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PREQUEL #02

RUBBER BONDAGE MAID



Re-Maker

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Echotango

Princess Diana of Themyscira (more commonly known as Wonder Woman) liked to think of herself as a strong willed warrior woman able to withstand any physical and mental cruelty that might be inflicted upon her. Growing up as an Amazon she had been trained in the arts of war and the arts of pleasure in equal measure and she had also been taught how to resist torture if she was ever captured.

What her Amazon sister trainers could not have anticipated was an enemy who would use that training against her. Diana had been raised to believe that the highest ideal was submission to loving authority, and she had also been raised in an environment where a spanking was considered an acceptable punishment. As such she was naturally sexually submissive towards women, and having been routinely dominated and then pleasured by her sister warrior's she was inclined to associate pain with pleasure.

Since coming to man's world she had routinely visited bondage and S/m clubs to satisfy her fetish but she had assumed her kinky desires would have no impact on her day to day work as Wonder Woman. After all she was trained in escape tactics and in resisting torture and if she enjoyed the later it was simply a bonus that could be enjoyed while her amazon training let her slip out of her restraints.

There were three problems with this, firstly the Amazon's were at little more than an iron age level of technology and hadn't really developed restraint technology much beyond metal cuffs. The type of complex torture suits that had recently been developed in the outside world were far beyond their escape artist skills and the second problem was they had no answer if someone found a way to neutralise their Amazon powers…

The final problem was what might happen if someone managed to capture and depower her, what would they do to her while she was helpless? The proud warrior had never really thought about that for she had been sure it would never happen, could never happen to an Amazon warrior like her. She had reckoned without the vile Mistress Lenka…
A former member of the communist era Czechoslovak secret police (and a twisted genius scientist to boot) who had gone into business for herself after the wall came down. She had first come to Diana's attention a few weeks earlier when the villainess Cheetah had suddenly started using ultra high technology in her crimes. Aware the feline monster lacked the skills to build the equipment without help Diana had hunted her down to Washington and intended to force her to give up the name of her supplier.

Instead she'd walked into a trap and found out the name of that supplier in the worst possible circumstances. Cheetah hadn't been able to pay Lenka for the devices (since Diana had broken up the crime spree before she took any money) and the devil scientist had offered the cat girl another method of "payment."

Lenka was…Lenka was a sexual sadist, with a fetish for latex, extreme torture and enslaving super heroines! Worse she'd figured out how to neutralise Diana's powers with the result that the Amazon warrior had been knocked out, depowered and had awoken to find herself sealed into a custom latex torture suit.

At first she'd desperately tried to escape but without her powers the suit she wore had been too strong for her to easily escape it, and soon enough Lenka herself had shown up. Then the torture had begun and all too soon the true horror of her situation had become clear.

Her amazon upbringing and her sexually submissive nature had left her with almost no resistance to the torture she was undergoing and the sexual pleasure it (and the twin dildo's in her suit) induced within her. A final session of lesbian oral rape had been enough to break down her defences and she had broken, willingly fucking her captor with her mouth in exchange for orgasm's and mercy from the constant electrical shocks her suit had administered to her.

She could not escape the burning need to submit to women that always burned deep within and had been forced to the surface by her captivity and torment. Worse she knew that the effect was caused by her own lasso of truth or rather the small piece of it that had been dissolved and mixed into the latex that made up the suit.

As long as she wore the suit the lasso's effects would be upon her, its magic would ensure she could not escape the suit, the same magic that had allowed her to secure others by dropping a loop of rope around their waists would not ensure there was nothing she could do to escape the hell suit. If that wasn't bad enough as long as she wore it, the second effect of the lasso also lay upon her, forcing her to tell the truth at all times and leaving her unable to hide from the truth of her own mind and heart.

It wasn't brainwashing, if anything brainwashing would be easier to accept, instead her inner most hidden desires had been bought to the surface and that desire was to be a lesbian sex slave!

Having tortured Diana into submission she'd allowed the new slave a very brief rest and then decided to torture her Amazon victim even more. The devilish slave suit was perfectly designed for this task and ensured that the Amazon's descent into total and abject slavery would continue and there was nothing Diana could do to resist.

Her vile captor had told Diana she considered herself something of an educator, and had asked Diana to see her captivity as educational. A training course for her new life as an abject sex slave and servant. Diana's response to that comment had been unrepeatable; Lenka's response had been unendurable, because she had instantly reactivated the torture devices inside Diana's hell suit.

Almost nothing had been changed underneath the latex, she still wore hundreds of electrodes, both her holes were still plugged by evil oversized dildo's, but a catheter had been fitted into her urethra and was attached to a hidden tube that ran down the back of her left leg to a port on the floor. As a result she could be tortured, raped, fed and made to go to the toilet without ever having to have the suit removed, as if things hadn't been bad enough already…

All of this could not help but reinforce Diana's sense of helplessness and the feeling of being trapped in a rubber parody of her own uniform. Her arms were only cuffed now rather than locked into the arm binder she'd worn at the start but she still could not escape, the commandment of her lasso preventing her from breaking thin leather that should have yielded at a shrug.

She wanted to hate and rage and deny the desire in her heart but the suit would not let her, and so as her captor pulled her to her feet she could not deny the truth, she wanted to be a slave, she wanted to serve and she wanted the powerful slave orgasms. As such while normally she would have tried to run away she stood at perfect attention as her captor prepared for the next stage of her torment.

"While I am glad you have accepted your desire to be my otrokyně, I am not wholly convinced you are a full submissive yet so I feel I need to...reinforce your transformation," Lenka said. "In an hour you will receive your badge of office," she giggled and Diana whimpered and shuddered, wondering what those words could mean…

"Yes clearly you are not full broken, so I think this may help to convince you to see things my way," Lenka held up a long cane and swished it through the air. Diana's eyes widened and she screamed in terror, her fear overcoming the control of the suit and letting her stumble backwards.

"Zůstaň na místě, svině!" Lenka screamed then swung the cane which struck Diana's right hip. The powerless heroine screamed in pain as her captor repeated in English, "Keep your place whore! You are mine and you will obey, resist and you will suffer for it!"

Although the uniform could not stop Diana from moving it still held her tightly captive and could torture her at a flick of a switch. There was nothing Diana could do to fight back, she could not flee, she could not break her chains, and she could not even speak properly. Worse she was exhausted already from the torture she'd had suffered and even fear borne adrenaline could do little more than keep her upright. The lasso fragments in the suit reminded her endlessly of the totality of her defeat while also burning the facts of her existence into the former Princess's mind.

She was no longer a person but an object, a device for Lenka to use and abuse, she was to be allowed no free will but instead act as a robot, a blank canvas shaped by her captor's dark desires. She exists now to serve her captor's will, to be programmed to obey her every command. There was not escape there was to be no return to freedom, and deep down she did not want to be free any longer. She wanted to give in, she wanted to obey and live out her fantasy of being a broken sex toy, and she deserved everything she was about to get.

"I would say this will be more painful for me than for you," Lenka added with a giggle, "but that would be a lie," Lenka raised the cane and Diana shuddered and whimpered in terror. The fallen Amazon knew the cane was to be used on her body, but where, and how many times would the stroke fall?

That was the terrible thing about the lasso effect because it denied Diana the refuge of the lies people told themselves for protection in traumatic situations, she could not pretend that maybe her captor would be merciful she could only accept the cold fact that the cane would fall. All she could do was try and prepare but she knew she could not endure anymore.

