Arcade's New Niche

by Masterdudemind

Summary

Arcade, deadly foe of the X-Men, decides it’s time to make a new name for himself. Namely, raping, torturing and humiliating heroines!

A few good days at Arcade's
Chapter 1

Arcade’s New Niche’
Main cast
Arcade
Miss Locke
Magma: Amara Aquila
Moonstar: Danielle Moonstar
Husk: Paige Guthrie
Wolfsbane: Rahne Sinclair
Firebird: Bonita Juarez
Tigra: Greer Grant Nelson
Namorita: Namorita Prentiss
Silverclaw: Maria de Guadalupe Santiago
Jolt: Hallie Takahama
Songbird: Melissa Gold
Dagger: Tandy Bowen
Citizen V: Dallas Roirdan.
Free Spirit: Cathy Webster
M: Monet St. Croix

Location Secret

“Gah, look at these crappy assignments, Miss Locke! Could this be any more boring?” The assassin known as Arcade whined from inside his control booth of Murderworld. He was resting his hands on his chin while he watched the scene below on the monitors. Down below were several reporters whom had crossed the wrong dictator were fighting for their lives against the deadly amusement park, but the carnival killer barely cared. Behind him stood his assistant, the beautiful dragon lady known as Miss Locke.

“It helps pay the bills, dear.”

“Yeah, but it’s so boring. Killing guys like Spider-Man, Captain Britain, the X-Men, guys like that are a challenge!”

“To be fair dear, you haven’t killed one of them yet.”

Arcade slumped back in his chair, and pouted, “Yeah, but that’s never stopped guys like Bullseye and Deadpool and other killers from getting good assignments.”

“Perhaps, but they have a good deal of, shall we say…infamy?”

“Hey, hey, hey! I got infamy! I’m ruthless! I’m cool!” Arcade said defensively.

“But you’ve failed to kill a single hero, despite numerous contracts.”

“It’s hard…” Arcade muttered under his breath. If it was anyone else talking to him thus, Arcade wouldn’t hesitate to have them killed. But he respected Miss Locke’s opinion and her judgment. Something had to be done.
“Perhaps we should focus on your strengths.” Miss Locke proposed, “Not everyone needs heroes killed, and you’ve managed to capture every target you’ve set your sights upon.”

“True.” Arcade mused. He’d single handily captured the X-Men, Spiderman, and countless other heroes. Suddenly, a little light bulb went off inside his head, “If it’s infamy I need, it’s infamy I’ll get. Screw killing a hero…heh, screw…”

Salem Center, Virginia

Danielle Moonstar, Rahne Sinclair, Paige Guthrie and Amara Aquila, known better respectively as Moonstar, Wolfsbane, Husk and Magma, made their way up the walkway of a quaint little two story how where Professor X’s cerebro had detected the presence of a powerful mutant. The Professor had called ahead and made arrangements, and the three young women were simply there to finalize everything so that they could bring the young mutant to the institute to be trained in the use of her mutant powers.

“Why do ye think that the mum only asked for women to see her daughter?” Rahne asked in her Scottish brogue.

“Lady said her daughter was pretty freaked out. I guess she thought us girls could help her out.” Danielle proposed.

“I still think my being out here is a waste of my time.” Amara snapped.

“I think yer just being petty. We’re here to help a fellow mutant!” Paige said.

Danielle knocked on the door and smirked, “Yeah, what’s the difference between wasting time here and wasting time at the mansion?”

“I prefer the mansion. It’s more fitting to someone of my station.”

Before Danielle could reply, a middle-aged woman opened the door, “You must be from the institute! Please, come in!”

The mother motioned for the four young women to enter.

“What powers has your daughter demonstrated, Ms. Gameston? The Professor said you were rather vague on the phone.” Moonstar asked.

The mother led them into the living room and shifted uncomfortably, “It’s rather embarrassing.”


“No, she’s like me. Lots of gas!” Before the four young mutants could respond to the odd statement, they heard a loud hissing sound, and a yellowish gas shot out her mouth. Before the four mutants could react, they were rendered unconscious by the nerve gas.

“Ah, gas. Cliché’ to be sure.” Arcade chuckled as he entered the room casually. The gas had no effect on him whatsoever, as it was designed not to. Sauntering into the room, the clown like killer looked down at the sleeping mutants, ‘cliché’, but effective none the less!”

“Ya know, when I faked a mutant signal, I never thought I’d get this much meat this fresh!” He laughed. He knelt down to Husk’s sleeping form. He carefully unbuckled her pants, and pulled them
down slightly. Moving her silk panties aside, he pushed his hand into her warm neither regions. 
Paige moaned softly and her pussy began to moisten as Arcade’s fingers sent tiny waves of pleasure 
up thru her spine.

“Shaven, responsive…” Arcade pushed his hand in farther, and Paige moaned even louder and began 
to slightly move her hips forward, as if pleading for more.

“Very responsive…” Arcade corrected. He continued probing, and finally found the answer to his question, “But still a virgin! This white meat’s still fresh!”

Arcade pulled his fingers out of the young blond’s cunt and stuck them in her mouth, using Paige’s 
slack jaw to rinse his hands of her love juices.

“I trust everything went according to plan?” Ms. Locke asked as she entered the room.

“Yuppies! You got those life model decoys ready?”

“Of course. When our thermite bombs go off, the X-Men will find the LMDs and assume them to be 
the bodies of these young ladies.”

Arcade licked his lips as he looked down at the four unconscious mutants. They were all dressed 
casually, but even thru their clothes it showed that their bodies were well out of the awkward teen 
stage and well into womanhood.

“Oh, if they only knew what we will be doing with and to the bodies of these young women.”
Arcade said as he licked his lips in anticipation of the activities to come.

New York, New York

“Wow, now that’s what I call a woman!” Arcade remarked as he and Miss Locke (dressed as every 
day New Yorkers) watched Tandy Bowen, otherwise known as Dagger, hurl several of her light 
knives at a gang of drug dealers while dancing around skillfully discreetly from across the street. Her 
full breasts seemed to bounce in rhythm with her attacks and the energy from her fingers illuminated 
her flawless face and platinum blond hair perfectly. Her partner Cloak swallowed the criminals 
Dagger missed, their union a perfect team.

“Shall we make our move?” Miss Locke asked

“No, but lets get closer to the action. I wanna see the goods!”

Arcade and his assistant casually approached the mass of criminals Cloak and Dagger were 
combating with ease, unnoticed by either side. Careful to stand just outside of the danger area, the 
two observed their prey intently, like lions ready to strike. Arcade in particular found his eyes locked 
on Dagger’s perfectly rounded ass and breasts, nearly hypnotized by their movements. After what 
seemed like an eternity to the horny villain, the heroic duo finished the criminals, and turned their 
attention towards the secret killers.

“What do you two want?” Cloak asked menacingly.

Arcade thought for a moment, and answered truthfully, sparing no detail. Dagger gasped in shock, 
and Cloak’s chest tightened in rage.

“You will die.” Cloak snarled as he began to step forward.
“Miss Locke?” Was all Arcade said in response.

The woman’s hand became a blur, a gun almost appearing out of thin air in her hand, and she fired it at Dagger. Tandy attempted to dodge, but Miss Locke had been studying her fighting style, and didn’t have a chance. A thin metal dart struck Dagger in her well-rounded ass, and Dagger cried out as she felt her vision begin to blur, and her light began increase dramatically.

Cloak saw this all, and he smacked Miss Locke aside and grabbed Arcade by his collar and held him up in the air threateningly, “What did you do to her!”

“Just gave her a special drug cocktail, is all.” Arcade smiled, “It’s a neat little thing. Only works for a few seconds, but burns a person’s powers out from the inside out. I’d say she’s about five seconds from meltdown. What, you’re still here?”

Cloak threw Arcade to the ground, and rushed to Dagger’s side. He enfolded her within his namesake cloak, and began draining the excess light from Dagger like he’d down countless times before. Only this time, the intensity was far more than he was used to. But Cloak held on, desperate to save his soulmate from certain death.

Miss Locke and Arcade smiled in satisfaction as they heard Cloak’s scream of pain. They casually reached into the jackets they wore, pulled out a pair of Ray ban sunglasses, placed them on and smiled like the Cheshire Cat as Cloak was consumed in a silent explosion of white light.

When the light died down, all that remained was several scraps of a dark blue cloak, and the nude Dagger, her chest rising and falling slowly and her now erect nipples pointing skywards.

“Excellent plan, Arcade.” Miss Locke commented as she signaled for Arcade’s men to pick up the nude heroine.

“Thank you, thank you.” Arcade took a mock bow, “I’d like to thank…damn it!”

“What’s wrong?”

Arcade kicked a loose Pepsi can in juvenile frustration, “I killed a hero, and I forgot to tape it! Or even get a contract!”

Miss Locke shrugged, “We don’t do this for the recognition, dear. And it was only Cloak, after all.”

Arcade glanced at the nude, limp body of Dagger being loaded into one of his trucks by his men, “True, and the fringe benefits are there.”

“What’s our next target then?”

“Oh, something much easier than this one, trust me.”

The twenty-foot tall body of the Thunderbolt known as Atlas smashed into an apartment building, sending debris and chunks of brick raining down raining down like oversized things of hail. His teammate Songbird and Charcoal flew past, ready for action. The creature who’d staggered Atlas slammed his hands together and the resultant sonic wave sent the two Thunderbolts flying back.

“Your definition of easy needs some reexamination.” Miss Locke noted as she and Arcade, now dressed in bright Hawaiian shirts, observed the full team of Thunderbolts fighting the Hulk.

“Why, whatever makes you say that?”
“HULK SMASH!”

Miss Locke grabbed Arcade’s shoulder and pushed him to the ground as a car turned projectile careened over their heads.

“Personal opinion is all.”

Arcade stood up and brushed himself off, “Women these days. Reminds me why I’m doin’ this.”

“Any one in particular?” Miss Locke asked as she observed Jolt, the female Citizen V and Hawkeye attempting to distract the jade giant while Moonstone and Atlas prepared to attack again.

“Why be choosy? Get out the ear muffs.” Arcade ordered. He took out a pair of headphones and placed them on his head. Arcade then pulled out a much smaller gun, almost the size of a water pistol, and aimed it towards where the Thunderbolts were combating the Hulk. But Arcade wasn’t aiming at any Thunderbolt, he aimed it Songbird’s pink solid sound constructs. He pulled the trigger, and out shot a special bullet. It streaked thru the air, and latched itself onto a discarded fragment of solid sound and bored inside of it.

The Thunderbolts and Hulk never knew what hit them. Their ears were assaulted more violently than they ever thought possible by supersonics, and in moments they were out like a light, their brains unable to cope with such pain. Arcade and Miss Locke strode thru the former battle scene, surveying the defeated heroes and heroines. Even though their ears were protected from the incredible sonic pulse, their teeth ached painfully. But even that couldn’t wipe the smile off Arcade’s face. He knelt down to Citizen V and removed her mask, revealing the perfect face of Dallas Roirdan.

“Hey, this one’s a red read! I got me another!” Arcade boasted.

“Who shall we take?” Miss Locke asked, “Jolt, Songbird, Moonstone?”

“Every babe but Moonstone.” Arcade answered, “she’s too slippery, too powerful and too smart. Bad combination.”

“It almost sounds like you’re afraid of her.” Miss Locke needled.

“Hah!” Arcade scoffed, “Have the men load the other babes. I’ll deal with Moonstone.”

Arcade strode over to where the limp heroine was laying prone on her back, still unconscious from the sonic pulse. Arcade unzipped his pants and allowed his flacid cock to spring out. Arcade bent down and grabbed the side of Moonstone’s. With one thrust, he pushed her slack jaw around his cock.

“Oh yeah…” Arcade groaned as the warmness of her mouth caused his cock to instantly spring to life. He bobbed her head back and forth, and to his surprise, Moonstone began slowly caressing his cock with her tongue.

“Bitch does it so much, it’s automatic!” Arcade thought to himself. With Moonstone’s skilled mouth, it wasn’t long before he finally came. But rather than shooting it down Moonstone’s throat, he pulled out at the last instant and sprayed her face with his load. Arcade then dropped the unconscious heroine to the ground, and zipped himself back up.

“So many heroines, so little time.” He sighed.
Cathy Webster, other known as the heroine Free Spirit, was easily captured when Arcade deduced the pattern of her patrols and ambushed her atop an abandoned apartment building. Two poisoned darts to her shapely ass was all it took.

Greer Nelson, the world famous heroine Tigra, was defeated when Arcade used her own enhanced senses against her. He attacked her with thugs who’s uniforms were drenched in a special, scentless narcotic. She was defeated in less than five minutes.

Maria de Guadalupe Santiago, known better as Silverclaw, was ensnared by Arcade after he faked a ‘secret mission’ call from Captain America. Bonita Juarez, Firebird, was caught exactly the same way, much to the delight and amusement of Arcade.

Monet St. Croix, known as M, and Namorita were captured as they were out shopping, though on separate occasions. They both were lured into prison cells designed to look like dressing rooms, and the women freely walked inside.

Finally deciding he’d captured enough heroines, Arcade decided to take a moment to admire his collection. All fourteen captured heroines were strapped down unconscious to medical beds, an I.V in each of their arms feeding them vital nutrients. Another striking feature is that all the women were nude and their nipples were fully erect, thanks to the cool temperature that Arcade kept the room at. Their breasts rose and fell in peaceful harmony as they slept a drugged sleep.

“It’s like a pornographic doll collection.”

“The doctors say the implants will in tomorrow.” Miss Locke stated evenly, “then the fun can begin.”

“Good, good. Any contracts yet?” Arcade asked as he approached Citizen V’s bedside. The rising and falling of the big breasted and well-defined red head was naturally an erotic sight to behold, to say nothing of the others. Arcade ran his fingers over Dallas’ unshaved cunt, just enjoying the feel of superheroine pussy.

“Oh yes. More than we’d hoped for, in fact.”

“Good, lovely. And how are the various hero teams doing in tracking down our little playthings?”

“The scraps of clues we left all point in directions completely away from us. Most have yet to even be reported as missing, in fact.”

Arcade stopped rubbing Dallas’ cunt and smiled happily, “Then the show will go on!”

“Um…boss? Could we have a word?” An obviously cowered voice asked. The two assassins looked towards the doorway of the makeshift medical lab, and saw John Myers, head of Arcade’s men, standing there uncomfortably.

“Yyyyyesss?” Arcade asked mockingly.

“Me and the boys, we were wonderin’…well, if it would…”

“You wanna fuck the heroines.” Arcade deadpanned.
Arcade thought for a moment. His people were deathly afraid of him, but he might have a mutiny on his hands if he just ignored the carnal needs of his men. And they had followed his plans to the letter, enabling him to get this far.

“Sure thing. Only two conditions.”

John’s face lit up like a Christmas tree.

“First, no fucking the virgins! Silverclaw, Wolfsbane, Firebird, Jolt, Dagger and Husk are strictly off limits.” He ordered. “And two, you only get to use their cunts. No unstrapping the unconscious heroines so you can fuck their ass and maybe screw up everything I’ve done thus far. They stay on their backs, got it?”

“No problem boss, that it?”

“I suppose. But you numb nuts screw anything up, and I’ll kill you all five times over!”

“Not to worry, Arcade. I’ll stay and watch.” Miss Locke offered. John, while delighted that Arcade would allow him and his men a shot at the superheroine pussy, become a little more somber. Miss Locke scared him, he was man enough to admit that, and anytime he had to be in the same room as her he was uncomfortable. But his horniness overrode his fear, and he called the men in. He lined them up, explained the rules and let them in one by one. John, being the boss, naturally had first dibs, and he decided chose the blond haired Free Spirit.

Disrobing quickly, he climbed atop the bed and took a moment to marvel at her perfect form. Cathy Webster, as a direct result of her powers, was granted a physically perfect body. The blond girl had an almost hour glass figure with firm breasts that would be the envy of most models. It took less than five seconds for John’s large cock to become fully erect.

He entered the heroine slowly, aware of the lack of lubrication but only caring as it concerned his pleasure. Cathy’s face tightened as she slept, and John remembered hearing the boss say that even though they were still asleep, they could still feel everything that was happening to them. John wondered wryly what dreams the heroine was having as he entered her warm pussy. John smiled as he felt her tighten around his cock in an unconscious attempt to expel his barely embedded cock. But all it did was encourage him.

John continued snaking his long pole into her tight cunt, painfully expanding it for the defeated heroine. Cathy moaned in pain as she was invaded, still asleep but in deep pain nonetheless. John began rocking his cock back in forth inside of her, working himself ever deeper into her tight body. Cathy moaned and tensed even more as John began sawing in and out of her pussy without regard to her pain faster and faster. Her heroine body was tighter than anything John had ever raped before, and it was driving him crazy. To the sleeping Cathy it was like someone was rubbing sandpaper thru her pussy.

Not content to just violate her cunt, John began toying with Cathy’s breasts, rubbing her erect nipples between his fingers and mashing her breasts. On a whim, John took her left breast into his mouth and bit down as hard as he thought he could without breaking the skin, all the while pounding his cock into her like a knife. Cathy cried out in pain again, but didn’t awake.

“No…stop…please…” Cathy said lazily. Even asleep, she could recognize she was being raped but was helpless to do anything about it. Cathy bucked her hips to get away, but all she did was drive his cock in even farther into her private depths. His cock finally pierced her womb and bobbed back and
forth inside of it, like a perverted whack a mole.

As experienced a rapist as John was, even he had his limits. The incredible tightness around his cock, lubricated now by Free Spirit’s blood and juices, was simply too much. He raped her passionately for ten minutes before he unleashed his load inside her womb, and slumped atop of her exhausted.

“Even asleep, this one’s one of the best I’ve ever had.” He remarked as he withdrew his cock from her tight snatch.

Miss Locke, standing between the sleeping forms of Silverclaw and Jolt, her hands expertly manipulating their clits, as evidenced by the pool of juices underneath their pussies. She’d brought the two sleeping heroines to multiple orgasms while keeping an eye on the men. There was nothing else like watching someone be abused to Miss Locke, and the scene that played out before her nearly made her cream effortlessly.

Citizen V and Namorita were being tit and pussy fucked at the same time. The large blond and big-breasted Magma’s slack mouth was being used to wash the dirty cocks of those who’d blown their load while another man fisted her cunt with his entire hand. One creative guard had pushed Moonstar’s limber legs up and mashed them up against her breasts to get access to her tight anus, and slammed into her as hard as he could. The rest were being brutally fucked with an amazing vigor as moans of pain filled the air.

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As Monet St. Croix, the beautifully dark skinned mutant known as M slowly rejoined the waking world, she noted the odd breeze she felt on her privates. Thinking drearily she was home in bed, she reached for the sheets she assumed to be there only to find her arms restrained. That immediately got her attention. Attempting to speak, she found that she had a ball gag jammed into her mouth. Now fully awake, she opened her eyes and saw over a dozen other heroines, including an old classmate, shared her predicament.

Like everyone else, Monet was hung from the ceiling by her arms like a slab of beef with a ball gags secured in their mouths in a medium sized room. Six other heroines were hanging beside her with their backs to the wall while across the room hung another six. In the center, wide awake but restrained spread eagle on her back to a cold metal slab was the Avenger Tigra. That so many heroines had been captured worried Monet’s normally cold and calculating mind. Their captor was obviously very skilled and cunning, making escape that much more difficult.

And the fact that they were all as naked as the day they were born didn’t help matters any.

The women waited roughly half an hour in confusion and fear before Arcade strutted into the room alongside Miss Locke. He pointed what looked like a T.V remote at Tigra. The women could see Tigra’s eyes shoot wide open in surprise and she began to squirm wildly as much as her bonds would allow, though no one could tell why. Arcade smirked, and then turned towards his captive heroines.

“Greetings and salutations, babes. For those who do not know who I am, you may call me Arcade, master assassin.” He walked over to Danielle Moonstar and swatted her breasts playfully. Knowing her legs weren’t restrained in any way, she attempted to kick the red headed killer, but her legs failed to respond. Arcade saw to that.

“But that’s all in the past. Killers and assassins are a dime a dozen today. When I’ve shuffled off this mortal coil, I want people to say ‘Boy, I’m glad that twisted mother fucker is gone’.”
Arcade walked to the Rahne Sinclair, and rubbed the red headed girl’s unshaven pussy slowly, just taking in the feel of her red pubic hair. Rahne looked away and wept, her incredible modesty making the molestation even harder to bear.

“But so far, I gotta say I failed. I’m an also ran. So’s naturally, I need to change my tactics.”

Arcade walked over to Firebird and inserted his first three fingers into her tight cunt. The light brown skin, the smell of lavender that hung to her, well sculpted body and the air of authority she carried herself with made Arcade so horny that he wanted to fuck her right then and there, but he restrained himself. For the most part, anyways. He thrusted his fingers in and out of her tight, shaved pussy, but Firebird just looked straight ahead in an attempt to ignore his intrusion in her most sacred place.

“So I figure, why not get me some heroines and humiliate them beyond anyone else before, and keep doing it until it gets boring?”

Arcade stopped fingering Firebird and wiped her juices off on the breasts of Husk, who was hanging beside the fiery heroine.

“So that’s why you’re here. Simple really.”

Arcade walked to where Tigra was strapped down spread eagle on a metal table, twisting furiously. Drool was sliding down the side of her face and her pussy was leaking like an old sink. He grabbed a single orange furred breast and jiggled it back and forth playfully.

“But what’s to keep you ladies from using your incredible powers against me? I’m glad you asked!”

Arcade reached into his jacket and pulled out a thin, metal strip no longer or wide than a stick of gum.

“This is a neat little toy specially made by A.I.M attached inside your superheroine pussies. You can’t feel them, but they’re there baby. They connect to your nervous system and let me turn off your powers, or anything other part of your bodies, like a light. Among other things.”

Arcade pressed another button, and all the women felt a warm tingling in their neither regions. A hunger, almost. The more sexually experienced heroines recognized that they felt horny and stimulated.

“Settings such as horny, or…”

The heroines screamed as one in unbearable pain as the tingling in their privates turned to a jolt of electricity on their tender regions.

“Punishment button.”

Arcade stepped in front of Namorita and Songbird’s nude bodies and looked them up and down lustfully. Namorita was an incredible sight, long blond haired and striking blue eyes and stared hungrily at her large breasts with their quarter size auroras and erect nipples and at the thick patch of blonde hair between her legs. Songbird was much slimmer, with small breasts that complimented her petite figure and a cleanly shaved pussy.

“And know what you’re all thinking, attack the little red head before he can press the button. But just so you know, not only do Miss Locke and I have a control devise, but so does a man in a secret control room that you will never, ever see. You ain’t getting out like that.”

Arcade walked in front of where Tigra was restrained, and undid his pants. He climbed atop the table
and inserted his erect cock inside her waiting wet hole.

“Miss Locke, please remove the ball gag.”

Miss Locke did as she was ordered, and Tigra let out a primal scream.

“Fuck me you bastard! Please, fill me with your cock!” Tigra pleaded, desperate to be screwed, to sate the hunger between her legs. She pushed her hips forward as much as the straps would allow.

“As the cliché’ goes, your wish is my command!” Arcade penetrated her roughly and just started hammering away with no skill or subtlety at all. Greer, to her eternal shame, bucked her hips forward and squeezed his cock with her pussy as best she could, trying to get every last bit of pleasure of it. Arcade came quickly, and Tigra wept in frustration. She was still unsatisfied, but it was bearable now.

“Please…more…” She begged. The other heroines looked away, fearful that Tigra’s fate was what Arcade had planned for them all.

“Sorry, we got places to and people to screw. Well, at least for you ladies.”

Several guards filed into the room.

“Boys, help the ladies down, would ya? Remove their gags too. And remember girls, any funny stuff or threats and I use your cunts to toast smores!”

The guards released the heroines, and while a most moved to cover their treasures, none moved to attack. Arcade smiled toothily.

“Now, now, no need for modesty. Hands at your sides, ladies. Now.”

Everyone, with two exceptions, complied. The nineteen-year-old red head Rahne Sinclair, and Maria de Guadalupe Santiago, Silverclaw. Arcade decided to deal with Rahne first. He stood in front of her and looked down on the short, petite young woman.

“Got something in your ears, girl? I thought I was quite specific.”

“Leave her alone.” Danielle Moonstar growled, her chest heaving in anger. Arcade licked his lips as she stared at the nude woman. Danielle’s red skin glistened with sweat and her breasts pointed straight up, like she was wearing an invisible bra. Her body was that of a skilled athlete, not a trace of flab or fat to be found.

“Say anything else, and I’ll throw her naked into a room full of kiddy rapists.” Arcade threatened without even looking at Moonstar. Rahne started to shake even more at that statement while her face was a flush red in terrified humiliation, “Which I may still do if you don’t do what I say, girlie.”

Shaking in fear, Rahne allowed her arms to fall to her side, exposing her supple body for all to see. While in some ways Rahne Sinclair couldn’t hope to compare to some of the other women present, her appearance and demeanor was always that of an innocent, religious schoolgirl (which she was, to a degree). On a sadistic whim, he reached out and grabbed both her breasts on both hands and drove his thumbs into the tips of her nipples, mashing them. Rahne let out a yelp of pain and cried in shame. Arcade glanced to the side and saw that her friends, Moonstar, Husk and Magma were struggling to restrain themselves.

“Please stop…” She begged, quaking in fear.
“For now,” Arcade released her breasts, “but you ladies better remember, you are mine. To do with as I wish.”

Arcade then approached Silverclaw, who was transfixed upon him like a deer caught in headlights. He suspected his demonstration on Rahne had the desired effect. He gently took her arms, and put them down to her side for her. Unlike Rahne, Maria was very well endowed for her short height. Impressively so for someone still maturing body, in fact. Maria’s body temperature rose when Arcade’s hands moved from her wrists to her breasts. Goose pimples covered her creamy brown skin when she felt Arcade’s cold hands cradle her large, ripe breasts, cupping them firmly as if to test their buoyancy.

“Good girl, you learn quickly.” Arcade turned away from her and stood in the center of the room.

“The more experienced ones among you probably feel a little soreness. Well, the boys, they were hungry last night so I let them have a taste. I know they shoulda asked first, but you ladies were so tired…!”

Arcade nearly laughed his ass of when he saw the looks of hatred, shock and anger in the women’s face, “Oh, don’t worry. You virgins weren’t touched, what fun would that have been? Now line up single file, two rows of seven, hands at your sides and lets get going!”

Reluctantly complying, the women lined up under the watchful eyes of the guards and followed Arcade out of the cell. He led them down a long hallway to a much larger room, only slightly different from the first. This one was bigger, sloped downwards slightly with several hoses in the center of the room and a drain. The guards lined the women up, seven on one side and seven on the other.

“I think this one’s kinda self explanatory. The more you cover yourself, the more we’re gonna spray ya.” Arcade explained. Arcade turned the hose on, and he and two other guards started blasting the heroines with painful jets of water, aiming mainly at their privates and breasts.

Tandy Bowen nearly had a heart attack when the nearly freezing cold water slammed against her breasts and face. Her fears for the fate of Cloak were forgotten now as she tried to protect herself from the jets of water. Arcade smiled wickedly as he alternated from spraying her breasts to painfullyspraying her pussy with the hose, and back again. After several minutes, Arcade became bored and tormented another heroine.

Monet St. Croix remained impassive as her firm breasts were blasted with freezing cold water. One power Monet possessed that Arcade couldn’t take away was her superstrength, which enabled her to basically ignore temperature extremes. The guard spraying her didn’t care, though. The water helped highlight her tall, dark figure. The guard sprayed her nude form for five straight minutes, practically hypnotized by her African beauty and how the water dripped off her nipples.

Hallie Takahama, a small, lithe youth known as the Thunderbolt Jolt, however, fought a raging battle not to break down and cry as she was sprayed with freezing cold water. She was a prisoner once in her life, and it was easily the most horrible thing in her life, something she vowed she’d never let happen again. Only now that vow was broken. She was being treated as a piece of meat. She was under no illusions as to what Arcade intended to do when they were done here, but she was too scared to fight back. All she could do was stand there while she was hosed down like a dog. The looks of fear and degradation on the faces of her fellow teammates certainly didn’t help either.

Greer Nelson AKA Tigra, for one welcomed the freezing cold water that was sprayed over her body. She would never forget the humiliation of asking Arcade to fuck her like an escapee from a bad porno movie. His average sized cock barely satisfied her, and the feelings of his fluids inside her
sickened her. So she welcomed the water on her orange fur. It was a distraction from the burning in her loins, if nothing else.

After half an hour of just hosing the heroines down like they were common barnyard animals, Arcade signaled for his men to stop.

“Okay boys, it’s rinse time!” Arcade said gleefully. The bone soaked and freezing cold heroines looked at each other and Arcade in confusion. Surely he didn’t have more humiliation in store!

Two men left the room, and returned with several more men, some carrying buckets of soapy water, others carrying sponges and soap bottles. Their intent was painfully clear.

“We wanna make sure they’re nice and clean for their big day! So wash ‘em real good!”

Namorita Prentiss’ strong, muscular body quaked with rage as she felt the rough hands of the guards paw and knead her firm breasts as they applied soap and skin conditioner to her body. The guards lathered her entire body in soap, carefully feeling every supple curve of her body. The guards even inserted a small amount of soap into her pussy with his left hand. He rubbed the soap back and forth along the insides of her tight love canal and laughed.

“Gotta get every little inch.” He winked at her. Namorita wanted to tear his head off (which she could physically do) but restrained herself. The punishment button of Arcade hurt worse than anything else she’d ever felt before, and never wanted to feel again. So while the man’s hands roamed the most private parts of her body, Namorita restrained her rage by thinking up revenge fantasies she’d swore she’d live out against each and every man here.

Bonita Juarez, the Hispanic superheroeine called Firebird, remained stoical as a guard slowly applied the soap to her bronze skin and chest. Her breathing was normal as the man squirted out a small amount of soap onto his fingers and he applied them to her skin, like he was finger painting. The guard took his time, spirally the soap in circles around Bonita’s breasts until he finally reached her nipples. He took a moment to play with the love buds, bringing them to full erect. Bonita was only slightly embarrassed and quickened her prayers to God to save her.

Melissa Gold, Songbird, imagined that she should hate what was being done to her as the men scrubbed her body roughly with course sponges, but she didn’t. She’d used sex all her life, in some shape or another. Independence was a foreign concept to her. She lifted her arms as the men washed under her armpits, and unbidden opened her legs as they used the sponge to scrub her pussy. The strong and rough hands that controlled her were also very arousing the Melissa, to her slight embarrassment. Her pussy became naturally moist, and she prayed no one noticed.

Paige Guthrie was nearly in shock as a guard lathered her blond young, nubile body from behind. She could feel his erection underneath his pants pressing up against her tight anus, and he intentionally ‘bumped’ into her over a dozen times as he applied soap to every inch of her body.

“Your hair smells wonderful.” He commented as he rubbed shampoo into the long blond locks. Paige didn’t reply.

“Maybe later, Arcade will let me play with you. Just you and me, won’t that be fun?” He bumped his erect cock between her asscheek, and scrubbed the soap in harder. Paige hoped no one saw the slight trickle of liquid down her leg.

It took another hour for the horny guards to cover each heroine from head to toe in soap and skin conditioner, but Arcade felt it was time well spent. Finally, Arcade had one of his taller guards stand over the women with a hose and just spray downwards, washing all the soap off. Once the last
heroine was rinsed off, Arcade was ready for the next stage.

“Alright ladies. Two lines, single file. Face the wall with you hands at your sides. Not a damn peep, or else.”

Fearful of the consequence of disobeying, the women complied. Arcade picked up a hose, and picked a target at random.

Amara Aquila, a princess in another land and mutant heroine Magma, could barely gasp as she felt Arcade push the tip of the hose into her tight, puckered anus. A second later, a jet of freezing water came out of the hose and painfully filled and stretched her bowels. Arcade left the hose in her tight buttocks for roughly thirty seconds before removing it. Water and fecal matter was instantly and painfully expelled as soon as it left her ass. Arcade easily sidestepped it and he washed Amara with the hose for several seconds before finishing with her. Amara was even more outraged than before, but did nothing.

“Not gonna have time for bathroom breaks where you ladies are goin’.” Arcade explained as he repeated his actions with Citizen V, while two more guards were doing the same to Free Spirit and Jolt. Within ten minutes, the anus’ of the heroines were as clean as the rest of their bodies.

Two guards then walked in a big basket of towels and dropped them in the center of the room.

“You ladies dry yourselves off now, but hurry we, we ain’t got all day.” Arcade ordered. The women quickly grabbed the towels and began drying off, but noticed a big pile of papers and photos of various people. Every single woman recognized several photos and the names and sceneries on the pieces of paper. They all stopped drying themselves and stared in horror.

“What’s wrong, not enough softener?” Arcade smirked as he ripped a towel away from Tigra, exposing her exotic body for all to see. Free Spirit grabbed several photos and held them up for Arcade to see.

“What is the meaning of this?” She asked fearfully, though most everyone knew what they were for.

“Oh, those?” Arcade twirled his towel up into a whip, “Just think of it as outside motivation, Ms. Webster. I know each and everyone of your real names baby, and all your social circles. Parents, grandparents, old boyfriends and girlfriends, classmates you don’t even remember, stuff like that. And I know how to kill each and everyone of them without anyone batting an eye.”

Arcade cruelly snapped his wet towel out, and caught Rahne directly on her clit with the end. Rahne crumbled in a howl of pain, and Amara and Danielle were at her weeping side in seconds.

“Bastard!” Amara hissed.

“Damn you, are you so pathetic a man you have to pick on a little girl!” Danielle spat.

“I just wanted to remind you ladies who’s in charge and just how much of a bastard I can be.” Arcade smiled evilly, “Any serious rebellion, and people die. And not just you. Now, I want you all dry in the next four minutes and lined up like you were before. Got it?”

With a speed which the women dried themselves made Arcade smile with satisfaction. Once they were all dried and lined up, Arcade walked up and down the room, observing and analyzing them intently like a farmer surveying new stock.

“Namorita, Tandy, Maria, Hallie, Dallas, Rahne. Would you girls please step forward?”
The women did as ordered. Arcade walked to Jolt’s side and smiled at the trembling girl. She was fairly small, but her body was that of a young athlete that to Arcade seemed to beg for punishment. Jolt couldn’t bring herself to look at the madman, but he didn’t care at the moment.

“Can you tell me China doll, what makes you different from the other ladies still standing in line?”

“No sir.” Hallie squeaked, barely above a whisper.

“Leave the girl alone! Are you afraid real women?” Citizen V demanded.

“Ha! But she’s soo much more fun!” Arcade exclaimed as he swatted Jolt’s small breasts like a cat might swat a string. He left her and stood beside Rahne. He reached for her vulva and scratched it, making Rahne nearly jump.

“Tell me little girl, do you know what makes you different from the other ladies? I’ll give you a hint. Get it right and I’ll give you a reward.”

Arcade gave a pull on her pubic hair, and Rahne let out a whelp of pain and shock.

“We’re…nae shaven, down there.”

“Gold star for the Scottish chick!” Arcade motioned for two guards to grab Rahne on each side and hold her firm. Arcade bent down and shoved his head into Rahne’s crotch and licked ravenously. Rahne blanched in disgust, clamped her eyes shut and wept in shame as she felt Arcade’s tongue exploring regions of her body she herself rarely explored.

“Ah, fresh soil. Bet it’s never been plowed, am I right?” Arcade asked as he stood up, but he knew the answer. He felt the bushy red pubic hair again. As much as he did it, he always wanted more. Which made his next act all the more fun. Arcade snapped his fingers, and a guard handed him a roll of gray tape. He pulled off a medium length strip, and Rahne instantly understood his intent.

“Nae, nae please! Have mercy!” Rahne begged as she began to struggle. The guards held her firm as Arcade approached with the length of tape. Arcade carefully and slowly applied the tape over her virgin cunt, and ran his fingers over it softly to make sure it was firmly applied. Arcade looked up and watched in amusement as Rahne’s chest heaved up and down, her perkay breasts along with the rest of her body covered in a fine sheet of sweat anticipating the pain to come.

“If I had mercy babe, you wouldn’t be here.” Arcade began peeling the tape off slowly and keenly, rather than one quick yank. Rahne threw her head back and screamed bloody murder as he tore the first piece off of her privates slowly. Arcade finally finished, and held the strip in his hand while he waited for Rahne to calm down some. When she finally did, he showed her the tape.

“See what happens without proper hygiene? You’ve no one to blame but yourself, kiddo.” Arcade chided, wagging a finger at her like she was some disobedient child. He then pulled off another strip of tape, “Still got some weeds that need whacking. Don’t worry, this hurts you more than it hurts me.”

Arcade repeated the process three more times, and by the time he was done, Rahne was a quivering mess begging for mercy. Her cunt was inflamed and burning in a way she never thought possible. Arcade slapped her cunt hard, eliciting a whimper, and felt for any pubic hair. His hands felt like sandpaper over her abused pussy, but Rahne didn’t resist.

“Smooth as a baby’s bum. I think we’re done here. I said I had a reward, and I keep my word. Go cry to your friends.” Arcade snapped. The guards released her, and Rahne painfully limped away towards Danielle and Amara, who hugged her and comforted the girl as best they could.
“I’m going to Dallas next!” Arcade proclaimed in a singsong voice, making the Thunderbolt gulp fearfully.

Arcade took his sweet time as he made sure all his heroines’ pussies were clean and smooth. He began whistling a merry tune as he tore a strip of tape off Citizen V, and didn’t stop until the last woman’s cunt was completely bald.

“Duct tape, it can fix anything!” Arcade proclaimed proudly as he ripped the final strip off of Maria’s pussy. After a quick feel for any he might have missed, he allowed the girl to slink away back in line. No one had noticed the simple wooden chair that had been brought into the room.

“Okay ladies, just one last thing before we’re done here.” Arcade sat down in the chair, and one of his men handed him an item that was impossible to mistake for anything other than what it was, though it looked crudely high tech.

A branding iron, with a stylized A.

“I needs to put a trademark on you bitches so no one copies you!”

The women gasped and cried out in fear, and Arcade could hear them murmuring to themselves. As an experienced killer, Arcade could tell when someone was about to make a last ditch effort at rebellion, and he could sense that moment fast approaching.

