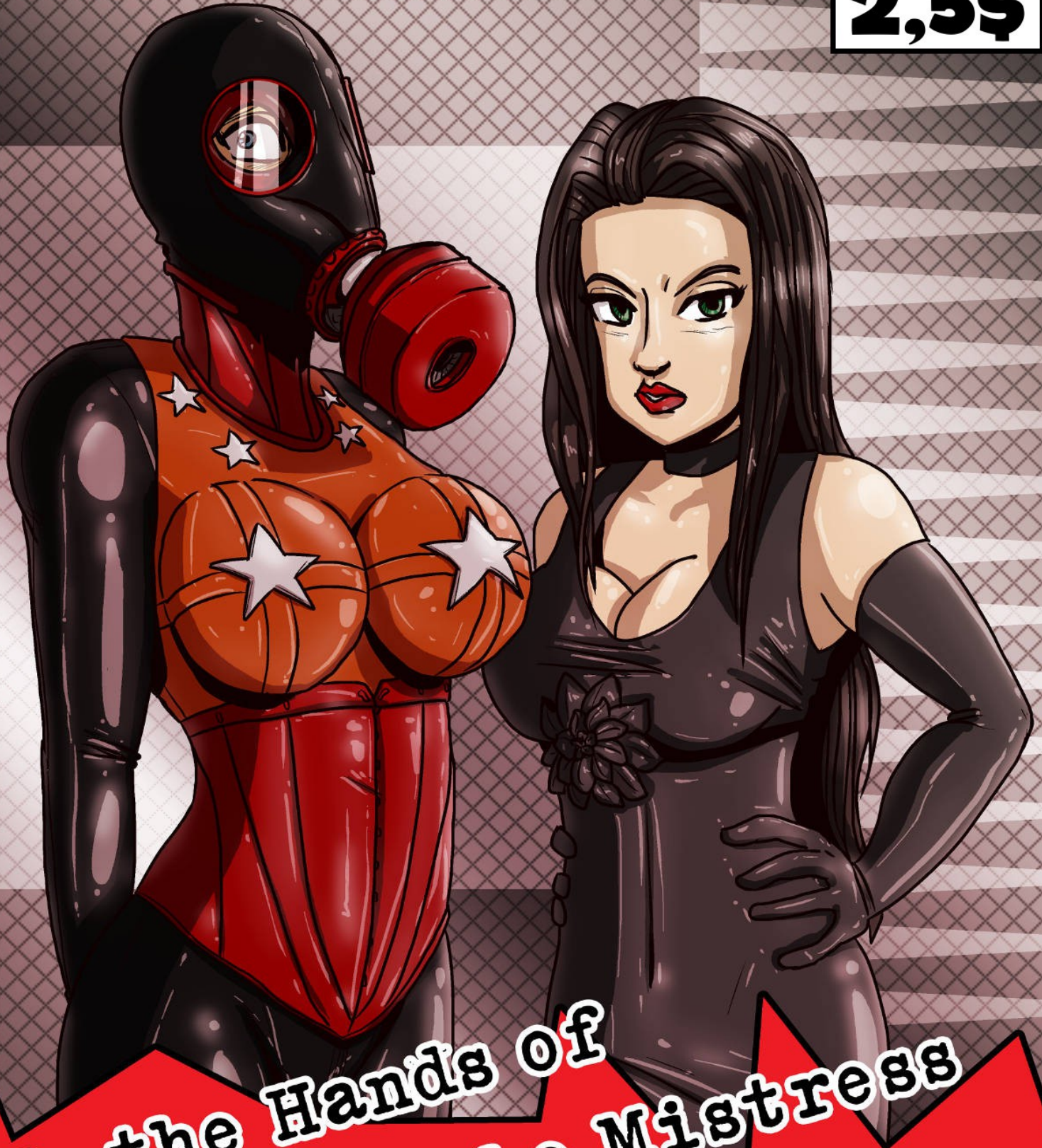


# HYPERSTAR

2,5\$



In the Hands of  
the Mistress



deviant  
bondage

## By Echotango

### Chapter 1:

The mansion was a cliché, dark, dank, and your basic stereotypical haunted house, which Laura Richardson reflected made it the perfect hideout for a supervillain. It was so obviously a den of evil, as to be the first place someone would look, so any uniformed do-gooder would naturally assume that no villain would be that stupid and hide in it, and ignore it, so of course what had the villain she was tracking gone and done? The twenty-one year old brunette reflected as she looked down on the mansion from five hundred feet.

Laura was floating in mid air, the crystal necklace that was the source of her powers glowing as she adjusted the uniform; she wore as the Superheroine Hyperstar. This consisted of a red backless swimming costume, with a plunging neckline, which hid pretty much, and which was covered in the white stars that served as her logo. With this she wore a pair of black opera gloves, black leather thigh high boots, and a simple red domino mask over her eyes, Laura having long figured out that most people who saw her in costume were not likely to be looking at her face...

Once the well endowed Laura had just been a normal girl, but that had been before that trip to Mexico, before the accident that led her to a hidden Mayan temple and before the necklace that granted her astonishing powers. Since then she'd used her astonishing powers to fight all manner of evil, and tonight it was the turn of the cruel villainess known as Mistress Winter.

Despite the clichéd name, Laura knew the latex clad demon was probably the worst evil she'd ever encountered, a disgusting slaver who kidnapped young women and sold them as sex toys to the highest bidder- after she'd had her own fun of course! She'd left a trail of destruction across the United States and Europe, and now she'd set up operations here in Century city. *Well you just made your last mistake monster!* Hyperstar thought *Century's Superheroine is coming for you!*

If truth be told Laura was a little arrogant, and had been even before she got her powers, she was the daughter of the local police chief, and an athletic star, and a successful cheerleader which had gotten her into college on a scholarship. Still she thought her confidence was probably justified in this case; Winter didn't even have any superpowers, and she wasn't dealing with some defenceless homemaker or student now, she was dealing with Hyperstar, the greatest Heroine of them all! (Or at least that was what the local paper had once called her)

If Hyperstar had been sensible she would have landed around the back, broken in through a deserted side door and snuck up on the villainess, but Laura was absolutely certain that she could beat Winter easily, so she chose a different option. She floated over the house and then turned off her flying ability.

The near indestructible heroine dropped like a missile, and the result was as unsubtle as it was impressive and inevitable. The roof imploded, then the ceilings of the next two floors and down into the basement where Hyperstar had learned from an informant Mistress Winter was kept her latest captives.

“Holy shit!” Laura exclaimed as the dust cleared, she looked around the basement and took in the two lines of dog cages, stacked one on top of the other along the right hand wall. Nine of the cages were occupied not by a dog but by a naked human being, six women and three men. All of them had been stripped naked and then their arms cuffed behind their backs, their ankles chained together, and then their legs bent over so their ankles rested on their knees before a short chain was used to link the bondage together in a tight and inescapable hogtie. Each captive also wore a leather collar, and a thick black rubber ball gag, that turned their screams of mortal terror into moans of misery.

Mistress Winter was not present, and Hyperstar moved quickly ripping the door off with her super strength so as to reach the naked and busty black girl inside. The terrified girl (who Laura reckoned was a couple of years older than she was) did not even react, just struggling and moaning in horror at it all. For an instant Hyperstar wondered if the girl was to lost in a panic attack to recognise aid, right before she suddenly put her hand *straight through* the girl. “Hologram!” she exclaimed, realising that she had walked into a trap an instant before the knife stabbed at her neck!

While Laura wore the necklace was well nigh invulnerable, as was the necklace, which while it appeared to be made of interlocking diamonds was actually even tougher. There was however one weak spot, the tiny steel clasp that she’d superglued at the back to hold it closed after the ancient leather stays had finally broken. With expert ease the knife slashed into this clasp, breaking it loose and sending the necklace dropping to the floor.

Instantly Laura grabbed for the necklace, but then a boot kicked her legs out from under her, sending the suddenly powerless girl falling to the floor with a grunt of pain as the same boot flung the necklace across the room. Quickly the now powerless heroine tried to scramble upright and reach the necklace but then strong hands grabbed her and flipped her onto her back.

It was Mistress Winter, a slender and attractive, waif who stood no more than 5’3” yet was known to be skilled in martial arts (as Laura had just discovered). She was dressed head to toe in a black rubber catsuit, a pair of leather knee boots, a long leather coat, and a latex mask that covered her head. Only her red painted lips and cruel eyes were visible as Winter smiled and said, “So I see that I have a spy in my house of pain, well this should be fun!” As she held up a spray can and pressed the trigger.

Laura coughed as the gas sprayed into her face, the fast acting sedative taking quickly taking effect on her body. Laura tried to fight back, but she had only the most basic of fighting training and stripped of her powers, Winter easily blocked every blow.

Her lungs were also no longer enhanced, and quickly the drugs did their work, forcing their way into Hyperstar’s body, making her world spin, her head heavy, and the world grow dim. In moments she crashed back to the floor, senseless...

...

When she awoke Hyperstar’s first thought was *just how many did I have?* As a painful headache rent her skull. Her second thought was to wonder why she’d been drinking, since booze and the necklace didn’t really get along, she tended to throw up

anytime she tried to drink and hadn't had so much as a glass of wine in over a year. Unless...wait...Winter! Slaver! Gas!

Laura's eyes snapped open and a howl of horror escaped her lips as she discovered what had happened to her while she was on her enforced nap. She was no longer in the basement but instead in a different chamber, lit only by a single harsh spotlight that hung over her prone form. Hyperstar was still dressed in her uniform (naturally the necklace of power had not been returned) but that was about the only good thing about her situation. Laura was lying on her stomach on a small table covered in thin padding, and raised about three feet into the air. Worse her ankles had been bent over so her heels touched her knees, then heavy metal cuffs slipped over them and attached to her wrists which had been handcuffed behind her back. The result was a very effective hogtie, just like the one she'd seen earlier, and as a final humiliation a loose leather dogs collar was wrapped around her neck, to which was attached a short leash that was in turn attached to an I-bolt on the table.

The result left her utterly trapped and humiliated as well as leaving the captive heroine horrifically exposed. Laura shuddered aware that her suggestive costume barely hid anything at the best of times, and now with her legs spread the thong like crotch piece seemed to act like an invitation for any pervert (one pervert in particular).

Quickly Laura tried to break free but the chains, tissue paper to her powers were now solid as a rock and barely moved as she tugged on them. "Let me go you evil bitch!" she shouted into the gloom around the table, (Laura knew it would probably do no good but it made her feel a little better).

An icy pulse of fear ran down Laura's spine as she recalled what she knew about the evil Mistress Winter...

In truth little was known, except that the woman was short, was never seen without her black "uniform", and was engaged in the trade of kidnapping and selling women for money, often after using her victims for her own sexual pleasure. Dozens of women had gone missing over the past five years or so, and only a few had been recovered. These few had told horrific tales of sexual torment and "training" at Winter's hands, after which they had been auctioned off to foreign buyers. Worse many had actually demanded to go back to their lives as slaves, so utterly broken and brainwashed had these women become.

Laura remembered one case in particular; a former one hit wonder pop singer, who'd gone missing about six months before she had been discovered in the entourage of a Middle Eastern prince when he visited America. The prince had diplomatic immunity and quite gleefully informed the authorities that he had had the girl kidnapped by Mistress Winter and "remade" to his specifications.

They were forced to let the Prince leave the country but the police were able to keep hold of the girl and doctor's spent months trying to restore her former personality. At first she had screamed at them she wanted to go back to the Harem, had refused to wear western clothes and even begged one Doctor to take her as his slave!

Finally she seemed to get better and was released to her families care. A week later she'd slipped out of the house, bought a ticket to her masters home country and

returned to his harem. They were apparently now married and the last word anyone had from her was a video she'd uploaded online, dancing in chains, dressed a harem costume and singing about how much she loved being a slave. Ice seemed to flow down Laura's spine as she wondered just how Winter could have done that. And now Laura was at her mercy as well.

Laura's heart beat faster, even as she mentally beat herself up for falling for such an obvious trap. "How could I have been so stupid?" she moaned out loud.

"I don't think it's really possible for anyone to be more stupid than you," a voice announced in the darkness.

"Wha---Whose there!?!?" Laura demanded, her eyes hunting among the gloom, "Let me go this instant or you'll be sorry!" she added,

"Really, I'll be sorry, an incompetent super cow, who wears her powers around her neck (literally), comes crashing into my place without so much as a plan and walks into a trap..." Mistress Winter walked out of the gloom and grinning she added, "You really think I'm the one who needs to feel sorry?"

Laura shivered at the sight of her captor. Although she was certainly rather short, Winter compensated for this with four inch heels (how the hell does she beat people up in those, Laura wondered) and even under her latex suit, her body was perfectly formed. Laura guessed she was about thirty (though it was hard to tell owing to the suit) and though the woman was smiling, her eyes seemed to almost glow with malice towards the captive heroine.

"You let me go or my friends..."

"Your friends?" Winter asked, "Can't see any friends of yours here," she added with a girlish giggle, "And you have no idea where I have taken you, have you?" Laura's heart beat faster, "Still I wouldn't worry to much you might even enjoy what's coming next..." She walked over and then stroked Laura long brown hair with her latex covered hand. "My we are quite the looker aren't we, did you ever consider a career in porn rather than saving the world?"

"Stop it!" Laura demanded, struggling to pull away from the evil slaver. An instant later she gave a howl of pain as Winter suddenly grabbed hold of her long hair, twisted it into a ponytail and then pulled on it, "Ouch!" she exclaimed.

"Did that hurt? Good," said Winter as leaned in close to Laura's face and hissed, "Now I think it's time I explain things to you,"

She let go and began pacing around Hyperstar as she stated; "Now you my friend have been a bit of a pain in my neck. Don't kid yourself I've had worse- but you have been disrupting my operation, costing me quite a bit money and worse- pleasure! So I have decided you need to be dealt with so as to make sure you never bother me again. "Well unless it's "please mistress let me suck your cunt," but I digress, anyway when I heard you were beating up every crook in town to find my hideout, I decided to invite you over for a chat,"

Laura groaned, realising that it had been Winter herself who had leaked the location of her hideout, no wonder that snitch had given it up so easily!

“Good one eh?” asked Winter, “Anyway as I said you’re far to much trouble Superheroine, so I thought I’d just turn you into a sex slave instead!”

“Fuck you, you bitch!” Laura exclaimed in horror,

“Oh don’t worry you will!” Winter replied, “And we’ll start by getting you out of that slutty costume,” with that she reached out and before Laura could react, grabbed hold of the mask and pulled it free.

“No not my mask!” Laura howled, even as Winter looked puzzled and said,

“I honestly have no idea who you are,” she shrugged and then produced a camera phone from a pocket in her coat and quickly took a snap shot, “Well we can solve that later, it’s not like your former identity is very important is it?”

Winter put away the camera that she grabbed hold of Laura’s shoulders and quickly flipped her onto her back, causing the young heroine to yelp in pain, as her bound arms took most of her weight, then shout, “No don’t!” as Winter produced a knife and grabbed hold of her costume. An instant later she sliced through the shoulder straps and the red material came away in her hands. Laura howled in shame and humiliation as her ample tits were suddenly exposed to the world (and more to the point her captor!), as the skimpy costume was pulled down until only her privates were still covered.

“Well, well what have we here?” Winter asked as she reached down and stroked Laura’s perfect tits, and sent a pulse of unwanted arousal through the tall heroine’s perfect mounds, “Yes you like that don’t you?”

“No don’t, oh God stop!” Laura howled as she thrashed and tried to shrink away from her captor. Winter’s smile suddenly faded them.

“You know you’re really not getting into this and as for the insults?” the villainess then reached under the table and produced a reel of grey duct tape,

“Hey what are-“Laura was cut off as in one swift motion, Winter used the knife to cut off a length of tape and then slapped it over Laura’s mouth. Instantly the heroine was gagged, her insults and pleas reduced to a useless muffled moan.

“Ah yes that is so much better,” Winter declared, “Now I really think you need to be punished, for your defiance, don’t you?”

What with Laura being gagged she could not reply but only lay on her in terror as Winter reached out and began massaging Laura’s tits with her hands. *No what are you---Oh God!* She thought half in shame, half in unwanted yet enjoyable pleasure as the stimulation quickly aroused her perfect tits. Laura went bright red in shame, even as she wondered just how this could be called a punishment, an instant later she got her answer.

Winter let go of her tits and then reached under the table, pulling out a device that caused Laura to scream in horror. It was a pair of nipple clamps, linked by a slender gold chain. Desperately the captive heroine fought to escape, but there was nothing she could do as Winter popped the spring loaded clamps open and then with expert ease fitted them around Laura's nipples.

Laura howled into her gag as the clamps snapped shut around her perfect nipples, a bolt of agony erupting through her perfect mounds like a lightning strike as the aroused flesh was assaulted by the clamps...

Desperately she tried to shake them off only to discover that every movement of the clamps sent another pulse of agony through her breasts, and after a moment she lay still and desperately tried to stay that way, as the pain faded to a dull ache. "Oh don't we like that?" Winter asked as she reached out and flicked one of the clamps with her fingers.

Laura yelped again, then begged into her gag for her captor to stop, and despite the mangling effect of the gag, Winter clearly understood as she said, "No I don't think so, in fact..." she reached under the table again, and Laura heard the click of a button being pushed. A moment later she heard mechanical noises overhead, and a long length of thick silver chain lowered towards her table, stopping a few inches above Laura's bare chest. *What?* Laura wondered, what was this for? An instant later found out.

Mistress Winter hooked a finger under the nipple chain, pulling it out and upwards as Hyperstar grunted in pain. She then held it against the bottommost link of the silver chain, before producing a tiny padlock and slipping it into place to lock the two chains together. Winter then reached down and pushed the button again, causing the chain to retract just enough so that it was tugging firmly but painfully on her captive tits.

Desperately Laura tried to break free, but nothing she did made any difference the clamps were attached firmly in place, and all she did was make it more painful. "Comfortable?" the evil witch demanded, and then grinned as Laura howled into her gag.

"Alright this is how this all works, you *were* Hyperstar, and whatever stupid civilian identity you once used, but as of now neither exists, you will now be known as Slave, and you exist for one reason, to serve me, or anyone I give you too. Perhaps one day if you earn it, I will let you call yourself Hyperslut, until then you have no identity!"

With that she grabbed hold of Laura's hair again and as Laura desperately tried to pull free began plaiting it into a long ponytail. Winter pulled on the hair, as she worked sending constant jolts of pain through the nerves at the base of each hair, and soon she was playing with the foot long plat which she twisted in her fingers. "Some people think hair pulling a bit passé but it has its uses," Winter commented, as she gave the hair a hard tug, and Laura gave another yelp of pain, "It's such a fun way to remind someone of her new station in life," she added.

Winter held up the plat so Laura could see it and said, "This is mine now," then she let go of it and reached down to stroke Hyperstar's clamped breasts, "This is mine now," then tickled Laura's sex through the ruin of her costume. Laura wriggled and

howled as her most sensitive spot was suddenly stimulated, “This is mine now,” Winter said again, and then the villainess leaned over Laura so her face was a few inches from the captive heroine’s and said, “And you are mine now.” *Oh God help me!* Laura thought, but as Winter straightened up there was no answer to her silent prayer.