Why was this being done to her? She had broken why was she being tortured again? But she knew the truth; Lenka gained sexual pleasure from her pain and would perform whatever torment she liked on Diana for her own sexual satisfaction. The truth was that Diana's only reward for this was the orgasm at the end and she wanted that reward. There

was no point in fighting because it would inevitably fail and see her punished still more. All she could do was endure and live in the hope of orgasm for that was the true nature of slavery and she could not deny that she wanted the reward of slavery, she needed that reward and right now she would endure anything to earn that reward.

Stripped of any illusions by the cruel suit she wore, Diana could only tense up and wait as her captor reached out and brushed the cane over her pert and perfect breasts.

Oh No! Diana thought and began to beg for mercy, but her words were strangled by the gag and Diana knew it was pointless because Lenka had no mercy what so ever. Diana closed her eyes and braced for the pain and an instant later tears began to prick in her eyes as the cane slashed across her latex coated breasts. The suit was no protection at all as wave after wave of pain burned through her body as her impressive mounds were subjected to Lenka's torment.

For a moment Diana dared to think that maybe this wasn't as bad as what she had suffered before, but an instant later karma kicked in and punished her for daring to have the slightest bit of hope. "Enjoying this?" Lenka asked, "Well that was just me teasing you, now it's time for me to show you what I can really do!" Diana tried to beg but it was too late and Lenka raised the cane and swung it down as hard as she could on Diana's already tormented breasts.

"Hmmmmmphhhhhh!! Plsssss NNNNNNN!!!" Diana screamed into her gag as lightning bolts of pain struck her defenceless form. Her pleas fell on deaf ears and instead of stopping Lenka giggled swung the cane faster and faster and shouted,

"NO you zasranou fena! I will not stop, no slave is ever allowed to make demands of its mistress and you my dear are a slave!" Diana wanted to close her eyes again but she could not take her eyes off the monster as the cane rose and fell, rose and fell striking her rubber coated mounds over and over again as Diana screamed for non-existent mercy.

For a moment Lenka stopped to rest, panting yet with a look of exhilaration on her cruel face, it was clear Lenka loved torturing women and in fact was probably on the verge of an orgasm! "Pane Bože..." the devil woman moaned and while Diana did not speak czech she recognised the tone of a religious declaration.

"Plssss…" Diana tried to beg again and with a smile Lenka replied,

"What is that? I can't hear you, slave?" and with that Lenka raised the cane and bought it down again even harder than before. Diana screamed as loudly as she could but still no mercy was shown, and the cruel voice of truth told her none would be shown. She was a slave, she was property and any attempt to defy her owners would be seen as an attempt to regain her freedom. But Diana just wanted to pain to stop and thankfully the constant strikes on the same area were numbing the flesh…

A moment later Lenka finally stopped and said, "Is this good for you too?" She then reached out with her free hand and stroked Diana's tortured breasts, sending a wave of pleasure through the heavily aroused mounds. "Yes you like that don't you," Lenka added and Diana (unable to lie due to the suit) moaned in obvious agreement, "Good then we shall explore this further…" Diana let hope flow into her, "…after you finish your punishment!"

Once again all hope was lost and the caning began again. Fortunately Lenka realised that even with Diana's Amazon body, caning the same spot for too long would inflict

long term damage so instead she moved the cane and began to strike the underside of the slave girl's breasts.

"HHHMHPHHH! NNNNNNN **SOB** NNNNN!" Diana screamed as agony blazed through her body. If anything this was worse than before since the mounds of her breasts were also where the torture electrodes were mounted. This had provided some tiny measure of protection for the slave meat below and in any case after hours of torment she'd been growing desensitised to pain in that region. Her low breasts were fresh and untouched allowing agony to boil through them like a hot knife through butter.

Tears poured down the tortured slave girls face as once again she begged into her gag swearing she would do anything Lenka wanted as long as the torture stopped. Normally this would have been an attempt to deceive her captor and buy time to escape but lacking the ability to lie Diana could only say what she truly meant. Lenka knew this and smiled at what she heard.

"Good I accept your offer, but you understand that you have to be punished? You are a naughty wilful slave and must learn absolute obedience." She smacked the cane into Diana's breasts but slightly more gently this time. "Do you understand you must be punished?"

Wonder Woman understood that Lenka wanted to punish her and she also felt a growing disgust at her own failure, if she'd only gone along with things she might have got away with half a dozen strokes and then a few more wonderful orgasms. Instead she'd tried to argue and earned this for her troubles, and for no reason as well, because above all else Diana knew she liked the feeling of helplessness and control that slavery induced in her, so why had she not just accepted the truth and made the best of her new life?

With no other choice she moaned, "Ysss!" and desperately tried to nod but her slave collar prevented this, so she bobbed her head, hoping her captor understood.

"Very good, I think ten more to each mound and then we can move onto more fun activities? Do you accept this punishment?" Lenka demanded, the cruel glint in her eyes making clear what would happen if Diana did not obey.

Knowing she had no other choice Diana franticly nodded and moaned compliance into her gag. What else could she do? She knew if she didn't take Lenka's "offer" then Lenka would still cane her but she wouldn't stop at ten, instead she would give her slave a hundred strokes or more of the cane.

Diana was a submissive who enjoyed giving up control to other women (even if this was far more extreme than she was used to) and she accepted the need for the sub to be punished for failure or disobedience. However she was not a masochist and as such she got no pleasure from pain only from the humiliation and total control that led up to a forced orgasm. Since that orgasm was literally the only thing she had to look forward to right now, she was prepared to accept a little further suffering to get to that reward as quickly as possible.

Franticly she nodded and voiced her acceptance again and again until Lenka giggled in sadistic happiness. She was clearly happy that her slave had accepted her punishment and replied, “Very good, now as a reward, would you like to take your punishment with your vibro pants turned on? Blink once for no or twice for yes,”

For a moment a wave of disgust boiled through Diana as she realised she was being asked to allow herself to be machine raped while she was tortured. After a moment she realised this was silly, if she didn’t agree her captor would just torture her anyway and she wouldn’t get any pleasure. But this is sick and wrong! She tried to tell herself even as she felt her plugged holes grow warm at the thought of orgasmic pleasure, a reminder that part of her maybe a big part of her wanted to be a slave.

In any case she didn’t know Lenka very well yet, and who knew what might happen if she turned the devil woman down? She could be sealed up in sensory deprivation; she could be locked in a chastity belt. Besides the suit still prevented her from lying…even to herself and she could not deny that she wanted the orgasm. Quickly she blinked twice.

“What was that? Was that one blink or two?” Lenka playfully asked, “Well if you have your principles I guess I can’t force you to take the pleasure…” Franticly Diana blinked twice again, doing this over and over as Lenka giggled, clearly understanding but enjoying messing with her slave’s mind. Laughing Lenka finally said, “Well as you wish, we shall do it with dildo’s turned on…”

She stepped back from Diana and said, “Now prepare for punishment…slave girl!”

Almost instantly a loud buzzing sound erupted from the devices in Diana’s loins, Diana closed her eyes and could not help smiling into her gag as sudden and wonderful pleasure flowed through the slave girl’s body. “Well, well we are quite the little slave whore, aren’t we…” Lenka said with a giggle, “About to be harshly punished and she’s soaking wet!” Lenka’s voice dripped with power and sadism and Diana blushed bright red under her slave hood.