“Ten seconds, bitches.” Arcade snarled, his face looking harsh. He activated his remote, and the women felt intense pain in their privates unlike anything they’d ever felt before. Arcade slowly counted down, and when he reached zero, he terminated the signal. But by then, all the women were laying on the ground moaning in pain.

“Stand up. Now.”

Slowly but surely, the women stood up into a limping position. Arcade could see from the faces of some that they weren’t broken, but he didn’t care. That only made it all the more fun. Arcade handed the branding iron off to a guard while he sat in the chair.

“Namorita, come here fishlips.” Arcade ordered. Namorita approached him, and already knowing what he wanted, she laid across his body like a child about to be spanked.

“Good bitch. Bob?”

The guard pressed the Branding Iron against Namorita’s left cheek, and smiled as he heard the sizzling flesh. Pain stabbed thru Namorita’s body, so much so that she couldn’t even scream because she was in too much pain. The guard held the Branding Iron in place for a full ten seconds before removing it. When he was finally done, Namorita was brawling like a baby. Arcade gave her new scar a mean pinch, and pushed her off of him to the floor. Too weak to stand, a guard grabbed Namorita by her ankle and dragged her out of the way.

“Yo, M, you’re up! Get your chocolate ass over here!”

Monet complied, all the while glaring daggers the man. She laid across him, and ignored the feeling of his erect cock on her stomach.

“You know, everything I’ve read about you says you’re a stuck up bitch.” Arcade commented as he stuck two fingers inside her anus. Monet relaxed as best she could, knowing any resistance would be punished. Fighting back now would be foolish, or worse, stupid. And Monet prided herself on not being stupid. But all the same, she couldn’t bring herself to reply to his comments.
“Nothing wrong with that, I suppose. But I wanted a scream out of the last one.”

The guard pressed the branding iron down hard on Monet’s chocolate ass, and Arcade got his scream.

By the time Arcade was finished branding his new toys, he nearly came in his pants a dozen times. Their screams were incredibly erotic to his ears. The women were all huddled away from him while they tended their wounds. Each and every one of them carried a branding scar of the letter A on their left ass cheek now. Thanks to improvements made by various mad scientists Arcade employed, those A’s were impossible to remove, with surgery and even acid. They would also remain tender to the touch, which was a plus.

Arcade took a second to look at his captives. They were all sweating heavily, both from the branding and fear. He considered hosing them down again, but disregarded it. He waited long enough. He pressed a button inside his coat, and in filed several heavily armed guards.

“Okay ladies, now that preparations are out of the way, we’re ready to get to the main event!” Arcade said proudly.

“Main event?” Danielle Moonstar asked, her voice cracking despite her best attempts not to.

“Of course! What, you think this was it? Baby, we haven’t even gotten started!”

Arcade nearly came again when he saw the reactions of the once mighty heroines. He didn’t have to tell the heroines to follow him as he strolled out of the room and down a corridor. Finally coming to two large metal doors, Arcade pushed them open and motioned to what was outside.

Rahne, Paige and Maria wept in fear. Hallie screamed out in horror. Danielle, Dallas and Namorita shook in rage, while the rest suddenly became too numb to react.

Sprawled out before them was a demented underground amusement park, filled with patrons. But these patrons wore the uniforms of Hydra, A.I.M and other such organizations. Littered among them were villains such as Omega Red, the Wrecking Crew, Sabretooth and more. But it was the large, neon sign that greeted the nude and branded heroines that struck the most fear into them.

It proudly read, “Superheroine Humiliation and Abuse World.”

“Ladies, I thought you knew,” Arcade mocked, “everything before this was just foreplay.”
Chapter 2

Arcade repeated his threats to the women that their loved ones, those superpowers and those not, faced if the heroines disobeyed him. Any attempt to escape, and Arcade promised at least three deaths. Resistance could only be token and all holes were fair game. He then split the heroines up into groups, having obviously planned for this since the beginning.

Magma, Moonstar and Wolfsbane

Arcade attended to the three mutant heroines personally. First, he attached leather dog collars around their necks. He ever attached alligator clips to the tender nipples of the three female mutants, with strings attached to the end. Arcade just laughed when Rahne begged for mercy again, and gave her a French kick, forcing his tongue down her throat while his hand crept down and began toying with her clit.

He then led the naked mutants thru the park, past the lustful stares of the many patrons to a rather remote building. Danielle Moonstar put up a brave face as much as possible, for both her friends and herself, but was curious as to why they were being led so far away from the others.

When they entered a far building, she suddenly understood why. There were roughly thirty well built, muscular men in this private room. All dressed casually. And one man, dressed in fine, 19th century clothes and wearing them in a manner that conveyed power and demanded respect, was Sebastian Shaw, Black King of the Hellfire Club and long time foe of everyone who ever wore an X.

“I must admit, Arcade, I’d impressed. You speak the truth.” Shaw said evenly, “Danielle Moonstar, Amara Aquila and Rahne Sinclair. My reports told me they were all dead.”

“Seein’ is believein’.”

“True. Can you prove that these women are under your complete control?” Shaw asked.

“Sure thing, Shaw baby. Have one of your men toss me his baton.”

Shaw nodded, and a man stepped forward and handed it to Arcade. It was about a foot and a half long and a half-inch wide. Arcade stepped behind Amara, whistling all the while. He gripped her long, curly blond hair in one hand, with his other hand, drove the baton into her tight anus.

“Unngh! Argh!” Amara grunted as the wooden shaft pushed into her tight rectal passage, first one inch, then two. Try as she might to resist, Arcade had leverage. Amara couldn’t help but clench in response, and that made it all the more painful

“Need any more proof?” Arcade smirked as he looked at Shaw, all the while skewering Amara’s ass with the club. He twisted it from side to side for emphasize, and Amara cried out in reponse.

“No, that’s quite enough.” Shaw laughed as he watched Amara’s tortured form. Amara’s breasts pointed outwards as Arcade raped her ass with the baton, “We’ll take it from here.”

Arcade jammed the baton up into Amara’s anuth ath a harsh shove, imbedding it deep in her ass and forcing her to cry out again. He then left the room, satisfied.

“Remove the baton, chain them up and be quick about it.” Shaw ordered. His men snapped into action.
Without any concern for the women, they harshly yanked the alligator clips off the girls swollen nipples, while one man jerked the baton out of Amara’s ass and roughly forced them up against a stonewall where chains were hanging from the ceiling. Within mts, ts, their arms were secured above their heads and pulled taunt so the women had to stand on their the tips of their toes to prevent their arms from being dislocated. Shaw took a moment to take in their terrified forms. The large breasts of Danielle and Amara seemed to stand up proudly of their own accord, like they were supported by invisible bras. The red headed Scots girl, Rahne, looked like she’d just been taken from a nunnery and stripped naked. Her breasts weren’t as impressive as the other two’s, but they were well proportioned for the young, petite girl. Such innocence was a huge turn on to Shaw, as well. He felt it had no place or value in the world, so he relished chances to destroy it utterly. Shaw motioned for five men, all holding plastic staffs, to step forward.

“Remember what we discussed. Don’t touch their faces. Don’t break the skin, or I’ll break you. Clear?”

All the men gulped at the threat, “Clear.”

Danielle was confused for a moment. Surely Shaw didn’t mean to beat them to death! It sounded like he was going to whip them, but…

Thwack!

Danielle heard the blow land, and saw Amara jump and scream in pain, but fearfully realized she hadn’t seen a thing.

Thwack!

This time Rahne screamed in pain, and a red welt instantly developed across her breasts.

Thwack!

Danielle screamed in pain and shock only seconds after she realized that she and her friends were being whipped with invisible whips, likely made a nylon fiber of some sort. With little way to prepare or brace for a lash, all they could do was scream as they were whipped over and over.

One man made a sport of crisscrossing the welts on Amara’s body. He whipped her across her large chest, and with his next blow, whipped downwards in between her breasts.

Another made a sport of seeing how many times he could strike Rahne’s nipples and pussy. He’d managed to hit each target every singime,ime, but the screams kept him motivated to keep his record up. The scream Rahne made when he struck her clit was something that demanded a repeat performance.

A third man just whipped Moonstar any old place that suited him. On her nipples, down her legs, under her armpits, wherever the whip carried him.

Two more men simply walked back and forth and whipped the three women at random. A hundred lashes each and five minutes later, Shaw motioned for his men to stop.

“Turn them around. We need to get their backsides.” Shaw ordered. The men stopped their whipping, and several stepped forward.

Treating them like the pieces of meat they now were, the men roughly grabbed the women and swung them around in their chains. Too weak to resist, the women could only moan in pain as hands grabbed their burning skin and spun them around, mashing their burning breasts up against the
The mutant women twisted, screamed and wept for mercy as the whips crashed against their backsides in what seemed like a blaze of fire, but it was totally in vain. Finally, after seven minutes this time, Shaw ordered them to stop.

“Unchain them, and get the syringes ready.” Shaw ordered.

The men unshackled the mutants, who fell to the ground like a sack of potatoes. Looking at them, one would swear that the three were completely sunburned. Their skin was striped with bright, painful red welts. Even Danielle, whose complexion was naturally a little tanned radiated red pain. Having just endured incredible abuse, the three women were exhausted, close to passing out. The three girls just laid on the floor mewling and weeping pathetically, barely aware of a world outside their pain. But Shaw knew that would happen, and planned accordingly.

Shaw handed three syringes to his men. They uncapped the needles, tapped the air out and plunged them into the asses of the mutant women. Almost instantly their eyes came alive with life while they remained in too much pain to move. Another three men approached the women with bottled water and forced their mouths open and poured the water down their gullet. After all, what fun was torture if the victim couldn’t scream?

“Oh, the wonders of modern science. A little adrenalin, some water and our ladies are ready to enjoy our company again.” Shaw smiled.

“Which one is yours, boss?” One thug asked.

“The Indian.” Shaw replied. From what he knew of Danielle Moonstar, she would be considered the leader of the three and therefore needed to be humbled by his cock, “do whatever you want with the other two.”

“Nooo! Stop, please!” Rahne begged as the men grabbed her and Amara by the arms and dragged her out to the center of the room, hands molesting and mashing her breasts the entire time. The event she’d feared since Arcade made his intentions clear was happening now.

“Don’t worry sweet heart, just relax and let us do the work!” One man said as he lay over her nude form and began penetrating her tight hole with his cock. Rahne’s chest bobbed up and down in terror, and her firm, well formed breasts bounded up and down with it. It was an erotic sight that seemingly demanded the man rape her.

“No…you don’t understand! You can’t!” Rahne said as her panic grew.
The man penetrated her deeper, and suddenly realized why Rahne was so hysterical.

“Shit, this little girl’s still a virgin!” A cruel thrust later, and that statement was no longer true. Rahne howled in pain and loss innocence as the man began thrusting deeper and deeper inside of her tight passage, lubricated now by Rahne’s blood, “Not no more!”

“Gawd! Please, stop!” Rahne pleaded as her body struggled to accommodate the man’s huge girth. Every inch farther of his cock went that into her tight pussy was met with a mile of resistance. And he loved it.

“It hurts! Oh God, it hurts!” Tears streamed down Rahne’s face as the man who’d taken her virginity fucked her cunt raw like a rutting animal. To her, it was like she was hanging a metal poll shoved into her cunt. To him, it was the tightest fuck ever, and he wanted more.

“Yeah, impale that bitch!”

“She likes it man, keep it up!”

Rahne felt even more ashamed as she heard the men yelling encouragement to her rapist, treating her like she was some obscene sideshow. She slid back and forth on the floor as he impaled her on his cock. The man began squeezing her tender breasts as he reamed her out, making the experience all the more painful. To make matters worse, the man’s endurance was simply incredible, and he had all the time in the world.

Thru the haze of pain and humiliation, Rahne felt someone grab her hand. The hand was unmistakably female. Rahne turned her head to see that Amara was being raped in the opposite direction right next to her. A man was sitting on her chest and tit fucking her while another slapped his balls up against her ass while impaling her with his impressive cock. What amazed Rahne was that Amara was still reaching out to comfort her while two thugs were raping her. That somehow broke thru the haze, and Rahne gripped Amara’s hand with hers and intertwined their fingers. Together they would endure, Rahne thought.

No sooner had she thought that then another man bent down so that his cock was over Rahne’s head and forced his putrid cock into her mouth.

“Ain’t enough tit to fuck, so you gonna give me the best blow job of your or else!” He threatened. He began bucking up and down as if to stab Rahne’s mouth with his cock, and made her head bang back and forth. Rahne fought back her gag reflex, as she knew if she didn’t she’d be punished, and began bobbing her head back and forth in an attempt to make him cum as quickly as possible. Inexperienced as she was, she was simply too much for the man. Her tear stained face and rookie tongue brought the man to orgasm within minutes. Rahne struggled to contain it, but a small amount dribbled out of her mouth.

“Swallow it all, bitch!” The man said, “or it’s the whip!”

Rahne nodded her head, and gulped cum cum down. The man withdrew his cock.

“Get that small bit on your chin too.” He ordered. Rahne ran her tongue out and licked the small droplets of cum off her mouth like it was ice cream.

“You do it like a pro.” He smiled. Before Rahne could even reply, another cock was thrust into her mouth. Even worse, someone grabbed her free hand and placed it on their limp cock. Rahne got the message instantly, and gave the man a hand job bringing his cock to full erection. Soon, it would be slammed into her pussy or mouth, but there was nothing Rahne could do about that. Men were
already pawing at her body while they waited their turn, treating her breasts roughly and painfully rubbing her red and tender whipped flesh.

Amara, for her part, wasn’t doing much better. The man inside her pussy was simply mammoth in size, larger than any lover she’d ever had in the past or ever hoped to have. Her pussy was extended to lengths that approached childbirth and in the back of her mind she was simply waiting for her body to be split in two.

“Ugh! Aaah! Please…enough!” Amara grunted, her head twisting side to side in a hopeless attempt to escape as the man pounded his mammoth erection into her pussy. Not only was he huge, but also he was slow and painful. Each thrust was cold and calculated for maximum effect. He’d pull almost completely out of her, and as soon as her body relaxed, dive back in. He’d steadily been making more progress inside of the mutant with no end in sight.

“Gods in heaven! Please, stop!” Amara begged as she felt like her insides were on fire. She felt a smack across her face, and suddenly realized she’d forgotten the man who was straddling her chest, his cock between her large breasts.

“Damn it bitch, get back to your job!” He snapped. He began humping her breasts again, squeezing the two globes together against his cock while he ran it back and forth across Amara’s chest. Amara was supposed suck his cock when it got within reach, but she’d been neglecting her duties.

She didn’t make that mistake again, and extended her tongue to greet the man’s cock when it shot towards her mouth. Amara took care to lick the very tip of his cock in hopes of bringing the man off sooner. It was an effective method, and the man quickly exploded on her face.

“It’s a good look for you babe.” The man commented as he climbed off. Amara was about to say something insulting, damn the consequences, but the man still embedded in her pussy battered the top of her vulnerable womb with his enormous cock and made Amara whimper in pain. It was now she realized she’d reached out to Rahne more for her own sake than Rahne’s.

The man reaming over her cunt leaned down over Amara’s chest and began gnawing in her large, buoyant breasts. Barely able to get his mouth around the top, the man bit and sucked on them as he quickened his pace. Amara felt like someone was stabbing needles into her breasts, and she wasn’t far off. Thankfully, the man could only last so long and he came inside of her, allowing her battered pussy a moment’s respite. It didn’t last long, as the man was replaced by an equally large man inside of her and another man straddled her chest and using her breasts to massage his cock.

“Argh! Unngh! Ahh!” Danielle Moonstar grunted in fear as Shaw began guiding his enlarge manhood around her tight ass. He’s barely penetrated her tight ass, but the fear was something else all together. Danielle was bent over doggie style with Shaw’s hands firmly about her waist in readiness to rape her. Shaw had held off raping her so she could see her friends being humiliated, but now her time had come. Danielle clenched her anus as tight as she could in terror.

“Never had intercourse this way, girl? What a shame.” Shaw remarked. He was teasing her with his cock at first, but now he felt ready to get down to business. He grabbed her tender ass cheeks and parted them in preparation.

“Shaw, no!” Danielle begged as she felt the tip of his enlarged cock enter against her cheeks.

“Ooh, yes.” With a powerful lunge, Shaw drove his cock a quarter of an inch inside Danielle’s tight ass. Danielle screamed louder than she ever had before, certain she’d be torn in two, and Shaw loved it.
“Oh Gods, I should have raped an X-woman before!” He declared as he pushed in deeper and deeper, her tight hole gripping his cock unlike anything else.

Danielle felt for certain Shaw was killing her. She knew his cock was tearing and ripping her insides to pieces and she could feel it when his cock entered her bowels. By now, Shaw had plenty of lubrication, largely her blood, and he began to withdraw.

“Had enough?” He asked as he slowly extracted his cock from her ravaged anus. Danielle’s distended hole began to painfully return to normal, much to the relief of the Native American girl.

“Yes, oh Gods yes.” Danielle wept.

“Well, I’m not.” Shaw shoved his cock into to its full length, slapping her ass with his balls and slamming in and out of Danielle’s tight ass with jackhammer thrusts. Shaw reached around and grabbed her breasts and began to painfully play with them. Still sore from her whipping, all Danielle could do was whimper in pain as Shaw rode her like a horse.

“My, my, I’d forgotten that your mouth is disengaged at the moment.” Shaw grunted as he rode her ass. He snapped for one of his men, who didn’t need any instructions on what to do. The thug undid his pants. Shaw grabbed Danielle’s raven black hair and pulled it back. Seeing the vulnerable target, the thug shoved his large erection into Danielle’s open mouth.

Danielle nearly choked when the man stabbed her mouth with his cock. It touched the back of her throat and smelled more disgusting than anything she’d ever smelled before. He gripped her hair, and began humping her throat like a madman, nearly choking Danielle again.

“Damn it, use your tongue!” He ordered

To afraid to disobey, Danielle began rolling her tongue up and down his meat like it was an ice cream bar, all the while trying not to bite down in pain because of Shaw screwing out her ass. Then, just as suddenly as he started, Shaw stopped. The man fucking her mouth withdrew, and climaxed all over her face.

“Some war paint for ya!” He laughed. The man took his fingers and smear the cum into several mock lines, giggling the entire time. Danielle just looked away as the tears flowed freely, ashamed at having been so debased.

“You and the others may fuck this one.” Shaw said, “I’m afraid she isn’t quite what I wanted.”

Danielle almost didn’t have a tear left to shed as a man pushed her on her back and pushed her legs up into the air to get better access at her pussy. With one thrust, Danielle felt the man reaching her cervix, and knew he didn’t intend to stop there. She felt his hot breath on her face while his chest squashed hers.

Shaw, however, was still horny. Danielle just wasn’t tight enough for him, so he went over to where the other two girls were being raped.

The scene was almost like sharks devouring prey. Rahne and Amara were barely visible underneath the mass of nude and masturbating men. Some were fucking the women in one fashion or another, others molesting them while they waited their turns and others just masturbating over them.

“That’s enough.” Shaw ordered to his men. Though it was by no means quick, the men responded when they heard their boss order them to stop. As horny as they were, none of them would ever dare cross Shaw.
Rahne let out a sigh of relief when her rapists were called off. A cock was removed from her mouth, and when the man who’d been raping her pussy withdrew, it felt like someone had removed a burning branch that had been inserted in her privates. She tried not to think about the substance dripping out her used pussy.

Amara, by in large, was simply too gone to notice when it stopped at first. She’d retreated to the recess of her mind, and only returned when the punishment was temperately stopped. Both women’s pussy were burning, reddened raw masses of flesh, and their bodies hurt in ways they never thought they could.

Shaw looked down at the two young women in satisfaction. He’d always hated the X-Men, and raping their protégés was as satisfying as raping the X-Men themselves. Not only were Rahne and Amara’s bodies covered with swelling red welts from the whips, in addition there were masses of red and purple bruises around their breasts and their vaginas leaked a steady river of cum onto the floor. Semen was also splattered liberally on their bodies, in their hair, on their breasts and on their faces. But Shaw had one last humiliation left for them. He noted with pleasure how the two were holding hands.

“Flip the red head on top of the blond.” Shaw ordered. Rahne, too weak to resist, was flipped atop of Amara into a 69 position.

“Oh God, not this!” Rahne thought as her face was pressed up against Amara’s sex. The idea of having sex with another women disgusted her to her very core. The idea held equal appeal to Amara, who nearly gagged at the smell of Rahne’s sex combined with blood, semen and her juices. But there was no escape for them. One man pl his his foot on Rahne’s whipped ass and pressed it down, forcing Rahne’s abused pussy into Amara’s face while another man pressed Rahne’s head down into Amara’s own abused cunt.

“Mmphh!” Rahne mumbled as her lips her pressed up to the juices in Amara’s twat.

“Pretend like its ice cream, and you want every last scoop!”

Painfully aware of the consequences of disobeying, Rahne inserted her tongue into Amara’s reddened pussy and ran it the entire length, collecting the semen, blood and juices therein. The taste was absolutely repulsive, but Rahne could feel Amara shudder in pleasure, and saw her pussy begin to moisten even more, much to her chagrin. But then she felt Amara’s tongue in her own pussy, and felt waves of pleasure shot thru her own body.

Amara, while disgusted by the idea of having sex with another women, knew when she was beaten. Rahne’s pussy began dripping semen onto her face, and Amara slurped it up. After lapping up the loose blood and semen from around Rahne’s tortured pussy, she stuck her tongue out and flicked it across Rahne’s clit. Rahne almost orgasmed right then and there, and she returned the favor by playing with Amara’s clit herself.

Shaw and his men watched in fascination as Rahne and Amara began eating each other out faster and faster. After being so painfully and cruelly sexually debased, they needed some refuge, some escape, and it was erotic to see. By now, Rahne and Amara, who were by no means homosexual, were freely burying their heads in the other’s pussies like love-starved lesbians. Rahne rolled her head around Amara’s twat to better pleasure the blond while Amara, who was beneath the redhead, pried Rahne’s pussy open with her thumbs and began exploring even deeper into Rahne.

“Ohhh…” Rahne moaned in pleasure. She returned the favor by nibbling on Amara’s clit, instantly orgasmimg the older girl.
Shaw’s cock stirred to life, and he looked at his men.

“I’ll take the red head this time. The blond is yours.”

The men didn’t have to be told twice. One thug grabbed Rahne by her waist and dragged her before Shaw. Both women cried out in disappointment, both seconds away from another orgasm. Amara was quickly flipped on her backside and penetrated. Her voice too hoarse from screaming before, all she could do was lay there as a man’s ball sack slapped her abused ass.

Rahne wasn’t in any better shape. She looked over her shoulder and saw Shaw’s mammoth erection at the ready. To her, it didn’t look like a cock; it looked like an extra limb.

“You know where this is going, don’t you?” Shaw asked.

Rahne whimpered an affirmative. Shaw slid down towards her abused body like a snake. Grabbing her ass cheeks, he spread them as far as they would go, giving him a clear target for his cock. He guided his manhood to her opening until his head was pressed up against her tight, clenched hole. With his hands firmly planted on her, he pulled the small girl towards his cock.

“Aaaaahhhh! Oh gawd, stop! Please!” Rahne screamed as she felt her anus give way underneath his onslaught. Even though she’d just be raped, anally she was still very much a virgin. Shaw smiled and pushed his cock in farther, slowly parting her anus with his tool.

The pain was indescribable as Rahne’s tight, virgin anus was widened further and further by Shaw’s head. Rahne could feel the veins in his cock begin to pulse, and knew he wasn’t fully inside of her yet.

“Oh god, oh god, oh god!” Rahne was close to hyperventilating as Shaw’s tool violated her anus. The pain was worse than anything she’d ever felt before. She twisted and squirmed as best she could to get away, but Shaw held her firm.

Shaw was close now to being fully embedded in her anus, and he jerked Rahne back on his cock hard, stabbing her guts. Rahne wailed in pain, as finally his tool disappeared completely down her tight rectum. Shaw barely noticed Rahne’s cries, the tightness of her anus the next best thing to heaven.

Then, he began slowly sawing in and out of her, extending his pleasure to the utmost. Rahne’s stomach felt like it was on fire as Shaw’s cock traveled up and down the length of her ass and into her bowels. Rahne was in stark terror at the idea of just how deeply Shaw’s cock was inside of her. She thought it would surely kill her

Shaw’s cock left a trail of burning pain and blood as it slid back and forth in Rahne’s tender ass. Her tightness would have brought a lesser man off by now, but Shaw was skilled in all things. He knew how to draw out sex to the utmost for his own pleasure.

If Rahne could have killed herself as Shaw’s incredible organ pounded in and out of her, she would have. It felt like her insides were being stabbed with a knife, and not content with just raping her, Shaw’s hands began to roam her body, feeling her small breasts and tweaking her nipples. After several minutes there, Shaw’s hands glided down to Rahne’s swollen clit. Shaw, an expert in the carnal arts, manipulated the little love button, and began to moan despite herself and the burning in her ass.

“Quite the slut you are. Worth every penny.” Shaw commented. Rahne heard that, and something inside her broke. She stopped resisting, and relaxed as best she could as Shaw ploughed into her. Her
ass still felt as though it were on fire, but she didn’t protest.

Shaw noted this with satisfaction, and looked about the room. Moonstar was sandwiched between two men with a cock in her pussy and anus while giving hand jobs to another two men, and Amara was being screwed doggy style from behind while forced to suck on two cocks at once.

Shaw slowed his pace, and felt Rahne quiver in response. His men were enjoying themselves, and Rahne was the tightest thing he’d ever fucked. The longest he’d gone fucking someone in the ass was three hours, and he was now determined to break that record. After all, despite all the blood and tearing, Rahne was still as tight as a nun. With his cock still sliding back and forth inside her tight sheath, slamming into her bowels, Shaw wondered how much Arcade would be willing to sell these mutants for. It would make raping them every night that much easier.

A thought for another day. Shaw reached around and squeezed Rahne’s breasts hard. Another man walked in front of Rahne and produced his limp tool for her mouth. She obediently placed her lips around and began washing off the cum, blood and shit that had accumulated on it after it’d been used to rape Amara. It came to life again in her mouth, and the man withdrew, now intending to rape Danielle. Another man quickly made use of Rahne’s slack jaw.

Yes, Shaw though, the pain and humiliation for today is enough.

Silverclaw, Husk and Firebird

When they would compare stories later, Maria, Bonita and Paige would all agree that Danielle, Rahne and Amara had it easy compared to what they were forced to experience. Secretly, to their eternal shame, they also knew that they would have forced the other women to trade places with them in a heart beat if they could have.

Arcade led the nude heroines into a damp cave that was apart from the rest of his demented amusement park. Inside were two-dozen men cloaked in dark robes, and engraved on the floor in solid rock were three pentagrams. They stood around the pentagrams motioning and uttering in a strange language none of the women had ever heard before. One robed man stood apart from it all, and approached Arcade and his captives.

“Are these the virgins we asked for?” The man, known as the Neomancer, rasped.

“Sure thing, doc.” Arcade answered, “Check for yourself if you want.”

“I will.” He replied. He approached Maria and Bonita, and inhaled deeply, testing their scent. Then, he put his hands on their smooth pussies and inserted his fingers, carefully probing the insides of their love canal. The two women realized with horror that all they felt inside of their cunts were bone. The man’s hands hadn’t a strip of flesh upon them. What kind of monster had Arcade sold them too?

Neomancer, satisfied, removed his digits from their pussies and approached Paige. Her milky white skin and how her impressive chest heaved up and down in fear enticed him, but business before pleasure. Inserting his digits into her cunt like before, he reached out with his mystic senses.

“They’re pure.” He finally concluded, though the statement seemed only to cause more fear in the women. The robed men ceased their activities and swarmed the women, ready to begin their ritual.

Roughly forced to the ground atop the pentagrams, the women were laid out spread eagle with their limbs and head at each point of the pentagram. Once in place, the women found their bodies wouldn’t respond when they attempted to move. The robed men began chanting while the Neomancer stood in the center of the three pentagrams.
“What do you intend to do with us?” Bonita bravely demanded.

“Our gods require sacrifices of us for the power they bestow upon us.” Neomancer explained, “the purer and more powerful our sacrifices, the more power we are given. And I can think of no purer and more powerful sacrifice than you three heroines.”

The robed men then pulled out a glass jar filled with a clear substance, and scooped a small amount out into their hands. Then, they approached the bound heroines, knelt down and smeared the substance over their privates. Paige shuddered in fear as she felt the cold hands applying what felt like jelly around her pussy. A shiver went thru Maria’s spine as she felt a cool breeze send shivers thru her young body. Bonita remained as impassive as possible, still maintaining her dignity as much as possible. The robed men applied the substance like suntan lotion, making sure every inch of their tight cunts were covered.

The men then began chanting, and mist suddenly began fill the cave. For a moment, it obscured everything. Then, it cleared to reveal three new figures. One was like a Satyr, with goat like hooves, hairy body and a cock that was, as best as the women could determine, was an actual arm. The second was a centaur, with the lower body of a horse and upper body of a human man. Naturally, he was hung like a horse too. Finally, the last man was covered in green scales, with a long wide tail that lashed back and forth. His manhood was not less impressive than his fellows.

“Oh boy, I’m so glad I decided to stick around!” Arcade laughed as he rubbed his hands together in anticipation.

The three heroines started at the demons in awe, painfully aware of their vulnerability, and what the demons intended to do with them. Each of the women prayed, to their eternal shame, that the others would be the ones who were violated while they were left untouched, though they all knew how unlikely it was. The three demons surveyed the women, and then looked at one another, having silently agreed upon their choices.

Paige Guthrie prayed she would have a heart attack before the four hooves of the centaur reached her, sparing him from her intended fate. She’d never had sex before, and now she was going to be raped at the end of a horse’s cock!

“I am Kentaur, mortal. You should be honored.” The demon told the quivering girl.

Paige just wept in terror. Then, she felt herself levitate off the pentagram. Thinking it was a chance for freedom, she instantly tried to run away, to no avail. Paige realized with horror that Kentaur was simply positioning her so that he would have better access to her pussy. To her surprise, he spun her around so that her pussy was facing was facing away from his giant cock. But within moments she understood why.

“Oh please, no, I’ve never…” Paige begged as she saw the huge erection only inches from her mouth.

“Prepare it well, for it’s womb is your final destination.”

Paige felt her jaws pop open against her will, and her body was thrust forward, shoving the huge cock deep inside her mouth. Her jaw nearly dislocated by such an action, Paige struggled to breath with the mammoth meat inside her mouth. Kentaur rocked her back and forth on his cock in preparation for the main event. Paige, struggling for breath, took Kentaur’s words to heart and licked his cock as best she could, covering it with her salvia. Kentaur let out a stream of precum, and Paige swallowed it instinctively, much to her disgust. Kentaur pulled her stretched jaw off his cock and slowly turned Paige around underneath him. Paige knew what this meant, and knew begging would
do no good. All she could do was tremble in fear.

Seconds seemed like an eternity as Paige’s pussy was pressed up against the huge bulbous head of Kentaur’s cock. Kentaur started off slowly, pressing just the head of his cock into Paige’s small opening. Paige groaned and sobbed as the huge cock began widening her tight pussy. Only a quarter of an inch in, and already it was unbearable. Kentaur paused, allowing her pussy to become comfortable with his cock before going any further. Then, he savagely lunged forward.

“Arrrgggh!” Paige screamed in agony as her virginity was stolen and the cock inside her spreading her to incredible lengths. Kentaur lunged again, his lust rising as the warm feeling around his manhood increased. Virgins were always the best, he thought.

“Stop! Somebody help meeee!” Paige screamed as she gasped for air. Her breasts heaved up and down as she struggled for breath. Arcade, off to the side, took another handful of his popcorn and shoved it into his mouth. Best show ever, he thought.

Kentaur lunged again, and now almost half of his giant cock was embedded inside Paige’s tight pussy. Paige realized with ever-growing horror that she could see Kentaur’s cock stabbing towards her womb thru her stomach.

“Unnnngggh!” Paige grunted in pain as the cock continued on it’s path.

With another lunge, Kentaur managed to push his cock inside Paige completely and pierce her womb. Paige was screaming like a banshee, but it was a divine music to Kentaur’s ears. He pulled back and lunged forward.

Wham!

“Arrrgh!” Paige screamed as the tip of Kentaur’s cock slammed into the top of Paige’s womb and battered it painfully. Kentaur withdrew, and lunged forward.

Wham!

Paige naturally screamed again. It felt like someone was taking a baseball bat to her insides and it hurt like hell. But to Kentaur, that was the idea. He fucked her with his long pole for twenty long minutes, experimenting with ways to torment her. Sometimes he’d almost completely withdraw before slamming back into her. Sometimes he twisted her from side to side on his cock, painfully stretching the membranes of her ravaged pussy. Other times, he’d see how many times he could batter the top of her womb with his cock. But even demons had their limits.

Paige barely noticed it at first, when he started to come. Her mind was ablaze with pain and humiliation. But she felt Kentaur’s pace quicken and his cock beginning to swell, and realized what that meant.

“Oh God, get it out, get it out!” Paige begged as she began thrashing. Kentaur’s magic held her with ease, and her renewed squirming only increased his pleasure.

“We’ve come so far together, why stop now?” Kentaur asked mockingly.

With a groan of pleasure, Kentaur finally released his load inside of Paige’s young body. Paige screamed as she felt his seed filling her womb. It was as hot as boiling water, and with Kentaur’s cock embedded inside her pussy, had no way of escaping. Kentaur came and came again. Obviously not human, there was no limit to the amount of cum he could produce. With no where to go, the cum
began stretching Paige’s womb until it looked like she was six months pregnant. Satisfied, Kentaur withdrew his cock and allowed Paige to drop to the floor.

Defeated, abused and with a distended belly, all Paige could do was weep as the demon cum slowly trickled out of her abused hole. With the consistency of syrup, it would be a while before it would all be out of her.

And even longer before she felt the life implanted in her by Kentaur.

Maria de Guadalupe Santiago, Silverclaw, ironically prayed for death just like Paige when she heard hooves advance towards her prone form. She’d been chosen by the Satyr, who had a bigger cock than anything Maria had ever seen in porno!

“My name is Krono.” The demon said simply.

Without any pretense or subtly, Krono bent down and grabbed Maria’s large breasts, both well rounded and slightly bigger than melons. Maria trembled at his touch while he mashed her tender breasts, pinching and squeezing her mammaries between his cold, scarred hands. When she was younger, Maria was proud of how fast her body developed and how it always got the attention of the boys. Now she hated her body for being so beautiful.

Naturally, Krono disagree. Her light brown skin, large breasts upon her small, petite figure and slim waist made her already one of the most inviting creatures he’d ever seen.

“Lovely. The perfect host.” He commented as he began to lay his body over hers in preparation to fuck her. Krono used his magic to painfully spread Maria’s legs until they were almost completely parallel with her hips. Maria wailed in pain and realization that she was now even more vulnerable than before.

Krono grabbed Maria’s shoulder blades as he glided his cock towards her virgin opening.

Wham!

“Ugghh! No….” Maria wailed as she felt Krono’s cock rip her her hymen and into her pussy. Bit by bit Krono sank deeper and deeper into Maria’s pussy, expanding her pussy with each and every stroke.

“Get it out! Get it out! It hurts!” Maria screamed as Krono’s cock ploughed thru any resistance she put up. Involuntarily, Maria’s pussy clenched in an effort to keep the demon cock out, but all it did was further Krono’s pleasure. By now, Krono had sunk his cock half way into the girl, with every intention of going all the way.

nh! nh! Ugghh! Ugghh!” Maria could only grunt with each thrust that drove the cock inside her burning pussy further and further inside her body. Krono snaked past her cervix by now, a look of ecstasy on his face as his cocked probed her depths.

“Never…fucked…anything tighter!” He declared as his cock made it three quarters of the way into Maria’s tight hole. Maria could only grunt in reply. Knowing he was on the home stretch, Krono grabbed Maria’s shoulders and pulled her back as he lunged forward with his mammoth tool.

“Arrggghh!” Maria screamed hoarsely, all pain before now paling to what she felt when Krono’s cock broke thru to her womb, now fully inside her tight snatch. Krono smiled as he felt his balls slap up against Maria’s brown ass.
“Now we really start!” Krono laughed. He then lunged forward with all his weight behind the blow, brutally impaling her.

“Aaaahhhhh!” Maria screamed as the pain inside her abused pussy multiplied once again. So powerful was the lunge Maria actually slid off of Krono’s cock, but he grabbed her wrists and pulled her back onto his cock, which made her scream again.

Wham! Aggrh! Wham! Arrgh! All Maria could do was scream as the brutal pattern repeated itself. Krono would slam his cock into her, fully embedding it inside her tight sheath and causing incredible amounts of pain, and she slide backwards just a little in response. Krono would then grab her and force his long pole back into her, repeating the pattern. The blood and juices that his rape produced did nothing to make it more bearable.

While his hands weren’t free to travel the rest of her body, Krono still wanted to explore the rest of her body. He took her left breast into her mouth and began sucking on it, like it was a baby’s bottle.

“Oh God, please stop!” Maria begged as she felt him sucking on her young over sized breasts.

Krono didn’t even dignify that with an answer, and began hammering in and out of Maria’s pussy at an even faster pace. As painful as that was, Maria was almost growing accustomed to the pain. The odd feeling in her breasts, however, wasn’t something she was accustomed too. Krono continued sucking, and Maria let out a startled whelp when the breast he was sucking let out a small trickle of milk. Maria watched in horror as Krono took his head off, and a small stream of white milk dripped down her breast.

“You know what this means, right?”

Maria didn’t reply, as she was in total shock, the realization hitting her all at once. She realized she was just property now, to be used and abused at whim.

“Good.” Krono went back to sucking the breast while reaming out Maria’s burning pussy. Once he’d drained it of all its milk, he turned to the other one and repeated the process, all the while still raping Maria’s once virgin pussy. Krono decided he’d finish up with her once his brother was finished with Firebird. Why hurry pleasure?

Maria screamed again in affirmation, or least she did in Krono’s mind.

Bonita Juarez, Firebird, felt her pace quicken despite herself as the green scaled man advanced towards her. He wasn’t exceptionally hung compared to the others, but he was still large nonetheless, and he was a demon. Bonita started to say a prayer, but the demon standing over her bent down and smacked her across the face.