Winter reached under the table again and drew out a long thin riding crop, which she swished back and forth.

“You were a Superheroine, and (I suppose) a minor annoyance, now you are my PROPERTY!” as she shouted the last word Winter swung the crop and brought it down across Laura’s stomach. Laura howled with pain as a scorching pulse of fire and agony bit into her perfect abdominals.

Without a pause, Winter added, “You have no name but that which I give you!” the whip fell across the stomach again, and Laura bucked and howled in pain, then howled again as her tit clamps moved pulling hard on her captive mounds.

“You will obey, or you will be punished,” the whip fell, and despite Laura’s desperate efforts to remain still, she still found herself pulling on the hated clamps, sending another bolt of pain through her perfect body.

Suddenly Winter reached out and stroked Laura’s chest causing the captive heroine to shudder at the sudden pleasant feeling as the latex rubbed on her skin. “I’m sorry,” Winter suddenly said, “But as a slave you must understand obedience, but if you obey me you will know pleasure the likes of which you have never known.” With that she leaned in and kissed Laura on the tape that covered her mouth. Laura howled in shock, deeply confused as to why this sexual monstrosity was suddenly being nice(er) to her?

“Yes, yes, I know total loss of freedom can be a bit of a shock, but tell me do you like latex?” Of course Laura could not answer so Winter added, “Yes of course everyone likes latex, and you’re the perfect test subject for my automated dressing machine, and then you can try out my sensory overload device, have fun and I’ll see you tomorrow!”

With that the evil Domme turned and walked away, leaving Laura lying on her back in the harsh spotlight, sore from the brief whipping and from the clamps that still mounted her nipples...

## Chapter 2:

Left alone Laura desperately attempted to free herself but once again came up against the limits of her own skills. Her father had always seen police work as too dangerous for his little girl, and his over protective Dad status had prevented her from taking more than a few karate lessons as a little girl. Laura had never gotten past the eighth kyu and while she knew that a yellow belt was enough to beat up the average mugger

it did her no good right now. She certainly had no skills in lockpicking or escape artistry that would have helped her in this situation since she'd always relied on her necklace for such things. Now trapped and stripped half naked she knew what a mistake that had been. She could have easily taken a few more lessons in fighting, or sought out one of the non-powered heroes for a little training in escape artistry but she hadn't seen the point. Her powers had always been enough to achieve her goals and she'd just never really considered a situation where she was without them.

Was this day inevitable she wondered as she silently vowed *If I get out of here, I'll train as hard as I can so I'm never caught like this again.* Laura shivered realising she'd just thought "If" in regard to her situation, Laura gritted her teeth, it was "When!" She was going to get out of here, and then she would make that piece of shit wish she had never been born!

She continued to fight her chains but all she managed to do was sent even more pain through her bound form and to work herself into a panic attack, her heart racing as she wondered what on earth her captor had meant by "automated dressing machine," and even worse a "Sensory overload device." After what felt like an age, (but was probably only few minutes) she got her answer.

There was a sudden mechanical noise in the shadows around her, and then six new spotlights suddenly activated causing Laura to yelp as light stabbed into her eyes. A moment later she screamed as half a dozen robotic arms suddenly appeared out of the gloom.

Desperately the captive Hyperstar fought to avoid the arms grasp, but four padded grips quickly slipped around her upper arms and lower legs while two more moved in on her chains. There was a sudden pulse of light as lasers cut the neck chain and her hogtie, then broke open her cuffs, these arms then retreated and two more arms equipped with fine manipulators moved in on her clamps, then carefully opened the spring loaded clips so that her tits were released. These arms and the chain holding the clamps suddenly retreated into the darkness and for a moment Laura was grateful to be free of the horrible things.

However she was still tightly locked in place by the other arms and even as she fought to escape them the arms lifted her off the table until she was about ten feet in the air. The four arms then rotated using their inhuman strength to force Laura's arms and legs around until she was hanging upright in a spread eagled pose.

The lasers moved in again and she yelped in horror as they cut away the remaining seams of her costume, burning through so expertly as to do no damage to her skin below even as she felt heat a nanometre away and the ruined costume fell to the floor and revealed her shaved and naked pussy.

Laura moaned in absolute embarrassment, as her last scrap of modesty was stolen from her. A moment later new grips grabbed hold of her shoulders, while the ones on her lower arms released and another pair of arms grabbed hold of the fingertips of her gloves. Laura tried to pull the gloves free but the thin material simply tore apart as the gloves were pulled free from her arms to fall on top of her destroyed costume on the distant floor.

She looked down on the ruin of her costume and gave a wordless howl of shame. It wasn't so much the loss of the costume (total cost to her about 69 dollars), as the utter humiliation of being stripped naked by an evil Dominatrix and her robotic pets!  
*Please someone help!* She silently preyed, but no salvation came.

Laura groaned in pain as her shoulders, took her weight, but there was nothing she could do as she struggled helpless in the grip of the inhuman arms.

Next the lasers moved in front of her thigh boots, and quickly cut through the laces that held them closed. Then it was the turn of the arms gripping her legs suddenly let go leaving the captive dangling in the air with her legs kicking this way and that.

The boots were already flapping loose without the laces, and with mechanical precision the arms grabbed hold of the boots and pulled them off leaving Laura naked except for her simple white socks. The arms then grabbed her swinging legs just below the knee. Desperately the captive fought to escape but there was nothing she could do as the fine manipulators appeared again, grabbed the heels of the socks and quickly pulled them off to leave her utterly naked.

Laura screamed into her gag, breathing hard as she fought the vice like grip of her bondage and she grew ever sorer in her suspension. She was desperate to escape but there nothing she could do and her frantic struggles only reinforced just how utterly helpless she had become.

With her stripping now complete another arm appeared equipped with what looked like a spraying gun. That was exactly what it was, and Laura screamed as a jet of cold water erupted from the end, spraying with expert care and utter indifference all over her captive body, washing away the sweat and grim of the last few hours, to leave a pink and shivering captive, who was as utterly clean as she was utterly terrified!

There was a click as a new hose connected to the device, and then a thin jet of something warm began to spray onto Laura's body. For a moment she relaxed in the pleasant warmth until she saw how it glistened on her arms and chest and realised it was some kind of lubricant. What on earth was that for?

Once the spraying was done, the fine manipulators appeared again each carrying a long leather sleeve much like her ruined opera gloves, except in place of a glove for the hand there was only a sort of leather bag. As one moved in on her left arm Laura desperately tried to pull away from it, but with her upper arm trapped her elbow could only move so far, and then another arm snaked out and caught her wrist. The manipulator arm then slid the open end of the glove over her arm, and then forced it down so that the leather bag covered her open hand. She tried to shake it off, but to no avail as the wrist arm suddenly detached, then almost before she could react, caught hold again so that it was holding the bag in place on her wrist. Moments later the same process was repeated on her right hand and an instant after that, the manipulators took hold of a zip at the base of each glove and began pulling it closed.

The terrified heroine tried to break free but she was exhausted and defenceless, and she could do nothing but watch as the zip was pulled closed.

The result left her arms coated in a layer of black leather, while her hands were rendered nearly useless by the bags. It was then that another arm moved in and connected a thin hose to a valve that she hadn't noticed on the back of each glove. She also noticed that each glove was lined with rubber, and realised what was going on an instant before it happened.

A pump activated and the thick nomex balloons in each glove suddenly inflated, turning each glove into a round bulb of leather and trapping each hand tightly at the middle of the balloon, palms flat and almost totally immobilised! Laura tried to move her captive hands but they were almost totally trapped and all she could do was flex them slightly, she also tried to claw at the material but it was far too strong for her nails to break it and release the air inside.

Hyperstar marvelled at the simplistic cruelty of the gloves, and how utterly useless her hands now were, even if she'd been free and standing on the floor right now, she could not have gotten the gloves off.

With her arms trapped and useless, she could only watch in mounting terror as more robotic arms raised a large object into the air in front of her. The best way to describe it was as a large black wetsuit, a huge monster of jet black latex, designed to cover everything but head, arms and toes. Worse the torso was painted red, with small white stars, in a demented sexual parody of her ruined costume.

Laura made one more attempt to escape but the arms held her fast as the suit rotated to show its back. The neck and crotch area were also painted red to complete the parody, but what Laura noticed most was the long zips that ran up the arms and legs, then reached out to join the final long zip that ran down the back. Finally she also noticed a zip over the crotch that could be opened to access a captive's privates...

All these zips were open and she gasped as she realised that the suit could be fitted over her body without any need to free her from her bondage. Several fine manipulator arms now proceeded to do this, pulling the sections of the suit open to expose the interior, which Laura noticed was filled with tens of thousands of tiny bumps like a non-slip mat.

*Please don't!* She begged terrified of what was about to happen, but she could do nothing to stop it as the arms pulled the suit around her struggling body with expert ease. The thick rubber slid into place as if the suit had been made for her (and she realised it quite probably had been).

First her legs were released for a moment and the zips on her legs pulled closed, even as she swung and kicked, but could do nothing to stop what was happening, as the zips closed up to her waist and sealed her lower body in jet black latex. Next the arms grabbed back onto her lower legs, while the manipulators pushed the torso piece against her stomach and lower back, and pulled the back zip up so the latex covered her up to just below her breasts.

Next the clamps on her shoulders released, and she groaned in pain as her wrists took the full weight of her upper body, but for an instant she saw a chance. The arms around each wrist would have to detach to let the suit be fitted over them; her hand would be free to take a swing at them!

Even as Hyperstar realised the flaws in her plan, (most notably how much damage could a stiff leather covered arm that ended in a balloon actually do), she realised it was not an option anyway. The sleeves were cut off just below the elbow, and could easily be fitted in place without removing the other arms, (since her arms were already coated in leather they seemed a little redundant anyway).

Moments later the latex arms of the suit were fitted into place and the zips closed, before the arms once more took hold of Laura's shoulders. As they did so one final arm, took hold of the zip that ran up the back of the suit and quickly pulled it closed, sealing the last part of the suit tightly to Laura's flesh.

It had all taken only a couple of minutes but now it was done, Laura's entire body except her feet and head was sealed inside a coating of leather, latex or both. The bumps pushed into her skin everywhere making the suit deeply uncomfortable, while the thick rubber retained body heat and she quickly grew slick with sweat. She could barely move in the bondage as it was but she knew the thick latex would make every step she took a chore, and a moment later she learned she was not finished yet.

It was a leather corset rising out of the shadows, coloured bright red to match the colour of the suits torso, and which was quickly fitted around Laura's waist. She grunted as straps closed the corset at the back reducing her twenty-four inch waist instantly to a twenty-two.

Surprisingly enough it wasn't Laura's first time in a corset (she'd worn one in a school play) but the tight and archaic device was still very strange as it distorted her waist into a perfect hourglass and pushed her breasts up and out so they strained against the tight latex that imprisoned them.

It was clear whoever had created the corset was an expert, for it fitted perfectly around her rubber clad form. It wasn't exactly uncomfortable but she felt it's presence every time she breathed, and it forced her to keep her back straight at all times.

She heard rather than saw the next pair of arms rising out of the gloom, and could do nothing to stop them as they forced her feet into ankle length leather boots, with shocking eight inch heels. She tried to kick the boots away, but as she did so a bolt of pain erupted through her chest, sending a lightning bolt of agony through her encased tits as some of the thousands of tiny electrodes activated and sent their horrific energy through her body.

A computer voice then announced, "You will hold still and co-operate or you will be punished!" Laura's eyes went wide as she realised just what she was trapped in, even as she resumed her desperate struggles. In response agony erupted through her body once more, and she howled in sexual agony at the torment she was suffering.

Finally Laura realised she had to co-operate, Mistress Winter was after all a human being she might be able to reason with, but the machine was following a program and who knew what it would do to her if she resisted. Defeated she held her feet as enpointe as possible as the boots were slipped into place and laced tightly up.

She yelped in pain as she realised the boots would not only force her to walk on tiptoes, but they were also at least a size too small!

Laura hung her head in shame and defeat, what had Mistress Winter got planned for her? She remembered the pop star who'd turned up in a harem, was this what she had gone through to turn her into a submissive slut? She hung her head in terror as she saw just how painfully clear it was that there was nothing she could do about what was happening to her!

Another manipulator arm held up a silver metal tube, even as she felt another grab the end of her pony tail, and lifted it up above her head. *Oh God no not that!* She thought, sure they were going to chop off her brunette locks, but instead the tube opened on a hinge allowing her to see hair gripper teeth inside.

A moment later the tube slipped around the first six inches of her ponytail and then was pushed closed and locked into place. A small mirror was then held up allowing her to see her face.

Despite being covered in sweat Laura was as attractive as ever, and the way the ponytail was now mounted at the top of six inches of metal was almost appealing. As she watched however the arm holding up the ponytail let go, and Laura had a sudden flash of inspiration. She saw her captor holding onto the long tail, like it was, well a kind of leash!

The mirror was pulled away allowing Laura a brief glimpse of her full body as it vanished back into darkness, and she shuddered as she realised not only was she being imprisoned in latex, but her own hair had been reshaped to better control her!

At that moment another fine manipulator arm appeared, grabbed a corner of her tape gag, and pulled. She yelped in pain as the gag was torn free even as the glue still tried to adhere to her skin, but she was for the moment ungagged.

"Please...help!" she cried, unsure why she was bothering, aware that the only human help within range had no interest in helping her, unless it was to help turn her into a submissive bimbo. Instead another bolt of pain erupted across her tits, and she screamed in agony as the computer voice said,

"Speech will not be tolerated!" even as more arms raised yet another cruel BDSM device into place, a mask of black latex. She whimpered as she saw how it had only six openings, these included two small eyeholes, two nostril holes, and a mouth shaped into an O by a built in ring gag. The final opening was just above the zip at the back, a small oval into which Laura's ponytail could be fitted.

Worse in a further parody of her noble uniform a red domino mask had been painted around the eyeholes! The mask rotated and more arms pulled it open as it approached her head. Hyperstar tried to pull away, but an arm grabbed her ponytail about halfway down and was able thrust the end through the hole intended for it. Once this was done it let go then gripped onto the end of the tail, holding it in place as Laura tried to pull her hair free.

One howl of pain later she was forced to give up as the skull cap of the hood fitted over her hair and then the front piece slowly pushed into place over her face. The only act of resistance she could make was to keep her mouth shut so she could not be gagged. A moment later Hyperstar's defiance ended when another shock erupted across her breasts. She opened her mouth wide in a howl of agony, and the ring slipped into place, her teeth gripping the rubber padding around the ring as the foul taste of new rubber overwhelmed all else.

Desperately she fought to expel the gag but it did her no good the arms pulled the hood tightly closed forming a skin-tight layer over her head and then closed the zip to seal it in place. Her hearing grew dull as the thick latex covered her ear holes, and was pushed tightly against them.

Hot tears erupted from the captive's eyes as she realised her predicament. Not only was she now all but totally sealed inside a rubber parody of her own costume, she could be tortured at will, and her mouth was locked open (and quickly growing sore) in a perfect pose, to suck a man's penis or (more to the point) a woman's pussy.

She shook and howled in horror at her total defeat, why had she been so stupid as to walk into such an obvious trap! Why hadn't she bothered to get some training instead of relying on a source of power that could be removed so easily? Hell why hadn't she just called a SWAT team down on Mistress Winter? Sure she'd have to share the credit but she'd be at home in bed right now, instead of suffering. *They're turning me into a slave! They're turning me into a slave!* The words screamed in her mind as mortal terror overtook the captive girl, even as she wondered how it could possibly get any worse?

A spray gun reappeared and jet of water was released into her open mouth, Laura was sore and hot and greedily drunk down the water, while the mirror reappeared. Laura's eyes grew wide as she saw the way the smooth black latex hugged her face and head, sealing her away from the world, even as the domino mask acted as a constant mocking reminder of just who was trapped inside. The O of her mouth seemed almost an invite to anyone with cruel intentions towards her, and even worse she found herself beginning to drawl, a line of spit falling from her open mouth and which she could not stop.

With her body now totally sealed up, she could do nothing as the arms holding her leg's pulled apart slightly, and then another one opened the zip over her sex, causing her to yelp in shock as cold air touched her naked privates.

Laura realised what was coming an instant before it happened and screamed into the gag "Please I'll do anything just don't do that!" But even if the gag hadn't distorted her words out of all intelligibility no one was listening, and there was nothing Laura could do to stop what was coming.

She gave a howl of shock as a lubricated dildo was shoved roughly inside her naked and exposed sex, pushing between the lips of her labia and coming to rest deep inside her pussy. An instant later the captive heroine gave another howl as she felt her sex grow aroused by the presence of the long and slick intruder, and she raged at her body, horrified it could betray her in this manner. How could it enjoy this? How!

Tears finally fell from Laura's eyes, *No! Oh God! No!* she screamed in her mind at the horror of it all, how could she be enjoying this, worse how could she be enjoying this, now before hardly anything had been done to her! Deep down she understood her body was just reacting naturally to stimulation but it still felt like the cruelest of all possible betrayals.

A moment later the most humiliating thing possible happened, as another object brushed against her back hole. "No please not that!" she screamed the mangled plea from her gag, as the buttplug was expertly placed over her anal passage. The imprisoned heroine screamed in agony as the four inch shaft forced its way through her sphincter and deep into her most vulnerable and private passage! Agony mixed with pleasure, as she screamed and cried. *Oh No!* She thought wondering how things could possibly get worse; *please don't tell me I like anal sex!* She wanted to run and hide, to throw herself from a high cliff, anything to escape the torment and humiliation she was suffering, anything!

No mercy was forthcoming however, as a moment later the arms holding the plug and dildo in place detached, and she desperately tried to expel the invaders. It did her no good however, the objects were seated too deeply and before she could make any real effort, a metal band was fitted around her sex, even as another wider one was fitted around her waist and clicked into place with a grim finality.

It was another example of her captor's sexual irony, that a chastity belt, a device designed to protect a woman's honour was now holding in place the instruments of Laura's violation. Once more she howled with rage and humiliation, struggling with all her might, trying to find some way to get rid of the belt and the invaders it held. However a moment later she felt a wave of pleasure in her loins and she froze in place as she realised her struggles kept moving the plug and dildo around in her holes. *Oh no!* She realised as she desperately begged her traitor body not to have an orgasm!

What was happening to her? Was it really only a few hours since she'd dropped through that ceiling a powerful and confident heroine, now she was a near broken wreck driven almost to breaking point by the horrors she was being subjected to!

Another pair of arms now connected a short (eighteen inches) hobble chain to a pair d-ring's mounted on the inside of her boots. Attached to this was a rather longer chain that was quickly connected to another d-ring on the bottom of the chastity belt. The arms gripping her legs then let go, allowing her suited and booted legs to swing loose over the void below.

