

*"In other news, reports of Wonder Woman missing are still unconfirmed and the Justice League has yet to say anything. Since the fight yesterday with the villain known as Brainiac, she has been missing with many speculating that she was heavily injured in the fight but others say she was taken."*

People were gathered in front of the large display window, their eyes glued to the dozen or so televisions running the news about the supposed missing superheroine. Because of that, no one paid any attention to the tall lanky Indian, young man who walked by, pulling a large suitcase behind him. He bore dark tan skin with black hair, dark eyes that peered about behind large round rimmed glasses and had the beginnings of a mustache above his upper lip. His clothing consisted

of a white and brown striped shirt and blue jeans with flipflops adorning his feet that smacked the ground with every step he took. But still, no paid him much attention or the suitcase on wheels. If they had, they would have noticed the large shit eating grin he bore upon his face and the way he walked with a jump in his step. But no one cared. Had they done so, they might have heard the muffled and barely audible whimpers coming from the lead lined suitcase. Had they done so, they would have discovered the missing superheroine known as Wonder Woman within it, naked, bound and heavily gagged.

Wonder Woman let out muffled whimpers, her throat raw from the constant screaming she had been doing for the past few hours since waking up inside the tight confines of her prison. She knew it was a suitcase from the vibrations she could feel from the wheels rolling

along the sidewalk because they added to the vibrations from the sex toys buzzing away against her most sensitive areas. Her moans reduced to whimpers because of the 12 panties crammed into her mouth followed by a massive 4 inch ballgag that kept them all in. This was followed up two whole rolls of duct tape wrapped over the lower half of her face, sealing everything in and ensuring her voice was heavily muffled. To add to Wonder Woman's misery, a jet black, tight fitting leather bondage hood encased her head and was laced up tightly. So tight that her facial features were accentuated beneath the leather as was the bulge from the ballgag and her puffed up cheeks. Said hood bore no eye or mouth openings save for two holes around the nose area that allowed her to breath. Another hole in the back of the hood allowed her long black hair to be threaded through and done up into a high pony tail that was used against her. Used

against her in that a wire was tied off the pony tail and led off the nose hook that was currently pulling her nose upward, giving her a pig snout of sorts.

Next, her own lasso of truth was used to bind her breasts in a tight chest harness with lengths of it wrapped around the base of each breast, causing them to swell up. On top of that, her own lasso kept her armbinder clad arms pinned to her back. Wonder Woman's hands were useless as they were made into fists and then wrapped up each with a whole roll of duct tape followed by bondage mitts that were locked in place, ensuring she would not be able to use her fingers in any manner. Down below, her legs were frog-tied with whole rolls of duct tape, essentially mummifying them with only the skin of her feet visible. More tape was then used to bind her bound legs together which in turn worked to hold the large vibrating wand

nestled against her pussy in place that buzzed away on its highest setting. The tape also held in the large vibrating anal plug that stretched her ass out to its limits while sending waves of pleasure coursing through her beings. In all, Wonder Woman was thoroughly trussed up and unable to get free. Helpless and at the mercy of her captor.

Wonder Woman had been caught late yesterday when the Justice League had been fighting Brainiac and a hit from the evil being sent her flying into a building, rendered unconscious. There was no time for the rest of the members of the league to check on her as they had to stop Brainiac at all costs, thus they left her there as the fight moved on. It was that the her captor, the tall lanky, nerdy and young Indian man had found her. Many in his position would have checked on Wonder Woman to ensure she was ok but not him.

He had his eyes on the beautiful superheroine for some time and knew that a chance had presented itself. With great speed, he dragged the unconscious woman to a nearby storage facility where he rented out a unit. Luckily for him and not for Wonder Woman, the cameras were out and thus did not record him dragging the superheroine into his unit. There he stripped her and set about tying her up. When he had finished, he stuffed her inside a suitcase but left it open, waiting for her to wake up. It was hours later when she awoke to darkness and to a nightmare. She began struggling and was about to use her Amazonian strength to break free when her captor spoke the words that saw her downfall.

"You will not break free of your restraints," said the young man, his voice sending a chill of terror up her spine as she felt the compelling power of her own lasso

used against her. "And you will not disobey me."

