS WITHOUT THE SUN... NOT THAT I CARE OF COURSE, YOU'RE SO MUCH MORE FUN LIKE THIS...

OH GOD, IT IS SO HOT IN THIS RUBBER SUIT!

NOW SHALL WE GO FOR A FIVE MILE WALK WITH YOU IN THAT HELL SUIT OR DO YOU WANT TO GO BACK TO THE BASEMENT NOW?

HA HA HA

HMPHHH

CLAP
CLAP

CHAPTER 3

It took over three hours for the canary to sneak through the castle and down into the high tech basement where satellite scans had placed the control room. Dinah wished she had some back up, but just about every other decently powerful heroine was already enslaved. Worse a massive upsurge in villain activity had distracted most of the male hero's who were to busy just trying to stop what was rapidly turning into global crisis.

Dinah wondered if Lenka had anything to do with all the new weapons the villains had been getting, but surely she wasn't that capable. Dinah shook her head well aware that she'd never have believed someone could turn her friends into sex slaves, but Lenka had. There might be very little that woman could not do…

Life was good, that was the conclusion Mistress Lenka had reached, as she sat in her command chair and enjoyed her slave Maid sucking her pussy. It was hard to believe the latex coated doll had once been a famous reporter, so submissive and broken had she become. "In some ways you should be thanking me Lois, you wanted the big story, and you go it, pity you'll never get to write it," she added as Lois howled, maybe in shame maybe in submissive lust.

She was victorious on all fronts, her carefully planned assaults having handed her control of most of the worlds hottest and most powerful heroine's who were now reduced to latex coated slaves at her beck and call. She had even defeated the Man of Steel, though in that case that was more for the satisfaction of success (and taking a very dangerous piece off the board). Lenka had no interest in him sexually, though she did enjoy the sight of him bound tightly in his latex suit, powerless and under non stop torture.

The only problem she had was that she was starting to run out of big name heroine's to enslave, who was she going to target when she ran out? She looked at her control screens and wondered who to go after next.

She'd recently engaged the services of the former Female Fury turned mercenary Lashina, a very capable warrior and sexual dominant. While Lenka disputed the girls claim to be the "Goddess of bondage" she had to admit the girl knew her stuff. Maybe for a change I'll just ask her to walk through Metropolis, and bind every hot girl she sees. Nah to boring, Lenka decided…

Lois's skilled tongue was pushing her close to orgasm, and distracted by pleasure she leaned back, closed her eyes and moaned in pleasure.

Later Lenka wouldn't blame herself for what happened, but in truth it really was her own fault, she let her guard down, lost in pleasure and didn't realise that someone else had entered the sound proof control room. "SCREECH!" the horrible cry erupted, pitching Lenka backwards off her chair as she clamped her hands over her ears in utter agony.

"This is the end of your crimes Lenka!" Black Canary cried, "Surrender!" then backed it up with another scream. No it can't be true how did she find my secret lair!?! Lenka thought as she clamped her hands over her ears and tried to reach the control panel, however Canary realised what she was doing and reacted.

Mercifully the full blast of the canary cry carried her into a wall and from there into the blissful silence of oblivion…

WWW.DBCOMIX.COM

THIS IS THE END OF YOUR CRIMES LENKA! SURRENDER!

SCREECH

NO! PLEASE... STOP!!!

UGGH

"Big Bird to little black bat, I'm in," Canary announced into a communicator, she'd been running on radio silence all this time and she heard a sigh of relief before Batgirl responded;

"Understood, Big Bird, standing by," Barbara Gordon had wanted to come with Dinah on the mission to save their friends but Dinah had felt she was better off working the computer angle. Batgirl was good but she wasn't up to Dinah's level in martial arts and stealth and might have gotten captured. Since Barbara was a submissive and actually was Dinah's slave lover, it was likely that if Batgirl was captured she would be unable to resist Lenka's torments and would quickly become just another slave.

Dinah wasn't very good with computers but she quickly found a USB port, and installed the device that would allow Batgirl to access and override the systems, once that was done they could lock every door in the castle and Dinah could deal with the scum one on one.

Meanwhile she noticed the black latex coated slave, who was still kneeling on the floor and whose mouth seemed to still be questing for Lenka's sex (now located in a heap on the other side of the room). A quick glance confirmed that the specially modulated cry had shut down Lenka's mind and she would sleep for hours, but Dinah wondered why the slave hadn't been knocked out.

The kinky heroine took a moment to admire the girls totally latex coated body and the monoglove that bound the girls arms tightly behind her back. After another moment though her heroic instincts kicked in and she moved to free the girl, The hood was sealed tightly shut with a strong and pick proof lock but Dinah just pulled a cutting tool from her pocket and cut open the hood before pulling it free.

"Holy God!" Dinah exclaimed as she took in the bald, pale skinned head of the woman before her. The girl's eyes darted around, unfocused after so long without use as a stream of words escaped her mouth.

"No hood back, hood back, must wear hood, slave, slave wears hood, I slave must wear hood, suck cunt, must suck cunt, make her happy, and make mistress happy…"
"Whoa," Dinah said, astonished by how utterly broken the girl was and an instant later by recognition of just who the broken bald latex freak was, or rather who she had been, "Lois, you're Lois Lane!" but the girl just ignored her and keep babbling, tears bright in her eyes, that spoke of long suffering.

Dinah almost opened the radio channel again to tell Batgirl what she had found but it was too horrific, and she was struck speechless, what if all the girls were like this, could anything be done to save them? She called Batgirl, "How much longer Little bat?"

"A while why is anything wrong Big Bird?" Barbara asked,

"Yeah, just hurry okay; it's worse than we thought,"

"How much worse,"

"Worse," Batgirl sighed off and was clearly getting on with her work as Dinah stalked over to Lenka. She quickly zip tied the woman's arms and legs, and then as the rage built in her she kicked the woman hard in the stomach. "HOW COULD YOU! BONDAGE IS FUN, A GAME, THIS IS JUST SICK!"

"Sick? Well I can't expect all human's to be so enlightened," A voice said from behind her Dinah spun, ready for battle,

"WHO'S THERE!" she demanded an instant before the lights snapped off and then windowless room was plunged into darkness. Canary's eyes darted around as she searched for an enemy and then she blasted the room with her high powered cry.

Suddenly something whipped out of the gloom with a whooshing sound and wrapped around her body, whipping tightly around her arms and torso and pinning them together. The light snapped back on and she saw her attacker, "OH GOD Lashina!" she exclaimed realising her captor was the evil female Fury.

She blasted the monster with her full strength Canary cry but nothing happened, it seemed the woman was immune. "A nice try," the New God exclaimed "now let me show you what I can do,"

Desperately Canary tried to break free of her bonds but the alien material was to strong and a moment later a blast of energy shot along them. Mercifully she was quickly plunged into unconsciousness…

WWW.DBCOMIX.COM

OH GOD LASHINA.

A NICE TRY, NOW LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT I CAN DO.

CHAPTER 4

"That hurt!" Lenka exclaimed sometime later as her awareness returned and she found the concerned pair of Lashina and Monica leaning over her, "I thought you two were supposed to be keeping an eye out for this sort of thing.

"And I thought you were smart enough to never let your guard down, I'd expect this of Barbara not you," Monica replied mentioning the fallen slaver who Lenka had once thought of as her step daughter.

"Okay seems you two have a lot to talk about," Lashina added sounding a little hurt that Lenka's first words had been complaints.

"Sorry Lashina, thank you for the save," Lenka said as she carefully stood up, her head felt like she'd gone ten round with Ali, but she hobbled over to the prone body of her foe, "Black Canary,"

"Yes," Lashina said, "I have been wondering why you hadn't acquired her already; her powers are weak… even by human standards,"

Monica added, "Yes they are and we always assumed she would present no challenge, where was the fun in that?"

"We may have been wrong, in any case I had heard she was a dominant in her personal life, I had some hopes of seducing her to the dark side…"

"And now?" Lashina asked curiously,

"Oh I have a few ideas…"

Awareness returned painfully and slowly to Dinah and for a moment she had no recollection of what had happened but that was her last ever moment of peace before reality reasserted itself. She opened her eyes took in her situation and tried to scream, both in mortal terror and to blow apart her restraints.