Laura swung her legs this way and that, quickly discovering how stiff the latex made them, it was like swinging through molasses. She also quickly discovered that she could not straighten out her sore feet, and shuddered at the agony that would ensue if she had to try and walk on them. She also shuddered at the strange sensation of fullness her plugs caused, as well as the dull ache of her distended anus, and over filled sex. Worse as she swung it also moved the chastity belt which in turn disturbed the plugs! With a howl of shock she desperately tried to hold still as the plugs stimulated her again.

More arms wrapped a supporting harness around the slave's shoulders allowing the arms holding her shoulders to release. She grunted as her armpits took her weight then

swung her useless arms trying to hit a questing robot that came to close. The dual coating of leather and latex rendered them all but useless, just bending her elbows required a great effort, let alone swinging her fists with any force. Not that she could close her fists inside her inflated bags, and in any case the pathetic balloons could never damage anyone let alone her mechanical captors.

Out of the gloom there now appeared a large item of red leather, and Laura shuddered as she realised it was a posture collar, an huge and controlling band of material, with an o-ring mounted on the front, and so thick it would reach from her chin down to her breast bone. The expert robots quickly pulled the two edges apart, and as she briefly made a futile struggle, slipped it over the latex suit, hood and the dog collar she was still wearing under it all. Straps at the back were rapidly secured and she was locked tightly into the corset.

For a moment Hyperstar tried to move her head in the corset but it was useless, she could not turn or lower her head, only stare straight ahead through the eyeholes of her all concealing mask. She could only watch as another dildo, this one about four inches long rose into place before her.

Immobilised, the beautiful captive could only watch as it was lined up perfectly with her ring gag, and then thrust home. Desperately she tried to spit the evil thing out but with a click and then twist to the right, it was locked into place, sealing and filling her mouth totally and in the most humiliating way possible.

Once this was done, robotic arms caught her wrists once again, and slipped metal cuffs over them, before pulling her arms tightly to her sides, and then attaching the cuffs to small d-rings on the side of her chastity belt. More arms grabbed her legs and pulled them together, before slipping a leather belt around her ankles, and pulling it tight, then another around her knees and yet another around her thighs. This left her legs totally immobilised and hanging in space as one useless mass of rubber and leather.

Another band went around the imprisoned girl's elbows and then across her lower chest under her breasts, and a final one went above her breasts and around her shoulders. This locked her arms to her sides and now totally immobile, Laura could only hang in her hot and uncomfortable prison and hope that now that she was totally encased and bound it was over. She knew it was a futile hope and wasn't really surprised when she discovered she was wrong.

One final object appeared out of the gloom, the rubber bulk of a gasmask! Laura whimpered in terror once more, but there was nothing she could do as it was fitted carefully onto her hood so that connections around the edge slipped into hidden sockets around her face. A straw built into the centre of the air vent, slipped into place on the end of the dildo gag, revealing that it was hollow and allowing her to breathe disgusting rubber tainted air through her mouth as well as her nose.

A large mirror now rose before the captive allowing her to see herself with a gasp of horror. In place of her skimpy (yet noble) costume there was a massive rubber coated monstrosity. The thing before her barely looked human, instead looking like some kind of parody creature more like a doll than a real human being. No one could tell that what was inside was a former Superheroine, unless they looked at the crude

costume painted on the suit and which made clear to the world just who was imprisoned within it's tight embrace.

The bumps on the inside pushed into every inch of her skin, a constant reminder of their presence and worse she had no idea what they could do to her. At least some concealed electrodes that could torture her at will, but how many were there, just waiting to torment her. Worse what if every single one across her entire body could be used to subject her to electronic torment? Meanwhile the latex of the suit clung like a second skin, causing buckets of sweat to pool across her body and she realised with a moan of pure terror, that all that sweat would act like a conductor for the electrodes!

Her hands were useless rubber balls, while her feet were sore from the enpointe pose, and the fact that the boots were too small for her, and that was nothing compared to what walking on them would be like! Every effort to flex her legs meant fighting the latex every inch of the way, and even if they hadn't been strapped together walking would have been a very difficult experience. The corset was tight about her waist, a constant presence every time she breathed, and transforming her waist into an unnatural shape. Meanwhile the objects in her sex and anus were a constant presence and almost any motion she made sent a wave of pleasure and pain through her bound body.

The collar kept her head perfectly still, while the tight hood was a constant pressure on her bare skin and her hair was coated in sweat. She could barely hear, while her senses of taste and smell were swamped by the disgusting sensation of new rubber, her mouth meanwhile was plugged by the dildo within, and her jaw stretched by the ring. Her breath was hot in the gasmask, and her vision was limited through the two tiny portholes.

Laura also had a couple of dozen itches all over her body that she could not scratch, and which were only getting worse. She wondered what would happen first, would she be transformed into a submissive or just driven crazy by itching? She shuddered at her latest mental slip; she had to have hope she could escape before that happened, right? But hanging in her plastic prison, Laura had no idea how that happy event could be bought about.

She gave a sudden muffled yelp as arms once more gripped her ankles and then she felt the harness beginning to move as she was dragged across the room. The spotlights went out, and then an instant later another set turned on illuminating an object on the floor that she was being lowered towards.

Straining to see through her tiny portholes, she gasped as she saw that she was being lowered towards a large black box, about six feet long, by two wide and deep. It was padded with black foam rubber into which was cut the shape of a female form, and a huge lid stood open. *God no! It looks like a coffin!* She thought as the arms holding her legs twisted around until her body was held horizontal and she was then lowered towards the box.

With a slight bump she was lowered into the foam her body fitting perfectly into the rubber and her ponytail slipping neatly into a hole that had been prepared for it. The rubber was about six inches deep and clung tightly to the suit, immobilising her as the leg arms detached and more arms undid the straps around her shoulders. She tried to

rise but in her bondage it was futile even as another arm connected, two wires to her dildo and butt plug through small holes in her chastity belt (she felt rather than saw this). More cables were connected to various ports on the suit, and these would replace whatever hidden battery had powered the shocks with mains power.

This done, more arms appeared holding a second large piece of foam rubber, this was also jet black and had a single oval cut in it near the top, as well as a second body shaped impression carved all through the inside. Laura tried to struggle but bound as she was there was nothing she could do, as the foam was lowered into place, fitting perfectly around her bound body, until only her gas masked face was visible through the hole.

The fitting was perfect, encasing everything except her gasmask, and fitting so snugly that even if she had not been bound she would not have been able to move an inch.

Finally two air hoses were lifted into place; these were connected by a t-bar valve, which fitted neatly into the air hole of the gasmask, and clicked to lock into place. Connected to a large air hole on the outside of the box, they would let Hyperstar breathe normally even with the lid closed. As the heroine realised this, she felt rather than heard a motor start up, and the lid of the box slowly lowered into place and slammed shut, plunging the captive into darkness...

### Chapter 3:

In the instant Laura that was plunged into darkness, she howled in horror at the totally controlling nature of her prison, she was encased, totally immobilised in thick rubber, torture devices sealed inside her very body, her breath whistling through two tubes, and her world reduced the confines of the box.

Totally confined she explored the limits of her world, she could not see, she could not hear anything except her own heartbeat and breath, taste and smell were overwhelmed by rubber and she could feel nothing except the suit she wore. Her ability to move was reduced to little more than swaying a few millimetres this way and that, and she found herself unable to do anything but lie still and wait for whatever was coming.

Suddenly she yelped as, a light snapped on and hurt her dark adapted eyes. No not a light she realised but instead a small LED display screen! As her eyes adjusted and she blinked away tears, she saw that the screen was displaying the following;

“Initial conditioning #1”  
Time to activation; 02:22  
Duration: 06:00:00

*What! No? No! What's that?* Not that her questions would do her a lot of good, since no one was likely to answer in the box. What's going to happen to me? She wondered, even as she fantasised about someone ripping the lid off the box and her father coming to her rescue, but her father was on duty, it might be hours before he tried to call and realised she was missing.

Worse it was a Friday night and Laura lived alone (to preserve her secret identity), it would probably be Monday before anyone noticed she wasn't showing up for college classes and reported her missing. No actually it would be Tuesday; the college staff were on strike on Monday, so the campus would be shut. And even if she was reported missing who would know where she had gone?

No one knew she and Hyperstar were one and the same, and even if they found her backup costumes, it wasn't as if she kept a to-do list, “go break into the spooky mansion outside of town and catch villain” was it? Once more she wondered if this was all her own fault, she had after all gone after a highly dangerous criminal with a rather poor plan and no back-up.

What did “Initial conditioning” mean anyway? Brainwashing? Maybe was that what had been done to that singer and all the others? For a moment she took cold comfort that brainwashing was meant to be impossible, then shuddered as she realised the critical word in that sentence *meant*. She moaned in terror as she watched the timer count down the last five seconds, and then the duration time changed to 05:59:59.

Suddenly the screen snapped off and she was plunged back into stygian blackness, then an instant later it happened. She gave a suddenly howl of agony as the electrodes over her breasts suddenly activated, sending a fierce shock through her tender and trapped nipples.

Desperately she tried to claw her way out of her prison as the pain erupted through her body over and over, but the trap was total and there was nothing she could do about it. Her total sensory deprivation only made it all worse, pain erupting through her body, and there were no distractions from it, it was the only thing she could sense, it was as if the world outside had ceased to exist with only the nightmare remained!

The shocks cut off and she breathed hard, sucking down rubbery air as her tits pulsed from the pain they had endured. She begged for mercy but her gag, and the tubes absorbed the distorted moans long before they escaped the box. She wanted to curl up into a ball, to run away, but she could not move even an inch!

She howled again as more electrodes activated, this time inside the boots on her feet, causing stinging pain to erupt through her tender soles, and then more electrodes activated inside her gloves, and she howled as her extremities were tortured.

Desperately she tried to fight the sadistic prison she was trapped within but there was nothing she could do, only hours earlier she'd had all the power in the world, but now she had nothing, she was nothing! She could not move, she could not escape, and even as the electrodes shut off she realised all she could do was lie there and take it.

She screamed at the horror of it all, screamed at the torments she was enduring, then she screamed still louder, as the hand and ankle shocks resumed, followed an instant later by another lightning bolt across her breasts. The slave screamed in agony and begged for it to stop, but no mercy was forthcoming...

Then just as she was sure it could get no worse a lightning bolt of pain erupted from her chastity belt and touched her clit sending a boiling pulse of agony through her most sensitive spot. She desperately tried flung herself around in the box, but all her efforts were dampened by the foam. There was nothing she could do as already deeply aroused by the motion of her bound body, and the twin invaders, her hypersensitive sex was suddenly assaulted by the most horrific pain imaginable. Indeed she had never imagined agony so monstrous until that moment.

She howled and thrashed so hard that for an instant she wondered if her bonds might snap, but to no avail, agony boiled through her, and her vision began to grey from the pain, but then just as suddenly as it began the shocks cut off.

She slumped in her bondage, breathing hard, shaking and crying, even as she formed those most desperate words around her gag, "Please I'll do anything," She howled horrified she could be so desperate, but already she was so close to breaking point, If the box had been opened at that moment she would have done anything, just so long as she was taken from it, and never made to return.

The problem was that Laura was a modern sheltered girl, she'd never been spanked, never fought a battle without the aid of her necklace, never been faced with total abject fear, let alone pain, she had never even broken a bone. Life for her had been one fun game; she'd gone from star cheerleader to saving the world in one big leap. Now that was all taken from her, all she could do was stay still and suffer, and she had no mental tools to deal with what was being done to her.

Desperately she clenched up, awaiting the next torture, but it did her no good, and she howled in pain again, as her tit torture activated, then howled still louder as electrodes over her heinee activated, sending yet more pulses of agony through her buttocks. She ground her buttocks together as she tried to shake the electrodes free of her body. It was futile and if she had thought about she would realise that only by removing the suit could she be free of them, but Laura was somewhere beyond rational thought at that moment.

As the electrodes cut off she gave a howl of shame when she realised that her grinding was moving her dildo and plug, and she suddenly moaned in pleasure as she realised how aroused she was. She didn't want the orgasm, except she realised to her shame that she did, able to see just a moments escape from her torment by giving into utter humiliation. Beside's no one would see, she told herself as she tried to rationalise her desire, and surely she deserved some kind of reward for her suffering, didn't she?

She ground her hips together, trying to ride her dildo to orgasm, but the chastity belt was in the way the metal strap keeping her hips from moving dildo far enough for pleasure, and then...

...A blast of pure agony, as the electrodes on her clitoris and breasts erupted sending boiling pain through the imprisoned girl's, most utterly vulnerable parts. She nearly passed out as agony boiled through her and she was sent crashing back into the depths of pain and despair.

As the electrodes cut off, hot tears boiled from her eyes and stung her face as they evaporated in her rubber prison. She howled in pure defeat, and then gave a small yelp of pain, light stabbing into her eyes as the screen snapped on again.

“An orgasm is a reward, not a right,”  
05:45:22

*But how can I earn one in here?* She thought, and then howled again, that was the thinking of a piece of property, not a free woman! *Oh and what are you anyway?* An evil voice asked inside her mind.

She howled again, and again, begging for a mercy she knew would not come...

*Please haven't I suffered enough?* She wondered, before realising her captor would not care about her needs! Winter's only desire was to get Hyperstar to serve her, Laura's needs and desires would not and did not enter into any calculation that sadistic creature made.

Suddenly as if she had been heard, the dildo suddenly activated, vibrating against the walls of her vulva! *Oh God! Yes!* She moaned into her gag, all humiliation suddenly forgotten, and a shudder of pure joy running through her as already aroused flesh reacted to the touch of the dildo.

Just as it had the pain, her near total sensory deprivation seemed to enhance her pleasure as well, cut off from all other sensation other than the wonderful shaft in her sex, she shook and moaned and screamed for joy. She was so close, she was almost there...

She exploded white hot pleasure boiling through her sex, magma of pleasure that seemed to wash away everything; there was no suit, no box, not even Laura, just that moment of pure orgasmic pleasure as she rode heaven. It was pure pleasure; she was pleasure, smiling into her gag as she desperately worked her thighs screaming hosannas of lust and orgasmic joy. There was nothing but the orgasm, nothing but the best orgasm she had ever known!

A moment later she lay panting in her hood, confused and horrified even as she still glowed in the remains of the orgasm. How could this be, how could she have had the best orgasm she had ever had in chains. She thought of the few boys she'd ever had sex with, none had come close, and not even her own fingers had come close to this.

The reason was obvious though it would be some time before she came to understand it, no man knew anything about how to please a girl, only how to please himself and

maybe her by accident (since boys come so much easier). Winter on the other hand was an expert, and she had programmed the computer to be the same, to take a prisoner to the crushing depths and then up to the dizzying highs of pleasure in one easy stroke.

*It was almost worth it* she suddenly thought, before blushing deep red at her mind's betrayal. Laura was deeply confused at her reaction to what was happening to her, she wanted another orgasm, could endure what she had endured for another orgasm, but she could not want this, for to have such an orgasm meant the pain first. How could such a reward ever match such a torment. Even as she tried to process this paradox, the screen changed again,

“Obedience is pleasure, pain is defiance,”  
05:35:32

At the same time a recording of Mistress's Winter's voice began to play, “You my property, you exist solely to submit to me. For obedience the orgasm is your reward, for defiance the depths of pain. Obey me, embrace your submissive nature and you shall know the power of pleasure!”

Laura moaned in horror, determined that she would never give up her freedom just for an orgasm! She silently vowed to fight back and to find a way to escape, even as the crushing weight of fear threatened to drown out her small act of defiance.

Suddenly the screen shut off, and she howled in pain as her breasts were tortured once again and the cycle restarted, agony boiling over her perfect mounds, and Laura screaming in agony even as she thought, *Please let there be an orgasm at the end of this!*

...

Three hours had passed or at least Laura thought they had, since the clock was her only means of tracking in the time, she had no idea if it was accurate, and no way to tell how long she lay in the darkness between messages. It might really be a few minutes, but it often felt like hours trapped in a black space of pain and pleasure, and it just might have been days! She knew that was unlikely, she'd have passed out from dehydration by now if it was days, but devoid of any markers, her sense of time was deeply distorted and it certainly felt like she'd been here for eternity.

Laura had been put through six more cycles of pain and pleasure, each time the pain seemed to go on a little longer, but the orgasm that followed did as well. Laura quickly came to understand her only choice was to obey that single commandment, obedience, total obedience. It was simple aversion therapy, teaching Laura the simple nature of her new life, the delightful reward of obedience, the crushing horror of defiance.

Having never even been spanked before it was easy for the machine to degrade Laura's defences, to force her to accept that her only hope was to obey. Each time the words appeared on the screen or the voice boomed in the box, her will had been eroded a little more; she wanted to obey, because she knew it was the only way to escape the box. It wasn't brainwashing really, just a method of conditioning Laura's reactions and breaking down her willpower, she was made to accept that the pure hell

of the box could only be escaped by obedience, obedience that would be rewarded, the orgasm's told her.

Broken she could only lay still as the last orgasm cut off and a new message at last appeared on the screen, as some program seemed to have decided she was ready for it.

Phase one: Complete  
Duration 3:42:09

*Was it over? Was it finally over?* She wondered even as she felt something dripping out of the end of the dildo in her mouth. It was water, pure water, and tired and hot, she eagerly sucked it down, barely noticing how she sucked on the dildo like it was a real cock or how the flow increased as she sucked upon it. Soon she was rehydrated, and felt a little better even as she lay trapped in the box.

Laura lay there in the darkness staring at the clock and wondering what was coming next. Suddenly the screen turned off and she gave another yelp of fear, was it going to start again, she could not take much more!

She shuddered in shame, not only at the orgasm's she'd had but her desire to give in and accept Mistress Winter's control.

Intellectually Laura knew it was her only option, if she was to have any hope of surviving she had to get Winter to trust her, so she would let her guard down and make a mistake. Emotionally the realisation that her only way to survive was to eat another woman's pussy, and take part in the most humiliating sexual acts was a bitter blow to a strong and powerful woman, which was ultimately what Hyperstar *had* been.

She tensed up, waiting for the next hammer blow to come, almost wanting it to come so she could get it over with. Instead nothing happened and she lay in her black void, exhausted and hot, her sore body shaking as she replayed the last few hours over and over again in her head.

She had no idea how long she was left alone after the cycle ended, but after a period that might have been a minute, or a month Laura felt exhaustion boiling through her bound form. For a minute the captive heroine fought to stay awake, too terrified of what might happen to let herself sleep, but as even longer passed without further torment, she let her heavy eyes close, and fell into a troubled doze...

#### Chapter 4:

Sometime later she awoke with a start to find light visible through her eyelids. For an instant Laura dared to wonder if it had all been a horrible nightmare, but then she felt the pressure of her all controlling bondage suit and knew it had been all too utterly real. As she opened her eyes however she did discover that the lid of her box was open and she shivered as she saw winter was looking down upon her. The evil Dominant seemed to be saying something but Laura could not make it out through her thick rubber bondage.