That had been some time ago. Since then, she had been zipped up into the suitcase and it was some time before she felt the suitcase moving followed by the vibrators turning on, sending waves of strong pleasure coursing through her body. By now, her entire body was coated in a layer of sweat and her inner legs were covered in her fluids as she had been forced to cum several times already. Wonder Woman could only hope that the rest of the Justice League was out searching for her and would find her soon. But it was not to be as the suitcase had another lining that protected it from the x-ray vision of superman and from heat sensors, thus no one would know she was inside. Worst of all for Wonder Woman was that she could hear the people outside but they could not hear her.

It was some time later that she felt the suitcase stop, followed by the sound of keys turning a lock. Unknown to the bound and helpless superheroine, her captor had brought his hidden captive to his house out in the suburbs of the city. Said house was located at the very back of the subdivision and was the last house on the very last street. The young man pulled the suitcase inside before looking around outside. A moment later he closed the door and locked it up before pulling the suitcase along the main hallway, stopping only at a light fixture on the wall where he tilted the fixture up and was rewarded with a clicking sound. A second later the wall in front of him slid inward to reveal another short hallway that ended in an elevator. Entering the elevator, he pressed one of two buttons and the elevator began to descend into the depths beneath the house. Seconds later the elevator opened

up to a large basement like room that bore a large fully furnished living room on one side and a fully stocked sex dungeon on the other side complete with a large bed.

As the young man exited the elevator, he was greeted by the sounds of muffled whimpers mixed with grunts that made his smile bigger. Along the far wall on the sex dungeon side were several women who were spread eagle and vacuumed sealed beneath latex, their naked bodies accentuated by the tightness of the latex against their bodies. Said women were Supergirl, Batwoman, Batgirl, Catwoman, Harley Quinn, Poison ivy, Superwoman, and Big Barda. Each woman was gagged with a girthy and monstrous dildo gag that reached into the their throats, forcing them to control their gag reflexes while its girth pinned their tongues to the bottom of their mouths. Whole rolls of duct tape kept the dildos in place while leather bondage

hoods encased their heads, leaving them in the dark. All the women sported posture collars around their throats that also doubled as power suppression collars for those with powers and abilities, leaving them weak and unable to get free. Each woman sported nipple piercings and tattoos of their new names in order to erase their old identities. Some had their dark hair bleached a different color to add to the change.

"Hello my lovely collection," said the young man as he strolled in, his eyes raking over his bound collections of superheroines and villainess. Another muffled moan to his right made him look where he was greeted by the naked and bound form of Power Girl who was suspended in the air by a rope harness that saw her heavily hogtied. Adding to her torment was the machine pumping monster size, ribbed dildos in and out of

her pussy and ass while another machine was throat fucking her with an equally large dildo, causing her to cough and grunt as it plunged into her throat. Her head was encased in a leather bondage hood that left her blinded while also hiding the wireless blue tooth earbuds in her ears that were playing the moans, groans and screams of women in hard core BDSM flicks. Said hood also hid the fact that she was now shaved bald. Circling her throat was a shock and power suppression collar that shocked her at random times while also leaving her as strong as a normal woman.

The dildos pumping away in her holes were connected to hoses that led off to three large tanks filled with her captor's cum. Power Girl had been hanging from the roof, being fucked by the three dildos for the last three days as punishment for an attempted escape and she almost

succeeded to but failed at the last moment. Added to her punishment was the suction hoses clamped onto her enlarged breasts that were pumping milk out of her due to the injections he had been giving her for the last several days since her capture.

"I hope you are learning from your punishment, Power Slut," said the young nerd as he walked up to Power Girl to caress his fingers against the flesh of her breasts, eliciting muffled and garbled pleas from the bound superheroine. Her body shook as she tried to beg to be let out, beg to be released. Her body was coated with layers of sweat and her inner thighs were coated with her bodily fluids and his cum that dripped down onto the floor. Her chin was coated with a mixture of her own saliva and her captor's cum to mix together on the floor in a large puddle.

The man only smirked at her please before walking away, pulling the suitcase behind him to the bed where he picked it up and placed it onto the bed followed by opening it. The first thing Wonder Woman heard was the muffled moans from all the woman and she wondered where she was at. Wondering if her captor was a white slaver. She got her answer moments later when the nose hook and the hood were removed, blinding her for several moments as her eyes adjusted to the light. When they did, they went wide with terror at seeing all the women behind the latex sheets, then to Power Girl's squirming body and the dildo machines fucking her. A hand grabbed her chin and she finally looked into the eyes of her captor, a jolt of terror coursing through her body.

"Welcome to my collection, Wonder Slut," he said with an evil grin.

Wonder Woman screamed into her gag.