Nothing happened, only a low whisper that escaped her heavily gagged mouth, and Dinah's heart thundered as she took in the horror of her predicament. She'd been strapped down to a wheeled gurney that was leaning against a wall at a forty five degree angle. The room she was in was windowless and dark except for a spotlight shining on Dinah herself.

If that wasn't bad enough her noble super suit had been stripped from her body and replaced by an evil blue catsuit, a wickedly tight corset and boots with nine inch devil heels. Finally a mouth corset covered her neck and lower face, with a built in ring gag that had been forced between her lips. Into this had been locked a large inflatable dildo with the tube and bulb hanging down from her captive mouth.

Dinah's mind was a churning mass of emotions; anger that she'd been caught so easily, fear of what was likely to happen at Lenka's hands, and a determination to escape. The latter had not helped any of the other girls of course, but Canary was not other heroine's, she was a trained escape artist, and she at once twisted her wrists to work on the simple leather straps that locked her in place.

She howled in agony as electrodes within the suit erupted, sending bolts of torment boiling through her imprisoned body. Desperately she tried to ignore the pain and work the straps but her limbs began to spasm and she was forced to pull away…at which point the agony ceased.

"That would not be a good idea moje milá; I'd hate to see you shocked senseless before we had the chance to talk," a cruel voice said, and then Lenka stepped from the shadows. The sight of the catsuit clad hell bitch made Dinah's breath catch in her mouth, especially when Lenka smiled at her, there was something just "wrong" about that smile…

"Oh why so glum maličká? I really should congratulate you, not many people get one over me, I suppose I should congratulate you, but in all honesty…" she darted forwards leaned over Dinah's face and continued in a hiss, "…I'm far to sore for that!" Lenka backhanded Dinah across the jaw and Dinah howled in rage and said some very rude words. "Temper, temper, maličká, we haven't even started yet!"

Dinah responded by making another attempt to undo her bindings, but another massive pulse of electrical pain forced her hands away from them. "Blbko!" Lenka exclaimed, "Haven't you figured it out yet the suit is programmed to shock you if you make any attempt to touch or otherwise escape your bondage!"

Lenka lifted Dinah's gurney off the wall and then grabbed hold of a pair of handles and began to wheel it across the room. Dinah tried again to free herself but the instant agony forced her to stop, instead she began struggling in her cruel latex catsuit, in which her sweat was now pooling as she boiled in the rubber. Worse the corset was crushing her waist, and her feet were distended to painful points by the slave boots she wore.

"Now I really must apologise Canary but we were not expecting you so we haven't had the chance to prepare things especially for you as we did with your friends. Indeed if I'm honest I had hoped that a dominant like you might have seen fit to work with us…"

Though muffled by the gag and whatever substance had depowered her, Dinah's angry response could still just about be understood, "Temper, Temper, maličká, why I have such interesting things planned for you."

As she pushed the captive heroine along Lenka added, "There's the torture, the punishment, the dildo penetrations, but first I thought you might like some dinner," Huh! What! Dinah wondered shocked at the sudden addition of something nice at the end of the list, she should have know it wasn't anything of the sort as Lenka added;

"Yes a meal of hot chilli sauce and at the same time an enema with warm oil, and more chilli sauce, to clean you out nicely." Holy God! She likes enemas! Dinah thought in disgust and horror, struggling with all her might but failing utterly to escape her slave suit…

WWW.DBCOMIX.COM

YES A MEAL OF HOT CHILLI SAUCE AND AT THE SAME TIME AN ENEMA WITH WARM OIL, AND MORE CHILLI SAUCE, TO CLEAN YOU OUT NICELY.

HOLY GOD! SHE LIKES ENEMAS!

HMPHHH

CHAPTER 5

Black Canary howled in pain as a strap was adjusted around the base of her right breast, squeezing it up and outwards in a painful way, and completing the hideous bondage in which she was now entrapped.

She'd been taken to another cell in (what she assumed to be) the castle's basement and then Lenka had left her in the hands of two of her cruel guards, who had quickly begun preparing Dinah for her suffering. First they wrapped straps around Dinah's shoulders and then secured her wrists to her thighs using more straps, the shoulder straps were then attached to a harness and the straps holding her onto the gurney had been undone.

It had been the work of moments for Dinah to undo the cuff holding her left wrist in place (which due to an oversight was not electrified) and as one guard approached, she had smashed her across the room with a terrific left hook. She'd been in the middle of freeing her other hand, when the remaining guard had shot her in the buttocks with a dart gun.

That had been the end of that and she had awoken sometime later to find herself in her present predicament…

Firstly she'd been forced into a standing position and then her ballet booted feet had been strapped into a metal frame that wrapped around her ankles and shins to keep her that way. Worse the heels of her evil boots had been removed, forcing Dinah to support all her weight with the points of her toes.

Worse a series of straps had then been wrapped around her legs, pulling them tightly together. Dinah's hips had then been bent forty-five degrees and a series of reinforced straps were fitted around her buttocks to keep her that way. The corset had been removed but that was little consolation since more straps compressed her waist and orbited her upper and lower chest. Her arms had then been pulled up and behind her back, and then twisted into the vicious "reverse prayer" pose, with her wrists touching at her upper back, and then her arms strapped tightly together. The straps around her breasts also compressed them painfully and Dinah's body was one mass of agony.

Finally the straps around her shoulders had been used to secure a cage around her head; this was shaped very much like an ordinary birdcage only lacking a base so that Dinah's head could fit through it. The cage was attached by a chain to the ceiling, and this supported Dinah's body through the shoulder straps while at the same time utterly humiliating her by portraying her as a caged bird.

But all this was nothing compared to the tubes fitted through her ring gag and up her asshole. The one in her mouth was pouring in a mixture of what tasted like milk mixed with chilli sauce, it was not only disgusting, but the powerful sauce was burning her mouth as it went in.

Dinah desperately tried to spit it out but the tube was sealed to her mouth, and she had no choice but to swallow it all down and devoutly hope that she didn't throw up, her only relief was a squirt of water every few minutes that took some of the burning sensation off.

That was almost bearable, except the same mixture was being pumped in the other end and mixed with warm oil. Agony boiled through her body as the vile mixture forced its way backwards up her pipes and was then drawn out again. It was a constant boiling agony as the liquid flowed back and forth flushing her system and tormenting her in ways she could barely comprehend.

Already Dinah was screaming for mercy, but no one seemed to be listening as the two guards watched silently, and then with a clicking of heels Lenka returned.
“Well I trust you’re enjoying yourself little bird, you look so sexy like this…take out the pipes,” she added to her guards, who turned off the flows and then took out the feeding pipe. A moment later Dinah screamed in agony as ice cold water was pumped into her anal passage, and then quickly flowed out to take the last of the evil sauce with it.

Tears erupted in Dinah’s eyes, and as she looked into Lenka’s unfeeling eyes a single word attempted to escape her lips, “Why?” It was mangled but Lenka understood and replied,

“You attacked me Canary, do you really think you won’t suffer for that, besides count yourself lucky, I could have just plugged you in next to Supergirl and that loud mouth reporter Grant.” Dinah groaned in utter horror, even as her mouth and anus burned from the cruel torture. “Now we can talk about your future career later, for now you still need to be heavily punished for what you did to me,”

With that she produced an inflatable dildo and ruthlessly shoved it into Canary’s mouth, she then quickly pumped it up, forcing the vile inflatable rubber dong to fill the newly enslaved woman’s mouth totally. Once this was done she held up a massive plastic device, a long rod with three balls attached to it, one at each end and one in the middle. “Now with these lovely devices I can torture all your holes,” Lenka said and then rammed the evil device into Dinah’s pussy.

Even as the prisoner screamed in pain as the thing forced its way into her tight snatch things got worse as electrodes buried in the tip activated, and Dinah screamed still louder in mortal agony and unceasing pain! “You are mine Canary, you are a slave, and you will suffer for the rest of your life for what you did to me!”

“Oh we’re going to have so much fun…” the evil Mistress added with a final dark giggle…

WWW.DBCOMIX.COM

IF I HAD FREE MOUTH, I WOULD SHOW YOU TRUE TORTURE, YOU EVIL **BITCH!**

PFFF

NNNNN!