“Do that again, and your friends suffer. I am Lizord, wo and and I don’t care to hear pagan words.” He spat. He then stood between her spread legs and lay down on top of her.

“I’m surprised such a mature woman such as yourself hasn’t had sexual relations before.” Lizord taunted as he rubbed his ready cock against her crotch, “so many things to teach you.”

Bonita didn’t reply, and remained stoic as he parted her legs farther apart with his own. Lizord smiled, knowing he’d have her screaming by the time he was done. He pressed his cock head against the entrance of her pussy.

“Oh! Ohhh…”
Bonita let out a surprised moan of pleasure as Lizord entered her. From what she could see of Maria and Paige’s rapes, she expected to be taken brutally. But Lizord was quite slow and while hardly painless, she knew it could be far worse. While he methodically pushed his cock inside Bonita’s tight sheath, he caressed her clit.

“Noo…stopp…” Bonita moaned as his manipulation of her love button sent waves of pleasure unbidden thru her body and made her pussy moisten. She tried to remain impassive, but that was naturally impossible with such a skilled demon.

“This makes it easier.” Lizord explained as his cock went farther and farther inside Bonita’s snatch.

“Uggh!” Bonita grunted as the walls inside her pussy were forced to expand. The pain was bearable, especially with Lizord’s ministrations, but it was there all the same. Finally, his cock barely a quarter inside of the tight woman, Lizord’s cock met an expected obstruction. Bonita’s hymen.

“Please forgive me.” Lizord asked remorsefully as he increased his manipulations of Bonita’s pleasure centers. With his hands he sensually rubbed Bonita’s breasts, bringing her nipples to full erect. While he was carefully arousing her, he punched thru her hymen.

“Ohh!” Bonita cried out, before the pleasure he was causing started to take hold again. Bonita wasn’t wondering why a demon cared about her pleasure at all. She was simply grateful that even if her first experience with sex was rape, that it was pleasurable.

“Uhhg!” Bonita groaned as Lizord’s cock was now half way inside her now. The demon profusely apologized and continued to pleasure her. He allowed his cock to stay where it was, letting Bonita get used to its girth, thus making it less painful. Bonita, incredibly grateful for such unspoken concern, wrapped her arms around him and began kissing his face.

“Ohhh!” Now his cock was three quarters of the way inside of Bonita’s pussy, but she largely failed to notice. Lizord was skilled at the arts of love making despite his appearance, and every touch was calculated for maximum pleasure. They kissed passionately for a moment before Lizord broke it off.

“Bonita, I’m so sorry…” He said, his face a mask of sympathy and concern, “I have to…you don’t understand…”

“I understand, I forgive you.” Bonita replied honestly. He kissed her and they embraced as he pushed his cock inside the final length.

“Finally.” He sighed, his voice a different tone that before. He broke the kiss he and Bonita were sharing and smiled at her innocent face.

“You’re such a stupid bitch.” He laughed. He marveled for a moment about the effectiveness of his lovemaking skills and his pheromones. Bonita noticed his change immediately.

“No…” She breathed.

“Oh yes.”

Lizord withdrew his cock slightly from Bonita’s pussy, barely an inch.

“Arrrgghhh!” She screamed like a wounded banshee. It felt like someone was taking a rake to her insides, only far more painful. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she realized it was the demon’s scales pulling on the walls of her pussy that caused such searing pain, but consciously it didn’t matter. All she wanted was for it to stop.
Lizord lunged forward and out again, this time making Bonita scream even louder.

“Oh yeah, that reminds me. My tail would like a piece of yours!” He laughed. Bonita gaped in silent horror for a moment; she’d completely forgotten the demon possessed a tail! It whipped up in the air for a moment before disappearing from sight.

“Arrghh! No, stop!” Bonita didn’t have to wait long before discovering where the tail had disappeared. Lizord plunged it into her tight, virgin anus. The length was incredible, and within seconds it wormed it’s way past the clenched buttocks and was nearly touching her bowels.

“God, get it out, get it out! Stop!” Bonita pleaded.

“I’ve barely begun, why stop?” Lizord asked with a laugh.

Bonita screamed as Lizord fucked her with both his cock and tail in rhythm. His cock felt like someone taking razor blades to her pussy while his tail was like a hot poker inside her stomach. Lizord rode Bonita hard and brutal as her body fought to withstand his size. He knew the slickness he felt on both ends was likely blood, but why should he care?

After roughly ten minutes of fucking the defeated heroine as hard as he could, Lizord felt himself reach his end.

But so did Bonita. She could feel the veins in his cock bulge and his pace quicken even more painfully.

“No, no please don’t!” Bonita pleaded with a tear stained face. fac face and entire body was heaving and contorting in agony, but she still retained her beauty.

“Loud one, no?” Lizord whipped his tail out of Bonita’s burning anus. She let out a sudden cry of surprise at the sudden removal of the violating phallus, and Lizord took the chance to plunge the tail into Bonita’s wailing mouth.

She nearly gagged at the taste. It was covered in blood and her own fecal matter, after all. But what she did was ultimately irrelevant. Lizord bobbed his tail back and forth inside Bonita’s mouth, using it like a rag to wash his appendage while he fucked her cunt.

He only last another five minutes before he spewed his demon seed inside of Bonita’s fertile womb. Bonita wailed in defeated, and Lizord quickly pulled his scaly cock out of her abused pussy, rubbing it raw for over the hundredth time. He noted with satisfaction that Krono was finished. The three demons gathered together and looked at their followers (and Arcade).

“These were most worthy sacrifices and vessels. We are most pleased.” The three then teleported away.

“They sure are rough on the merchandise.” Arcade commented as he walked over to where the three heroines were laying prone on the floor, their bellies unnaturally extended by the demon cum.

“They’re pregnant, right?” Arcade asked, as he looked them over, gleefully noting the looks of defeat on their faces. They barely cared at all that Arcade was talking about them.

“That’s correct.” Neomancer answered.

“Well, I guess in nine months, these bitches will get a break!” Arcade cackled.

“If it pleases you, we needn’t wait.” The Neomancer said.
“Say what?” Arcade asked

“We can bring them to term now, with no ill effects whatsoever.” Neomancer informed him, “but you will need to step down from there.”

“Well, why didn’t you say so?” Arcade quickly returned to where he’d been standing while watching the demon rapes. The monks formed a circle around the cum filled women, and began chanting. Mist began swirling around the women faster and faster.

Paige barely cared about the monks at first. She was too far-gone. But time seemed to slide by, the men frozen in place and eventually she returned to her senses. Paige for a brief moment, thought about attempting an escape while the monks stood there frozen for whatever reason, but found to her disappointment that she still couldn’t move. She was still magically restrained on the floor in a stinking pile of demon cum that seemed to smell worse and worse with each second. Paige didn’t notice when her breasts began to gradually swell, but she did notice when she felt a small kick in her stomach.

Bonita’s heart pounded a mile a minute. Her swollen womb never deflated, and she could feel the life inside of her developing, painfully kicking and clawing in an attempt to get out. It was like dragging a knife across her insides. But Bonita, a social worker, was experienced in the stages of pregnancy. She could tell that somehow, she was only three months pregnant, but the baby was already clawing against the walls of her womb with his tiny hands to get out. Which meant she had another six months that she had to endure this burning, tearing pain.

“Umm, what are you guys doin’?” Arcade asked the Neomancer, who remained apart from his fellow monks.

“We are magically altering time around the females, so that their bodies experience the full nine months that the demon seeds inside them need to gestate in a much shorter time.” The Neomancer stated.

“Wait, so let me get this straight. You are altering time around them, so that they suffer the full nine months of pregnancy inside of five minutes, all the while resting in demon spunk and unable to do anything other than think about the monster they’re gonna spit out. Is that correct?”

“That’s correct.”

“Sir, you are a genius.”

After several more minutes, the monks finished chanting and parted so that Arcade could see his captive.

Arcade, a master of the macabre and brutal, wasn’t an easy man to k an and what he saw stunned him.

The three heroines weren’t nine months pregnant; they looked like they were eighteen months pregnant! Their bellies were unnaturally extended to say the least. It looked like Paige, Bonita and Maria were hiding two year olds on their stomachs with flesh-covered blankets. Arcade could see the little hands of the children as they stretched the wombs of their mother’s almost to the breaking point. All three heroines were wailing silently, their voices too hoarse to make much more noise.

“Hey! That’s my property!” He yelled as he stepped forward, enraged.

“Peace.” The Neomancer said, “Magic protects them from permanent harm.”
“It damn well better! I went thru a lot of work to get those!” Arcade pouted.

Maria was the first to feel the pain of what she realized had to be contractions. The only way she could tell it apart from all the other pains in her stomach was the wetness she suddenly felt between her legs. Slowly, painfully, the child began its descent down her birth canal, inch by inch.

Maria silently screamed when she felt the baby’s head slide downwards. Slowly and painfully the demon baby made it’s way out of her womb and to freedom. Terror stabbed thru her heart when she felt the child’s sharp fingernails grab the membranes of her canal and pull itself towards freedom. Maria felt what she was certain was her hips bending outwards for the child to pass thru. Agony didn’t come close to describing the pain the young heroine felt. Were it not for the magical spells, she knew she would have died a long time ago. She wished, with the bottom of her heart, that she already had.

Finally, with a wet slop!, the child was free. Lying there, naked, covered in juices, sweat and various fluids, Maria felt content. After being so painfully abused, the absence of pain was now pleasure. She didn’t notice when her demon infant began suckling on her overripe breasts, because it didn’t hurt.

Paige and Bonita were as equally blissful, having finished giving birth. Arcade stood over them and studied their content faces. He also noted with relief that their distended bellies had returned to normal leaving only their enlarged, milk filled breasts. Magic was a wonderful thing

“So when they’re done suckin’, you’re going to take the kiddies, right?” Arcade asked.

“Of course. Our god wishes us to raise their children. We willgonegone in an hour.”

Arcade looked down at the defeated heroines, who seemed trapped in a blissful haze, “No reason why your boys can’t enjoy the company of these ladies.”

“Well, if you insist.”

The children finished feeding. Arcade began to leave as he heard the monks fall upon the thoroughly fucked heroines, and by the time he was at the mouth of the cave, he heard them screaming once more, no small feat.
Free Spirit and Citizen V

Cathy Webster and Dallas Roirdan, known as Free Spirit and Citizen V were led separated from the others and led down a steel corridor by Miss Locke herself. Stopping at a large steel door, Miss Locke motioned for the guards to lead Free Spirit away while she stayed behind with Dallas.

Dallas glared at the Dragon lady. Smiling, Miss Locke produced two badges.

“Tell me dear, do you recognize these?”

Dallas gasped in horror as she read the badge numbers. Both belonged to two different friends from her days in the New York Police Force.

“Oh, you needn’t worry dear, this is just a reminder.” Miss Locke reassured her, “your friends are fine, so long as you do as we say.”

Miss Locke began tweaking Dallas’ nipples painfully, “But there is another reason I have these badges with me.”

Miss Locke turned the badges around so that Dallas could see the thin clip on needles that were on the back. Dallas began backing away, preparing to run, but two thugs grabbed her and held her firm.

“Why so scared? They’re just like regular badges. The needle goes thru fabric and clips on to the other side.” Miss Locke explained, “Oh, that’s right, you’re nude. I guess we’ll just have to improvise!”

With the two guards holding her, there was no way for Dallas to escape. Miss Locke grabbed her quivering right breast and squeezed, forcing the little bit of flesh around the areola to jut outwards. Then, with sadistic slowness, Miss Locke inserted the needle.

“Arrrggh!” Dallas screamed, “Stop, please!”

“Almost there, dear.” Miss Locke said as she guided the needle thru the inch of flesh. One all the way thru, Miss Locke clipped the needle on and admired her handiwork. Covering Dallas’ left breast was a police badge, a symbol of her former life that she’d likely never see again.

“Now, for the second one.” Miss Locke stated. Dallas wept, and Miss Locke inserted the f bad badge just as painfully into Dallas’ right breast.

“Alright boys, give Dallas her toy.”

Dallas, her mind still reeling from having her breasts pierced, didn’t resist when she felt the men placing what she thought was a strap-on, studded dildo around her waste. They secured it in place with little trouble, and placed the dildo over her clitoris. It wasn’t until they activated the dildo that Dallas realized that it wasn’t normal fair.

“Ohhh…” Dallas moaned, half in pleasure, half in surprise. The dildo was sending signals to her clit that drove her pleasure centers wild.

“You like?” Miss Locke inquired as she rubbed the metal pole, and Dallas barely kher herself from cumming.
“What is…”

“It’s an invention from the science department. They call it a nerve amplifier field. In essence, that metal pole is an extension of your…shall we say love button?”

“So… good.” Dallas moaned despite herself

“I’d imagine so, that’s idea.” Miss Locke said, “It’s not exactly how the other side lives, but close enough. Pet

The guard standing behind Dallas stabbed her rear with a syringe and quickly injected the fluid. Dallas knew better than to resist. The metal doors in front of her opened, and she was roughly shoved thru and fell face first into a stick white substance that covered the entire floor.

“We’ll explain in a moment, dear.” Miss Locke said as Dallas watched the doors close.

Dallas didn’t have to guess what the stick white stuff was that covering the floor and now her chest. Angrily, she wiped it off as she stood up. The fluid was down her legs now and in between her toes, but there was nothing she could do about that. She didn’t want to think about where they’d gotten it all. Suddenly, a spent condom flew down from above and exploded on her face. She heard a roar of laughter, and looked up. It was then she realized her exact circumstance.

Miss Locke had put her in a semen filled pit with wide of bleachers looking down at her. In the bleachers were scum of all kind; most were no doubt contributors to the ‘pit’.

“If you’re wondering, while the majority of it is human, we did need to outsource to various animals.” Miss Locke explained over the P.A system, almost reading Dallas’ mind.

“I swear I will kill everyone here.” Dallas muttered

“Doubtful. Now, think of this as reinvented mud wrestling.” A panel slip open to reveal Free Spirit, now armed with a similar strap on dildo about her waste. They’d returned Cathy’s red gloves and blue bandana mask, but nothing else.

“Your objective is to rape the other as much and as painfully as possible. The loser will have to service all the men you see in the crowd personally.”

Dallas and Cathy gulped as they looked at the hundreds of men jeering them on. Both womeuddeuddered. As much as they hated it, neither wanted to be the woman forced to servso mso many men.

“Free Spirit, we don’t have to do this, we can fight them!” Dallas implored, though she knew the words rung hallow. Cathy stepped into the pit and slowly began circling Dallas, sizing her foe up.

“Fucking bitch isn’t even resisting!” Dallas thought to herself with a stab of anger. She felt her rage swell in her chest, unaware of the fact that she’d been injected with aggressors by Arcade’s men, which resulted in her anger. Dallas stood perfectly still, willing to let Cathy make the first move.

She didn’t have to wait long. Free Spirit charged forward as fast as she could in the cum covered floor and let loose a punch straight at Dallas’ jaw. Dallas, easily the better-trained fighter, ducked under the blow and kicked Cathy’s legs out from under her. Dallas was on top of the girl’s back in a second, pinning her arms behind her. Cathy squirmed in pure cum and agony as her arms were painfully twisted behind her back.

“We can fight this!” Dallas yelled.
“Fuck you bitch!” Cathy replied. The athletic blond bombshell that had once been Captain America’s partner struggled fiercely to get free. Unlike Dallas, Cathy had been given three times the amount of drugs, and thus any attempts to talk her down were a waste of breath.

“No, fuck you!” Dallas hissed.

Dallas didn’t hear Free Spirit scream when she drove the strap on dildo up her tight anus over the roar of the crowd, but she saw the girl throw her head back and her mouth drop open.

“Ohhh…” Dallas lost herself in pleasure for a moment as the special dildo allowed her to feel the tightness of Cathy’s virgin sphincter. It was pleasure unlike anything she’d ever felt before, and like an addict just starting the habit, she wanted more. She wanted it all. Dallas began slamming her hips forward while pulling Cathy’s twisted arms back, impaling the screaming girl on the makeshift cock. The slimy, cock covered floor made leverage hard, but Dallas did the best she could. The hole around the dildo tightened, and Dallas screamed as it sent an orgasm thru her body.

While she did that, Cathy screamed in pain for all she was worth. The studded cock spread her anus farther apart than anything she’d experienced before, and Dallas’ thrusts were pushing Cathy’s face thru pure cum, which her mouth was scooping up like a shovel.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Dallas pushed Cathy across the floor using the pleasure pole she’d embedded in the girl’s ass, heedless of any direction.

“Agghhhrr!” Cathy screamed as Dallas nearly twisted Cathy’s arms out their sockets while impaling her ass. For Cathy, it was like someone rammed a branch up into her ass and was using it to push her around like a mop. She wasn’t far off.

Finally, the pounding pushed Cathy up against the pit wall. Cathy felt another wave of pain shoot thru her ass, and clenched her hole accidentally. She heard Dallas scream out in pleasure, and Cathy’s pwracwracked mind got an idea. She relaxed as best she could, letting Dallas rape her ass as easily as possible. Dallas, lust driven, noticed the change but didn’t care. She wasn’t about to let Cathy slip free, nor was she about to stop.

“Should have ugggh! Listened to ugnh! Me!” Dallas grunted as she rode Cathy’s tight ass back and forth, her impressive breasts giggling with every thrust.

Cathy gritted her teeth for another three minutes as Dallas impaled and expanded the passage of her ass. Then, she put her relatively simple plan into action. She clenched her ass cheeks as tightly as possible just as Dallas lunged forward.

The older woman screamed again as an orgasm unlike any other overtook her. It was so powerful in fact, it loosened her hold on Free Spirit, just as she’d planned. Cathy wrenched her arms free, and pushed back against the wall, the back of her head catching Dallas in the face. Dallas stumbled back in pain, her grip on Cathy lost.

“You’ll pay that that bitch!” Cathy shouted as she reared around and struck Dallas across the face, sending the woman tumbling back into the floor of cum. Cathy tackled the falling woman. They slid backwards, but before Dallas could counter attack, Cathy head butted the older woman. Dallas fell backwards, insensible. The world was spinning round her like a roller coaster.

“Rape my ass, will you bitch?” Cathy demanded as she lay over Dallas’ prone form and dangled her strap on cock in front of Dallas’ pussy. The ribbed, studded cock was a good fourteen inches long and from Dallas’ perspective, bigger than anything she’s ever taken before.
Cathy jammed the beginning of her steel cock into Dallas’ tight pussy, and the red head shrieked as her tight passage was forced open.

“Like that, huh bitch?” Cathy cooed as the cock sent powerful pleasure impulses thru her body. Dallas wailed as she was painfully stretched.

“Yeagghh!” She screamed as the metal pole tore at her tender walls

“Real screamer, huh?” Cathy sneered. She grabbed Dallas’ pierced breasts and using them as handle bars, pulled herself deeper into Dallas’ abused pussy.

“Get it out! Get it ooouuut!”

By now, only the first three inches of the studded dildo had pierced Dallas’ sex, tearing and ripping the entire way.

“It’o bio big, take it out, take it out!” Dallas pleaded

Cathy of course paid no heard as she rocked back and forth, impaling the red headed bitch deeper and deeper. Cathy’s well-toned blond body was covered in a fine sheet of sweat. Her breasts, dripping from when Dallas forced her face down in the cum covered floor, swayed back and forth naturally. Cathy didn’t care about the thousands of men watching her rape Dallas, she was in heaven.

“So tight…so good…I could do this all day.” Cathy panted as she continued to impale Dallas.

Dallas barely heard Cathy’s taunts. The dildo raping her was nearly impossible to bear. Only half of it was embedded inside her, and already it was stretching her childbearing muscles to their utmost to prevent her from being torn in two.

“My ass still hurts bitch!” Cathy spat as she maliciously squeezed Dallas’ punctured breasts. Dallas screamed even louder than before and blood began to trickle down her large orbs.

“Please stop, I’ll do anything just stop please stop…” Dallas babbled as Cathy pushed the strap on phallus deeper and deeper down her tight cunt.

“I’m just having too much fun, you old bitch.” Cathy spat. Just then, her strap on pushed past Dallas’ cervix and into her womb.

“Ohhh Gawwwwwwddd!” Cathy screamed as the most powerful orgasm she’d ever had overtook her. It lasted only four seconds, but it was better than anything she’d experienced before. As it faded away, Cathy looked down on the tear stained face of Dallas. And smiled.

“Arrrggyyhhh!”

Cathy began raping Dallas again with even more vigor than before. Unlike Dallas, Cathy was a true superhuman, and so was her endurance. She rammed the fake cock in and out of Dallas’ tight twat. She was like a drug addict, and the orgasms that came from raping Dallas were the only way she could get her fix. And so she raped Dallas for a good twenty minutes until she finally collapsed on top of her, both totally exhausted.

“Congratulations, Ms Webster. You won.” Miss Locke said over the P.A. Free Spirit was too exhausted to care. Four guards entered the giant pit, and roughly hauled the two women to their feet. Dallas could barely stand due to the burning in her sex, and couldn’t bring herself to raise her head. Cathy wasn’t much better, but awareness was slowly coming back into her mind.
“What do I get?” Cathy asked softly.

“Dallas there will have to service about two hundred men. You will only have to service about a quarter of that amount.”

The two women were led away in two different directions, both weeping about their fate.

Dallas was hosed down with a jet of water as soon as she was out of the pit, and then forced down on a rolling bed that was already waiting in the corridor. Dallas could do nothing as they spread her legs and tied them to each post. Soon she was secured spread eagle to the bed with her swollen pussy utterly defenseless. The thugs casually pushed the bed down the corridor and into a much larger room filled with A.I.M and Hydra soldiers. The thug who’d pushed the moveable bed into the room stepped forward and cleared his throat.

“Okay, you guys know the rules. You got your numbers, and no more than three at a time.”

Dallas barely had time to process this before they fell upon her. Within seconds she felt like she was being stabbed in her pussy, anus and mouth with oversized cocks. Her burning sex would only get worse before the day was thru.
Chapter 4

M and Namorita

Monet St. Croix, otherwise known as M, couldn’t help but feel especially humiliated by her current situation, something she knew was intended by Arcade. Monet, as naked as the day she was born, was brought into a room that was made filthy by design, smelling of feces and semen, and had her hands shackled behind her back. The cuffs were quite ordinary and she could have broken them with her strength if she wished, but was warned by the guards of the consequences of doing so. Essentially, Monet was physically restraining herself to be raped.

The result was that her proud, magnificent 36 D breasts were forced up and outwards, her brown nipples standing on end, and she was left even more defenseless than before. Then, Monet was shoved down on a black worn, stinking mattress and made to wait for johns to rape her. She didn’t have to wait long. The first man was actually normal and something of a sadist. He tried pinching and mauling Monet’s chocolate breasts as foreplay, which were as hard as steel to him, so it barely bothered Monet. Beyond the filth daring to grope her, of course. But he regretted it as soon as he inserted his tiny cock into Monet’s steel snatch.

He could barely scream by the time Monet was done with him. Her tight pussy instantly crushed his cock and it was only because Monet didn’t want it left inside of her (which she knew full well Arcade would do) that she didn’t tear it off completely for daring to try to rape her. One guard helped the man limp away while another glared daggers at Monet.

“Damn it cunt, you’re not supposed to do that. You’re just some damn fuckslut!” He snapped as he glared down on her nude form.

“He wasn’t man enough for me.” Monet said in an offhand manner, seemingly ignorant of the fact she was laying naked on her back, at the mercy of these sadistic men.

“Oh, we’ll solve that real quick.”

The guard left, and quickly returned with a pale skinned, sharp-toothed criminal known as Tombstone.

“This piece of ass looks real sweet.” Tombstone observed in his usual, hushed tone. He dropped his pants to reveal his ready erection.

Monet’s heart dropped for a moment as she felt Tombstone beginning to enter her tight love canal with little problem, no matter how hard she clenched. Obviously, Tombstone had super strength much like Monet herself. There was no way she could crush this man’s cock like she’d done earlier. He ploughed into her slowly, gently pushing the pink folds of her pussy aside as he sank into her.

“So tight and warm…” Tombstone groaned as he pushed his pale cock into Monet’s taut pussy, her warmthness quite unlike anything he’d felt in too damn long. Her pussy gripped his cock firmly, unlike the weak bitches he was used to.

Monet tried her best to remain impassive as Tombstone began fucking her. She knew not so deep down that Arcade would like nothing better than for her to break down and maybe lose her mind from the rapes. Monet would be damned if she broke with the first rape.

Tombstone, however, could care less about Monet’s state of mind. It’d been ages since he’d had a good, long fuck. One of the drawbacks of super strength was a slow and barely involved sex life.
Stabbing a woman to death with your cock was one sure way to kill the mood. But with Monet, Tombstone could throw caution to the wind, and he did. He yanked his cock out, and then stabbed it back in. His hips slammed into Monet’s shaved pussy while he skewered her with his manhood, his cock bobbing back and forth as it was sheathed in her snatch.

Tombstone began suckling on one breast while he slowly fucked Monet with long, steady strokes. After several minutes of that, he used his mouth and began peppering Monet’s stomach, and worked his way up to her breasts with soft, caressing kisses.

“Ohhh…” Monet moaned, despite herself. She hated the small amount of pleasure Tombstone was forcing out of her body. He wasn’t an exceptionally brutal lover, which after a fashion made this all the harder to bear. No pain to block out the unwanted pleasure as her pussy started to moisten automatically in response to his skilled cock.

Tombstone worked his way up her smooth chest until he was finally at her mouth. Unbidden, he plunged his tongue into her warm mouth and explored it’s depths shamelessly. Monet let out a slight protest, but it naturally went unheard. Monet recognized that Tombstone was taking his sweet time, and hatched a plan. Controlling her breathing, she relaxed her inner muscles as much as possible. This didn’t go unnoticed by Tombstone who’s cock plunged into Monet up to the hilt and began raiding her womb. Tombstone now had free access to her most private depths.

“You did that on purpose, didn’t you?” Tombstone asked as he slowly withdrew his cock and stood up.

Monet said nothing. She merely looked away.

“Well, I don’t care. Still the best fuck I’ve ever had.” Tombstone walked up to Monet’s face and grabbed her by the hair. Lifting her head up painfully, he placed it in front of his limp cock.

“I still need a cleaning, though.” He said with a sadistic smile.

Monet didn’t need any further prompting. She took the flaccid penis, covered with her own juices, into her mouth and covered it with her saliva. She then began sucking and bobbing her head back and forth, like the tool was a lollipop. Tombstone quickly came again, and Monet swallowed it on instinct. Tombstone dropped her back on the dirty mattress.

“You do it like a pro.” Tombstone commented as he secured his pants and left.

Monet took a moment to choke back the tears she refused to shed. She was vastly superior to everyone here. She would not crack, she would not cry and she would be damned if she let this place break her. She would do what she had to until help arrived, and then she would have her revenge. But she knew that if her façade fell, even for a moment, Arcade would destroy her.

“So this is the girl who they say is woman enough for me.” A deep, stony voice said. It sounded like concrete speaking. Monet opened her eyes to see a house of a man as broad as a Black Bear, twice as strong and wearing what appeared to be green 18th century clothes.
“You seem so fragile.” Mr. Hyde sneered. Monet broke out into a cold sweat at the very sight of the villain. Mr. Hyde was enormous, to put it mildly, and she had no illusions as to what the monster wanted from her.

“I see you tremble in anticipation of our session of love.” Hyde remarked as his eyes traveled up and down Monet’s quivering form, her breasts rising and falling in rapid succession as she anticipated her fate. She gulped loudly despite herself as the mammoth of a man examined her naked body.

Like any warm blooded man, Hyde liked what he saw. Monet’s chocolate colored skin, erect nipples, well-sculpted body and neatly shaved pussy almost called to him. But then, even if she were the ugliest woman alive, Hyde likely still would have been willing to rape her. Like Tombstone, most of the woman he fucked were simply too fragile for his depraved tastes.

“Let us see if your backside is as beautiful as the front.” Hyde stated as he bent down. He flipped Monet on her stomach and placed his left hand on her shoulder. Using his right hand, he then inserted his ring and index finger into Monet’s tight, virgin anus.

“Ugggh!” Monet grunted as Hyde’s fingers, thicker than the largest rope, painfully parted her tight sphincter. The pain only got worse as Hyde lifted Monet into the air by the fingers planted in her ass.

“Arrrrhhgh!” Monet screamed as her own body pushed Hyde’s finger deeper inside her young body and torturously impaled her ass. Hyde held Monet out in front of himself, as the young mutant was suspended in the air solely by the two fingers embedded in her burning ass. Monet’s legs swung about wildly, seeking the ground while Hyde carefully examined her backside.

“So be quite, young lady. Compared to what is to come, this is merely foreplay.” Hyde warned. Monet was instantly silent, though she told herself it was merely to deprive Mr. Hyde of her screams. Several painful minutes later, Hyde finally dropped Monet back onto stained mattress.

The reprieve was short lived. Hyde reached down and grabbed Monet’s large breasts in his even larger hands. Taking her breasts between his thumbs and forefingers and hoisted her up into the air and brought her up to face level. A lesser woman likely would have lost her breasts, but Monet’s superstrength saved her yet again, though the experience went well beyond painful. Her breasts burned painfully like they were ready to tear off her body.

“Bastard!” Monet managed to hiss through clenched teeth. Mr. Hyde smiled, and revealed many jagged and distorted teeth with a grin longer than anything she’d ever seen. Somehow, it was then that Monet realized just how large Mr. Hyde truly was. This master of evil could likely fit her entire head inside his mouth and bite it off. Despite all her power and fit physique, Monet was just a small little girl compared to Mr. Hyde. She squirmed in agony as Hyde squeezed her breasts to gain her attention.

“I want your courage, whore. I want you to defy me with every last bit of fire inside your heart.” Hyde sneered. He then dropped Monet back on the soiled mattress like a sack of potatoes, “That will make this all the more fun. But, resist me in mind only or….”

Mr. Hyde left the threat hanging as Monet glared at the villain, and if looks could kill, Hyde would have fallen instantly. Regardless, Monet instantly became silent.

“Good slut.” He smiled, “now, sit up and spread your legs.”

Monet slowly complied. It was somewhat difficult to get into a sitting position, but Monet managed.

“No man wants sloppy seconds.” Mr. Hyde knelt down and placed his hand on Monet’s shoulder.
Exerting a small fraction of his strength, he forced Monet’s head down to her violated crotch, “Be a dear and see if you can’t clean up the homestead while I prepare, eh?”

Monet, nearly choking on the stench of her own pussy mixed with Tombstone’s cum and seething inwardly, began to eat herself out for Hyde’s pleasure. She drew a large amount of salvia into her mouth, rolled it around on her lips and reached out and parted her pussy with her tongue. Like a house pet, Monet began to clean on her own pussy with her mouth.

“My, aren’t we an eager young thing?” Hyde asked as he slowly, carefully undressed, removing his pants and folding them properly. He set them aside thoughtfully, leaving his shirt on his chest and turned towards Monet, “you may stop now.”

Monet looked up from her ministrations and gazed up at Hyde and his erect cock.

She very nearly had a heart attack.

Hyde’s full erect looked more like an extra arm. It looked like an arm had been stolen off a body builder, shaped into a thick ropy penis and grafted onto Hyde’s body below the waist.

“You like, I see.” Hyde observed.

Monet began back-pedaling, but before she could even move an inch Hyde grabbed her about the hips and hoisted her into the air.

“I guess size really does matter.” Hyde smiled thru crooked teeth at Monet.

Monet began screaming the moment she felt herself being lifted into the air, and just kept screaming as she felt the head of Hyde’s cock slam into her pussy and embed itself there. It went beyond painful. It felt as though someone had literally ripped her apart at the center, and it had barely just begun.

Hyde, quite naturally, wasn’t even close to satisfied. The screams were pleasing, yes, but he looked down to see the tip of his huge cock barely swallowed by Monet’s steel cunt.

And so, he lifted Monet up off his cock. Her cries died down, but not for long as he quickly slammed her down on his cock again, this time making it a little farther inside of her pussy. But the warmth, the screams and incredibly erotic pain were more than enough to keep Hyde trying.

Monet could do nothing but scream and scream as Hyde’s cock began traveling deeper and deeper into her body. The first three inches, her hips felt like they were ready to dislocate. Another three, and Monet could feel muscles and tissues reserved for child birth ready to tear at a moment’s notice. All the while she could feel every groove, every vein of Hyde’s cock inside her pussy. Finally, he broke through into her womb and hit it’s roof. The impact actually jarred Monet’s teeth as she screamed.

Curiously, when his cock entered Monet’s womb, he stopped. He took his hands off her hips, and let her hang on his erect cock, supported by nothing but her own strength.

It took Monet a good ten minutes to finally stop screaming from the pain. Her pussy was spread to its absolute lengths and beyond, it felt more painful than childbirth. Her pussy felt like an inferno.

Finally, her face stained with agonizing tears and snot pouring down her nose, Monet finally found the strength to beg.

“P…ple…please…take it out!” She rasped, her voice barely above whisper.
“In due time, in due time,” Hyde smiled, “I just wanted you to be able to truly enjoy this.”

And suddenly, Hyde’s powerful arms lifted Monet into the air until she was almost completely off his supersized cock…and slammed her back down.

“Nooo! AAAAGGGGH!” Monet screamed even louder than before as she was bounced up and down upon Hyde’s cock, his phallus shooting up and down her pussy like a log.

“Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!” Hyde was in heaven as the chocolate skinned girl forcibly traveled the length of his cock, his embedded cock rubbing up against every inch of Monet’s super tight pussy.

For Monet, it felt like someone was forcing a watermelon up and down her pussy, battering her womb with the force of a jackhammer. She bounced up and down on Hyde’s cock, her long hair flying about and large breasts quacking underneath the assault.

Thankfully, Hyde was a man of strength, not stamina. He quickly came inside Monet’s snatch, his cock spewing unnatural amounts of cum inside Monet’s violated womb. Monet continued screaming as in the span of three minutes her stomach expanded as if her were nine months pregnant from Hyde’s ungodly amount of semen.

Satisfied, Hyde released Monet’s shoulders and let her fall to the ground, discarding her like a used condom. Without saying a word, he redressed and left, leaving a sobbing Monet who’s pussy leaked a slow, steady river of cum.

Monet didn’t notice at first when someone entered her cell again. Miss Locke placed her heel on Monet’s firm, round ass and pushed her on her back.

“Dear me, it looks like Hyde made quite a mess,” Miss Locke observed. She placed her heel on Monet’s still distended pussy and the white mess still flowing from the mutant’s pussy, “It’s easily fixed though.”

Placing her foot on M’s fat belly, Miss Locke pressed down and forced the gallons of cum out of the mutant’s womb and onto the floor. Monet felt violently ill and began dry heaving.

“I want you to know, dear,” Miss Locke began, “it doesn’t have to be this way. You have another customer, and then I’d like to talk to you about…employment.”

“You’ll free me?” Monet choked.

Miss Locke smiled, “Oh no, of course not. But, while you pleasure this next customer, I want you to think about something. There is a difference between fucking, being fucked and just fucked.”

Monet then wanted to tell Miss Locke to go fuck herself, but she felt the floor rumbling. Unbidden, the gamma spanned monster known as the Abomination stepped into the room. Without any pretense of foreplay, he dropped his pants and picked up Monet bodily in his large hands. Hardly a man for sloppy seconds, he placed Monet’s puckered pink anus against the top of his ready cock and let her weight do the rest. Miss Locke smiled, knowing Monet would soon be begging her for the ‘deal’.

After she stopped screaming, of course
Chapter 5

Jolt and Songbird

The two Thunderbolts were marched blindfolded towards their destination. With their hands tied behind their back, the guards prodded them towards to their future torture with an ominous silence.

When they reached their selected room, Hallie barely had time to register the cold floor underneath her feet before the rope holding her hands behind her back were sliced apart. Rough hands grabbed her sore wrists and clamped cold, rough manacles on both wrists.

With little warning, Hallie felt the chains being pulled taunt. Her arms were dragged upwards. The chains were pulled upwards until Hallie was forced to stand on the balls of her feet just to prevent her arms from sliding out of the sockets. Once that was complete, a man stepped forward and strapped a metal bar in between her ankles, spreading her legs.

Naked and straining to stand, Hallie was even more horrified to find her legs were now forced wide open, completely vulnerable. The cool breeze on her exposed privates confirmed that the moment she knew was approaching from the first time Arcade striped them nude was upon her, and she began to tremble in fear.

Compared to Jolt, Songbird had it easy. The older heroine was forced to her knees, and made to sit perfectly still as course rope was used to tie her ankles to her thighs. Though the rough rope hurt her skin and left her unable to stand, it was nothing compared to what her fellow Thunderbolt was enduring. Songbird found she wasn't even as bothered by being completely naked.

Once the preparation was complete, the guards left. Jolt allowed herself to believe, for one brief fleeting second, that things would be alright. She had to, for the sake of her sanity.

For nearly five minutes, nothing happened to either heroine. Then, the two heard the door open again. A man walked through the door flanked by eight men, stood in front of the women and gave a single order.

"Remove the blind folds."

For both Songbird and Jolt, such a thing was pointless. There was no way on earth they could ever forget that man's voice, for as long as they both lived.

The blindfolds fell away to reveal Baron Helmut Zemo, leader of the Masters of Evil, and founder of the Thunderbolts. Both Hallie and Melissa knew he fully intended to live up to the title of 'Master of Evil'.

"I cannot tell you whores, how much I have looked forward to this day," Zemo spat, "the Thunderbolts were a master stroke of genius, and the two of you were a part of ruining that grand scheme. The both of you will suffer for that and before the day is out, you will rue the day you defied a Zemo!"

"We're...we're not scared of you, Zemo!" shouted Jolt unconvincingly, a single tear escaping her watered eyes.

"Such pathetic bravo," the Baron sighed, "that, little girl, is why you will be first."

"I'm...I'm not scared," Hallie lied again, only lighter. Her naked body betrayed her, glistening with a
cold sweat that made her shine in Zemo's twisted mind.

"But you will learn," Zemo snapped his fingers, and one of the men brought the Baron what looked like a studded dildo, "I simply cannot tell you how much I've looked forward to teaching this lesson."