However her embarrassment was soon overwhelmed by pure pleasure and she was soon so distracted she didn’t even notice how annoyed Lenka was getting. She began to try and grind and rotate her hips, and while the corset and suit restricted her movements to a slow gyration from side to side there was no doubt what she was trying to do…she was trying to masturbate on her dildo’s!

Needless to say Lenka was not pleased to see this, since one of the most important lessons she strove to teach her slaves was obedience. Slaves were not allowed to simply have an orgasm when they felt like it but had to be granted one by their Mistress. If Diana had simply ridden the dildos to orgasm then Lenka might not have minded (or she might have-that being the kind of monster she was) but this was naked theft! In any case Lenka was convinced the sex slave was trying to defy her once more and decided to remind Diana of her place.

She left the room for a moment, went to supply closet and drew out the biggest cat-o-nine tails she could find, she flicked the evil leather device a few times experimentally and

then walked back to the dungeon where Diana was still desperately seeking orgasm. “Stop that!” Lenka demanded and when Diana (who was lost in pleasure) utterly ignored her, she did not bother to turn off the dildo’s. A slave had to have discipline and if Wonder Slut couldn’t control herself then it was up to Lenka to do it for her.

She raised the whip and slashed it across Diana’s body causing the slave Amazon to scream in pain even as she reached orgasm. The whip rose and fell again and again even as wave after wave of pleasure boiled from the dildo and the two sensations seemed to mix together in Diana’s tortured mind to form a strange and savage pulse of ecstasy.

Diana’s scream turned into one of horror, surely not, surely it could not be! Oh God’s no! She thought pleading with her traitor body not to do this but there was nothing she could do to stop the savage mix of pain and pleasure that boiled through her.

She was a pain slut! She liked pain! She was a masochist! No that wasn’t possible, or was it? She had always tried to deny it but when her Amazon sisters had “punished” her during training, hadn’t a part of her enjoyed the pain as much as the humiliation? She was an Amazon Princess, she was supposed to be the exemplar of Freedom and Justice, of all that was good. However she had also been programmed by her upbringing and by her sexual education to associate humiliation and suffering with sexual release, as well as a strong desire to be obedient towards female authority.

Now given that Lenka was very much in authority over her, was offering her sexual pleasure and making her suffer all at the same time, a strong longing to submit was quickly growing with in Diana. A strange desire boiled through her, she wanted to obey this domineering woman, she wanted to be the best slave she could so that in exchange she could have even more wonderful orgasms.

It was actually quite rare for Diana to have an orgasm in normal sexual contact, she’d never had sex with a man and the few times she had lain freely with her sisters, unbound and uncontrolled had been deeply unsatisfactory. She needed to be bound when having sex, and she needed to be in the arms of a woman and so what Lenka was doing to her tapped into her deepest inner most desires and made her want to embrace it.

At the same time she was still a Princess of Paradise Island, she was still supposed to be a heroine, fighting for a better future and for women’s rights in man’s world. But how could she fight for something she didn’t believe in? How could she fight for freedom when the crushing embraces of latex, and the cruel touch of the whip was her inner most desire and was now granted to her?

Why couldn’t she fight back, was the truth that powerful?

Lenka watched as her captive all but orgasmed from the combination whipping/fucking and wondered just what she’d got here. She’d expected Diana to be a bit submissive and probably easy to train, that had been clear from the Amazon philosophy about “loving submission” the woman was always spouting off about but a true pain slut, a woman who liked being tortured. That was a bit unexpected to say the least…

"Yo Rod…Cummings!" Diana managed to moan into her gag and Lenka decided to test just how much of a pain slut Diana really was. She went back to the store cupboard and swapped her whip for a long cattle prod.

As prods went it was a very low powered one, unable to do any real damage to a human let alone cattle but for her purposes it would suffice- after all it was all about how you used it. And right now Lenka knew exactly how she was going to use it, she turned off the dildo's and at the same moment she pushed the prongs into Diana's sex piercing the latex and making contact with naked skin below…

Diana's eyes went wide as pain boiled through her body at the same moment all pleasure was stopped. A lightning bolt rent her most sensitive spot and the latex coated heroine screamed in sudden and mortal agony as her over stimulated pussy was suddenly subjected to the cruellest of torments. She shook in agony at the electrical attack and glared in anger at the devil domme, hadn't she been a good girl? Hadn't she taken her punishments, didn't she deserve an orgasm? Diana didn't understand that her mistress thought she had stolen an orgasm and as she screamed and protested about it, her captor stabbed the cattle prod in slightly lower down.

The prod touched Diana's clit, the electrode fired and pain boiled through her super stimulated sex, and the result was as terrible as anything Diana had ever experienced. She briefly lost bladder control but she barely noticed because the extra stimulation pushed her into another orgasm!

Diana screamed in mortal agony as she realised what had happened, OH GOD'S NO! She had orgasmed from pain! She had gotten an orgasm from pain! It didn't matter that she knew it was a natural reflex action from her tortured form, it didn't matter that it was probably the weakest orgasm she had ever had, what mattered was that she had gained pleasure from it!

"I noticed that you didn't seem to react very much to the pain of a good flogging so I guess the stories about what happens on that island of yours are true after all…" Lenka said with a giggle, "Clearly you are a painslut, but I wanted to see just how much of one you really are…"

On a certain level Lenka was actually a little bit disappointed, she got off on seeing people suffer, from their hatred of their predicament and their utter inability to do anything about it. She wasn't best pleased therefore to discover that her biggest catch ever was a deep pain slut and actually probably wanted to be a slave but on the other hand she had got Wonder Woman in her dungeon, so she'd just have to make the best of it.

"RO TOR, RO TOR!" Diana screamed, begging her captor to stop using the prod before she had another unwanted orgasm. She had been wondering how this could have gotten any worse and now it had, she not only enjoyed pain but could get sexual pleasure from it alone! It didn't occur to her tortured brain that she had already been hyper stimulated for hours and just about anything would push her over the edge now, she was too far gone for that…

All that mattered was the fact she was a pain slut, a slave, not even fit to be called a human being, and she would do anything, even suck cock if the punishment would just stop. She enjoyed bondage, she even enjoyed pain but this was too much…

Diana was lost in deep despair and so she didn't notice Lenka wrinkle her nose, or the devil domme declare, "You voided yourself? That's vile and for that you can have some more of this!"

Diana did notice when the prod pushed into her body for a third time and mortal agony again flowed through her. The combination was finally too much and without preamble her eyes rolled up into her head and she collapsed into a dead faint…

Lenka had smiled as Diana began to scream again, she hadn't actually noticed much of a smell at all from the suit, since the catheter had collected the waste and disposed of it before anything could have been noticeable. She had however installed a light in the waste tank that turned on when it was used so she'd know if Diana had any "accidents." Seeing it was on she had decided to use the prod again and been rewarded with a scream that was music to the monsters ears, at least until Diana suddenly collapsed…

"KURVA!" she swore in her native language and then she dived towards the fallen heroine while screaming, "MONICA!" Lenka was suddenly worried, it looked like Diana had just fainted from shock but what if was something more? Lenka knew there was a fine line that she treaded. She liked her slaves to suffer but at the same time if she pushed them too far she could damage them permanently. Lenka was rough on her toys but she also wanted them to last a long time, especially a superheroine like Wonder Woman who she hoped to enjoy for many years to come.

Even normal slaves had to be taken care of; after all she often sold her girls on one of the secret online slave markets and nobody would buy a mutilated or crippled slave (or at least the kind of masters and mistress's she tended to deal with wouldn't, some people were even sicker than she was).

