

# HYPERSTAR 2

- Ponygirl Training -



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## Chapter one:

A big black SUV drove down a side road just outside of century city, its tinted windows reflecting the bright late afternoon sun while preventing anyone from seeing inside. The passenger and driver within could still see out but the darkened glass kept the driver's secrets were safe from prying eyes

The passenger in the back-seat of the expensive SUV looked almost normal at first glance, a tall and shapely woman, hiding her beauty by wearing a tan trench coat with its hood up. However a closer look at the girl revealed the terrible truth. Underneath the coat her legs were coated in the black latex lower half of a catsuit, her feet encased in heavy leather boots with towering heels and which were linked by a short silver chain.

A close inspection of the coat revealed the many steel rings that locked it down to the seat, and as the girl shifted slightly in her bondage the coat pulled open and revealed the open zipper over the catsuit's crotch, and inside this could be seen a chastity belt with a small hole to reveal the slave ring mounted in the girls clit hood. Finally there could be seen a short chain linking the ring to the seat and this ensured that every motion of the car would send pulses of agony through the girls most sensitive and sexual region.

Although the tight coat hid the girls upper body, it could not hide the red leather posture collar that encircled her neck and which ensured she could not turn or lower her head. This was itself encased in a latex hood which was mostly black apart from an oval of flesh tone latex covering the girls face.

From a distance the mask could have passed for the girls real face but close up it was clear to see that the mouth was painted on and the hood was so tight that the girl could not even open her mouth to speak. Her eyes were visible through tiny holes in the hood and while the mask was expressionless the pure terror in her eyes was enough to reveal she was not a willing captive of the cruel slave suit she was wearing.

If any doubt remained to an observer about what this poor woman was the silver ring mounted in her nose would dispel all doubts. The girl was a sex slave, and a very unwilling and unhappy one indeed. For until just a few days before, Laura Richardson had been a free woman, in fact she had been a superheroine known as Hyperstar. But that was all in the past, now she was only a slave, no more than the property of another human being who was determined to break her will and awaken the submissive her mistress was sure lay within...

...

Pain blazed through Laura's clit as the ring mounted through it's hood, was tugged painfully by every motion of her captors car, as they turned off the main road and down a dirt track somewhere up-state from the city. Worse than the pain (if that was possible) each tug stimulated the clit as well, sending a pulse of pleasure to join the agony, and further reminding Laura of her growing perverted desire for pleasure and pain. The sensations thrilling and horrifying her all at the same time.

*How could this have happened* she wondered, but the former heroine was well aware of just how her fall had occurred and her own role in making it happen. Acting on information received she'd decided to try and capture Mistress Winter, a vile villainess who'd been kidnapping women from all over the city to "train" and sell as sex slaves.

So She had taken that tip off, walked into a trap and been captured, her necklace of power taken from her, and then she'd been sealed inside the tight, hot and uncomfortable slave suit she now wore. In retrospect it now seemed obvious that it had been a trap, she'd just barely begun her investigation into Winter when an anonymous sources had dropped the woman's location right into her lap. With hindsight she realised that she should have realised it was too easy and that it was possible Winter had fed her the information for her own reasons.

She especially should have taken the time to investigate the "base" before she launched her attack, but she'd been so sure of her abilities, so confident of victory she'd barrelled in with barely a thought, sure her powers would protect her. She supposed it was even more ironic that her own arrogance had led her into a trap but her own compassion had then snapped it closed.

She'd entered the mansion Winter was supposedly using as a hideout, by crashing through to the basement (which was always a fun trick when you could fly), only to find herself surrounded by cages filled with naked and bound sex slaves. Instinct had kicked in and she'd torn open the first cage, reaching out to save the terrified black girl inside.

She'd realised it was a trap the instant her hand went through the girl's body, but the discovery that it was a hologram had come too late because even as she'd begun to react, Winter had attacked from behind, cut the necklace free from her throat and knocked her senseless before she could grab it back.

She'd awakened to find herself trapped in Winter's real hideout on the upper floor of the city's tallest building. She had been encased in her bondage and then two days of hell followed as she suffered in her torture suit...

Once again she catalogued the horrors of the suit and the terrible things that had been done to her body by her sadistic "owner."

Her slave uniform consisted of a suit made of tight form fitting latex, so tight it was like a second skin, and covering everything from her ankles to her neck. The arms and legs were black, while the torso was coloured an orangey red colour, painted like the swimsuit she'd once worn as her Hyperstar uniform. A series of white stars were picked out across the suit, mocking the proud symbol she had adopted as her logo in her former life.

Each breast was trapped inside a reinforced latex pocket, and over the nipples a pair of white plastic stars had been mounted. Though you could not easily tell from the outside, these stars were held in place by pins that had been fitted through the holes

that now pierced Laura's nipples. The heavy stars were a constant tugging presence on her nipples, and they could be removed and replaced with a heavy steel ring for "play" in mere moments.

If that was bad enough there was the chastity belt over her sex and the slave ring that hung down from the small hole that exposed her clit. This belt had nothing to do with chastity however, since it actually held in place, a six inch dildo that constantly filled her vulva, and a four inch butt plug that was rammed deep inside her anus.

The chain that currently locked this ring to her seat was easily the worst torture of all since it was just short enough to constantly pull on her tortured and sensitive nub, and every motion, every vibration of the cars engine was transferred painfully and worse pleurably to her hood.

Her hands were sealed inside black latex gloves, while her feet, were sealed in leather boots with four inch heels, and which were almost always linked up by a hobble chain, that was in turn linked by a vertical length of chain to a d-ring on the base of the chastity belt. Her wrists were orbited by cuffs, which were currently chained to her chastity belt by means of combination padlocks.

Around her waist she wore a red leather corset that accented her already near perfect hourglass shape, while around her neck she wore a heavy leather collar, which reached from breast bone to chin, and ensured she could not turn or lower her head.

Her head meanwhile was sealed in the black latex hood, from the back of which erupted her long blonde ponytail. The oval of flesh coloured latex covered her face, in which two small holes were cut for her eyes, while a pair of red lips were painted on, with a tiny hole the size of a straw at the centre. Although the tight latex was an effective block on speaking the only mercy was that the hood was a little more comfortable than a gag was. However since she was still sweating buckets inside the suit and the coat she was wearing only made it worse.

Finally there was the hole in the mask over the base of her nose, exposing her nostrils and septum, and the heavy steel ring that was mounted through the latter. Of all the torments of her slavery she currently saw this one as one of the worst. The heavy steel ring swung gently back and forth, banging against her latex coated upper lip, and just visible if she looked down her nose. It was just so humiliating to wear it, to be pierced through her nose like...well cattle. It was a constant reminder that she'd been reduced to nothing more than property.

The cheap tan trench coat with its hood pulled up and which combined with the tinted windows of her captor's car, served to disguise just what was being transported within.

The result left her barely looking human. She looked more like some kind of giant doll, a sex toy for her perverted mistress, a human robot fit only for sexual torment and service...

In the end wasn't it true that this was exactly what she had become, a piece of property, a toy for her mistress to play with, a canvas for her captor's perverted designs? She howled in pain as the car bumped over a pothole and the chain tugged harshly on her clit, sending further equal waves of pleasure and pain through Laura's bound body.

She almost orgasmed even while she screamed in agony and she howled in utter disgust and humiliation, raging against the treason of her own body, why did she seem to enjoy this? OH WHY!

She must have tried to scream that last part because someone began to laugh. It was the short woman in the drivers seat, who Laura had come to know as her depraved Mistress, the monster known as Winter. The pint sized she-devil grinned as she looked at Laura in the rear view mirror, and replied, "You know why, you know why its so good, its because this is the real you. Why don't you just embrace it? You know you want to!"

Sitting in the middle of the back seat, Laura could only see the back of her captor's head, her long black hair, and her tiny frame. It was still a little hard to believe that this tiny women, no more than 5'4" had defeated her, stolen her powers and done this too her, but it was the absolute truth.

Winter was unfortunately a highly trained fighter, and once Laura had lost her powers; Winter had been able to defeat the heroine with utter ease. She might have been small but she was perfectly formed, a pint sized wonder who looked to have been poured into the latex costumes she wore.

If she had passed her in the street, then the bi-sexual Laura, would have probably considered her captor rather "interesting." However Laura was now well aware that Winter's perfection was matched by her cruel and inventive sadism, and Laura could only wait, suffer and see what new torment was to come...

Laura had no idea where they were going, only that they had been driving for hours, and Winter had mentioned something about "Ponygirl training." Laura had no idea what that meant, but she knew whatever Winter had in mind, it could only mean even more sadistic suffering for the chained sex slave.

Another pulse of pain ran through her body, and Laura closed her eyes and tried to hold back tears. She wanted to scream and rage and throw herself at Winter, she wanted to fight back, but visions of her earlier torments, of sensory deprivation, body modification and torture after torture welled up in her mind. She wanted to fight but she was already too scared, deeply aware of how cruelly any resistance would be punished.

The suit she wore was horrible, but for all its discomfort it was a horror she could tolerate, where as the alternative was agony the likes she had never before conceived of let alone experienced. Just as her captor had probably intended she had quickly

learned the difference between bad and worse, and so she sat still, endured her suffering, and hoped she did nothing to earn further cruelty.

She hated herself for being so weak, but what could she do? She knew there was no escape, she'd had that lesson burned into her brain, and if she had been forced to accept that slavery was her only future, then she had to obey if only to avoid worse. She screamed again, what was wrong with her, why could she not fight, she was a hero, heroes didn't act like this!

Sadly she knew she was wrong because the truth was she had been a hero, but now she was just a weak broken woman, a very scared woman who had been tortured into submission and could take little more. Once she had believed in the high ideal's of truth, Justice and freedom, but right now all that mattered was survival...

...  
Distracted by physical torment and mental anguish, Laura did not notice the car had slowed to a stop, until Winter announced "We're here,"

Laura looked up and saw that the car had stopped in front of a large chain link gate, which was about twelve feet tall, and topped with coils of razor wire. A fence marched off from either side of the road into the distance, and a discreet hut stood near the fence, manned by a tall black man dressed in casual t-shirt and shorts.

He smiled and stepped out of the hut as he noticed Winter's car pull up, walked over and looked in the window, as Winter lowered it. He whistled and looked Laura over with obvious lust in his eyes and said, "Gee Debbie, another one? Though I have to say she's an excellent catch. She got a heroine fetish?" he added clearly noticing the design on Laura's suit.

Winter glanced at Laura, then turned back and grinning said, "No actually this is Hyperstar, well was anyway," the man's eyes widened, but then he began to laugh,

"Yeah and last time you said you'd captured a princess, I get you and your prostitutes get into the game but I'm just the gate-man, here."

"I resent that Charles," Winter said with a scowl, "I have never paid for the service's of my lovers, I have never needed to,"

Charles looked like he wanted to say something but then shrugged, said "Well have fun," turned and walked back to his hut, and pushed a button.

The chain link gate rolled open, and Laura yelped in pain as the car started forward once more...

...  
"He's a nice enough guy of course, but ever since that incident with Holly Gaiman, he's not been the same." Winter said as they drove on down the dirt track.

*Senator Gaiman's daughter? But she's dead!* Laura thought, recalling the daughter of a senator for the next state, who'd gone missing a year or so earlier. It had been a

major mystery, and the senator had been forced to resign when it was discovered Holly had been using drugs and charging them to her father's credit card. She'd last been seen arguing with her dealer over money, and he'd been suspected of (and recently convicted of) murdering her over the dispute.

As if reading Laura's mind Winter said, "No she's alive and living on a farm in South Dakota. I suppose I can't really blame Charles, the "fetish nun" whose been working for him turns out to be a senator's wayward daughter. She's a massive bondage freak and he's just found out the truth, when she goes missing. I'd be paranoid to, especially if I hadn't succeeded in framing that dealer." Laura shrugged in her bondage, when she heard that last bit, by all accounts that dealer deserved worse than a life time in jail, she felt sorry for Holly though, trapped in the same horror story she was...

After a moment her addled mind caught up...wait if Holly was a willing BDSM player, then why would Winter have been...Seeing understanding dawn, Winter said, "Yes this is a bondage club, a very private, very open minded one. You can sell yourself as a slave, you can buy yourself a harem, modify your slave however you want, just as long as all players are willing. Needless to say I never told them about not obeying that last part, and when I found out who "Holy" the latex nun really was I couldn't resist."

She turned and flashed a grin at the horrified heroine and added, "Of course I do have a slight soft spot for this place, so after I sold her as a pony-girl, I framed a local dealer for her murder."

"Well here we are," Winter said, "Take a look at that," *Huh just looks like a farm...* Laura thought as buildings came into view, but then she saw what was standing in a field beside the road, and thought, *OH MY FUCKING GOD!*

At first she thought she was seeing a group of draught animals pulling an old fashioned plough across the field, but then she realised that the "animals" were bipedal, they were actually human beings!

There were four women hitched to the plough, each in their mid-20's or so, each naked, and with their hair chopped into a Mohawk style. Each had the same piercings that Laura had, wore hobble chains on their ankles, and had their wrists strapped behind them, while in their mouths each wore a bit gag.

The girls all looked tired, yet there was a glitter in their eyes and they actually seemed to be smiling into their gags, and Laura began to suspect they were willing participants. Laura also noticed they had a "tail" of hair hanging down from their buttocks. After a moment she realised the "tails" were actually attached to a butt plug, and she winced in sympathy, her own plug was a dull but constant ache.

A white man walked beside the plough, bald, aged about forty five, and carrying a whip which he regularly swung at the girls. One of the girls screamed as the whip lightly touched her back but it wasn't a scream of pain, and after a moment she forced the gag (which was not buckled very tightly) out of her mouth and swore at the man,

“What the hell do you call this! I paid to be disciplined, and this butt-plug is too loose, I want a tighter one!”

They drove on and Laura could not help joining Winter in a giggle at what they had seen. Winter said, “Well I guess some people are never satisfied, do you know who that was my sweet?” Laura could not reply but in any case she truly had no idea, and so after a few seconds Winter added, “That was Sweet Sux, the porn star, I guess she shouldn't keep doing so much anal!” Laura shrugged in her suit and decided it wasn't really that funny.

They drove on and soon reached at a farmhouse where they turned into a gravel car-park, and a few moments later pulled to a stop in the far corner.

Winter got out of the drivers seat, then climbed into the back and sat beside Laura, “So then, what do you think of my friends “kingdom?” They are rather proud of it, a micro-nation dedicated to Domination and Submission, hidden away from the rest of the world.” Winter stroked Laura's latex coated breasts and as the slave moaned in unwanted pleasure as Winter added, “Of course I'd rather they were more liberal about “unwilling” slave's but I guess that can't be helped,”

*How the hell could we not know this was here?* Laura wondered (by this she meant her and the City police department), sure they were in an isolated spot, in a valley at the foothills of the local mountains, but they weren't really that far from the city! Then the truth slowly dawned and she felt hope well up within her, if these people only had willing slaves, if this was just a sort of giant fetish club then...if they found out what had happened, maybe they would help her!

“I know what you are thinking, but as you may perhaps have guessed these people have no idea who I really am.” Laura knew that was probably true, when “working” Winter always wore a mask and it was very unlikely, “Debbie” was her true name. “Good then you understand that I know what you probably want to try, and you also understand they have no idea how to find me if they discover who and what I truly am.”

Laura didn't understand and Winter giggled at her confusion, “Oh yes I haven't shown you this yet,” she added as she reached up and unzipped the front of her catsuit, pulling it down to the waist and revealing the jewelled belt she was wearing. Ice flashed through Laura's veins as she recognised the gems Winter was wearing, they were the components of her own necklace, the gem's that had given Laura her superpowers!