Zemo strode over Hallie almost casually. Unable to defend herself or stop the villain from doing what he wanted, all she could do was squeeze her eyes shut, unwilling to watch as he began violating her.

Surprisingly, his gloved hands were rather gentle as he spread the pink folds of her womanhood, and inserted the devise into her most sacred place. Though it wasn't oversized, the dildo was still a rough and painful fit as the studs grabbed and pulled at the folds of her pussy. Zemo pressed the devise inwards with deliberate care that belied his final goal. When he felt the devise touch against Jolt's maidenhead, he stopped.

"One shouldn't lose their virginity to a toy," Zemo snickered as he looked the weeping girl in the face. He removed two cords from his pocket, each less than an inch and a half long, with alligator clips on each end. He opened one, and attached the clip to the side of Hallie's pussy. Jolt immediately screamed at the pain, but the Baron ignored it. He wrapped the other end over the dildo, and clamped the other clip into the soft flesh of Jolt's cunt. He repeated the process again, with the two cords forming an 'X' over the dildo embedded in her virgin snatch.

At first, it was only a little bit painful. Compared to what Jolt had been expecting, it was almost nothing though still deeply humiliating. But then the dildo grew warm. Hallie barely noticed, as it began over a series of minutes, too gradual to notice. When Jolt finally noticed the devise warming up, she merely thought it was natural.

But it never stopped. The dildo began getting hotter and hotter, burning her most tender tissue and after four minutes Hallie was screaming bloody murder. After four and a half, she was begging as she screamed.

"Take it out! Oh God, it hurts, it hurts!" Jolt wailed. The burning inside of her seared at the sensitive tissue of her love canal, baking the walls in indescribable pain. It was as if someone had poured searing acid into her pussy, and it refused to stop.

Hallie thrashed in her bonds as she begged, but all she achieved was straining the muscles in her arms and making her pain all the worse. Her pussy clenched as if to expel the burning intruder, but Zemo's clamps held it firmly in place. Zemo allowed the devise to work it's insidious torture for several minutes before speaking again.

"It's a little something my father designed," Zemo explained, looking at Songbird and ignoring Hallie, who writhed in agony not six feet away from him, "he always was ahead of his time when it came to torture. The devise can detect a person's threshold for burning, and raise itself to almost that exact temperature. Our young Jolt may feel as if her privates were on fire, and she'd almost be right. But only almost. That allows me to keep the devise inside a victim for however long I wish, with no long term damage as per my agreement with your new owner. You wouldn't believe the governments who bought the devises in bulk."

"What...what do you want?" Songbird asked, tears trailing down her cheek as she watched her friend suffer.

"Want?" Zemo undid his belt and allowed his pants to fall to the floor, his limp cock inches from Melissa's face, "well that should be obvious, dear."
For a moment, Songbird hesitated. Kidnapped, stripped naked and now at the mercy of her worst enemy, it was so easy to forget how far she’d come. How she’d grown from a submissive little girl into a strong and powerful woman. If she allowed Zemo to debase her like this, it would have all been for nothing!

"Melissa, please!" Hallie begged. She was beyond comprehending, trapped in a world of burning pain. Songbird almost resented Hallie for begging to debase herself like this, before she remembered that it was the young girl who was in fact suffering the most.

Songbird nodded silently, and Zemo strode forward confidently. She knelt her head down to take his flaccid member into her mouth, and immediately began bobbing her head back and forth while she ran her tongue across the length of his cock. She ran her tongue underneath the length, and across the tip.

"Beetle was right," Zemo sighed, "your oral skills are excellent."

But Melissa wasn't done yet. Whatever Arcade had done to control the women, it had robbed them of control over their powers. While the sonic Thunderbolt was little different, she still possessed her cybernetic vocal cords. Try as she might though, she could only focus but the smallest amount of energy through them, but that was enough for what she had planned.

A small, sonic pulse washed over Zemo's cock, overwhelming his pleasure centers. Combined with Melissa's tongue, and the Baron's mind nearly exploded in pleasure right then and there.

"Mein Gott!" Zemo shouted. He retained just enough control to extract his cock from Songbird's mouth before climaxing. Melissa screwed her eyes shut as Zemo's cum splashed against her face. She accepted the humiliation as best she could, glad that it was finally over.

"Oh dear," Zemo chided, "you weren't supposed to do that."

Songbird looked up, her face flush with shame, "What?"

"I merely wanted you to prepare me for your little friend," Zemo explained, "but you went a little too far.

"You can't be serious!" Songbird exclaimed. She glanced towards where Jolt was still writhing in pain, "but I thought...Zemo, you God damn monster!"

"That battery has a very, very long lifespan," Zemo smiled underneath his mask, "would you like that Jolt simply tries to outlast it? Because I know who would burn out first."

Melissa cried like never before as she silently and obediently took the cock into her mouth again, and began to suckle it carefully. But instead of trying to bring him off to a climax as soon as possible, she coaxed him to a full erection and then pulled back.

"You know, had you not been so eager, we might have avoided this little misunderstanding," Zemo smiled, "gag her. I only want to hear young Jolt's screams for mercy now."

Songbird merely felt sick when those words struck her ears, because he'd been exactly right. For all her posturing and half hearted defiance, she resumed the role of a slut easily and to make matters worse, in doing so prolonged the agony of her friend. She didn't even put up token resistance when a ball gag was shoved in her mouth and secured around her head.

Properly prepared, Zemo strode over to the second Thunderbolt with a glint in his eyes. He grabbed the end of the burning dildo and quickly tore it free and cast it across the floor. Jolt screamed one
final time, before drooping her head.

"Thank you, thank you," Jolt muttered in between heavy breathe. She was barely coherent, and the fact that Zemo was the one who ended her suffering didn't penetrate the haze of pain her mind was trapped in. All she knew was that it was over, or so she thought.

But Helmut Zemo was a patient man. Waited several seconds for her breathing to resume normal, and for her senses to return for her to truly appreciate what was to come next.

It didn't take long for Hallie to deduce what the nazi intended to do. She looked down at his erect penis, and then looked him in the face, "No...no you can't! Don't! Zemo, please!"

Zemo drank in the size of her quaking, nude body. Jolt clearly had some time to go until she reached full womanhood, with small breasts and narrow hips, but it wasn't her appearance that made Jolt so arousing to Helmut.

It was the fact that he had a sworn enemy completely naked and at his mercy that made him so damn horny. He knew, deep down, he hadn't paid Arcade a fraction of what he would have ultimately been willing to for this opportunity.

"The scolding was merely foreplay, little girl," Zemo placed the tip of his manhood against Jolt's pussy, and smiled inwardly as she winced from just the casual touch, "now, you become a women at the cock of a German man!"

Jolt felt Zemo's warm cock press into her snatch, and threw her head back to scream. Zemo grabbed her small breasts and crushed them in his hands as he snaked his way inside of her.

To Hallie, it was as if someone was stabbing a burning sword being stabbed through her privates. Zemo's burning dildo left her pussy a bundle of raw, writhing nerves that almost glowed with pain. The merest brush brought world's of pain.

"Arrghhh!" screamed Hallie before Zemo was even half way in. He pushed inwardly at a slow, comfortable until the tip of his cock reached Hallie's hymen. The heat that remained from the dildo almost made this uncomfortable for the villain, but the joy he took from knowing it was so much worse for Jolt dealt with any discomfort. The feared villain paused for a moment, allowing the young girl to adjust before he continued.

"And now, Hallie, you learn the price for opposing Zemo!"

With a brutal thrust, Zemo scattered her maiden head and pounded into her. He removed his hands from her small breasts and grabbed her rear with both hands, pulling his cock farther into her burning pussy.

"Ugh! Ugh!" Each thrust brought another blinding stab of pain, like a punch to her intestines. Jolt's love canal was a burning mass of nerves, and Zemo's penis stroked the fires hotter and hotter.

"Tell me Jolt, how does it feel?" Zemo smiled, "how does it feel to become a woman at the hands of your enemy?"

Hallie didn't, couldn't reply, the pain was simply too much. The Baron had spent a good many hours devising his revenge, and it hadn't been disappointing . In his villainous mind, his cock was a flaming sword of justice, robbing his most troublesome foe of all her dignity, all her honor.

And with that in mind, Zemo picked up his pace, pounding faster and faster into the young girl. He freed his right hand from her shapely ass, and used it to pinch her clit. Her ground the singed love
button between his fingers, bringing the youngest Thunderbolts to heights of pain she thought impossible, even after all her suffering.

"Oh God, stop it, please! I'll do anything! Anything!" Hallie pleaded.

Zemo laughed for a good two minutes, still fucking her unabashed vigor.

"Anything? Little girl, I can already do anything I want to you!"

Zemo savored every last tear on Hallie's face as he said that. He could tell, that after all her past defiances, all the trouble she'd caused him and how bravely she'd fought him in the past, that he'd now broken her.

He knew that she would likely get her courage back, but right now it didn't matter. Right now, she was just a shell of her old, heroic self.

Having won a complete and utter victory, Zemo allowed himself to climax inside the heroine. Hallie mewed pathetically as she felt his hot seed spurt inside of her womb, the idea of anything of Zemo's remaining inside of her sickening her to her core.

"I am done with her for now. Release her, so that we might begin on the second one."

Songbird heard Zemo, and blinked back tears. Somehow, she knew her fate would be worse than what had befallen her teammate.

The chains pulling Jolt's arms upwards were released suddenly, and the ravaged heroine fell limply to the floor. The fall to the floor brought pain lancing through her loins again, but Jolt was too far gone to cry out.

Two men stepped forward and removed the chains from her wrists, and the metal bar that held her legs apart. Without a word to Zemo, the two grabbed Hallie by her aching arms and dragged her into a corner of the room.

Zemo smiled inwardly. He was a firm believer in both quality and quantity. Jolt had suffered at the hands of quality, now she would feel the quantity.

Ironically, Jolt barely felt anything at first when she was dragged away. The pain in her body had congealed into a dull burning, blotting out everything else. She didn't register being dragged away, or the fact that several more had now entered the room. They pulled her to a mat they'd laid out in preparation.

"Leave her rear alone," Zemo ordered sternly, "I have plans for her later."

But Jolt certainly felt it when two strong men grabbed her by the wrists, lifted her up, and then set her down on the erect cock of their waiting friend. Jolt instantly started screaming like a wounded animal, the burning of her loins felt even greater now.

One of the men rolled his eyes, and then harshly slapped her across the face.

"Knock it off, slanty! Here!" The man grabbed Hallie by her short hair, and shoved his bulging cock into her mouth, "lets put that thing to better use, eh?"

Hallie tried to pull back, but the man had a firm grip on her head. With a horny passion, he slammed her head back and forth on his manhood. Hallie choked and gagged, but that only seemed to encourage him. After all, her inexperienced tongue just meant that he could keep going as long as he
Songbird watched Jolt's assault, and couldn't stop the tears from flowing down her face. But she didn't really begin to feel true fear until Zemo stepped towards her, knelt down to look her in the eye, and sneered.

"It is now your turn, Melissa. Don't think I will be as kind to you as I was to young Jolt."

One of the guards grabbed Songbird by her hair and pulled her towards the center of the room, where the chains that had held Jolt helpless hanging, waiting for her.

Unlike with Jolt, they didn't bother uncuffing her hands and chaining them above her head. Instead, they removed the cuffs that held her arms behind her, but kept Melissa's arms held behind her back. Another man stepped forward and slid a leather sleeve, and slid it over her slender arms. With a grunt, he pulled several straps, tightening the leather sleeve so tightly that the heroine's elbows touched. Songbird mewed pitifully, but was too scared to protest. She heard a metal clip latch into place, and terror grabbed her heart.

"All set, Baron."

Zemo smiled underneath his hood, and began pulling slowly on the chains. Songbird grunted as her arms were pulled upwards, slowly and methodically. She leaned forward as best she could to relieve the pressure, thrusting her breasts outward but it wasn't nearly enough. Melissa wept silently, her arms painfully held behind her, climbing higher and higher, inch by painful until it felt as though they were seconds from slipping out of the sockets.

Zemo, however, was a perfectionist in the arts of torture. He had been at it for little under a minute, but in Songbird's mind it might as well as been an hour. Finally, he relented on the chain. Songbird dangled in front of him, barely balanced on the balls of her feet and her face contorted in pain.

"Don't despair," Zemo chided, "we still have a few more steps to go before we really begin."

Zemo produced several plastic alligator clamps, and waved them in front of her face so that she could get a full view.

"Some decorations before we begin," Zemo explained. He opened one clip and clamped it onto her pink nipple.

"Mmmph!" Songbird cried into her gag, and didn't stop as Zemo attached another one onto her other nipple. Baron Zemo then seized one breast, and squeezed it harshly in his hand. He attached another two clamps onto Mel's teets, and then went onto the other one. When he was done, Melissa had two alligator clamps biting both her nipples, and another four on each breast, the plastic metal teeth biting into the flesh. The sharp plastic made it feel as though some inhuman monster were slowly eating her breasts, and Zemo had just begun.

Satisfied for the moment, Zemo removed Songbird's gag.

"Take them off, please! Stop, please just stop!" wailed Songbird.

Zemo looked down at her and clucked his tongue, "Do you know why I'm being so hard on you?"

"...yes," Songbird cried. It didn't take much imagination to figure out why Zemo was so infuriated with her, "yes I do. I'm so sorry..."

"You betrayed me. It was my greatest plot to date," Zemo's voice grew heated, "and you and your
idiot teammates brought it crashing down around me. Tell me dear Songbird, if you knew what your fate would be, would you have betrayed me? Think hard, little girl."

"No!" Songbird answered instantly, fresh tears screaming down her face. She shook her head from side to side as if her life defended on it, "please, please forgive me, Zemo! I'll do anything if you just stop!"

"And there's the problem," Zemo sighed, "you haven't the strength of your convictions. A man of my lineage can accept defeat at the hands of such great men as Captain America, but at the hands of weak trailer trash? No, no I simply cannot tolerate that. There must be a punishment, even if none bear witness."

"Zemo, please, I mmhph!" Zemo placed a different gag in Songbird's mouth, this time in the shape of a large 'O'.

"Patience Songbird, patience," Zemo sighed. Songbird saw Zemo reach for a familiar devise, and thought for a moment her heart might stop. In his hand, Zemo held a replica of the scorching dildo that he'd used on Jolt. Sauntering around to Songbird's rear, Zemo parted Songbird's legs and touched the tip of the devise to her slit.

"Brace yourself," was all the warning Zemo gave as he thrust it in. Unlike with Jolt, Songbird was no virgin, so Zemo felt free to press the devise into Melissa's pussy the entire length of her pussy. Zemo wasted no energy on Melissa's comfort. The devise was an inches and a half wide with studded ribs, and as it was pressed into Songbird's dry pussy, it painfully pressed and tore at her inner walls. He pushed it in roughly, pulling it back and forth until it finally hit rock bottom.

Songbird's terror didn't stop when she felt Zemo finish inserting the dildo. The thing was cold, but that wouldn't last. Wedged so tightly into her cunt, Songbird could actually feel the exact instant the devise turned on. That was no doubt intentional, to increase the terror that the victim felt. It worked.

Behind her, Zemo paced back and forth, obviously anxious to begin. But he still possessed some patience. This revenge was long in coming, after all. If he didn't coordinate the pain, then it would ruin everything.

"Just another minute, and we can begin, dear Songbird. I have one final surprise."

The criminal turned heroine simply couldn't believe her ears. After everything Zemo had done already, he still had more planned?!?

"Jason, Songbird's mouth is free. See to that, hmm?"

Songbird shuddered as she watched one of the burley guards step forward and undo his pants. The man placed his already erect cock through the opening in Songbird's gag. Unlike Hallie, Songbird was no stranger to oral sex. She teased the tip of his cock with her tongue, then ran it over the length of his entire penis. The man groaned, but unfortunately didn't cum.

Songbird spared a glanced to where Jolt was being forced to ride a guard's cock while giving another one head. The girl was terrified and looked as though she were still in pain from when the Baron raped her, and with a sob, Songbird realized how easy Jolt had had it.

-Thawk!-

Songbird's eyes bulged in her sockets as she felt the bamboo cane strike her ass. The pain was like a
searing knife across her ass, and if she hadn't been gagged, she might have bit Jason's cock off in
surprise. To her horror, Melissa began to feel the burning dildo wedged inside her beginning to feel
uncomfortable. Recalling how Jolt screamed and suffered, she knew the worst to come hadn't even
started.

The sadistic Baron took a moment to admire his handiwork. There was a red welt across Songbird's
toned ass, but no blood. He brought the bamboo cane down again and again, each time focusing on a
previously untouched section of the Thunderbolt's rear. It didn't take long until her entire ass was an
unseemly color of red.

Inside of a single minute Songbird was in unimaginable pain. Zemo caned her ass relentlessly, while
the dildo inside of her pussy began to scorch her sensitive insides and the alligator clamps continued
to assault her breasts. Even with all that, she tried not to thrash in her bonds, as it brought back
stabbing pain in her elbows, but the once heroine simply couldn't help it.

In a way, Songbird found her bondage made things even worse, to be in unimaginable pain but
unable to react was the worst kind of hell.

After three solid minutes, Zemo was satisfied. Songbird's ass was bright red, so much so it almost
glowed in the super villain's eyes. Now, now she was properly prepared.

Dropping his pants and applying some lotion, he pressed the tip of his cock against Songbird's anal
passage. Zemo grabbed the sides of her abused ass, and lunged inside of her.

Songbird bit down on her gag and though she didn't think it possible, felt even more humiliated than
before. The only time that she'd had anal sex before was when she was the submissive little slut
trying to hang onto the boyfriend of the month. She never consented to anal sex with Mach-1, and
looked back on her submission with disgust, disbelieving how she could ever have been so weak.

While the pain of Zemo's assault paled to the literal burning in her pussy, the humiliation was simply
overwhelming. Songbird felt as though she was reduced to just a toy for enjoyment, someone who
existed just to suffer.

Zemo and the guard built up a nice, solid rhythm as they fucked Songbird on both ends. When the
man in her mouth thrust inwards, Zemo was pulling his cock out. When he was sheathing his penis
in her ass, the man in her mouth was pulling out. Bouncing back and forth between the two men
brought fresh lances of pain from her arms, and brought even more pain from the burning toy
embedded in her snatch.

Pinballing between the two men, Melissa found that she had ran out of tears. She resigned herself to
the pain, trying not to think too hard on what life had been before this. Without her dignity, without
her self respect, Songbird found it easier to bear the tremendous pain that wracked her body. It was
almost anti-climatic when the two climaxed inside her holes.

The guard Jason pinched Songbird's nose, and so Melissa swallowed his load without complaint.
Zemo un-latched the hooks on Songbird's arms and allowed her defeated form to fall bodily to the
stone floor.

"Jason, remove the gag, please. I think Songbird has a request."

"Please Master Zemo, take it out!" Songbird said instantly.

Underneath his mask, Zemo smiled.

"I'm glad I didn't have to remind you to use my proper name," Zemo knelt down, and reached his
hands into Songbird's pussy. The lips of her cunt were red and swollen, and just the mere brush of 
his fingers made the screaming heroine grimace in pain. In fact, the Thunderbolt's entire body 
stiffened as Zemo reached inside her and grabbed hold of the torture devise he'd left inside her. 
Without a thought for the pain he might cause, Zemo dragged the devise out of her slowly. Arching 
her back, Songbird let out a silent scream that tore at her raw throat. Had she access to her sonic 
powers, she might have destroyed the entire building. Zemo savored the image of her writhing in 
pain, her breasts standing at attention while the clips were still deeply embedded and her sweat 
soaked form. Tossing the devise aside, he sighed.

"I'm afraid you'll have to give me a moment," Zemo confessed, "before we began, I took several 
viagras so that I could fully enjoy our time together. If you'll just give me a few more moments, we 
can finish our time together."

Both Songbird and Jolt heard Baron Zemo's statement, and found that their hearts could drop further. 
After everything that had happened already, what more could he have planned?

Without warning, the chains holding Songbird's arms went slack, and she fell to the floor in a heap. 
The weight of Songbird's body crushed the clamps that had been biting down on her breasts further 
into the sensitive flesh, but Melissa didn't even have the strength to roll over to relieve the pressure.

"Jason, I'm going to take a slight breather," Zemo explained, "give them a hand while I'm gone, 
would you please?"

"Will do, sir," the man said with a sadistic smirk, "bring the Asian pussy over here. We'll give these 
two something to bond over."

Jolt felt no relief when the men who'd been plunging their cocks into her mouth and pussy stopped. 
She'd learned quickly enough that they simply had another torture waiting.

One of the men grabbed Hallie by her ankle, and pulled her across the stone floor until she was 
laying across from Songbird. Jason nudged Songbird onto her back with his boot.

The two heroines were brought face to face, and what they saw shocked them both. Hallie looked 
into her friend and teammate's eyes, and saw the utter defeat and surrender beneath them. Hallie had 
always known that Melissa wasn't the strongest person, but never did she think that her teammate 
could fall this far.

Melissa looked at Hallie, seeing the cum mixed with sweat that covered her face, and saw how the 
younger girl looked at her, pleading for strength. Hallie was an idealist, but she often struggled with 
reality. This captivity was a special kind of hell for her, Songbird knew, and there was nothing she 
could to to make this any easier. Seeing Hallie's young face covered in bodily fluid hurt Melissa 
more than any punch from any supervillain could.

The two looked away from each other instantly, and choke backed a sob,

The two women didn't notice two guards lathering their hands and wrists with baby oil. Hell, they 
barely took notice when the two got on their knees beside them.

"Ready, Tom?" asked one of the men.

"You better fucking believe it, Bill!"

Both woman managed to raise their heads the moment they felt wet fingers exploring their battered 
pussies. They saw the two men kneeling there, their arms bent back in preparation.
"...no, don't!" was all Songbird managed to rasp before three fingers pushed their way inside her raw, pink folds. Tom pulled out, and though she knew it wouldn't last, Songbird savored the moment. It was fast becoming that any moment spent without pain was in fact pleasure.

But sure enough, Tom punched his fist back into her love hole, even harder this time, more unrelenting. He jackhammered back and forth, fighting for every inch further inside Mel's tortured pussy. Her muscles clamped instinctively, but it that did was make the pain worse and did nothing to stop the man. He punched his fist inside her scorched pussy like a prize fighter. When his fist finally hit rock bottom, Tom seemed almost to vibrate with energy. He'd always wanted to fist a girl, but none of his girl friends were into it.

But Songbird, she didn't have a choice. So with his second wind, he pounded his arm back and forth, slamming his knuckles past her cervix and into her womb, out and back again. A man proud of his stamina, Tom realized instantly this was far better than sex for him. It wasn't like he was going to climax before he'd had all his fun, after all.

When Bill began fisting Hallie, he used a different tactic. Instead of pounded in and out, he ploughed into her sensitive tissue slowly, relentlessly. Hallie's head swung from side to side, in absolute agony as the man's clenched fist traveled the length of her vagina. After what seemed like an eternity (but in reality was only two minutes), the man's fist had traveled as far as it could go. Then, with deliberate slowness, he pulled his arm back until just his knuckles were touching the lips of Hallie's tortured pussy, then plunged back in again. Bill took his seat time, knowing that Zemo wouldn't be back for a while, and enjoying the feel of Jolt's velvet pussy clunched around his forearm.

The remaining guards watched the heroines being fisted with hoots and hollers. A few undid their pants, and began masturbating over the girls while they watched. More than a few climaxed, watching the arms of grown men disappear into the tight snatches of former superheroines, now just common whores.

Neither Songbird nor Jolt took notice as cum rained down upon their nude bodies, splattering across their breasts, stomach and face. The burning agony in their fisted pussies blocked out everything else. The two didn't know how long the torture went on, but eventually the men pulled their fists out with a wet 'pop'!. The guards decided to allow their victims some measure of rest, though to the two Thunderbolts, all that they registered was the lack of pain, but after all they'd suffered, that was almost a pleasure. Their eyes were glazed over and they lay unmoving and indifferent. After a while, Songbird ventured a hand down to her ruined, raw pussy just to confirm the damage.

One guard knelt across Songbird's chest, and stuffed his hard cock into her limp mouth. Songbird responded half heartedly, aware of the punishment she might face if she didn't perform the act but unable to care. Even Jolt barely reached when a man shoved his erect cock into her slack mouth.

"I have returned to finish my masterpiece," declared Baron Zemo. That voice, filled with it's casual cruelty, brought both women crashing back to reality. Sweaty cocks still embedded in their mouths, all the two heroines could turn were their eyes to the door as Zemo strode forward, with what looked like a dog house on wheels.

Upon closer inspection, they saw it was a plastic horse shaped structure with two protruding dildos on top.

"Finish, then get them ready."

Zemo's voice, even calm and patient, was still enough to strike fear into the heart of any who heard it. The men who'd been deep throating Jolt and Songbird pulled back, and exploded their jism onto
the women's face.

As those two stepped back, other guards approached with ropes in their hands. With mechanical efficency, the two Thunderbolts were first frog tied, their heels painfully pushing against the back of their legs, the rope cutting into their flesh and painfully limiting circulation. Then, they were outfitted with chokers with a large metal on the back.

When that was completed, the two Thunderbolts were rolled on their stomachs. The handcuffs that'd been holding them were removed. The men then pushed the heroine's wrist up towards their backs until their hands almost touched their shoulder blades, and then bound their wrists over the other, with one final length of rope traveling through the collars' mental rings. One of the guards decided to give the system a test, and pulled on Songbird’s rope.

"...stop, it hurts!" choked Songbird. Her arms felt as though they were on fire as she grasped for breath.

"We're almost done. Now, for the final placement!"

Heavy set men grabbed both women and lifted them into the air. Knowing what was to come next, the once proud Thunderbolts began begging and pleading for mercy.

And just like before, their pleas fell on deaf ears.

The two came down upon the ribbed, studded dildos hard. The impact was like a punch to their battered pussies, and the two Thunderbolts shrieked as the reddened, abused flesh of their cunts became molded around the plastic.

Baron Zemo watched with clinical objectivity as his victims writhed in pain. Songbird and Jolt's fronts were mashed together, their breasts mashing against the other, sweat and fluids from one rubbed off on the other.

But Zemo had just started. The horse was designed to allow their anus' to sit just off the edge. This placed a terrible strain on the flesh between their cunts and ass, as it bared their entire weight, but the Baron hardly cared. If anything, that was a bonus.

Once the pain and humiliation of their position had begun to sink in, Baron Zemo positioned himself behind Jolt, while another guard assumed the position behind Songbird.

Baron Zemo placed his erect cock so that it was touching against Jolt's naked ass, and reached his hands around, groping Jolt's average sized breasts, pinching the nipples with his fingers.

"So tell me, Hallie, how does it feel knowing you're about to lose the last remnants of your virginity to the despised Baron Zemo, instead of some handsome, strapping boy of your dreams? How does it feel knowing that I took your innocence?"

Jolt tried to ignore him, tried to block his words out, but between his hands roaming over her breasts, the feeling of his cock brushing against her anus and everything else she had suffered through, Hallie just couldn't. The idea of him impaling her ass was enough to make her vomit, and unfortunately she did just that. Hallie expelled bile and cum all across Songbird's chest.

Songbird barely reacted to the fluid that was spewed across her chest, and that somehow made everything all the worse.

Seeing her friend's non reaction, Jolt stopped trying to hide her tears, stopped any pretense of being brave. She bawled like a baby as Zemo's cock invaded her ass. In and out, in and out, Zemo's well
sized cock felt more like a rusty lead pipe than a human organ grating against her insides. Jolt knew that she shouldn't clench her rear. It wouldn't stop Zemo, but she just couldn't help it. Her ass squeezed Zemo's cock like a vise, and he loved it.

But in the end, not even Zemo had limitless, especially not after raping the two heroines already. Jolt squeezed her eyes shut when she felt Zemo's seed fill her ass.

With a satisfied chuckle, Zemo withdrew and began buttoning his pants.

"I must confess, Hallie, I've not had that much in some time. Tell me, was it god for you too?" Zemo mocked.

"I'll kill you..." whispered Jolt.

"Hmm? Excuse me? Did you say something?" Zemo asked.

"If I get out of here, I swear I'll kill you!" Hallie yelled before she broke down sobbing.

"If...so very nice to see that I fucked the optimism out of your lithe little body," Zemo observed, "Oh, if you're curious, your teammates are still looking for you. But not a one of them has any idea that it was Arcade who took you, and rest assured, we will keep it that way. But for now, I will leave you to his mercies. Goodbye, whores."

"Wait, you can't leave us like this!" Songbird shouted. Her bound ankles were starting to tighten and cramp while her pussy ached from the effort of supporting her entire weight on the rugged piece of plastic that seemed to come within inches of actually slicing her in two.

"And why not? I paid for your services for the entire day," explained Zemo, "you're whores, not heroines, after all. Don't worry, in a few hours Arcade will come and release you. Until next time, my former minions. And believe me, there will be a next time."

Zemo in the guards left. Jolt and Songbird looked at one another, covered in sweat and semen, bruises all over their bodies. Their arms and legs had begun to cramp while the burning pain of their pussies inched relentlessly towards becoming a bonfire. There wasn't an inch of their bodies that didn't ache and all they could think about was one thing.

This was just the first day of the rest of their lives.
Namorita accepted the blue skinned cock into her luscious pink lips and into her mouth with little objection. She’d already serviced two other men before this cock, after all.

Behind her, the cousin’s arch foe known as Attuma was driving his meaty cock into her ass, jarring her spine as he throughst forward, fucking her like the bitch she now was to him. She rocked back and forth between her two rapists on her hands and knees, steady and humiliating. He watched her suck the cock of one of his generals with inadequate enthusiasm. Withdrawing the sword he kept at his side, he swung it outwards and held it high while his other hand gripped her long blond hair, pulling her head back and forcing the cock in her mouth even deeper down her throat.

“Suck!” Smack! “His” Smack! “Cock!” Smack! “With” Smack! “All!” Smack! “Your!” Smack! “Mouth!”

Tears of pain streamed down Namorita’s face now, her ass now doubly burning from her impalement and Attuma spanking her with his the flat of his sword, her ass cheeks burning. She needed no more incentive and rolled her tongue over the foul tasting cock.

The man finished quickly, like those before him. Namorita swallowed his load quickly and obediently.

“That’s a good princess,” Attuma sneered. Tears threatened to stream down her face as Attuma used her official title to degrade her more, but she held them in. Namorita Printiss was the cousin of Namor himself, she would endure. Finally, the Warlord’s endurance was finally spent and he pulled out quickly, climaxing all over Namorita’s well tanned ass.

“The cousin of the mighty Namor,” Attuma put his boot on Namorita’s ass, and pushed her to the floor, “not so royal now, are you?”

Attuma and his men left, completely satisfied and laughing.

“Allow me to help, my princess,”

Two robotic maids, dressed surprisingly conservative, helped the naked girl to her feet. They carefully led the limping blond to an adjacent room where a warm bath was already drawn. They carefully lowered her in, and set about cleaning the stench of sex from her body.

“A lady must be ready for her next gentlemen callers,” the maids observed. One rubbed a damp sponge between Namorita’s legs while another one softly scrubbed some shampoo into her blond hair.

To Namorita, this treatment was almost as humiliating as the rapes themselves. The room was immaculate, the care soft and tender. Arcade was treating her life royalty, emphasizing her title while he degraded her. Not only was he rubbing her former position in her face, it was as if he was making light of what he was doing to her now. As if he somehow wasn’t using her like a whore.

The bath lasted only ten minutes. Namorita was instructed to stand (which she did without question, though it shamed her), and the maids took some scented oils in their hands and rubbed it across her ample breasts. As much as she tried to ignore it, her nipples stood erect because of the attention. The maids dried her body respectfully, their hands never lingering. Finally, they placed a pink transparent robe across her and ‘asked’ her to wait.
Before they set her to see the next batch of ‘customers’, Namorita vowed just like Monet, not to let these bastards see her cry. They wouldn’t get one single tear from her and she would never beg. She was better than that.

"You may come in now, Princess," One of the maids. The respect in their tone of voice was like a knife to the heart.

The blond princess took a deep breath, and entered the room with her head held high, the only defiance she could physically muster.

What she saw when she entered the room caused bile to raise in her throat.

Waiting for her in the lavishly styled room were the thugs known as the Wrecking Crew. Piledriver, Thunderball, Bulldozer and Wrecker, villains who got by on their strength and nothing else.

Beaten by nearly every hero around, Namorita was certain they had plenty of sexual frustrations they wanted to work out, and there was only one of her.

"Well, well, well, if it isn't Namor's hot cousin," Wrecker sneered as she walked in. Piledriver and Bulldozer whistled while Thunderball looked her up and down while licking his lips, "we owe your cousin for screwing up a job of ours!"

"Who hasn't?," Namorita spat. It was one thing to be submit to a member of her own race and culture, it was quiet another to bend over for the supervillain equivalent of the Chicago Cubs.

"Get tired of getting beaten up by Daredevil and the Girl Scouts?" she asked with an air of indifference, as if pissing these men off could redeem her soiled honor.

Wrecker's face became red with anger as his teammates looked at him and went 'oooo!' like little school yard bullies. With a look of pure hatred in his eyes, Wrecker stomped forward and grabbed Namorita by the neck.

"I was thinkin' about going easy on ya," Wrecker, his hand firmly planted around the blond's neck, brought her to within inches of his face. Namorita could smell his putrid breath, and if she could have swallowed, she would have spit in his face. But his grip was like iron, making it nearly impossible for her to breath, let alone spit, "but to hell with that idea. I've waited a damn long time to have one of you high and mighty bitches to play with, and who knows when I'll get a chance to do this again?"

Wrecker walked to the center of the room, still holding Namorita by the neck and dragging her like a rag doll. Though she clutched and clawed at the villain's hand, he was simply too strong for her, even though she had super strength of her own. With barely a thought, Wrecker tossed her to the floor.

"Fuck usin' a damn bed for this," Wrecker spat. His anger grew by the second. It was one thing not to get any respect in a fight. For better or worse, he'd grown used to it. But it'd be a cold day in hell before he took that kind of lip from a victim. Proper respect had to be shown!

He threw Namorita to the ground and growled, "We'll do you on the floor just like any other slut!"

Wrecker undid his pants in record time, and flipped the blond princess on her back. Bending over, he grabbed her well toned hips and pulled her crotch up into the air until it brushed against his ready cock.

"You'd have been nicer, we mighta been more gentle," Wrecker hissed. Then, using his incredable
strength, he pulled Namorita's hips towards him and impaled her with his cock.

"Uhgh!" Namorita grasped for air as the Wrecker thrust inside of her snatch. It was as if someone had punched her love canal.

"Ain't easy, is it?" Wrecker had a sneer plastered across his face, "maybe if you didn't mouth of, we coulda done this a little easier."

"Go to hell...pencil dick!" Namorita spat through clenched teeth. His cock was like a knife to her insides, made all the worse by the fact that she was completely dry.

"No...uugh!...that's...uugh!..." Wrecker began pounding away at the princess' cunt as he talked, "where...uugh!...I'm gonna send you!"

Each thrust, each lunge was like a punch inside her stomach for the blond heroine. She was strong and tough for certain, but the Wrecking Crew were a league above her in strength. The villain's penis might have well been a power drill.

"Like that, huh? Huh?" Wrecker mocked. Behind him, the Wrecking Crew watched in amusement as their boss fucked a heroine like a three dollar slut. Piledriver found it especially funny how the high and might cousin of Namorita's legs were dangling up in the air underneath Wrecker's armpits.

"You...argghh! won't get...away with this!" it was corny, but it was all Namorita could think to say with all the pain.

Wrecker stopped suddenly, "Say that again?"

"You won't get away with this!" Namorita said again, this time with far more fury. "Hahahaha!" Wrecker began pounding into the Princess' pussy again, "tell me, is Namor somehow gonna change time so my little guy was never in your sweet pussy? Huh? Is he?"

When his victim didn't reply, Wrecker grabbed her clit, and gave the sensitive love bud a slight pinch.

"Arrgh!" Namorita felt as though the sensitive stub had been ripped from her body. Her body wracked with deep breaths (don't cry, damn it!) as she struggled to contain her pain.

"Answer me, you blond whore!" snarled Wrecker, "is Namor gonna make it so my cock was never in your pussy?"

"...no," Namorita hissed.

"Then I'm pretty sure I'm gonna get away with this!" Wrecker laughed. As he sawed into her, he watched with amusement as Namorita's long, blond hair came undone and was dragged back and forth across the floor. Namorita clenched and released her hands repeatedly, trying to relieve the pain that Wrecker's pounding cock forced through her body. It was like the pain of a knife and a fist to her pussy.

Thankfully though, Wrecker's stamina wasn't nearly equal to his strength. After the ten most brutal moments of her life, the Wrecker came.

"Ahhh!" Namorita couldn't contain her pain or surprise. The man's cum was almost as powerful as his cock. For a brief moment, it was as if someone had jabbed a needle in her pussy.

Satisfied, Wrecker dropped Namorita's ass to the floor like a used kleenex. As the heroine tried to
catch her breath, Wrecker zipped his pants back and glanced towards his teammates.

"Your turn now, boys."

"Alright!" Piledriver (the big, blond and dumbest member) clapped his hands together and licked his lips greedily, "you in the mood for a three way, Thunderball?"

"Nah, I like to do my business alone," answered Thunderball, "you two go ahead. I'll go last."

"Suit yourself, man! Come on, Bulldozer, lets get a slice of heroine ass!"

"More like make us a hero sandwich!" laughed Bulldozer.

Namorita knew what was coming next, but all she could do was lay there and wait.

Piledriver looked down at his victim. The sweat that glistened off her body almost seemed to make her glow. Grabbing his blond victim by the wrist, he hauled the weakened heroine to her feet.

"Hope you didn't get too worn out, you still got three gents left!"

Piledriver grabbed her hips and with no pretense of romance, jammed his tool inside the underwater princess. Namorita threw her head back and cried out as the sensitive tissue that had been torn asunder by Wrecker was further ravaged.

As if that wasn't bad enough, Piledriver was hung like a horse. His cocked reached the entire length of Namorita's love canal and battered the roof of her womb. Namorita opened her mouth to scream, and that's when the villain shoved his tongue inside her mouth and began exploring it's depths. But before Namorita could even think to be disgusted, she felt Bulldozer's cock brush against her ass cheeks.