...AND WITH THESE SIMPLE DEVICES, I CAN **EASILY** TORTURE BOTH OF YOUR HOLES AT THE SAME TIME **HA HA HA...**

PFFF...

CHAPTER 6

Batgirl was worried, sitting in front of her computer with her cowl pushed back, she shuddered as she realised what must have happened. Lenka had captured Dinah, and worse Barbara's link to the evil monsters computers had been disabled. "What am I going to do?" the redheaded submissive asked as she ran a hand through her sweat slick hair.

To call her position precarious was an understatement, just about every other major heroine was now a captive of this vile creature, and she had no allies and could think of no one who could stop Lenka now that Dinah was a captive as well.

She fiddled with the simple leather collar that Dinah had given her when they'd consummated their relationship, it was so hard without her, what was she supposed to do? She leaned forward and put her head in her hands…

"Beep," Batgirl jerked upright as the screen of her computer snapped on, "What the hell!" she exclaimed. An e-mail attachment was opening by itself, but that was impossible, she thought as the web cam program activated. Barbara just had time to rip her own camera out of the wall, before an image appeared.

"Oh God no!" she exclaimed as she found herself facing an image of Dinah, dressed in a blue slave suit and bound in the most hideous and painful way, screaming in agony as two black clad and hooded guards whipped her enslaved buttocks over and over.

"God, no only a Goddess," a Czech accented voice said, as Mistress Lenka stepped in front of the camera. "You may have removed your camera Batgirl but we can still hear you, even if I can't see your lovely purple clad body,"

She stepped back out of view and Barbara watched in horror as one of the guards walked forward wearing a strap on dildo. Dinah screamed as the dildo penetrated the beautiful heroine's perfect body and her rape began. "No stop!" Batgirl begged but was rewarded only with Lenka's laughter, "You can't do this you can't…"

"Can't do what…otrokyně?" Barbara wondered what that meant and was reaching for the translate program when Lenka told her, "Can't do what…Slave!" Barbara gasped, "That's what you are it, you were Black Canary's slave, and now she is my slave, I guess that make you out one Mistress…"

"Go fuck a horse you piece of shit!" Barbara replied.

"I don't think you quite understand your situation Batgirl" Lenka replied stepping back into view and hiding the raped heroine, "You see I vowed to enslave every heroine as part of my kinky museum and that includes you even though I think you'd probably enjoy it,"

"Go to hell"

"Whatever, anyway I wish to offer you a deal, if you come to my castle and surrender then I will allow you the chance to become this…" The view on the screen changed to reveal Wonder Woman dressed in her tight red and blue Maid's outfit standing silently at attention in her cell. Barbara gasped at the sight of the utterly submissive slave Maid, a tiny bit of warmth in her sex as she look upon a vision of utter submission.

"On the other hand, you can be refuse and maybe I'll just turn you into this…" An image appeared of Supergirl trapped in latex and connected to a waste pipe. "I'll give you a week to decide, but make no mistake you will be mine your only choice is what kind of slave you become…" Lenka finished as the screen snapped off.

Barbara put her head in her hands again and sobbed, what on Earth was she to do…?

…

Lenka smiled at the captive Canary as her conference with Batgirl ended, she wondered what the Batgirl would decide, would she accept the simple life of a slave or would her honour demand she suffer for a lifetime?

Well it didn't matter, she'd still have Batgirl in her grasp soon enough and her custom purple costumes were already being made. For now she wanted to continue with Black Canary's punishment but then she glanced at her watch.

She had a visitor coming and she didn't want to be late…

HMMMPH?

CHAPTER 7

The green woman looked like she could bust free of the pantyhose that held her prisoner in a single instant. She was an Amazonian of a woman, nearly six eight tall, with green skin and bulging muscles, all of it encased in a tight layer of pantyhose that covered her from just below her nose to her ankles. The body stocking compressed and accented her curves and inspite of its obvious fragility the woman made no move to break free of it.

It was however not fragile at all having been created by the magically powered Mistress Berenika to hold the captive tightly prisoner, and ensure that She Hulk would never be free again.

It was hard now for She Hulk to believe how stupid she'd been, she'd been adventuring with the Invisible Woman while the rest of the Fantastic Four were on an "off world trip" (read boys weekender). They had gotten a tip about an illegal fetish club near the New York Docks and had gone to check it out and bust up the participants.

Instead of a deviant fetish club they'd walked into an empty warehouse and a blast of magic…and when it faded they'd both been dressed in their inescapable pantyhose suits…

That had been eight months ago, eight months' of deviant sex, endless torment, and graphic humiliation for both of them. To She Hulk's surprise there had turned out to be a silver lining though, she had been in love with Susan ever since they had met but she'd been too loyal to Mr Fantastic to ever cheat on him.

Of course now they were both sex slave's they had been forced to have constant lesbian sex with each other and Berenika. She Hulk hadn't been able to hide how much she enjoyed the former, and though neither had been allowed to talk since their capture, she thought Sue enjoyed it as well…

It still didn't make up for the fact they were sex slaves but She-Hulk had to find a silver lining somewhere…

She Hulk knelt on the cold stone floor of Berenika's bunker and shivered as she heard the clicking of her owner's heels approaching. "Good morning my dear, and how are we today?" The Hell God asked though of course She Hulk could make no more than mangled moans (and knew far better than to try).

After a moment Berenika added "You might be interested to know I have been invited to a party by a fellow member of my profession, even better you and the Visible Girl are invited as well." She Hulk shuddered, her Mistress had taken to calling Sue that lately (since she could no longer turn invisible), but worse than that, a party? The last time her captor had had a party, she'd been suspended in a strappado tie for eight days, and forced to suck hundred's of pussies and cocks!

Berenika announced she was already packing for the trip and added, "Maybe I'll exchange you for another captive heroine, Lenka has so many now,"
Sweating and shivering at the same time, She Hulk thought, Damn this tight pantyhose if only…she didn't finish the thought, well aware it was useless, instead she thought, maybe Lenka might be a bit more normal?

She must have tried to say some of that out loud and her captor must have understood because Berenika giggled and said, "Normal? She likes hyper extreme bondage, and ultra tight latex, but don't worry my slave's only wear tight shiny pantyhose,"

With that Berenika turned and left, still laughing and clearly expecting her captive to be utterly terrified. However She Hulk actually quite liked latex which hugged her perfect curves rather nicely, and besides "hyper bondage" could hardly be any worse than this could it?

After a while Berenika returned using her magic wand to levitate Sue in front of her, "Ah don't you just look like perfect Christmas presents wrapped up like that, it's almost a shame no one will ever get to unwrap you…Lets go!"

WWW.DBCOMIX.COM

YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED TO KNOW I HAVE BEEN INVITED TO A PARTY BY A FELLOW MEMBER OF MY PROFESSION, EVEN BETTER YOU AND THE VISIBLE GIRL ARE INVITED AS WELL. MAYBE I'LL EXCHANGE YOU FOR ANOTHER CAPTIVE HEROINE, LENKA HAS SO **MANY** NOW...

DAMN THIS TIGHT PANTYHOSE IF ONLY... MAYBE LENKA MIGHT BE A BIT MORE NORMAL

HMMMPH?

CHAPTER 8

If she hadn't assumed the act would get her killed, She Hulk would giggled as they teleported into Mistress Lenka's castle, and came face to face with Lenka and her waiting harem of latex clad sex slaves. Sure there were a lot of them dressed in crude parodies of super costumes…but they were no one she recognised!

Strangely she felt a burst of pride for her own mistress, who for all her evil had at least enslaved a couple of A-listers, rather than a bunch of z-listers or more likely cosplayers. Why one of the girls was wearing a blue and red latex suit in the design of a superhero comic from decades ago, what had it been called? Superior, Hyperman? She couldn't remember…

A noise jerked the green slave back to reality as Lenka and Berenika embraced each other, "Lenka it has been too long," Berenika announced as she kissed her fellow Domme on the cheek.

"Long indeed, I see you are still devoted to the harsh stretchiness of pantyhose," She Hulk noticed that the two women had very similar features, and she suddenly wondered if they were related, especially since she knew Berenika was a bottle blonde and underneath was a Red head like Lenka. Still there was nothing she could do but wait as Berenika coldly replied,

"And you the harsh shine of rubber," She Hulk had been a lawyer in her everyday life, and she recognised at once the complete lack of sincerity between the two women (she'd seen it often enough between opposing council).