“Yes you see don't you?” Winter said, “Now if you reveal your nature as an involuntary slave to anyone while we are here, then not only will I fly you straight back to the tower, but I will also come back and abduct every other woman on this estate and torture them as I have tortured you.” Winter smiled then added, “Of course I know your moral code may have been compromised by your suffering, so in addition to all that, I will also put you back in my sensory deprivation and torture chamber and leave you there for a week,”

Laura gasped in horror, surely not! “Yes I will, now will you be a good girl, obey all orders and at least pretend to want to be a slave, or shall we see what's left of your mind after I finally pull you out of the box?”

Laura whimpered, to her disgust she could rationalise away letting the women here suffer. She could try and tell herself they'd probably enjoy it and it was probably what they wanted anyway, but on the other hand she really didn't want to go back into sensory deprivation, the last time had nearly destroyed her.

Besides which, if nothing else she really didn't want anyone else to get hurt because of her, because deep down she knew she'd ended up a slave out of her own sheer stupidity, and even if she had no chance of escape no one else needed to suffer for her mistakes. After a moment she grunted in what she hoped sounded like agreement.

Winter grinned, “Good girl, you are finally learning, perhaps I'll even give you an orgasm if keep your side of the bargain,” Laura groaned half in shame, half in unsuppressed desire, and she went red under her mask. “Oh stop moaning, we're here to shop after all, not to hear you complaining,”

*Shopping? What the Fuck?*

## *Chapter 2*

Laura howled in pain as the clit chain and her restraints were undone and she was then helped to her feet, her legs on fire from sitting still for so long, and then suddenly taking her full weight on her distended toes. “Oh don’t be such a baby, all you’ve endured and a car trip makes you scream?” Laura glared silently at her captor, watched as Winter held up a leash, and then suddenly Laura realised her mistake. Sure enough rather than snapping the leash to the o-ring on the front of her collar, Winter instead reached up, and clipped it to the ring through Hyperstar’s nose.

Winter tugged on the leash and Laura gave a yelp of pain, then whimpered as Winter said, “Now just remember, the more you resist the more I’ll have to punish you, so unless you want this attached to your clit, I suggest you keep your opinion’s to yourself, is that clear?”

Laura whimpered, her clit was still very sore from the car ride, and she was sure the ring would tear right out of it if it was subjected to any more abuse. In any case there was still the possibility of the even worse things Winter had just threatened happening and so Laura decided this was a good time to try keeping her mouth shut. Winter now seemed to be satisfied, and quickly began to undo the chains that attached Laura's wrists to her chastity belt one at a time, before stripping the trench coat from her slaves body and locked the cuffs back into place. Any thought of resistance was quickly quashed with a glare and then Winter tugged on the leash again and forced her to began walking towards a nearby barn, occasionally tugging gently but firmly on the leash to make sure Laura followed her.

It was a warm afternoon, but even buried inside the suit Laura shivered as she was led along, she could feel the eyes upon her, as she was led across the gravel drive towards a large barn. She felt like she was being paraded like some kind of animal, a chance for Winter to declare “Hey look what I’ve got!” It was a chance for Winter to tell the world that she had captured a superheroine and...and turned her into this! Was it really possible that these people had no idea that Winter had kidnapped her, that they

were not in fact playing some kind of extreme fetish game? Surely it could not be so? She caught glimpses of other people out of the corner of her eyes, some pointing, some just staring and just a few who turned away in disgust. Maybe there was hope, maybe someone would decide Winter was going to far with her “game” and try to help Laura.

A moment later she realised that would be impossible, Winter was wearing her gems of power and as Laura herself knew all to well, just simple skin contact was enough to activate the gems powers. Suddenly she had a thought, maybe the gems were fakes? Maybe...her hopeful dreams were cut off when Winter ostentatiously reached up and squeezed tightly on the leash's chain links. Laura was pretty sure the thing was made of solid steel and normally squeezing it would have done nothing at all, but as Winter pulled her hand away Hyperstar saw that the links had been crushed into one solid mass of steel.

Once again Winter had guessed exactly what Laura had been thinking and asked “Do you require any further proof ?” In a low whisper, and Laura's moan of horror in turn was all the reply needed. Winter had the gems, they worked for her, and any attempt at resistance (or a rescue attempt) was going to end very badly for everyone involved.

An odd sensation came over Laura and it took the helpless girl a moment to realise it was a mix of frustration and anger. The key to her freedom was inches away with only a bare few micrometres of latex separating her from her amazing powers, and there was still nothing she could do to help herself. Indeed even if the gems had been in their proper place around her neck they still only worked through direct skin contact, a tiny bit of plastic was enough to leave her powerless.

She'd always told herself the need for skin contact was the reason why she'd worn such a skimpy costume as Hyperstar. However the truth was she'd always been a bit of an exhibitionist who enjoyed showing off her perfect body. Now however she watched a balding, fat, slob of a man leering at her latex coated body and vowed that if she got out of this she'd never strip off or wear revealing clothing ever again. The latex enclosed her totally yet paradoxically it was so tight as to hide nothing at all and everyone could see her perfect, captive body on display.

Distracted by the audience she was attracting Laura hesitated for a step, and then yelped in pain as Winter gave an even harder tug on her leash, forcing her to jump forwards to take the pressure off her septum.

At that moment someone called out from the shadows by the entrance to the barn “Oh my God, that must be the most extreme bondage I've ever seen,” before stepping out into view.

The speaker was an Asian girl (Laura thought she was probably Korean) who looked to be not much older than Laura was. The girl about 5'5” and dressed in a dark green military style uniform with red highlights. This was made up of a very tightly cut jacket, hot-pants and thigh boots that made it very clear this woman was probably a dominatrix.

In her hands the woman held a leash that led to a collar wrapped around the throat of a tall redhead, who Laura thought might be about twenty-five years old, her hands were cuffed behind her back, and wore a ball gag in her mouth but was otherwise butt naked and staring in shock at Laura's "uniform".

A series of red warts, on her buttocks make it even more clear this woman was a slave, and a moment later she moaned "Rucking del!" into her gag. An instant later the Asian girl turned and playfully pinched the girl's right nipple causing her to yelp in pain. "Rorry!" the girl moaned into her gag, and the Asian girl smiled, and to Laura's surprise the girl smiled back, the sides of her mouth curving up around the gag. She quickly realised the redhead was another willing slave and the Korean was her "Mistress."

Winter frowned and said, "So do you like it then?"

"It is rather extreme," the Asian replied, and then asked, "Can she even breathe in that thing?"

"But of course, the suit is totally controlling, but also designed to keep the wearer perfectly healthy while they endure the amazing pleasures and pains it can inflict," The Asian girl looked Laura up and down and the fallen heroine realised that the woman was turned in by what she was seeing. After a moment she grimaced and said,

"But what's the point, you can't even see her face, I mean the female form is the ultimate expression of beauty..." she reached over and stroked her slave's naked pussy, "...should it not be on display?"

"But to contain someone, to control them so totally, is that not the ultimate expression of domination!?" Winter replied clearly growing annoyed with the Asian girl's questions, and for a moment Laura enjoyed her captor's discomfort. However she realised the other girl was on very thin ice and she desperately tried to plead with her eyes, she wanted to tell her to go away, that it wasn't worth it.

She might have been able to grunt out a semi-intelligible plea even through her hood but she knew if she did that, there was a good chance Winter would use her stolen powers, and the two women would simply end up in the same mess she was in. There had to be something she could do... There had to be...

"What use is a suit like that if the wearer is safe-wording every other minute?" the Asian asked, "I mean I can see she's clearly a superheroine fetishist, but I doubt even the real Hyperstar could endure that for long..."

Winter smiled, "Oh I don't know about that..." then she added, "In any case my slave has no need for a safe-word for she knows she can trust me to never go beyond her limits,"

"No safe-word?" the Asian asked then softly whispered, "Jesus, that's dangerous,"

“None of which concerns you!” Winter hissed and then tugged on the leash and said, “Come slave we are going,” before she quickly led Laura away down the track...

...  
“What's wrong with this picture?” the dominatrix wondered as she watched the extreme slave and her mistress retreating down the track, and shivered. Laura had been right to guess she was Korean (or rather Korean American), her name was Faith Park and she was twenty-three years old. Along with her wife Elaine (the redhead) she had been coming to the fetish club known as “The Farm” for a couple of years now, but this was the first time the attractive dominatrix had spoken with the woman she knew as “Debbie.”

She'd heard rumours about the raven haired woman, some very dark rumours about her refusal to follow Safe, Sane, consensual, and the rumours that some of her slave's might not be “willing” at all. She knew the club authorities had investigated and never found any proof that warranted expulsion or worse needing to contact actual law enforcement.

Faith was well aware that the club was slow to report anything that might be a crime since it was afraid to give the prudes in the prosecutor's office any excuse to shut them down. This time Faith wondered if what she'd seen would be enough to finally get the club officials off their asses but she somehow doubted it.

Lost in thought she didn't notice as Elaine carefully pushed the small buttons on her handcuffs that unlocked them and then reached up and pulled out her gag. “That bothered you too then?”

Faith nearly jumped out of her skin, having not noticed her wife/slave using her emergency escape system, but she recovered quickly, “You must have seen the girls eyes and...lets face it Debbie is just plain creepy,”

“If you arrested people for “being creepy” a third of the population would be in jail,” Elaine reminded her as she wrapped her arms around Faith's waist. “Besides, the girl could be really getting into character, you could be being paranoid,”

“That's kind of my job,” Faith reminded her. Like most people at the club Faith wasn't a professional fetishist, instead she was a beat cop down in Century City, and while only in her second year on the force, she already had a cops keenly developed sense of paranoia. Perhaps Elaine was right though, perhaps it could all be just a sex game, after all-while she'd never seen anything quite that extreme in real life she'd seen a few pictures of extreme latex bondage on the web over the years.

“You know maybe I am just being a prude,” she wondered, after all even people as Kinky as she was had their limits and who was she to judge? Perhaps it was just the shock of seeing someone transformed so totally, so utterly subjugated...

Like many people in the BDSM scene Faith was actually a switch who occasionally enjoyed playing the slave role as well, but she shivered at the thought of wearing that suit, that was just to extreme even for her tastes.

After further thought she realised the idea that Debbie might have kidnapped a girl was a bit unlikely, after all how could she possibly hope to get away with it in this day and age?

...

As they walked away from the bondage couple Laura felt a strange mix of relief and jealousy, relief that no one else had ended up enslaved and jealousy at the two girls who had the freedom to do whatever they wanted to do. The redhead clearly had a choice about being tied up or not, she could do nothing but obey her captor and suffer.

The two sides of Laura psyche were at war within the captive girls mind, on the one hand there was the part of her that was still the noble Hyperstar, the defender of all that was good, right and just. In spite of Winter's many taunts that she'd only been a superheroine to show off and indulge her fetish for exhibitionism (which unfortunately did hold some truth) that wasn't the whole truth. Laura was a cop's daughter who's father had made it very clear she wouldn't be allowed to join the family business. Yet at the same time ensuring she had a strong and well developed sense of justice that she could never satisfy with a normal life.

Her powers had given her the chance to finally live up to her ideals (as well as indulge her fantasies and general adrenaline junky nature) and that deep sense of justice raged at her situation and her inability to help herself or all the others Winter had hurt. She felt grateful at least two potential victims had for the moment stayed out of Winters depraved clutches.

As they walked onwards past the barn and towards another set of out buildings nearby the latex coated fuck toy suddenly orgasmed as the simple motion of walking pistoned the dildo's in and out of her twin holes. First she moaned in pleasure but then she froze sure she was about to be punished for orgasming without permission.

“Don't worry,” Winter said, “Unless I remove your front dildo you are allowed to orgasm while walking.” As she said that a sudden electric shock erupting from the electrodes in Laura's boots and as the slave yelped in pain, “Of course if you stop you will be punished, a reward is no excuse for laziness!”

Laura got the message and started walking again, grinding her pussy on the huge dildo as she tried to keep the orgasm going. As she did so she reflected that this was the second part of her soul, the hyper sexual girl whose need for danger and pleasure could just as easily be filled by slavery as heroics. She could not deny the strange and powerful thrills that being a slave gave her, or the desire to be controlled that was growing harder to deny.

She'd always known she was a bi-sexual and she'd always had a little bit of interest in bondage, dating all the way back to when she'd had her first orgasm while watching Return of the Jedi. Given time, if she'd been kept trapped in Winter's tower, subjected

to nothing but bondage and latex 24/7 she would have probably quickly embraced that side of her and become a submissive, perhaps even a semi-willing slave.

That was the dark irony of what Winter bringing her to this place, because now she was out in the open and around other people, Laura's will to resist was returning. She'd been reminded that there was another way of life other than pain and also that there were other ways to indulge her fantasies that did not involve being under the control of someone like Winter.

She thought again of the happy couple and her jealousy rose, to be in a loving relationship yet able to do all the kinky things she'd never thought possible seemed like heaven, and yet it was a heaven that now seemed forever out of her reach. Why couldn't she have found a loving mistress instead of the monster she was shackled to?

Laura screamed into her gag hood, and Winter glared at her as the sound started attracting attention, but Laura instead began to sob. She wasn't a submissive, she didn't want to be a slave, she didn't want to be a slave...

“Shut up or we're going straight back to the tower, and you know what that means don't you?” Winter hissed in her ear. Almost instantly, Laura's panic attack gave way to naked fear, and she froze into silence. Whatever else happened she never wanted to see the inside of a sensory deprivation chamber again, and she really didn't want anyone else to end up in the same mess. With no other choice she kept quiet and allowed herself to be led inside the outbuilding they were approaching.

However with potential freedom inches away, and with her powers so close, Laura's will to resist was growing stronger and she determined that while she had to cooperate for now, she was not going to stop looking for a way to escape. While it was true that her body might like what was happening to her but she had still be kidnapped and abused and she knew now there were other ways to sate her bodies unnatural desires.

All she had to do was escape, (preferably taking revenge at the same time) then seek out that beautiful Korean girl and her even hotter slave and see if she could interest them in a threesome. It was such a simple plan but as she was led inside the building she was once again forced to ask an even simpler question...How was she supposed to do any of this? She didn't have anything close to an answer...

### Chapter three:

Winter now led Laura inside the outbuilding which had been fitted out as a sort of fetish supermarket. Several aisles held racks of many different kinds of fetish clothing, Whips, chains, cages, and anything you could think of to torture someone sexually.

Near to the door they saw a naked black girl on her knees, and bound in an intricate web of rope bondage, who was being gang banged by four white guys. She had one guys penis in her mouth, one in her ass, and was giving the other two hand jobs. The guy she was orally servicing pulled his dick out and Laura saw she was smiling, and the girl quickly screamed, “No masters, please don’t stop!”

Winter blew a raspberry, “Huh, voluntary slave’s, how dull can you get, half the fun is teaching a girl her true nature, that one’s just gone straight to the fucking,”

Laura reminded herself that Winter was almost certainly insane, and as she watched the black girl, who was clearly enjoying herself, she felt another little pulse of envy. It must be nice she thought, to enjoy being a slave, to want this life, it would have made things so much easier, if she really did enjoy what Winter was doing to her. *And who says you don’t...* a dark voice asked from deep inside her.

“Right lets get a trolley,” Winter said, as she guided Laura over to a row of (what looked like) entirely ordinary shopping trolleys in the other corner. Laura then noticed that there was a D-ring welded onto the front, and a pair of leather straps sitting in the basket. *Oh no!* she thought, as one of the “masters” from the gang bang gave a wolf whistle. She blushed under her hood and shuddered, for some reason the idea of forced sex disgusted her even more than being forced to serve Winter did. She wasn't sure why this was but she just knew she didn't want to be forced into...that.

Laura still wanted to fight back, but she knew better than to take risks, and trying to break out and flee, with her legs still hobbled and in the middle of this sadist city, was not going to end well. Laura told herself she was only bidding her time, co-operating to avoid anything worse happening but if she was honest, she had no idea how it could get any worse. She held on tightly to the anger that burned in her heart, she had to find a way out, she had to keep looking for any opportunity to escape her slavery...