"Incoming!" laughed the villain as he ploughed his cock into Namorita's vulnerable rear. Namorita's eyes shot open, and she would later find that she was grateful that Piledriver's tongue choked off any screams.

"This is one fine sandwich we got us here!" chuckled Bulldozer. He lifted up Namorita by the back of her legs for better penetration, and went to town.

Namorita tried to sink into herself, to somehow fall inwards like so many other rape victims had done, but found that impossible while the Wrecking Crew was punishing her body.

Piledriver's organ inflamed her pussy, raking over the tissue that the aptly named Wrecker had already torn and pulled while Bulldozer's cock seemed to batter the organs in her tight ass. As if that weren't enough, their steel hard cocks pressed against one another, pinching the walls between her pussy and anus painfully.

"Can you believe these things are real?" Piledriver pawed Namorita's breasts, enjoying the fact he didn't half to hold back his strength as he molested a woman.

"Man, you should feel this ass! Unbelievable!" Bulldozer punctuated his statement with a powerful thrust that literally pushed Namorita two inches in the air. A normal women would likely have been killed by such a thrust, a submariner could endure, though not painlessly.

Namorita bounced up and down on their cocks, and felt the full lengths of their man-hoods painfully sheathed inside her. As the pain grew worse and worse, she wrapped her arms around Piledriver's neck and drew him into an embrace. While she did that, she also skillfully clenched her pussy and
rectal muscles. In her mind, she pretended like she was making love to a handsome gentleman, not two slobs. She didn't believe much, but the lie was better than the reality.

Of course, all Piledriver and Bulldozer cared about was that their victim was now skillfully milking their cocks.

"Damn, she even likes it!" Bulldozer and Piledriver laughed together, and it echoed in the young princess' ears.

When the two villains finally climaxed, it was twice as painful as when Wrecker finished. The two rapists came within seconds of one another. Namorita had barely recovered from the pain, the literal gut punch of the first climax when the second one struck her with the force of a runaway train.

"Whew!" Piledriver wiped his sweaty brow, "haven't had a fuck like that in years."

When the two pulled out, Namorita fell bonelessly to the ground, her lower body aflame with agony.

"Looks like we wiped her out!" commented Bulldozer. He zipped his pants back up, "Sorry, Thunderball. We did offer to go together."

"Don't worry about," Thunderball assured them, "she's still got some life in her yet. But she'll have a lot less if she doesn't come over here and introduce herself."

Slowly, like a zombie, Namorita pushed herself up off the floor. As she got into a standing position, she tried not to think about what felt like a gaping wound in her nether regions. Slowly and carefully, making sure not to stand too straight lest they decide she could suffer more abuse, Namorita crossed the agonizing distance of ten feet to where Thunderball was standing. When she reached him, Namorita chose to stare at the ground, unwilling to look such scum in the eyes.

"Okay, white girl. Take out my little girl and prep him for some fun, would ya? Use your hands to wake him up, got it?"

Namorita told herself that by cooperating, she was simply sparing herself more pain. But as she knelt down, unzipped Thunderball's pants and gently eased his cock out, she couldn't help but feel she was surrendering her dignity.

For Thunderball, watching this proud heroine debase herself on his orders was better than sex. He thought his teammates were idiots for just fucking her, not when they could have done so much more.

Ah well, their loss, he reflected.

He groaned in pleasure as Namorita's delicate hands brought him to full attention.

"Okay, take it in your mouth. Shouldn't need me to tell you what to do now, and don't you dare stop!"

Hesitating only for a second, she took the fleshy pole into her mouth, and began bobbing her head back and forth while running her tongue over the tip of it. The smell was disgusting and the taste was worse, but she hoped that this small humiliation would finally bring an end to her suffering.

"Use your breasts, gimme a tittie fuck, you whore. And look me in the eyes while you're blowing me!"

Namorita pulled back and started mashing her breasts against his cock, but found that looking him in
the eyes while she did tittie fucked him was the hardest thing she'd done yet. But she still knew better than to hesitate.

Looking down at the blond beauty, feeling her breasts and mouth on his cock, Thunderball couldn't remember a time he felt more pleasure. A former scientist, he remembered all those blond airheads at college who never gave him the time of day, who fucked their way through each and every class. A smart man, he never let that get to him, but he always held a secret fantasy of taking one of those whores, forcing them to their knees and just having his way with them.

He could see the fear in her eyes, and knew why she was so scared. Three of his teammates had just cum in her with the force of a shotgun. Just icing on the cake, really.

As the seconds ticked by, Namorita grew more and more fearful. Half of her felt like she was sucking on the barrel of a shotgun, not a human cock. Would he turn aside, or cum in her mouth?

"Don't...uhhh!...stop!" threatened Thunderball. He was struggling now, not to cum. Like the rest of the Wrecking Crew, it'd been too long since he'd gotten any, so he wanted to enjoy it as best he could.

Seconds ticked by, and beads of fear fell down Namorita's face. Her entire body trembled as she pressed her breasts and suckled at the villain's pole. An entire two minutes had passed since she began, and it might as well have been an eternity.

"Da...damn!"

Thunderball climaxed as powerfully as his teammates, only this time right inside Namorita's mouth. She was thrown back by the force and landed face up. Her jaw ached, as if someone had taken a sledge hammer to it. Even worse, the ceiling had a mirror, and she could now see the full damage the 'Crew had done to her body. Her breasts had hand shaped bruises all over them, her pussy was swollen and raw while purple and black bruises littered her body.

In short, she looked like hell.

Even worse was the Wrecking Crew. They had seen the whole thing happen, and were laughing like jackals while patting their friend on the back.

"That was awesome!"

"Did you see the look on her face! Hell, I shoulda done that!"

Now sated, the bastards seemed to ignore her presence. She was just another object in the room now. Fixing their pants, talking about their next score, they acted as if they'd just had the time of their lives as a party, not having just finished raping her.

Now alone, Namorita placed her hands over her face, and wept.
"Alright catslut, on your knees!"

The guards kicked Tigra in the back of her ankles, and she fell forward painfully.

"You sadists better thank God you have me leashed," Tigra growled, "otherwise you'd all be meat beneath my fingers right now!"

"You keep telling yourself that, kitty cat," smiled one of the guards. He bent down to the kneeling woman and fastened a collar and leash around her neck, "but we caught you and you can be damned sure we'll tame you!"

"Now come on," the man yanked on Tigra's collar, which she instantly learned was a choker, "hands and knees only, bitch."

Tigra seethed inside as she was led away to the room reserved for her degradation. Crawling on her hands and knees, it was hard to keep up, but Tigra stoically said nothing, refusing to complain. With her enhanced senses and acute ears, she could smell how horny these men were and hear their hearts beat faster as they approached their destination.

Tigra, however, was determined to live up to her namesake. She was an Avenger, an elite heroine, and a damned good one at that. Let these bastards just try to break her.

After a good three minutes of walking and crawling, they reached the room reserved for the feline heroine.

The room was large, though the vast majority of it was kept in darkness so deep even Tigra's cat like eyes had trouble making out everything. But it was what she could see, easily, that worried her. Sitting underneath a single light bulb was a bare, wire bed. Next to that was several machines, a car battery and several wires.

Tigra felt her heart pick up, but refused to show it in her face.

"Ms. Greer, welcome," A man stepped out of the shadows. He was of regular height, dark hair with a bowl cut, wearing wide rimmed glasses and wearing a doctor's apron, "my name is Dr. Malus. Do you know why you're here, Ms. Greer?"

Tigra ignored the use of her real name, "So some perverts can get their rocks off inside of me. Don't need a doctor to tell me that."

"Well, there's that," conceded Dr. Malus, "but naturally, there's more. As a long time member of the Avengers, both east and west coast, you have had access to an amazing amount of personal information about both the Avengers and law enforcement in general. We'd like you to share that information with us. Please."

Tigra growled without even realizing it, "If you think I'm going to betray the Avengers, you have another thing coming asshole. Do your worst. I'll never give them up to scum like you!"

"Are you certain? I only ask because, let me assured you, if you answer my questions now, things will be far more pleasant for you than if you do not."

"Do your worst. I know you assholes are going to do it anyways." Tigra answered defiantly.
"Very well. Secure her to the bed. Jake, Ox, you two have your fun with her, then leave," the Doctor ordered.

"Aww, what about the rest of us?" complained the other men.

"There are plenty of other women here to rape," answered the Doctor, "remember, these ladies will be staying with us for a long, long time."

Tigra shuddered, instinctively trying to refute the Doctor's logic in her mind and failing terribly. After all, there was no logically reason that she could think of for anyone investigating her disappearance to connect it to Arcade. Hell, she'd barely heard of the guy before he had taken her.

The two men hauled Tigra towards the wire bed. Naturally, she struggled as much as she could, but the nanites in her blood acted like a muscle relaxant and in effect, gave her the strength of a normal woman, something her captors had no trouble handling.

They threw her on the bed roughly, the metal wires digging into her flesh but thankfully not slicing her. The two men worked professionally, taking the handcuffs and securing her to the bed quickly. Inside of a minute Tigra was cuffed and spread eagle across the wire frame. The two men took a moment to admire their work, and then pounced.

Naturally, the most well-endowed took her in the pussy while the other man shoved his cock in her mouth. Tigra did try her best to bite down on the offensive fleshy appendage, but Arcade left nothing to chance. The restraining devise barely allowed her teeth to intentionally touch the man's cock, let alone bite it off like she wanted.

The two pounded her body relentlessly. While they did that, Dr. Malus casually strolled over to her bedside.

"Enjoying yourself?" asked the Doctor.

Though her mouth was stuffed with one man's cock and her hands cuffed, Tigra could still give the Doctor the finger.

"I thought as much. I simply asked, because I wish to point out that this will be the most enjoyable thing that will happen to you here in this room. You will not leave here until I get that information."

The Doctor walked back into the shadows, leaving Tigra to her two holed rape.

Eventually, but by no means soon enough for Tigra, the men finished their work. They came, spewing their vile seed inside of her. She choked down the spunk into her mouth, knowing they wouldn't let her spit it out, and sighed as the men climbed off her. The bed's metal wires had been cutting into her flesh, but with the pressure on her body gone, the pain eased up, if only a little bit.

"Finally, the apes are gone."

Dr. Malus strolled forward from the shadows and ran his eyes over Tigra's form.

"Remember, all you have to do to end this is give us what we want. Given what will follow, no one will blame you."

"I'm no traitor. I've beaten things that would eat you whole," Tigra hissed, "do your worst, you sick monster."

"No, no," corrected the Doctor, "torture is an art. One does not do their worst. They do their best."
Tigra then watched as the Dr. Malus removed several clips from the devise next to the bed. They looked like jumper cables from her perspective, with alligator clips with wires connecting them to the main devise. Tigra's heart began to hammer again.

"This may sting."

Tigra gasped as Dr. Malus placed the first clip on her right nipple. The teeth of the thing dug as far into her flesh as it could without severing the sensitive bud of flesh. While she was still reeling from the pain of the first clamp, Dr. Malus placed a clamp over the second nipple. Then, gathering a bigger, larger clamp, he hooked it onto Tigra's right breast.

When he was done, Tigra had three clamps on each breast. Two small ones biting the nipples and two larger ones digging into the surrounding flesh. Tigra took deep breaths to steady herself as she saw the Doctor calm approach her lower region.

The first clamp on her pussy was like a sudden knife through her privates and though Tigra refused to scream, she still frantically shook her head from side to side as if to somehow dislodge either the clamp or the pain from her mind.

Like the monster he was, Dr. Malus waited until Tigra had somewhat adjusted to the first clamp before he attached the second to the sensitive lips of her pussy. The feline Avenger was better prepared, clenching her eyes shut and willing the pain away as best she could.

It helped, but not by much.

By now, both sides of Tigra's pussy had painful clamps attached to them that seemed to want to devour her pussy, but she knew the worst was yet to come.

"Now, for the cherry, shall we say?" Dr. Malus laughed at his own twisted humor, while Tigra refused to scream, she still frantically shook her head from side to side as if to somehow dislodge either the clamp or the pain from her mind.

Like the monster he was, Dr. Malus waited until Tigra had somewhat adjusted to the first clamp before he attached the second to the sensitive lips of her pussy. The feline Avenger was better prepared, clenching her eyes shut and willing the pain away as best she could.

"Now, for the cherry, shall we say?" Dr. Malus laughed at his own twisted humor, while Tigra wanted nothing more than to tear his tongue out of is mouth with her bare hands. Slowly.

Dr. Malus took out a smaller clamp, and with intentional slowness, placed it on Tigra's pink clit.

"Ugh!" Tigra, somewhat accustomed to pain, only grunted in response. Proud that she still hadn't screamed, the feline Avenger failed to notice the smile on his face.

Dr. Malus finished attaching the clamps quickly after that. One on each big toe and her tail, and he was done, at least as far as clamps went.

"Next, we need to make sure this room stays clean," Dr. Malus showed Tigra a 'U' shaped, studded dildo, allowing her to drink it in with her eyes for a moment. Torture was always better when the victim knew what to expect.

"You little piece of shit... you even think of putting that thing..."

Dr. Malus ignored the Avenger's rant, and applied only the bare minimum of lube before placing it before her exposed slits.

Tigra moaned in pain as the dildo entering her cunt aggravated the two clamps already latched to the insides of her pussy. She instinctively clenched her rear when she felt the dildo invade her anus, but she didn't have the strength or leverage to keep him out.

Dr. Malus eased the dildo inwards. When it was finally sunk in at full depth, Dr. Malus flipped a switch.
Tigra arched her back towards the sky and screamed silently as the dildo expanded like a bomb, the studs on the dildo filling the walls of her privates totally and utterly.

Wracked with pain, Dr. Malus easily jammed a ball gag into Tigra's mouth and secured it. A few minutes later, he then placed a specially designed helmet over her head. When Tigra opened her eyes again, she realized she could neither see nor hear anything. Worse, the ball gag in her mouth was soaked in what had to be diluted garlic. The effect left a terrible taste in Tigra's mouth and meant that she couldn't smell a damned thing outside of the gag even with her cat like sense of smell.

When everything was done, Tigra was blind and deaf to the world, with nothing but pain to keep her company.

"I'm finished dear," Tigra quickly realized that there was a radio inside this helmet, "I'll see you again in a few days. We'll see if you're more talkative then."

Fat chance, asshole, Tigra thought to herself.

With Dr. Malus gone, Tigra did her best to adjust to the clamps latched onto sensitive parts of her body, and the dildo wedged in each hole.

At first, Tigra expected a group of men to burst in at any time and begin raping her. Staying alert as possible, she strained to sense something, anything outside of her bonds.

One hour passed, then another and no assault came.

Finally, Tigra decided that it didn't matter if she heard them coming or not. They'd rape her all the same and there'd be nothing she could do about it.

With the pain leveling off, Tigra turned her thoughts to the idea of rescue or escape.

Would her teammates know to look at Arcade for her kidnapping? Being honest with herself, Tigra couldn't see how they ever would. She'd never even heard of the bastard until he'd up and kidnapped her. There was always an outside chance, but Tigra couldn't see how her fellow Avengers and friends in the hero community would know to look for Arcade in order to find her.

As for escape...

As always, there was a possibility. But Tigra knew that was pretty slim, from what she'd already observed. Arcade kept guards posted at all times, and had implanted some kind of controls in their bodies that allowed him to do damn near anything with their bodies. There had to be at least two fail safes and who knew what else? Arcade was a professional, despite his seeming maniacal nature, and had apparently thought this through. He was smart enough not to take anyone too skilled with escape, like say Black Widow, prisoner as well.

Sure, there would be criminals who bragged about raping heroine pussy, and some snitch in law enforcement might hear them, but who'd actually believe them? Tigra could remember a half dozen perverted stories told by pathetic two bit criminals about how they'd taken a heroine, none of it true. Who'd risk crossing a contract killer like Arcade, who went into business out of sheer boredom?

Tigra considered all her options and possibilities as she saw them, and came up blank. For a full ten minutes, she despaired that they might not be rescued, and that her career as a heroine might come to an end as a burned out sex slave in some secret base somewhere. She shuddered to think what Arcade would do to them when he finally got bored with them.

Eventually though, Tigra's bleak mood broke. After all, she asked herself, how many other hopeless
situations had she otherwise been in, and survived?

Tigra whittled away two hours imagining what she'd do to Arcade, Ms. Locke and then the guards, in that order, when she was free. How she'd mutilate their genitals, starve them into feebleness and then finally, tear out just enough flesh and vital organs to leave them alive but in agony for the rest of their days.

After that, Tigra spent the next three hours wondering how her friends and teammates in the hero community would see her, and the other heroines, once they were freed. Greer had been a cop, once upon a time and knew that the masculine culture frowned upon women who were raped in the line of duty. God forbid that they be victimized in a way that reminded the world of their gender!

They'd likely be shunned, quietly asked to disappear into the background. Well, fuck that, Tigra thought. She wouldn't let this follow her career, hell with that!

But all the same, a vacation would be required. Tigra passed several more hours fantasizing about what she'd do, when she was freed. Obviously she'd need a vacation to get away from the scandal, there was no getting around that. Maybe Paris, or Italy. No one would recognize her human form there, after all.

Finally, the Feline Avenger passed the time thinking about any random subject that came to mind. Trapped in complete darkness and silence, it was all she really could do.

Finally, exhausted beyond all measure, Tigra drifted off to sleep.

And that's when it happened.

Tigra was jerked back to the waking world when she felt twenty thousand volts of electricity shoot through her entire body. The pain was intense, like a thousand needles piercing her skin, and her muscles pulled taunt, but with nowhere to go. Tigra gasped heavily, her entire body aching from the electrical shock.

Now wide awake, Tigra wondered if the shock was to announce an approaching gang rape. So she waited.

One minute passed. Then two.

Finally, when five minutes passed, Tigra felt another electrical shock. This one was milder than the first, though with a clamp on every sensitive organ, she certainly felt it.

Another five minutes passed, and the feline Avenger felt another painful shock. And following another five minutes, another painful shock came.

Control Booth

Dr. Malus watched with glee each time Tigra reacted to the electrical shocks. By now, she must have figured out the pattern and was bracing herself against it.

Good, thought the Doctor. That was what he wanted. He double checked the program, made sure that it would perform exactly as he wished, and then strolled away for a long night's sleep, the very same thing he intended to deny his victim.

&&&&

Three...two...one!
Tigra braced herself as another jolt of energy cut through her body.

It was as painful as the first time, but because she was ready for it, Tigra found it easier to deal with.

She began the count down again after another shock, but when nothing came, she began to wonder. Were they done? Or were they simply hoping she'd lower her guard?

Tigra braced herself for another shock, but there was no way to ready herself for what came next.

Her entire world exploded in eye piercing light and nearly deafening noise. The feline Avenger, with her enhanced eye sight and hearing was even more vulnerable to such a sensory attack. It felt as if someone was pouring acid in her brain and in a way, hurt worse than her rape.

Less than three minutes after that, Tigra felt an electrical shock in her right breast. But unlike before, this shock didn’t stop after several seconds. Two whole minutes passed, and when it was done, Tigra honestly felt as though her breast had been amputated and might slide off at any moment.

Too beaten to stay conscious any longer, Tigra fell into the darkness of her own mind…only to be awoken five minutes later when the dildos wedged in her pussy began to scorch and burn her insides.

Tigra lashed her head back and forth and struggled with every last once of strength to get free, but nothing she did had the least bit of effect.

After what had to be hours of pain (to her), the dildos reached their maximum temperature, and began to cool. Tigra felt every ounce of heat dissipate from her cunt and though she was exhausted beyond measure, couldn’t find any peace until they returned to normal temperature.

After that, Tigra simply laid there, her mind a swirl of suffering. She now recognized what they were doing, one of the oldest torture methods in the book.

Sleep deprivation.

Between the ache of her breasts, the scorching of her cunt and pain that racked her body, Tigra found sleep impossible. And she knew instinctively what would happen if she tried.

So for the next five hours, Tigra mustered her willpower to stay awake. She thought about old boyfriends, past adventures and old enemies, anything and everything to stay conscious. She barely noticed how disjointed her thoughts were becoming as time marched on.

Eventually, the last of her willpower spent, Tigra began to drift off. Greer felt herself falling asleep and terror washed through her body as she realized that her tormentors would never allow her rest, but she couldn’t do a damned thing to deny the physical needs of her body.

For five minutes, Tigra was allowed to sleep as peacefully as someone could, in her state, strapped spread eagle to a bed, her cunt and rear stuffed with dildos and clamps across sensitive parts of her body.

But once those five minutes passed, several guards were summoned to Tigra’s cell, each one holding a riding crop.

Tigra was torn from her peaceful sleep when she felt a lash across her breasts, followed by another and another. The men beat her exposed body relentlessly, silently. They spared no inch, whipping her from the soles of her feet to the tops of her breasts.
Tigra jerked back and forth, trying futilely to escape, when suddenly the clips attached to her nipples and clit became alive with electricity again while the dildo in her cunt began to shoot up in temperature.

Tigra howled in unimaginable pain as her breasts were beaten, electrocuted all the while the inner tissue of her pussy slowly burned. It was a hell unlike anything she had ever experienced before, and it continued for literally hours.

When one man tired, another was brought in to replace him, and when he tired, another replaced him. The line to whip Tigra literally extended out the door and stretched down the cell block. Nearly half of Arcade’s men were standing at the ready to whip the feline Avenger.

When the men and electrocution finally stopped, Tigra had been screaming her surrender through her ballgag for an hour, but no one could hear her.

Ironically, not five minutes after the beating ended, the Feline Avenger fell fast sleep. Her captors allowed this, as it made replacing the helmet and ball gag in her mouth easier.

They slid the two devises off with casual ease. To the surprise of no one, Tigra never even hinted at being aware of their actions.

Setting the ball gag and helmet aside, they placed another, more sophisticated helmet on Tigra’s head. Dr. Malus examined it carefully, making sure every wire was where it needed to be.

Once that was done, the Doctor stepped back, and four five foot airtight walls began to rise out of the floor around Tigra, for stage two.

Dr. Malus rubbed his hands together, ready to finish breaking a heroine.

A blast of noise and sound awoke Tigra again, only instead of a short burst, it was a long, shrill noise that didn’t finish for a full two minutes. By the time it was done, Tigra was blinking back stars. Her mind had barely cleared when he felt a jet of water slam into her back.

Assholes! Was the only insult her mind could form, having long past the brink of exhaustion. The feline portion of her brain began to tremble in fear of the water, but Tigra had just enough humanity to keep that fear in check, at least for the moment.

“Good evening,” said Dr. Malus, through the helmet radio. It was a lie, it was technically the morning for Tigra, but it was important to destroy her sense of time, “tell me, Ms. Greer, are you ready to cooperate now?”

“Go to hell!” Tigra yelled, her eyes wet with tears. As much as she feared the pain and God did she want to sleep, Greer knew that giving in would only make things worse. She had one last spark of defiance in her left, and Tigra was determined to use it for all it was worth.

“I see. Maybe some time under water will change your mind?”

They’re bluffing, they’re bluffing they’re bluffing

Tigra repeated those lines again and again, as if her very sanity depended upon it and in a lot of ways, it did.

Unfortunately, that did nothing to stop the water that gushed out from beneath the metal frame Tigra was strapped to. As luck would have it, the helmet that covered her head was actually useful in the feline Avenger’s attempts to ignore reality. She neither saw nor heard the water as it slowly crept up
to meet her.

But the second it touched her skin, Tigra’s fear made up for lost time.

Half cat, Tigra was often saddled with instincts that would at times overwhelm her human traits. She chased mice when no one was looking, inspected men with an eye towards good breeding and too many other embarrassing traits that she struggled to hide from people, even her closest friends.

First and foremost amongst those was a fear of water. Tigra found that she could handle it when others nearby. She convinced herself that her friends would save her if anything ever went wrong, and considering the company she kept, it was easy to believe.

But alone, by herself, water terrified the cat woman. It was a fear stronger than anything she’d ever felt before and Tigra found herself helpless before such terror.

The sheer amount of torture, the lack of sleep and now water seemed to collide together in Tigra’s psyche, all at once. Fear was all that Tigra had, all that she could feel and all that she could remember.

As water crept up over her, Tigra fought her restraints with the passion of a madwoman. She wore her wrists raw as she struggled, but they gave nothing. Tigra screamed until her throat was hoarse, but no one answered. She wept bitter tears as she realized how utterly beaten she was. Even if she was rescued the very next second, Greer never thought she would recover.

Tigra had no idea when exactly the water receded, but as she felt it drain away, Tigra knew what was to come next. The straps around her ankles and arms were released and immediately, Tigra tore the helmet from her head and threw it across the room.

“That’s no way to treat our equipment,” Dr. Malus observed casually.

“I’m sorry,” Tigra flinched as if struck. The once proud heroine stared at the ground as if her life depended on it, unable to look her captor in the eyes.

“I know you are. Come here, and convince me that you’re sorry. Give me a reason why I should not strap you to that bed and simply forget about you.”

The very idea of reliving her punishment all over again would have voided Tigra’s bowels if they weren’t already empty.

“Well? I’m waiting…”

Tigra stood up and pressed down on her fur, trying to wring out some of the water that remained. She then looked towards Dr. Malus with a toothy grin, cupping her breast and began to saunter towards the depraved Doctor, swinging her hips and flicking her tail seductively.

Dr. Malus had to try so very hard to keep from laughing. In her attempt to be sexy, Tigra walked like a drunk and the bags underneath her eyes were anything but alluring.

But the way she moved still remained sexy, in its own way. The crippling fear that lurked behind her green eyes, the obvious desire to please no matter what and her wet, sexy body was still a powerful turn no, no matter how clumsy.

When she was within three feet, Tigra got on all fours and crawled towards Malus on her hands and knees with calculated slowness. When she reached his feet, Tigra reached out tentatively, and undid his zipper.
She carefully slid his boxers down, and with both hands, guided his hardening manhood into her mouth. She slid her tongue underneath the length, and worked it back and forth with a quickening pace. Dr. Malus tried to calm his nerves to keep from cumming instantly and thought of something, anything to keep from exploding.

Tigra was even more skilled with her tongue than Dr. Malus had originally thought, and that was saying something. Within a single minute, Malus found himself on the edge of climax when suddenly…Tigra stopped.

Malus looked down, confused and angry. Tigra looked up, a trickster grin on her face that promised more than a simple blow job. She silently pressed her hand against Dr. Malus, motioning for him to lie down. Curious, Malus complied, but promised with his eyes to make her pay if he was disappointed.

Straddling the Doctor who ordered her rape and torture, Tigra slid the man’s cock inside her slowly, squeezing it just enough to ensure that he felt every inch of her cunt as she enveloped him. Once the Doctor was fully inside, Tigra began to milk his cock, increasing her pace with each and every thrust.

Dr. Malus lay there in perfect heaven as the were-woman impaled herself on his cock. Just as he thought this experience couldn’t get any better, Tigra grabbed her breasts and began to play with her nipples, smiling a foxy grin as she licked her breasts.

“Have a feel,” offered Tigra as she took his wrists and placed them on her fur covered breasts. The softness, combined with the gentle hairs, was an experience Dr. Malus would have given millions for.

Dr. Malus had no idea how long Tigra had fucked him. He’d taken a Viagra in preparation, but an hour or a minute, it was pure heaven.

When he finally came, Tigra screamed like a banshee (in a fake orgasm, Malus knew that) and then collapsed across his chest, as if they were two old lovers.

“Did I do good?” Tigra asked. The desire for approval was genuine, knowing what would happen to her if she disappointed.

“You were exceptional,” Malus sighed contently.

“Then…can I sleep? Please?” begged Tigra. Her tone changed quickly and trying her best to sound seductive, said, “the things I could do with some rest aren’t legal in most states…”

“We’ll get to that,” Malus assured her, “but we have something else to do first.”

Six Hours later.

Tigra felt a cold splash of water slam across her body, jerking her away.

Tigra blinked heavily, the cobwebs of sleep still weighing heavily on her. She barely remembered where she was.

The world came into focus, and Tigra found herself alone in a cold, cement room that resembled the old police interrogation rooms that she’d used in the past to grill suspects. The room came complete with one way glass, though Tigra had no idea what was on the other side.

The room was virtually empty, except for Arcade and a TV stand next to him.
“You have a nice nap?” asked Arcade with a smirk.

“Yeah, this place is a real club med.” Tigra muttered.

“Why don’t you join me over here?” Arcade suggested, “I need you to see something before we move onto business.”

Tigra stood up, conscious to keep her hands at her side. She didn’t care to give Arcade a free show, but at the same time, she knew that to express fear or modesty in front of a rapist was akin to asking for more abuse.

Tigra reached the window, and what she saw made her eyes bulge.

In the center of the next room were Silverclaw and Firebird, naked as the day they were born. Their faces were on the floor, asses raised in the air with a metal bar that spread their legs apart. Their arms were inbetween their legs, chained to the bar that kept their legs apart.

Ten feet away were the nastiest pair of German Shepherds, locked in a cage that had a motor on top. The dogs were salivating, growling, gnawing on the bars in an effort to get out. Perhaps as an extra precaution, both dogs were leashed to the back of their cages.

“Believe it or not, those are porn trained dogs,” Arcade explained, “their trainer used to use them in a bunch of crappy porn before they got too aggressive.”

“You sick bastard!” Tigra hissed, “will making me watch get you off?”

“Oh, you wound me!” Arcade placed his hand over his heart dramatically, “you misunderstand me. I’m not going to unleash those puppies on your fellow Avengers. No, no, no. That’ll be all you…”

Tigra looked at the maniac as if he’d just grown a second head, “You can do whatever you want to me, but if you think I’d ever do something like that to a fellow human being, you’re even more insane than I thought!”

Arcade said nothing in response. Instead, he turned to the television sitting in the room, and simply turned it on.

Tigra watched in horror as she saw herself on the television, sitting in a wooden chair while a man sat in front of her taking notes.

“…Carol Danvers. She’s blond…former…army,” Tigra said, her head dipping up and down as she struggled to stay away.

“That’s enough for now. Now I’d you to tell me about Spider-Woman.”

“Then can I sleep?” Tigra asked wearily.

“Only if you give me the information I want. Now, Spider-Woman?”

“Which one?”

“Just tell me all you know.”

“Jessica Drew,” Tigra slurred out, “private detective, black hair, big slut they say. Other…other one…Julia Carpenter, straw berry blond hair…she’s a mom…”

Arcade turned the video off and looked towards Tigra.
The cat-woman fell to her hands and knees, dry heaving what little was left in her stomach onto the floor. Her memory of the past several hours came rocketing back to her and she was just now recalling how she’d betrayed the trust of other heroines, how she stabbed them all in the back for the smallest of favors.

“I may be crazy, but I’m not insane,” Arcade remarked.

Tigra was on the floor, her hands in her face as powerful sobs wracked her entire body. Normally, Arcade would worry if his victim could hear him over their own sobs (if came up in his old profession more than one might think), but he knew that with her sharp senses, Tigra couldn’t help but hear him.

That was why he singled her out, after all.

“You sold out your fellow heroines,” Arcade said flatly, “and not because we were raping you, not to save a life and not even to save a limb! You gave up your fellow heroines…for a nap.

Honestly, I’m a little disappointed. I had to gang rape, whip and throw all kinds of other abuse at the others before they even looked like they would crack. But you…keep you awake and you’re just putty!”

“Oh God…!” moaned Tigra. She felt as if the guilt would kill her any second.

“Can you imagine how your fellow heroines would react?” Arcade asked rhetorically, “I mean sure, you didn’t sell them out. At least not yet, but I can’t see them being too forgiving or trusting when they see the full videos.”

“You…you can’t!” Tigra sobbed. The idea of being alone, ostracized from her fellow heroines while she was a sex slave to this depraved maniac was too terrifying to think about, “I’ll…I’ll do anything!”

“I know,” Arcade smiled. He grabbed Tigra by the wrist, and pulled her to her feet.

“You’re going to be my spy. I want your cat eyes and cat ears listening for anything that might cause me trouble,” Arcade’s tone was deadly serious and though it shamed her to admit, that scared Tigra all the more.

“I…I’ve been gone too long,” Tigra said hastily, hoping or something, anything to make him reconsider.

“Not really. After the first day, I put your coworkers under with some sedatives. Your two Avengers friends are the only sluts awake,” answered Arcade smoothly, “and the only people they’ve seen is each other. You all you have to do is lie, when they ask you what happened. Maybe say you got gang raped by furries or somethin’.”

“I…I can’t…”

Arcade shrugged casually, “That’s your choice. Good luck surviving all this, alone. I mean, I promise your clients won’t have any mercy on you and when the day is over, do you really think that after being raped all day, your friends will rush to embrace a traitor?”

Tigra shuddered. The idea of being alone, truly alone, terrified her. Not so deep down, she knew she couldn’t endure that, not here.

“What…do I have to do?” asked Tigra. She knew those words were damning her, but the
consequences otherwise were just too horrible to imagine.

Arcade handed Tigra a remote with two buttons.

“One opens the door, the other disconnects the leash. Gotta hold down on the first button, though,” Arcade informed her, “and it’s all or nothing. Got me?”

Tears streaming down her eyes, Tigra pressed down on the button and watched in mounting horror as the gate to the cages cranked upwards. But despite the bile in her throat (in response to her own actions), Tigra never lifted her finger from the button until the gates were fully up.

The dogs strained harder against their leashes, and Tigra could hear her fellow Avengers crying, praying for rescue. A cold sweat dripped down their bodies as they felt the hot breathes of the dogs waft across their naked rears.

Tigra’s finger hovered above the final and second button. She argued with herself passionately to press it, to end this all, but something, a little something, stopped her.

“I like you,” Arcade said, out of nowhere, “drawing out the moment, the kill. That’s good, but I’m on a clock babe. So unless you want to take their place…”

Tigra slammed down on the button.

The leashes disconnected instantly, and the salivating dogs that had been waiting in anticipation for over an hour charged forward.

“Aaaeeeiid!”

“Someonebody help! Pul-lease!”

“Nononono arghh!”

“Mercy, please, mercy, God!”

Tigra watched in horror, both at the suffering of her fellow Avengers and what she had done. How could she ever call herself a hero after this? What kind of a human was she…?

“You can either keep watching, or entertain me,” Arcade stated, “but I think we should stay here till the end. It’s just too funny to walk away right now.”

Obediently, Tigra knelt down and crawled to Arcade’s waist. She slipped his already erect cock free from his pants, and slid it into her mouth.

Arcade sighed contently, and not just because of Tigra. He now had a reliable spy in the ranks of his slaves, one who would tell him anything and demand nothing in return. She’d also given him a wealth of information on other heroines that he could use at his leisure. And all it took was a little time and patience.

Plus, the scene unfolding in front of him was pretty good in and of itself. The looks of pain, disgust and horror on Silverclaw and Firebird’s faces was utterly priceless. The dogs fucked the two heroines like the animals they were, heedless of the pain and humiliation they were causing. Arcade had no idea how sexy a woman could be with tears and snot streaming down her face, but now he knew.

Arcade climaxed in Tigra’s mouth, and just knew tomorrow would be even better.
Chapter 8

Dagger

When Tandy Bowen awoke, she was surprised to find herself actually clothed. The last thing she remembered was completely standing naked, surrounded by guards when…someone, that Ms. Locke woman? injected her with...something, and then darkness.

Blinking back the stars, she tried her hands and found them bound behind her back, unsurprisingly. Without opening her eyes, she probed her powers, trying to reach her inner light that made her so feared on the streets of New York.

To her surprise, Dagger found that she could actually reach the inner light inside of her. Without a second thought, she called forth every last ounce of energy her body could produce and released it in a giant burst.

"She's awake," casually observed one of the guards.

Dagger opened her eyes and saw that the light she was releasing was little greater than that of a regular light bulb. Her skin glowed brightly, enticingly some might say, but that was about in. In fact, glancing at the men's pants, Tandy realized that all she'd done is make herself more appealing to the five men holding her captive while confirming her own vulnerability.

"No, really Jake?" remarked another guard.

"Good timing too, we’re almost there;," remarked another man.

"Where are we going?" Dagger asked, dreading the answer but fearing the ignorance even more. A glance down showed that they'd clothed her in her old uniform, but Tandy didn't know if that would prove to be a blessing or a curse just yet.

"You’ll see" winked one of the guards, “you should even recognize the place.”

The next few minutes passed in silence. Tandy fought back her imagination, thinking about where they might be taking her. Given that she and her partner Cloak had focused on protecting the streets more than fighting any particular villain, she didn’t think that they were taking her to an old villain with a grudge. That was something of a relief, in a way. Most of the big names that she had crossed, like the Kingpin or Silvermain, she couldn’t imagine them lowering themselves to raping her like some common thug.

Dagger felt a shiver down her spine, as she contemplated her fate. Unlike most other heroines, she dealt with street crime day in day out. Tandy had fought off her fair share of rapists, but she was also too late sometimes. She knew the pain and suffering those women had suffered, knew what lay in store for her.

In an odd way, that knowledge was reassuring. Plenty of women were traumatized by rape, but Dagger knew that they could, and often did, get past it. Dagger knew that, when it came down to it, what any ordinary woman she could do just as well. She would survive this, Dagger swore, and then she would avenge Cloak.

The van pulled into an alley behind a large apartment complex, and parked just in front of the courtyard that connected three different buildings.
Tandy had just begun to take in their location when the guards threw open the rear of the van and dragged her out by her shoulder.

“Come on, we don’t have all day,” he hissed.

Dagger stumbled a little bit, trying to walk with her hands tightly secured behind her back. She looked around, and actually recognized the buildings around her. She knew from her patrols that she was in what was known by the locals as 88 territory, an entire apartment complex ruled by a ruthless street gang known as the 88 Thugs.

Dagger swallowed, remembering how she and her partner had cleared this area out, leading to the rest of most of the gang and its leaders and felt a shiver run down her spine as she realized that there was no way that the two of them had managed to capture the entire gang.

The guards hauled Dagger into an open courtyard, and Tandy was taken back by what she saw. There were kids on the merry go-round, children playing on the swing set while their parents cooked dinner on several different barbeques.