"Well I'm glad you could come all the way here to see us, and bring your lovely slaves with you," Lenka said walking over and stroking She Hulks face. She Hulk shuddered, it was like being touched by a snake, and as their eyes met for an instant, and she thought she saw utter evil in Lenka's glare.

There was something else as well, distain and the sheer number of Lenka's slaves made She Hulk worry still more. It just seemed so impersonal with Lenka, and that made this all seem all the worse. At least Berenika made it personal, she'd captured Jen and Sue because she wanted Jen and Sue, where as this monster seemed to just want everybody, it wasn't as if she could rape every girl every night so what was the point?

After a moment she realised it was about power, but then wasn't everything? As she watched Berenika looked over the slaves and then said, "Ah good you do have her, I'll start with this one," and pointed to the girl in the knockoff…Superman (that was it) outfit. But Why! An anguished She Hulk silently asked, she was Berenika's slave, not some trash cosplaying a book cancelled in 1941 (and doing a bad job of rule #63 while she was at it). We were heroes Goddamn it! She thought, how could some nerd be of more interest than they were?

She got no answer instead Lenka said, "And I'll have a play with your lovely girls, I hope you have fun…I know I will,"

"Ro Rait!" Sue screamed only to be backhanded across the jaw for her trouble, She Hulk wisely kept her mouth shut, knowing how little good it would do;

"Slave's don't talk, take them to chamber 21," Lenka ordered as Berenika led the latex clad "Supergirl" out of sight…

The thing that had once been Supergirl was screaming, and her captor was more than a little confused. “I came across dimensions for you, surely you like not being in that latex hell suit for a little bit?” Supergirl just kept screaming…

In truth Supergirl was free for the first time in months, but she was also utterly insane, and had long since rationalised her unspeakable torments at Lenka and Monica’s hands as being something she deserved. She even felt safe buried in her hideous rubber costumes, her body and broken soul sealed away from the world and now she was exposed wearing nothing more than tightly wrapped pantyhose!

Worse she still could not break free, even though the stuff felt as substantial as tissue paper. This was worse, much worse, at least in the latex she could feel her defeat, this was just heaping even more humiliation, just let me go back to Mistress Monica she thought desperately.

“Really you actually want to go back to that hell creature,” Berenika said and Supergirl realised she must have said something out loud, “You really want to go back to my half sisters torments when I can make it so much sweeter for you at my hands?” Supergirl realised that Berenika was Lenka’s sibling, not that she really cared. Something had snapped in Supergirl’s mind a long time ago, and all she wanted was to get back to Monica and resume her service before she angered her evil mistress and suffered something even worse. She had no ability to resist and was terrified that any resistance would be met with devastating torments (and probably she would suffer those anyway).

Berenika realised something was deeply wrong with Supergirl far beyond the damage months of enforced submission could cause and suspected the girl might be insane (or at least unbalanced). What has my sister been doing to you? She wondered but then she shrugged and decided she really didn’t care and instead raised her magic wand, “I have so many tricks up my sleeve, time to show you a few,” she said giggling happily, and hardly caring what was happening to her own slaves…

BUZzzz...

WWW.DBCOMIX.COM

PLEASE, I WANT TO GO **BACK** TO MISTRESS MONICA!!!

I HAVE **SO MANY** TRICKS UP MY SLEEVE, TIME TO SHOW YOU A FEW...

BUZzzz...

HA HA HA

WWW.DBCOMIX.COM

CHAPTER 9

"Well?" Lenka asked Lashina as she entered Chamber 21, Lashina briefly grimaced but hid it quickly. Lenka might be sharp with her but she was a serious improvement on her former boss who was known to murder for the slightest mistake.

Instead she smiled and said, "It was as you thought, the spell was cast upon their bodies and not upon their wrappings, so we…removed them…" She gestured with her spandex coated hand, and Lenka whistled at the sight.

The two fallen heroines had been stripped out of the pantyhose they'd been wearing and then redressed in Lenka's favoured Latex. The costumes were very interesting designs copied very carefully from comic books Lenka had had one of her minion's buy (she would not be seen dead in a comics shop of course). She wondered if she should tell the women they'd actually been teleported to another universe, one where their adventures were recorded in comic books….After a moment she shrugged better to leave the women with the vague hope that their team-mates might rescue them someday, their despair as no help came was so much more satisfying.

The invisible Woman's costume had been the easiest to put together, consisting of a powder blue catsuit designed to match her old Fantastic Four uniform, even down to the large "4" painted on the chest. It was however much tighter than the old costume, and incorporated a corset that crushed the sex slave's waist into Lenka's favoured hourglass shape. A full posture collar finished the design and Sue's face and long blonde hair were left free, while her mouth was filled by a simple but very effective Ring Gag.

She Hulk's costume was a little more complex; this consisted of a white and purple leotard, and bottle green opera gloves and stockings, all in latex. Each glove ended in a useless thumbless mitt, while a collar and corset completed the ensemble. Once again the costume resembled the slave's old super suit, as a constant and inescapable reminder of who they had been and now never would be again.

The two women had been strapped to a fiendish yet simple contraption, first the invisible girl had been forced to her knees and then her ankles locked into a set of stocks, behind her. Her wrists had then been pulled together behind her back, and strapped together along with more straps around her elbows. Her wrists had then been strapped to the top of the stocks, pulling her body back at a forty-five degree angle, where a chain locked to her collar kept her. A zipper on her crotch had been opened, and an electric dildo shoved inside while its other end was strapped to the floor, in such a way that Sue could not remove it.

Nor could Sue remove the tube that was strapped inside her ring gag, and which connected to a dildo in She Hulk's pussy directly over head. She Hulk for her part had been strapped to the wall above Susan, her buttocks rested on a hard metal frame that stuck out from the wall, while her legs had been pulled up and spread before metal bars kept them that way. This ensured that Sue could fit under the 500lb Amazon, who was further secured in place by chains linked to O-rings on the back of her suit and corset. Her back rested on a poorly padded rest and her arms were spread slightly apart and were also secured in place, ensuring she wasn't going anywhere.

Both dildos were gently buzzing and Sue was howling in horror as her dildo first drove her towards orgasm them used electric shocks to push her right back down again. She was screaming in agony and frustration and Lenka wondered what she was thinking, catching a flash of hatred as her eyes briefly darted in her direction. Good clearly still some fight there, she decided.

Even worse for Sue, was all the cum pouring out of She Hulk's gamma powered snatch which was in turn pouring into Sue's mouth via the pipe. She was trying to spit it out but so much was pouring in that she had no choice but to gulp it down or choke on it. Lenka smiled and found warmth growing in her sex as she watched the show.

She Hulk for her part yelped as an electric shock stung her left nipple and one of the cruel guards demanded, "Say it!" The old She Hulk would have spat in the woman's face, but that woman was long gone, and so she said,

"I know I deserve this! My Mistress is rewarding me for being such an obedient slave!" her face flushing a darker shade of green as she moaned and was driven ever closer to orgasm. Oh God what was wrong with her, she should hate this but the latex was so…comfortable… Having got what they wanted, the guards forced a ball gag into She Hulk's mouth.

This done they grabbed hold of Invisible woman's stocks and then pushed them over until they rested on the floor, and Sue screamed as her arms and legs were pulled into a very unnatural pose. This done they then removed the tube linking Sue's mouth to She Hulks heinee, and the dildo as well. For a moment the ring gagged slave was able to gulp in sweet clean air, but it was not to last. Undoing a bolt the guards lowered She Hulk's demented seat, until she was nearly sitting on top of Sue's prone body.

"Alright fuck toy lets see how well you suck?" one of the guards demanded, and then Sue's body arched in agony, as a bolt of lightning tormented her bound form, she quickly began to suck She Hulk's pussy. She Hulk for her part began screaming as well, even as her already aroused sex grew even warmer from Sue's expert tongue.



WWW.DBCOMIX.COM

I KNOW I **DESERVE** THIS! MY MISTRESS IS **REWARDING** ME FOR BEING SUCH AN **OBEDIENT SLAVE!**

OHHH

BUZZZ

GULP GULP...