There was another d-ring mounted on the back of Laura's belt, which was often used to bind her wrists behind her back, and Winter now picked up a foot long metal bar from beside the trolley and used it to attach this ring to the ring on the trolley. Laura gave an experimental tug and found the trolley moved easily, so far this task didn't seem too bad... But then she had a sudden idea of just how Winter could make things worse...

Laura had guessed correctly what was coming, and tried to pull away as Winter reached out towards the badges that covered the fallen girl's nipples. Winter managed to catch hold of the one over Laura's right nipple and the heroine howled in agony as her captor pulled hard on both it and (more to the point) the pin that passed through her nipple. “Hold still!” Winter ordered.

At once Laura obeyed, desperately doing her best impersonation of a statue, even as further jolts of pain ran through her body as her captor undid the pin and removed the badge. Moments later a heavy steel ring, brother to the one's in her nose and sex, was put in its place, her Mistress then gave an experimental tug that sent another pulse of pain through Laura's breast, Laura screamed and tears pricked in her eyes.

“Now what's the most important lesson I've tried to teach you?” Winter asked as she undid the other badge, “If you're good, you get a reward, if you're bad you get punished, and that was very naughty.” She added as she fitted the other ring back into place. “Why I'm almost tempted to call it a day and take you straight back home...and we know what that means?”

Laura knew exactly what that meant and moaned, “RO, RO! DORRY!” into her gag hood which made Winter smile. Meanwhile some of the gang bang group began to giggle and Laura blushed again. Clearly they were enjoying watching (what they thought) was a highly kinky sex game and out of the corner of her eye she saw that one of them was clearly masturbating. She shuddered and tried to turn away but the suit and collar immobilised her and in any case her captor wanted her exactly where she was.

Winter held up the first leather strap, and using a clip on the end she quickly snapped it on to Laura's left nipple ring, then snapped the other end to the trolley. For a moment the strap hung loose, but then Winter grabbed hold of an adjuster, and began to tighten it. Laura moaned in pain as the strap was pulled just tight enough to tug on her pierced nipple and then just a little bit tighter than that. A small jolt of pain now went through her tit every time she breathed in and out, stretching the strap ever so slightly with each motion of her chest. She tried taking shallow breaths, but there was still a constant dull ache pulling on her perfect nipple.

“Oh yeah punish her!” One of the men said as he leaned in to look Laura over. He was a slightly effeminate young man of about twenty-one, and there was a glint of desire and lust in his eyes. Laura blushed and once again she was glad of her slave hood. While it was hot and uncomfortable it did at least ensure no one would recognise her while she wore it. Laura could see the guy was panting with lust and his cock was clearly pushing against his tight pants but luckily Winter had no desire to share and snapped,

“My lover and I are strict lesbian's, unless you are planning to get a sex change you are of no interest to us, and even if we were into men, you are sadly...deficient in one vital area!” The boys cock did look rather small and Laura couldn't help but laughing into her gag as her demonic Goddess hissed, “Cad!”

The watching group seemed to lose interest after that and soon departed, and Laura noticed Winter grin evilly. “Alright yes I am a bit bi-sexual but I really don't want them spoiling our fun. On the other hand... If you stripped him, put his cock in a chastity cage and dressed him in a Maid's uniform, he'd make a nice sissy wouldn't he?” Laura blushed as she had a sudden vision of the boy in chain's, dressed in a wig, make-up and a French Maid's costume, servicing a stern mistress...servicing her. The only thing that would have made the fantasy better would have been Winter kneeling right beside him, as the boy helped her to take justified revenge on the devil Domme.

Laura shuddered and moaned in disgust. It wasn't that she didn't like the idea of taking revenge on Winter but trapped and powerless as she was these fantasies tormented her with dreams of a future she feared she could never have. “Don't like that? Well tough you're the slave and I'm the mistress, so I'll do exactly what I like and what I like is...”

A moment later the other strap was snapped onto the sex slave's right nipple and then quickly tightened up as well. Laura moaned in agony, desperately trying to pull the cart closer, but unlike a chain the bar had no give, and all she succeeded in doing was painfully tormenting on her tits even more.

Winter smiled and then took hold of the nose leash, and said, “Right follow me,” while at the same time she gave a painful tug. Laura howled in pain but still could do nothing but obey, she yelped with pain as she dragged the trolley along, sending pulses of agony through her violated body with every tiny step. She tried to reach up with her bound hands and removed the straps, but she could not reach, and all she

succeeded in doing was pulling the belt (and its occupants) up into her crotch in the worst wedgie she could have imagined.

“Ah aren’t these cute,” Winter said as she held up a small packet of what looked like the bells you saw on a cat’s collar, “One of these on each ring and you’ll make such beautiful music every time you move!” she added as she tossed it into the trolley.

They moved on a little bit further down the aisle, and reached a shelf filled with what looked like birthday cards. “Oh I meant to get one of these before I captured you, but you showed up so fast there wasn’t time,” Winter said as she pulled out one of the cards and showed it to Laura.

It had a cartoon of a naked woman, kneeling, with a gag in her mouth and chains on her wrists and ankles, and the words “CONGRATULATIONS” printed above it. Winter opened the card and read,

“Congratulation’s on your first day as a slave, may you enjoy many years as the property and toy of another,” then added, “Well it’s a few days late but it’s the thought that counts I always say,” as she tossed the card into the trolley as well.

For an instant Laura grinned under her mask thinking, *I guess there really is a card for every occasion*. However a moment later Winter tugged on the leash and pulled her slave onwards, even as Laura thought, *maybe she really does care about me*, and then felt sick once again at the idea she could think anything nice about her captor!

Further up the aisle, they came to a display marked “Super-heroine fetish,” and Winter quickly began flipping through a series of very skimpy costumes. They seemed to have them all, Mega girl, Amazing Miss, the Feminist, and soon enough, Winter pulled out a very skimpy copy of Hyperstar’s own costume. This was made of spandex, and with peep-holes cut out for the nipples and clit.

“Hmm,” Winter thought out loud, “I very much doubt I’ll ever be dressing you in something with this much exposed flesh. But on the other hand it’s only \$29.95 and it might make a nice memorial to your old life, such a shame the real thing got so shredded.” She added as she tossed it into the trolley.

*Hypocrite!* Laura thought, well aware of just how her uniform had been shredded; Winter had cut it off after her capture. Given that she’d actually drugged Laura senseless for at least an hour after her capture, she’d had plenty of time to just take the costume off the old fashioned way if she’d really wanted to keep it!

They continued to walk around the store, Winter tossing things into the trolley, which quickly began to grow heavier and harder for Laura to pull. Worse the added weight put even more strain on the slave’s tits sending ever worse jolts of pain through her body.

There was nothing she could do about it however, except hope that her Mistress finished her shopping soon....

...

As they turned down yet another aisle another trolley appeared at the other end, also pulled by a slave. *Holy Mother of God!* Laura thought as she took in the horrific transformation the girl before her had undergone.

As seemed to be common for every slave except Laura, the girl was all but naked, but had also suffered far more extensive body modification than Laura had.

Her head had been shaved almost bald, and then more than a dozen rings had been pierced through her ears. These included two normal piercing through the girls earlobes, and these had been joined by a pair of long gold chains, to a ring through the girl's septum. Meanwhile a bar piercing through the bridge of the girls nose, was linked by two more chains to rings through the ends of the girls eye brows. Another shorter chain ran from the bottom of the septum ring and into the girl's mouth, which was held open by a stainless steel ring gag, allowing Laura to see the ring through the girl's tongue to which the chain was attached.

The only hair the girl had left on her head was two pig tails, sticking out either side, above her ears, and each tightly wrapped in what looked like electrical tape to create a sort of handle bar effect. Having experienced a lot of sadistic inventiveness over the past few days, Laura realised the "handles" were perfect for someone to hold on to and guide the girls head onto a penis or pussy. They could also be used as handholds for doing the girl doggy style!

A posture collar circled the girl's neck, and looked to be made of solid steel, while her nipple rings, were linked by five heavy gold chains, and another short chain hung from each nipple holding a fishing weight. Hanging from the chains that linked the girl's nipples was a heavy gold object, after a moment Laura realised it was some sort of Police officers shield!

Like Laura the girl had a clit ring, and a chastity belt but unlike Laura's it was made of transparent plastic which revealed there were no pleasure devices locked inside. While Laura hated anal and would have dearly loved to remove her butt-plug, the dildo was the only small pleasure left in her life and this woman didn't even have that small mercy.

Finally her feet were locked into open toed sandals with nine inch heels that must have been absolute agony to walk on.

Like Laura the girl was chained to a trolley, and her nipples were linked to it with straps, however a further strap was attached to her clit ring and the girl was clearly suffering.

The only mercy was that her leash was attached to her collar and was being held by a balding white man of about forty-five, dressed in an expensive grey suit, and with a glint of pure malice in her eye, "Winter..." he declared,

“Robert...” her mistress replied, and Laura immediately felt that the two did not like each other.

“So a Super-heroine, I commend you on your catch,”

“And a police officer, what did she do, Robert, arrest you for jaywalking?”

“A parking ticket...” he replied in a low hiss grabbing his slave by the neck, “...a crime she will spend the rest of her life paying for,” he added as he turned to look Laura up and down.

“I see you’re still misusing the chastity belt, the idea is to prevent all pleasure, as I have done with this creature, not to cause her orgasm every five minutes,”

“Well that’s the difference between you and I Robert, I love my slaves, and you just enjoy making them suffer,”

“Perhaps, but an orgasm is a reward, and no slut of mine can ever earn one...” he said before grabbing his slaves leash and dragging her out of sight.

Once they were gone Winter reached up and stroked Laura’s latex coated face, “Just ignore him, he really is an evil monster,”

Laura wanted to nod in agreement, aware she had just seen worse than she hoped even her mistress was capable of, at least Winter had allowed her some relief, some pleasure! She moaned in disgust as she realised she had once again thought as a slave would, how could she possibly see the dildo as good, it was a cruel violation that caused an involuntary response from her body. But it was a response that felt so good...

A moment later she shuddered as she realised a horrific truth, there was at least one other slaver, another real slaver present here, someone who was not playing a game but was really enslaving people against their will! How many more of them were there? Could she trust anyone here, and what if Winter was actually lying and they were all sadistic Dom's holding unwilling slave's? Laura shivered with fear.

After a few more minutes browsing Winter led her to the checkout, paid for her goods and arranged to have them loaded into her car. She then unhooked Laura from the cart and led her towards the door, however as they reached the narrow exit, the Korean girl and her red-headed stunner slave were trying to come in and the slave and Winter knocked into each other.

“Watch where your going you ginger bitch!” Winter exclaimed,

“Hey don't insult my girlfriend!” the Korean replied,

“Well I wouldn't need to if she watched where she was going, I have a good mind to put her over my knee!” Winter hissed back,

“It was an accident!” The Korean pointed out, “And it's only a game, we don't spank people because of a tiny little accident...well unless its part of the game.” The redhead was still gagged but nodded enthusiastically while mumbling something like “Sorry” into the rubber ball.

“Whatever!” Winter replied and swept past, dragging her powerless slave along behind her. “I have a good mind to enslave them both!” she hissed in a very quiet tone, once she was sure they were out of earshot. Oh God! Laura thought to herself as she realised she'd just heard Winter planning to do to someone else what she'd done to her, but she was just a slave herself, what could she do about it?

...  
“What a cow!” Faith exclaimed as she watched the retreating forms of “Debbie” and her latex slave, while Elaine nodded silently beside her. “I really don't like her,” she added some what redundantly as Elaine grunted and jerked her head towards something.

There was a small translucent gem lying on the floor which must have fallen out of Debbie's” pockets. Faith had no way of knowing at that time but this was actually one of Hyperstar's power gems which Winter had taken out of the necklace before turning the rest of it into a belt. On it's own it would not make someone powerful enough to be much of a threat but held against the skin it would massively speed up healing. Indeed Winter had already used it once to decrease the time needed to heal up Laura's slave piercings.

Winter had bought it with her in case she needed to heal Laura after a “session” and hadn't noticed it fall out as she ran into Elaine. Faith had no way to know this or that Winter was wearing the other gems as she picked up with a snort of disgust. “Well those two sure do things properly, you almost think this was the real thing,” she said turning the gem over in her hands. Due to the heroine's strange aversion to cops Faith (and indeed the entire CPD) had never seen Hyperstar up close but from the pictures she'd seen this looked like a good copy of one of the gems in her “necklace of power.”

Probably the game had started with Debbie dressing her slave as Hyperstar, then “de-powering” her, stripping her and dressing her in that costume, probably while pulling off her mask for extra humiliation. Faith smiled like most homosexual (and more than a few straight) women she'd had a crush on Hyperstar since she'd first appeared more than a year before and the idea of tying her up (even in proxy) was very appealing to her.

Sure she didn't approve of all the latex but still...Her fantasy was interrupted when Elaine began nearly screaming at her through the gag. “Look I'm sorry, it was just a thought, you know I'd never betray---” she stopped as she realised her wife was staring at her feet. With good reason as well since she was floating six inches off the floor!

“The gem's real!” she realised, “What on Earth is going on here?”

Chapter four:

It was now about half past five in the evening, and Winter led her captive back to the car where she made her kneel by the front bumper, she then opened the trunk and began to unload something. “Do not try to turn around or look at what I am doing or you will be punished, is that understood?” Winter had asked her and Laura had replied with a single low yelp for yes.

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 felt 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, and then Winter would attack all the other women here, better simply to wait and hope whatever her captor had planned wasn't too unpleasant. Perhaps if she put the fiend at ease, Winter would finally make a mistake and she could break free.

But when she thought about it she only really suffered when she tried to fight back, all Mistress really wanted after all was for her to be a good girl...And besides, she could have been being gang banged right now, or worse transformed into that horrible thing she had just seen.

Even as she denied her own attraction to submission, Laura had to admit again, to a growing understanding of the idea, "Bad and worse." To be sure Winter was a cruel and sadistic woman, but she was no where near as bad as "Robert" appeared to be, and she wasn't overly cruel when Laura did as she was told.

Laura hadn't tried to escape today, and in return she hadn't spent any more time in sensory deprivation or having holes cut in her body, which was probably as close to win as she was likely to get from her current position....

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). In any case she had another worry, the Korean girl and her slave, her sense of duty and honour compelled her to look for a way to save them, but how could she? Saving people was something Hyperstar did and she just wasn't that person anymore.

She wasn't really even Laura, she was just a broken slut, a parody of a woman, trapped in a latex suit, how could she save anyone if she could not save herself? She wondered if it was even worth hanging onto her anger and hate, maybe if she embraced what was being done to her, if she embraced her training, surely things would get easier?

She let out a blood-curdling scream, she could not do that, she would never do that, she was Hyperstar, she would...not...give...in!

"Okay it's ready!" Winter called as she walked up behind Laura and quickly pulled her upright, before allowing the slave to turn around. Relieved to escape her own disturbed musings, Laura was curious about what Winter had planned. What on earth? She wondered as she found herself facing what looked like a lightweight two wheeled pony cart. Actually this was exactly what it was, and Laura had a sinking feeling as she remembered what she'd seen earlier and Winter's comments about Ponygirl's before they left Winter's lair.

“So I take it you remember the Ponygirl’s we saw on the way in?” Laura grunted while she looked at the clips for attaching her cuffs to the shafts, and also the padded grips that would allow her to hold it like a rickshaw, or rather like a two legged pony. Laura blushed surely she was not expected to pull Winter around a field like she was some kind of dumb animal? But she quickly understood 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 actually 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 control for the suit in her hand and as quickly as it had begun, the former Hyperstar’s defiance ended. Besides it wasn’t as if she hadn’t already pulled that shopping trolley around earlier so it wasn’t as if this was really anything new was it?