“COMFORTABLE IN THERE?” Winter repeated now shouting loudly so Laura could hear her, “THE COMPUTER *SEEMS* TO THINK YOU’VE HAD ENOUGH!”

“Please just let me go,” Laura tried to beg through the gag, but the words were mangled to nothing and the sound cut off long before it could escape her prison. Still it seemed her evil captor had heard her, as she unplugged the breathing tube from Laura’s mask, and then began to undo and remove the straps holding down Laura’s rubber padding. She then removed the padding, and then undid the straps around

Laura's body so that only her ankle hobble, wrist cuffs and the chains linking them to the chastity belt remained.

This done Winter reached in and with surprising strength she quickly heaved Laura out of the box, before helping the wobbly captive onto her feet, where Laura was left swaying beside her prison.

Laura yelped in pain as her enpointe toes took not only her full weight but also the 30 plus pounds of latex and leather that imprisoned her. For a moment Winter held her by the waist to steady her, but then let go as Laura's own strength returned.

The gas masked sex slave took her chance, trying to take off at a run, but she had half forgotten that not only was she wearing fetish heels, but also a hobble chain, which caught before she got half a step.

The result was easily predictable; Laura tripped and went tumbling back to the floor with a yelp of pain as her knees made contact. For an instant she was actually grateful for her latex prison, since it provided some padding as she fell. A moment later she was reminded of the suits true function and let out a howl of agony as the electrodes in her feet activated to the command of a tiny remote control her captor had taken from her belt. A bolt of lightning ran through her feet, and she desperately screamed "NO!" into her gag.

"Well I see the lesson hasn't taken yet, I'll give you one second chance today, but if you defy me again, it will go very...unpleasantly for you, is that understood?" Laura was unable to speak so she could not reply. Winter sighed and said, "Okay one yelp for yes, two for...well you better not say no!" With no choice Laura yelped a single helpless howl.

"It will do I suppose, procedure THREE!" Winter then shouted into thin air. Laura whimpered as instantly the mechanical arms descended from the ceiling, and two of them clamped onto her shoulders before lifting her into the air.

A few moments later, the other arms undid the chastity belt, and then Laura groaned in relief as the dildo and butt plug were removed. There was a click and Winter's voice came clearly through the speakers Laura now understood were hidden in her helmet. "Don't kid yourself; you have three minutes to sort yourself out, then the plugs go straight back,"

Laura blushed under her hood as she realised her captor could see her naked crotch even as she was lowered inside a small box shaped cubical in a corner of the room. *Oh, I guess that explains what the three minutes are for,* Laura thought as she discovered the box contained a toilet.

Once she was lowered out of sight of Winter she wondered if there was a way to escape, but the only way in and out was the arms that allowed her only enough give to sit down. With no other option she attended to her business and was lifted back out a minute later.

She gave a howl of agony as a cold water hose began to play over her crotch area, cleaning off the mess and cum of the night in the box. This done she heard more arms moving behind her, and knew what was coming. For an instant Laura shut her legs,

but then a tiny shock tickled her right nipple, not really painful, just a subtle reminder of what could happen... Laura spread her legs as far as the hobble would allow, and then she grunted in pain and unwanted pleasure as her holes were plugged once again. Moments later the chastity belt was back in place and the hobble reconnected, and it was as if the belt had never even been opened.

“Better? Good that is the one moment of privacy you will ever be allowed, do not abuse my mercy,” Winter stated then as Laura was lowered back in front of her captor,

“Now you need to learn to walk in chains, you’ll need to take small mincing steps.” Winter advised as she slapped Laura’s latex covered rump, hard enough that the captive brunette could feel it through her suit and then giggled as Laura yelped.

With no choice Laura tried to take a step forwards, wincing in pain as her distended foot made contact with the ground, utterly sure that she was going to fall over and hurt herself.

Now that she was out of the box Laura discovered just how controlling the suit was all on its own. She could walk (painfully) and wriggle her chained arms a bit but that was all, she could not turn or lower her head, she could not bend her back, or really it either. Laura had always been someone who enjoyed the feeling of freedom that came from wearing only a few clothes, now that she was buried under layers of latex it was like a nightmare.

Her eyes darted around inside their tiny portholes as she looked for something, anything that could help her situation, even as she shuddered in fear and utter humiliation. Quickly she ran through her options for escape and found none. She could not get out of the suit without help, she could not free her arms without help, she certainly could not run away, and she could not even talk or communicate in anyway but simple yelps.

She gave a whimper of shame as she realised just how totally controlled she was, just how defenceless she was, and more importantly that she could only escape with the help of others. She shuddered as she realised that the only one who could possibly help her was her captor and she knew with absolute certainty that the one thing Winter would never ever do was willingly let her go. *If I could just find my necklace I could burst out of this thing in an instant*, she thought, but she had no idea where Winter had hidden it or how to find it.

She wanted to scream and cry, but the tiny bit of fight the torture had left in her would not let her give Winter that satisfaction, instead she concentrated on walking in a straight line. For once her cheerleader training was coming in useful but Laura really wished it wasn’t for such an evil purpose!

She was still in the room in which she had awoken, though now it was properly lit and she could see the table she’d been chained upon, as well as the dozen or so robotic arms that hung from the ceiling. Leaning close so she could hear, Winter said, “You like it? This is the future of my trade, automation!” Laura just shuddered and remembered the assault of the inhuman devices.

She also realised that the vast room could never have fitted into whatever was left of the mansion she'd attacked (could it really only have all started yesterday Laura wondered, it felt like a year). Laura wondered just where she was, even as she had a nasty thought, since she had no idea how long she'd been knocked out, her captor could have taken her anywhere. She could be half way across the country or even in another one by now!

Winter suddenly grabbed hold of Laura and pulled her up short, before announcing "WALKING BOOTS" into the thin air.

The rubberised captive froze as the robotic arms came to life *NOT AGAIN!* She howled half in thought, half in a wordless scream as the strong robotic arms once more descended and lifted her up into the air. As before Hyperstar desperately tried to pull free but there was nothing she could do as the arms whirled around her.

A moment later a pair of fine manipulators moved in and undid her ankle chain leaving it and the long chain it was attached to hanging in the thin air. Laura tried to kick with her freed legs but the thick rubber remained too strong, and a moment later two more arms caught her lower legs and held them in place, as the manipulators undid the straps that held her boots in place.

Quickly they were pulled free, and Laura gasped as she was able to move her feet freely for the first time in many hours, rotating her sore ankles and rejoicing in the feeling of cool air on her bare feet. She knew that it would not last.

The cold water hose came in to play again, washing her feet clean of the grime. Then a few moments later she watched as a pair of boots were brought up in front of her, identical to the last but with the heels reduced to a manageable four inches. *Well it's better than nothing* she decided and since she knew her captor was definitely holding the controls to her electrodes at the ready she hung still as the expert machines quickly fitted her feet into the new boots. Soon the hobble chain was back in place as well and Laura was given a few moments to get a feel for the boots.

They were at least in her size, an almost perfect fit, and the heels were nothing, she'd worn higher at the high school prom! What she did notice though was the small bumps all over the insides, and she tensed herself then yelped as a single light shock ran through her feet.

It was then she realised something she wasn't connected to a power source, maybe the batteries were running down! Maybe she'd have a chance to fight- That fantasy lasted only moments as she felt something being pushed into the space between her shoulder blades, then felt connections clicking into place. Whatever the object was it was heavy and it didn't take her long to guess it had to be a battery pack of some kind!

A moment later she yelped in pain as shocks stung her hands, and then an instant after that she howled in pain as a shock crossed her left breast. Strangely enough it didn't seem quite as painful in the cold light of day, without total sensory deprivation focusing her mind entirely on the shocks. That didn't make the experience any kind of pleasant though.

Mercifully no more shocks came and instead Laura found herself being lowered back to the floor and released to stand unsteadily on her new boots. There was a click in her helmet again and Winter said “Now isn’t that better? Eight inch heels make an amazing sight of course, but even I’ll admit they are very hard to walk in, now I think it’s time we went outside for a little bit, don’t you?” Laura could not reply, so after a moment her captor added, “Well of course I’ll be teaching you just how to walk in ultra high heels, but that’s a lesson for much later on,

With that she walked over and snapped a long leash into the o-ring on the front of Laura’s collar, then holding the chain she stepped behind Laura, and then playfully grabbed hold of Laura’s ponytail with her other hand. There was nothing playful a moment later as Winter pulled on the tail, sending a pulse of pain through Laura’s scalp and then commanded, “Now start walking,”

For a second Laura hesitated, wondering if she could tear loose and do a runner, but then she howled in pain as her hair was tugged again. In some ways the hair pulling was actually worse than the electric shocks, there was just something so primeval about having your hair pulled by another woman, like the Ur torment all others descended from. Laura shuddered and then began to walk, a slow mincing gait, as she was directed towards a nearby door.

Laura was hot and uncomfortable inside the tight suit and as she walked she discovered that each step also caused the dildo and buttplug to move. She shuddered in another wave of sexual embarrassment as she became aroused while stepping through the heavy steel door.

Laura winced as daylight stabbed into her eyes, and as they cleared she discovered she was standing in a large and well appointed apartment, filled with luxury items and walled on three sides with glass. *I’m in the centre of town!* Laura realised as she saw the skyscrapers of the financial district out the windows, *and about the eighty-ninth floor*, she thought as she realised just how high up she was.

Hyperstar might not have been the world’s best heroine but after a year of flying over it, she did at least know her way around her own city, especially from high up *Kane tower? This is Kane tower!* She realised, she was trapped on the top floor of the tallest building in town!

Laura had realised that she could no longer be in the mansion, it having been rather thoroughly demolished after all. However she was still shocked to discover she’d been imprisoned in so- well once again it was the perfect hiding place, who’d look for an international criminal in the most expensive building in town. Besides no one had rented the upper floors of the tower since that fraudster had been busted for a ponzi scheme, which meant that even without the soundproofing that she’d heard was built into the walls and floors of the entire building, there were at least three or four floors between her and any help.

“So do you like my home,” Winter asked, “Come let us repair to the balcony,” she made Laura walk over to the right hand side of the room where a lift door rolled open at their approach. *If I can just push the alarm button!* Laura thought even as Winter giggled in her earpieces. “Don’t kid yourself; it’s controlled by a remote.” Winter pushed Laura into the lift, and then spun her around so she could see the blank metal

plate that replaced the controls. As Laura's despair grew a little deeper, she felt the vibration as the lift climbed one floor and then the doors opened. Laura gasped into her gag as she found herself stepping onto the large flat roof of the Kane building.

Hope soured within her; surely someone would see her now? Then a moment later she realised the flaws in that hope. The Kane building didn't have a helipad, so why would anyone fly over? The thing was so tall most air traffic was routed around, and even she'd usually flown around rather than wasting the time going up and over the thousand foot structure. No one was likely to see her from below either due to the high wall around the edges, which blocked any vision unless she went and actually climbed over it. Laura could think of more enjoyable ways to commit suicide, and she was along way from that kind of despair, she also wasn't about to give Winter the satisfaction of driving her to that!

Laura shivered; in spite of the wall it was rather windily, and rather cold as they were so high up. For the first time she was actually somewhat grateful for the suit she wore, inside a heated building it was a sweat bucket, but out here it kept her at comfortable room temperature.

"Right nothing too fancy today," Winter told her, "just the basics, Oh and I know what your thinking so don't give me any excuse to pitch you over the side if you get uppity," she added and Laura wondered if her captor was serious. All the information she had suggested Winter considered murder an act that lacked imagination (much preferring the long term torment of the living), but Laura suspected she would do it if she had a good enough reason. Winter leaned down and undid the chain linking Laura's ankles together. Laura realised defiance could do her no good at this point so she just waited as her captor reached up and unlocked her gasmask, removed it and then undid the dildo in Laura's mouth and removed that as well. "Reeze..." Laura managed into the ring gag, before her captor held up the remote and cut her off,

"Yes, yes I know you want to be a total submissive slut now, but baby steps, baby steps," Winter said with a sadistic smile. "Now the first thing a submissive needs to learn is how to present itself before its mistress." She then reached around and undid the chain holding the cuff on Laura's left arm to her chastity belt, "Don't fight!" she hissed as she took firm hold of the arm and pulled it behind Laura's back, and mindful of the punishment devices Laura obeyed, as she felt the cuff being clipped to another fitting on the back of the belt. A few moments later her right wrist was placed on top of her left, locking her arms tightly behind her back.

"I always prefer this pose, at least for day wear," Mistress Winter announced, even as Laura felt her fiddling with the balloons and then felt rather than heard the air hiss out of them. She then felt her mistress fiddling with some kind of seam hidden below the wrist cuff, and soon enough Mistress gave a tug and the hated balloons fell away. "I think these can come off now, your hands are still immobilised and you'll need to learn to use them in my service sooner or later, don't you think?" Laura was unable to respond, then gave a yelp of pain as Mistress slapped her heinee hard enough to feel through the latex, "Have we forgotten the system already?" Laura gave a single forlorn yelp of yes, "Better my pet," Winter replied as she began rubbing gel over Laura's hands.

Laura heard the snap of rubber, and then felt a thick rubber glove, slip over her left hand, for an instant she clenched her fist, until Winter hissed “Careful,” in her ear, and she opened her palm flat to allow it to slide easily into place.

In mere moments Laura’s hands were totally encased in rubber once more, and strangely enough the fallen heroine found the gloves quite comfortable, a slick second skin, that strangely felt more comfortable than the brief moment of bare flesh had been. *But I never liked Latex before?*

Suddenly she felt Winter’s hands on her hood and she moaned “Ro, ron’t ack tit rof!”

“Really you like the hood there’s hope for you yet,” Winter told her, even as she began fiddling with a hidden clip over Laura’s right ear, this allowed a small disc of latex to be removed, exposing the ear and Laura winced at the sudden return of background noise as her hearing was restored. Quickly the other ear was exposed as well. Laura meanwhile was wondering just why she hadn’t wanted the mask removed.

She supposed it let her keep the secret of just who she was, Laura was well aware Hyperstar costumes were the second most popular stripper uniform in town (after the ever popular French Maid, Laura didn’t like it but she had discovered that suing people for copyright violation was a little difficult when you refuse to reveal your secret identity in court). It was therefore just possible that anyone who saw her in the mask would assume she was just some ultra kinky heroine fetishist. However if the hood was removed the whole world would know who she was! Laura sobbed in fear and shame, wondering if it really mattered at this point if people knew what had happened to her, if only they came to her aid!

“Right lets begin,” Winter said as she picked up Hyperstar’s leash and led her captive over to the middle of the roof. “We’ll start with the basic pose of submission. Kneel!” she commanded.

Laura just stared at her, how on earth was she meant to do that when she was on high heels with no way to support herself? She then gave a howl of pain as a shock erupted over her right nipple. With no other option Laura tried to lower herself, but her right heel skidded on the tarmac of the roof, she slipped and landed on her knees with a yelp of pain.

“Well clearly you need a bit of practise, but we got there in the end, now spread your legs, and rest your buttocks on your ankles,” Winter commanded, and then followed it up with a shock to said buttocks. Laura rushed to obey and was soon sitting on her ankles, her legs spread and her privates exposed to the world. Suddenly she was glad of the chastity belt she wore, the pose was so humiliating, the way it exposed her most private parts, the angle of her legs almost inviting someone inside her crotch.

“Good, now your bondage at the moment will ensure you keep the other three parts of this pose, your back is straight, and your breasts outthrust for my inspection...” not that the corset gave Laura any choice, “...Your arms are crossed behind your back in submission, and your head is held straight. Now lower your eyes and look upon the floor,” Laura did so, well aware that it would be more dangerous for her not to obey.

Winter began pacing around her captive, “This is one of the most basic slave poses, as you can see, it provides...” she reached down and stroked Laura’s latex covered breasts so that her the captive moaned in unwanted pleasure, “...full access to all areas of the submissive, for use or for punishment punishment. It also...” Winter walked up close to Laura so that her latex covered crotch was level with the hooded prisoner’s face, “puts you at just the right level for my pleasure,” Laura howled in horrified humiliation even as Winter began laughing, “Oh don’t worry it will be a long time before you are ready for that duty. But...”

She stepped back, held up the remote and Laura howled as a massive shock stung her clitoris, causing her to collapse on the ground in agony, “...you will come to love my temple...or obey from fear, I care not which,”

Laura shook in utter humiliation, she knew it was her captor’s ultimate goal, but to have it spelled out in black and white, that she was to be made to perform lesbian oral sex! The memories of the box swam up into her agonised mind once more, reminding her of just what lay in store if she didn’t do what she was told...

“Now as I was saying, that is the most basic pose, return to it now,” Laura was afraid of another shock and so she quickly scrambled around finally managing to return to her former pose, “Good now close your legs, rise to your knees and place your head upon the ground, do it now!” Winter added as Laura yelped from a small shock to her right foot. With a little prodding from Winter she quickly took up the required pose.

Once she understood what Winter meant the result saw her kneeling on her knees with her upper legs straight, and then her torso bent at a 45 degree angle so her forehead rested on the concrete roof. Unable to move her head and with her tiny eyeholes she could not see what was going on as Winter walked behind her and picked up a riding crop from a nearby box. “As you can see this is a perfect punishment pose,” Laura suddenly howled with pain as the crop slapped against her latex clad heinee, slashing against first the right buttock and then the left, then right, then left again.

Laura howled in terror and tears pricked in her eyes, she’d never even been spanked by her parents and now this evil creature had so taken control of her body that she could be caned like some naughty schoolgirl! Once again she wondered how she could have fallen so far, and so quickly, even as she felt a nagging certainty it was all her own fault. If only she hadn’t come after Winter without backup, if only she’d made a proper plan!

“Okay these are positions #1, and #2, when I order you to do so; you will be required to enter these poses as quickly as possible. Now for one more pose you can perform as you are.” She grabbed Laura by the armpits and pulled her upright. “The next pose is “attention,” and it is pretty the same as the military “At ease,”

As the daughter of a cop Laura had seen this one before, and wanting to avoid another shock she quickly stood with her legs spread apart, and her hands crossed behind her back (the last part was rather easy, since her hands were still cuffed together). “My we are eager,” Mistress Winter said as she stoked Laura’s breasts again, “Clearly you are a deeply submissive slut and eager to learn.” Laura went red under her mask, in a way she wondered if this was a good thing, for it might mean her captor was starting to

trust her, in turn that might mean Winter would make a mistake. She still shivered however wondering if she'd seemed a little too eager to assume that last pose?

“Right now for the next pose I need to make a few adjustments,” Winter said as she quickly snapped the end of the leash into an I-bolt on the ground, extra insurance against Laura trying to escape. Once she had done this, her captor fitted a harness over Laura's shoulders, and secured this with a pair of leather straps, one across Laura's upper chest the other across her back. Laura heard something jangle on her back and she realised there were more d-rings mounted on the harness...

“Remember any attempt to escape will be punished,” Winter said as she unhooked the wrist cuffs from the belt. For an instant Laura thought about defiance, but she knew it would do her no good and would only end with her back in the box, probably for keeps, and after what had happened in there...