Luckily Lenka wasn't alone in her dark castle, she had her aide on site that now rushed to her aid and helped her carry Diana to the "clean up room." Like Lenka Mistress Monica was a monster, a former US spy with a sadistic streak and a habit of raping prostitutes she had once been assigned to infiltrate Lenka's operations in the old days.

Upon learning what Lenka really got up to on the off hours Monica had promptly defected and had been the Czech devil's loyal number two ever since. Of course the fact her bosses were closing in on her and she was about to get arrested for her own crimes might have played a part but on the whole both women had never regretted agreeing to work together.

Now Monica smiled as the dumped Diana onto a table and began to remove her latex suit, "Wow she's even more "impressive" in person," Monica mused as she admired the heroine's ample tits, "She'll look great once she gets her slave piercings,"

"Yes she will," Lenka replied happily as she confirmed Diana had fainted and began removing the hood, collar and corset so the slave could breathe easier until she recovered. "Shame she passed out after only three shocks…I thought she was made of stronger stuff. Oh and whatever you do don't remove the stockings and opera gloves under the suit, those contain the fragments of lasso that are keeping her powerless,"

"I trust you didn't tell her that," Monica said with a smile,

"Of course not, the less she knows about how I'm controlling her, the less chance she has of finding a way to escape. Not that I consider that likely in this case…"

"Oh why's that?" Monica asked as she admired the neat red lines that now covered Diana's bust and the slave's very red and overstimulated pussy. She was surprised her old

friend clearly thought Diana broken this early on, Lenka hadn't survived thirty years in the world's most dangerous trade by getting complacent yet she clearly believed this dangerous creature was already hers…

Lenka picked up a cold water hose and replied, "Oh didn't I mention this earlier? She's a massive pain slut, submissive and bondage freak; it seems all the old stories about the amazon's are true,"

"A whole island of kinky lesbian's…." Monica mused, "Sounds like my kind of place,"

"Probably except the whole "Do-gooder thing,"

"Yeah there is that," Monica conceded as Lenka turned on the hose and washed Diana down. She played the cold water over the girls' body and paid special attention to the slave's breasts and pussy. After a few moments the cold water shocked Diana awake and the Amazon slave suddenly discovered she was nearly naked and unbound.

Lenka wasn't worried, she knew Diana was still weak and easily controlled as she told Monica, "Zchloroformuj ji!" even as Diana moaned,

"Huh, wha, what's happening," for an instant Diana dared to hope for escape but Monica knew her boss well. Lenka liked to toy with her slave's, giving them hope before cruelly crushing it, and so Monica had begun preparing the rag even before Diana woke up. Seeing the new woman Diana started to say, "Who?" then she saw the cloth and shouted, "No please do—mmmph!" before being cut off as the cloth slapped over her mouth. The powerful chemical anesthetic worked almost instantly even on an Amazon like Diana. Monica was glad she was wearing rubber gloves because from the way Diana almost instantly went back into dreamland touching the cloth with bare skin would have quickly caused her to join her.

"She really is in top condition, I mean look at these muscles," Lenka mused as she ran her hands over her slave, "If anything she's a little too well toned she could stand to lose quite a bit of muscle definition to smooth out her curves."

"That would also make her a little less dangerous," Monica mused, she trusted Lenka but given their new captive could bench press a truck at full power…well it always paid to be a little bit cautious.

"Well yes but while she may be strong she is still a woman, and a naïve and inexperienced young woman, brainwashed from an early age to enjoy submission,"

"You make it sound like she actually likes the idea of being a slave, I know Amazon's have "weird" ideas about punishment but you really think she wants to be a slave?"

"Why not, she's been trained to obey female authority figures and that is exactly what we have become in her eyes. This is her after only a few hours, she's begging to submit, confused, frightened and with questions about her place in the universe we are well placed to

answer. Now imagine her after six months or a year, she could be so far gone we could use her to hunt down her fellow heroines and bring them to us. We could use her to create an entire harem of super slave's!"

Monica's eyes widened at her partners plan, "You really think you'll be able to trust her enough to have her attack and enslave her former friends for us?"

"I won't need to trust her, I will control her," Lenka replied with a smile. Monica laughed as she realised her friend really meant to do this, and she knew that she could trust Lenka not to use Diana like that until she was 100% sure of success. In all their years together Lenka had never steered them wrong and Monica was really looking forward to seeing how this plan played out.

Both women picked up latex towels and began to dry off Diana, (it wasn't very practical but-well it was fun and it was their favourite material). This done they then picked up oils and balms and began to rub them into the slave girl's tortured flesh admiring the perfect slave that had fallen into their hands as they did so.

Soon Diana would be woken and the torment and training would resume but for now Lenka stroked the pussy of her newest slave girl and looked up into Monica's eyes. Monica was the only person in the world that Lenka saw as an equal, the only person in existence who she did not consider a slave or a potential slave.

It wasn't really love because neither woman understood that ideal but they did actually care for one another on some twisted level and Monica was the only woman who Lenka would ever consider having normal sex with. Monica giggled and said, "You did good this time,"
"Yes I did, didn't I..?" Lenka replied and leaving Diana to sleep she leaned over to kiss her friend as her hands reached down to stroke Monica's latex covered pussy. Lenka's expert fingertips quickly found the right spot and she began to massage the small hump in her partner's cat suit. She ran her hand in circles, slowly at first and then faster and faster. Monica closed her eyes and began breathing rapidly as she bit her lip and moaned with slowly increasing pleasure. They had played this game often and Monica knew how it worked but she still spread her legs as widely as possible hoping that Lenka might slip her fingers inside the zipper at her crotch.

Instead Lenka continued to tease her rubbing her clit nub faster and faster as Monica began panting and shaking with sexual desire as her face grew red and sweat poured down her perfect face. She grabbed hold of Lenka's shoulders and held her tightly as she moaned "Oh GOD!"

"Ne Goddess," Lenka reminded her as she rubbed the clit still faster. In a way she was dominating her friend as much as she did her slaves, she knew Monica wanted to cum right here right now but instead she teased her pushing her slowly towards orgasm. Monica was helpless before her skill but at the same time she knew it was always better this way because it was never as satisfying when you came too quickly.

After a few minutes that seemed far longer than they actually were Monica finally came long and hard pussy juices pouring into her suit as the American monster screamed in ecstasy. She howled again and again, the pleasure going on and on as her Lenka ministered to her partners every sexual need. Monica was a mess, her face streaked with sweat, her suit filled with cum but she didn't care because she'd had such a wonderful orgasm.

Exhausted and a little dizzy she wanted to slump down and rest but Lenka was having none of it and quickly started work on giving Monica another orgasm, "Please…err…stop," Monica moaned half-heartedly. She didn't really want the pleasure to stop but her pussy was now hypersensitive and she knew she would cum far too fast, and also she remembered Lenka's price for giving out orgasms…

As she came again there was a slight amount of pain with the pleasure as her sore pussy protested from overuse but all too soon it was again overwhelmed by the amazing pleasure Lenka induced. Monica closed her eyes and moaned again in pleasure as she let herself be lowered to the ground near the Amazon princess. She was panting as wave after wave of ecstasy boiled through her body, but then all of a sudden the massaging stopped and before she could moan a complaint there was a sinister "click," sound.

Monica's eyes snapped open and she groaned as she realised what was going on as Lenka exclaimed, "You've had two orgasms, and now I get two orgasms in return so you have to be my bondage slave for the night!" Lenka giggled evilly as she loomed over her slave friend.