Her Mistress (a title that seemed to be becoming more and more normal in Laura’s battered mind) re-cuffed Laura’s arms to her chastity belt using longer chains that gave Laura just enough freedom 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. At the same time her hobble and the chain linking it to the chastity belt were also removed. For an instant Laura considered trying to escape again, but Winter could just fly after her using the stolen necklace and that was if she didn’t just hold down the pain switch on her remote control!

Laura actually found the boots rather uncomfortable at first, as her feet had by now adjusted to wearing the high heels, but as her feet settled down it felt 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’s eyes widened as she recognised the domino mask she had worn as Hyperstar.

“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 going to be an important part of your new identity. I know I told you I might let you keep the name 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 with the eyeholes. “I have therefore decided to rename you Hyperslut, I really hope you like it, for it is the only name you will have from now on!”

The newly christened Hyperslut howled in humiliation and shame yet she knew there was nothing she could do it, her captor could call her whatever she wanted to. A part of her even wondered if it was half way appropriate, a perversion of her former name, for the perversion she had been turned into.

Winter lifted the carts 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 around easily (she realised that the weight of a passenger might change this).

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

Two blinkers were attached to the harness which made it even harder for Laura to see anything that wasn't directly in front of her and 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, further adding to the appearance of a human pony.

Laura whimpered in her hood as she felt the feathers swaying in the light breeze, 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." She reached into her pocket and produced the hair cone that had previously been used to hold up Laura's ponytail until they set out for their drive. She quickly fitted the cone back around Laura's ponytail, so it was once more held high over the slave's head.

"You've been a good girl so far, so I think we can forego attaching the reins to your nipple rings," Winter said, and Laura felt a sudden wave of gratitude for her Mistress's mercy. Her nipples and clit were sore from their earlier torments and she didn't want anything else tugging on them for a while. However any gratitude she felt was as ever some what negated by the fact that Winter had been the one doing the torturing in the first place, but once again she kept reminding herself it could be worse. Besides for the moment she wasn't being subjected to any really horrific torments and that gave her time to recover and maybe look for a chance to escape... She kept reminding herself of that goal but she still could not see any way to make it happen...

"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, like those girls from earlier?* 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 butt plug, unless the ponies on all fours it just looks weird." *Yeah I am definitely going to die of embarrassment,* Laura thought wondering again if there was any end to her so called owner's sadistic imagination.

Winter took hold of the reins and then walked back to the cart and sat in the seat. "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 means go,” in a hiss.

Laura began to walk all too well aware of what would almost certainly happen if she failed to obey, and she began pulling the cart along 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 hard, and the cart was well balanced, so the wheels turned easily as she walked.

Laura was suddenly grateful that for all her immense skill at sadistic evil, Winter was much smaller than she was, the monster was 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; the other torments had been horrible but now she had been reduced to a beast of burden! However when she thought it over though she realised that maybe it wasn't all that bad, it was just a kinky version of a rickshaw after all! Could she really think the box, the piercings, the rest of what she'd suffered was somehow less evil than this? At least she was out in the fresh air for once! In any case this (slightly) lower level of cruelty let her entertain the faint hope she was beginning to lull her “mistress” into a false sense of security, now if she could just get Winter to let down her guard...

Her Mistress now 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 had obeyed without even the threat of punishment. A moment later there was a tug to the left, then a couple of cracks of the reins that she realised probably meant “walk faster”.

In this way she was quickly directed out of the car park and into a small paddock, where she slowly began to walk in a circle.

Laura's new boots might not have a hobble chain but Laura quickly grew tired from fighting the stiff latex and leather. The new christened Hyperslut really hoped her Mistress didn't plan to have her try and break into a run...

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

“Well done, I barely had to give you any commands, I guess you really are a natural,” Laura blushed again, utterly humiliated yet at the same time oddly proud of her captor's pride in her abilities. The heat of embarrassment seemed to mix with the sexual heat of the constantly moving dildo to form something even more powerful, but how could that be.

OH GOD! She thought as she realised she enjoyed her own suffering and humiliation, she wasn't just a submissive, she was a masochist, a pain slut! That made this all even worse, for if she got sexual pleasure from suffering, then how long could she endure before she became an addict, before she no-longer wanted to fight back? She had to break free, but how? What was wrong with her, why did something so bad, feel so good?

“Now do you remember what we practised this morning and yesterday?” Winter asked as she cracked the reins to set Laura walking again. Laura remembered the hours she'd spent “trotting” on a treadmill, a kind of high stepping, like a show pony on parade.

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 every moment she was going to trip and fall over.

As usual her every motion was transmitted to 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 far more than simple walking did. She shuddered in pleasure and then began to walk faster, allowing her desire for orgasm to override any desire to avoid further humiliation.

After a moment there was a gentle but firm tug on the reins, “Oh no you don't, keep it slow, you need to earn it, remember the best things come to those who wait!”

Laura moaned in shame and frustration. She realised to her disgust, 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 like that!” she added as Laura obeyed, and Hyperslut realised her captor was staring at her perfect latex covered buttocks. *Well it could be worse*, she realised, *at least she isn't spanking or shocking it*. She blushed again as she thought how hot Winter was, and how nice it was to be desired by another woman. She grunted in disgust reminding herself that she was desired by a beautiful woman who was also an evil sex slaver! How could she possibly like Winter, how could she possibly feel any desire for her? She felt sick but there was nothing she could do, resistance would be punished she she was left with no choice except to concentrate on the task she had been assigned.

Her Mistress made Laura continue walk around the paddock in a big circle, Hyperslut's sex growing more and more aroused, and soon the captive heroine began to groan in frustration. She often managed to get very close to orgasm, but whenever she did her captor would force her to slow down or even stop for a moment. Once that happened she quickly lost her arousal and then she had to start all over again! *Just let me cum!* She thought then added *oh no!* Tears pricked in her eyes as she realised that once again her need for orgasm, had overridden her hatred of her situation. Shocked at

this she frantically tried to will her body not to orgasm but she was well aware that was a lost cause.

There wasn't anything she could do 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!," again 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 the small but constant shocks continued to sting 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 raced towards orgasm all decorum was forgotten.

Hyperslut was so close, each step sending a bigger pulse of pleasure through her sex, Oh God she was so close, so close, and 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 lost in the glow of orgasm should not really be in charge of machinery, as Laura discovered a moment later. She was so distracted by her reward she failed to notice a loop of root sticking out of the ground and right in her path. Her booted foot caught in it, and Laura tripped, sending her sprawling to the ground in a howl of shock and then pain as her knees made contact with the dirt. Behind her Winter screamed "OH FUCK!" as she was tipped out of the cart and landed in a heap on the grass.

*Oh shit! Oh Shit!* Thought Hyperslut as Winter appeared in front of her, the Domme's clothes now caked in soil. Laura hyperventilated with terror, sure that she was going to end up with her pussy sewn up, or at the very least suffer the beating of a life time for hurting her Mistress. To her surprise this was not what happened.

Quickly Winter sat down beside Laura and began undoing the chains holding her cuffs onto the cart, and then pulled Laura free of the cart and across until she was lying over the smaller woman's legs. "That was very silly, a pony must pay attention to its surroundings at all times, if a horse can do it why not a thinking human being?"

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

"Well that was very silly, and I should shock you...but on the other hand it was an accident so instead I'll..." 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 because it was actually painful but the simple torment of being spanked by another woman!

The palm rose and fell, rose and fell, sending small but constant strokes of pain through Laura's perfect heinee, the once proud heroine now reduced to a naughty girl being put over her owners knee...

Suddenly the spanking stopped and instead Mistress began massaging Laura's buttocks instead, the slave moaned at the pleasant touch of the expert woman's 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 gag hood, and Winter giggled as Hyperslut shook in fury and disgust at just how easily she had agreed with her captor...

...

"Strange, it certainly looks like a game, I mean Hyperstar isn't resisting at all, but why on earth would a powerful heroine want to be tied up like that?" Faith wondered as she watched silently from a nearby clump of bushes. She had now changed out of her Domme uniform into a practical T-shirt and Jeans and Elaine knelt beside her in the same outfit. Elaine grunted at her, still somewhat annoyed at having their weekend of lesbian bondage play interrupted and then said,

"I'm an ADA and I let you lead me around on a leash," and then she added, "Many strong and powerful people have a secret desire to give up that power and submit to another. I'm one of those people and I let a beat cop torment me on the weekends, so perhaps she just has the same (if a little more extreme) desires?"

"But why did the woman have one of her power stone's? And why does she seem so terrified when you get close to her?"

"Oh that's easy, this is probably the most extreme thing she's ever done, she'll have fantasised for months before hand but now she's actually doing it and she's not sure she can endure it. Also she's probably scared stiff someone like us will figure out she's the real thing and expose her sexual fetish to the humiliation and ridicule of all."

"But no one here would ever do that?"

"Yeah but she's new, how long did it take before either of us trusted this place enough to walk around without masks...Look its late and I'm sure its just a game, can't we go, I wanna get some pet-play before dinnertime,"

"Yeah okay," Faith replied reluctantly. Everything Elaine said made sense but Faith still had a nagging feeling that something was wrong here, still maybe that was just

the natural paranoia of a cop talking. She also realised something else, something about Hyperstar's predicament actually excited her, her latent submissive side turned on by the idea of being converted into something less than human.

She blushed and hoped that Elaine was correct, with luck it was probably nothing to sinister and it was also probably time to leave. Still she could not shake her concerns entirely, and if this was something more than a kinky game, what was she going to do about it?

## Chapter Five:

Laura moaned in equal parts pleasure and pain as she went about her duties. Two hours had passed and the Ponygirl training was at long over and done, abandoned after Winter spent some time alternatively teasing and spanking her buttocks instead.

She had been released from the cart and then the headdress had been removed before she'd been led over towards a row of cottages which turned out to be accommodation for people staying the night. Laura was somewhat relieved that they were staying over and she wouldn't have to face another car trip with the ring tormenting her clit. However she was also sure Winter would have something just as cruel planned during their extended stay.

She'd been halfway right, since when they entered the four room cottage Winter had at once declared the place was a tip and ordered her slave to work on cleaning it up. Actually there was very little dirt at all but it was proving rather hard to shift what there was since Laura had been forced to use a duster attached to a head-harness that held it in her mouth.

The result was slow, uncomfortable and regularly made her sneeze, as she carefully ran the duster over every surface in the living room. Anytime she stopped moving she got a shock to her buttocks and if this wasn't incentive enough every sweep of the duster sent a pulse of pleasure through her dildo. It was easy enough for the traumatised woman to decide that perhaps it was best to keep working and take the reward, but it still disgusted her even as she shuddered in ecstasy.

She wanted to beg to be allowed to stop but no one would be listening since she was once again under the control of a computer. Winter had decided to go out for Dinner at the resorts restaurant and had left her slave to suffer on automatic. Winter had made it very clear that if she wasn't satisfied with Laura's progress, then she would make sure Hyperslut was cruelly punished. Laura supposed she should have been more worried about that threat but after suffering so much already she was growing slightly jaded, surely there was no way things could get any worse? Instead she focused on her task but since she still wanted to at least try and fight back she also spent her time looking for a way to escape.

Laura was well aware she was probably on camera and so she realised she could not be too blatant in her efforts, but she had carefully inspected both the entrance door and the doors to the other rooms while taking extra time to dust them. Unfortunately a single glance had really been all that was needed to confirm that they were locked and

made of thick hardwood. At full power they would have been as much use as tissue paper against her super-strength but as things stood she could not hope to open them.

All the furniture seemed to be made of solid steel and all the ornaments and pots she was dusting were made of solid plastic. While in some-ways that was a good thing (since it reduced the chance of her smashing something- and then being punished for it) it did mean there was nothing she could use to cut her bonds.

The dildo bought her to orgasm and she screamed in pleasure, before screaming even louder in frustration. It was all very well to want to fight back but it was so hard and all it was really likely to do was earn her an even harsher punishment. Why could she not accept her situation, there was no knight in shining armour, no hope of rescue or for escape under her own power so why not just make the best of it and learn to live with....NO! She would not do that! She WOULD NOT DO THAT! She could not give up! She had to..!

Thrashing and screaming in her bondage she didn't look where she was going and her foot caught on the side of a chair, causing her to fall over with a loud thump. For once Laura was a tiny bit grateful for her suit as the thick latex gave her a bit of padding against the hard wooden floor but she still grunted in pain as her knees made contact. A moment later she screamed again as shocks began to sting her bound body over and over.

Laura cried out that she was sorry and that it was an accident fighting the hood that distorted her voice as she begged for mercy and finally an electronic voice replied, "Apology accepted, you have two minutes to return to standing pose," the words "Or else," were only implied but that was all they needed to be as Laura's heart sped up.

Luckily her first botched escape attempt had given her some experience of pulling herself upright while bound and she had earlier noticed a vertical pole at one side of the room. She quickly wriggled across the room until she reached it and found herself suddenly grateful Winter had re-cuffed her hands behind her back. This let her flip over onto her back and grab hold of the pole with her wrists.

Racing the clock she pulled herself closer to the pole and began walking her hands up it as she tried to lever herself into an upright position. "One minute remaining," the voice informed and Laura screamed,

"DOH! DAIT!" preying the audio pick-up understood her and wasting two precious seconds. She cursed the latex gloves she wore and the varnished pole, both of which were very slippery, and she'd barely managed to get her ample buttocks off the floor before she lost her grip and crashed back with a howl of pain.

She quickly tried to pull herself up again but she'd already run out of time. She screamed in agony as the electrodes over her crotch and nipples fired up at full power sending pulse after pulse of energy through her captive body. She begged for mercy, and when that didn't work she screamed vile curses, and then begged again as the pain went on and on.

Finally it stopped and she was left sitting on her double plugged heinee, shaking and crying as the voice intoned, "You have two minutes." She screamed in horror but it still did her no good as the countdown began again, and she frantically tried to pull herself upright....

...

Laura might have been rather surprised to learn Winter was not watching the feed of her suffering and in fact had not even bothered to activate the record function. She was a very busy with another project of hers and for a moment had actually partly lost interest in her captive superheroine.

It wasn't that Winter didn't want to watch her captive suffer, but unfortunately running her operations had always required more money than selling slaves actually bought in. In many ways it was a labour of love for the deviant dominant but she'd long recognised that if she was going to keep her operation running she had to find alternate sources of revenue.

Luckily for Winter (if not for her many victims) she was also an expert at stock market manipulation and outright fraud and she could easily make millions a year playing the Asian markets. While Laura suffered she was sitting in the resorts restaurant, using her tablet to short sell a Chinese tech company and net herself a tidy profit that would pay for at least a further three months of operations.

As an added bonus her fraud would probably bankrupt the company and throw hundreds of people out of work. Winter didn't get quite the same thrill from that as personally sexually dominating her victims, but the sadistic cruelty still made her pussy grow warm as she entered the final keystroke.

It wasn't much but it gave her some relief from the mind numbing grunt work that had to be done to keep her wonderful slaving operation in business. Besides now that she was done she could log onto her webcams and then gently finger herself to Laura's suffering as she waited for pudding to be served.

She was sure Laura would have made a mistake and was probably deep into a very nasty punishment cycle by now. With a little luck one more repetition of torment might finally be enough to totally break Laura's will and induce acceptance of her new status. Winter was sure Laura was secretly deeply submissive and she was equally sure that the girl was very close to accepting this for herself.

Once the slave heroine accepted this simple fact she would be ready to begin full slave training, and in a few months Winter would be the proud owner of a slave that was both a fully submissive and willing servant.

Yes she was sure Laura would be her greatest success, a powerful heroine reduced to nothing more than property, this was going to be... Her eyes widened as the tablet connected to the webcam and she saw something that placed her entire project, indeed her entire "career" in jeopardy.

Oh Shit! Oh Shit! Oh Shit! She thought as she quickly pocketed the tablet and left the restaurant as quickly as she could, there was no time for pudding now. As soon as she was outside she began to run the gems in her suit propelling her forward at astonishing speed. With luck there might still be time to avert disaster...