Laura obeyed and allowed her captor to pull her arms higher up her back and to rotate her gloved hands so that they were touching each other palm backwards, and the cuffs clicked back together. Winter then pulled the arms up so they were touching the harness about four inches below Laura's neck and her finger tips could just brush the base of the collar. Laura yelped as her hands were locked onto the straps in a pose just tight enough to be sore.

“Eventually like your feet and Ballet boots, I expect I will train your arms to touch your collar but for now this will do. This is called the reverse prayer, and as you can see it totally immobilises the captive. This is a very important pose for another reason. You will adopt it any time I give you leave to worship the sexual organs of myself or anyone else. It is a constant reminder that you are not a human being but a piece of property, and you have no God but obedience, is that understood?” Laura's eyes widened, like many people of her generation Laura did not believe, but still it was a bit sacrilegious wasn't it? Still her captor did seem just arrogant enough to believe in her own divinity; Laura decided and filled the information, wondering if at some point she'd have a chance to use that arrogance against Winter.

Laura watched as Winter stepped in front of her and held up the remote; quickly she gave a single yelp of submission. “Good, you may have a reward for that performance,” Winter said, as she pushed a red button on the bottom of the remote.

Laura moaned in pleasure, and then gave a howl of shock as the dildo came to life within her. She was already very wet from walking around with the plugs inside her and she quickly felt the orgasmic pleasure coming from within, but she was horrified at the thought of having an orgasm in front of the evil woman. Even as she thought this she was rapidly forced into exactly that as a boiling maelstrom of pleasure erupted through her bound body. She howled in shame, and the heat of humiliation seemed to mix with the warmth of orgasm. Why were they so good, why was sex here so much better than when she was free? Why?

She had fallen to her knees again as she endured the orgasm, no as she enjoyed the orgasm she realised, and as it came to an end she felt Winter grab her shoulders and pull her back into a kneeling pose. “You enjoyed that then? Good now thank your mistress!” Winter commanded and held out her closed right fist to Laura's lips. *No I can't do that!* Laura thought and tried to pull away, “Kiss or its back in the box for

you whore!” Winter roared, and quickly Laura planted a kiss on the latex covered hand.

She shuddered and moaned in further humiliation, even as Winter giggled and stroked Laura’s erect breasts, sending a pulse of happy warmth through the former heroine’s bound form. She felt happy for an instant that she had pleased her Mistress then gave a wordless howl of shame as she thought. *What is wrong with me? I can’t be enjoying this? Surely I can’t can I?*

Winter for her part, just pulled her to her feet and took up the leash, and then Laura’s ponytail causing her to give a forlorn yelp of pain, “Oh look it’s lunchtime, lets eat and then we’ll start your next lesson,”

## Chapter 5:

Lunch for Laura proved to be a baby’s bottle full of what turned out to be cold tomato soup, the idea of being made to drink her dinner like some kind of animal (or a little toddler) was another utterly humiliating experience. However Laura hadn’t eaten since dinnertime the day before (or whenever she had been captured, after all she still had no real idea just how long she’d been unconscious) and so she quickly gulped the whole thing down, and then a second one. Winter then led her into the other room, and the robots briefly removed her belt and plugs so she could use the bathroom, and then cleaned her up with the hose before her belt, and plugs went back into place.

“I should explain this is a special formula, the soup is mixed with all sorts of vitamins and minerals to keep you in tiptop shape without needing solid food. You may of course be granted solid and even pleasant food in the future but that is another reward you will have to earn.” Winter told her with malignant glee. She gave Laura’s suit and belt a quick once over, tugging on the chains to check they were all tightly locked in place and then said “Oh and by the way your suit will be removed at intervals, since it must be cleaned but you will be placed in an unconscious state at these times.” Laura said nothing and weirdly enough she actually felt glad of that, rationalising that at least she wouldn’t have to remember any more assaults by the machinery.

“Still I have to admit you’re a little bit...” Winter ran a hand over Laura’s buttocks, “...Ample in some areas, I think it’s time to do something about that,” her captor added as she led the bound heroine back into the living area.

Laura for her part shuddered and blushed once again, aware that while she was far from fat, she was not terribly fit, since she already had supernatural strength she'd concentrated more on her perfect figure which had turned out to have its own uses in combat. She blushed remembering the time she'd gotten Doctor Draco to surrender in exchange for a quick breast flash.

Those had been more innocent times however and the flaw in that approach had become rather clear due to the ease in which Winter had defeated her in the first place.

With no real options or chances to escape, Laura could only follow Winter over to a corner of the room in which a state of the art treadmill had been set up facing two of the windows. For a brief instant hope rose within her but then Laura groaned into her gag, as she remembered her own occasional flights past the Kane building. All the windows were one way glass! She could see out but even if a helicopter flew past at twenty feet no one could see in!

"I so love this view," Winter said, "I do so enjoy looking down on the little people below, why some of our kind work out of dank basements I'll never understand, this is so much more fun. Oh and of course when I'm bored, I can get a telescope and pick out my next targets," she added with a giggle.

"Rychorath!" Laura exclaimed before she could stop herself, the gag mangling the words yet not enough to prevent understanding. Realising what she'd just done Laura tensed for a massive electric shock or some more subtle torture, but instead her captor just giggled again.

"Oh I'm not a psychopath, I know right from wrong, I just really don't care. I guess I could be a sociopath, except I do care about my pretty lovers, so I must have some emotional responses, don't you think?" She cooed as she leaned in and licked the side of Laura's latex helmet. Laura for her part shuddered; the problem with Winter (she realised) wasn't that her captor was insane; in fact she was quite sure Winter was perfectly sane, and in the end that might actually be an even bigger problem than insanity. Winter was devious, manipulative, and cunning, yet she was also rational (in her own way), clearly had a plan and would not stop until she achieved her goal, that being to turn Laura into a sexually submissive slave!

As she thought about this she was led over to the treadmill, and made to stand on the rubbery strip, while her captor locked her leash onto a hook attached to the front of the control panel. "Right now to get you set up," Winter announced and Laura sighed in relief as her captor began undoing the reverse prayer, and wasn't even too bothered when Winter locked her wrist cuffs to little chains attached to the handrails.

Laura was quickly revising her definitions of comfort, and after all she'd gone through since her capture, this was actually rather pleasant! At least her arms were in a nice natural pose for once, and she could take some of the weight off her feet, (four inches might not have been eight, but the heels were still uncomfortable to walk in over long periods).

"Right we'll start with the basics, all you have to do is walk 2000 feet," Despite the hot and uncomfortable suit, Laura actually gave a little shrug, at that command. Two thousand feet roughly the distance from her apartment to the corner store! Besides

being made to walk a little way didn't seem much of a good reason to resist (versus inevitable punishment) nor did it offer any opportunities to escape so Laura just got on with it.

An instant later she gave a yelp of shock as her dildo and buttplug began to vibrate in a low power mode, and she pulled up sharply. She then gave a rather louder yelp of pain as a shock stung her left nipple. "Oh sorry did I forget did I mention you'll get an orgasm if you succeed...and pain of course if you try to stop!"

*What a cunt!* Laura thought, but kept that opinion to herself as she began to walk. The suit was heavy and while Laura had worn heels on occasion she was not really used to walking in them, (unlike some heroines she'd always preferred sensible flat soled shoes). She found herself forced to take small mincing steps like she was jumping along, in order to keep pace with the rapidly turning belt.

Each step sent a small vibration through Laura's sex, but to her frustration it didn't seem to arousing her very much, it was just too little and too far apart, and she groaned in disappointment (and then again in shame). "My we are a needy little bitch, bet you must have been the local slut the amount of pleasure you need! Winter quipped, and if it was possible Laura blushed even redder than before.

Suddenly she missed her step and tripped, barely catching herself, as her feet slid from under her. She howled in pain as shocks stung her tits and quickly pulled herself upright and started walking again, desperate to avoid another shock. It was astonishing how obedient she had become so quickly, and Laura shuddered desperately reminding herself she was only co-operating while she looked for a way to escape.

Winter leaned on the control panel, and rested her head on her hands, a loving smile on her lips and lust in her eyes as she watched her captive continue to walk. *Even dressed like that she's beautiful* Laura thought and gave another shudder.

Leaving aside the fact Winter was an evil monstrosity it was true that, while she was small she was perfectly formed, and Laura (who was slightly interested in Girls as well as Boys) might have taken a second look if she saw someone with Winter's body on the street, though for all she knew Winter was ugly as sin under her mask. Regardless as long as she was dressed head to toe in latex she looked more like some horrific inhuman parody of a woman (much like Laura herself in fact). Laura groaned wondering just how she could she be even *physically* attracted to this woman even if she could have set aside what Winter done to her.

As if hearing her thoughts, Winter suddenly stood up, then reached behind her back and began undoing the zips that held her own hood closed. She then grabbed hold of the hood and pulled it away.

*God she is actually is beautiful* Laura thought as a perfect elfin face framed by long chestnut hair appeared. She guessed that Winter could have been anywhere between the ages of twenty-five and thirty, a delicate beauty that seemed utterly at odds with what the Dominant was capable of. Laura really could have passed her in the street and never suspected, a thing, she realised. Her captor then shrugged off her coat, giving Laura her first clear look at the suit beneath.

Winter's suit was even tighter than Laura's, almost a second skin, almost as if the woman had been poured into it, and Laura's eye was drawn by the pert and perfect mounds of Winter's breasts, her curvy body, and her (just visible) camel toe. Laura felt sudden warmth in her sex unrelated to her dildo's and lifted her eyes away, staring out the window and at the distant mountains outside the city. *Not looking, I'm Not looking!* She thought as she concentrated on the view and not the perfection of femininity before her.

Suddenly Winter reached in, grabbed the O-ring on Laura's collar and pulled her down so their faces were nearly touching. "So I guess you like what you see, that's good I always prefer a woman who's already in touch with her sexuality," Laura whimpered something that sounded like "Why?" and Summer giggled again.

"Well that coat is a bit hot to wear all the time, and besides part of any loving relationship is learning to trust each other isn't it?" Laura concentrated on her walking and considered revising her estimate of Winter's sanity back to "nutter".

Suddenly the belt stopped moving over 200 feet short of the target, and Laura let out a groan of disappointment. "Why so shocked Hyperslut?" Winter asked, "After all I only have your best interests at heart, I want you to be happy, to trust and love me, and to understand I only want the best for you. Out there you faced danger everyday; here there is only love and service. I know you will come to enjoy it,"

*Yep nuts!* Laura thought, sure she'd read those books that had been popular the year before, everyone had, but how could this monster assume on no evidence that she would suddenly become a willing bondage slut just on another woman's say so?

Her captor seemed to have nothing else to say on the matter however and instead Winter walked around behind the treadmill and then reached down and undid the hobble holding Laura's legs together. Once this was done she then removed the chain attaching it to the chastity belt, she flung the hobble on the floor while telling Laura, "Don't even think about trying to kick me!" Laura's leg hadn't even moved, but somehow Winter had known exactly what she was thinking. Winter stood up and walked back to the front of the machine.

"Anyway I think we've proved you can do the basics, now I want you to trot," Winter said. *Trot? What does that mean?* "I want you to jog, lifting your legs high in the air at each step, knee bent and back down again, like well...I'll explain later," added Winter as she held up the remote and flicked a switch on the belt to start it up again.

Unsure what was going on Laura started to walk and then jog as she realised the belt was moving faster this time. She then howled in pain as a shock stung her toes, "Come on trot!" Winter demanded, and then pushed the button again for emphasis. What followed basically amounted to a jump as Laura fought the thick latex, but then the belt slowed down and stopped, "Alright we'll choreograph it first, leg up, and down again, up and down," Winter demanded, and flashed the remote with menace.

Feeling silly Laura fought the latex, until she was able to bring up her right leg, knee bending as it rose and then brought it back down again, then she fought to bring up her left and repeated the process. To her surprise she discovered that the latex was shaped

in such a way that it was actually easier to raise her leg like this than to walk normally. It was hard to spread her legs apart but walking knees almost touching and “trotting” wasn’t that bad (apart from the jumps stinging her toes as they took her weight).

“Hmm, not bad,” Winter said, “We’ll go on for another hour, but first...” Laura howled in pleasure as the dildo suddenly started up at full power and she collapsed to her knees on the belt wriggling with ecstasy, as she was quickly driven up and into an orgasm. She hardly noticed when drool again began escaping from her gagged mouth as she writhed in the pure pleasure it was becoming harder and harder to deny her need for.

“Was it good for you too?” Winter asked as Laura pulled herself upright.

...  
For the next few hours Laura exercised on the machine until her legs were sore. Winter made it clear she’d be undergoing intensive exercise over the next few weeks until she would be able to move in the suit almost as well as if she were naked. Laura had whimpered when she saw the implication of that, Winter intended her to wear latex full time!

At the end of the period it was late in the afternoon, and Winter allowed her to have another bottle of Tomato soup as she was freed from the treadmill, and her hands recuffed behind her back. She was then made to stand at attention for five minutes in spite of her aching legs as Mistress checked her phone.

Laura had had three crashing orgasms, and felt a strange gratitude towards the elven beauty that she’d been allowed to orgasm rather than suffer too much. She gave a whimper of shock at that thought, disgusted with herself. Intellectually Laura knew what was going on, she was being conditioned to respond as Winter demanded, by a simple yet insidious system of reward and punishment. It was like she was being turned some kind of pet, and the enslaved heroine felt utterly disgusted with herself, how had she had not seen it before.

“My, my you’re just a walking cliché aren’t you?” Winter said as she looked up from her phone, *Huh what?* Winter smiled and then held the smart phone close so Laura could see it.

It was the local news feed, and Laura gasped as she saw, “Police chief’s daughter missing,” it seemed that Laura had been reported missing a few hours earlier and Police were investigating. Laura noticed that the date indicated it was Saturday and she wondered how it could possibly have been so short a period of time, surely it had been longer surely her captor was messing with her? Still that wasn’t the most important thing at that moment.

“So Police chief’s innocent daughter, lucks into some powers and decides to go fight crime? I guess Daddy dearest didn’t want you on the job then?”

Laura didn’t respond not even with a grunt. That was of course exactly what had happened, and once again she was shocked how easily Winter could read her. “Laura Richardson, Laura, well that’s a very pretty name, maybe I’ll let you keep it after all? So much nicer than Hyperstar, what happened were all the good names taken?”

Laura blushed, well aware of how close to the truth that was, there were over two thousand superhero's active in the world, and while she'd have preferred Hypergirl, there were already three of those.

"Well whatever Laura, they clearly have no idea what happened to you, or of your wonderful secret," suddenly Winter touched her hand to her lips in mock shock, "Oh maybe I'd better go and get your spare uniforms before someone discovers them," *Do it bitch!* Laura thought, aware cops would be sitting on her three room apartment, looking for clues and would probably have a lot of questions the second Winter stepped in the door. Laura also recalled that Winter's DNA had been discovered at a crime scene a couple of years earlier, she wasn't in the system so they hadn't been able to get a match. Still if she only made the cops suspicious enough to do a check, maybe they'd discover this place and come rescue her. Laura shuddered, realising that she was really clutching at straws, with this hope.

"No bad idea..." Winter said after a moment, and Laura knew she'd never have been dumb enough to do that. "However I do have to go out for a bit. I'll tell you what..." she led Laura over to the middle of the room where a nest of sofa's sat, "...you have a rest here while I'm out, and maybe I'll let you watch TV, with me when I get back...I can always use a foot rest!" she added as she made Laura lower herself to the floor, and lie on her side.

She left the captive alone for a moment, while Laura tried to get comfortable on the hardwood floor, and soon reappeared wearing her leather coat, and holding her mask, "Sorry to leave you like this, but while my robots may be useful, they need a lot of spare parts and I have to go meet the latest shipment, try not to enjoy yourself to much while I'm gone!" she added as she bobbed down, planted a kiss on Laura's forehead and left...

## Chapter 6:

After a few moments Laura heard the lift descending, and then she lay still hardly daring to breathe for five more minutes, was it possible her captor had screwed up this quickly? But yes, her legs were free! Her arms were still bound but her legs were actually free!

Now her only problem was getting upright, she realised, as she struggled with the wrist cuffs, searching the metal for a way to release them from each other.

She gave a grunt of frustration as she discovered a tiny dial that turned in her fingers...a combination lock, she realised with a sinking feeling. *Okay don't panic, ah ha!* She thought as she felt the metal leg of the sofa brush her questing fingers and she grabbed hold of it tightly.

Now if she could just pull herself up to a sitting pose. She let go of the leg and then rolled onto her back, wincing a little as her wrist took her augmented weight. She then decided to spend a second investigating the battery pack on her back.

However the battery was perfectly smooth and locked tightly in place, so Hyperstar abandoned it, and she found herself hoping nothing was running on a timer at that moment. Instead she started trying to pull herself up. She grunted with the effort as she pulled herself up to a 45 degree angle, then scrambled with her feet for purchase on the smooth wooden floor.

Finally she managed to scoot backwards, and catch her head on the seat of the sofa, allowing her to use it to support herself. She then reached out and grabbed the leg, and pulled herself backwards, groaning as the tight corset fought her effort to sit upright for the first time in over a day.

She was still shocked, was it really possible that it was only a quarter to four on Saturday afternoon? She'd been a prisoner for maybe eighteen hours, and had been acting like she'd been a BDSM slave for years. Of course since a large number of those hours had been spent in that mechanical hell box (and it had seemed even longer than that)...She didn't finish the thought, instead she finally managed to sit upright, and her back stopped complaining as it straightened up in the corset once again.

*Okay next stage and I just hope this works* she thought as she lifted her bound arms so her elbows, were resting on the couch, then grunting as her spine arched again, she pushed up with her feet, scrambling to pull herself up onto her heels, and then trying to pull herself upright.

She yelped in pain as she slipped and landed on her heinee (and as a rather more urgent points the chastity belt and plugs!). *Okay need something better to push on,* She realised.

Unable to turn her head she spun her entire body, smooth latex slipping easily across the polished floor as she took in the whole room. *There* she thought as she noticed a support beam a few metres away.

Desperately trying to ignore the pain and stimulation it caused, she pushed herself across the floor in seated pose, and then spun around so her back was against the pillar. She had noticed that several ornamental steel railings wrapped around the pillar at roughly ankle, waist and neck height. After a moment she realised they were anything but ornamental, they were concealed posts for locking a bound captive to! Still they might just be able to save her now.

There were actually three sofas in the room arranged as three sides of a rectangle (the fourth was an 80 inch TV, and Laura felt a pang of envy), each a heavy thing of leather and metal. The pillar faced the side of one of these sofas, and Laura was now able to wedge herself into the gap.

She began pulling herself up, walking her latex covered hands up the pillar and pushing on the sofa with her feet. Slowly she rose; she was going to make it... Her latex clad hands' slipped on the pillars paintwork and she slipped back down with another grunt of pain.