"Oh come on I hate these!" Monica exclaimed, as she looked over the cheap rubber bondage cuffs she was now wearing. They were not uncomfortable and they didn't limit her movements very much but that didn't change the fact that they were still bondage gear and Monica didn't wearing them. Monica wasn't a slave as such but this was the simple yet effective game that the two women had come up with to balance their desire for orgasms with their natural need to dominate.

It was a simple trade whoever got the first two orgasms of the evening (however they got them) was then required to repay those orgasms however the other woman desired. Some time's Lenka got her orgasms first and sometimes Monica and this way there was a balance between them, a fair trade.

"I'm sorry but I just can't resist my desire for you this evening…slave!" Lenka told her, "Now I think for each orgasm you've had you should get one piece of bondage equipment, perhaps a ball gag?"

Monica sighed as Lenka giggled and added, "No I think not, I have a feeling you will need your mouth free later!" As Monica sighed again (she wasn't fond of oral) Lenka snapped her fingers and said, "Well I think we'll stick to the classics tonight," and held up another bondage device.

"You can't be serious…" Monica moaned, as Lenka slipped another pair of latex cuffs around the American's ankles. She then shouted "YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS MISTRESS!" as Lenka slapped her buttocks and then pulled her upright. Really is this the best you can come up with? Monica sighed again, she loved Lenka (or at least felt a twisted affection that

might have been called love) but when it came to playing together all Lenka's deviant imagination seemed to desert her.

As Lenka picked up a crop she said, "Yes I know you hate hobbling along behind me, and if you can't keep pace you will be punished." The irony of it was that while Monica did hate being made to follow her lover around while in chains it was not for the reason Lenka would have expected. Like many sexually dominant people Monica was actually a switch who very occasionally enjoyed being dominated herself, and while she didn't want the full slave suit treatment she did desire something a little more extreme than being paraded around while being lightly spanked.

It was as if Lenka was actually scarred of hurting her…which Monica guessed meant that deep down there must be a tiny shred of conscious or soul buried inside Lenka and she wondered if that was actually a good thing. What if one day Lenka grew morals and turned on her?

Monica smiled as she realised she was just being paranoid, Lenka had devoted her entire adult life to a cause most would call evil, the fact she cared about one human being didn't mean she was going to suddenly turn "good!" Still she really hoped she could at least wear the slave Leia costume tonight…

"FUCK!" Monica exclaimed as she nearly tripped over her hobble chain, and Lenka giggled and said,

"Yes you will…soon," Lenka replied before leaning in and kissing Monica on the mouth, their tongues entwined and as they broke the kiss Lenka added, "Yes you will my beloved slave girl." With that Lenka slapped Monica's cum filled panties and said, "Hmm we'll need to get you a new outfit but first we need to finish preparing Wonder bitch." Lenka turned to study the fallen heroine and then said, "Go to storage locker 15, I have her new dress stashed there. Now Hop Hop, slave!" she finished as she turned and slapped Monica's ample buttocks.

Monica smiled, clearly her fears about Lenka growing a soul were totally unfounded, if she was being made to walk half way across the castle in six inch heels, hobble chains and cum filled panties. Lenka paddled her buttocks a few times to get her moving and Monica smiled as she hurried away.

"I can't wait until it's my turn to dominate you Lenka!" she called back then quickly and loudly added, "MISTRESS LENKA!" as she realised she broken the rules again. Lenka didn't mind however and made no move to punish the retreating slave instead she turned to face the fallen, sleeping Amazon and wondered what Monica had planned for her during their next "game…"

Monica was experienced at moving while wearing chains and this let her quickly make her way down the corridors of the fortress. She soon reached locker 15 and opened the door to find an amazing sight awaiting her within. Inside was a vast number of latex bondage costumes and Monica smiled as she realised every one of them was designed to parody Wonder Woman's noble costume in some way or the other. She eagerly entered the locker and started looking through the garments. Monica felt like a little kid in a candy store and had a hard time deciding what to look at first.

The first costume she looked at was based on the one Diana had been wearing but with some exciting differences as well. This consisted of a blue latex cat suit with white stars all over it, followed by a lovely red latex corset enhanced with steel laces, buckles and whalebone. Smaller but most devilish rubber red neck corset with beautiful ruffles was the most humiliating part of the uniform. On the front was steel O ring and if you attached a leash it could be used to drag the victim around like some animal. It was designed so that the wearer could neither turn or lower her head but had to keep facing front and centre at all time. This limited the slave's ability to see, they could not look down and see their own captive body or turn their head to see what was either side of them without turning their entire body as well. This added an addition layer of slave control since it would leave the wearer even more dependent on her mistress for information (as well preventing the slave having any chance to see a whip before it slammed into her ample buttocks over and over again).

Every part of the costume was designed to control and humiliate the victim. The bondage and the thick lasso impregnated latex would ensure she could not escape while the powerful punishment devices within would ensure that any rebellion was dealt with instantly. Meanwhile the design of the costume would be a constant reminder of Wonder Woman's fall into slavery, a constant horrible reminder of who she had once been and could never be again. With luck this constant reminder of how far she had fallen would aid in snapping Diana's already tortured mind, reinforcing the fact she was now a slave and not a heroine.

Monica was at first surprised Lenka hadn't included a Chasity belt with this costume, only a really humiliating transparent mini skirt. After a moment she realised just why Lenka didn't want Diana plugged and sealed this time. Clearly it was about time to introduce Diana to the wonders of the dildo and anal sex in general. She giggled evilly as she admired the ruffles that were attached to the uniforms shoulders. It was clear to her now that she was looking at the uniform of an abject slave Maid. A perfect fate for an arrogant heroine, she decided, to be reduced to an unpaid domestic in the lair of her enemies…

She now took even more bondage gear out of the locker; this included a latex gwen hood with a built in ring gag for the mouth and a reinforced O-ring gag to make extra sure the slave could not resist her upcoming oral training. Then there was a reverse prayer style arm binder (again made of red latex) and beautiful parody ballet boots. These were a perfect copy of the ones from Diana's old uniform except they now had nine inch heels and were exactly one size to small. Monica laughed loudly as she imagined Wonder Woman trying to kick someone while wearing them. It would be impossible for the Amazon to even walk while wearing them at first to say nothing of attacking anyone and the torturous training process Diana would have to endure would reduce her heroic swagger to submissive mincing. The

boots were a true work of art one that would torture control and educate the slave all at the same time.

"Wow! Our new slave is going to look amazing wearing all this," Monica thought as she picked up a few final items and then threw the whole lot into a trolley and headed back towards the wash room, her chains jingling as she went.

While she waited on her girlfriend's return, Lenka had meanwhile been prepared her piercing gun and some gold coloured steel O-rings. She had then spent quite a while examining the slave superheroine's near perfect body. She felt a pang of envy as she ran her hands over china white flesh and perfect curves and ample breasts.

Thanks the miracles of mad science Lenka looked roughly thirty years younger than her real age, which still made her about thirty five and she wasn't quite as beautiful as she once had been. Her hips were a little too thick there were lines around her eyes and while she was still a very attractive MILF she wasn't as perfect as she had once been. Despite all her efforts she could not reduce her age any further, experiments on (unwilling) test subjects had confirmed that any further attempts to tinker with her own biology would probably snap her body back to its real age in a big hurry.
All of which meant Lenka was aging again (all be it at a tenth of normal speed) and she was envious of Diana who was immortal and would never age a day more while some day Lenka would lose her looks completely. "I am so going to destroy this beautiful bitch! You will serve me with your perfect body as a sexual machine and personal rubber maid, just you wait you fucking bitch!"