*Five minutes earlier...*

Laura would have been shocked and surprised to learn that she actually did have an audience and one that was much closer than the local restaurant. In one corner of the room there sat a dining table and the wall beside it had a built in serving hatch that led to the kitchen. This had been pulled open a fraction of an inch and through the crack Faith was watching the slave with a mixture of fascination and utter horror. Elaine had run into a couple of old school-friend's and Faith had decided to turn in for an early night at their own cottage when she'd noticed Winter emerging from one of the others . Faith still wasn't convinced that everything was quite right with Winter and Hyperstar and when she'd noticed a shadow moving behind the curtains of the cottage she'd decided to investigate more closely.

She thought about just ringing the bell but she wasn't entirely sure that Hyperstar could hear in her suit. In any case she quickly realised this wasn't the best idea as she had no idea how Winter would react to finding out someone was investigating her, and if Hyperstar was in trouble if she actually an unwilling captive...well she'd heard of enough kidnappers “disposing” of their prisoners when the cops got too close.

Instead she decided to do her job and investigate properly, so she slipped around the side of the cottage towards the back door. She still had the Hyperstar gem in her pocket and for an instant she considered using the strength it gave to break the lock. An instant later she shook her head, quickly dismissing that idea. If she was wrong the last thing she wanted was Winter discovering she'd broken in, tracking her down and prosecuting her. If she was right...well she had even better reasons not to have her visit be discovered before she could return with a SWAT team...

A wise man once said a good cop had to be able to think like a criminal and Faith prided herself on the fact that she was a very good cop indeed. Lock-picking was quite naturally illegal but she'd long since learned that sometimes you needed to get into places “unofficially” if you wanted to catch the real crooks. As such she'd long ago mastered the hooks and rakes and now set to work on the back-door lock.

The lock was cheap and old and she had been able to get inside in less than a minute (the alarms in the cottage had been turned off since Laura's movements would have probably activated them and bought attention Winter really didn't want). Once inside the soundproofed house she'd quickly heard Laura's screams, and she had slipped over to the service hatch and eased it open just enough to see.

She felt sick to her stomach as she watched the suffering girl, and decided that either the woman was the biggest masochist in human history or an unwilling participant in “Debbie's” games. With no sign of Winter in the cottage and with the girl desperate pleas for help ringing in her ears, Faith finally decided she could stand by no longer.

She'd taken the precaution of picking up a gimp mask from her own cottage and having put this on she slipped the other item she'd bought with her out of its hoister and quietly pushed open the living room door. The Glock 19 held out in front of her (Faith was not taking any chances) as she quickly crossed the room to where Laura lay on her side shaking after yet another round of shocks.

“Police, I'm here to help,” Faith announced...

...What! Laura thought in shock as the masked woman appeared above her, surely this had to be some trick of Winter's, surely this was could not be real but just the prelude to some new and horrible torment? Instead she was absolutely amazed as the masked woman quickly turned her over onto her back and asked, “How the fuck do I turn this off?”

“PLATTERY!” Laura screamed, and even with the distortion caused by the gag hood her rescuer seemed to understand, and quickly found the flat battery pack attached to the back of the suit,

“How do I...ah ha!” Faith said as she noticed a pair of mini-USB connectors and pulled them out. Instantly the suit systems all shut down, and Laura sighed in sudden relief as she realised she was free of the electronic torment for the first time in days. After a moment she began to realise that this might not actually be a good thing, for surely Winter was watching, and surely Winter would soon be on her way here?

“RAP!” she screamed as she desperately tried to warn the hooded girl,

“I know your trapped, just give me a moment to takes this off,” Faith started to undo the head-harness and once this came free she undid the zipper on Hyperstar's hood and as she was pulling it over Laura's head, she noticed a small red light go out. Faith assumed it was just an LED fading out now the power was off, so she pulled the hood the rest of the way off, revealing Laura's sweat stained and tormented face. “Fuck me...Laura Richardson!” she exclaimed, as she recognised the daughter of the chief of police who'd been missing for over two days. “Your Hyperstar!” she added wholly redundantly.

“Please...Winter...captured me,” Laura stuttered,

“Yes I understand, but don't worry I'm a police officer, I'm here to get you rescue you,”

“No you don't understand,” Laura replied, “She didn't just capture me, she's got my...”

Her warning came too late (it had been too late sixty seconds earlier when Winter finally checked that camera feeds) there was a rush of wind and suddenly the gun was snatched out of Faith's hand by a black blur.

“She has my powers,” Laura finished in a low whimper as the blurred stopped moving and Winter stood before them with an expression on her face like Arctic ice.

“Well, well a thief in my house of love, we can't have that can we? Still I suppose that if I have to have thieves well at least this one's hot!”

Laura was screaming in mortal terror but Faith just glared at the monster, knowing she was in deep trouble, but determined to fight to the end and not give the monster any satisfaction. Standing up she declared “I am an officer of the CPD,” and then added, “And you are under arrest, for...well more shit than I could list in a week!”

Winter laughed out loud at that, “Oh Please I have already enslaved your boss's superheroine daughter, am I'm supposed to be afraid of you?” It was a valid point and Faith looked over at Laura a desperate plan forming in her mind as she whispered,

“I'm sorry,” and as she did so, she slipped a hand into her pocket and took the tiny gem into the palm of her hand, “I'm so sorry,” she added as she stroked Laura's hair and as she did so she used the instant the hand was hidden from Winter to ease open the top of the catsuit's zipper and push the Gem inside. She could not save them but maybe Hyperstar still could...

“Enough of this!” Winter shouted and blurred again, Faith found herself being flung across the room to land with a thud and a howl of pain on a nearby sofa. Faith supposed she should have felt a little bit grateful the monster had given her a soft landing and she gritted her teeth as Winter asked “ So are you not going to scream for me then? No desperate angry pleas, no demands for mercy?”

“No!” Faith replied as forcefully as she could while she contemplated the likely horror's to come, “I won't give a monster like you the satisfaction and I will never bow to your will!”

“All women break in the end,”

“You won't get the chance, I have SWAT on the way,” Faith lied, and Winter giggled,

“Oh please, even if you are a real cop, you broke in here, and you're wearing a mask, so I'm pretty sure this isn't an official operation, well is it?” It had been a stupid lie and Faith had known it was before she spoke but she was desperately trying to buy time. Why wasn't Laura breaking free? Was the suit too much for her powers to overcome, or was she already so broken, so brainwashed that she could not and would not resist? She hadn't answered Winter's question and after a moment the monster said, “Oh well I'll get the answer out of you eventually, a few hours torment should make you so much more talkative.” Faster than Faith could react the monster brushed one of her gloved hands across the Asian girl's face and as she did this a needle shot out of a finger and pierced Faith's cheek. In moments all went black...

...

Laura watched in horror as her erstwhile rescuer toppled over into a dead faint and then Winter turned and advanced towards her. Laura whimpered and then pleaded,

“Please Mistress I didn't mean to...” However instead of the wrath of God, Winter placed a finger on Laura's lips and said,

“Hush my servant, I know this was not your fault, but instead it is the fault of this vile little sneak thief. Now tell me truthfully do you know if she is really a cop?” Since the woman was still wearing the gimp hood, there was no way for Laura to tell anything about her let alone if she really was a cop. Laura hesitated to speak sure that if she admitted this fact she'd be punished, but if she lied and Winter found out she'd be punished even worse.

Fortunately for once Winter actually seemed to realise she'd made a mistake and quickly pulled the mask off the girl's head. Laura's eyes widened as she realised it was the Asian Domme she'd seen earlier and Laura's sex grew warm as she realised she might actually get to have sex with this beautiful woman. She groaned in disgust at her own growing perversion, even as Winter demanded, “Well? I am waiting for an answer!”

Laura honestly didn't know, since while she was the daughter of the chief of Police, there was about four thousand cops in the city, most of whom she'd never met. Still she wondered if she should at least try a lie and hope to put Winter on her guard, maybe if she made her paranoid she might finally make a fatal mistake? “I'm waiting,” Winter said before slapping her across the breasts.

“Ouch!” Laura exclaimed as rage and embarrassment boiled up within her. She managed to keep some control of herself however as she realised that she was still chained up and she realised any resistance even some justified swearing would be strictly punished. She also realised that she did not have the option to lie since Winter still had the gems on her person.

While the gem's didn't really give the user extra senses, they did enhance the one's the wearer already had. She'd nearly passed out the first time she'd smelled a garbage can while wearing them (and she knew that after two days in a full body condom she probably smelled even worse than that herself right about now). Even more incredible was the changes to sight (she'd been able to see in detail for miles) and hearing that was sensitive enough to let her hear heartbeats.

She'd often noticed that when people lied their heartbeats speeded up (due to the fear-however small- of discovery) and she realised Winter would hear this if she did tell a lie, so finally she settled for the truth. “I am sorry Mistress but I truly do not know,”

Thankfully Winter seemed to believe her, “Oh well it was to much to hope for. Still now I think its time to get you back into your suit.” She reached out and grabbed hold of the zipper on the back of the slavesuit and quickly zipped it back up to the collar. Laura grunted as the tight latex conformed to her body once more and she also noticed a sudden dull ache where something was now pushing into the small of her back. It seemed to be caught between her skin and the back of the corset and while annoying now she would eventually be very grateful that Winter had not noticed it.

Once this was done the devil woman picked up Laura's hood from where Faith had discarded it and made a small grunt of disgust.

“Well look at that the little bitch snapped the septum piece!” Laura noticed that the tiny strip of latex in the nose area had been broken and she wondered when that had happened, or why she hadn't noticed that the hood had been pulled off while she was still wearing her nose ring. “Still it not a major matter, I can replace it when we return to the town and in the meantime I have a lovely new gas-mask you can wear to hide the damage.”

Laura had a very different opinion from her captor about the loveliness of Gas-masks but she recognised now was not the time to voice it, with little choice she instead submissively allowed her captor to zip the hood back onto her head. That stupid idiot! She thought, glancing over at the fallen Asian girl.

She realised that wasn't entirely fair, since she knew Faith had only been trying to help her, but that didn't make up for the fact the woman couldn't have fouled it up much worse if she'd tried. Before she'd come barging in Laura had still had some vague hopes of lulling Winter into a false sense of security, getting her to trust Laura and maybe allow her just enough freedom to escape.

Still if Laura was brutally honest she could see a lot of herself in Faith, who like she had been, was a good decent heroic woman dedicated to justice and with all the common sense of a turnip! Just like Laura, Faith had walked into what was very obviously a trap, and like here she would likely have to pay for a moments stupidity with a lifetime of sexual agony.

With Laura now safely locked back into her suit, Winter walked out of the room for a few moments and then returned holding a brown paper bag from which she produced a gas-mask. “I got this from a contact I met before dinner, what do you think of it?”

Leaving aside the fact she didn't like wearing the hot and humid things, Laura supposed she had to admit that this mask might be a minor improvement on the one she'd worn before. In contrast to that one which had been an old fashioned mask with a long snout and the rebreather at the end, this one was a much more modern design of glossy red plastic. It had a wide face visor instead of tiny portholes and also an internal breathing mask that fitted over the mouth and nose and which Laura realised would cut down on the amount of hot air escaping into the visor. That in turn would keep fogging to a minimum and allow her to see clearly.

There was no filter attached and once the mask was fitted over Laura's head she could breathe normally through the wide open hole in the front. Winter held up a mirror and Laura took in the strange sight of her face covered by a mask which once again made her look more like a machine than a girl. Part of her (maybe a big part of her) almost felt relief at once more being reduced to an object. When she was tightly bound and controlled like this she found it easier to just accept that her situation was hopeless and she could only try and make the best of it she could.

When she was out in public or only lightly bound she could still have hope (especially when would be rescuers showed up) but trapped like this she just couldn't see the point of fighting back. What would resistance achieve? All it would do was make things worse, at least for now someone else was going to be suffering, at least for now she had a moments peace...

Laura screamed, utterly horrified by what she'd just been thinking, how could she possibly think that it was a good thing that someone else was going to be tortured for a change? What was wrong with her, Why, how, how could she possibly even think that? She screamed louder and louder, her mouth opening wider and wider until the latex mask suddenly tore over her mouth.

Laura froze, she was sure Winter would notice instantly and punish her but luckily the gas-mask now hid the hood from view. Still it was only a matter of time before her captor noticed that Laura was no longer gagged and then she would likely suffer as she had never suffered before.

But maybe not, for surely Winter would blame Faith as she had just now, surely the mask had been damaged when Faith had pulled it off and she would be the one the suffer? "OH NO!" she moaned as she realised she'd once again tried to justify another person's torture! A moment later she screamed, "No Please Mistress!" as Winter spun and tore the gas-mask off to reveal the ruined mask below.

"SO!" Winter exclaimed, "SO the mask was damaged, and you DID NOT TELL ME!" she added as she backhanded Laura across the face. Laura howled in pain and tears pricked in her eyes,

"Please I didn't know!" but that just earned her another backhander,

"You will call me Mistress, and in fact I don't think I want you speaking in the first person at all, explain, and in the third person or I'm putting you right back in the tank!" Laura looked up into Winter's eyes and saw cold fury there, and she realised her only hope was to do exactly as she was told, or suffer even more than she already was!

"Please Mistress, this slave did not know her mask!" another slap,

"It not her!"

"Please Mistress this slave did not know its mask was damaged, and it is truly sorry,"

"And does slave deserve to be punished?" Laura hesitated, realising she was expected to beg for her own punishment. Even after all she'd endured that still felt like a step to far, even for the broken girl she'd become, for she hadn't yet given up all hope even after the events of the previous half hour. She braced herself for another slap but instead Winter reached behind her back and began fiddling with the power pack.

Laura tensed up as the devil device was reconnected, and then screamed in agony as all the electrodes fired at once. “YES MISTRESS THIS SLAVE BEGS TO BE PUNISHED!” she howled as she thrashed so hard she actually wondered if her chains might break.

“Better!” Winter said, then walked over to a nearby sideboard and pulled a ball-gag out of a drawer. “Now I don't have a spare hood so lets get this gag in your mouth, but you can take some comfort in how good that plea was,” she added as she slipped the gag into Laura's unresisting mouth. “You act like you've been a slave for years, and even with a few...blips, you are adjusting so well, I wonder if your cop friend will do half as well?”

Laura felt a strange mix of disgust, humiliation and pride at her captor's words, which seemed to mix in a strange and deviant cocktail to become something almost pleasant. She still hated Winter, she still wanted to fight yet once again she was reminded how much easier and how much more pleasant obedience was, and as the gas-mask was settled back in place she moaned as the dildo activated.

If this really was her fate then why not just embrace it, she clearly couldn't fight her captor but if she'd didn't fight then things were no where near as bad as if she tried useless resistance. Why bother to fight when it was useless, better to make the best she could of a bad thing.

The utter failure of the rescue attempt had pushed her back into the depths of despair and now the boiling orgasm pushed her closer and closer to embracing the tiny pleasures that being a willing slave would grant. She just needed a few more pushes, a few more horrible torments and random acts of kindness to break her completely and become dependant on and obedient to Winter. Just a little more time without hope would push her into full blown Stockholm syndrome.

She looked out at the unconscious Asian girl, disgust boiling through her mind as she realised how close Faith's cackhanded “rescue” had come to ruining everything. She had utterly failed to help her, and was probably going to divert Winter's attention away from her current slave, and even worse she'd actually shoved a stone into Laura's suit when she got caught! That had just plain been cruel...

She could feel the stone pushing into her back, and she desperately wanted to beg for her mistress to take the vile thing out but she knew Winter and she knew the monster would probably just leave it there on principle. The slave hissed into her gag, that Bitch Faith was supposed to be a cop, supposed to be one of the good guys and yet when the chips were down and she had decided to torture her.