STOP THE **FUCK** SQUIRTING TO MY **FUCKING** MOUTH, YOU GREEN **BITCH!!!**

BUZZZ

CHAPTER 10

Hot tears of shame boiled in She Hulk's eyes as she was pleasured by her broken friend. It wasn't the first time they'd been forced to have sex with each other and it never got any easier. The boiling, total loss of control could never make up for the fact the girls wanted each other and could never hide their enjoyment of each others bodies.

Worse unlike the breathable pantyhose, the thick plastic rubber of the suit was containing all of She Hulk's sweat. It was boiling hot in the room and even hotter in the uncomfortable suit, so much so that the sweat was drying up and leaving deposits of salt to rub on She Hulk's bound and tormented boy. If that wasn't bad enough her "seat" was rocking slightly and she was terrified it hadn't been secured properly, what if she fell on Sue and smothered her?

Reluctantly she reconsidered her stance on Berenika and Pantyhose, sure latex looked better but it was so uncomfortable, and at Berenika had never done anything this extreme! Faced with worse she suddenly wanted Bad and screamed for her Mistress to save her…

Lenka smiled seeing the torment in She Hulk's eyes, well someone was having a good time, she thought as she turned to head back to the cell where Black Canary was under torment…

"Oh my gosh! What is the meaning of this! You swore you'd keep them in pantyhose, release my slave's at once!" Berenika demanded as she stormed into the room followed by Monica and Supergirl (who looked very pleased to be back in her latex torture suit- or at least Lenka thought that was her expression- might have been mortal terror).

"Oh come on don't you remember, I really don't like Nylon fetish, it's just so dull, all you can do is mummify or wrap someone in a catsuit," Lenka said stroking Berenika's pantyhose clad body. "It's why we parted company in the first place, you have your ways and I have mine,"

Berenika slipped her magic wand out of a hidden pocket as she asked, "If that's true why the hell did you want to see me in the first place?"

Lenka grinned, "Easy princezno, thirty years ago we agreed to disagree, and you used your technology to head off and plunder a whole another universe…"

"Yeah, yeah I was there skip the story," Berenika replied, prepping the nastiest spell she could think of,

WWW.DBCOMIX.COM

OH MY GOSH! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS! YOU SWORE YOU'D KEEP THEM IN PANTYHOSE, **RELEASE** MY SLAVE'S AT ONCE!

OH COME ON DON'T YOU REMEMBER, I REALLY DON'T LIKE NYLON FETISH, IT'S JUST SO DULL, ALL YOU CAN DO IS MUMMIFY OR WRAP SOMEONE...

MISTRESS **HELP** PLEASE!

HEEEMPH!!!

MMMM GULP GULP

SHE-HULK **STOP** CUMMING!!!

"Well anyway back then I didn't mind, I had my work, you had yours, but now I'm running out of women worthy of becoming my Slave's and I want to diversify into other realm's and other pretties, the Avengers, the X-Men, all shall be mine, but I lacked one thing…" Berenika smiled,

"My wand and the D-jump spell, it's a pity really if you weren't so greedy it wouldn't have come to this…" she raised her wand,

Lenka sighed, "We have a strict latex Dress code here and that applies even to you, also you still don't watch your back," What! Berenika began to turn but it was already to late as Monica clamped a rag over her mouth and then savagely chopped down on Berenika's wrist, forcing her to drop the wand.

Berenika struggled but she'd never been much good at hand to hand and the powerful substance quickly affected her. She struggled for a few moments but then her eyes rolled up into her head and she slumped to the floor, the last sound she heard being an evil giggle…

WWW.DBCOMIX.COM

HA HA HA

!

HMPHHH

CHAPTER 11

"It's a shame really; she could have been one of the greats, if she wasn't so slavishly devoted to nylon,"

"Opposing you probably didn't help of course,"

"That too," Lenka replied as she and Monica leaned over their newest captive,

"Besides working with you is always so entertaining, you're so…inventive," Monica added, smiling as she looked down at the prisoner struggling beneath them.

Berenika had been stripped out of her nylon catsuit and redressed in a proper latex one, she'd then been strapped spread eagled to a torture frame, and electrodes fitted to her breasts and pussy. Monica had the remote in her hand and the demonic Major-domo was playing with the electrodes, randomly shocking, the new slave on her most tender spots.

Monica had never liked Berenika who'd been one of Lenka's co-workers at the Czech StD when the American had defected decades earlier. Berenika had never trusted the young American despite her proven loyalty to Lenka and evil, and in turn Monica had hated the arrogant pantyhose lover. "Not such an arrogant whore now is we?" Monica said as she sent an even more powerful shock through Berenika's pussy.

Berenika was screaming for mercy but neither woman had any interest in that, so instead Lenka picked up a huge blow up Dildo and said "Right I think I'll test her oral skills,"

"She was useless thirty years ago," Monica replied, all three women were older than they looked thanks to a secret anti aging serum the StB had developed.

"Why do you think I'm using this," Lenka said with a smile, "Well except for the other reason of course, I'm sick, but not that sick,"

"I thought you only share a father," Monica said recalling that Berenika was actually Lenka's half sister.

"Yes and this bitch was always Daddies favourite, and worse he made sure she inherited his magic so I had to make my way in the world on my own wits!" She grabbed Berenika's nipples and twisted them savagely causing the woman to scream in mortal pain, as she did so Lenka added,

WWW.DBCOMIX.COM

WORKING WITH YOU IS ALWAYS SO INSPIRATIVE. HA HA HA

THIS BITCH WAS ALWAYS DADDIES FAVOURITE...

HMPHHH NNN!

"Um, however I'm not into incest, so I figure we'll break her mind in half and then throw her to the girls." So that's why you're doing this Monica thought with a smile, Daddy issues! Well she wasn't one to judge, though she was annoyed about not getting to see some hot MILF Incest action, not that she was going to say that (she could think of more interesting ways to commit suicide). Instead she simply replied.

"Right I think I'll test her "lower sockets", picking up a dildo even as Lenka forced Berenika's mouth open and slipped the dildo inside. Monica didn't bother to lube her dildo but instead inserted it directly into Berenika's wet pussy. She smiled as it slipped in easily and caused the captive to moan in pleasure, her grin got even wider when the electrodes in the dildo activated, sending stinging shocks into the tissue of Berenika's vulva even as Monica's mechanical motions pleasured the blonde prisoner.

Monica just hoped the bitch didn't turn out to be a pain slut; she didn't want Berenika to cum for a long time to come. Especially since if Lenka didn't want her Monica was sure she could find uses for the blonde sex slave…

Forty six hours later...

She Hulk was exhausted but she dare not stop, she'd been without sleep for almost two days, and only the desperate hope her Mistress might come to rescue her was keeping the delirious female for despair. She desperately wanted to sleep but anytime she closed her eyes a stinging shock woke her up.

She'd been forced to kneel beside Sue in an identical set of stocks, while her sister slave had been pulled back to kneeling pose as well, She Hulk's ball gag had been replaced by a ring gag, and then it had started. An endless line of female bodies Mistress's and slave's led before her, forcing their crotches into her face and then the endless stinging shocks forcing her to pleasure them over and over again.

Her eyes stung from all the tears she had shed, even as she wondered again why this was any different from the months before. But again she came back to the feeling that Berenika had "earned" their obedience, and in any case it hadn't been so bad when you got used to it, but under Lenka suffering was every second of every day.

She had just finished pleasuring the one they called Wonder Maid when a silence came over the room and a latex clad figure hobbled in. "Ristress!" She Hulk managed in hope but then she saw what Berenika had become.

She was sealed into a powder blue catsuit, wobbling on high heels and her arms strapped together at the elbows. This left her forearms free to flop around uselessly as each hand ended in a padded rubber ball. Her waist was distorted by a tight leather corset, while her neck was orbited by the thick posture collar that was the mark of a Slave. Her eyes darted this way and that in pure terror as Monica led her in on a leash and over to where her former slave's waited. Berenika wasn't gagged and for a moment she tried to turn and speak to Lenka who waited in the doorway, "Please I'm…"

"Strap her down, ring gag her and keep her out of my sight," Lenka replied then walked over and said, "And you are not my sister, you're just another slave who got in my way, and now you're just a cum bucket,"

Berenika sagged, total defeat etched onto her face as her elder sister turned and stalked away. Her will to resist destroyed she did not even try to fight as a ring gag was forced into her mouth, and then she was strapped down beside She Hulk.