None of them seemed the least bit surprised when she, escorted by several armed men, walked into the courtyard as if it were an everyday occurrence. In fact, it almost seemed as if they were expecting her.

Several people stopped and stared, but it wasn’t until one of Arcade’s men boldly yelled “Main event!” that everyone stopped and took notice.

Dagger took a sharp intake of breath as the gathered men and women wandered towards her, their faces lined with hate and anger.

“Blond bitch…”

“…not so super now…”

“Whore had my husband arrested…”

“This really her?” asked one man.

“It is,” confirmed Arcade’s man Jake, “we caught her easy enough. She’s all yours for the night, if you think you can keep your mouths shut.”

“I don’t think that’ll be hard,” answered one man, “hey everyone, why don’t we show them exactly what we think of this high and mighty heroine!”

Almost instantly, Dagger was belted by rotten fruit, empty beer cans and other debris. With her hands bound behind her, she could only look away and cringe in her own defense. Dagger had fought villains, drug dealers and thugs, but she couldn’t remember a time when she was as terrified and defenseless as she was now.

Tandy ducked her head as the irate tenants threw all kinds of debris at her. After a minute or two, a large man stepped forward, motioning for everyone to stop with their assault.

“So Dagger, how are you enjoying yourself?” the man asked, “you can call me 8-Burn. Don’t suppose you know why all these fine, upstanding people?”

“I can guess why,” Dagger said in a low tone, keenly aware of what was to come.
“No, I don’t think so,” 8-Burn shook his head. He then pointed towards a sixteen year old off to the side, “Betsy there was raped by a rival gang when you sent her boy friend away to Rikers,” he pointed to a older, middle aged man, “Old Man Tom there lost the money to buy his heart medicine when Cloak dragged his nephew away,” he then pointed towards a sickly, thirty something year old, “Joan there has barely been able to keep her kids fed after you threw her husband behind bars. Tell me, hero bitch, do you see a pattern?”

Despite her best efforts, a tear slid down Tandy’s cheek. She was no heartless monster or high and mighty heroine who always thought her actions never hurt anyone. The plight of these people and her part in it tore at her heart, even while she knew that the men she had put away deserved it.

“I never made them deal drugs,” Dagger said sharply in her own defense, unwilling to back down, “I’m sorry, but it’s not my fault.”

That was absolutely the last thing Dagger should have said, and she realized that as the crowd began to again throw their trash and debris at her.

“You hear that? Bitch said it ain’t her fault!” 8-Burn shouted, his voice filled with contempt, “well, that’s fair. What happens next ain’t our fault either! Alright, lets get started!”

The wall of people surged forward and grabbed Dagger. They hoisted her into the air, and stampeded towards the play ground. With much fanfare, they paraded over the the sandbox and tossed her to the ground like luggage.

Tandy gasped, the wind knocked from her body. She was certain that her ribs, if they weren't cracked. She lay there, gasping for air as the people of the complex began to gather around her like wolves surrounding a wounded fawn

"I want you to remember this," 8-Burn snarled, "as the day you learned what street justice really means! Get her ready, boys!"  

Two gang members grabbed Dagger by the wrist, and lashed them together. When that was done, they dragged her over to the swing set. First, a young gang member, not even old enough to vote, tied a rope around the ropes that bound Tandy's wrists, and then threw the other end over the top of the swing set, where two more members were waiting. They grabbed the end, and started pulling. Dagger tripped and fell to the ground as she was yanked forward. Everyone laughed, and the two men continued pulling, hauling the heroine up and to her feet, until Tandy was hanging from the swing-set by her wrists, her feet barely brushing the ground.

8-Burn smirked as he saw the once might Dagger hanging from his apartment complex's swing-set like a piece of unprocessed beef. She had a defiant look on her face, and he was looking forward to putting it to the test, "Now, before we get down to formalities, I think we ought to get you into some working clothes."

8-Burn strode forward and, taking both hands, pinched Dagger's nipples through her costume. It was only then that Tandy realized that she wasn't in her old uniform, but in some thin latex copy thereof.

"Luckily, all you need is your birthday suit. So if you'll just bear with us a moment, we'll have you ready to party in no time!"

Dagger felt her mouth run dry as several men with black leather whips stepped into sight.

"Just bear with us..."  

-Thawk!-
Dagger screamed like a wounded animal as the first whip struck her thigh, tearing a small bit of her uniform.

"...and it'll be over before you know it!"

After that, someone handed 8-Burn a whip, and what happened next was just a blur of pain.

Whips slashed through the air and struck Dagger almost everywhere. They didn't care if they caused extra pain or not. Whips lashed across her thighs and legs almost as often as they came down on her breasts and rear.

8-Burn was the exception, though Dagger was hardly in any condition to recognize it. While his cronies worked over Tandy's body at random, eager to get on with the evening's other activities, 8-Burn felt it was his responsibility to make Dagger suffer as much as humanly possible.

Such was the burden of leadership.

His aim wasn't perfect, of course. In aiming for her pussy, he hit her thigh. But he'd been practicing all day and in short time was able to punish any inch of her body that he wanted. He laughed the first time the whip struck her pussy, as Tandy jerked like a worm on a hook. She reacted a little differently when her breasts were hit, throwing her head back to sob, but it was equally satisfying.

He repeated the pattern a few times, silently laughing at how Dagger almost responded like a machine, before he finally turned his attention to her costume. With each lash of the whip, a new piece came free, but it was slow going, and he was eager to have his way with the once mighty heroine.

Little pieces of latex settled to the ground with each crack of the whip, but after a while, Dagger stopped reacting. The pain simply peaked, and all she could do in response was mew helplessly.

But after almost an hour, Dagger's costume had been completely destroyed. Her once ivory skin was exposed to all the world to see, marred by angry red welts and small specks of blood from where the whips had broken the skin.

Dagger hung limp her her bonds, unresponsive, dead to the world. After being whipped for so long, the pain peaked and her mind, unable to process it all, almost shut down.

But 8-Burn had expected that. With a smile, he signaled his two men, "Our guest of honor needs an upper if she's going to keep up with us. See to it, would ya boys?"

Dagger heard the gang member, through her haze of pain, and feared that they intended to inject her with some sort of drug and make her an addict.

That thought was immediately dispelled when the two men dumped a bucket of freezing cold water on her head. Tandy screamed in pain and shock, the ice cold water was like salt on her small cuts and like a sledge hammer to her entire system. Her lungs started pounding and her entire body shook hard.

8-Burn and the people watching Dagger laughed long and hard as the heroine quivered in the night air. The women enjoyed the sight of someone younger and prettier than themselves being so humiliated, while the men reviled in the sight of the nude heroine, how the water glistened perfectly off her well sculpted body and how her perfectly shaped breasts trembled from the cold.

"Are we awake yet?" 8-Burn asked.
"You're a monster," Dagger rasped, just the act of speaking took every ounce of strength she had, "a pathetic parasite...who's worthless existence would be nothing without the suffering of others."

8-Burn said nothing at first. Instead, he grabbed Dagger by the hair and yanked her head back. He then leaned in close, and ran his tongue up Tandy's throat.

"I may just be a parasite," 8-Burn said finally, "but I intend to have a great meal."

8-Burn released Tandy's hair. He first dropped his pants, revealing his impressive erection. He gave Tandy a moment to drink in the sight before he grabbed the heroine by the hips and hoisted them into the air.

Dagger grunted as all her weight was now forced to rest on her shoulders, but knew the worst was yet to come. She could feel 8-Burn's hard cock at the opening of her bald pussy. Her delicate lips were red and swollen, engorged with blood from being so painfully abused by the whip. AS if that weren't enough, one look into 8-Burn's eyes told Dagger he wasn't going to be satisfied with just raping her.

"Ready guys? Here we go!"

Dagger felt 8-Burn's cock plow through her hymen just as she felt a whip smack her ass. Tandy threw her head back and choked down a scream as pain coursed through her body like blood.

"Oh, that's good," 8-Burn smirked.

With each thrust of the gang leader's impressive member, Dagger felt the crack of the whip on her shapely ass, or on her back. If it was one man or two, Dagger didn't know, but they worked like a relentless machine, with perfect timing.

Tandy wept hard, soulful tears. She'd been saving herself, for reasons she didn't know, but certainly not to be raped by some scumbag by a bunch of ungrateful bastards who'd rather blame her for their mistakes than take responsibility for their own lives.

8-Burn's cock parted the walls of her abused pussy without regard for resistance and his hands on her whipped flesh felt as if they were on fire. Despite her impressive physical training, Tandy felt her arms begin to ache from having to support her entire body weight as she swung back and forth on 8-Burn's cock.

In all, Tandy's entire body burned and ached, and the first rape had barely begun.

8-Burn, on the other hand, was having the time of his life. This wasn't the first woman he'd raped like this, but it certainly was the first heroine. His boys moved in perfect union. With each thrust of his cock, the whip struck Dagger and sent a shudder of pain through her body. That in turn made her clench against his cock. Her velvet pussy felt better around his tool than any woman he'd had before, and 8-Burn knew he'd likely never have another opportunity like this again.

He bent forward and took Dagger's left breast and sank his teeth in the fleshy mound. He didn't break the skin, but it was anything but pleasant.

Even the toughest man had their limit though, and after a time, 8-Burn reached his. Tandy wanted to vomit as she felt the man expel his seed inside of her. By pure coincidence, they both had the same thought, of her knocked up, carrying his baby. 8-Burn loved it, Tandy could barely prevent the bile was rising in her throat.

And had Arcade known, he'd have written it down for future reference.
"Woo!" 8-Burn withdrew with a heart felt sigh. He would have kept his cock inside Dagger the rest of his life, but it was not to be. He turned towards the gathered mob. "Now that is a fuck of heroic proportions!"

Dagger felt her heart sink as the gathered mob broke out into laughter.

"Now, a few of my boys need to do their business before we really start," 8-Burn said, "but lets sweeten the pot some. Guys?"

Dagger swallowed hard as two men stalked forward and grabbed her ankles. They spread her legs easily until both legs were almost completely parallel with the ground. Tandy used to be so proud of her gymnastic ability, but now she wished she would just throw it all away, rather than have it displayed for such obscene purposes of being degraded.

Dagger knew that they were going to whip her, but even after all her suffering, she wasn't prepared for the ferocious nature of what came next.

The first whip connected with her cunt with reckless abandon, only instead of coming down on her pussy, it came from below. Each crack of the whip snapped inside of Dagger's delicate love organ and sent pain coursing through every single nerve. Seconds after that, she felt the sting of a whip on her ass. Both men thought nothing of savoring the agony, or of aim. They were next in line to fuck the blond heroine, and they wanted to get their rocks off as soon as possible.

8-Burn knew that, of course, so he waited a good bit before telling the men to stop. When Dagger was barely able to moan in pain, he signaled his boys to stop, and drank in the sight of her abused sex. After all the torment, it had turned a shade of red 8-Burn had never seen before on another human being.

Satisfied, he motioned to his men that they could have their fun.

Dagger sobbed as she felt the cock of her second rapist brush against the once delicate lips of her pussy. They were so inflamed that the slightest touch felt like a knife would. The man, six foot six and with a cock that felt just as large, slammed into her like a battering ram, grunting and growling.

Another man took up position behind her, and slammed into her virgin anus. Dagger shrieked when she felt the man enter, the tearing pain nearly as bad as when 8-Burn had taken her virginity. She struggled to breath, as if the two cocks impaling her were driving all the breath from her body.

The man screwing her ass reached around and grabbed her well formed breasts, crushing them in his hand like they were putty, while the man in front grabbed her ass, sending jolts of pain through her body and pulled her in, impaling Dagger up to the hilt. The feeling of his balls slapping the lips of her pussy sent pain and revulsion through the heroine, but she was helpless to defend herself.

Dagger hung limp from the swing-set, sandwiched between the grunting men until they finally came. Tandy barely noticed, her body was wracked with such pain that there was barely any difference between being raped and not.

The two men pulled out in short order of one another. Dagger felt their fluid beginning to dribble out and if there was any food in her stomach, she would have expelled it.

"Okay, the twins next, then we gotta get this show!" 8-Burn shouted, though he was in no hurry. He loved to watch the twins work.

Dagger, barely conscious, didn't register the two men approaching her until one grabbed her nipple, and gave it a sharp twist.
Tandy gasped, and looked up at the two men. They were of medium height, but made up for it in muscle that bulged through their shirts, and seemingly reveled in the twin sensation by wearing the same shirt, pants and haircut.

"You get back this time, Tig," the first man said.

"Got it, Trig."

Dagger sobbed as she felt the first cock enter her abused, but didn't react much beyond that. She was calmly resigned to the rape and her own helplessness. But when she felt the second man's cock against the bottom of her already stuffed pussy.

It hit Tandy like a rifle shot.

"Wait, what are you doing?!"

"Thought it was pretty simple. We gonna double stuff your cunt!" Trig picked up Dagger by her thighs like 8-Burn before him to allow his brother easier access, "don't tell me you never dreamed of two cocks at once!"

"No, stop, you'll tear me apart!" Dagger screamed.

"Please, this will be the greatest experience of your life. What kind of woman can say that she's pleased two men at once?"

"A slut!" answered Trig.

"Damn right!"

Dagger screamed like a madwoman as the second cock joined the first inside her already abused pussy.

The two brothers wasted no time and began to pound Dagger with vigor. Tandy cried as she felt her pussy being torn in two different directions at once.

She bounced up and down between the two men while the crowd roared, hooted and hollered at her debasement. They watched with naked glee as the two cocks ravaged the same hold.

Trig was in heaven as he pounded the heroine. It always felt a little odd fucking the same hole with another man, but the tightness as the pussy clenched his cock always made it worth it. He frenched Dagger, taking in the taste of her mouth.

Dagger couldn't stop screaming, even with a touch shoved down her throat. She'd never felt such pain before, and was certain that she'd receive a mortal wound in seconds. She felt as if they were sticking sandpaper inside of her and dragging it back and forth over her dry cunt.

Tig, like 8-Burn before him, took Dagger's breasts in his hands and began to knead them between his fingers, as if they were just lumps of dough. Tandy felt stabs of pain as the sensitive flesh of her breasts were crushed again and again in the hands of her rapist.

The twins, luckily for Dagger, didn't have much in the way of endurance. They climaxed inside Tandy and then went to help 8-Burn setup.

For a moment, Tandy hung there in disbelief. Only a day before, she'd been a virgin, fighting to save runaways like herself from drug addiction and a million other types of scum who would prey upon
them.

Now she was hanging naked, bruised and bloodied, from a child's swing-set, the cum of four different men trickling down her leg. A virgin no more, and she knew more was to come.

"Okay Dagger, ready for the fun part?" 8-Burn asked with a wide grin.

Dagger looked at the man, pleading silently for mercy. She couldn't think of a time when she looked more pathetic, more vulnerable.

8-Burn's smile disappeared for a moment, and Tandy thought for a second that she'd actually gotten through.

But she knew better when she saw the erection in his pants.

"Looks like you are! Trig, Tig, cut her down!"

The instant the rope holding her up was severed, Dagger felt to the ground like a rag doll. The twins grabbed her by the ankles and dragged her across the sand of the playground to the merry-go-round.

They picked up her limp body and played her atop the child's ride, and Dagger then saw that it only had a single handle bar.

In short order, Dagger was tied spread eagle to the ride, thanks to hooks underneath the bottom. Dagger pulled at the ropes, but knew it was futile. Even at full strength, she knew she couldn't break free.

"Comfortable?" asked 8-Burn, "see, I want you to understand what you did to us. When you kicked my gang's ass, you left the future of everyone here in doubt. We might recover before every other gang out there kills us, or we might be picked apart by vultures. It's all up in the air now, thanks to you. A roll of the dice, or spin of the wheel, you might say."

Dagger swallowed hard. She knew where this was leading.

"So, lets see how you like being at the mercy of fate. This ride's surrounded by people just itching for a chance to hurt you. I'm going to spin the wheel, and if your pussy is aimed at them, you belong to them for the next five minutes. Maybe longer, if it's funny," 8-Burn explained, "but I'm a fair man. We'll leave a slot open and if you end up there, we'll let ya rest for five minutes. Deal?"

Dagger sobbed.

"Glad you approve," 8-Burn grabbed the handlebar and swung it for all he was worth.

Tandy wanted to vomit as she spun around like a human top. The disorientation was bad enough, but the cold night air on her ravaged pussy felt like a match.

After what seemed like hours of spinning, Dagger came to a stop, her bright red pussy aimed at a middle aged woman.

"Ellen, you lucky old bitch!"

"Please, I'm a woman," Dagger pleaded, her voice hoarse, "give me some dignity."

"You're just a bitch who took my son away!" Ellen snarled, "and I intend to make you regret it!"

Dagger gasped as she saw the older woman produce a frozen plastic coke bottle.
"I made this the second after Will there told me what he had planned," Ellen smirked, "what do you think?"

Dagger cried out the second the frozen bottle of ice touched her sore and torn cunt. Ellen shoved it in without any pretense of being subtle and grinned like a wolf when the first half inch was swallowed by Dagger's pussy.

Tandy screamed and raved, but all it did was made the crowd laugh harder. Tandy couldn't believe what was happening, as the women of the mob shouted encouragement while the man massaged their favorite organs.

Dagger tried to control her breathing, tried to block out the pain as the frozen ice-block traveled up and down the pink walls of her pussy. It made every tear, every stretch seem as if it were on fire.

Ellen worked with the strength of a madwoman, the ice block in her hand acting as a tool for vengeance for every petty grievance, every failure in her life.

When the frozen soda bottle was half way in, Ellen jerked it to the left, eliciting a very satisfying scream from Dagger.

Ellen jerked the bottle every which way, inside, to the left, right or bottom, depending on her mood, for the entirety of her turn. 8-Burn even allowed her to continue for seven minutes, he was enjoying the sight so much. But all good things had to come to an end.

"Okay Ellen, your turn's over. The rest of us gotta get our licks in."

"Fine," sighed the older woman. By now, everything but the head of the coke bottle was inside Dagger's pussy. It was a hard fought battle, but Ellen managed to make it fit.

Still seething with anger, Ellen managed to muster all her strength and pull the thing free with one harsh yank. Dagger unsurprisingly screamed as her body had almost become accustomed to the thing's large girth.

"Round and round we go!" 8-Burn spun the wheel again, though not as hard this time.

This time, Dagger's well used cunt came to a stop in front of a young man.

"Jake, what do you got in mind for us?"

"This bitch sent my Dad to prison, so I'm gonna make her do what my Dad has to do in his cell."

Dagger looked at 8-Burn in pure disbelief, "You can't be serious, he's barely an adult!"

"He's a man now," 8-Burn shrugged, "now he's gotta be a man because of you. Only fitting that you take him all the way."

"Please, don't!"

"She said please, Jake! Don't keep a lady waiting!"

"No sir!"

"Give it to her boy! Fuck her brains out!" yelled the crowd.

Jake climbed onto the merry-go-round and dropped his pants and pulled down his underwear as quick as he could. Dagger choked back a sob when she saw that the boy about to rape her didn't
even have pubic hair!

At least he's too small to hurt me, Tandy thought to herself. After 8-Burn, his men and that freezing bottle, her once virgin passage was in far from original condition.

But Tandy realized that wasn't what Jake had in mind when he waddled over to her, stepped across her chest and sat down on her ample chest. He pointed his small, erect cock at the heroine and said, with a growl, "Suck it!"

Dagger looked at 8-Burn pleading, "Please, don't make me do this...!"

"Hey!" Jake smacked Dagger across the face, "I'm right here, get started!"

"Oh, god..." Dagger brought her head up and gingerly took the cock into her mouth.

"Suck, bitch! Just like Dad has to!"

Dagger began to suck, and to no one's surprise, the boy came in seconds, shooting his seed down down her throat. Dagger gagged, but had no choice but to swallow with Jake's now limp penis in her mouth.

Dagger was about to set her head back down when Jake grabbed her by the hair.

"Hey, I still got time left!"

"He's right blondy," 8-Burn shrugged in faux sympathy, "sorry."

For the next four minutes, Jake rocked Dagger's head back and forth on his limp cock. Even spent, it was the best feeling the boy ever felt in his life up until now. Dagger all the while couldn't stop crying over the fact that a boy not old enough to have pimples was still willing and able to commit such a heinous act.

Jake finally took his spent cock out of Dagger's mouth and stuffed it back in his pants. He climbed off the defeated heroine and went back to the crowd, who greeted him like a conquering hero.

8-Burn took hold of the handle again, and spun Dagger again like a wheel on a game show.

This time, her cunt stopped in front of a much older boy. Eighteen years old, red hair moderately handsome and in decent shape, Dagger could have seen herself dating this boy if she didn't know what he was about to do next.

"Okay Mark, have at it" "K, bitch. You owe me one brother," Mark spat, "Danny got shot in a drive by after you took some of our boys in, thought we'd be easy pickings."

Dagger began to quake as Mark climbed up on the merry-go-round. The look in his eyes was one she'd seen in a hundred murderers before, only now she knew that she wouldn't be killed. No, what he had in mind would likely be far worse.

Mark stripped quickly, wanted to savor every second of what was to come next. Tandy could see that the boy held something in his hand, but couldn't make out what it was from her position. He then stepped over her chest and sat down.

Dagger gasped as she felt the man's weight on her chest. Barely able to breath, she looked away as she saw his hard cock resting between her breasts.
"Sometimes, I find a good titty fuck is better than just straight cunt," Mark explained, "especially when you're with a girl kinky enough to let me use these."

Dagger wanted to scream when she saw the large needles held in one hand, explicitly understanding what they were going to be used for.

"Now," Mark grabbed Dagger's left breast and squeezed, forcing the fleshy tissue to overflow in his hand, "this might sting a little bit."

Mark pushed the piercing needle through Dagger's breast just below the nipple and Dagger shrieked at the stabbing pain. Tears streaming down her eyes and chest heaving, Mark wasted no time in piercing her other breast with all the finesse of the thug he was.

Mark basked in Dagger's tears, her shuddering form. All his life he felt powerless, a nothing and no one. But now, he had a big bad heroine under his thumb. Even if it only lasted a few minutes, he was going to make them the best minutes of his life, and the worst of hers.

He twisted the needles like knobs, and pressed the fleshing globes together against his hard cock. The smooth, soft skin against his manhood, and the fact that it belonged to someone who used to be so powerful, felt like silk against his member.

"Suck!" Mark ordered, and Dagger dared not disobey.

She brought her head up and opened her mouth to greet his manhood, put it only went in part of the way, sliding past her lips and reaching only the tip of her tongue.

"You might want to start using that thing," Mark gave her tortured breasts a good squeeze, "unless you want me to stay here longer."

Dagger, though it disgusted her to admit it, admitted he had a point. So as his cock bobbed back and forth, she stuck out her tongue to greet his manhood, running her tongue underneath the tool and ending at his tip.

8-Burn watched his boy titty-fuck the heroine who, one month ago, had him and his boys eating dirt. Bruised, bloodied, pierced breasts and with a cunt full of sperm, no one would ever recognize her as Dagger now. The future that had once looked so bleak now seemed a little brighter.

Mark tried to do everything he could to stave off cumming, and to actually managed to pull it off for a full four minutes. But eventually, his balls demanded release and nature couldn't be denied.

"Oh god yes!"

Mark spewed his seed across Dagger's face. She clenched her eyes shut as the foul white substance shot over her face. Tandy started to gag, her nose so close to the semen she wanted to vomit.

"Just think of it as make-up," Mark smiled as he zipped himself back up. For the first time in weeks, he didn't feel the loss of his brother tugging at his heart. No, he felt on top of the world!

"You can keep the needles," Mark said with a brash smile, "consider them a gift."

"Okay, time for another spin!"

"Wait!" Someone came forward, a middle aged man armed wiffle bat, "don't!"

"What's the idea, old timer?" 8-Burn demanded.
"Use this!" the man held up the bat, "she's got a natural hole for leverage, why not use it?"

8-Burn did a double take, then smiled, "You sir, are a genius!"

"Nooooo!"

Tandy cried out as the handle of the plastic bat was shoved in her well used cunt. The semen of the men who raped her provided some lubrication, but not nearly enough. Four inches of the rugged handle was shoved into her pussy before 8-Burn was satisfied it was in.

"Okay people, stand back. We want this to be fair!" 8-burn snickered.

Gripping the baseball bat, 8-Burn started to walk slowly around the child's ride, spinning Dagger by her cunt. The once proud heroine screamed as the wifflebat pussy was used as a lever. 8-Burn built up some momentum, and let fly.

Dagger was still sobbing in agony when she came to a stop in front of a flat-chested, teenage girl.

"Jasmine, have at it."

"You took my brother away from me," growled the girl. She held up a giant, dildo. It was ribbed and looked more like an assault weapon than a sex toy. "I like 'em big, so I thought you might enjoy this. Don't worry, I'll even provide some special lube."

Dagger watched in fear as the girl picked up a Hot Sauce bottle. Jasmine climbed up the Merry-Go-Round, and pulled her pants down.

"Oh, did I mention that I'm bi-sexual?" Jasmine asked, "I had sex a few times last night. I forgot to clean up when we were told you were coming, so you can clean me up while I get this big boy into you, okay?"

"You're sick!" Dagger spat.

Jasmine kicked Tandy hard in the ribs, "That better be a yes, or I'll cut your damn pussy off, got it?"

Jasmine dropped her cunt in Dagger's face without a hint of romance. Tandy nearly vomited at the smell of unwashed sex and sweat, while Jasmine positioned her favorite love toy at Tandy's wide cunt. She took her bottle of special lube (the best Hot Sauce money could buy, mixed with a few key irritants she looked up on the 'net) and applied them liberally to her toy.

Then, both hands gripped on the weapon, Jasmine shoved it with every last ounce of hate her body had.

The fact that Jasmine's pussy was smothering her face was all that saved Tandy from screaming until her lungs burst. Like before, her cunt was spread to impossible, obscene lengths. But unlike then, every tear from her previous rapes were filled with what felt like burning acid. The lube Jasmine applied ran like water, and almost seemed to seek out wounds to inflict searing, impossible agony.

"Hey, you better not stop cleaning my pussy!" Jasmine threatened, "unless you want me to stay here a while. You wouldn't mind, would you 8-Burn?"

"Hell nah," replied the Gang Leader.

From what felt like a thousand miles away, Dagger heard the threat. She responded as best she could, but her mind was a fog of agony and disbelief. How could anything possibly be this painful?
"Hey, get to work!"

Dagger gingerly struck her tongue out, and lapped at Jasmine's pussy, tasting day old cum and salty sweat. The musk was enough to make her gag, to say nothing of the smell. But complice might bring an end to the pain, and Dagger held onto that hope for dear life.

Jasmine was actually a little disappointed when she felt Dagger's tongue scooping out her pussy, cleaning the filth that she'd let build up just for her. It was almost too easy now, and her suffering just wasn't as sweet.

So she took the dildo that she'd been ramming inside the once heroine and spun it around, like she was mixing a salad. Dagger's muffled screams were so loud, Jasmine actually orgasmed as it traveled through her.

"That's the key note," Jasmine sighed. Dagger grew even sicker as Jasmine's pussy grew wetter. She might have vomited, but was afraid that would only give them one more means of humiliation.

Jasmine worked the dildo like a game-stick controller, constantly looking for a new spot that would cause Dagger that much more agony. The faster Jasmine worked, the more desperate Dagger became to please her. Straight to the core, Dagger plunged her tongue inside of Jasmine's wet pussy as if it were her last meal.

After three orgasms (two brought on by Dagger's screaming, one by her licking), Jasmine was satisfied. Dagger breathed a heavy sigh of relief and muttered a prayer.

"Hey Jasmine," 8-Burn said, "mind if I borrow that bottle?"

Dagger barely had time to beg before the bottle of 'special lube' was crammed inside her cunt. It was as if lightning struck her pussy, and she arched her back upwards, screaming shrilly.

8-Burn took the wiffle-bat they'd been using to spin the heroine, and aimed it at her clenched asshole. Dagger fought him instinctively, and her rear hole wasn't nearly as loose as her pussy, but with some elbow grease 8-Burn managed to work it in.

He took a step back to enjoy his handiwork. Dagger's cunt was stuffed with a burning liquid, her nipples pierced with oversized needles and now her ass had a plastic bat wedged in it.

"Hey man, you capped the best holes!" one man complained.

"We'll take her bat out her anus, and we got condoms for anyone who wants a crack at her pussy," 8-Burn reassured his man, "I just didn't want them to get lonely. Now, lets spin the bottle and se who the next lucky contestant is!"

Dagger barely remembered the long line of people who abused her next. True to his word, when the next man wanted her cunt, they removed the bottle of 'special lube', gave the man a ribbed condom and had him go at it. The contents of the condom were then liberally splashed across her body.

After a while, the ropes holding Dagger in place were released, but she just lay there limp. Resistance, even if Arcade's failsafes weren't in place, was impossible. Dagger barely clung to awareness. Each time she passed out or stopped being responsive, they inflicted some new horror on her just to bring her around.

When Dagger had been brought to the apartment complex, the sun was just starting it's descent for the day. When Arcade's goons came to collect her again, the sun had come up and been in the sky for nearly two hours.
Dagger hadn't gone unfucked for longer than six minutes the entire time.

The crowd had largely dispersed from watching the heroine's suffering, and turned to one another, discussing the day's events or some other matter. In all, the mass gang rape had turned into an informal block party.

For Dagger, though, there was no real difference. At the moment, a fifty year old man had pulled her ass into the air and was pounding away.

"An erection lasting as long as I damn want!" the old man explained to Dagger.

8-Burn sighed as the man who identified himself as Jake, the man who'd made all this happen, approached him.

"We need to be on our way," Jake said, "you guys about done?"

"Just about," 8-Burn sighed. He wanted to believe that this day would never end, but common sense told him otherwise. He half considered keeping Dagger for his gang, but knew that he'd never be able to pull it off. Even if he could beat Arcade, all the man would have to do to get revenge was call the cops.

So 8-Burn wasn't going to be greedy. It didn't matter to him that his gang weren't the ones raping and debasing her, so long as someone, somewhere was. The idea that Dagger was being raped somewhere brought a special kind of smile to his face.

"Yeah, we got one last thing to do," 8-Burn replied, "shouldn't take a minute."

"Hey, Donald, we're finishing up!" 8-Burn shouted, "Bert, get your old cock outta that slut! We have send her back to the store."

"Damn kids, no respect for their elders," groused the old man. He shot his wad inside the limp heroine, slapped her rear for showing him such a good time, and walked away.

Two of 8-Burn's men grabbed Tandy underneath her arms, and dragged her in front of their boss.

Dagger, her breasts burning with pain, her ass a painful gaping hole and her pussy a burning mass of flesh that felt as if it might fall off at any moment. Her body was covered in cum and sweat, so much that she thought she might never be clean again.

They dropped Dagger to her knees, sitting her in front of a large vanity mirror Donald had brought out.

"Dagger baby, we've had a great time, but all good things come to an end," 8-Burn sighed, "your owner wants you back, I'm afraid."

Dagger felt as if she should object to the idea that she had an 'owner', but the half gallon of cum in her stomach made a compelling counter argument.

"But I talked to your nice owner bitch, and he said we could keep a souvenir!"

Dagger went rigid, terrified that they were going to mutilate her. She didn't know if she could survive the pain of they started taking fingers and toes. So she almost sighed in relief when 8-Burn gave her a pair of scissors.

"Guess want we want, goldilocks?"
Dagger sobbed as she cut off the first lock of hair and handed it to the young boy who raped her. She cut off another lock, whimpering, and handed it to 8-Burn.

One by one, Tandy cut her long, curly blond hair and handed it out like an award to those that had violated her. She watched herself in the mirror as her hair started to disappear. She watched herself wilt in the mirror, her once beautiful head of hair turned into a head of lettuce. When she was finally done, all Dagger was left with was a head of irregularly cut and ugly short hair.

Tandy saw herself in the mirror, and for a moment, didn't recognize herself. Her body was covered in dirt and drying cum, her nipples were pierced and bruised while her hair looked as if it got caught in a blender.

"Well, it's time for you to head home," 8-Burn sighed. He grabbed Tandy's now short and stumpy hair, and pulled her onto his cock, "one for the rode, okay? I don't know when your owner will let you out to play again."

Dagger wept, to weak to provide any resistance. 8-Burn came in her mouth quickly enough, and motioned for Arcade's men to take her away.

Tandy wept silently, and felt as if she might never stop. All her career, she fought for the 'little guy', tried to make life better for those less fortunate.

Now, they'd turned on her, taking her virginity, her dignity and self respect without so much as a second thought. All they cared about was making her suffer for their mistakes.

Worse, Dagger knew that Arcade had arranged this all specially to humiliate her. In a single day, he'd cut her to the quick, and this was just the start.
Day in the Life Part 1

Maria de Guadalupe Santiago, the former Avenger known as Silverclaw, passed into fitful unconsciousness just as the seventy first cock from the last hour and a half man finished climaxing inside the folds of her pussy, while another man continued pounding his cock down her throat and a third was still impaling her ass.

Considering the fact that she had already entertained several pure bred dogs, a company of highly decorated Hydra agents, performed several strip teases for wealthy college students and endured the creative sadism of a millionaire pervert, it was a testament to Silverclaw’s endurance that she had only just now hit the end of her physical and emotional endurance.

“The just bitch stopped! God damn it, this ain’t what we paid for!”

Not that the six boys, nephews or sons of allied South American drug lords all, saw it that way. When the boys noticed it, even after fucking her for more than two hours, they were still pissed, and felt as if they had been cheated personally. Their family had paid for this superwhore for the rest of the day, and they wanted their money’s worth! The man who had been impaling Maria’s ass pushed her off of him and onto the floor as if she were simply a well shaped blanket, and turned towards his friends.

“I don’t know about you guys, but I’m not about to let this whore get away with cheating us!”

They slapped her across the face, and were partially effective. Maria opened her eyes, but they were glazed over and while she was awake, she wasn’t conscious in any real sense. She was too tired to sleep, too exhausted to resist and in too much pain to care about what happened next.

“Man, it’s no fun if she just lies there!” whined another boy.

“Hold on, we still have a few toys we can use!”

One of the boys went to the room’s ‘toy box’ and removed a modified electric cattle prod.

“Bring her over here!”

Two of the boys grabbed Maria by her ankles and dragged her to the center of the room and then spread her legs as far apart as they would go. The boy with the cattle prod waved it around it front of his face, smiling as if he now held some secret power.

“We paid for a good time, Silverclaw, and that’s what you’re going to give us. No more of this ‘I’m too tired’ or ‘I have a head ache’ bullshit. Now, you either start getting’ back with the program, but we see how far up this thing can travel up your pussy. We clear?”

Silverclaw heard the boy just fine, and the threat registered in her mind perfectly. But after all she had already suffered today, Maria was just too far gone to care, let alone respond. It wouldn’t be the first time someone tasered her cunt, after all.

True to his threat, when Silverclaw chose to just lay there instead of joining in her own degradation, the boy pressed the cattle prod to Maria’s engorged clit, and pulled the trigger.

For what seemed like hours, Silverclaw’s mind went white with pain as countless volts of electricity purged through her delicate love-bud. She arched her back, her breasts stood at attention, but to the
disappointment of her customers, Maria didn’t scream. She just choked out a mewing noise.

Not that the boys cared, not at first. They pressed the cattle prod to her exposed pussy again, and laughed long and hard as she jerked and spasmed like a fish on a hook. Like kids pulling the wings off of a fly, they kept finding new areas of pussy flesh to torment.

When that got boring, they removed bamboo canes and brought them down on her large breasts. The boy with the taser set it aside and instead took his foot and ground it into Maria’s abused, cum filled pussy. His heel crushed her well used cunt and while friends reigned down abuse on Silverclaw’s melons, but Silverclaw barely budged.

But after a while, even that got boring and accomplished nothing. Eventually, her tormenters went back to the taser, but Silverclaw still never screamed the entire time, she barely blinked. Indeed, she just lay on the floor, her head turned aside with a slight bit of cum trickling out. After the six or seventh taser to her cunt, Silverclaw lost control of her bowels and wet herself. Realizing that their victim was now lying in a small puddle of her own sweat, drool and piss, the boys felt their ejections beginning to fade.

“I don’t know if I want to fuck something like that,” commented one boy, “she’s like a breathing toilet now.”

“Yeah, me neither,” said another boy, “she’s kinda gross.”

“Well, we all fucked her at least twice,” said the oldest, “not like we didn’t have fun. We can still do a few last things without putting it in her.”

The other boys knew exactly what he meant. They whipped their cocks out and began to beat off over the broken heroine’s limp body. Within a minute or two, Maria felt a rain of cum descend upon her face and into her slack jaw.

As a final insult, the boys waited for about ten minutes, and then emptied their bowels all across her chocolate colored body. For the first time, she reacted if only in her own mind. As six jets of streaming piss splashed across her body, spilling across her breasts, and in her mouth and eyes, she bit back bile in her throat and forced herself not to react.

Finally, the boys left and Silverclaw simply lay there in a puddle of cum, sweat and urine. Maria wanted to cry when she realized that lying here in these fluids was, by far, the most comfortable thing yet for her today.

Eventually, guards came to collect her and take her back to the cells. Wearing plastic gloves, two of them grabbed Maria by her wrists and without bothering to pick her up, pulled her out of the room and into the hallway. They dragged Maria like a heavy carpet, but she was used to it by now, and didn’t even whimper.

Eventually, they reached her cell and dumped her inside. The metal room had a large, plasma screen TV on all three walls and on the ceiling. Each one was playing a different rape of a different heroine. On the wall in front of her, Songbird and Jolt were being raped by Zemo. On the wall to her left, Free Spirit was being raped by a corrupt Board of Directors and on her right, the mutant Magma was spread eagle and being raped by radical environmentalists who ‘wanted some of her earth power’. Only the floor, made of shag carpeting (Arcade still liked the joke) didn’t depict some act of humiliation.

Maria was the first to arrive in the cell, but she wouldn’t be the last. Who was locked up whom varied from day to day and as a result, Silverclaw had no idea who her roommates might be tonight.
Paige Guthrie, Husk, was the first arrival. Her cunt was slick with cum and there were dozens of welts across her back and rear along with bite marks all across her breasts. She and Maria had lost their virginity together in this terrible place, but there was no camaraderie at the moment. Husk was too lost in her own suffering to offer Silverclaw any assistance. She simply went to the far corner, sat down and pulled her legs to her chest, and wept.