She recalled hearing that some of the local police were growing jealous of her success as Hyperstar, jealous that one woman with no formal training was cleaning up the town where they could not. She wondered if perhaps Faith was one of those, and given that the girl was clearly into BDSM she was probably also jealous of how successfully Laura had adapted to slavery...

Laura screamed as she realised she was rationalising again, why did she keep trying to accept and enjoy her slavery? This wasn't her! She was a free woman, a good person and surely she could not believe that slavery was a good thing?

However as the hours had passed and her despair mixed in with Winter's expert torture and pleasure it was becoming harder to deny that a part of her truly believed that slavery was a good thing. It was just so easy to obey, to accept and to transfer her hatred onto the idiot who'd failed to rescue her...

The dildo pulsed on and not wanting to think continue that line of thought, Laura focused on her pleasure, ignoring all else but pure orgasmic joy....

## Chapter six:

Her heartbeat thundered in her ears as the drugs wore off and Faith slowly returned to painful awareness. Her entire body ached, and as her head cleared it took a moment for her to recall what had happened, and when she did she felt a pulse of fear stab through her heart. Even before she opened her eyes she realised she was in deep trouble for her keen investigative mind had finally figured out just who "Debbie" might really be.

For weeks the police had been getting reports of a rash of disappearances, and after turning the underworld upside down they had heard a name...WINTER. It had already been known to them, there was a rumoured slaver who went by that name, and all units had been ordered to keep a look out for Intel no matter how slim on his or her location.

The police had had little luck and it seemed Century city would go the way of North Haverville and East Bankside, a community gutted by the abduction of its best and brightest into sexual slavery. As the numbers of missing slowly increased the police had grown more and more desperate, and reports had come in that Century resident heroine was hunting the monster as well.

Then two days ago, Laura (who she now knew was Hyperstar) had vanished and her apartment had been discovered trashed. Since she'd now turned up after being transformed into a sex slave herself it was all to clear Winter had gotten to her first, and worse had stolen her superpowers into the bargain.

If this woman could capture a super-heroine... Suddenly Faith's earlier bravado seemed most unwise. She finally opened her eyes and saw that she was in even worse trouble than she'd realised. She had been stripped naked, chained up and was now trapped in a box, and not a very big box at that.

Her prison was about nine feet tall, wide and deep and lit by the bank of harsh spotlights that was hanging over her head. If that wasn't bad enough, all four sides of her cage were made out of plate glass mirrors, allowing her to see every detail of her nudity and worst than that, someone had shaved her pussy!

She blushed as she realised she'd been waxed and her armpits shaved as well. Her face and pussy grew warm, one with a flush of embarrassment and the other with a pulse of desire at her perfect smooth skin. Her transformation from dominatrix to slave had already begun with the modification of her body against her will. For now it was only a shave but soon she knew her identity would be deleted by the first of many latex slave suits while her nipples, clit and septum would be modified to accept the rings that would control her for the rest of her life.

There was nothing she could do to stop this happening as she was already heavily chained. She was hanging in a spread-eagle suspension bondage, held about a foot above the floor by heavy cuffs around her wrists and ankles that attached to chains mounted to the walls. The effect was like a medieval rack, forcing her arms and legs to take her weight and stretching them painfully. "HELP!" she screamed as her mind finished clearing, even as she realised that no help was likely to be coming. Who was likely to come and rescue the rescue party?

Even if Elaine had missed her yet and came looking for her she didn't even know where Faith had gone. Faith had been sure Elaine would object to her investigation so she hadn't bothered to tell her about it. A horrible thought suddenly occurred to Faith, "Debbie" had been very upset when Elaine had knocked into her earlier. What if she'd already kidnapped Faith's wife, what if Elaine was already being tortured in a cell just like this one?

There was a sudden buzzing sound and Faith yelped as the front of her prison suddenly turned transparent and revealed she had an audience. Out of pure instinct she tried to pull her arms down to cover her privates but the chains held firm and she blushed as she hung naked to the world or at least to her audience.

Normally Faith didn't mind going naked, while she usually preferred her prison guard costume, she was comfortable with her body and didn't mind showing off every once in a while. However this time her audience consisted of Winter who was now dressed in a black latex catsuit and Hyperstar who was still trapped in her slave suit and now

wearing a new gas-mask. The result looked more like a machine than a woman and only the eyes visible behind the masks visor betrayed that she wasn't some sophisticated sex-bot.

Still Hyperstar was largely irrelevant, the real problem was Winter who was eyeing up Faith like she was a piece of meat. Faith had seen pictures of what Winter did to the people she kidnapped, and she was sure she was being measured up for a slave suit of her own. She had to at least try to escape before that happened...

“LET ME GO YOU BITCH!” Faith screamed as she thrashed and tried to break free of her chains. She didn't even come close to succeeding and Winter began to laugh.

“I would not bother little girl, those were made for something a little stronger than you are, and if she could not break them..?” She reached out and stroked Hyperstar's latex coated breasts causing the girl to moan into her mask, “...What hope have you?”

“What are you, what are you..?” Faith's heart began to thunder still louder in her ears as she grew more and more scared. It had been easy to be sound defiant when she hadn't been naked and in chains but now she regretted not trying to talk her way out. It wasn't as if she wasn't a dominatrix herself, maybe she could have convinced Winter she was a slaver of unwilling girls as well, suggested a team-up and knocked her over the head the second the demon's back was turned?

She realised how stupid that idea was about the same instant Winter spoke again. “What am I going to do to you? Oh not much, I mean lets face it your just not very important are you, I mean once you enslave a superhero what's a mere Cop?”

“I AM NOT A MERE COP!” Faith screamed, although she knew that was a lie she was only a beat cop after all. “WHEN MY BOSSES FIND OUT WHAT- OUCH!!!” Her rant turned into a yelp of pain as electric shocks erupted from her cuffs and stung both her wrists.

“They will do what? You are not the first pig to stumble onto my operation, in fact you are the nineteenth, which is why I can't see any appeal in keeping you,”

“THEN LET ME GO!” Faith demanded,

“I think not, as you can see your gambit had failed, Hyperslut here is still mine and we are no-longer in the place where I captured you, you have failed, so it is time to embrace the collar you vile little girl!”

As Winter mentioned Hyperstar, Faith recalled the gem of power she'd hidden in Laura's suit, was there any chance Winter hadn't found it? Despair boiled through her as she realised she must have found the gem, it had been a desperate gamble and one that could never pay off. She was sure that if Laura had even a tenth of her former power, she would have broken free by now? Faith's eyes were drawn to the shape of Winters suit and she realised something was missing compared to what she'd seen earlier.

When she'd seen her before there had been a series of small bumps around Winter's waist, and thinking about it Faith realised they were about the same size as the gem she had found. These were now gone and she realised Winter wasn't wearing the power gems. Perhaps there was some hope after all?

Winter began to giggle and an instant later she revealed she knew exactly what Faith was thinking, "Yes I took the belt off, but then why wouldn't I? You are locked up in there, and Hyper Slut is chained and obedient to my will, you have no hope, no way out, so be a good little slave and embrace the collar."

"NEVER!" Faith screamed, even as sweat poured down her back and dripped on to the floor, "COME IN HERE AND I'LL..." Winter began to giggle again,

"Now why would I do anything a mere slave demanded? In any case you should be grateful, I dug out an amazing design for you, I mean I've heard how people in your country just love Maid's so I have decided to make you into one,"

"THAT'S JAPAN!" Faith screamed in disgust. Although she was a third generation immigrant she had never forgotten the crimes the Japanese had committed on her mother country during the war. She had never liked Japanese culture and that included things like their Maid cafes that would normally have turned her on.

"Whatever! In any case its not as if you have a choice anymore. You may as well lay back and try to enjoy the ride," and with that Winter reached out and touched the glass, causing a display to be projected on it. She pushed a few buttons and then a big red one appeared marked "activate." "See you in a few weeks," Winter added as she gave a wave of goodbye.

Desperately Faith turned to Hyperstar, "NO PLEASE! YOU HAVE TO HELP ME!" but the latex clad slave remained impassive and silent, simply watching Faith from within her inhuman prison..."NO!" Faith screamed as the glass once more transformed into a mirror and then she heard the rumble of machinery starting up...

...

Laura watched silently as Faith hung inside her box, twisting this way and that and screaming for both help and mercy. Winter had turned off the sound feed but it was all too obvious the girl was utterly terrified as hatches opened in the floor and robotic arms rose up from within.

Laura shivered even as she dutifully obeyed orders and remained standing bolt upright and perfectly still. It was clear to her that this device was a modified version of the demented machine that had installed her into her own suit a few days earlier. It was more compact, and Laura shivered again if she wondered if it was a perfected version, after all hadn't her mistress once called her a "Test subject?" Was Faith the first production model of her "model" of latex slave?

"Its such a lovely sight isn't it?" Winter asked as the arms began spraying a liquid lubricant all over Faith's body, "A girl so helpless and so controlled, doesn't it just

turn you on?" Laura decided to remain mute, half because she was speechless with disgust at what was happening, half out of fear of what would happen if she made the wrong sound from her gagged mouth.

Laura was sore all over, not just from the torture suit but also from being carried by her armpits as Winter had flown her and the sleeping Faith back to her penthouse headquarters. There was only one small mercy; when they had come into land, Winter had dropped them onto the roof, but then misjudged her own landing and crashed straight through a plate glass window.

Winter hadn't been injured (if any more proof was needed that she really had stolen Laura's powers). However by the time she'd gotten both Laura and Faith down the the floor under her apartment and into the room that now housed Faith's torture chamber, she'd smashed three doors, two more windows and a Ming dynasty vase. After the last one she had screamed the question "HOW THE HELL DO YOU DO THIS!?" in Laura's face.

At that point Laura had been extremely grateful for the gas-mask she was wearing since it was now hiding the huge grin on her face. While recent events might have partially proved Laura was a true masochist and pain slut, Laura was still a bit of a switch and so she took quiet sadistic joy in watching her Mistress suffer.

Even better Winter had managed to break the first two sets of chains she'd tried to attach to Faith, and after this she'd finally unzipped her catsuit and removed the simple leather belt that now housed the gems. While Laura was disgusted at the mutilation of her beautiful necklace, she supposed it was rather more practical like this. When worn under clothes there was now no chance someone could simply cut the belt off as Winter had managed with the necklace.

Still that wasn't the best part, because now that had Winter removed the belt she was powerless and perhaps...A single shake of Laura's bound body had been enough to kill that happy thought, she was still trapped, still bound and she even still had that blasted stone pushing into her back. If that all wasn't bad enough Winter had recognised the shake for what it was and punished her with a ten second series of shocks for defiance.

Oddly enough it hadn't hurt as much as usual but Laura supposed maybe she was just developing a tolerance for pain, or perhaps the suit battery's were running down. If it was the latter then she knew that happy state was now ended, since Winter had changed the pack for a new one just before Faith woke up.

"You don't have to hide it," Winter now told her captive, "I know you enjoy watching people suffer, and I suppose I could just leave you here to watch the show..." Yes Please? Laura thought, "But I can't have you getting lazy, so lets combine this with something a bit more fun, you can get some exercise and you can watch as your little slave sister learns her place, won't that be fun?"

Laura groaned, unable to fully conceal the disgust and desire that warred in her tormented brain. A part of her quite liked the fact that someone else was suffering for once, and was also still rather annoyed Faith had shoved a stone into her suit for no good reason. However in spite of her suffering, the torture, the humiliation, she still knew in her bones that this was wrong!

If anything it felt even worse now someone else was suffering, she could almost rationalise her own downfall and she'd been doing just that for quite a while. She'd been stupid, she'd deserved this, or that maybe deep down she really was a wannabe slave who'd wanted to get caught. However she found that she could not rationalise what had happened to Faith. Even if she'd screwed up the rescue, Faith was still an innocent woman who'd only been trying to help and was facing a fate worse than death as a result.

It briefly occurred to the slave that this was exactly how she herself had ended up in this mess, but she had at least gone in with eyes open, Faith probably had no idea what was really going on until she had gotten into that room.

Her train of thought was interrupted as Winter began to slip a harness under her shoulder's and Laura almost jumped out of her skin in shock. Although not as bad as some of the hoods she'd worn before, her current hood did dull her hearing and her limited field of vision meant she had not noticed the harness descending from the ceiling above her. Not that it made any difference as almost before she could react, Winter secured the straps, and then linked them with another across her chest. This done Laura was hoisted a few inches into the air and for an instant the slave heroine was glad to take the weight off her feet until firstly the straps began to dig into her arms and then Winter began to unlace Laura's boots.

Up until that moment Laura had still been wearing the flat soled boots she'd been given for her pony training and she really should have realised that luxury was never going to last forever. Sure enough she was quickly redressed in knee boots with seven inch heels that were linked by an ankle hobble and if that wasn't bad enough the hobble was linked by another length chain to a d-ring on the base of her chastity belt.

Winter wrinkled her nose as she finished lacing up the boots and said, "Wow you really are starting to smell, after you get done with your exercise I think its time to give you a clean," Laura felt a tiny pang of hope, was she finally actually going to get out of the suit for a little while? She should have known it wasn't going to be that easy. "Don't worry I won't interrupt your latex odyssey for something as tedious as cleaning, I'll put you to sleep first," Laura groaned and then Winter smiled and said, "Well I think she's about done, I guess its time for the next stage."

Lost in her own thoughts and suffering Laura hadn't noticed that very little was happening inside Faith's box. Once the girl had been sprayed with the lubricant, rather than moving to the next stage of the process the robotic arms had simply begun circling the terrified girl. At the same time the lights had been turned down low inside the box and Faith's eyes were darting around as she tried to follow the cruel arms

progress. “Well I wouldn't have wanted you to miss the show,” Winter added, “And now she's had a good long time to anticipate just what's coming for her.”

There was a jolt as Laura's chains began to move, it seemed they were attached to a ceiling track which pulled her forward a few feet and then she was quickly lowered back to the floor and with her masked face pushed up against the walls of the box. She yelped as her heeled feet made contact with a springy surface and even though she could not look down she realised it had to be some kind of treadmill.

Oddly enough her feet didn't hurt as much as they had the last time she'd worn ballet boots but she guessed that was just her (slowly) getting used to wearing them. The lights inside the box suddenly snapped back to full power and Faith's eyes widened. Laura realised that the box had again turned transparent for the victim within but she had no time to dwell on this as the belt began to slowly move and then the first shock stung her buttocks.

As shocks went it was actually rather weak but it was still enough to get her moving, as she began making quick mincing little hops along the treadmill as the dildo began to pulse in time with her motions. In moments her growing pleasure once again began to drown out everything else...

...

Faith yelped as the lights brightened and the mirrored glass once more turned clear. After several minutes of watching the evil arms circle in the gloom the captive was almost glad to see Winter's leering face once more. Although she was utterly terrified for a moment she still dared to hope that maybe Winter had changed her mind...

“I know what you're thinking but please don't kid yourself, I just wanted my gal to have a ringside seat before your transformation began.” Winter said, and Faith saw that Laura was now pressed up against the glass and standing on a treadmill. Even as Faith watched the belt began to move and Laura began to walk after only the tiniest of shudders.

Surely there could not have been any torture involved in getting her moving if she reacted like that, and Faith wondered just how broken the girl was, surely Laura wasn't so far gone that she was ignoring the return of a tiny bit of her powers? Faith didn't think that was possible, since even in the worst case Laura could not have been a slave for more than three days (and probably not that much more than two days). There was just no way she could be so totally broken in so short an amount of time.

Winter must have found the gem and removed it, but if that was the case why hadn't she said anything, surely she would have rubbed Faith's failure in the pretty Korean girl's face? Everything she'd heard suggested Winter loved psychological torture almost as much as the physical kind she why hadn't she said anything. Was she trying to give Faith false hope ready to dash it later?

