

An old man sat in his recliner, nose buried in a book as classical music played in the background. He was in his late sixties on the verge of entering seventy with a bald head and wrinkled skin. Large round rim glasses sat upon his crooked nose to help him see better and he was clean shaven. His long sleeved, button up green shirt and brown pants with a brown belt highlighted his tall thin frame while house slippers adorned his feet. Despite his age, this old man was in great health, having passed his yearly medical check up with zero problems. His wife had died some time ago, leaving him alone for several years until two weeks. Two weeks ago when everything changed and he no longer lived alone. With one hand he held the book while his other hand was busy with his new pet slave, his fingers playing with her tongue.

Power Girl knelt in silence by the old man's chair, not daring to make a sound or move from her place for fear of what the old man would do to her since her capture at his hands two weeks ago. Two weeks ago when she was free woman. Two weeks ago when she was a mighty and feared superheroine who feared no one. Until she met the old man and in the blink of an eye, she found herself enslaved by him and being trained to be a good pet. The power suppressing collar around her throat saw to it that she could never use her powers as it made her as weak as a normal woman. Since her capture, her life had changed and not just that, but her appearance also.

Gone was her short blonde hair. After she was depowered, the old man shaved her head followed by pouring a chemical that ensured her hair would never grow

back. This was followed by him gluing a black wig to her scalp with a type of superglue that made the wig bond with her skin, ensuring it would never come off. Said wig was made of long black hair that reached the bottom of her ass when it was tied up, which at the moment it was. Her new hair was done up into pigtails that hung down the sides of her face to reach the sides of her breasts while large pink ribbons held them in place.

Her mouth was currently open for him so his fingers could play with her tongue while his thumb brushed over her lips that were covered in permanent bright pink lipstick that ensured they always stayed the color no matter what. On top of that, her lips were more plump, done so by the lip filler injections he injected into her lips on the second day of her capture. He did this everyday until he was satisfied with how plump they had become. Another change

made was the pink eye contacts sealed over her blue eyes, hiding away their original color. Gone were her beautiful blues and in their place were pink eyes that made her look more girly.

To further change her identity, Power Girl's uniform was destroyed before her very eyes and she was helpless to do anything to stop it. Replacing her uniform was a bright pink shirt that was way too small for her large G-cup breasts. Embroidered across the front of the shirt was a word that was also the new name she answered to: **SLUT**. The fabric of the shirt strained against her large breasts, accentuating them as it hugged them tightly. The shirt had a high neckline with short sleeves that barely reached past her shoulders because of its size while the hem of shirt stopped just above her belly button. The old man did not allow her to wear a bra, allowing her large breasts to

hang within the tight confines of the shirt while proudly displaying her nipples through the fabric. Below, Power Girl wore nothing but a very small miniskirt that was buttoned up above her belly button, allowing the shirt to be tucked into it. With the miniskirt that high up on her body, it did nothing to hide her exposed pussy, even when she was kneeling on the ground. The final addition to her clothing was the knee length white, frilly pink socks that adorned her feet and lower legs, completing her look.

To prevent her from using her arms, the superheroine's arms were bound behind her back with several leather belts that forced her elbows to touch and forearms to touch in a painful manner that also accentuated her large breasts even further. But Power Girl was not allowed to complain, a severe punishment on the first day and several others saw to it that she

was to always remain quiet unless ordered to speak by her Master. As for her hands, they were forced into fists before being encased in pink leather bondage mitts, preventing her from using her fingers in any manner. Without warning, the old man removed his fingers from her tongue, wiping them along her cheek before using it to aide his other hand in closing the book. Power Girl kept her mouth open and tongue hanging out, a posture that had been drilled into her for the last two weeks.

As she knelt there, she managed to look down without moving her head, her eyes taking in the welts covering her exposed thighs from where she had been punished mere minuets ago for breaking a rule. Behind her, set up upon an easel was a large chalkboard covered with a list of rules she was to obey or face heavy punishment. Her eyes then looked up and over to the old man's lap where the thin

pieces of wood rested, the piece of wood he had used to spank her thighs. In the last two weeks since her capture, the old man trained her every day for every waking hour how to behave and what rules to follow. Harsh punishments for disobeying or for attempted escapes or attempts at fighting back or for even looking at him wrong broke her resistance by the end of the first week and by the end of the second week, she had become mostly docile. Following and obeying the rules as laid out by her captor now Master. She still had something to work out but was coming along nicely, according to her Master.