Lenka had done some research and she knew that Diana had been sent to Man's world as an avatar of freedom and justice, a living embodiment of all that was right just and true. Of course since she was a submissive slut from an island of lesbian slave girls that meant both she and her culture were massive hypocrites as well! Adding all this together Lenka had come up with a wonderful idea; She wasn't going to live forever, she might have five or six centuries left to her but some day she would be gone, but Diana would be here forever.

She was meant to be an eternal avatar of all that was good but if Lenka transformed her into a fully submissive and broken slave she could be passed down the centuries, the eternal latex drone submissively obeying her masters until the end of time. She could carry Lenka's lessons into the future her brain filled with the designs of Lenka's machines, the commandments she enforced on her slave's and above all be a living example of the perfect slave girl.

She could be passed down through the ages one mistress to another ensuring that the collar and the cause of lesbian latex slavery was never forgotten, preaching the gospel of the Goddess Lenka that some exist to rule and some exist to serve.

Lenka smiled as her generational plan formed in her mind and then she decided to commence phase one. Until now Diana had worn a golden tiara as a symbol of her authority and hope for the world. It was now time to replace this with the full piercing set of a 24/7 lifetime slave girl. She reached out and twisted Wonder Woman´s erect nipples. Diana´s moaned gently in pain and Lenka realised the slave was slowly waking up. She decided it would be more fun to have Diana awaken already in her new slave suit so Lenka grabbed the soaked pad and tied it around Wonder Woman´s nose and mouth. "Don´t you dare try to fight me, slave! Now take deep breaths you bitch!" She held Diana's nose and forced her to breathe in as she was once more send back into oblivion. Lenka wasn't sure if she actually hated superheroines, but as she looked upon Diana's perfect body she reflected how wasted it

was on someone like her. Although not chained down Diana was very weak and her arms moved slowly for a moment before crashing back to the table totally knocked out.

If Lenka had that kind of power she would have taken over the world by now, and a body that perfect would have had a million women demand to be her slave's, demand to willingly wear the collar and lick her boots. Instead Diana had wasted her time fighting for non-existent causes like "Justice" and "free will." Justice didn't exist there was only the strong and the weak, and what the strong forced upon the weak, and as for free will, well that was a waste of time. Most people were sheep who would obey any fad, listen to any leader rather than think for themselves.

There were only two kinds of people Lenka admired Dominants like her who had the courage to recognise that power belonged to those who seized it and those rare people who willingly became slaves. Those were the rare one's who recognised their true place in the world, recognised the desire within to submit and had the courage to give into that desire and serve all their days.
Diana was not one of these people, she was a submissive who rejected her own nature and instead fought against everything Lenka believed in. "You fucking hypocrite!" she screamed as she kicked Diana in the side, but the girl was so weak she didn't even react to the pain. For a moment Lenka wanted to rage against the Amazon but then she smiled and giggled. Yes she hated Diana but her plan was perfect, the only shame was that by the time she was done Diana would be a totally submissive painslut. She would be irrevocably transformed and would probably enjoy what was done to her over the centuries she would serve as an immortal slave. All of which meant her punishment would become something wonderful after her transformation was completed.

"Oh if only there was a way to make her a slave while still leaving her able to understand what has happened to her…" she mused. It might even be possible…with someone else but Diana's true slave persona was flowering too fast and would soon take over completely. As she thought this she realised the true horror of what Diana represented. For Diana to submit this quickly Lenka just knew she must have desired the collar all her life, and she knew she'd been conditioned to embrace this desire while fighting for the exact opposite.

To be a slave fighting for freedom must have been agony for Diana and Lenka suddenly felt a great wave of pity for the girl lying before her as her hatred faded away. Sure she might not like the other heroines but at least they fought for their principles Diana had been forced to do the exact opposite. Therefore by transforming Diana into a slave she was actually freeing Diana from the prison the Amazon's had placed her in by making her the ambassador to man's world.

Well she was going to free Wonder Woman, restore Diana's true self and then eventually she was going to take Diana back to Themyscira. By then she would be a totally submissive and loving slave and she would lead the charge as Lenka enslaved all of Diana's sisters. Those were the ones to be hated, the ones who had done this to this wonderful creature and who must be punished. She would rule over paradise island and that beacon of evil would be remade into a true paradise as the Amazon's served their penance at Lenka's feet. It would be glorious…

Noisy footsteps and clinking chains snapped Lenka out of her fantasies as she heard Monica returning with the new slave uniform and she smiled as her bound friend wheeled it into the room.

Monica found her friend standing next to Wonder Woman and saw the cloth pad forced into Diana's mouth.

"Did she make any trouble, mistress?" Monica asked as she looked down on the sleeping heroine with lust in her eyes.

"Nothing I couldn´t handle, but I will punish her later for what she did do, and in any case I don't want her to wake up until her transformation is complete, I can't wait to see how she reacts when she wakes up as a rubber maid!" Lenka happily replied. It probably wasn't fair to punish Diana as she was unconscious and she hadn't actually done anything. If anything she probably deserved a reward for submitting so easily. However for all that she now pitied her poor slave Lenka was still a really strict domme and she never gave up an opportunity to punish anybody since she got off on inflicting pain. Of course this even included her best friend!

"Okay, so what now mistress?" asked Monica, playing perfectly her submissive role. Lenka quickly turned and walked to a cabinet from which she took a spray bottle filled with a special kind of oil.

"Oh I don't know? How about we get on and actually prepare our slave you silly girl!" Snapped Lenka but she didn't really mean it and was smiling as generously sprayed oil over Wonder Woman's helpless body. Both Domme began to massage the oil into Diana´s perfect body.

Monica seemed to be enjoying this a bit too much so Lenka slapped her checks few times to remind her who was her mistress and lover. The slave moaned in pleasure as Lenka said, "You are enjoying this just a little too much, remember this slave is mine. In fact would it kill you just once to go out and find your own slaves instead of borrowing mine all the time," Lenka was smiling as she said this but Monica still cooed,

"Oh I´m so sorry mistress, but I look at her, and she just has such a perfect athletic body, even the other superheroines can´t compare with her..." And what am I chopped liver? Lenka wondered angrily. Did Monica want to trade her in for a younger model? Like her Monica was showing signs of aging and had a few grey hairs but Diana remained perfect and after a moment Lenka realised the truth. She could hear a slight edge to Monica's voice and she realised that her friend didn't desire Diana for herself but instead she envied the woman's beauty.

Was Monica worried that Lenka wouldn't want her any more once she had a harem of latex heroine's? Well there was an easy way to reassure her…"You know if you don't get on and do some actual work, I'll be making two drone slave Maid's here today,"

"Yes Mistress," Monica replied and there was a slight smile as Lenka added,

"Don't worry I will always love you and even if I replace you as my assistant someday you will always have a place in my harem…"

Monica perked up when she heard those words and she shifted in her chains as she thought about the way her feelings for Lenka had changed in recent years. Once she had desired power herself (and had quietly plotted against Lenka) but as time went by she had realised that what she truly wanted was to serve. In truth she knew she wasn't very good at planning and her own attempts at slaving before she met Lenka hadn't been very successful. After all only the statute of limitation had taken care of the half dozen rape cases she'd been wanted for in the states, which was half the reason she'd defected in the first place.