That had to be it, for surely if Laura could have escaped then she would have done so already? “Sorry to interrupt your interesting zone out but I have things to do so I'll just leave you to the machine's tender care, enjoy the ride, I know Hyperslut did,”

She reached up and ran a hand over Laura's back whispering, "Whose a good Hyperslut, yes you are..." Faith froze, surely if the gem was still there Winter would feel it but as she kept massaging the slave, she still seemed to notice nothing amiss. The gem must have slipped down inside the corset Faith thought, yes that had to be it, surely there was no other way Winter would miss it? Unless she hadn't missed it and was just screwing with Faith's mind?

"My you are just a diamond of a slave aren't you?" Winter added as she finished fondling Laura and then she turned on her heels and walked out of the room leaving Faith alone with the robots and the watching slave girl.

The latex coated parody was already breathing hard as she almost seemed to run along the belt (something Faith would have previously thought impossible for someone in such extreme bondage) and she also seemed to be grinding her hips together. Faith spat on the glass in disgust as she realised the girl was trying to push herself closer to orgasm. The fallen heroine was shaking with desire like a true slave slut and even though Faith couldn't see Laura's face she could see enough to cause a wave of despair to sweep through the captive cop. Laura was clearly broken, she wanted to obey and get the slave reward, it was even possible she might already be so far gone that her reaction to finding any of her powers returned to her could be to beg her mistress to forgive her and take them away...

A hatch in the floor in front of Faith opened and a glossy black catsuit was lifted up into view. A series of zippers were already opened along the arms, back and legs and Faith realised it could be pulled over her body and sealed shut without any need to undo her cuffs. She wanted to fight back, to struggle and resist but seeing a real life superheroine so broken she'd screw herself silly had caused despair to crash over Faith drowning her like a tidal wave.

If a superheroine could be broken so easily and so quickly, then what hope did a mere mortal like Faith have, so what was the point of fighting back? She was a switch after all, so she would just have to learn to live with being a slave, wouldn't she... Anger once again overwhelmed despair and she screamed at the glass, "WHY WON'T YOU HELP ME!?!"

Laura did not reply and it seemed clear she was too lost in pleasure to worry about anything else, and Faith screamed as the first layer of her hell suit was fitted into place...

Chapter seven:

Faith would have been slightly surprised to learn she was wrong about Laura, and that in fact she was not totally lost in pleasure. In the past Laura had sometimes found she

could sort of “zone out” while performing her captors sadistic “tasks” but this time she could not as she was distracted by the horrible sight before her.

She'd heard Faith's screamed question and now she felt nothing but shame and disgust in herself. She had been a superhero, she had been an avatar of justice and now she was reduced to nothing more than chattel, unable to do anything but watch as another woman suffered through the exact same tortures as she had undergone. If she had been being tortured as well as Faith then her latent masochist nature and her extreme fear of Winter might have led her to once again rationalise what was happening to the other girl. However she was not being tortured at all. In fact even when she stopped for a few moments she only felt a tiny tickle of electricity from the electrodes so weak it could be easily ignored and as such did not distract her from the pure horror that was unfolding before her.

She wasn't sure why her torture devices had stopped working and right now Laura didn't really care. What did all that for once she had no distractions from the pure horror of her situation and like a deer frozen in the headlights she could not turn away from Faith, and was forced to watch as the evil catsuit was slowly zipped into place. Faith was now screaming as her pert mounds were forced through the small breast opening on the front of the suit, and then she howled in pain as the robotic arms closed the zippers. This tightened the evil suit over the girl's body like a second skin a startling effect that Laura knew well was also extremely uncomfortable for the wearer. “PLEASE HELP!” Faith screamed again, and Laura shook in her own bondage screaming a mangled apology that she did not know how.

In many ways what Winter had done to her was the worst thing she could possibly have done and perhaps the stupidest. She'd probably thought watching another girl suffer would be a relief for Laura, or that her near addiction to orgasms would distract her enough that she wouldn't care.

None of that had happened, instead as she watched the machine lace Faith into a torture corset she remembered her own corset being strapped into place. Felt its crushing control of her own body, and the way she had not been able to take a truly deep breath since the horrible thing was put in place. She remembered all the humiliations, the torture, the...rape...for that was the disgusting truth about how she had been sexually violated by Winter.

Adrenaline mixed with anger as Laura raged against what had happened to her, however she also realised this was probably exactly what Winter wanted her to feel. For a while now Laura had been, well probably a bit numb to her own suffering. She alternating between compliance and mindless rages but these always quickly abated when her tortured brain found excuses for what ever Winter had done to her. She knew she was being brainwashed, tortured into total submission but after a while she hadn't cared. Fighting back was just so hard and every-time she swore she would try to take back her freedom, the next round of suffering would crush her back into the obedient mindset of a slave.

Laura wasn't dumb and she knew what she was feeling was the first stages of Stockholm syndrome but she had almost been at the point of giving up caring. At some point Obedience had become easier than defiance, and she knew that if she was a good little girl, she was allowed the release of a tiny bit of pleasure. It was easier if she also didn't think about what had happened to her, if she didn't try to do something about it, and if she let her fantasies of regaining freedom remain just that.

Despite her thoughts on the subject during their trip today, Laura had not really done anything to try and escape or even attempted any resistance at all beyond a few quickly stifled grunts. She had discovered that as long as she didn't act up too much Winter wouldn't do anything too nasty to her and she might even get a reward. She shivered as she realised just how broad her definition of "too nasty" had gotten lately or for that matter the meaning of the word reward.

Now however she was confronted with the pure unvarnished terror of what had happened to her, she had nothing to distract her and it had quickly snapped her back to her senses. However there was nothing she could do about it, nothing she could do to save Faith or to save herself and that just made all this even worse. Winter was a sadist so that was probably her intention, as Laura had quickly realised her captor got off on suffering. For someone like that an obedient sexual robot was going to get boring very quickly, but a victim who knew exactly what was happening to herself and could do nothing about it...

Laura howled in disgust as she understood Winter's cruelty, why couldn't the woman just properly brainwash her already? At least if she was brainwashed, she wouldn't care about what had happened to her and it would not hurt quite so much anymore. Instead any time Laura got remotely comfortable with her dark destiny Winter did something to snap her back to sanity so that she could torment her some more.

Laura fought her bondage, struggling with all her might, she was a heroine, she wasn't a slave, she did not want to be a slave, this was all wrong this was evil! As Laura struggled she failed to notice that her feet were no-longer in contact with the belt, instead she was now hovering about an inch above it.

Faith however did notice and her eyes widened in shock, as she realised Laura was fighting back. Please, please let her succeed! She prayed as she desperately fought to keep a pair of ballet boots off her feet. She had very little success and even with five years worth of ballet classes, she howled in agony as her feet were forced en-poiné, but still she dared to hope.

Lost in her mental anguish and torment Laura still hadn't noticed the proof that some of her astonishing power had been returned to her, she was too deep in a delirium of rage and despair for that. However a moment later something happened that even she could not ignore, the o-ring binding her wrists together behind her back snapped. "DOT DEY RUCK!" she exclaimed as she dropped out of the air and landed back on the belt, her feet slipping before the shoulder harness caught her and held her upright.

There was no pain as leather and latex brushed over suddenly diamond hard flesh and in that instant Laura finally realised exactly what Faith had done, somehow the girl had found one of her power gems....and slipped it inside the suit.

“DO IT!” Faith managed to scream before a leather hood was pulled over her head. The hood had only two nostril holes for breathing and the leather forced her mouth shut, and she was plunged into darkness and silence. “DO IT!” she tried to scream again, a mixture of terror and hope boiling through her. A dildo tickled the exposed triangle of her sex but Faith barely cared, the gem must have taken time to work, now all Laura had to do was break free from the rest of her bonds. Why was it taking so long? She felt an electric shock sting her toes and she screamed in pain even as she clung onto desperate hope, why wasn't Laura doing anything!

Laura hesitated, she knew if she had already snapped her chains, then the straps would be no obstacle at all. If she wanted to she could rip herself free in seconds, smash her way into Faith's cell in another few seconds, race to the main room, recover her other gem's and pulverise Winter a moment after that. Yet still she hesitated for she was terrified to take that obvious step. She was so sure this all had to be a trap, and that this had to be some trick of Winter's. The chain had probably been replaced with soft plastic, the shocks had been turned down, hell she'd probably just been lifted up gently by the straps, that was the only explanation that made sense.

Yes that had to be it, she just could not see how Winter could have made such a huge mistake.

But then she remembered that Winter had detached one of the gem's, the one she'd used to heal the holes she'd cut for Laura's piercings after the slave's second round of sensory deprivation torture. Winter might have kept it separate, one gem out of twelve didn't reduce the necklace/belts power very much and it would have been useful for healing after an intense “session.”

Also it reduced the risk of bringing all the gems into contact with Laura. If that happened it would have powered her up instantly and she would have been at full power. Instead it had taken a couple of hours and...Laura rose into the air and managed to hover for about thirty seconds about a foot off the floor. She then felt her broken chain's running her latex coated hands over the shattered metal. It was hard to tell through the gloves what they were made of but they seemed to be fairly light but also strong and she guessed they were some form of steel.

Laura had done a few tests when she first found the necklace, as such she knew her baseline at full power and at the moment guessed she was at about a tenth of that level, it might be a little more than that but it could not be much more.

She could certainly free herself, hover and clearly take full power shocks without any real pain but true super speed was out of the question and she had to assume Winter was between her and the rest of the gems. Assuming the devil Domme hadn't been watching and wasn't coming to recapture then already, they would still only have a brief head-start. Even if Winter didn't realise Laura and Faith were escaping Laura

doubted she was powerful enough to escape the robotic arms or the torture chamber that had caught her during her last escape attempt.

She supposed she could climb out the broken window and then jump but she was unsure if her power could currently slow a hundred floor drop enough to survive and even if she was able to survive the fall Faith certainly would not. Laura knew in her bones that if she tried to escape she would fail, she would be punished and she would suffer even worse punishment than she ever had before.

She had freedom in her grasp but it felt like she was already broken to take it, and as she looked at Faith suffering in her own sensory blackout she wondered if that wasn't somehow for the best. No one could fight Winter, she'd been a fool to think she could try even when she had still been a superheroine, and she wasn't a heroine any more she was just a slave. Surely the best thing she could do was to scream for mistress, take her punishment and then try and help Faith adjust to the situation.

She looked at Faith screaming in her bondage. It gets easier she thought as long as you obeyed it got easier...

Faith was still screaming and Laura felt deeply sorry for what the girl was going through but there was just nothing she could do, resistance was just too hard, the price was too high. She wanted to fight but she just knew it would end in disaster. As she was thinking all this she realised that Faith was still trying to speak and she could just make out what the muffled girl was screaming over and over. "Please, I believe in you, please you can save us!"

Laura froze in shock, as visions of her past rose in her mind and warred with her present, the crushing latex, the freedom of near nudity, the constant suffering, the joy of being a hero. The praise of those she had saved, the insults and suffering inflicted by Winter.

But I like being a sub...Laura reminded herself, okay sure Winter's a bit extreme but it still my deepest sexual fantasy. Another image rose in her tortured mind, the naked girl being led around by Faith, except she saw herself in that role...

Sure you're a sub, but Faith's a Dom, and she's going to be very grateful if you save her, just like the Governor's daughter was last month... Laura blushed remembering the very enjoyable evening she'd spent with the girl after stopping a right wing fanatic from kidnapping her...

But if I just give up and do nothing...well no one has to know I simply gave up... You would know a voice reminded her, and given you probably already did enough to earn another turn in total sensory deprivation, why not at least make it worth while?

She was a hero, she had one last chance to go down fighting, if there was even a chance of regaining her freedom, she had to take it! Finally she summoned up all of her courage and began her escape.

Although the ring on the back of her corset had snapped her cuffs were still linked by a short chain, and as she made the final choice to risk it all she flexed her wrists and grunted for a few moments before the chain finally snapped.

Her heart thundered as she waited for Winter to appear and stop her but nothing happened and so she quickly reached up and grabbed a hold of her shoulder harness. The chain's holding it up might have been made of steel but the actual harness was just leather and it snapped instantly under her touch.

A single kick snapped the ankle chain and broke loose the one attaching it to her chastity belt, while stepping on the broken chain with her booted heel tore the remains free of her other ankle. Time was of the essence and after all this time she could walk easily in the heels, as such she decided to leave them on. She also knew she hadn't got a lot of time and since her super strength allowed her to move normally even under the layers of latex, she decided to wait until after they escaped before taking off her slave suit.

She did waste a single moment tearing the power pack off of her back but she left the dildo's in place, letting them pleasantly stimulate her sex (and as much as she hated to admit it) her anus as she turned towards the cage. Although it was only took a few steps to get off the treadmill and kick it out of the way and across the room, she was still astonished how easily she could walk in the devil boots, was this a superpower she hadn't yet discovered or had practice made perfect?

She had no time to think about that, so instead she raised her latex coated fist and took a swing at the glass case. "Mouch!" she exclaimed into her gag as her fist made contact and barely scratched the surface. Clearly the case was made of something much stronger than normal glass but she quickly realised there was another way to break in. The cages weak spot was clearly visible, a simple metal lock that held the door closed.

Sweating in her hell suit Laura reached out and grabbed hold of it with her latex coated hands and then she began to pull. It only took two heaves (and two highly enjoyable bounces from her dildo) the lock shattered in her hands and the door swung open.

The robot arms had long since retreated leaving Faith to hang in the centre of the room, the dildo thrusting in and out as her howls grew louder and louder and then it stop as she began to shake and howl louder still. Laura grimaced under her mask as she realised that Faith was enduring the most demented part of the deprivation torment, the victim would be pushed almost to orgasm and then the machine would cut off the pleasure and replace it with agonising pain. After a few cycles of this she'd been begging for mercy and after hours that felt like years she'd been ready to do anything to escape it.

Well that wasn't going to happen this time, she decided as she spotted a power cable that plugged into the back of Faith's suit. One quick yank ripped it out of its socket

and shut down the suit. This done Laura grabbed the front of Faith's hood and pulled it off quickly tearing it away to reveal Faith's sweat and tear stained face.

“What took so long..!” Faith managed to moan as Laura quickly set about snapping the girls wrist chains and then used a few quick stamps of her boots to remove the ankle one's and so free the girl from her spread-eagle pose. “That was only a few minutes?” Faith asked clearly shaking,

“Des!” Laura replied, “De go!” she added as Faith rubbed her wrists and quickly removed her collar and corset with practised ease.

“Yes we need to, why are you still in that thing, wait why are...are you still gagged?” Faith stepped towards Laura moving easily in the latex, “Why haven't you taken that thing off?”

Laura didn't answer because in truth she wasn't sure herself. She told herself it would take time they could not waste to get rid of it, but if she was honest she actually didn't want to take it off. Partially because she was still ninety percent convinced they would fail and she didn't want to piss off Winter any more than she already had but also because the slave regalia was actually becoming oddly comfortable.

Her supernatural sense of balance meant she could move easily even in the hell heels, while her increased strength allowed her to move in the suit as if it was made of silk rather than rubber. The corset was no longer impeding her breathing, while her hearing was able to pick up Faith's racing heartbeat even through her mask. She could see well enough through her visor and wearing the mask dulled her sense of smell enough she wasn't going to pass out from smelling how bad her own body odour was after days in the suit. Even better every motion bought her closer to orgasm and she could see no need what so ever to remove the belt.

The only concession to freedom she decided to make was to rip free her neck corset so she could turn her head but she did not even lift the gasmask and remove her ballgag. After a moment she realised why she wanted to remain gagged (as well as her natural fear of Winter finding her ungagged). To be able to speak was a distraction from her task, a slave had no need to speak since it only needed to obey and in the end she still felt she was a slave, if not to Winter than her own mad desire to be free.