Laura was now rather sore, and aware she'd probably done more real damage to herself (at least in terms of bruises) than Winter had managed so far. Still she wasn't ready to give up yet aware this might be her only chance to escape, and so she began to pull herself up again.

Twice more she nearly slipped back down, but finally her questing hands caught a hold of the waist bar, and she quickly pulled herself the rest of the way upright.

Breathing hard she leaned on the pillar, her waist was sore from fighting the corset, and her legs and arms were sore from the effort (as well as hours of walking), but even as she felt her sweat pooling in the suit she felt an exhilarating feeling of freedom.

It was hard to believe just standing up was so hard, but she'd managed it, and she felt a sense of achievement greater than almost anything she done before. *Mistress said I'd learn to move in this thing, but I bet she didn't think I'd do it this quickly!* She thought happily, then winced as she realised she'd thought of Winter as "Mistress."

Well whatever Winter was she most certainly wasn't her owner, and it was time to find a way out of this place. She turned around through 360 degrees as she looked the room over. She could see four ways out, the door back to the robot room (which was far too dangerous to enter, she had no idea what those arms were programmed to do), the useless lift, and two ordinary doors, one near the windows, one over behind an open plan kitchen.

The window door was closer, so she went there first, carefully picking her way along in the high heels, aware that if she fell over she'd be back to square one. She grinned around her gag as she saw the door was not quite closed, and she gave it a gentle prod with her knee, not even risking lifting one foot for a kick.

She almost whistled as she found herself in the master bedroom, dominated by a massive four poster bed, which would have been the height of luxury if not for the fact the sheets were made of latex, and chains hung from the ceiling above. The void under the bed had also been rebuilt into a cage, and the floor was lined with rags and a cheap pillow.

Laura realised with a shudder just whose bed that was. She took in the rest of the room, the book shelves (filled with just about every BDSM book or DVD ever created), the high end computer system, the second giant TV, and the amazing view of Century Bay. She also noticed an open wardrobe, half filled with fetish garments and the other expensive and fashionable street clothes, and the open door off to one side, which led to a small bathroom.

She also noticed a cheap cork pin board mounted on the wall behind the bed, *What on Earth?* She wondered as she saw it was covered in articles about her, or rather about Hyperstar. They dated back almost to her debut a year earlier, and she noticed an article about a mysterious heroine, who had beaten up a Mexican drug cartel and she wondered how Winter had made that connection.

She hadn't even had a costume then, just her wrecked hoodie and a lot of anger at the cartel scum who'd blown the Landcruiser she'd been in off the road. In some ways she was almost grateful to the drug dealers, since they'd chased her into that ancient native temple and...well long story short.

The rest were after her formal debut, blurry pictures of her flying, or fighting crooks or saving lives. It seemed as if Winter had collected everything, and pride of place went to a full body artist's impression of Hyperstar, which hung directly over the headboard.

It wasn't a bad picture (though Laura thought she looked at least ten pounds too heavy) and was probably the best one that existed of her in her secret identity. Laura was somewhat camera shy, aware that if her father had ever recognised her for who she really was she'd have been shut down faster than you could say "busted" so there were very few decent photos of Hyperstar.

Laura had thought she'd just been targeted after Mistress Winter showed up in Century City, that she'd been targeted only because she'd been doing too much damage to Winter's operation. Now however it seemed Winter had been interested in her long before that, and she wondered if Winter had come here because it was where Laura lived, did that make anyone else who'd suffered her fault?

*No I can't think like that!* She told herself, reminding herself that everything that had happened was Winters fault, nobody else's!

Unhappily for the bound heroine, Winter's collection did not include anything useful, like, oh say her necklace hung up as a trophy, or the code to the combination locks on her wrists, so Hyperstar left the bedroom and went to investigate the other door.

This door was properly closed but there was no visible lock so Laura carefully turned around, grabbed the handle, and pulled it down so the door opened, *Yay me, I guess Bondage girl's superpower is doing things with her hands tied behind her back* she thought in disgust, then turned and smiled.

She was looking out over the rest of the football pitch sized top floor, beside her temporary walls marked out the living quarters and the torture chamber, as well as further rooms that went off from the chamber and down to the back wall. This left a large space that was filled with various things from the innocent (a spare TV, enough shoes to open a shop, boxes of books and an old games console) to the not so innocent. She noted with disgust boxes and boxes of BDSM equipment, half of it stuff Laura had never heard of, (and from what she could see through the open lids of a few boxes, a lot of it stuff she never wanted to know about!). Still a narrow corridor had been left, between the boxes and which lead to a door at the back, a door with an illuminated "Emergency Exit" sign above it.

*Service stairs, bingo!*

She carefully walked across the floor, and then found that the door was closed with a fire exit style bar. With increasing ease and skill she once again turned and pushed down the bar, before slipping out on to the stair well.

Eighty or so flights stood before her, and she felt an icy pulse of fear. *Don't worry, it's only five floors to the next tenant* she thought, and focused on just how dumb her captor clearly was to leave an escape route open for her. She grabbed hold of the stair rail with her bound hands and began slowly walking sideways down the stairs.

As she walked she realised that Winter probably had a good reason for leaving a way out, after all, Winter herself would need an escape route if her operation was discovered. Winter also probably hadn't realised that Laura would be able to pull herself upright with so little practise (it had been a close run thing after all), and even if she had guessed Laura could do that, *Well I could still fall and break my neck!* Laura realised as she reached the first landing half way between floors.

She stood for a moment breathing hard and wondered how she was going to get down nine more. Still she knew she could not stop now, Winter could return at any time and she'd already wasted at least half an hour getting this far. She grabbed for the hand

rail and holding on tightly began once more walking sideways down to the next landing.

Since she was unable to lower her head, and the eyeholes limited her vision, Laura did not notice the tiny lens at the base of the wall on the third step down, or the electronic beam she was about the break...

Without warning, an alarm began to howl and Laura had a single instant to give a scream of shock, as the stairs suddenly retracted flat, turning into a slide! The captive yelped in pain as she lost her grip, fell over onto her side and slipped down the slide to land with a painful thud on the next landing.

As she did so a voice announced, "Prisoner escape in progress, containment #1 activated!" As it spoke the seemingly solid breezeblock wall suddenly split apart revealing a black void and mechanical tentacles that suddenly shoot out and wrapped themselves around Laura's feet as she tried to escape.

She didn't even have time to realise how clichéd the things were before two more shot out, and grabbed her by the waist. She was then lifted into the air, and held there as she desperately struggled to break free. *No!* She thought as she realised it had all been a trap, and that Winter had only been testing her. If she'd only stayed put, if only she'd stayed put! But it was too late for recriminations now.

She could only watch in horror as more arms unfolded from the void, and one held out an identical mouth dildo to the one she had worn before. For a brief moment she tried to fight, but there was nothing she could do as the dildo was rammed home and locked into place. A moment later padded ear pieces were slipped into the vacant slots and the noise cancelling devices within suddenly cut off her hearing.

She could do nothing as she was slowly drawn towards the void, and a heavy black gasmask appeared, already trailing air hoses, and this time with the portholes painted out in matt black. With a very final click, the mask fitted into the locking points on her hood, plunging her into darkness.

Behind her the wall closed up again, leaving no trace of what had happened to the captive heroine....

## Chapter 7:

Trapped in utter blackness and crushed by utter despair, Laura felt straps being wrapped around her ankles, knees, and waist, binding her arms and legs tightly. Meanwhile she felt herself being pushed forwards onto a heavy latex pad, her breasts slipping into built in pockets and her chin resting on a cut out at the top. More straps over her legs, waist and upper back quickly sealed her into place and then the tentacles retracted, leaving her alone.

*Oh God! Oh God No!* The captive Hyperstar screamed in her mind, nearly hyperventilating in her bondage, as she thrashed and desperately tried to escape the sadistic prison she was trapped in.

How could she have been so stupid, it had been a trap, and like the idiot she was she'd fallen for it yet again. She'd been so desperate to escape she hadn't even considered the possibility that it might be too easy! The heroine turned slave screamed into her gag, begging for another chance, but it was too late, it was far too late for that.

There was no screen, and so no signal to her senses of any kind this time; all her senses save touch were totally cut off inside the sealed suit. Even then all she could feel was the crushing weight of her bondage, suit, all she could taste and smell was rubber, and as for her sight and hearing, well they might as well not have existed. The first time around she had at least had clock to tell her how long it had been, but now locked in near total sensory deprivation she had no markers, no way of tracking time in any way, shape or form. Only her own heartbeat and the rise and fall of her chest were any indicators to her.

Time seemed to flow like water, it seemed as if hours had passed while she was in here, perhaps it had been even days, with no signal, no sounds, no nothing. No surely it could not be days she wasn't even thirsty, but still it was easy to assume an eternity was passing in her void...She howled in frustration almost willing the shocks to come so desperate was she for anything but this all consuming emptiness she now endured.

Had she been walled up to die? Would she hang here for the rest of time, slowly starving like a character in some Edgar Allen Poe story? She begged for mercy, she'd

promised she'd be good, a perfect submissive lesbian lover, if only Winter would just let her out?

Suddenly her isolation ended and she gave a howl of pain as a shock touched her buttocks, sending a red hot bolt of pain through her body. Deprived of all distractions, if felt ten times worse than even before, as if her body was being rent in two but a bolt of pure energy.

She howled again as a second shock erupted this time striking the soles of both her feet. She shook and thrashed, and desperately tried to escape but there was nothing she could do as a boiling pulse of pain suddenly erupted into both her perfect nipples. The latex clad prisoner screamed but there was to be no mercy as shocks boiled across her heinee, toes and nipples, repeatedly as she struggled and howled and suffered in the worst agony of her life.

Suddenly it cut off, and she hung sobbing in her bondage, unable to do anything but shake with fear. Why had she tried to escape? Surely trying to regain her freedom hadn't been worth this, surely if she'd had been a good little girl, surely if she had not betrayed her Mistress's trust she would not have suffered this!

Why had she thought that, even as she realised that compared to this her hours with Mistress Winter had been almost paradise, for when trapped in the bowels of hell, even purgatory appealed. She had nothing but her thoughts, nothing but the eons of silence to consider the depths of her mistake.

It wasn't so bad what Mistress Winter was offering, was it? Orgasmic pleasure for simple obedience, that wasn't so bad, was it? But Mistress Winter had done this to Laura, she reminded herself. *Yes and if I hadn't defied her, I'd be upstairs right now playing a kinky little game, instead...* Her thought was cut off as the shock pads over her buttocks roared back into life, and another cycle began.

The cycle was simple, buttocks, feet, breasts, buttocks, feet, breasts, then repeat twice more and stop, then a long period of silence with nothing but her mind for company. She grew somewhat delirious in her sensory deprivation and her broken mind began to rationalise her suffering.

Again wondered if she deserved this, yes Winter had tortured her in the box, but she had attacked Winter first, and she'd been nothing but nice today, trying to offer Laura a new way of life, and she'd slapped it away. Was life as Winter's property really so bad?

She thought about how easily she'd been caught and wondered if it was fate, her necklace might have broken at any time, what if it had been while fighting some drug dealer and she'd got a 9mm to the head? At least all Winter wanted was for her to be her lesbian lover. And besides Laura was already bi-sexual, if given a chance could she not adapt to the submissive place in sex.

She thought about how simple it had all been today no danger of death, no gruelling investigations, no lying to everyone she knew, all she'd had to do was obey and be rewarded, and she had chosen to throw all that away, to end up like this.

She begged into the dildo gag, screamed for a second chance with all her might. However her only reward was a drink of water that suddenly began dripping into her mouth, eagerly she swallowed it down, before an instant later it was followed with another round of punishing shocks. *Please just let me obey!* She thought, even as she suddenly felt the dildo start up within her sex.

As much as she wanted to deny it Laura was aroused by the movement of the dildo's as she struggled and she was quickly pushed towards orgasm rising on a pillar of fire and pleasure. She howled in submissive pleasure as the orgasm boiled through her, a blazing flame of lust that seemed to boil away everything else. For a long moment she was free, riding a pillar of pleasure to the exclusion of all else but then she crashed back down into her black prison...

Left in darkness and despair she had nothing to do but think, and a memory rose to the surface, of the time when an eighteen Laura had found those old VHS tapes of 70's exploitation movies her father had tried to hide from her.

She remembered the film she'd chosen at random, of a free spirited American girl, who'd been arrested by the communists, accused of spying, and made the plaything of the lesbian warden of an eastern bloc prison.

She also remembered the warden's pet, a girl, naked but for a bondage mask, who'd been led in and made to pleasure the heroine, while the girl was bound to their captor's bed. Laura had found her fingers in her sex at that point and had turned the video off in utter shame...astonished that any form of bondage could turn her on so.

*Alright so maybe I do get off on bondage, but not this!* She told herself even as she wondered if a year might have gone by while she waited forgotten in her prison. She wanted to serve Winter she realised; she knew that she needed to serve Winter, even if it was only to escape this...

Her mind broken she now searched around for justification for giving in, Laura knew that she would serve if freed, knew that if given the chance she would do nothing else but obey her mistress. Events were forcing her to accept her true submissive self, and as the weeks seemed to go by all she desired was a chance to prove it, any chance at all...

...

Laura hardly dared to believe it when she felt something loosen the straps that held her in place, and was sure she was hallucinating when she heard a pop as the air hose disconnected. Only when she was suddenly lifted out of her cage and lowered shaking to the floor did she dare to begin to believe. *Please, please don't let it be a dream!* She thought to herself, after so long had her freedom come at last?

A moment later her ear coverings were removed and as sound returned she could hear familiar footsteps, was it really her Mistress out there and not the machines?

Suddenly she gave a yelp of pain as the mask was pulled away and light stabbed into her dark adapted eyes; she blinked away tears to find herself looking up into the face of an angel, or rather Mistress Winter. "I'm sorry about that, but you had to be taught a lesson and this was the only way you would learn it," the little Domme said as she leaned over her prisoner, and carefully pulled the dildo out of Laura's mouth.

Laura tried to beg into the gag, but instead, her captor put a finger on Laura's distended mouth to silence her, and then reached behind Laura's head, where she undid the posture collar and a moment Laura felt the zipper on her hood being raised. Once the zipper was far enough up the collar was strapped back into place, and then the zipper pulled all the way over, allowing the slave hood to be pulled free and her sweat soaked face to be revealed.

Laura how much time had really passed, wondered why she'd been allowed this mercy now, even as she began to mumble, "Please...I...sorry," as she worked her mouth, sore from being gagged for so long,

"I know you are," Winter said as she stroked Laura's filthy hair, "and I know how hard that machine was to endure, especially six hours of it, but I cannot have a lover who will not obey me,"

Six hours, surely Winter was lying, it had to be longer than that surely, and it felt like weeks. Surely Winter was just playing with her? Laura did not understand just how sensory deprivation could mess with a victim's sense of time, all she knew was just how long it had seemed to be, not how long it really was.

Laura struggled speak so deep in shock from all that had happened to her, but finally she managed, "Please, please don't put me back in there...I'll do anything you command" she begged utterly broken and ready to submit to Winters Will.

"I will not put you back but only provided you accept your place. You have two very simple choices; you surrender utterly to me, and agree to be mine for now and forever. You will accept the training I will give you and work with me as I transform you into a perfect submissive and loving servant. You will do this without further rebellion and defiance, or I will sell you to a buyer I know in the Thailand, and whose always looking for white girls to work in his whorehouse." Laura shuddered, aware that if she was sent to Thailand she would not only be a slave, but she'd be forced to fuck dozens of men a night, at least she was only the property of one sadist now, how much worse would a hundred be? Forced to serve sex tourists and perverts from around the world, no nothing could be worse than that...almost nothing, she added as she glanced at the torment machine.

"I will obey," the terrified captive said, without emotion or resistance. Strangely Laura felt as if a weight had lifted from her chest. It was all over, the worst had happened and she could just give in, no one would think less of her for surrendering after what she had endured, so she might as well just accept her fate, anything was better than the alternatives after all...

"Good girl. Your full training will begin tomorrow, it will be very hard and probably painful but you will succeed I am sure of it, now open your mouth." Obedient to her Mistress's will Laura opened her mouth wide, and was quickly sealed back inside her helmet. She was helped upright and then she allowed herself to be led back upstairs, into her captor's world...

## Chapter 8:

After a fitful night sleep imprisoned in the cage under her mistress's bed Laura was awoken very early the next morning with a spray of knockout gas to the face. She then rather later in the morning, feeling rather cleaner, but already sealed back inside her latex suit. It was the first of many cleaning sessions she would sleep through going to sleep filthy and smelly and awakening perfectly clean in her polished black and red latex.

Nothing much else had changed however as she was given a breakfast bottle of cold soup and was then made to kneel beside her mistress, as Winter sat on the sofa watching the TV.

Laura's arm bondage had been changed, her wrist cuffs hung free while a second set of cuffs had been fitted around her elbows and linked by a chain across her back. This left her forearms free to hold up a heavy tray, which was also supported by a strap around her neck. The bacon, eggs and strong coffee her mistress had placed upon it made her Laura's mouth water but the captive knew very well she would not be enjoying any of the food. Instead she was simply expected to stay perfectly still as her captor enjoyed the meal, aware she would be punished for any accidents.

It was a little hard to concentrate however when your own mysterious disappearance was all over the news. All the local news channels seemed to be carrying stories about how she had vanished on Friday night and no clue as to her whereabouts could be found. It seemed that evidence had been discovered at her apartment of a struggle, the place having been found half destroyed when the police arrived. "Muh?" she found herself wondering, as Winter giggled and said,

"Oh yes I paid a quick visit while you were "indisposed" yesterday evening, after all I could not let them compromise your secret identity now could I, and besides I do so love watching the Police grind their gears," she added as Laura's father appeared on the screen making a tearful appeal for her return.

For a moment the former Hyperstar let herself feel a slight twinge of hope, wondering if Winter in her arrogance had screwed up. Maybe she'd left behind some clue that would lead back here, she thought, but then she realised that was rather unlikely given her actions so far. Besides she also knew very well how competent (or not) the CCPD was, the city wouldn't have needed a superhero if they'd been good enough to catch someone like Winter. *Not that I was good enough either* she thought unhappily.

Her captor didn't even seem to be watching the TV anyway, Laura could hear beeping as she played with a tablet computer, another bit of enjoyment Laura suspected she would never have again. She heard Winter give a chuckle and then say, "So all this time I thought you were some big bad heroine I needed to break and educate into submission, and now it turns out you're into BDSM after all..."

*What!* Thought Laura as Winter held the Tablet in front of her face, *hey she's got the same model as...that is my tablet!* Laura realised, guessing that Winter had stolen it when she broke into Laura's apartment.

She then gave a whimper of horror at the video clip that now started to play; it was one Laura recognised instantly.

About a year previously she had dated Andrew Metcalf, a tall handsome black guy; he'd been a few years older than her and into experimenting in the bedroom. He'd also been a bit of a voyeur and when she'd finally kicked him out (she'd caught him with another girl and hadn't been impressed when he offered a threesome) he'd left his tablet computer behind. He'd never come back for it and Laura had decided to hang it, along with the video files he'd stored on it.