Though she hardly looked it, Maria knew Paige was lucky. She only ‘entertained’ a small party the entire day instead of the dozens they usually were expected to fuck. Fucking only two dozen people was a light workload to them now.

The next arrival was Nelson Greer, Tigra. She staggered in with two guards behind her. At first glance, she looked unharmed. But Maria could see how the Avenger’s pussy was distended and semen was mattered into her fur across her breasts.

Last and worst of all, was Hallie Takahama, Jolt of the Thunderbolts. The guards carried her in by her wrists and ankles, and dumped her in the cell like a piece of dry wood. Even Maria was stunned, if only for a moment, by what she saw.

The young Thunderbolt was completely caked in jism. It looked as if someone had dumped a bucket of white paint all over her. Maria could only see one part of one of Hallie’s eyebrows and nothing of the other. Hallie’s black hair was streaked with white. While Jolt lay there on the floor panting, a small puddle of cum had already trickled out her gaping, swollen pussy and reddened ass.

As if that weren’t enough, Maria could see dots of red through the cum, both on Hallie’s breasts and around her pussy. She knew from experience that meant some of the men had dripped hot wax on the girl.

Hallie tried to cough, but it came out as a gurgle and her fellow captives watched as the young girl coughed up a mouthful of cum onto the floor. They could only guess how much still remained in her stomach.

Jolt simply rolled over, unable to move much farther after twelve hours of entertaining some two hundred men. Her superhuman stamina was the only reason why she was alive, and just barely at that.

“Think we ought to cork them tonight?” One guard asked the other.

“Sure, they look like they could use it,” grinned the man.

When they heard that, all the women knew what was expected of them next. They got down on their hands and knees, and raised their asses into the air. Even Jolt, who felt as if she’d been hit by a train inside her pussy, found the strength to raise her rear for the last violation of the night.

The guards always kept U shaped dildos strapped to their belts for their own amusement. Sometimes they ‘corked’ their captives, sometimes they didn’t, all depending on their mood. Arcade liked it keep it unpredictable.

Hallie barely felt the double headed dildo slide inside of her. After what she had already endured today, her pussy and ass were so wide a baseball bat would have gone unnoticed. Both Husk and Tigra barely flinched as the ribbed dildos plowed into their holes.

Maria, though, for whatever reason, grasped as the giant phalluses impaled both her well fucked holes. Biting her upper lip as they were shoved in, Maria sighed for relief when the devises were then turned on.
At first, like everything else, Silverclaw saw the dildos as a humiliation. But after weeks and weeks of being raped, she had come to appreciate pleasure that didn’t involve a foul smelling man (or woman) grunting as they pounded inside her body. Compared to that, the dildo felt more like a nightcap, a reminder that not all pleasure was pain, than the actual humiliation that was intended.

After that, the four heroines passed into a fitful sleep, entangled in one another’s arms for warmth and comfort, knowing whatever peace they found would be torn away from them in the morning.

&&&

Silverclaw awoke from a dream about shopping in her hometown as a bamboo cane sliced across her naked ass. One of the guards was making the rounds, awaking all of the women in the cell and had chosen her first.

Unfortunately, Maria didn’t get up fast enough for his tastes and before she could stand, another sharp blow stung her ass.

“I’m getting up! I’m up!” Maria cried, her voice dry and raspy and eyes wet with tears. Maria got to her feet and without being told, stood against the wall. She felt a pressure in her bowels, but did her best to ignore it as the guard focused his attention elsewhere. The other heroines, woken up by Maria’s scream, scrambled to their feet in record time and lined up beside her.

Lined up side by side, naked and some still covered in dried fluids, the women looked at the floor as the guard appraised them. It wasn’t a requirement, but it was hard to meet anyone’s eyes after the humiliation they suffered day in, day out. The guard reached down and tore free the dildos from the once heroines. Tossing the slick devises aside, he scowled at the women.

“Alright sluts, you know the drill. March!”

Maria took the lead, and her ‘roommates’ followed close behind. Down the hall, third door. The four former heroines scuffled inside without complaint. All the other captured heroines, Citizen V, Dagger, Firebird, and everyone else were already there, waiting. Some looked fine, while others were just as filthy as Hallie. Namorita and Mirage were covered from head to toe in cum, sweat and sand. Maria could only guess that they’d been fucked at a beach.

Maria braced herself when she heard the door close. Jets of freezing cold water came pouring down from the ceiling. Silverclaw was fully woken within seconds. She put her hands up to block the water as best she could, but there was nowhere she could go to avoid it, so she simply stood there, enduring it as best she could.

To her chagrin, her nipples became hard in the cold. Maria hated the fact that after all this time, her body still hadn’t learned to stop responding to stimulation given via humiliation.

Not all the women reacted the same, though. Jolt used the water to wash away the sticky film that had dried over her body while Tigra brushed the water through her fur to expunge the dry fluids there.

Luckily, or unluckily, depending on the heroine, the freezing cold water shut off after two minutes. Silverclaw knew that the only reason that they had the shower in the first place was to get some of the grime off of them before starting the day’s activities. Even these rapist bastards had limits when it came to the hygiene of who they were raping. Apparently, they were too good to fuck a girl covered in semen and sweat.
“Alright dick holes, line up!”

A door opened on the far end of the room, and like toy soldiers, the heroines created two lines.

“You know the drill, girls. I want three groups, go go go!”

Again, acting on instinct, one group of heroines jogged out the door, followed by the second and then final group.

“No one wants to fuck a fat, lazy heroine,” Arcade had once explained tactfully. As a result, he had built a large track next to the showers, about the size of a football field, and required them to run at least eight laps (two miles), sometimes longer, every day. In the center of the track were work benches, weight equipment and other exercise tools that the guards used, though never while the captured heroines ran.

No, the guards had a better idea. They stood at the side of the track, usually with cattle prods, whips or bamboo canes and smacked the women on the ass as they passed by. Moving out of the way was prohibited and God help you if you tripped.

Running barefoot, her breasts swinging free and her body working up a fine sheen of sweat, Maria knew she was quite a sight. But luckily, so were the women currently around her. The curly blond mutant Magma, the red haired Citizen V, the Native American Danielle Moonstar and blonder underwater powerhouse Namorita. Maria had learned that when she surrounded by big breasted women, usually blonds, the guards left her alone.

“Ha, we got one!”

Maria glanced at the other groups and saw, to her horror that Bonita, Firebird, had tripped while running.

- Crack! -

“Get up! This isn’t nap time!”

- Crack! -

“We going too easy on you? Want more laps?”

- Crack! -

The guards fell on her like dogs on raw meat. Lash after lash after lash of a bamboo cane struck Firebird’s rear relentlessly, and it took all her willpower just to move, to crawl away let alone run. But in her mind, she knew that she had to stand to get away. And so, mustering an impressive amount of willpower that any hero would admire, Firebird rose to her feet despite the constant whippings and ran as fast as her feet would carry her. She rejoined her running group, but felt little relief. The Hispanic Avenger knew that any escape was only temporary.

Maria watched the scene out of the corner of her eye, mindful to watch her own step as she ran. Hopefully, one was enough for those bastards, she thought. Silverclaw wiped her brow, now damp with sweat. While they ran, Arcade often turned up the temperature so that they’d sweat bullets. He said that he did so to make them sweat out the fat, but everyone knew he just liked to look at their moist bodies.

Finally, after twenty five minutes of running and nine laps, the guards called an end to the run.
“Line up, cum buckets! Bathroom time!”

Finally, Maria sighed. This was about the only thing she remotely looked forward to during her captivity, mainly because Arcade actively prevented them from using the toilet on any schedule but his own. It was perverse to the extreme, but Silverclaw had grown to just accept it like so many other things. She was actually lucky last night, in a twisted way, that she had pissed herself before being taken back to the cells and that the guards hadn’t noticed. It was about the only good thing that came from soaking in a puddle of urine.

The once heroines formed another line and followed the lead guard into the next room. The area was spacious, and had three toilets bolted to the floor next to one another, surrounded by a computer work station and cameras.

“Silverclaw, Wolfsbane, Free Spirit, you’re first!”

The three stepped forward and bent down to touch their toes. A guard came up behind Rahne first and inserted a tube filled with water. Rahne felt her bowels, already in need of relief, fill to the top with freezing cold water. Silverclaw was next to get the ice cold enema, followed by Free Spirit.

“Alright ladies, you’re ready for your scenes,” the guard slapped Free Spirit’s ass, “get to the stage.”

The three heroines, struggling to keep the water in their bowels from flooding out as it sloshed around inside of them, walked over to the toilets and sat down. As much as they wanted to, none of them released when they sat down.

They knew better.

The computer hummed to life and he calmly went through a punch-list as they sat there, cramps assaulting them as their bodies sought to expel the massive amount of liquids trapped inside of them.

Finally, he was finished. Opening files with their names on it, he looked to Silverclaw first.

“Anytime you’re ready.”

Maria hated the fact that this was all being recorded. With two cameras in the toilet, and another three recording every inch of her body, Arcade pandered to damn near every kind of pervert. This act alone brought in thousands of dollars for his operation. But in comparison to everything else done to her here, this was only a minor inconvenience. So she relaxed and went for the cameras with barely a blush. Free Spirit was next, followed by a sobbing Wolfsbane.

Silverclaw, Wolfsbane and Free Spirit stood off to the side, patiently waiting as the other heroines relieved their bowels for the camera. Once they were done, Maria knew that next on the schedule was ‘breakfast’.

The ‘dining room’ was little more than a large storage room Arcade had emptied. Now all it held was dog bowls engraved with their names.

“Eat up!” the guards ordered.

Maria didn’t have to be told to get down on her hands and knees to look for her food dish. By now, it was habit. Everyone did it without protest.

The most annoying part about ‘breakfast’ was how the guards constantly moved the food dishes around. They prevented the heroines from telling one another where their food was, so everyone had
to crawl around on their hands and knees until they found it.

To say the guards got off on the fact that over a dozen powerful and beautiful women were rutting around on their hands and knees, like stray dogs, was an understatement. There wasn’t a man in the room whose cock wasn’t straining against their pants as they watched the scene unfold, even after all this time. Maria just hoped she wasn’t the unlucky girl who had to satisfy all that pent up sexual frustration today.

After a minute or two of wandering and looking, Maria came upon the two bowls with ‘Silverclaw’ engraved on it. In one bowl was a pound of brown protein mush mixed together with semen and some form of birth control (Maria was pretty sure that they had all had been fucked for three weeks straight and counting, and no one was pregnant yet) and in the other was Gatorade. The hectic schedule of twelve hour days filled with rapes was difficult on the human body, and the last thing Arcade wanted was them passing out in the middle of their violations.

“Eat up!” yelled one guard like a drill sergeant. He casually strolled through the room, riding crop in one hand, whipping those who appeared to be eating too slow. Then, he came to Maria.

“Last thing we want is unsatisfied customers,” He took his foot and placed it on top of Silverclaw’s head, forcing her face first into her food of mush. She struggled against him, but the guard had the leverage, “like this bitch had last night. I’ve warned you all before, but now you’re going to see what happens when you take a break in the middle of your duties!”

The man released his heel, and strolled around to Maria’s rear.

“Finish it all, or I’ll make this even worse.”

Maria had barely swallowed the first bite when the cane came down across her ass. She was just starting to take another bite when the second blow landed.

“Don’t stop!” snarled the guard.

Maria cried silently as she did her best to finish her ‘meal’ while the guard brutally whipped her. Each blow felt as if it tore strips of flesh from her ass, but by now, the guards instinctively knew how much force to use without rending flesh.

God knew they had enough practice.

After half an hour of slow agony, Maria managed to eat all of her food and lap up her drink, marinated by her own salty tears, despite the constant agony of her abused rear.

“Alright sluts, time to clean up!”

Maria climbed to her feet, trying her best to ignore her burning rear and the food splattered across her face.

The guard led them to the final room for the day’s preparations. It was the only room that didn’t involve some form of humiliation.

There was a full complement of showers, the latest hair and skin care products, and each heroine had her own stall filled with make-up and some token remnants of their hero career and even a special douche to cleanse themselves. For Maria, Arcade’s goons had left Maria her tiara and ceremonial armguards. Sometimes, an unlucky heroine would find her entire costume (or rather, a cheap spandex version) waiting for her. That always meant that not only were they expected to wear it, but that it’d be violently ripped from their bodies within hours, at the most.

Maria took her time in the showers, letting the water run through her long hair and to truly wash all
the semen, sweat and grime that built up from the previous day. She lathered her body and breasts with soap, knowing Arcade would punish her if she didn’t take the best care of her body that she could.

After a good twelve minute shower, Silverclaw went to her stall, and began bushing her long hair. She applied a few select perfumes (just enough so that she smelled pleasant. Smelling otherwise was another road to quick punishment) and waited for the guards to come collect them.

As she waited, almost unconsciously, she ran her hand over the stylized ‘A’ on her left butt cheek. It ached most days, but like too many other things, Maria had grown accustomed to it. She hoped that when they were rescued, some scientist could remove the damned thing, though she secretly feared Arcade was telling the truth, that it would be a lifelong reminder of their…her suffering.

Arcade was usually amazingly patient when it came to them readying themselves for the day’s activities. Maria knew part of it was because he didn’t want to rush them, but another part of it was how he so oh loved to drag out his sadistic torment. The time they spent making themselves ready to be raped, time spent in anticipation of the day, was something Arcade enjoyed as much as the act itself.

Finally, when everyone had finished, four guards appeared at the entrance and beckoned them to step forward. The heroines meekly formed two lines and marched after the men. The final room Arcade used, before the heroines were divided up and given to various customers, was designed like a college lecture room. There were various desks and a table at the front that held a jar filled with slips of paper. The heroines took their seat anywhere, knowing Arcade was eager to begin and that disappointing him was more dangerous than any of the villains they used to fight.

“Everyone read for another exciting day?” asked Arcade.

“Yes, sir!” the broken heroines replied as one.

“Good!” Arcade had two different bowls on his desk. One with their names in it, the other had a list of assignments for the day, “let’s begin!”

“Firebird…” Arcade read the first name, then reached into the second bowl, “…stables!” Maria shivered. Stables meant that Bonita was going to be fucked by a dog, horse, and whatever other animals Arcade could round up for a crowd of three dozen people, all of whom had front row seats. The humiliation and pain went beyond the usual rapes that Arcade had heaped upon them, Maria knew that for a fact. She’s already been sent to the stables twice, and she could see how Bonita was quacking in fear, tears streaming down her face.

“Wolfsbane…you get guard duty!”

Maria watched as Rahne Sinclair burst into tears, and her heart went out to the young Scotswoman. Arcade employed over two hundred and fifty men and women, as guards or engineers of his twisted sex park. Men and women who stood by and watched as the heroines were raped in all kinds of sick and twisted ways, got off on it, and allowed to do nothing but watch. So Arcade made it a point to ‘reserve’ a heroine or two for his men to relieve their sexual frustration and prevent any sort of sexual based rebellion. It was, easily, one of the hardest things Arcade made them do.

“Husk…private audience!”

Maria found that she envied the blond mutant, and prayed that she had her luck. Private audience usually meant either one man, or a small group of people. As terrible as that was, a small gang rape was better a longer, far more drawn out one.
“Free Spirit…Taskmaster training!”

Maria listened as Arcade rattled off a few names, anxious for him to call her name and get the terrible waiting over with. Arcade rattled off a few more names before he finally got around to her.

“Silverclaw…guard duty, too!”

Maria felt her heart drop into her stomach. She thought she’d dodged that bullet when Wolfsbane had pulled that, but said nothing. Maria knew from past experience that, if she complained, about even the slightest thing, Arcade would make things worse. He’d likely stick her on guard duty for a week if she even sighed a protest. So Maria simply sat there, counting down the seconds as Arcade finished handing out assignments. Finally, the last heroine received her order (or punishment, as they all rightly saw it). A guard approached with a leer on his face, and collected Rahne and Maria. Both women quacked in fear. The next several hours would be a non-stop hell.

Hour One

Maria felt as though she had simply blinked, and found herself thrown across a table with a guard impaling herself in her ass.

Maria knew from experience that the guards liked to start slow, open up their pussies with normal abuse and then go from there. Maria relaxed as much as possible as the first cock plunged into her ass, stretching the muscles in ways they were never meant to be. The first man was a little hard, but by the third Maria’s ass had grown accustomed to the impalement. Soon, she was fucking three men at once as if it were the most natural thing.

Off to the side though, Rahne was seemingly stuck with two. One in the pussy, the other pounding his cock in her mouth so hard her skull bounced off the floor.

Maria paced herself as best she could, knowing this was just the start of a very, very long day.

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“Die, white devil! Me kill you then skin your scalp!”

Danielle Moonstar waved a plastic machete around in the air. She was dressed like a stereotypical Indian woman, from a brown buck skin to leather moccasins. With a loud whoop, she charged a group of three men, all dressed like Calvary Soldiers.

The first man grabbed her wrist, while the other two wrestled her by her shoulders and wrestled her to the ground. Though she could think of a million ways out of it, she allowed herself to be dragged to the ground.

The third man pulled a knife from his boot, leaned down and began to cut away at her buck skin shirt, exposing her bare breasts to the world.

“This here cowbot is gonna teach you Injun what a real cock feels like!”

There was a chorus of hoops and hollers, but Danielle did the best she could to block them from her mind. She and her three ‘co-stars’ were performing in front of two or three dozen men Arcade refused to allow to touch 'his' girls.

They were a mixed combination of people. Some failed medical exams, others refused to take them altogether while others couldn't pay the full price of a private engagement but were still willing to pay for a show.
So for them, Arcade arranged humiliating shows like this. For instance, Danielle Moonstar, especially proud of her Native American ancestry, was made to play a stereotype in front of everyone, and that wasn't even the worst of it, not yet.

“Taste real meat, Red Skin!”

“It it so big!” Dani exclaimed in a bad accent.

“It sure is!” the man plunged it inside of the young mutant, and she gasped loudly in false pleasure.

“Oh take me cowboy! Show me real man!” Danielle shouted, “White cock is better than Red!”

Danielle moved in rhythm with her rapist, pushing against him as he thrust inward, taking him in as deep as her body would allow. She felt her humiliation rise with each thrust, but she begged him to continue and screamed in fake pleasure that his cowboy cock was the best thing ever, better than any Indian cock she'd had.

Danielle Moonstar felt so personally humiliated that she almost didn't want to escape, didn't want the world to know how far she'd fallen.

And she still had three performances left today
Chapter 10

Hour 2
Once the simple preliminary fucks were over, the guards started their cruel games.
The first game was simple, a competition to see who could bring off the most amount of men in
fifteen minutes.

Though she once might have been ashamed to admit it, Maria had no intention of losing. Though
both Wolfsbane and Silverclaw still considered themselves heroines, in some fashion, there was no
camaraderie to be found between the heroines when it came to the games their captors put them
through. When Arcade pitted them against one another, Loyalty broke down to team membership
and prior relationships when it came to the abuse they would willingly suffer for one another.

Maria didn’t know Rahne from Eve before their capture. So the general consensus was that the two
girls owed one another nothing out here.

Maria wrapped her legs around the man pounding her cunt, and reached out with both hands to
massage the cocks of the nearby guards while accepting another cock into her mouth.

Within five minutes, Maria had brought off six men, while Rahne was still working on her third man.

Twenty minutes passed before one of the referees called a halt to the game. Both girls were covered
in jism, but Maria knew that with just a glance she was the ‘winner’. She was caked in excessive
amounts cum, while Wolfsbane just barely had some covering her mouth and breasts.

“Rahne, why don’t you clean off Maria, before we give you your second place prize?” suggested
one guard, “but make sure Maria gets to taste her victory.”

The red headed slave nodded obediently, and went to work immediately. Maria stiffened as Rahne’s
tongue traveled the length of her arm, gathering the jism from it in her mouth. Maria under estimated
just how much she had won by, as Wolfsbane French kissed her barely twelve seconds into her
cleaning.

Maria felt Rahne’s tongue, along with a bulging mouthful of jism, invade her mouth. Maria was
grateful that she no longer had a gag reflex as the fluid snaked its way down her throat and into her
stomach.

Rahne dutifully continued her cleaning, her gentle tongue traveling the length of Maria’s arms, then
her breasts, around her nipples and finally her face. With each French kiss, Maria felt Rahne’s tongue
invade her mouth, but still felt her slightly recoil. Maria had come to accept kissing another woman
as merely a fact of life, like brushing her teeth. She was straight, but still open minded, after all.
But some girls, like Rahne, just struggled to adapt. Maria could see the tears threatening to spill from
her eyes with every kiss.

Finally, all that was left was Maria’s cum filled pussy. Rahne pressed her lips to Maria’s pussy, and
began to suckle

Finally, when Maria was finally licked clean, the guards grabbed Rahne by her wrists and threw her
to the floor.

The guards fell on her like dogs on a piece of raw meat. One slammed his cock into Rahne’s snatch
while another sat on her chest and crushed her breasts together as he ran his cock between them.
Rahne struggled to breathe between the cock in her mouth and the deep sobs that wracked her body. The cocks pillaging her cunt and rear did nothing to help.

***

Cathy Webster grunted as she was tackled to the ground. Two men grabbed her wrists and held them to the ground while another two leapt on her well toned legs, pinning them. Free Spirit struggled wildly, but she had no leverage with which to escape. To make matters worse, she was utterly exhausted, her body spotted with light bruises and covered in a light sheen of sweat.

“Time!”

“Nooo!” Cathy cried. She knew the consequences and quaked in fear of what to was come next.

“I'll be honest,” the longtime Avengers foe known as the Taskmaster stepped forward into the ring where his men had pinned Cathy. As a professional mercenary, Taskmaster ran a school for up and coming thugs. When he heard about Arcade's new career, Taskmaster realized instantly they would be the perfect motivation for his upper freshmen.

“I thought you were going to make it this time. You did great compared to Dagger, after all.”

Cathy glanced to the side, where Tandy Bowen was being fucked by a massive muscle bound man. He impaled her ass, and bent her backwards like a bow, her massive breasts jutting outwards. While the muscle bound screwed Tandy’s ass, a short haired woman had her arm in Dagger's cunt, almost up to her wrist.

Tandy been screaming for twenty minutes already, only stopping to breathe. And she still had a dozen men left to fuck yet.

“Okay, Team Zeta, you took her down, you get first dibs. Then team Cappa, and so on in the order of ass kicking.”

The four men that'd pinned her down stood up and cleared. Cathy didn't move, she knew it would be useless.

“I took the most hits, I'm going first!” one man declared.

“Fine by me, I just want to return the pain from when she kicked me in the nuts!”

One man grabbed Cathy's hands and pinned them above her head, but he needn't have bothered. Free Spirit knew that escape was now impossible. She chewed her lower lip in fear, knowing that what came now would be nothing but pain that tested her physical endurance to it's limits.

Sure enough, she was right. The second man had brought a bamboo cane, and without warning he brought it down across her generous breasts. Cathy screamed, but that wasn't enough for him. He struck her again and again.

Cathy just tried to ride the pain out, and not to think about the four other teams of people she'd taken out before this one, and what they'd do to her when the time came.
Chapter 11

By the third hour, the guards had decided to be a little creative.

Rahne and Maria were taken to the showers for a rinse, and from there taken to an empty bondage room. Shackles were placed on their wrists from above and pulled taut, forcing the two young heroines to stand on the tips of their toes to prevent their arms from sliding out of their sockets.

Hanging from their wrists, the guards then placed blindfolds over both of them. Maria and Rahne both stiffened as they were blind folded, as they realized they’d be unable to brace themselves for the next torture.

Then, nothing. The guards, somewhat sated, stood back and watched the two once strong heroines tremble in fear.

One especially sadistic guard stomped his foot, and laughed as both heroines nearly jumped out of their skins.

The guards produced gags, and silently placed them in the mouth of the young heroines. Blindfolded, gagged and naked, Maria and Rahne knew they were in the perfect position for torture. They waited anxiously for the guards to begin, terrified who might be first.

Of course, that was the idea. One guard by the door entered a few commands into the door panel, and the show started.

A seemly glass panel came down from the ceiling and separated the two heroines, though neither knew it. The panel was completely sound-proof, to the point that an exploding bomb couldn't be heard from the other side.

Both Wolfsbane and Silverclaw had been raped and recorded extensively. Never one to let a perverted idea slip by, Arcade had commissioned mix tapes of their suffering for certain customers.

As a result, Rahne could hear Maria begging, pleading for mercy while all kinds of terrible suffering was visited upon her while Maria heard Rahne groveling and whimpering while torture after torture was heaped upon her.

The guards, who had retreated to the control booth, watched in amusement as both girls broke out in a cold sweat, trembling in fear that once the guards were finished with the other, they’d be next. Both girls broke into a high pitched squeal on it, terrifying the captive heroine who was listening to it.

The guards laughed and laughed, unable to think of a better joke. The two cunts were actually given some relief and didn't even know it. Their imagination and fear tortured them more than they ever could.

***

Amongst Arcade's people, Trey Collins was jokingly known as the Whore Whisperer. He grew up on a farm, and grew up from the age of five learning how to take care of every kind of farm animal. While most people in his position either grew to love or hate animals, Try was different. He just didn't care. To him, they were nothing special, just large animals that required a special kind of care. When he left home at the age of seventeen after falling in with the wrong crowd, he was neither relieved or disappointed at leaving those beasts of burden behind.

Life had a sense of humor at times, though. Since joining Arcade's employment, Trey found himself in the position of caring for Arcade's various animals, and every once and a while, performing a
show with them.

Like now, as he led a powerful Black Stallion he named Bucky around a large stable by the reigns. There were almost a hundred people watching Trey as he led the stallion around the stable for everyone to see. The beast was a little harder to herd than the animals back home, Trey reflected.

Of course, he smiled wily, those horses didn't have a heroine strapped underneath them, riding their giant cock.

Bonita Juarez, Firebird, hung underneath the massive beast's belly in complete agony. Leather straps ran over the top of the beast, connected to her wrists and ankles. The animal's hard penis was wedged inside her pussy, which was barely able to contain it.

When they first started the act, coaxing the beast's massive member alive took some doing, but nothing worth doing was easy. Now the beast loved the shows as much as the audience.

When the beast was brought to full arousal, two men on each grabbed the heroine and aimed her cunt towards the massive tool while Trey kept the beast from panicking too bad. They had to rock the once proud heroine back and forth a little bit, but the men knew what they were doing.

The end result made Trey thankful for his upbringing. The way Bonita threw her head back, the way Bucky's massive erection bulged through her pussy and the way she still managed to swing back and forth on the giant cock...Trey couldn't think of a time when he helped create a more beautiful sight.

They'd given Bucky a special drug combo that pacified him somewhat, and prevented him from climaxing, so Trey had plenty of time to show off his Mona Lisa to everyone. Underneath the horse, Firebird was gagged, but silently screaming. Her voice was dry and cracked after screaming for so long, but she couldn't help it.

Her arms felt as if they might fall off, and she could almost feel herself being torn in two by the giant cock wedged in her pussy. She could feel every vein, every bulge of skin. Her once delicate pussy felt as though it were being torn in two, and with each step the horse took the tip of it's struck slammed her intestines. Each step the horse took sent waves of unimaginable pain through Bonita's body, more pain than she ever thought humanly possible. Every second brought what felt like an hour's worth of pain.

Each grimace, every expression of pain was captured by high powered cameras hidden across the stable, and micro-cameras hidden on the horse itself and broadcast on a high definition television screen. Bonita's pained wracked face brought off man after man.

Trey led Bucky around the yard slowly at first, to wet the appetite of the audience.

They cheered like football fans as they saw Firebird's bound form bouncing back and forth on the giant cock.

Trey became aggressively more daring with Bucky, and the two sprinted around the stables for a good three minutes to the cheer of the crowds. Underneath, Bonita's face was contorted in agony and not an inch of her face wasn't wet from tears. By now she was cursing the Avengers, God, her parents, anyone and everyone who led her to her current situation.

Of course, the crowd wasn't the type who were satisfied with a little horse racing, and Arcade gladly obliged them. Trey directed to a loose stack of her, and the trained horse did as he was told. He jumped it.

When Bucky's hooves left the earth, Bonita felt for a moment that reality itself ceased to exist, and
that was left in it's place was pure pain. Pure, white hot agony unlike anything Bonita had ever felt before. When Bucky came back down, Bonita screamed as she bobbed back and forth on the animal's cock. She watched in horror as the bulge in her stomach that started at her pussy moved up and down her body, before settling deep inside her again.

Trey had Bucky jump several bales of hay, each taller than the last. Bonita barely registered when Bucky didn't jump high enough, there was just too much pain.

Trey loved being the center of attention, but knew that he couldn't keep this particular show going forever. Sooner or later, Bucky was going to demand satisfaction and if he didn't get it, he might start to disobey, a very dangerous prospect with an animal that weighed a ton. A crushed heroine meant his ass.

So after about an hour and a half of simple tricks, he started his coup de grace. First he brought Bucky to a halt.

"Whoa boy, I gotta have a word with your passenger," Trey bent down and looked at Firebird. The defeated look, of how she was consigned to her fate, brought no small amount of pride to Trey, "I'm going to do something about that parched throat. Spit any out, and you get stable duty for two weeks, understand?"

Bonita nodded, and Trey unzipped his pants. It took him a few moments, but soon he let loose a jet of streaming piss expertly aimed at Bonita's mouth. The former Avenger, her throat dry and hoarse from screaming, couldn't prevent herself from gulping some down. When he was finished, Trey rezipped his pants, and then pulled what looked like a silver necklace out of his back pocket and hung it around Bonita's neck. Firebird was fairly certain that it was a microphone.

"Okay Bucky, we're on the home run," Trey scratched his favorite horse behind the ears, "now, trick five, now!"

Bucky, for the promise of carrots and sexual satisfaction, did as he was trained and performed what he was taught as 'trick five'.

To the amazement of everyone, Bucky stood up on his hind legs alone, and for a split second, everyone could perfectly see how Firebird was secured to Bucky's arm sized cock. For Bonita, for a split second, her entire body weight was resting on Bucky's hard cock, all one hundred and fifty pounds plus. Her cry of agony had a special tone to it, and was carried through out the stable.

"Five Bucky!" Trey thought the scream ended far too quickly for his liking.

To his credit, Bucky held it longer the second time around, and even longer the third time.

"What do you say folks?" Trey turn towards the crowd, who were by now on the edge of their seat, among other things, "is the fourth time the charm?"

"Yeah!" they shouted as one.

"Five, Bucky!"

For his final attempt, Bucky managed to stay on his hind legs for a full twelve seconds. Trey was convinced it was some type of world record, and glanced at Bonita. Her eyes were glazed over, and her head was turned to the side, a little bit of drool passing her lips.

"Good boy, good boy!" Trey gave Bucky a specially made carrot biscuits, and then signaled to his
two assistants who stood by the gate, “just one last thing to do.”

Trey slapped Bonita a few times until she started to come around. As a general rule, the girls were not allowed to take mental vacations when they were working, and this was no different.

“What!” she demanded, her magnificent tanned chest heaving “how can you make me suffer even more!”

“Hey, we're just trying to finish up here,” Trey replied, “can't do that if the star’s wacked out of her gourde. Now, we need to finish off Bucky. You could make that go faster, if you wanted. But look at the bright side, your cunt's retired for the next two days. Alright boys, you know what to do!”

Trey's two assistants took their place on each side of the horse, and grabbed the straps that held Bonita to the underbelly of the stallion. As one, they began to swing it, and her, back and forth on Bucky's cock.

Bonita gasped, barely able to breath as the arm sized cock battered her already brutalized intestines traveled up and down her once more. Just as Bonita swore that her body was reaching its absolute physical limit, Bucky climaxed.

The horse shot its seed into Firebird's womb, but as filled as it was with Bucky's cock, there was almost nowhere for it to go. With nowhere else to go, cum dribbled out of Bonita's pussy and onto the ground below.

Bonita cried tears of joy as she felt Bucky's cock, having finally climaxed, grow soft inside her. The burning, tearing pain inside her love canal eased somewhat. The lack of pain was so overwhelming to the Hispanic heroine that she barely registered when Arcade's men un-strapped her from underneath the horse, but she groaned in relief as the cock slid out of her snatch for the final time.

Trey led Bucky back to the pens, while his two assistants held up Bonita, and her horse stretched and cum filled pussy for everyone to see. The way the crowd cheered at the gaping, ruined hole, one might have thought their favorite team had just won the Superbowl.

The men then gently set Bonita down, and laid her on her stomach. With a plastic cord, they secured her wrists behind her back and then raised her ass in the air, just in time for Trey to return with three well-trained dogs...
Chapter 12

Rahne grunted as she pedaled her stationary bike, all the while keeping an eye on the mileage.

Like with everything Arcade devised, there was a perverted twist to her bike. Each turn of the pedal controlled two dildos that were drilling her body. When the ribbed dildo in her ass receded, the dildo aimed at her pussy pushed into her snatch. The only control she had was over the speed in which the two tools violated her, as they were directly connected to her pedaling.

Maria was in the exact same situation, dry dildos pounding in her holes as she biked with all the strength her body could provide. Sweat ran from her body as she fought to keep pace.

The guards explained that Rahne and Maria were in a race, and that whoever made it pass a certain mileage first would be the winner. What they refused to say was what that distance was.

So each girl was forced to keep a conscious eye to the other, trying to keep just above her speed while maintaining their own, if they wanted to win.

Maria tried to go just a little faster than Rahne, who then tried to go a little faster than her, and so on. Soon, the two girls were pedaling for all they were worth, the dildos pounding them a constant reminder why they couldn't stop.

Maria tried to keep a steady pace as best she could, but she felt a chill run down her spine as she watched Rahne pedaling harder than her, no matter what she did. Though Maria had no way of knowing it, Rahne had a distinct advantage in this competition. Her mutant powers bled into her human form, unlike Maria's magical ones. While she looked like a normal girl, Rahne's body was stronger and faster than any other girl her size, even when she wasn't using her powers.

After a while, their young bodies were covered in sweat and a puddle of fluid soaked the seats. Rahne easily reached the secret four mile distance first and Maria, without warning, was torn from the bike and dog piled by the guards.

Inside of a minute, Maria had three cocks in three holes with the promise of more to come. Her pussy was swollen red, and ass ached deeply, but Maria feared complaining more than the pain that was to come. She felt a man grab her wrist and guide it to his cock, and without being told Maria gave him a handjob.

Meanwhile, Rahne was allowed to rest her head on the handle bars, dildos halfway in each hole. She put her head down and cried in shame that she felt so relieved that it was Maria, and not her, who lost this match.

&&&

Hallie Takahama, Jolt, took two cocks inside her mouth without protest. While her mouth was occupied, her hands were massaging two additional cocks, giving four men of Hydra pleasure all at once. The two men using her mouth pulled out moments before climax, and shot their seed all over her face. Jolt was a little thankful for the red eye pieces that had been returned to her, even if they were just to remind her of her hero past.

Her mouth didn't remain empty long, however. The next man shoved his cock into Hallie's mouth and grabbed her by the hair, bouncing her head back and forth on his member. Hallie didn't protest at all, and didn't even miss a beat with the two members who were enjoying a handjob.
When the man in her hand climaxed, Hallie took his cum and slathered it across her small, perky breasts.

For the young Thunderbolt, fucking crowds of men was actually easier than entertaining customers one on one.

When fucking crowds, they never said much of value. They never tried to pick apart her mind while torturing her flesh. They simply took their pleasure and moved on for the next man.

So Hallie did her best to be pleasing, where she could be. A little show for the grunts and instead of being given to a villain that her team had stomped, Hallie would screw a faceless thug that she might never see again.

So in her mind, she pretended that she was being a rebellious teenager who was entertaining her boyfriend(s). It wasn't much, but was better than nothing.

Across the room, there was an equally line of men waiting to use Songbird. Unlike some of the others, Melissa Gold had embraced her role as a whore for Arcade.

She pleasured the cock in her mouth as if it belonged to a treasured lover, and squeezed the cock in her cunt and rocked in rhythm. She was the perfect whore, in their opinion.

Ironically, Songbird gave herself up to them in the hopes of being spared. But instead, she was one of the most popular heroines Arcade owned. She refused almost nothing, went along with anything and was a great fuck even after being whipped raw.

A group of fifty men waited in line outside, and Arcade promised that every last one of them would get a taste of Thunder.

Jolt had just finished servicing three Hydra men at once when one Hydra agent, six feet tall if he was an inch and built like an ogre. Hallie quickly saw that he was hung like a horse too.

“You boys take a hike,” he ordered, “I want this one to myself.”

Hallie looked the man up and down, and put a cheap smile on her face.

“Hey there handsome,” Hallie cupped her breasts and leaned back on the cold floor before the man could push her on her back, like a prop, “want a taste?”

The man barely grunted as he knelt down and aimed his weapon at Hallie’s teenage snatch.

Hallie took a deep breath as she felt it brush against the lips of her pussy. She had learned by her second day of captivity, that she had a physical flexibility that outstretched a normal teenager by miles. What it amounted to was that she could take a cock that might kill another girl of the same size. Jolt would have given up her powers in a second, now that she knew that they made her that much more easy to violate. She could take men three times her size without the need for medical attention, something Arcade exploited daily.

“That’s what everyone here wants,” the man said simply. He entered her wet snatch without pretense of foreplay, “tell me, what’s your name?”

“Jolt,” Hallie replied quickly.

“No, your real name,” the man replied. He slid his cock back and forth inside Hallie’s tight cunt, but she knew from experience he was just warming up.
“H…Hallie,” Jolt answered. With her family dead and serving as a sex slave to Arcade, Jolt didn’t think a random mook knowing her real name would matter, but the second it passed her lips, Jolt felt a sting in her heart.

“Hallie huh? Cute name.”

“Please…” just hearing the man say her name, Jolt felt like she wanted to vomit. She suddenly felt aware of the cup of cum that had settled in the bottom of her stomach, how over a dozen men were staring at her naked form and now this giant had his cock firmly implanted inside her, “…don’t say my name.”

“Which one? Jolt, former Thunderbolt, or Hallie?”