A slave did not need to speak because it would only have distracted it from its task, while Faith who was a free woman would not stop talking even as it delayed their escape attempt. Understanding this, she seized Faith by the arm and set off marching out of the prison room and towards the main quarters. “Hey what are you doing?” Faith asked but Laura ignored her, instead focusing on her task and the rising pleasure in her loins.

“Look a stairwell, we can get down that way!” Faith exclaimed, but Laura just moaned,

“Fap,” into her gag. To her credit Faith seemed to understand and followed Laura as she began to climb a small spiral staircase. They soon emerged into a lobby on the next floor which Laura had earlier passed through when she had been led downstairs by Winter. She shivered in her hell suit as she realised the door was open, and she froze as she was able to look into the main room.

Winter was inside, lying on a that sofa Laura had used to try and pull herself upright at the start of her first failed escape attempt. Was it really only a few days since then? It felt like it had been half an eternity. Laura recalled her brief triumph as she'd managed to pulled herself to her feet while horribly bound and wearing her horror heels. A triumph that had been followed so soon after by utter despair as she'd walked straight into the trap Winter had laid for her.

At the time Winter had seemed like a sort of dark goddess, a superior being who Laura could not fight or hope to defy, here and now however she looked anything but superior. Their captor was lying sprawled on the sofa, her catsuit unzipped half way down to reveal her fairly flat chest. Laura desperately tried not to giggle as it became clear that the perfect body Winter had seemed to possess was at least partially a result of padding and a well designed catsuit.

Without the suit Winter was rather average, a little short in the height department and sleeping with her mouth open and drool dripping from her lips. (Laura supposed that she had to admit 5'4" wasn't actually very short compared to the national average but given that Laura was rather taller than that average most women seemed short to her). The monsters hair was messed up and three empty beer bottles sat on the floor beside the chair, the result looked less like a goddess and more like a twenty something drop out who'd fallen asleep in front of the TV.

This actually seemed to be exactly what had happened, and Laura thanked her lucky stars and all the Gods that the TV was currently on mute since it was showing a view of the room she and Faith had been imprisoned in. If the sound had been turned on Winter would have quickly awoken to find an escape attempt in progress and that would have been...bad.

As she looked at the sleeping Domme Laura realised just how pathetic the girl actually was, not a sexual goddess but an evil brat who got her jollies from the suffering of others. It was hard to be scared of Winter now she'd seen through the fake demonic fantasy the girl presented to the world and Laura felt her terror being replaced by disgust.

She finally felt strong enough to reach up and remove the gasmask, and then pull the ballgag out of her mouth. She smiled for the first time in days as she took back the last of her stolen freedom. She took a moment to glory in her (nearly completed) liberation before Faith whispered “What the hell is that smell?”

“Sorry I think it's probably me,” Laura admitted, but then she realised their mistake and hissed “Shut it, she'll hear us.” Faith however walked over to Winter with a smile on her face and then picked up a bottle from the floor beside the sleeping monster,

“Pills and booze, she'll be out of it for hours, and this is why its never a good idea to Dom under the influence,” Faith added, “Well she's not going anywhere, so lets get you out of that suit,”

“Belt first,” Laura said as looked around the room and then spotted the leather strap sitting on a nearby table she walked over and quickly picked it up. “Damn this will never fit on me,” She thought and then she began to slip her gems out of their housings. She then undid the straps that held her corset in place and shivered as the cold gem inside her suit slipped down to just above her buttocks. She then quickly removed her boots and then said, “Here help me unzip this thing,”

Faith nodded and as she walked over Laura added, “I am so sorry I didn't try and help earlier, but I...oh God I,” She sunk to her knees in front of the devil Domme as Faith stepped behind her. Instead of undoing the zipper, Faith reached out and began massaging Laura's shoulders, causing the fallen heroine to moan softly as the tension was slowly released from her tortured body.

“Hey its not your fault if anything its mine for not just calling in a SWAT team the second I realised something was wrong, and...well I can't imagine what she did to you...”

“Pretty much what she was doing to you...for about another two days, and add in a few piercings,” Laura admitted, sure Faith would never believe that was enough to break her, but then a dark shadow seemed to pass over the Asian girl's face as she replied,

“I think I understand, after a few minutes in that thing I was screaming for mercy, its not your fault this monster did what she did to either of us, now lets peel you out of this thing, tie that monster up and then get us both a shower,”

“Can you think what you probably should have done first?” Winter asked as her eyes snapped open,

“Oh shit!” Faith exclaimed as Winter dived off the the sofa and went for the belt that was now lying at Laura's feet. Winter wasn't wearing gloves so as her hands closed around the belt, she shouted in triumph,

“I could always hold my liquor girls, and now I think I'll use you both as human toilets for this cack handed escape attempt, and... hey wait where are the gems?”

“Back where they belong!” Laura announced as she knocked Winter across the room with a backhander, “Look after the other gems!” she told Faith as she dropped them into the Korean girl's hands and then dived across the room,

Winter's eyes widened as Laura did a back flip in the air and landed in front Winter with a giggle of triumph. Winter hadn't had time to pull herself upright so rolled away and demanded, “How!?!” before swinging a hard right at Laura who grunted as the

monsters fist slammed into her chest. She was still at no where near full power and as long as she wore the suit she could not use the other gems. Worse even with the power she had regained, the mass of the rubber was still slowing her reaction times to little better than that of a normal woman. “How, you had no powers?” Winter demanded as Laura dived at her and grabbed the monster in a headlock.

“Blame me,” Faith replied for both of them, “You dropped a gem at bondage-world, I found it, quickly realised what it was and then I got curious,” Winter was surprisingly strong for a normal and unpowered woman and with another grunt she managed to throw Laura off her. Instantly her hand went to the front of her catsuit and Laura realised there must be a secret pocket sown into it.

“IT FELL OUT!” Winter exclaimed in shock,

“Yep, and I found it, and then I made sure Hyperstar got it back when you caught me... you really should have checked to make sure I hadn't slipped her anything...”

“Anyone can make a mistake, and now I shall correct that mistake...” Winter hissed as she ran at Faith and the handful of gems she was holding. Faith danced out of the way, and Laura grabbed hold of the monster by the back, shoved an elbow into Winter's neck, grabbed her hair and pulled.

As Winter screamed in pain, Laura looked up at Faith, “I'm not at anything like full power and this bitch is a wildcat, would you please find something to tie her up with?”

“Be tying you up again soon!” Winter hissed as she managed to twist round in Laura's grip and reached out to grab the ring in Laura's right nipple. Laura howled in pain as Winter pulled as hard as she could, then both women yelped in shock as the base metal ring snapped, defeated by Laura's now far stronger flesh. For an instant Faith looked puzzled, then swung a fist at Laura's face. “OUCH!” the monster screamed as she connected, to Laura it felt like a light slap but for Winter it must have been like punching a metal sheet.

“You know what your problem is Winter?” Laura asked, “Your arrogance! Changing strategy, Winter used her legs to kick Laura back off her (and after another grunt of pain), replied,

“Arrogance, I'm not the one who walked into a trap a child could have seen coming,”

“Really that's not what I'm seeing,” Faith said as she did a backflip across the room, grabbed Winter by the front of her catsuit and lifted her into the air, “Wow!” she exclaimed as she tossed Laura a bag of cable ties.

Laura noticed a series of bumps over Faith's stomach and that the neck of her catsuit was open, clearly she'd taken the chance to shove the gems inside while Laura and Winter were distracted. Laura grinned and Faith said, “What? I needed both hands

free!” Laura laughed, her first truly happy moment in days, and then grabbed Winter's wrists and quickly zip tied them behind her back.

She enjoyed the look on Winter's face as the monster realised she'd been defeated, and then Laura stood up and slipped her hands under the collar of her own suit. With a quick tug Laura tore the latex at the seams and then began to peel herself out of the suit. She quickly tore free the upper parts of the suit, ripping off the sleeves and gloves and then ripping open the torso before reaching out to catch the gem as it fell out. She then used the point of the gem to cut into the ruined catsuits leg and slipped the jewel inside the small hole she had made, ensuring it was secure and still in contact with her skin.

Laura was now topless, and still wearing half her slave suit but for now she felt totally liberated, and she was now able to indulge her exhibitionism for the first time since her capture. “Aren't you going to take the belt off?” Faith asked as Laura moaned in pleasure, the dildo's having finally bought her to orgasm.

“YOU, YOU ABUSE THE GIFT OF YOUR DARK-” Laura backhanded Winter across the face,

“You aren't a Goddess, you are just a monster and now I'm finally free of you!” Laura replied,

“Really? I think not, for I have marked you for life!” Winter replied,

“Oh shut up you colossal fucking cow,” Faith said as she grabbed Winter by the legs, quickly zip tied the monsters ankles together and then bent them back to touch Winter's wrists. Another zip tie completed the hog-tie and then Faith began using her borrowed super strength to tear the catsuit from Winter's body. “You almost destroyed her, but I guess “almost” wasn't enough was it?” she suddenly seemed to realise what she'd been saying and quickly added, “Oh God I'm sorry,”

“Why?” Laura asked, “It is the truth after all, up until you came along I'd just about given up, hell I think she might have actually broken me, that was until you gave me back my powers and a cause I could still fight for,”

“And what cause is that, Hyperslut?” Winter demanded,

“Making sure no one else has to suffer like I did!” Laura hissed, she grabbed the now naked Domme by the armpits and hoisted her up into the air until their faces were nearly touching. “I thought you were some kind of demonic genius at brainwashing but all you ever did was torture me until I would have done anything to make the pain stop. You may have gotten me to obey you but only because I didn't have any other options, but as soon as I found one your hold over me was ended!”

It wasn't true and Laura knew it, she'd been broken, she'd been so far gone she'd actually wanted to be brainwashed, wanted to embrace her terrible new life because it

was easier than trying to fight back. Still for the moment that lie made her feel a little better.

“Whatever, so you managed to catch me and I have to wonder just what are you going to do with me now?” Winter demanded,

“I know what I should do...” Laura replied, and in all the years to come she was never sure if she meant throw Winter in jail, or just defenestrate her from the building.

“You try and jail me, and I'll tell the world exactly what I did to you!” Laura shuddered, she didn't want that, it was bad enough what had happened but for the whole world to know about it. She'd be destroyed, her career finished, she'd be utterly humiliated, reduced to the “Object lesson” on how not to be a heroine.

Faith could see the horror that possibility induced in Laura, and she realised that this problem extended to her as well. As it was the fact she was an open and married lesbian, had made her a target in the squad room, if word of this got round... She shivered as she realised the consequences if her BDSM habit got out into the open; at the very least she'd be hounded off the force. BDSM might not be illegal but a lot of the brass (including Laura's own father who was the Chief of police) were old fashioned prudes. If they found out she was into BDSM they wouldn't stop until they found an excuse to kick her out of her job...

That was before you got into what would happen if her traditionalist, Republican voting parents found out about it. As it was they had come very close to disowning her when she'd admitted she was gay, and if they found out the true extent of her “perversion?” She shuddered not wanting to hear another version of “You bring shame upon our family...”

“What are you gonna do girls, you can't turn me in or I'll ruin your lives, and I don't see you two having the stones to kill me...Hey I have an idea, why don't you let me go and I promise to never come after the two of you again...”

“Yeah like I'd ever believe that,” Faith thought out loud even as she realised there was another way, but surely Laura would never go along with going down that route?

“You know,” Laura said, her grimacing as she realised what she was about to suggest, “You know...”

“This is a prison, we could just keep her locked up ourselves....” the two girls said at the same time.

“NO, NO! You wouldn't, you believe in the law, that's wrong, that's illegal, that's....” Winter begged desperately.

“Funny you never thought of that with us,” Faith said,

“What she said,” Laura added, even as her stomach churned, could she really do this, could she really contemplate turning Winter into a slave? Yet the concept made her feel all warm inside.

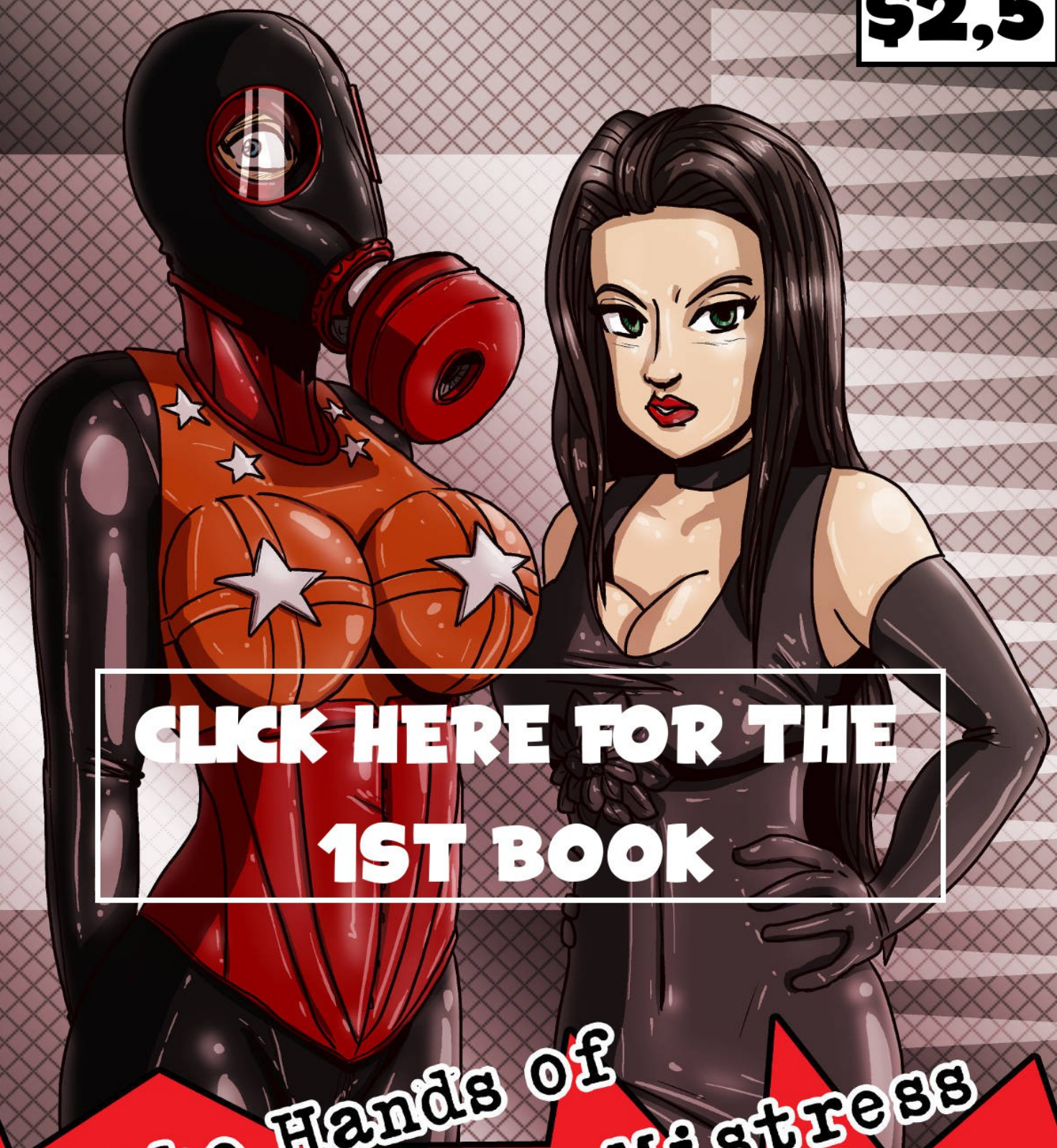
“Could we really do this?” Faith asked, as she moved to stand beside Laura and looked down on Winter, “That would be so wrong...” Yet it felt so right, and Faith could not deny the desire for an ironic payback for all this monster had done to her.

The two former slave's looked at each other and then looked down at their fallen tormentor, what were they going to do now..?

TO BE CONCLUDED...

# HYPERSTAR

**\$2,5**



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