What she truly wanted was power over women but without having to take any responsibility for someone else to make the decisions. Lenka told her what to do and she was rewarded with the pick of the slaves to play with when she did well or was punished when she failed. She had finally realised that actually she was a submissive with a slight dominant side, and slowly her dreams of one day replacing Lenka had been replaced with something else, the desire to one day become a full slave herself.

Lenka did not know that in a hidden room of the castle Monica had already made her own slave-suit, a jet black suit of latex and leather that would encase her body, begin the training of her waist, and transform her into the latex slave she truly desired to be. She'd also prepared a full set of piercings, which would see her clit, nipples and septum rings. Also grommets would be punched into her pussy lips so that steel thread could lace up her sex for instant and humiliating chastity…

As she resumed rapidly rubbing the oil into Diana's body, Monica felt the final piece of her mad desire fall into place. She had been afraid that if she presented herself to Lenka as a permanent slave her friend might reject her, or worse would refuse to use her in the way that Monica truly desired. She might be too much of a friend to be able to do what was needed to turn Monica into the slave she wanted to be.

Other women dreamed of a quiet retirement Monica wanted to be an anonymous suffering cog in Lenka's dark machine, but now she had hope for if Lenka could conceive of her as a Maid like Diana, maybe she could desire to make her much more than that. She smiled and quickly got back to her work; that fantasy was for another day, for now she had to get Diana ready for her own dark fate.

With the slave now oiled so that her skin glistened in the harsh light of the lab the two devils took a moment to admire their captive before moving onto the next step. It was only a brief moment however since while both could see the interest in naked flesh they still much preferred slaves in skin tight rubber.

This was easily achieved with the first part of Diana's cruel new "uniform," this was a latex cat suit much like the one she'd been wearing except it was about one size smaller and

was a powder blue colour with white stars all over it. This made the suit look much like the costume Diana had worn in a former life; however the size also made it very hard to force Diana into it.

Still Lenka and Monica had decades of experience and with Diana sleeping there was nothing she could do to resist them. After forcing Diana's legs through the suits ankle holes the girls next spent ten minutes rolling the suit up over her legs and smoothing out any creases. This done they flipped Diana onto her back then preformed the far harder task of forcing it over the Amazon's more than ample buttocks.

For a moment Monica worried that the suit might tear but the special formula Lenka used was far stronger than traditional latex and they eventually forced the suit into place leaving a triangle of exposed flesh over Diana's sex and back passage. Soon these would be invaded by dildo's once again but for now they moved on.

Getting the suit over Diana's upper body proved somewhat easier with the zipper at the back undone and once they had forced the suit onto Diana's arms they were able to pull the front up and over her breasts which slipped easily into the latex pockets designed to receive them.

Now that this was complete there was only one task left and that was to seal the suit. Working together the devil duo pulled the two edges of latex as closely together as they could and then Lenka began to try and pull the zipper closed. "Zasraná kurvo!" she swore grunting with effort as the reinforced zipper was slowly forced up Diana's perfect back. Even for the experienced domme the effort was too much and after she got about half way she nodded to Monica who moved in to take over.

She didn't laugh at her lover/boss/mistresses misfortune as even if she wasn't Lenka's slave at the moment and likely to get punished, Monica knew well how hard it was to close a cat suit sometimes. Sure enough she was soon sweating and gasping with the effort as she finally forced the zipper the rest of the way closed.

Smiling Lenka moved in and slipped a tiny padlock through the zipper and two small rings built into the suit which in turn locked it closed. They then flipped Diana back onto her front and admired the way the suit coated her body.

The latex acted like a second skin, and both women admired the way it coated and controlled Diana's shapely legs and perfect ass. The thick latex would further restrict Diana's movements keeping her slow and easily controlled. The fragments of lasso in the suit would supress her powers while the breast pockets would keep her mounds erect and squeezed up and outwards. This left them at the perfect angle for a whipping, and if they didn't feel like swinging the lash, two dozen electrodes were built into the suit, mostly clustered around Diana's breasts and buttocks and ready to punish her.

With the suit in place the devil Domme's now concentrated on adding the accessories. First came a pair of latex shoulder pads which fitted easily into place and were held on with

straps under the shoulders and across the back. These were bright red, had a star painted on them and a thrill of white lace around the edges. These had two effects the first was to announce that the wearer was no mere slave but a rubber Maid and also the thick padding and straps would restrict the motion of Diana's shoulders. In fact the way they were designed would immobilise the upper arms completely; Diana would be able to move her hands and hold things but from now on she would be unable to move her upper arms.

Next came Diana's new corset a heavy boned device made of red reinforced leather that fitted around her waist and was secured by golden coloured metal locks at the front. This quickly reduced Diana's waist from twenty-four inches to a dizzying twenty and Lenka already planned to bring that down to an eighteen as Diana's waist was trained.

However the corset also had the effect of pushing Diana's breasts up and away from her body ensuring they would be properly erect without needing a bra yet crushed by the latex that covered them. This done it was now time for the boots.

Like the rest of the suit these were a parody of Diana's old uniform and in fact were identical to the one's she'd been wearing when captured with two critical differences. Firstly they had seven inch heels that would force Diana to walk Enpointe and secondly they were exactly one size to small. It was a bit of an effort to force Diana's feet into the boots but once it was done both women enjoyed a giggle at the thought of Diana having to walk around in them. The result would be agreeably agonising…

Now it was time for the slave's new hood and here for a moment Monica disagreed with her mistress. "I still say we should shave her head that way we can get a skin tight fit on the helmet," she suggested as she removed the cloth pad from Diana's mouth.

"No I think not," Lenka replied, "I think she will look far better with twin pigtails. It will also be much more useful since they can be used to guide and control her head while she's being forced to perform oral." Monica couldn't argue with that statement so she quickly used elastic bands to tie Diana's hair while her Mistress turned the new mask inside out. Like the suit this was powder blue and made of thick latex and was perfectly tailored to fit Diana's head.

Lenka had used a 3D printer to make it a few days before and now expertly fitted it into place. The mask fitted easily across Diana's face and Lenka popped Diana's mouth open and forced the built in flexible ring gag inside. The nose section had small holes reinforced with steel rings to let Diana breathe and a rectangular cut out revealed Diana's eyes the only patch of skin that was to stay exposed.

At the side of the head were two small holes through which the pig tails were fitted and then built in earplugs were pushed deep into Diana's ear canals leaving her all but deaf. Finally a zipper closed the hood at the back and soon the mask was fitted tightly to Diana's head. Two metal hairbands were fitted around the pigtails and a simple white maid's tiara was glued to the top of the hood. Finally a rigid ring gag was fitted inside Diana's built in one and then a simple bathplug fitted into that to stop the inevitable flow of droll from her open mouth.

Stepping back Lenka took a moment to admire the hood. It obscured Diana's identity better than any heroes mask ever had yet a big WW logo on the forehead meant all would know who was wearing it. The mask also dehumanised Diana her now latex features making it easy to consider her little more than a robot instead of a human woman. Over the earplugs were two golden discs which both served to hold them in place and also hid electronics.

These were an advanced form of noise cancelling headphones which would counter all sound except that which they had been programmed to let Diana hear. Right now that was just Lenka and Monica voices. As long as she was a slave Diana would live in a world without sound her own thundering heart beat the only thing she could hear. It would both make her dependant on her Mistress and also make her even easier to control.

The WW symbol and the Maids tiara combined to announce to the world what Diana now was, not Wonder Woman but a wonder Maid!