Laura had never been sure why she hadn't deleted the files, (if she was honest she got a bit of a kick out of seeing herself doing it on camera), but now one of them had come back to bite her in the ass!

The film showed Laura lying on her bed in her old college dorm room, naked but for a blindfold and the silk ties that bound her wrists and ankles spread eagle to the bedposts. Laura struggled and moaned as Andrew appeared, equally naked, his cock well erect and a cheap fly swat in his hands. Laura watched as she was spanked for being a naughty slave, and then begged him to let her suck his cock like the slut she was.

It was only one of a dozen experiments she'd undertaken with him, there was another tape with the roles reversed (Laura had quite enjoyed that one as well), but as she watched herself, naked and deep throating the tall black guy, Laura felt her pussy grow warm even as she watched her amateur attempt at BDSM humiliation. It had been her only real previous experience in bondage of any kind and she gave a howl of utter shame as she remembered enjoying the feeling of loss of control at Andrew's hands.

"Yes a deeply submissive slut!" her Mistress said, "You really shouldn't have tried to deny your true self Slave, now I know the truth, I'm going to work twice as hard to make you my pet," Laura gave a howl of shame and humiliation. Horrified that her Mistress now knew part of her was actually enjoying this.

Still she reminded herself that her current suffering had very little to do with the events in the film, after all that night with Andrew, she'd had a safe word, and it had been little more than foreplay before a long night of sex. This time she had no choice and no safeword to stop her captor if she went too far (Laura was well aware that her Mistress had gone too far a very long time ago!)

Still grinning at her discovery, Winter finished her breakfast and then started on the days “training.”

...

Firstly Laura spent nearly two hours on the treadmill, half the time just walking as fast as she could to avoid the shocks, the other half “trotting.” She still had no idea what the “trotting” training was for but to her surprise walking in the suit and moving in general were rapidly getting easier as she grew used to wearing it and underwent her intensive fitness training.

After that Laura had spent an hour out on the roof, running through the poses she’d been taught yesterday, she was also made to walk around the roof as her Mistress began training her to walk differently, breasts and buttocks outthrust, her hips swinging from side to side her, so that her every motion was a display of submissive sexuality. “You are far too masculine,” Mistress Winter had informed her, “You walk like you own the place, and instead you will walk like the fearful and submissive slut you are,”

Laura had recovered a little from her torture and a large part of her still wanted to defy Winter but ultimately her will to resist had long since given out, and after a few shocks to the buttocks she began walking exactly as demanded. At first she only did it when she was told to, but Winter assured her that through constant repetition it would become second nature for her...

By lunchtime (more soup, and a light salad for mistress) Laura was exhausted, coated in sweat and wondering what horrors she would have to endure during the afternoon when Winter suddenly said, “I know, lets go out for a Sunday afternoon drive,”

*What the hell?* Laura wondered just what the evil Domme had in mind, “Yes a drive,” Winter repeated, “We’ll go see the sights,” she added, “But first you’ll need a slight change of clothing.” *Am I going to get out of this suit!* Laura wondered, suddenly straightening up from where she had been kneeling slumped beside Winter’s dining room table. Suddenly she felt a tiny bit of hope once more.

Winter stood up, stepped behind her captive and undid the straps that closed the posture collar, before beginning to remove the hood that sealed coated Laura’s head, “RO! RON’T!” Laura exclaimed, as the hood was pulled free and the gag popped out of her mouth. “No...” she moaned shocked at how much she missed the hood. Why on earth would she miss it?

The reason she realised was that while wearing the hood she could hide away, almost pretend someone else was doing the suffering, detach from her own identity, and more importantly she could not be recognised by anyone who knew her, or anyone who’d ever seen Hyperstar. As shocking as that seemed (since it might lead to her rescue) that was actually the last thing the enslaved heroine wanted, to be found like this, for the whole world to know of her humiliating fall into sexual submission and lesbian torment. As she thought this through her mistress produced a new hood.

This new hood appeared to be very much like the old one, with eye, ear and nose holes, though the mouth was covered by a piece of latex rather than fitted with a ring

gag. The latex had a single small hole at the centre just wide enough to take a straw. The hood was black except for an oval over the face itself that had been coloured flesh tone, and two red lips painted around the mouth hole.

Mistress turned it inside out and the slave allowed her to slip it over her head with no resistance what so ever, save a shiver of shock running up her spine at her own total submission. Quickly the mask was fitted into place and then the collar strapped back to Laura's neck. Once this was done her captor held up a mirror so Laura could see herself.

From a distance the mask could almost pass for a real face but that was not the most surprising thing, as Laura discovered just how effective a gag it was. There was nothing in her mouth, yet with the tight and thick latex moulded around her skull she could not open her mouth more than a few millimetres or make any intelligible noises. *Well at least I can't suck a pussy with this on* she thought as she tried to find a little bit of good in all of this.

Next Mistress removed the hair cone which allowed Laura's ponytail to hang naturally down her back. Laura who'd become quite used to the cone felt a strange sense of disappointment at its removal. Mistress pocketed the cone and then demonstrated how much more control the free hanging length of hair gave her. The hair "leash" may have been short, but a single tug was enough to remind Laura just how effective it was.

Laura's ankle cuffs had been reconnected for Lunch, and were now left as they were. However her wrist cuffs were undone from their locking points on her chastity belt one at a time, this allowed her to slip her arms through the sleeves of a cheap tan trench coat, which was then belted around her waist. Her hands were then fitted into the pockets which proved to have small holes cut inside them which allowed her cuffs to be locked onto the sides of the chastity belt. Once this done Winter raised the coats hood so it covered Laura's latex coated head and left only her "face" visible.

The result if seem from a distance would look like an entirely normal woman, and only when an observer got in close would they be able to see her ankle hobble or the fact her "face" was a mask and become suspicious.

After quickly dressing in her own leather coat, and then accessorising with an expensive hat and dark sunglasses, Winter led Laura into the elevator and used the remote.

This time they travelled a lot further than one floor, as the private elevator rapidly descended down the building...

## Chapter 9:

The elevator finally stopped at basement level, and the doors opened to reveal a small private garage, and a very expensive looking black SUV, complete with leather seats and tinted glass windows. Laura was made to get in the back and sit in the middle seat, where she was secured in place, both by a seatbelt and small clips that attached to rings hidden under the folds of her coat.

As Winter got in the drivers seat, and started the car, Laura realised that the vehicle would complement her disguise. Seen through the distortion of the tinted windows she'd Winter and she would seem like just a couple of women out for a drive.

Laura's eyes darted around as they drove down Central Avenue, watching the crowds going about their normal Sunday afternoon's, she wondered why nobody seemed to her as she struggling in her bondage, her defiance somewhat rekindled with freedom so close. *Please I'm right here, save me!* However instead of rescue she could only watch a normal spring day, as people went about their lives without a care in the world.

After two days sealed in the cocoon that was the apartment, to suddenly be out on the streets of the city, was absolutely shocking and utterly terrifying for her. To be so close to freedom, yet so far away, to be a tortured sex slave, not held a mile in the air, but inches away from ordinary folk who seemed not even to notice her, was her suffering really invisible to her, *Why could no one see her?*

Laura knew intellectually that since the car was speeding along at about 40mph, the windows were blacked out and she was in disguise, it was unlikely she'd be noticed, which didn't make her feel any better.

She could only watch as the world she had lost swept passed her, she watched a couple kissing, a girl her own age driving an expensive car, oh why was no body noticing her? But again why should anyone notice her, they could not see her chains could not know her true status. Regardless she still felt hurt no one came to her aid, even as she also felt glad no one had seen her like this.

Soon enough they had worked their way out of the city, and then they were heading into the mountains. To Laura's surprise (having long come to expect the worst) Winter did not electrocute her, start the dildos or anything else but instead just let her sit there as they drove on for almost an hour.

In some ways that was worse as for the first time since her capture Laura had nothing to distract her, nothing for her to do but sit still and wonder what cruel torment her captor had in mind for her this time. She ran through everything she'd endured,

replaying it over and over in her head, surely it could not get worse, she had obeyed; she had followed Winter's rules, so surely it could not get any worse?

Once again she shuddered wondering just how she possibly find any enjoyment from what had happened to her, how she could find any pleasure in submitting. The problem was that Laura did have a closet masochist side and this was a fact winter now knew about indeed it was what made her so susceptible to Winter's perverted "training" in the first place, a part of her got off on pain and humiliation.

Also Laura, having now seen the very worst that could happen to her being, was quickly coming to realise that being Winters sex slave didn't seem that bad. Laura wanted to please Winter, because that would earn her a reward, and also let her escape a punishment, every time she obeyed it seemed to get a little easier.

The fallen heroine knew she was being conditioned, that she was being brainwashed into acceptance of submission and slavery, and strangely she found herself wishing it would go quicker. She almost wished she could just become the perfect Slave Winter wanted right there and then, deep down she knew she would come to accept and obey without question, and if that was the only future she had, then right now she'd almost like to just get it over and done with.

What was the point of trying to defy her conditioning anyway, she wondered. Laura was well aware she could not save herself, and it seemed no one was coming to her aid, so she was going to be programmed as a Slave either way, why not just try to make the best of it?

Tears erupted from Laura's eyes, and she began sobbing in horror, disgusted at her own rationalisation for accepting, no enjoying the results of torture!

Hearing Laura's cry her mistress suddenly reached back and stroked her slave's latex covered legs, saying "There, there I know this is hard, but you have to come to terms with your true self or you'll never be at peace," the SUV slowed down and pulled into a lay-by, and once stopped Winter release her seatbelt and leaned over her prisoner.

Once again Laura was struck by how beautiful she was and the bisexual heroine again wished that Winter had a personality to match her looks. "I really don't know what your problem is anyway, I mean you clearly wanted to get into BDSM, and am I really the worst thing that could have happened to you? Tell me did you ever hear of a girl called, Princess Infinity?"

Laura shuddered, she did know who that was, and in fact you might call her the object lesson for the superhero community. Jane Fitzgerald had been a brilliant scientist who'd managed to create a strength enhancing suit and set out to fight crime. Sadly the suit had been damaged by AK-47 fire during a battle with the forces of Don Draco (one of the worst drug Lords the country). Jane had been captured and for a long time that was the last anyone heard of her.

She hadn't been found for six months; time she'd spent chained in to a filthy mattress a bedroom, and forced to take crack cocaine and Meth until she was hopelessly addicted, worse she had been gang raped daily by Don Draco and his men. Each evening she'd been driven to a different town, and forced to work as a prostitute. The

taskforce of heroes who finally found her had ended up breaking the no killing rule, so angry had they been, and Jane was still in an asylum in New York State, driven utterly insane by the trauma.

*At least I'm only at the mercy of one sadist* Laura thought even as she wondered how much difference there was between what had happened to the Princess and what was happening to her. Both of them had been strong powerful women, and both were being turned into the exact opposite by brute force.

“Yes I thought so, look I honestly don't want to hurt you in fact, well in fact I love you,” Winter declared. “You know that is the real reason why I lured you to me, such a beautiful girl, but so vulnerable. I was watching on TV that moment when your necklace first fell off...”

*Thanks for reminding me!* Laura thought, it had not been one of her better days, fighting a bunch of arms dealers, the laces holding the necklace together had snapped from wear and tear, and she'd barely managed to lay hands on it before a bazooka round slammed into her chest. She'd come closer to being strawberry jam than she wanted to think about.

“...I knew if it happened again, you would die, but if I took you, if I kept you with me, or sent you to one of the loving Mistresses I could sell you to, then you'd have a long happy and erotic life, in the perfect bliss of submission,” Winter reached into her pocket and Laura's dildo began to gently vibrate as Winter added; “Isn't this better for you?”

“Better how!?” Laura demanded into her gag, her frustrations getting the better of her for an instant, more convinced than ever that Winter had to be crazy. Clearly Winter had understood her garbled cry for the hand returned to the pocket, the dildo switched off, and Laura braced herself for more torture, but instead Winter just smiled at her.

“You really cannot see it? I have set you free, no more danger, no more battles, no more fear of dying, just a simple life of obedience and submission. You never need to make another choice, never have to fight another battle, just embrace what I know you desire deep inside, a life of pleasure and service,” She leaned closer to Laura's rubber clad face, “I can see it in your eyes, the desire, you see a slave is truly free, free from responsibility, free from the crushing weight of the world, free from everyone relying on you, free to just love,”

Laura gave a howl of terror; certain that her captor was insane, yet once again wondering why not she should not just embrace what Winter wanted her to be. She could not deny that Winter had tapped into her own deeply buried desire for whips and chains, why else had she responded so to her torment so fiercely, unless she truly enjoyed it. She should be a broken wreck yet she had enjoyed the orgasms so much, she wanted them so much, it was almost like a drug addiction, could one be addicted to shame and torment?

It was almost as if by being driven to such crushing depths of despair by the torture, she rose so much higher because she appreciated the reward so much more than a quick round on Friday night with her latest boyfriend. To her utter horror she even found herself reconsidering the sensory deprivation.

Of course the shocks had been horrible (though she reminded herself that she had attacked Winter, and tried to escape) but absent of that, the orgasms had been the best she'd ever had. She remembered that time with Andrew as he'd fucked her while she was bound and blindfolded. Free of any distractions, her mind totally focused on the orgasm to come, she had ended up having one of her best orgasms ever (at least before now). Had not the suit merely been a more powerful version of the same thing, removing all the distractions and leaving her only the pleasure and pain?

*How can this be happening, I've been a captive for two days, how can this be happening so fast?* She shuddered and began to struggle, determined to prove she was not yet a slave.

"You are quite there yet," Winter said, "But soon you will accept the truth, until then I will keep teaching you the same lesson..."

## Chapter 10:

They resumed their journey and the car drove on for another ten minutes until Winter finally announced, "We're here." She pulled off down a dirt track and went on for another five minutes until they arrived in a deserted circular clearing surrounded by trees on all sides.

Once they stopped, her mistress freed Laura from the car and made her kneel beside the bonnet. "Do not try to turn around, or to look at what I am doing in anyway," Winter ordered as she moved off to the trunk and began unpacking something and making a lot of banging and crashing noises.

Laura longed to have a look and see what was going on, but in spite of this she did not move an inch, just taking a moment to rest in the peaceful and cool spring day (though in the suit it was more like high summer). The slave knew defiance would do her no good, if she'd tried to run she'd be caught and punished, better simply to wait and hope whatever her captor had planned wasn't to unpleasant.

After all she only really suffered when she tried to fight back, all Mistress really wanted after all was for her to be a good girl...

Laura whimpered, she might not be able to fight back, but she was not giving Winter her mind, she would not let herself be reshaped into what Winter wanted her to be, (well not yet anyway).

"Okay it's ready!" Winter called as she walked up behind Laura and quickly pulled her upright, and then allowed the slave to turn around. *What on earth?* Laura thought as she found herself facing what looked for the entire world like a lightweight two wheeled pony cart. Actually that was exactly what it was, and Laura had a sinking feeling as she realised exactly what fetish Winter planned to subject her to this time.

"Tell me slave do you know what a Ponygirl is?" Laura noticed the clips for attaching her cuffs to the shafts, and saw the padded grips to allow her to hold it like a rickshaw, or like a two legged pony. Laura blushed surely she was not expected to pull Winter around the field like she was some draft animal? But she realised that was exactly what her Mistress planned for her to do.

"This is actually one of my favourite fetishes," Winter said, "It combines exercise in the great outdoors, and utter submission, I mean what could be kinkier than denying your own humanity?"

Laura shook, that really was too much for her, a strong desire to turn and run away rose within her, however a moment later Winter said "Oh please... Now step between the bars and we'll have no more of that." Winter had the remote in her hand and as quickly as it had begun, the former Hyperstar's defiance ended.

Her Mistress (a title that was becoming more and more normal in Laura's battered mind) stripped her out of her coat, and then recuffed her arms to her chastity belt using longer chains that gave Laura enough reach to be able to grip the shafts of the

cart. Her Mistress then took off Laura's high heeled boots and replaced them with a pair of flat soled work boots.

Laura actually found the boots rather uncomfortable at first, as her feet had adjusted to wearing the high heels, but as her feet settled it was good to be standing on flat feet again even if she knew it was only for a little while. "Eventually I will train you to pull a cart in heels, perhaps I will even train you in pony shoes if you prove adept enough," Winter said; "now I just have a couple of other things to give you before we begin." She held up a small red object and Laura gasped in shock as she recognised the domino mask she had worn as Hypergirl.

"Normally when I remove someone from their old life, they are expected to give up every aspect of it. But I feel this mask is an important part of your new identity. I know I told you I might let you keep Laura, but that was before you defied me, and besides I hardly consider it an appropriate name for a fallen Superheroine turned sex slave," As she spoke Winter had been rubbing glue around the edges of the mask, and now fitted it onto the latex hood so it was aligned perfectly around the eyeholes. "I have therefore decided to rename you Hyperslut, so get used to it, for it is the only name you will have from now on!"

The newly christened Hyperslut howled in humiliation but she was well aware there was nothing she could do. A part of her even wondered if it was half way appropriate, a perversion of her former name, for the perversion she was being turned into.

Hyperslut was now led over to the front of the cart and made to stand between the shafts. Winter then lifted the shafts up and made Hyperslut wrap her hands tightly around them before snapping her cuffs onto the locking points. Hyperslut adjusted her grip, and discovered that the cart was not very heavy at all and she could move it easily (with a passenger that might change).

Mistress Winter now went back to the car and then came back with a leather head harness which she showed to Hyperslut. A series of black leather straps, it fitted easily over Hyperslut's head, and was quickly locked in place.

Two blinkers were held either side of Laura's head removing her ability to see anything but what was directly ahead, while a strap under her chin was attached to a long pair of horse's reins! Stranger still a strap across her forehead supported a huge two foot tall plume of red feathers, sticking straight up into the air and adding to the appearance of a human pony.

Laura whimpered into the hood as she felt the feather swaying in the wind, shuddering in humiliation at this new and strange addition to her fetish torment. Winter stood watching her slave for a moment before she suddenly snapped her fingers, and said, "I can't believe I almost forgot about this," and produced the hair cone from her pocket. She quickly fitted the cone back around Laura's ponytail, so it was once more held high over the slave's head.

"You know what would complete this costume," Winter said, "A ponytail, down... here," she said as she leaned over to look at the back of Laura's chastity belt. *What like a tail?* Laura thought, wondering if it was actually possible to die of embarrassment. "Oh well we can get one for next time," Winter said after a moment,

“Of course I’ll have to get one that mounts at the waist, I have never seen the appeal of ones attached to a buttplug, unless the ponies on all fours it just looks weird.” *Yeah I am going to die of embarrassment*, Laura thought wondering if there was any end to her owner’s sadistic imagination.

Winter took hold of the reins then walked back and sat in the seat of the little cart. “Okay this is rather simple, we’ll start with basic movement, just you walking and pulling the cart, and then we’ll do some show training I think,”

Winter snapped the reins, then when Laura did nothing she added, “That mean’s go,” in a hiss.