Clearly something had snapped in the poor woman's brain and she did not resist as a line began to form in front of her.

WWW.DBCOMIX.COM

LENKA PLEASE, I´M YOUR SISTER!

WHERE THERE HAD BEEN TWO SLAVES AND A MISTRESS, THERE WAS NOW ONLY THREE BROKEN CUM SLAVES, FOR LENKA HAD DECREED THAT THE TRIO WOULD BE USED FOR THE PLEASURE OF ALL THE OTHERS WITHIN THE CASTLE. ALL SAVE ONE FOR LENKA'S TEMPLE WAS SOMEWHERE THEY WOULD NEVER BE PERMITTED TO WORSHIP. THEIR FATES SEALED THEY WOULD SERVE LENKA FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES AS LITTLE MORE THAN HUMAN SEX TOYS...

WWW.DBCOMIX.COM

CHAPTER 12

Inspite of herself Barbara Gordon could not bring herself to delete the footage of her lover suffering and was now watching again as Canary was tormented over and over. In this image Canary had been strapped Strappado with her arms pulled painfully behind her back and her body bent forwards to reveal her buttocks. A ball gag filled her mouth and zippers on her catsuit had been opened to expose her heinee and perfect breasts.

As Barbara watched a hooded guard produced an evil looking bull whip and swung it at Canaries exposed heinee with a savage glee. To her credit even as the evil leather bit into her skin Canary did not scream and Barbara could see her hands moving, clearly still trying to escape even as she was savaged.

Nothing could last forever and after five strokes pain beat dignity and Canary began to scream, thrashing in her tight bondage as she tried to get out of the way of the evil whip.

A moment later another guard appeared in front of Canary and began to whip her breasts causing Canary to scream still louder as she desperately fought to escape. There was to be no mercy however, as Wonder Maid the traitor…thing that had once been their friend, hobbled in carrying a wand style vibrator.

She knelt beside Canary, and held the spinning end of the device to Canary's latex covered sex, causing the blonde captive to moan in pleasure even as she screamed in pain. Pleasure and pain combined into one horrible mass of sensation and as she watched Batgirl could not help but grow moist and warm.

Like many casual BDSM players she was a switch, and she found herself wanting to play all three parts, the evil guard tormenting the prisoner, the prisoner being stimulated to new heights of pleasure and pain, or the Maid, quietly obedient to her captor's commands.

Inspite of this she had no intention of accepting Lenka's "offer" of becoming a voluntary slave. She liked BDSM but as a game, played with her loving mistress who was now being raped and tortured in Lenka's dark den. She would never submit to a monster like Lenka, who knew no limits and had no concept of Consent or trust or even love, all of which were needed for a true Mistress/Slave relationship.

No instead she would find a way to save her friends. And if she failed and ended up another slave, well at least she'd have the comfort of knowing she had tried. She pulled on her purple cowl and went over to her Batcycle.

Climbing on and firing up the engine she glanced one more time at the sexual hell on the screen, and then kicked the bike into gear. I'm coming for you Lenka, she vowed as she rode out of her secret hideout, maybe for the last time…

WWW.DBCOMIX.COM

THE SUPERHEROINE MUSEUM INTERLUDE
BARBARA´S REVENGE

By Echotango

Historian's note: The events of this story take place shortly after Superheroine Museum 5

Mistress Barbara was angry, not that that wasn't pretty much the normal mental state of the deviant young mistress. She had been born angry; she had stayed angry, angry at her mother for dying in child birth, angry at the father who saw the child of his first marriage as a burden, even as he fucked a twenty something whore.

That anger had led her to this point in her life, led her to domination as a way of escaping the shackles of her upbringing, while her sociopathy had led her to every crueller acts that had finally placed her beyond the law. Her path had seemed inevitable by then, a few years of "fun" followed by a permanent stay in federal prison. But then Mistress Lenka had come into her life. Barbara had been a talented amateur but the Czech monster was a genius at slavery and torment. When she came into Barbara's life Lenka had been seeking to marry Barbara's father to secure much needed funds.

It hadn't been hard for Lenka to discover Barbara's secret life and she had quickly taken the girl under her tutelage. Barbara had happily betrayed her hated father (who was at last report strapped to an oral sex machine in a hetro Domme's far away palace) and then eagerly helped Lenka a she began her campaign to enslave the world's greatest heroines.

At first it had been great fun but very quickly she'd found an enemy in Mistress Monica; the woman who was Lenka's long term lover and soon was to become her wife. Monica had always hated her and claimed that Barbara was arrogant, refused to follow procedure and if left in charge of a slave would sooner or later let it escape because she took to many risks. Barbara just thought Monica was jealous of her relationship with her stepmother, and had started plotting to supplant her both in power and in Lenka's bed.

Unfortunately Monica had been right; Barbara had been over confident and a few weeks before the young mistress had been "supervising" the newly captured heroine Hawkgirl. On that day she had removed the tube that fed the heroine a constant dose of power sapping "milk" so she could have some oral fun with the woman. She had assumed that the concentrated dose she'd injected the heroine with would ensure she remained powerless for at least thirty-six hours. However it turned out that something about either Hawkgirl's biology or her uniform helmet (which Barbara had forgotten to take off-or at least that was her story if anyone asked) had let her overcome the milk much more quickly. In the resulting escape attempt Barbara had been knocked over the head, Hawkgirl had almost escaped the castle and in the aftermath Barbara had fallen from grace.

Monica had naturally been only too happy to take charge of her punishment, taking great pleasure torturing her for hours on end and then forcing her to serve as an oral sex slave for over a week. During this time she'd been made to service every other woman in the castle over and over including most of the slaves. Even now weeks later she could still taste the cum on her lips, and even when she had finally been freed she had still been demoted. She was now just another guard, assigned not to the plumb assignment of training Wonder Woman but instead to look after her already broken sister Artemis. A contest had been staged between her and Monica to see who could train the best slave and when this ended in her defeat as well Barbara had only grown angrier.

Fortunately Barbara hadn't yet got a chance to act on her rage as Monica and Lenka had gone away from the castle for a week, visiting old friends in Prague and having a vacation. In their absence the captain of the guard; a 40 something black woman named Sonja had been left in charge. Sonja didn't blame Barbara for what had happened with Hawkgirl (she was well aware it had all been an accident and also that Monica's got jealous) so she had been more than happy to let Barbara have the chance to use something (or rather someone) perfect for dealing with her anger issues.

Supergal had been one of the very first heroines to become a slave. Captured months before and then imprisoned in a suit that sapped her immense powers, she had then been plugged into the castle plumbing and used as a living sceptic tank. Supergal had once beat up Monica during an investigation and was also far too powerful to be kept as a regular slave. As such she'd been shoved in the basement and largely forgotten about, until now that was.

Kara was still sealed inside her suit, but twelve hours of feeding her nothing but water and flushing her with enema's had cleansed the last of the waste from her body and now she was hanging from the ceiling of torture chamber 21, suspended by straps attached to her shoulders and knees. A thick ring gag now filled her mouth and was held in place by a head harness. This did nothing to prevent the slave screaming in mortal terror as Barbara first attached electrodes to her nipples, rammed a massive dildo into the girl's back passage, and then added still more electrodes to the slave's pussy lips and toes.

A single flick of the switch and Supergal screamed in agony as electric shocks blazed across her body. Her most sexual regions tormented by pulses of agony that made the slave heroine buck and thrash as her nerves misfired. She was screaming something into her gag and Barbara smiled. "Mercy, I have none, and for that you will be punished,"

With a vile grin on her face Barbara picked up one last wire and then leaned over Kara's bound body. Vaguely wincing at the thought of touching something that had been exposed to so much filth Barbara reached inside Kara's mouth and grabbed the slave's tongue. Kara screamed still louder as months of conditioning were undermined by pure fear but Barbara did not care and quickly clipped the wire to the slaves tongue.