"Slut," said the old man followed by spreading his legs and tapping his right thigh. Power Girl quickly stood up and stepped in front of her Master before gently sitting down on his thigh. Then she leaned back into him, keeping her mouth open and tongue hanging out as her eyes

looked over at him in a loving way, per the rules. Then his hands were upon her body with his left hand untucking her shirt to reach up it and take hold of her left breast where his bony fingers played with her nipple. His other hand reached under her skirt where his fingers brushed against the lips of her clean shaven pussy. All she could do was lay still as he played with her, not daring to make a sound or squirm in desire or pleasure. To do so would mean punishment. As she laid their, body trembling slightly from his touch, Power Girl felt something large and hard pushing up against the globes of her ass, a sign that he was getting turned on. Power Girl knew what was coming next, fear growing within.

"On your knees, Slut," ordered the old man suddenly, relinquishing his hold upon her body. Power Girl did as ordered, standing up before turning to face him

followed by kneeling between his legs which were now fully spread open to reveal the zipper of his pants. She waited there in silence, mouth still open and tongue hanging out. As per the rules, she had to wait for the order.

"Begin Slut," commanded the old man as he rested his hands on the armrest of the recliner, his hawk like eyes watching her every mover as Power Girl leaned forward and was now able to close her mouth by using her teeth to pull down the zipper of his pants. From there she used her mouth and lips to pull the band of his underwear down, letting his large and meaty cock to come out. Once it was fully free she took him into her mouth but only the head of his cock. The girth only stretched her mouth out and she did her best to ensure her teeth did not touch his cock less she be punished. Power Girl waited in that position, not moving with her lips wrapped

around the head of her Master's cock and her tongue inches away from it but again, not daring to touch. Rules. Per rules, she had to wait for him to guide her head down so that he could use her mouth like cock sleeve. After all, that was all her mouth was good for now, according to Master. Then without warning, both of his hands latched onto to her head and pushed down.

Power Girl's eyes went wide with terror, tears forming right away as her mouth was stretched around her Master's cock. It wasn't slow but it wasn't fast either and soon the head of his cock was pushing into her throat, causing her body to tremble as she attempted to control her gag reflex the further she went down. It soon became too much and she began to choke, the sound of her gagging filling the air and earning a scowl from her Master who pushed down with more force. Suddenly his cock was past the resistance

in her throat, pushing in all the way to fill it up. Her body shook as she tried to regain her composure, attempting to quiet herself but she knew already that she had earned a punishment from her Master and it scared her.

"Stay," ordered her Master as he removed his hands from her head to pick up his book once more. Power Girl's eyes were closed tightly as she trembled there in place, realizing that she was now being punished as she felt him lay the open book a top her head. Her life as free woman and superheroine was over. Now a life of servitude was all she had. Was all she was good for. She was no longer Power Girl. She was now Slut, a toy for the Old Man. Thoughts of rescue were no more in her mind. Power Girl did her best to endure her punishment and to stay quiet but it didn't work. For every sound of discomfort she made earned her a swat across her bare

ass. Before long, the white flesh of her ass was crimson red from the dozen or so swats to her flesh. The old man closed his book and then put it away on the table next to him before he looked down at Power Girl.

"Slut," he growled to which she opened her eyes and looked up at his, realizing that she had broken another rule by not looking up into his eyes right away. He could see the terror in her eyes and it would have made him smile but he had to keep the scowl in place. With a growl, he grabbed her by her hair and lifted her off his cock, resulting in a small pop like sound as she took in a large breath of air while doing her best to keep her mouth open and tongue hanging out. The old man used his free hand to put his cock away before dragging her over to a small pink kennel whose door was wide open. Displayed on the side of it were the words:

"Slut's Bed". Power Girl trembled as her Master brought over and made her kneel by it. From the table next to it he picked up a large dildo gag that was shaped after his own cock in shape, size, length and girth. She could do nothing as he shoved it into her mouth and buckled it in place behind her head, her body shaking as she fought to control her gag reflex from the large invader. This was then followed by a leather bondage hood that encased her entire head with no openings save for her nose and the holes for her pigtails to thread through.