Laura began to walk well aware of what would happen if she failed to obey, and she began pulling the cart behind her. To her surprise the cart moved easily over the rough ground, it hadn’t rained in over two weeks so the soil was nice and solid, and the cart was well balanced, the wheels turning easily as she walked.

Laura was suddenly grateful that for all her immense skill at sadistic evil, Winter was tiny, more than six inches shorter than Hyperslut, and also good deal lighter. This made pulling the latex clad beauty around far easier than, say a three hundred pound man would have been.

That didn’t stop the latex clad sex slave from whimpering as she walked, or a pulse of pure embarrassment and shame running through her body. In some ways this almost seemed like the worst thing that had happened to her; sure the other torments had been horrible but to be reduced to a beast of burden! When she thought it over though she realised it wasn’t that bad, it was just a kinky version of a rickshaw after all! Could she really think the box was less evil than this; at least she was out in the fresh air for once!

Mistress tugged on the reins, so that Hyperslut’s head was pulled slightly to the right, and the slave instantly understood the meaning, adjusting her course, even as she realised she obeyed without even the threat of punishment. A moment later a tug to the left, then a couple of cracks of the reins that she realised meant walk faster.

Laura’s new boots did not have a hobble chain but Laura quickly grew tired from fighting the stiff latex and leather, Hyperslut really hoped Mistress didn’t plan to have her try and run!

Instead Mistress pulled back on the reins, shouting “Whoa!” and bought Laura to a stop.

“Well done, I barely had to command you, guess you really are a natural,” Laura blushed again. “Now remember what we practised this morning and yesterday” she cracked the reins to set Laura walking again.

This was more difficult, the thick latex fighting Laura as she began to high step across the field; however it was easier than it had been on the treadmill, since without the moving floor or high heels she didn’t have to worry quite so much about tripping and falling over.

As usual any motion moved the dildo's and sent a small pulse of pleasure through Laura's sex but she quickly discovered that the constant pendulum motion of the hi-step "trot," moved the plugs even more than simple walking had. She shuddered in pleasure and then began to walk faster, allowing her desire for orgasm to override any will to resist.

There came a tug on the reins, "Oh no you don't, keep it slow, you need to earn it,"

Laura gave a moan of shame, realising that not only had she tried to use the suit to pleasure herself, (rather than being forced or ordered to do so) but her captor had realised what was happening and was determined to ensure that she "earned" her pleasure!

"Swing your hips," Mistress commanded, "Yes I like that!" she added as Laura obeyed, and Hyperslut realised her captor was staring at her perfect latex covered rear end. *Well it could be worse*, she realised, *at least she isn't spanking or shocking it.*

Mistress made Laura walk around the clearing in a big circle, Hyperslut's sex growing more and more aroused, as the captive heroine began to groan in frustration. She often seemed to get close to orgasm, but whenever she did her captor would force her to slow down or even stop for a moment. Once that happened her arousal declined and she had to start all over again! *Just let me cum!* She thought then added *oh no!* As she realised that once again her need for orgasm, had overridden her hatred of her situation. Shocked she tried to will her body not to orgasm but she was well aware that was a lost cause.

Still it wasn't like she could do anything about the situation, and even as she tried to slow down further so as not to stimulate her sex, Mistress shouted, "Oh no you don't!," and cracked the reins.

A moment later Laura gave a howl of pain as shocks stung her buttocks and at once she sped up, abandoning her hi-steps for a fast walk, then as small but constant shocks stung her buttocks, she broke into a low run, even as her legs grew sore from the effort.

"Come on faster; let's see if I've at least got a racing pony here!" Winter demanded, as the constant motion of her plugs pushed Laura closer and closer to orgasm. The shocks suddenly cut off and Laura heard Winter demand "Come on cum; you horny little bitch!" and as she rose towards orgasm all decorum was forgotten.

Hyperslut was close, each step sending a pulse of pleasure through her sex, Oh God she was so close, so close, until finally one last step pushed her over the line. Orgasmic pleasure exploding through her body as she raced across the field, all embarrassment forgotten as she basked in the glow of orgasm!

Unfortunately Ponygirl's in the glow of orgasm should not really be in charge of machinery, as Laura discovered when while she was distracted by her reward she failed to notice a root sitting in her path. Her booted foot caught in it, and she tripped, sending her sprawling to the ground in a howl of shock and then pain as her knees

made contact, while behind her Winter screamed “OH FUCK!” as she was tipped out of the cart and into the dirt.

*Oh shit! Oh Shit!* Thought Hyperslut as Winter appeared in front of her, the Domme’s clothes now caked in soil. Quickly she sat down beside Laura and began undoing the chains holding her cuffs onto the cart, then pulled Laura free so she was lying across the smaller woman’s legs. “That was very silly, a pony must pay attention to its surroundings at all times, I mean a horse can do it so why not a human?”

Laura reflected that when you are wearing a mask with eye holes the size of quarters, you’re in strict bondage, also including blinkers and a collar that makes turning or lowering your head impossible it was rather hard to see things. Somehow Hyperslut doubted Mistress Winter would see it that way though. Sure enough...

“Well that was very silly, and I should shock you...but on the other hand it was an accident so...” Laura yelped as Winter raised her hand and brought it down across Hyperslut’s latex clad buttocks, sending a sudden jolt of pain through the shapely captive.

*Oh fuck no!* Hyperslut thought as the hand rose and fell spanking her like a naughty child! Laura had never been spanked in childhood and the constant stroke of the palm was just about the most humiliating thing yet, not for the pain but the simple horror of being spanked by another woman!

Suddenly the spanking stopped and instead Mistress began massaging Laura’s buttocks instead, causing the slave to moan at the pleasant touch of the expert hands on her enslaved body. “There, there I know it was only an accident, you’ll do better next time right?”

“Ressss!” Laura managed through her hooded and sealed mouth, as Winter giggled and Hyperslut shook in horror at how easily she had agreed with her captor...

Chapter 11:

Weeks passed and Hyperslut's life settled into a kind of demented routine. She was awoken early in the morning from her prison under her mistresses bed, fed (and every second day) cleaned.

She would drink her breakfast, the sedative within would take effect, and Laura would go into a deep and dreamless sleep for a couple of hours. She would then awake to find herself much cleaner and often with changes to her suit.

The second time she was cleaned up her suit was replaced by one that looked identical. However she quickly discovered that not only was the latex much thinner, but the tens of thousands of bumps were missing, instead she simply felt a few small lumps where electrodes touched her breasts, buttocks and feet.

She was grateful that she now wore a suit that was much easier to move in and rather less uncomfortable, though she soon realised that it was not for her benefit. The suit would allow her to perform tasks for her mistress much more easily. She was also well aware that since the whole apartment was a prison, there was no need to keep the broken captive in such strict bondage.

One mercy she did appreciate was the removal of the buttplug, she still had to wear the dildo but it was much less uncomfortable without the vicious thing in her back passage.

She'd been put back in the four inch heels, but the new hood she'd worn as a pony had been retained, something else Hyperslut appreciated for the slightly lowered discomfort it caused.

She still wore the cuffs at all times and the hobble most of the time, and her collar always remained in place, ensuring that she could not turn her head.

One thing that never changed even on those occasions when Mistress made a change to her costume while Hyperslut was awake, was that she was never allowed to see her true face. Instead (on those occasions when she actually saw a mirror) she only saw the mask of Hyperslut, and the blank skin tone mask with the painted on slightly upturned lips became as intimately familiar as the face sealed away underneath.

Over time it even seemed to become more familiar. After weeks without seeing it Hyperslut found she was forgetting elements of Laura's face, almost if her former appearance was being erased from her memory, much as her former personality was. Hyperslut wasn't sure she minded, her face was a constant reminder of who she not only had been but never would be again. Better to keep it locked away so she could focus on accepting her new life.

Once she had been cleaned, she always spent an hour walking on the treadmill, encouraged both to build up her strength and to walk both in a sexually suggestive manner and also as a Ponygirl. Both were humiliating and were a constant reminder of her fall, and even worse were the occasions when her mistress shortened the hobble to a tiny six inches, forcing her to do a submissive shuffle as she walked. As time passed however Hyperslut's shame grew less and they came to seem more natural than walking in a regular manner ever had.

The day always started as Mistress meant it to go on, with constant training. Sometimes the pony cart would be set out on the roof, and Laura made to pull it for hours and hours, other times, she was made to practise her slave poses.

About once a week she was taken by car out to the clearing and made to practise pulling the cart long distances. Unlike the first time she now made these trips curled up beside the ponycart in the trunk, and she actually found it kind of comfortable lying there in the dark. Well except for the third trip, where she fell asleep and Mistress spent all afternoon punishing her. She never fell asleep in the car again.

Most humiliating of all was “domestic training”. She was locked in the elbow cuffs and chains, which left her lower arms free and then a latex maid’s apron and tiara were wrapped around her body. She was then given a feather duster and made to clean, a section of the apartment, a spanking with a riding crop her reward for failure, even if she only missed a single speck of dust!

She would be made to hold a bowl of grapes in one hand, and fed her mistress them with the other. She was made to kneel on all fours and act as a footstall. She was made to undergo posture training, a book on her forehead as her mistress waited with the crop.

Hyperslut’s training was constant day after day, every action reinforcing her slavery; she had no days off, and no free will, only her constant unending captivity. Any failure was severely punished, any rebellion no matter how tiny crushed.

Gradually as her lessons took hold, Hyperslut’s skill as a slave grew, she moved gracefully in her chains, her buttocks swaying, she went about her duties eagerly always careful to get every speck of dust or obey accurately any command of the reins as she pulled her cart.

Hyperslut knew there was no escape, no relief, only constant submission to her domineering mistress. If she wasn’t already broken before then every punishment, every failed defiance pushed her a little deeper into submission, every moment caused her to grow more resigned and even comfortable with her altered destiny.

Over time she was punished less and rewarded more, and when she was punished it was with the smack of a hand, or a riding crop rather than the cruel torment of the electric shock. The punishments were needed less and less as she accepted her need to submit. Her life revolved around a few simple facts, a slave obeys, and a slave is rewarded if it obeys, she was a slave and she wanted the reward, so she always obeyed...

Hyperslut wasn’t stupid she knew she was being conditioned as a slave, but she no longer desired to fight that conditioning. She had accepted her new world, slavery came to seem almost natural, the outside almost scary, her mind rationalising what had happened to her, and allowing her once buried desire for submission to flower...

Chapter 12:

On the Thursday night, of her seventh week in slavery, they finished up a long day of slave training, Hyperslut was covered in sweat under her blank mask, and she was

being led by the leash back to her mistress's bedroom, where she expected to be put in her box.

Hyperslut spent eight hours out of twenty-four there, though the former heroine knew that a good night's sleep was far more for her owners benefit than hers. Strangely Hyperslut found she actually slept quite well, and mercifully she did not dream so exhausted was she at the close of each day.

She entered the room and as she'd been taught immediately knelt by the door of her cage ready to crawl inside and be locked up for the night.

However instead of the cage, Winter motioned for her slave to rise to her feet, and then reached up and began to undo the collar...

Blind terror ran through the slaves mind as she howled "RO REASE RON'T." Winter stopped,

"You don't want me to take the mask off?" Hyperslut whimpered, sure she was about to be punished, "Well okay, but hold still,"

With that Mistress walked away for a moment and then returned with a pair of nail scissors. Hyperslut stood frozen in place, as Winter took hold of the latex mask and pulled the part over her jaw away from Hyperslut's face. She then carefully cut open and oval over the mouth, cutting away the fake smile and exposing Laura's mouth underneath.

The damage to the mask, removed the pressure keeping Hyperslut's mouth shut but she had not been given leave to speak and so she stood there in perfect silence as she awaited whatever was coming next. She never considered it would be Mistress asking a question. "So why do you not want me to take off the mask? You may speak freely,"

Hyperslut had not been allowed to speak since the day she was captured and for a moment she wondered if she remembered how, but after working her jaw for a moment she said, "Because it is my true face, Mistress, the face of the slave I am now, I do not wish to see my former face, for has no meaning to me,"

Winter smiled, "Very good, yes this does seem more appropriate for you does it not? Very well then, I will never remove your hood again while you are awake, you will not have to look upon your past, now come on, it's finally time," she added as she stepped behind Hyperslut. Hyperslut was curious what her Mistress meant by that but she knew better than to ask, so she simply waited for whatever was to come.

Winter spun the combination lock on the chastity belt, and pulled it apart, before dropping it to the floor. She then reached in and removed the dildo causing Hyperslut to moan in pleasure as the device slipped free slick with the former heroine's cum. Most astonishingly of all, Winter then locked Hyperslut's cuffs together in front of the slaves body, and for a moment Hyperslut felt a flush of pride, as she realised how much Mistress must have come to trust her. Once she'd probably have reached out, slipped the cuffs over Winter's neck, and strangled her, but she knew she would never do that now, that was what Hyperstar would have done, and she was Hyperslut.

“It is time for the most important lesson of all my love, now lie down on the bed,” the confused slave did so, giving a tiny moan of pleasure as she sunk into the soft mattress and latex sheets. Meanwhile her mistress pulled open a zip on her own suit that covered her own pussy, then climbed onto the bed and straddled Hyperslut so she was knelling just over the slave’s mouth.

Hyperslut gasped, realising that the moment was here at last, the moment she herself had demanded so many weeks before, and as she looked up into Winter’s neatly shaved pussy, she felt her own pussy grow wet at the sight. “Now slave what do you say?”

Hyperslut did not hesitate, knowing it would be the choice between her own orgasm or rampant torment, “Please may I suck your pussy, mistress?” she asked barely hiding the desire for it she felt. She blushed for an instant but she was ready for what was coming.

“Good, you may begin,” her captor ordered as she lowered herself to within an inch of Hyperslut’s mouth. Hyperslut had never even kissed a woman before (unless you counted that time Winter had kissed her gag), but after weeks of conditioning, weeks of torment and weeks of crashing orgasms she knew she would obey any order of Winter’s no matter how depraved.

Hyperslut’s mouth opened and she extended her tongue to probe Winter’s sex, the taste of girl cum reaching her lips as she stroked Winter’s labia and clit, and a moan escaped Winter’s mouth as Hyperstar tasted the delicious nectar of her mistress.

Hyperslut moaned in humiliation mixed with pride as for only the second time in her life she gave pleasure with her tongue, she was almost overwhelmed by terror, what if she got it wrong, what if she could not pleasure Winter and was punished for it?

Fortunately Winter at least knew what Hyperslut was meant to be doing, “Lick slowly, long and slow, yes like that, oh yes, now use your lips, kiss and suck, yes, yes like that, oh like that, yes! Now suck harder, harder, now use your tongue, get it in the hole, round and round, and suck and suck. Swallow the cum! Swallow you little bitch, oh God yes!”

The hot musty scent of girl cum filled Hyperslut’s nose as Winter gave a howl of pure pleasure, as she came long and hard and cum poured into Hyperslut’s mouth. “Keep going!” Winter demanded, “Keep going!” she repeated as she grabbed Hyperslut’s head and pushed her deep into her pussy. Hyperslut tongued her mistress as hard as she could, even as she felt arousal growing in her own sex as she swallowed more and more cum.

Hyperslut howled in shock as Winter pulled away from her mouth, realising for the first time she had become aroused by the simple humiliation of being forced to have oral sex with another girl.

Until that moment she had still been able to sort of deny the arousal the ruthless subjugation sent through her. She could pretend it was the dildo in her sex, forcing arousal upon her, but now with her pussy empty for the first time in ages she still felt

a boiling desire. She felt a fierce need to be controlled, to have the dildo back so she could be granted the reward of a slave, the reward she needed so much. Instead of doing this a smiling Winter simply said, “My turn!”

Hyperslut’s body betrayed her once again, as she almost cummed just watching as Winter pulled herself off of Hyperslut’s face, slid down Hyperslut’s latex covered body, and pulled Hyperslut’s legs apart. “Do you deserve a reward slut?” her mistress asked, “Does any slave deserve a reward for that woeful performance?”

Hyperslut knew at once just what she was expected to say, “No Mistress,”

“No what?”

“No I do not deserve a reward,”

“Well maybe you do, you need a lot of practise but I think, this might suffice as reward for your work tonight.” With that, Winter extended two latex clad fingers and shoved them deep into Hyperslut’s soaking wet sex.

Hyperslut moaned in pleasure as the fingers rammed home and expert digits began to manipulate her pussy towards orgasm. “Now little Hyperslut, tell me what you are?”

“I am a slave, Mistress,” Hyperslut announced,

“Good and who owns you?”

“You do...Mistress,” Hyperslut replied as a warm pulse of pleasure boiled through her sex, she was getting close now, so close.

“What is your purpose?”

“To obey, Mistress,”

“And obey you have, so take this as a reward, the reward of a true slave from it’s mistress,” and with that Winter sent Hyperslut crashing into orgasm, a boiling magma of pleasure that made Hyperslut scream for joy.

“I won’t lie to you,” Mistress said as Hyperslut came down from orgasm, “you need practise but you have finally kept your promise,”

“Promise?” then quickly Hyperslut added, “Mistress,” even though she already knew exactly what her Mistress was referring to.

“The day I bought you here, you said you would fuck me, and so you have,” Hyperslut well remembered the insult that had been the last thing she’d said before the first gagging, and blushed in shame at her words as Mistress added “Perhaps you still need punishing for that?”

“Please Mistress I am sorry I insulted you,”

“Thank you I have wanted to hear that for quite a while. I forgive you and from now on you will taste my juice regularly, now what do you see.” Winter said as she reached down and picked up a small mirror, and then held it up to allow the slave to see her face.

Hyperslut looked at her blank mask, ruined by the cut around her mouth but still her true face, the face that Hyperslut would show to the world for the rest of her life. The face of a trained, collared and submissive slave one who finally understood her true nature.

The moment when she had grown wet, while pleasuring her mistress had been the final nail in the coffin, the moment she knew her former self was gone. She had finally accepted the arousal that ran through her every time she served her mistress, the arousal her captor had spent so long bringing to the surface, the arousal of a slave.

She knew she could not be saved, even her own father had given up looking for her, the case closed through lack of evidence, she knew that Laura Richardson and Hyperstar were gone and all that remained was to embrace her true self, the slave Hyperslut...

Finally Hyperslut whispered, “A slave, mistress, a happy slave.” Her voice was barely audible yet it was pregnant with submission, with acceptance of her new life and her transformation into a slave. She accepted now that this was what she was, there would be no more denial, no more resistance only a slave who would try her hardest to please her mistress every day of her life.

“Now that wasn’t so hard was it?” asked Winter as she lay down beside her slave and snuggled up to her. “That’s all I wanted, for you to embrace your true self, to embrace the world I can show you,”

Yes Hyperslut understood that now, understood the world that Winter had given her, even as she had been snatched away from the world she had known, replacing it with the love and submission of a slave to her dominant mistress. The world that she knew would be hers now forever...

THE END

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