"RO! RO!" Kara screamed as she tried to shake it off but Barbara just smiled and said,

"No? No chance, in fact if you try to make another intelligible sound I'll shock you even harder, you clearly need to learn respect!" Barbara jammed her fingers down on the power switch and as Kara began to scream in agony Barbara imagined it was Monica in her place, then Lenka, and then a hundred other women who had wronged her over the years. "SCREAM YOU WHORE! SCREAM!" she howled "SCREAM FOR MERCY SO I CAN DENY IT!"

Kara was howling in pain and Barbara grew wet at the suffering that her slave was enduring. There was something seriously messed up with Barbara, perhaps even more so than the other monsters she worked with. All were sexually dominant, most were sadists, but Barbara almost entirely got off on inflicting pain and barely cared for pleasure, and now with no one around to stop her she was going to make sure Supergal suffered.

"Yes scream you whore, scream as Lenka will scream, as Monica will scream when I destroy them!" she announced and in her excitement she took her finger off the button for a moment, and to her disgust Supergal took that chance to actually laugh at her!

"YOU DARE!" she exclaimed before grabbing the controller and setting it to maximum power, "I'll fry you for that!" She added even as a dark voice in her head suggested that the broken heroine might be laughing at the very idea anyone could defeat Lenka. Worse still she knew in the dark pit of her soul that this was the truth for how was she supposed to even beat Lenka and Monica, especially now when they were likely to be on the alert for a revenge attempt…

She sighed, "Bored now," she suddenly decided as she watched Supergal continue to jerk in her bondage. "Let's try something else!"

WWW.DBCOMIX.COM

NO? NO CHANCE, IN FACT IF YOU TRY TO MAKE ANOTHER INTELLIGIBLE SOUND I'LL SHOCK YOU EVEN HARDER, YOU CLEARLY NEED TO LEARN RESPECT!

RO! RO!

BUZZZ

Soon after Supergal was strung up hanging chest down in a bondage harness, her bagged and useless arms dangling beneath her and chained together, as were her legs. She was dangling a few feet in the air so that her booted feet just able to touch the floor if she stretched, and Barbara knew the slave's body would already be growing sore from the pose and the straps holding her up.

Having no interest in reducing Kara's suffering Barbara just flicked a switch to activate the machine she was planning to use on her. Unlike most of the castles equipment this machine wasn't one of Lenka's designs but the work of her great rival Master Michael. Intended to condition a slave to having dicks in all their holes it hadn't seen much use by the lesbian mistress. In fact it had lain largely forgotten since it had been captured in the last battle of the war the two dominants had fought a few years earlier. It likely would have stayed forgotten except Barbara had been assigned to Maid's duties a few times since her demotion to guard and had come across it in the sub sub-basement a week earlier.

In many ways Barbara was more like Michael than Lenka, both were more into causing physical pain than the Czech mistress was. Also since Barbara was actually mildly bi-sexual she could see some appeal to the idea of having a man's cock in her pussy. She also didn't like Lenka very much (anymore) and given that Lenka was notorious for her hatred of the idea of going with a man Barbara considered getting a cock in all her holes to be a good start on her vengeance on Lenka.

In any case the machine wasn't about to ram a nice comfortable six inch shaft into Kara's sex, instead the robotic arms that swung down bore massive nine inch long knobbly rubber dildo's. Barbara used one hand to change some setting on a touch screen control panel while idly using the other hand to ram a dildo gag into Kara's ring gagged mouth. A single twist of her wrist saw it locked in place, and Kara could only stare in horror at the long electric cable that extended out from the gag panel. She began to scream once more and Barbara giggled,

"After everything you've had in your mouth recently this should seem like a pleasant change, and besides…" she pushed a button and the evil dildo's rammed forward, sophisticated sensors steering them with absolute precision to dock with Kara's holes. The pussy dildo rammed home first and Kara howled in agony as her sex was rapidly stretched to a width that even after months of captivity was far to wide for her to endure. She howled and Barbara nearly came as the hard knobs scrapped over the inside of Supergal's alien pussy, ramming deeper and deeper into the slave's perfect body, as an act that should have been something wonderful instead became the gateway to searing suffering.

Supergal screamed in agony and no small fear as Barbara manipulated the controls of the machine and the second dildo brushed over the latex slave's back passage, "Lo, Lessee, LO!" Supergal begged into her gag, but Barbara just giggled and replied,

"It's a dildo you've had far worse than that up your back passage lately so stop complaining you alien slut!" Supergal continued to cry her mangled pleas for mercy into her gag. For a moment Barbara waited, her finger hovering over the torture controls, drawing out the moment and enjoying the anticipation, taking a moment to savour the boiling fear in fallen heroine's eyes.

Finally she pushed the button and the last dildo rammed home with unerring accuracy. The scream that followed was an ear piercing shriek of agony and humiliation as the massive faux dick rammed home into Kara's alien back passage. The screams grew louder and louder and Barbara realised the dildo probably must have felt like it was splitting the super whores whole body in two. That and its knobbly bits must have been scrapping all along the girl's back passage, which would only make it more painful for her to endure. Still as she'd had tubes up both her passages for weeks, she really should have been used to pain back there, but whatever the case the boiling horror and fear in Kara's eyes was a delightful thing to behold.

It was moments like this Barbara lived for, to have absolute power over another person, total control, to bend another totally in her will. It was a joy to use abuse and torture in whatever way she wished and leave the slave with no option but to play out whatever fantasy Barbara could devise. Some might have lied to themselves and tried to make excuses for their actions, some might have said they had mental problems to excuse their cruelty. Barbara never would, she was an unapologetic sadist, she would never make any excuses for herself or for the cruelty she lived to inflict on other women, and she would love every moment of it!

Supergal's screams had died down as it finally became clear to the Kryptonian slut she was not going to tear in half, and instead she was holding as still as possible. She clearly knew that if she moved then, the dildo's would only cause her more pain (or just as unwanted pleasure). Kara wasn't thrashing, she wasn't screaming, and she wasn't even crying. "Well we can't have that," Barbara mused, and finally pushed the button to set off the torture devices in the dildo's…

"Ow!" she exclaimed as the scream that followed was so loud it actually hurt her ears, a piercing shriek of agony as electrodes activated in the shafts of the three dildos. As an added horror shocks also ran through the nipple clamps Barbara had forced Kara to wear earlier. This meant that punishing electric shocks variously attacked the insides of Supergal's mouth, anus, breasts and pussy. The result was a ceaseless wave of blazing agony that would remind Kara of her total fall from grace that agony was her only reward in the dark future she faced in the service of her powerful and cruel mist…

"Oh bollocks," she exclaimed as she realised the torture slave had finally done the only thing she could in such a situation and passed out from the pain, "WEAK!" she hissed at the prone Kryptonian. She wondered once again just what it was with these hero types, they always seemed so big, bad and powerful, but run one tiny little electric shock through their bodies and suddenly they were all reduced to quivering weaklings.

It said something about Barbara that it didn't really occur to her that having been tortured non-stop for week's Kara wasn't in a good place mentally. As such she had reacted the only way she could escape her suffering, which was by totally shutting down.

"Oh well," Barbara said with a shrug, "Maybe we ought to move on to more traditional methods?" Barbara had to admit that the device might have been a little too much for the average, let alone a girl who'd been used as a living sceptic tank for a few weeks. She supposed that she'd just have to train Kara up until she could take the pain, that shouldn't be too difficult, should it? It was clearly a very effective device and she wondered what Lenka and Monica would look like riding it side by side. However since she only had one device and engineering wasn't her speciality she wondered how she was going to duplicate the machine so she could use it on both at once? A tiny voice in the back of her mind also tried to remind her that she had no way to take the evil duo down in the first place, but she ignored that.

Well actually she thought there was one option to achieve that. She had the details of the back channel to Michael that Lenka had set up to prevent tensions flaring up again. However the cold war between the two Dom's only stayed that way because neither had an advantage and so could not destroy the other Dom. What Barbara knew could help Michael destroy Lenka, and in the process, she would have a chance to name her price.

Strangely enough she didn't really want power, oh of course she wanted a harem of slaves, which had to included Lenka, Monica and all the heroines. Yes she certainly wanted that, but she didn't want responsibility or to take Lenka's place as one of the world's top slavers. She just wanted a few victims and the millions that would be her due for making Michael the sole slave lord of the United States. Sure absolute power would be fun but actually having to work for it would be such a drag. She'd already decided that once she'd destroyed Lenka she was going to build a compound in the desert somewhere and then live a life of idle wealth, sex and sadism.