They were getting there but there was still much to do so Monica picked up a red leather posture collar and fitted it into place. Like the shoulder pads this had a frill of white latex to add to the appearance of a Maid and was designed so that Diana could not lower or turn her head, this would restrict her vison and make her even more dependent on her captors.

Now came the last few steps. First Monica lubed up a fresh seven inch dildo and quickly forced it inside Diana's tortured pussy. She then lubed up a pear shaped butt plug and forced that into Diana's back passage. She then connected small wires to ports on the bases and attached the other end to a small combined computer and battery that slipped into a zip up pocket on Diana's lower back. Inside six hidden connectors slipped into holes on the device powering up all the control systems in the suit. The pocket was reinforced and once a padlock closed over the end of the zipper there was no way Diana could claw her way inside. There was now no way for Diana to stop the coming torture.

While Monica did all this Lenka had been preparing a chastity belt which she now slipped around Diana's waist and pussy before snapping the device shut. Pocketing the key she giggled and said, "I know this isn't what that device is meant for but let's face it…this is far more fun!"

Monica giggled at that and wondered if she'd ever be allowed to wear a belt like that. The answer seemed to be…not today as Lenka quickly put the finishing touches. A clear plastic mini skirt gave Diana no modesty at all while the simple white apron only served as a final badge of office. This done Diana's arms were pulled behind her back an heavy iron cuffs were fitted over them before a series of straps were used to anchor her down to the table.

Now fully suited and bound it was only a matter of time before she wakes up. Monica hoped that Lenka might play with her while they waited but as ever Lenka had calculated the dose precisely and only a few moments after they finished work Diana began to awaken…

“Ow my head…” Diana moaned as awareness returned or rather she would have if the gag hadn’t reduced this to a distorted and submissive moan. For a moment she was confused and could not remember what had happened to her, why was she so tired? Why was she so hot and sweaty and why was her jaw so sore?

A moment later reality and sex slave caught up with each other and as she opened her eyes a scream of horror rent the heavens as she realised she was still wearing a slave suit! That earned her a slap across the face as Lenka informed her “Shut up, you have not seen anything yet,”

At those words another woman in cat suit and chains grabbed a wheel at the side of the table Diana was lying on and spun it which caused the table to rotate to a 45 degree angle and bought Diana face to face with a floor length mirror. The broken Amazon screamed as she saw the additions to the suit, felt the invaders in her body and her kinky mind quickly realised what the other changes meant.

She was no longer dressed in a parody of her uniform but a parody designed to imitate the French Maid fetish. She the great heroine of the Amazon’s was expected to become a domestic rubber servant!

At that realisation Diana blushed under her hood while at the same time embarrassment and shame mixed with the arousal that the dildo and plug were already inflicting on her. The combination of pleasure and fear seeming to combine into an adrenaline fuelled mix that was almost…pleasant for the masochistic heroine. She howled in horror as her sex grew wet at the sensation and Lenka’s friend/slave/ally leaned in close and sniffed the Amazon’s privates.

Diana howled again in further humiliation while the woman exclaimed, “Yep she’s wet, we have a real painslut on our hands here!” Diana screamed in denial but Lenka just laughed, reached in and pulled the plug out of Diana’s mouth.

“Please don’t lie to me slave, I don’t like it when you lie to me,” she reached up and tugged on Diana’s lower lip. The gag in her mouth had already caused Diana to begin to drawl but the plug and the gag ring had held it back as Diana franticly tried to swallow her own spit. Now this crude dam was released and Diana howled in shock and humiliation as spit poured from her mouth to drip onto her latex coated breasts.

If possible she went even redder under her hood and shook in her bondage. It only took her a moment to realise this was a bad idea because this stimulated the plugs in her sex and anus. Diana screamed especially loudly at the sudden pleasure from her back passage, could she really be so perverted she could orgasm from anal sex?

She didn’t get very long to think about this horrible idea because a moment later electrodes activated and painfully shocked Diana’s breasts and ass. She screamed in agony as pain boiled over her most tender spots and tears pricked in her eyes as Lenka said. “Oh no you don’t get to orgasm yet, remember an orgasm is a reward and you have not earned one.”

As Diana lay gasping in pain Lenka signalled her ally who passed her two small golden devices which she held up for Diana to see. They looked like metal models of nipples with tit rings attached to them and Diana wondered what on earth they were for until Lenka turned them over and revealed they were hollow and the small needle thickness of metal within them.

"RO! RO! RAN'T TODIT!" she begged but the other woman laughed and said,

"What did she say?"

"No idea probably something in ancient Greek," Lenka replied, with another giggle the second woman darted forwards and began to massage Diana's nipples while Lenka pressed a tiny button on the side of each device that caused the internal bar to retract into the rings. Diana screamed, both in pleasure at the other woman's touch and horror as she caught a glimpse of a wickedly sharp needle point on the end of each bar.

They couldn't do that, they could not be planning to do that…could they! Tear's erupted again in her eyes as she screamed, "Lease, I ro denyring!"

"What do you think Monica?" Lenka asked (finally naming her ally) "A plea for mercy?"

"Why yes Mistress I believe it was," Monica replied,

"Well it is a good thing I have none…" Lenka replied as she motioned her assistant to step aside. She held up the evil devices and slowly advanced on her prisoner. Diana's eyes widened still further and her screams rent the sky asunder as she thrashed in her bondage. However the only ones who could hear her would never help her and her restraints and the ruined pieces of her own lasso ensured she could not escape her fate as Lenka grabbed Diana's wobbling right nipple. For a moment she stroked it then she twisted it painfully and as Diana screamed in further agony she fitted the combination nipple shield/ring right over the latex coated bud. For an instant the universe seemed to hold its breath and then Lenka…

…Pulled the device away! Diana relaxed perhaps this woman wasn't quite pure evil after all. It was a vain hope however since an instant later Lenka produced a piercing gun from where ever she had hidden it and in moments fitted it around Diana's pert nipple.

This time there was no reprieve and a lightning bolt of agony boiled through her body, her vision greying as the titanium needle rippled a hole for all time through her perfect bud. She screamed and screamed in agony as a towel dabbed away the small amount of blood that escaped and then the shield was bought back up and fitted into place, the needle within slotting right through the new hole.

Tears poured down the Amazon's face as she screamed prayers to Gods that would never answer her. She stared with blurry eyes at her reflection in the mirror, taking in the rubber parody she had become and the alien device that now enclosed and pierced her tit.

There was no going back now she realised, before this her slavery had been a layer of

rubber. If she could have peeled it off a free woman would be revealed once more but now even if the ring was removed all would see the hole and all would know that she had once submitted to a Mistress…

It wasn't rational thought but then Diana was far from rational at that moment and as the needle stabbed into her other nipple something snapped inside Diana's mind. As agony boiled through her body she saw herself not just with rings in her nipples but with a ring in her nostril, her clit, her pussy lips, she saw her breasts expanded to giant size, her transformation into a true slave complete.

She didn't want to be that woman yet as pain blurred her vison she screamed the truth "I LAVE! I LAVE!" as terror and pain finally drove her into a dead faint…

“I think we broke her,” Monica said as she and Lenka looked down on Diana’s unconscious form. Maybe now Lenka would finally play with her…

“Good that mean’s she ready to break, get the ice water it’s time to start her training,”

Monica moaned in frustration but after a moment she smiled. She might be blossoming as a submissive but she still loved to see other women suffer, and she could not wait to see what Lenka had in mind next…

TO BE CONTINUED…

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