"Crawl in Slut," he ordered once he was done. Power Girl whimpered as she shuffled around until she was sure her ass was facing the opening. Her Master slid the kennel over slightly and then held it in place as she began to shuffle backwards into it, ass and feet first. The darkness of the hood added to the terror in her as she

backed up, stopping only for a second when she felt the heads of the large monster size dildos at the beck end of the kennel. Like her gag, these dildos were shaped after her Master's cock in everyway. There were two of them, one above the other, one for her pussy and one for her ass. At all times there always kept lubed up to be used at any moment. She let out a little squeak of fear when he placed his hand upon her face and pushed, forcing her to impale herself upon the two dildos and he didn't stop until she was all the way inside the kennel. Then he closed it followed by padlocking it in place. But he wasn't done there. Using the wheels on the bottom of the kennel, he rolled over to a metal container that was slightly larger and with the end of it open, he pushed the kennel into before closing it up. Said container bore several holes all over it to allow in air. Once it was locked up, he slide it with his foot to a spot beneath the table

from which the gag and hood came from.

Power Girl whimpered in the darkness of her tight prison, her body trembling and sore from the monster invaders filling her holes. The tight space ensured that she could not move at all, leaving her in misery as she knelt their, trembling as fear and arousal mixed. There was no escape for her in this nightmare she found herself in. She was the toy of an old man. His Slut.

Outside, the old man turned off the lights in the living room before entering into his bedroom. He got ready for bed and minutes later saw him pulling a small metal container out from beneath his bed. Opening the side of it revealed another small kennel that he rolled out which in turn revealed two words on the side of it: "***Whore's bed***". Soon the kennel was open to reveal a woman within, who like Power Girl, was hooded and gagged and bound in

the same manner.

"Out Whore," ordered the man to which the woman did, crawling out on her knees since her arms were bound behind her back. There was a small moan as she pulled herself off the two large monster dildos within the kennel and she did her best to stay quiet despite the moan. Once she was out, she stayed bowed to the ground on her knees, not daring to move. She stayed still and quiet when she felt him removing the leather bondage hood which in turn released the long blonde hair pigtails of the wig glued to her head. Then the monster size dildo gag was removed from her mouth and once gone, she kept her mouth open and tongue out.

"Whore," commanded the old man and the woman lifted her body up to a kneeling position to look into his eyes. This woman was none other than the former

superheroine known as Wonder Woman. Like Power Girl, her old identity had been changed, destroyed. Her blue eyes now sported green contacts and like Power Girl, her body had been modified. Her black hair was shaved off and sealed beneath a blonde wig and her lips were filled with injections to make them plumper. They were also covered in bright pink lipstick that never came off. She was dressed in a bright pink shirt and skirt that were too small and bright pink, knee length socks.

"Bed now!" commanded the old man and Wonder Woman obeyed, climbing onto the middle of the bed with its covers pulled back. She then lowered her body to lay on her side. A moment later the old man climbed into bed and turned off the lamp on the night stand before sliding up to Wonder Woman and without warning, slid his erect monster cock into her pussy, eliciting small moan followed by a

whimper at realizing she had made a sound. The old man growled at that as he pulled the covers over their bodies followed by his hands latching onto her breasts with a vice like grip that made her wince in pain. Like Power Girl, she had been caught two weeks and had endured every waking hour of intense training and punishment that broke her will and resistance. At first, she thought she could handle it, being an Amazon warrior trained in the arts of sexual bondage and what not. But all of her training failed her and now she had submitted herself to this old man. No longer answering to the name Wonder Woman. Now answering to the name: "**Whore**". Neither she or Power Girl knew that the other one was held captive by the old man. The Old Man who owned them.