Now let's try not get ahead of ourselves, she thought. She knew that even if Michael was interested there was still a hell of a lot of work to do before things got to that point. Instead she needed to focus in the here and now; she just had time to play one more game with Kara. She needed to hurry, she had to be on shift for guard duty in a few hours and she was sure Monica would check the clocking in and out records when she got back.

The black demon was determined to find an excuse to make Barbara back into a slave and Barbara was just as determined not to give her one. She supposed she could have bribed one of the other guards to doctor the records but she hadn't got a lot of money at the moment and really extra time with a low grade slave just wasn't worth the effort.

WWW.DBCOMIX.COM

AFTER **EVERYTHING** YOU'VE HAD IN YOUR MOUTH RECENTLY THIS SHOULD SEEM LIKE A PLEASANT CHANGE, AND BESIDES...

GASP!

Soon Kara was hanging the other way up again, her legs and shoulders taking the strain of her own weight. They were also taking the strain of forty pounds of specially designed slave suit, and as the exhausted and sweaty slave came round, Barbara smiled at her. Kara screamed, and her captors smile just got wider as Kara took in her predicament, suspended and still at Barbara's mercy.

"You really should be a bit more grateful, at least you only have a small butt plug in now," Barbara said as she played with the cable that linked a power switch to the intruder in the slave's back passage. "Although…" Kara howled in pain as a shock erupted into her anus, "I guess the shocks still aren't pleasant, (not that I care) and well I do have this as well," she added as she held up a long bull whip.

It was long and supple, and made of brand new black leather which Barbara playfully licked as she added, "I do think the old ways are sometimes the best, don't you?"

As Kara screamed even louder, Barbara tested the weight of the whip with a few experimental flicks. She found it to be absolutely perfect, and so she swung it back. There were a "snap," and then a "Crack," as the bullwhip's tip slashed forward and slammed into the rubber over Kara's buttocks. The rubber of the slave suit was thick, but not thick enough to act as proper padding for the slave heroine's captive body, and a lightning bolt of pain was transmitted to Kara's pert buttocks.

Kara screamed in mortal agony as a red hot wilt of pain was torn into her captive form and she began to thrash about, desperately swinging back and forth in her harness as she tried to avoid further contact with the whip. Barbara wasn't bothered by this, she rather liked the challenge it gave her. As the slave swung back and forth like a pendulum she in turn swung the whip over and over again. Each and every time she was able to striking the pussy or the buttocks with astonishing accuracy as hot tears poured from the slave's eyes.

"Catwoman had nothing on me," Barbara mused as she moved her assault upwards and onto the slave's breasts, all the while ignoring the desperate protests as she practised her skill with the whip. Technology had its place of but at the end of the day there was just something so fun, so primal about using the whip on someone. It was just so satisfying to torment them with a device that had been used for thousands of years but never seemed to go out of date.

Sweat poured into Barbara's purple catsuit as she grew hot from her exertions while in her sex a different kind of heat grew. It was the pure and cruel orgasmic joy that she got from tormenting another woman. Kara's screams were like sweet music to her ears and the whip was the conductor's baton for that music. "OH YEAH!" Barbara screamed, dropping the whip and then reaching down to rub her crotch through her catsuit, "Oh yeah!" she screamed again as she came at last.

The orgasm was amazing a powerful blast of molten sexual pleasure that boiled through her and combining with the glow of absolute victory over another. "YEAH!" she moaned again, as wave after wave of pure ecstasy boiled through her body. Barbara realised that she felt truly happy for the first time since her fall from grace.

"That was good," she told Kara, "and thank you for letting me practise what I'm gonna do to Lenka and Barbara in the near future. You can forget any reward though, slaves don't deserve rewards in my books…" she added as she turned and opened the door of the sound proof dungeon.

Right on time Sonja walked into the room dressed in her own white catsuit, "Time's up," she said briskly, "Did you have fun,"

WWW.DBCOMIX.COM

"Yes very much so, and I feel so much better,"

"Good your guarding chamber 33 today, by the way"

"Yes Madam," Barbara replied not very enthusiastically,

"Hey girl I know all of this hurts, but you made a mistake and now you have to earn back their trust. Besides let's face it, it could be worse you could have just been left as a slave?"

Barbara shivered, and then walked off without another word,

"Huh, I was only trying to make her feel better," Sonja said, and then nodded towards another guard posted outside, "We're done here, plug her back in," she walked out of the room and down the corridor as Kara began to scream again…

…

Mistress Monica looked up from her laptop, and glanced around her Prague "hotel room" as she considered her response to what she had just seen. Said "Hotel" was actually the public observation pods of the Žižkov observation tower in the east of the city.

Normally thronged with tourists looking for the best view in Prague (and the only one without the supremely ugly tower) it was now home only to her, Lenka and a few slave's they'd bought with them for the trip. It was amazing what doors knowing all the dark secrets of what ministers were doing in the communist era could open and now they had it all to themselves.

She smiled as she watched their newly appointed "head slave" struggling to fulfil her assigned task. Slave Diana, the former Wonder Woman was probably their most successful capture, who would have thought that an Amazon princess secretly fantasied about being a sex slave and Maid? Still it was true and Diana was now so submissive that she had happily dressed in a parody Maid's version of her own costume, chained her hands behind her back and was now franticly polishing the observation windows with a duster held in her teeth.

Most slave's would have resisted a task like this as the windows were very dirty and some form of punishment was probably inevitable due to how long the task would take. Not Diana however who wanted to set an example for the other slaves and do the best job she could.

Monica sighed as she felt her pussy grow warm at the sight; Diana was such a good slave. In fact her initial training had been such a success that Lenka had wiped her memory, let her go for a few months and then recaptured her to retrain her even more perfectly than before. Now if only a certain other slave would prove as amiable to her new life…

After a moment more she looked down at the laptop and then replayed a few seconds of the recording "…What I'm going to do to Lenka and Barbara…" then replayed it again. After a third viewing she sighed and maximised a video chat window.

"Thank you for bring this to my attention," she said to a grim faced Sonja on the other end of the line, "I had some hope that she had learned her lesson,"

"I guess not, she has always been trouble this one," Sonja replied before asking, "What would you have me do my Lady?"

WWW.DBCOMIX.COM

Monica grimaced slightly, every instinct told her to tell Sonja to act at once, that it was probably best to turn Barbara into a second sceptic tank, but she decided that wasn't really an option. For one thing an excited utterance wasn't really proof enough to act, and for another Lenka seemed to actually see something in the little bitch, she would need absolute proof of Barbara's plans before Lenka would allow her to act again.

"For now just watch her, we will wait and when she finally shows her true colours, then we will be ready to pounce." Besides it would take her some time to think up a perfect punishment for the defiant little girl, though she had a few idea's, starting with total sensory deprivation.

And in any case with their plans for Batgirl at such an advanced stage, perhaps this was not the best time to start a civil war? However once Batgirl was a broken slut serving alongside the fallen Wonder Maid, then it would be time for a reckoning with the wayward child who dared to call herself Mistress. And if Barbara did something to earn her fate earlier than that? Then that just meant the collar would orbit her neck all the sooner and the last rival for Monica's throne and Lenka's bed would be disposed of…

Oh yes she was going to have a lot of fun with Barbara, and Barbara would have no idea what was coming until it was time to strike…

WWW.DBCOMIX.COM

HMPHHH MMMMM!

YOU REALLY SHOULD BE A BIT MORE GRATEFUL, AT LEAST YOU ONLY HAVE A SMALL BUTT PLUG IN NOW

WWW.DBCOMIX.COM

CLICK HERE TO BUY
THE 9TH COMICS

THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT :)

LINDA AND JOHN DE SADE AND ENGINESKYE

ALL CHARACTERS APPEARING IN THIS WORK ARE FICTITIOUS. ANY RESEMBLANCE TO REAL PERSONS, LIVING OR DEAD, IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL OR A PARODY. THIS IS CONSENSUAL EROTIC ART.

ALL CHARACTERS ARE ADULT.

THIS COMICS IS COPYRIGHTED.