Jolt wouldn’t have cared if the world ended then and there. The mere act of speaking to her, of reminding her that she was a human being and not a fucktoy tore through the emotional walls she’d taken weeks to build up, and the man wasn’t anywhere near finished.

“Either,” Jolt whispered, her voice suddenly hoarse.

“You know, we’ve met before,” the man began to pound into Jolt now, and she felt every inch as his cock spread the walls of her pussy and plowed into her womb, “you guys were eating at a restaurant and I was part of an assault squad. Hawkeye kicked me in the face and then you punched me out, Hallie, did you know that?”

“I’m sorry, I’m so sorry!” The man crushed Hallie’s small breasts in his hands as if they were stress balls, “puh…puh-leaze stop!”

“I doubt you even remember it. You even stepped on my hand by accident later.”

“Oh God! I’ll never do it again, just stop!”

“It’s funny,” the man’s smile was genuine, as he looked into Hallie’s tear filled eyes, “at the time, I was just one of a dozen. We meet again, and it’s the same story. I’m just one of a crowd again. What goes around, eh?”

Hallie sobbed deep, wracking sobs as the man laughed. He climaxed within seconds, and was replaced by another man.

Only this time, this cock felt as terrible, as painful as the first one that’d raped her, stolen her virginity and damned her to this living hell. Hallie never heard the man’s name, but in using hers, treating her like a human being for just a few brief seconds, he reminded her of how she once lived. The split second memory of all that pride and power demolished the dam she’d built against her raging emotions. The wound was torn open, and bled for all it was worth.

The next customer assumed his position inside her, and Hallie was raped again and again, only now each time was just as painful and humiliating as the first time.
Chapter 13

When the last guard interested in Maria was finished, Jay Peters proposed an idea that he'd been wondering about for a while.

Just how many dildos could a heroine cunt take?

Silverclaw and Wolfsbane look at one another in fear, but there was nothing they could do. In less time than it took to tell, the two heroines were secured spread eagle atop two different tables, and Jay had returned with a large box of dildos.

They were all regular sized, but that did nothing to allay the young women's dread. Even if their pussies weren't so completely abused, what was to come next promised to be exceptionally painful.

Maria got the first dildo, and gasped. The metal phallus was chilled almost to the point of freezing. The second dildo was just as cold, and began to stretch her love hole. By the third dildo, Maria was moaning in pain. The fourth brought a pathetic whimper and the fifth and final dildo, which had to be crammed in, made her scream.

The men took a minute to admire their handiwork, and then, to Maria's relief, turned them all on at once.

Maria leaned back as the first orgasm washed over her. She knew that forced pleasure like this was wrong, but with her pussy extended to inhuman lengths, she would take whatever she could get.

Rahne clenched her teeth when the first dildo was inserted, shuddered when the second one was implanted and by the third, began to beg. She continued to plead when the fourth one inserted, screamed when the fifth was slammed in and babbled incoherently for dignity when they were able to shove in a sixth and final dildo in her stuffed snatch, thanks to her superhuman constitution.

The activations of the dildos was even worse for Rahne Sinclair, as she felt ashamed how easily her body surrendered to the deluge pleasure brought on by their vibrations.

Jay took a step back and admired his handiwork. The multiple dildos sticking out of their heroine cunts made him want to laugh. He then smacked himself when he realized he'd forgotten something.

“How'd I forget their asses?” Jay asked aloud. He grabbed two dildos from the box and without ceremony, slammed them into the heroine's anal passages.

Maria and Rahne gasped at the sudden intrusion, but said nothing.

“They'd a neat sight, but what's to keep them from falling out?” asked one guard.

“Oh, that's easy,” Jay replied, “untie their legs...”

Ironically, Maria and Rahne screamed as their spread open legs were closed by the guards. It felt as if the dildos inside their pussies had actually exploded in size, pushing their physical limits to the absolute max.

But to the guards, their cries of agony were just an aphrodisiac.

The first in a long line of men climbed atop the table and the girls, placing their cocks between their young breasts. They squeezed the soft globes of flesh around their cocks and began thrusting back and forth.
Without having to be told or threatened, the two brought their heads up to meet the cocks with their tongues. Despite their agony, Rahne and Maria didn't dare disappoint their keepers. They knew by now how much worse things could get.

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Dr. Otto Octavius took a sip of his tea, and wondered how he'd come so far in science without an experiment like he was conducting today. It was gratifying on both a personal and scientific level, more than any thesis could ever hope to be.

Doctor Octopus sat on a comfortable couch in front of a plate glass window a foot and a half thick, observing a room two stories large. Inside were two lovely women, completely naked and testing his latest invention in his war against Spider-Man.

Inside the room, Monet grunted as a metal tentacle began to snake its way inside her pussy. It was connected to a hovering globe the size of a medicine ball with a total of six arms connected to it. Two more tentacles pinned her arms to her side, while another two gripped her chocolate brown legs and kept them wide apart as it turned her pussy into a bullseye.

Some twelve feet away, Namorita was cursing in her native Altantean as a metal phallus began to literally drill into her rear passage. One tentacle was wrapped around her waist while another two immobilized her arms. Namorita’s legs were free, but she was forced to use them to dissuade one other tentacle from invading her pussy.

What made this entire ordeal even more humiliating was that both women, physical powerhouses in any definition of the word, had full access to their powers. The fail-safes that Arcade infected their bodies with kept them from fleeing the room, but otherwise no longer weakened them. They could demolish tanks with their bare hands and fly with the grace that equaled any bird of prey. For the first time in a long time, the two superhuman women were at full power.

And that sheer physical power was why Doctor Octopus had chosen them to test his new, remote control arms Octo-Bots. Their strength dwarfed that of his hated enemy and their ability to fly gave them a close approximation to his incredible agility. Thus, he reasoned that if the Octo-Bots could deal with the two heroines, they would work even better against the wall crawler.

So even while the metal tentacle began to press pass the folds of her pussy like a rabbit into a burrow, Monet still had the strength to crush the skull of a man with her bare hands. She clenched her pussy with such strength that not even a pile-driver could pierce it, but even that wasn't enough to keep the metal phallus out. It casually spread the inner muscles of her cunt as if it was parting sand, and only stopped when it hit her womb.

Another tentacle slowly wormed its way inside her puckered anus with a slow and painful onslaught. M realized with anger that all her power

“Enjoying the show?” M grunted as she stared coldly at Dr. Octopus, “tell me Doctor, does this make up for all the rejection?”

“Don’t…ugh!” Namorita grunted as the second metal phallus drove into her. It was inevitable, but no less painful, “…don’t piss of the man raping us!”

“Why, we might be raped? Again? Perish the thought!”

Namorita just ground her teeth. Part of her admired M’s defiance, her unwillingness to surrender. Namorita had tempted fate a dozen times before and likely would do so again, but this was different. Doc Ock was just a voyageur, he could keep this up for hours if pushed.

“I’d listen to her,” Doc Ock replied, “because my Octo-Bots were fitted just for this test run.”
M threw her head back and screamed as dozens of studs shot out of the tentacle embedded in her snatch. It was as if, for one brief second, a tidal wave of pain washed her entire mind away and left nothing in its wake but total agony. M began to sweat in terror even before the terrible things went to work.

The studs pushed, pulled and pinched delicate tissue that was never meant to be touch, much less man-handled in such a way, and taught Monet a new definition of agony. Impossibly, the tentacle in her cunt began to swell, and for a brief Namorita could actually see the studs through the skin of Monet’s stomach!

Doctor Octopus showed no mercy, and Monet had barely recovered her wits when the two tentacles pounding her squeezed, with her in the middle.

The scream was unlike anything Namorita had ever heard, even after all the pain and suffering that’d already been inflicted on them. Monet went limp in her bonds, and Nita feared that Dr. Octopus had inflicted some terrible wound.

“I do not take kindly to being mocked,” Doc Ock hissed, “and I do so love a good show.”

The two robots flew towards one another and before they knew it, Monet and Namorita were entangled in one another’s arms.

“So give me one, and I might end this earlier than I might otherwise.”

Monet frenched Namorita and grabbed her nipples, the pain in each hole motivating her. She kneaded the blond’s breasts and pinched her nipples. Namorita was going to protest, but one sharp look from M was enough to tell her to get with the program.

Dr. Octopus watched the display with a lecherous grin. Whether or not his inventions were successful in stopping Spider-Man, he intended to return for more research.
Chapter 14

After the sixth hour, the guard rotation came. Both Maria and Rahne held their breath as the guards who had been abusing them, were now replaced with fresh stock horny, and a little bit angry, from watching hours of sexual abuse that had been heaped on the other heroines.

Luckily, the guards didn't always choose to sate their lust on a heroine when their shift was over. Some went to bed, grabbed a meal or went out on the town.

After all, there wasn't a single guard who hadn't raped a captive heroine at least a dozen times, and they'd always be there tomorrow.

But there were always those who simply couldn't wait, those that never got tired of humiliating the once heroines. And they were fresh and ready to go.

Rahne and Maria looked to see who was joining them, and felt their blood run cold when they saw Janet Hill stroll through the door.

Early on, the captured heroines learned that, as a general rule, the women guards were worse than the male guards, almost without exception. Whereas the men would just rape you and think up some mildly sadistic game to get their rocks off, the female guards always went that extra mile when it came to sadism. A good fifty percent of Arcade's new ideas came from them, according to some whispers. Whether it was because they felt they had something to prove, or were afraid that they might otherwise be swept up in the fun, the female guards never missed a chance to deal out extra humiliation where and when they could.

And Janet Hill was the worst of the worst.

Exhausted, the two heroines were laying on their backs as Hill gathered everyone around in a huddle, and pitched a new idea to them. Rahne and Maria felt chills shout down their spines when the men began laughing and congratulating on her idea.

The men then rushed over to the limp heroines, pulled out their cocks and began to furiously masturbate. Rahne and Maria closed their eyes as cum rained down on their already covered bodies.

Then the guards pulled the girls to their feet, and began to quickly fuck them. Rahne and Maria whimpered, but the rapes weren't as bad as they usually were. Two men in each hole, but they were quick and seemed more concerned about spraying their spunk than causing further pain.

“Okay, that's enough,” Hill produced two blind holds and handed them to the men, “we can get some more out of storage. You guys blind fold them and get them to the room, and I'll tell the boss know we're trying out the new idea.”

Maria paled when she heard that. New idea? Experience has taught her that whenever Arcade had a new idea, pain and suffering would rise to a new level.

Blindfolded, the two were marched from the room and out into the hall.

Maria heard the sounds of grunting, and cries of pain, and winced when she heard her fellow Avenger Firebird frantically begging for mercy over the enthusiastic barking of a pack of dogs.

As bad as it was for Maria, it was even worse for Rahne. Her nose was almost as sharp as any canine's, even in human form, and her hearing was second to none. So when she passed by her friends being raped or tortured, she knew it was them and knew how they were suffering. She knew when she walked past Firebird being sodomized by three dogs, or how Jolt and Songbird, exhausted, were still working their way through a horde of fifty men still.
And when they reached their designated rooms, Rahne could smell Janet waiting. The woman's pussy was moist from anticipation, a thought that made Rahne tremble.

First, the heroines had their hands bound securely behind their backs. Then, a round cylinder was shoved into their cunts and anus. Both Maria and Rahne cringed at the penetration, and the cold breeze they felt in their privates was anything but pleasant. Their love holes were already loose from the days events, so as luck would have it wasn’t too unpleasant.

After that, they felt brushes drag across their skin, thick with globs of cum. Where Arcade had gotten it from, God only knew, but it never seemed to be in short supply, and the two girls would never forget how it felt for the rest of their lives.

Then, still blindfolded, they were led into a tall box not even wide enough to turn around in. The top of the box was closed around their necks with foam padding preventing chaffing.

Finally, the blind folds were removed, and Maria and Rahne were able to take stock of their situation. They were inside glass boxes, barely able to move and covered in cum like a second skin.

Compared to some situations they'd been in, it wasn't so bad. But both knew better than to relax. They waited anxiously for the next shoe to drop.

Janet Hill licked her lips, and waited as her fellow guards egged her on to begin. Like her employer, she put a great deal of value on the mental suffering. She wanted to wring every last second of nervous energy out of the two girls, before the real fun started.

“Come on already!”

Unfortunately, her co-workers weren't the artist she was. With a sigh, Janet pressed the activation button on the room's remote and stood back to watch.

At first, the two girls just felt some warm air on their privates. They glanced down, but saw nothing.

Did it malfunction? Maria wondered. She could literally hear Wolfsbane repeating the Lord’s Prayer, but by now the lapsed Catholic had given up on him for help.

Maria felt a tingling on her toe, like it was falling aside. It started on the sole of her left foot, and then began to spread to her right leg.

How can my legs fall asleep in a situation like this? Maria thought as she moved from one foot to the other, trying to increase the circulation in her legs. She couldn’t understand why her legs felt so tinglingly, or why the feeling refused to stop. As a matter of fact, it was as it was climbing her leg. With a terrible feeling of dread, she looked down.

“Oh God!”

Maria heard Rahne, but couldn’t find her voice. The glass cage she and the Scots mutant were trapped in was completely transparent allowing her to see everything. And here, it was anything but a blessing.

Maria and Rahne both saw, and felt, hundreds of black ants climbing their bodies like some unrelenting black tide.

Within a minute, the insects were everywhere.

“Oh gawwwwd!” Maria threw back her head and screamed. If her stomach wasn’t empty, she would have thrown up.

She felt them everywhere. Up and down her legs, in between her thighs, under her armpits and
across her breasts. She felt a million little legs and mouths picking the cum that was lathered across her body. Maria shook as she tried to break free, but like always, her restraints held fast.

Rahne Sinclair wasn’t in much better shape.

“Stopstopstopstop…!”

She squeezed her legs together to try to deny the tiny invaders access to her cum fill cunt, but they were not to be denied. She felt them climbing over her knees, across her thighs and then into her cunt. Rahne felt a terrible combination of pleasure and disgust as a dozen ants walked over her clit, stimulating the tender love bud.

Rahne felt disgust and a terrible twisting of her gut as she felt ants moving inside her feminine tunnel, and could feel more marching into her ass.

Maria threw herself from side to side went she felt the first couple of ants beginning to creep inside her. It was a strange and disgusting sensation, like someone tickling her insides and it made her head spin. She hit the sides again and again, but only succeeded in smashing a few insects gathering the cum that was on her thighs.

Inside the pink walls of her pussy, the ants went about exploring the passage to find all the cum they could. They moved at a mild pace, slowly gathering the sugar filled liquid and bring it back to their hive.

The guards watched with side splitting laughter as the two girls weeping thrashed around in their glass cages. They struggled like madmen, but nothing they did could dislodge the ants as they explored every intimate detail of their bodies. Their pillaged rears, their gaping cunts, their breasts, the ants were everywhere except their heads.

They were like a moving, invading second skin that left nothing untouched.

But for Janet Hill, that just wasn’t enough. She donned a special Ant-Man helmet that Arcade had acquired from A.I.M less than a week ago, and began issuing orders to the tiny rapists.

Rahne and Maria felt it almost instantly. The ants began to swarm over their nipples, pussy and especially clitoris. The ants, working in union, began to tease and stimulate the tender areas.

Maria screamed as she came, her clit overwhelmed by hundreds of little feet, and she was soon followed by Rahne.

In was pleasure in only the strictest, clinical sense. Hundreds of ants, brushing sensitive tissue with their front legs or pincers, working all at once, provided an amazing amount of stimulation and their bodies simply would not be denied.

But for both girls, it was followed by an even greater amount of revulsion and shame. They’d long since learned that their body would react without their mind’s consent, but cumming because of a horde of insects inside their body was by anyone’s definition a new low.

For the two heroines, it was the ultimate violation. Most every inch of their bodies were invaded, violated while their captors laughed.

The guards watched with painful hard-ons as the two writhed in pain, pleasure and humiliation.

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Paige Guthrie, AKA Husk, looked at the picture she’d been provided. She could still feel the sticky warmth of her last client inside her, but Arcade liked to keep them busy. Paige knew that he only
gave her a few minutes rest because her powers demanded it, otherwise he’d likely just strap her to a bed and leave her to the mercy of her johns.

The woman was a brunette with freckles and on the back of the picture, there was a name Alice Ross. There was a digital reaction of her entire body, naked of course. Paige half heartily thought of clothes as a privilege for women. Paige concentrated, and pulled away her skin to reveal an exact copy of the woman in the picture. Or at least, as close as she could get. Her face, hair color, breast size and even height would match the picture’s, but little things like scars or scent were impossible for her to duplicate.

More than one ‘client’ took issue with that, and made her pay for it.

“Alice?”

Paige knew the routine.

“Yes, it’s me. It’s been so long…”

“George,” the man was of average height, brown hair and wearing a business suit. He didn’t look too successful, but Paige knew how looks could be deceiving. It was a weird consolation, but Paige knew that anyone who was inside of her paid upwards of five thousand dollars for her to impersonate the object of their fantasies. There was something satisfying about how they were throwing away so much money for just a single hour of pain, sex and degradation.

“…George, I’ve missed you so much…”

“Liar!” the slap stung, and Paige fell back on the bed. Her eyes began to water as she realized that George wasn’t looking for some ideal reunion with a former or lost flame, but looking for revenge against the fantasy woman who either rejected him or never so much as noticed him.

A small part of Paige hated these women. She’d grown so accustomed to being used as a proxy that she wished the women had never rejected the sadists who paid handsomely to rape and violate her. In the anticipation of another long session, the irony was lost on Paige.

“You never cared about me!” George tackled Paige, and his calloused hands began to squeeze her breasts, “it was always about the money!”

“I had to have it!” Paige cried, as the finger nails of her John scrapped her breasts. With genuine self loathing, she said, “I was never good enough for you!”

“I knew that from the beginning,” George sneered, “but you tasted so great.”

Paige screamed as George sank his teeth into her left breast. He didn’t break the skin, but he came damn close as he jerked it back and forth, like a dog with a piece of meat. Paige gripped the sheets, and prayed that whoever was monitoring this would become involved before any permanent damage was done.

George climaxed quickly, and released his death grip on her breast, but Paige knew it wasn’t anywhere near over. At the end of the bed sat a chest full of painful sex toys, and Paige could count on one hand the amount of people who skipped it.

As George began rummaging through the chest, Paige silently turned herself over so that she was laying on her chest, ass exposed. In her experience, it wouldn’t occur to men to whip her pussy unless it was right in front of their face.
“Alice?”

Paige turned her head on instinct. She recognized the ‘toys’ George had selected.

“Whip or paddle?”

“Whip,” Paige actually wanted the paddle, but had a hunch her John only cared about the pain.

“Paddle it is. Make yourself presentable.”

What a victory, Paige thought to herself as she got on her hands and knees on top of the bed.

-Whack!-

Paige choked on her scream. She had no way of knowing that yesterday, Arcade had added sharp studs to the paddles. The studs weren’t enough to break the skin, but when connected to a wooden paddle made entirely of oak, they certainly felt as if they could.

-Whack!-

“Not so smug now, huh?”

Paige trembled in pain as it felt like a hundred needles were being driven into her ass.

-Whack!-

“No smart remarks, Alice?”

Paige screamed like the terrified young woman she was. Tears streamed down her cheeks, and mentally she raged at how Alice treated George.

“I…deserve it,” Paige managed to whisper.

-Whack!-

“Louder!”

“I’m a whore!” Paige screamed, “I caused this!”

“Damn!”

-Crack!-

“Right!”

-Crack!-

“You do!”

George paddled Paige’s ass with the rage of twenty years of resentment and anger behind each swing. Husk gripped the blankets tightly as she tried to endure the pain, tried to focus on anything else but the burning red agony that was spread across her backside. Paige felt as though she’d sat down on a grill, and the pain just refused to stop.

Eventually though, the room became bathed in a red light, a warning that the ‘property’ (Paige) couldn’t take much more without risking permanent damage. After the AIM incident, there wasn’t a single client willing to risk Arcade’s wraith.
So George tossed the paddle aside, and freed his aching cock.

He grabbed the sides of Paige’s bright red ass, each finger feeling like a railroad spike, and impaled her her puckered rear.

Paige squealed, and began to push back in tune with George’s thrusts. Even after the hundredth time, sodomy was no less painful but Paige was determined just to get it over with.

“Your ass is the tightest thing I’ve ever had, Alice!” George complimented as he sawed in and out of Paige’s ass. The warmth and pressure he felt around his cock was one of the best things ever, and he mentally enjoyed the feel of the slight dimples on ‘Alice’s’ ass, created by the paddle.

Finally, George couldn’t hold out much longer. He groaned, and came inside of Paige’s anus.

“Wouldn’t want you getting pregnant, would we?” George pushed Paige aside, “not with my kid, anyways. But Madison, oh you’d pop out a kid for him!”

What else could he do to me, Paige wondered in a stupor. The pain was so much now that she could barely think, but if she’s had her wits about her, the young X-Man would have known better than to ask.

George went to the edge of the bed and slammed three fingers into Paige’s cunt. He punched his fingers into Paige’s cunt with over ten years frustration, and the young mutant’s scream of pain was the most satisfying sound George had heard in years.

As her latest client pounded her cunt, Paige did everything she could not to catch a glimpse of one of the clock. Each wall had one, as Arcade understood perfectly how being aware of the time made it pass that much slower, that much more painfully, and she still had a few hours left with her ‘boyfriend’
Chapter 15

Hour 7

Rahne and Maria didn’t know how long they were left alone with the ants, but each second was pure terror. By the time the guards pulled the two heroines out of the ‘Ant-Trap’, both Wolfsbane and Silverclaw felt as though the insects had formed a second, invasive skin, and their minds almost shut down in panic.

The two were pulled out, and roughly hauled into the showers that were luckily in the next room.

Maria didn’t even notice the freezing cold water as it splashed across her body. All she cared about was wiping the ants clean from her brown skin. One guard pushed Maria on her back, and inserted a hose into her cunt, and still Maria didn’t resist. She only felt relief as the tiny, disgusting invaders were flushed from her body.

Rahne was equally passive. She even spread her cunt with both hands, for once welcoming a violation, when they came around with the hose. She was disparate to cleanse the insects that had made their way inside her love tunnel. Water rushed up inside of her when the hose was inserted, and she felt a slight tickle as dozens of ants were swept out of her pussy and down the drain.

When it was all done, Rahne and Maria were laying limp on the tile floor, sucking in air as they tried to calm down, tried to regain their senses. They were utterly exhausted, both physically and mentally. The sheer terror of the ants invading their every crevice went beyond draining, beyond any battle they had fought before they were still heroines and not sexual puppets, made to dance at their captors every whim.

“Okay ladies, Jake managed to get a reservation, and it took some doing, so you don’t get a nap just yet,” Janet Hill smirked.

Maria just covered her eyes and cried softly as she heard the jingle of a leash and choker chain. Three of the guards came inside the room, each holding two leashes.

Arcade, in the time following their capture, had built a large collection of animals for various shows. A half dozen donkeys, four horses and over a dozen dogs, all trained in fucking human pussy, usually in front of a crowd. Maria knew she should have been ashamed to think it, but she’d prayed that they were in use fucking some other heroine right now.

Naturally, Arcade rarely let the animals go to waste.

Maria swallowed a lump in her throat. Only yesterday she was used as a cum bucket by several rich assholes spoiling their purebreds, and now she was going to do it all over again. The rookie Avenger knew better than to expect any mercy from either animal or human.

Like the sun rising, Maria knew she had to accept the dog cocks into her pussy as scientific fact now, and it was going to happen regardless of how she felt about it.

“You people are sick!”

Unfortunately, the same could not be said of Rahne.

Maria felt her blood run cold, and she looked at her fellow captive and was horrified by what she saw.
Rahne was on her knees, her face flush with anger and tears, and she was looking at the guards with pure moral indignation.

Anywhere else, it might have been inspiring, but here, experience had taught Maria that Rahne’s righteous anger was as smart, and effective, as throwing bloody meat at sharks.

“What you are doing is wrong! We are human beings!”

Shut up, just shut up, for the love of God! Maria silently begged as she squeezed her eyes shut, as if sheer denial was enough to change all this.

Maria remembered vividly the time when she herself snapped, and verbally tore into her captors, like a teacher trying to shame a disobedient class. Silverclaw called them sons of bitches, rattled off the few names she had memorized, and swore that she’d kill them all when she was free unless they stopped immediately.

Maria wept bitter tears as two ribbed dildos punched inside her cunt and ass, striking deeper than God had ever intended before pulling out and plunging back in again. The one aimed at her pussy punched her pussy with the strength of a heavy weight boxer at least three times a minute, and she’d been enduring for the last several hours. The dildo penetrating her ass was the size of a normal fist, and seemed to reach the end effortlessly.

Both dildos were covered in leather, and so absorbed every ounce of natural lubrication Silverclaw’s body managed to squeeze out after hours of this punishment. They relentlessly pulled and teared at her inner walls.

Maria was bound spread eagle on a metal X, and held down with clamps so strong she felt as though they were slowly slicing into her flesh. Plastic cords were lashed around her breasts hours ago, and by now her once tanned brown breasts were purple from lack of blood. Her breasts felt as if they’d been sawed off, but the pain never went away, never stopped. Occasionally, some guard would wonder in, whipping her purple breast and chest whenever it struck their fancy.

The agony seemed to climb with each lash, and when the guards were finally done Maria was quacking in her bonds and drooling in her gag.

On top of it all, a suction tube had been applied to her clit. The sensation was maddening, as the tender love-bud was stimulated sucked and pulled from its hood. Random, forced pleasure assaulted her mind while her pussy was pummeled like a punching bag.

Of course, Arcade wasn’t one to let a single orifice go to waste. While her cunt and anus were being ravaged, and her breasts tortured, Maria was expected to suck off guard after guard. There was a small saving grace that nothing supported her head. So Maria simply went limp and opened her mouth for cock after cock. In her position, she felt their balls slap her nose and their cocks touch her tonsils, but Maria had long since lost her gag reflex.

The Hispanic Avenger had no idea how much cum she’d swallowed, but knew she could feel at least a half gallon settled in her stomach like glue, and it was all she could taste or smell.

As if that weren’t enough, Maria had no way of knowing how long Arcade intended to keep her bound like this. She had an IV in one arm, and could feel plugs inside her body that stopped any waste from escaping. The pressure had become unbearable at least three times before Maria remembered passing out from the agony, and later awaking with the pressure relieved.
As Maria passed into a fitful sleep, still being reamed by machine on one end and cock in the other, she found herself wishing that she’d wake up and find her gag gone, if only so she could beg for mercy.

Maria, in her time here, had been forced to fuck a horse, demons and everything in between, but it was her punishment for speaking out that gave her the most horrifying nightmares yet. She was still terrified that Arcade would do it all over again, just on a whim.

The guards gave Rahne an amused look, and then glanced to one another. Maria held her breath, and prayed they weren’t feeling creative.

The guards looked at one another, and formed a huddle, snickering and laughing the entire time. Both Maria and Rahne held their breath as the huddle ended, and guards emerged with knowing, sadistic smiles on their faces.

“So the bitch doesn’t want cock?” asked one guard, “I remember watching you take a whole pack! What happened? You looked like you enjoyed being the single bitch.”

Rahne unconsciously covered her bare breasts with her left arm as she remembered the incident. They’d sprayed her with pheromones to make the dogs think she was in heat, gave her a mild sedative that kept her from fighting back, threw her in the room and just sat back and watched.

The dogs mounted her like she was the last female on the face of the planet, and went at the young Scotswoman with a passion only an animal could sustain.

For hours.

When it was all over, Rahne was laying on the floor, her mouth and pussy leaking cum and her body littered with shallow scratches and bite marks. She didn’t speak to anyone for three days, not that it kept Arcade from having her abused. To this day, she never willingly spoke of the incident.

“This is just too much,” Rahne said softly, tears streaming down her face, “please, anything else…!”

“Fine, fine, you don’t have to service your boyfriends today,” replied one of the guards, “Silverclaw just gets double duty.”

“What?” Maria snapped. She turned to Rahne with a look of pure hatred, her eyes wet with tears, “you stupid bitch! Why couldn’t you just shut up! Why did you have to open your mouth!”

“Hey now, save that for later!” barked one of the guards, “assume the position and lets get this over with!”

Maria got on all fours, hands and knees, all the while glaring pure hatred at Rahne. One of the guards grabbed Maria by the hair, and pulled her towards the dogs. Maria moved as fast as she could on all fours, whimpering pathetically the entire time.

“Come on, hurry it up,” snapped the guard, “those sons of bitches take long enough as is, no reason for you to do the same.”

The man brought Maria within five feet of the dogs, and then gave her a ‘You know what to do’ look.

Maria, sobbing harder and harder as she grew to accept that she’d the dog’s only bitch today. She raised her ass in the air, and began to finger her slit. Maria secretly tried to fight it, but soon she was as wet as a washcloth, and the dogs began to pull even harder at their leashes.
It was a classic Pavlov response. The dogs had been used to fuck every heroine present. It didn’t take them long to learn that the smell of female juices meant that they’d get to dig their wick and for such simple creatures, there was no greater pleasure.

The guards let slip two of the leashes, and Maria squeezed her eyes shut as the dogs sprinted towards her vulnerable body.

“Ahh!” Maria screamed as the first dog impaled itself in her pussy. The second one came around to her face, and began rubbing its red cock all across her face. Her eyes still nailed shut, Maria opened her mouth and took the animal cock inside. The last time she refused to let a dog cum on her face, the guards shoved a baseball bat up her pussy and left it there for two days.

The cock she was sucking off came quickly enough, and Maria was thankful that the dog’s knot could easily pass her lips.

The same couldn’t be said for the dog impaling her pussy. His swollen cock came quickly enough, but it refused to deflate, so for ten minutes Maria felt the cock bounce up and down her pussy before it finally came loose.

The next dog they let loose on Maria nudged her side, and the young demi-goddess obediently turned over and laid on her back.

She’d worked with this dog before.

The dog dropped its cock into Maria’s gaping mouth, while it bent over and began lapping at her pussy. Maria felt a stab of red hot shame as pleasure began to trickle across her body thanks to the dog’s skilled tongue, as it sought to bring her clit out of hiding, and savor the moisture of her pussy as she became wet.

“Hey look, the dog taught the bitch a trick!” the guards laughed.

Meanwhile, Rahne was suffering a different, but no less painful, humiliation.

One of Arcade’s standing rules that any expression of defiance was to be met with swift and painful rape. By now, everyone knew it, but when swept up in the heat of the moment, paid it no heed.

Within minutes, Rahne was standing, shackled spread eagle with restraints hanging from the ceiling and a pair connected to the floor. Wolfsbane pulled at them weakly, desperately hoping that maybe this time that they were loose, that this time she might somehow get away.

But as always, that wasn’t the case here. The restraints on the ceiling were pulled so tight that the young mutant had to stand on the tips of her toes to just relieve the pressure she felt on her arms.

Rahne felt that if they were pulled any tighter, she might actually be pulled apart. And to her ternal shame, she realized that she might prefer that to being Arcade’s captive sex toy.

“You know, I should thank you,” the guard’s name was Jackson, and like everyone else he was hired because of his strong sadistic streak and total lack of morals, “I thought we’d get to test these toys out on Free Spirit or your Indian friend. But here you get to be the first!”

Rahne’s eyes began to water, as the guard’s statement began to sink in. When she felt him attach a small silver disc to the center of her chest, Rahne began to struggle against the restraints with renewed vigor.

“Please please please don’t do this!” Rahne pleaded as she trembled.
Whenever Arcade or his people devised a new torture, they were always careful to ensure that it wouldn’t permanently damage his captive heroines. Arcade said it was because he didn’t want to break his own toys, and even as he had them violated or whipped, the madman took some safety precautions against long term damage.

The silver disc on Rahne’s chest was a special sensor that first and foremost alerted the main systems that monitored the heroine’s health that an experiment was taking place. Second, the devise read literally everything about her body, how her nerves reacted, how close her muscles were to tearing, how much fluid was in her stomach, anything and everything was fed back to a special supercomputer designed to keep them from suffering a permanent or crippling injury.

All the information was used to determine exactly how far Arcade could push his places before they broke, before a creative torture crossed the line into a snuff film.

Rahne had mostly heard about it. This was her first time as a test subject, a guinea pig, and it terrified her. Every experiment was agonizing, as Rahne would learn days later. There were things like the dildo that could expand to the size of a baby’s head, or the lube that was little more than a combination of baby oil and hot sauce. Rahne could vividly remember when they were first tested, and when they were later used on her.

“Oh shut up,” Jackson snapped, “you know why this is happening, right?”

Jackson grabbed the branded ‘A’ on Rahne’s side, the mark that every last one of them bore. The brand, somehow, was still agonizingly raw, and the simple pinch felt like a knife in the side, and Rahne barely managed to keep from screaming again.

“Yes,” Rahne replied quickly. She’d long since learned that quick answers often brought at least a temporary relief to the pain, “because I said no. Because I forgot that I was jus’ a cunt on legs.”

Any answer would do, and the more insulting, Rahne found, the better.

“That’s right,” Jackson’s smile was more predatory than any animal Rahne had ever seen, “and because of that you get to test our newest toys. Anderson, the box!”

Rahne trembled as one of the guards dropped a box in front of Jackson. It seemed to hold a modified curling iron, a small pocket flash light and a whip, though Rahne knew she wasn’t going to be that lucky.

“Alright, let’s see if I remember what O’Toole told me about this thing.”

Wolfsbane didn’t dare ask what the devise did. She just hoped that he’d lose interest, and move onto just raping her. Rahne never thought there’d be a time when she hoped she was just raped, but lately it was almost an everyday occurrence.

She’d rather take a dick in her pussy than suffer just half the things that were inflicted on her on a daily basis. A simple rape was almost a mercy, these days, no more traumatizing than a visit to the dentist.

“This is supposed to be a high intensity UV light,” Jackson began, “designed to cause a sunburn in seconds.”

“Please, I’m sorry!” Rahne begged.

“Nah, I kinda like it,” Jackson breasted it just above Rahne’s right breast, and turned it on, “it’s like an awesome magic marker!”
Rahne threw her head back and screamed as Jackson slowly dragged the burning UV light across her chest. Wolfsbane screamed so loudly that, for a moment, the dogs that had been fucking Silverclaw paused, and glanced her way in sympathy.

But they went back to fucking Silverclaw without a second thought. To them, the two once heroines were just pack bitches.

Rahne writhed in agony as Jackson used her bare flesh as a black board. Each inch that he dragged it across her skin was like a raging fire. Her bonds had been tightened, but still Rahne thrashed around, her mind white with pain. When Jackson was finally done with his ‘art project’, he took a step back to admire his handiwork.

The words ‘stupid bitch’ was written in bright red letters across Wolfsbane’s naked chest. Rahne’s entire body glistened in sweat, but the letters were still like a red neon sign plastered across her chest.

“Holy shit, it works!” laughed one guard.

Rahne found that she still had tears, as she realized that she was just the first to suffer like this, that Arcade had yet another toy in his arsenal with which to torture them with, as if he didn’t have dozens of ways already.

“Hey, it was just one test!” Jackson shouted back, “we still need a few more experiments, you guys know that!”

“Oh God…” Rahne moaned pathetically as she watched as Jackson walked behind her, and pressed the UV light against her ass, and turned it on.

“Arrrgh!” Rahne’s entire body took with the force of her screams. It felt as though a laser were digging into her flesh, slowly melting it away. The pain felt nothing like what it actually was, simply a fast acting sunburn.

When Jackson was done, Rahne had the words ‘Whip’ sunburned into her left cheek, and ‘Me’ on the right.

“I can’t wait to try that thing out on Songbird!” one guard hooted.

“Oh man, I gotta write up a list of things to plaster on these bitches!”

“Okay guys, that’s enough,” Jackson waved them down, “O’Toole said not to use it too much, wants to make sure it’s safe.”

Jackson slapped the sunburn on Rahne’s chest, eliciting a cry of pain.

“Seems to work fine, if you ask me, though.”

Rahne breathed a short breath of relief. Though her chest and ass still burned painfully, she was glad that they were at least erring on the side of caution. Though she knew that only meant there’d be more tests later…

“Okay, now for the next one.”

Rahne felt a knot form in her stomach as Jackson picked up what she first thought looked like a curling iron, but saw was really more a combination of riding crop and curling iron.

“…what is that?” Rahne’s imagination began to run amok, and wished she was never born rather
than find out.

“An old fashioned tool with a new twist,” Jackson said, “O’Toole said it was a cane mixed with a branding iron.”

Rahne’s eyes went wide with horror.

“I know, isn’t it cool?” Jackson laughed as he took up a position behind Rahne.

Rahne began to pull frantically at her bonds, to the point she would have accepted the loss of her arms just to get away. She tried desperately to summon her mutant powers and the strength that came with it, but her body remained unchanged.

But Arcade was thorough. No matter how hard she struggled, Rahne would never be able to use her innate powers without her captor’s permission. Rahne swore that they’d never take her soul, but there was no question that Arcade owned the mutant’s body, lock stock and barrel.

The first crack of the superheated cane was unlike anything Rahne had felt before. Her vision went white, but for a moment, she didn’t feel any pain. In fact, she didn’t feel much of anything.

At first.

But then the agony hit her like a wave cresting, and the Lupine Mutant screamed as loud as her lungs would allow. Jackson found the sound intoxicating, and swung the cane even harder.

As Wolfsbane was whipped with a scolding hot cane, Silverclaw took a dog cock in both her pussy and mouth, as the guards watched and leered.

&&&

Elsewhere

Boomerang breathed a sigh of relief when the blindfold was removed from around his head. Trust was a rare commodity in the supervillain community, and the only hint you ever had that a boss was dissatisfied with your work was when he sent someone to kill you.

But in the past few weeks since he’d joined up with The Hood, Boomerang was confident that the new boss on the block was satisfied with his work. All that was left, everyone said, was one final initiation. That was why he, Eel, Trapster, Chemistro and Blizzard were all blindfolded, as they’d joined up together.

Boomerang felt the Hood teleport them, and when the blindfold was removed, him found himself along with his teammates, standing before Hood and his sorta girlfriend, Satana. The room was pitch black, except for a single light cast down from above revealing only the six criminals. Almost instantly Boomerang figured it had to be magic.

“Alright boys,” Hood began, “tonight’s mostly about having a good time. But I’ll warn you, it’s also about how far you’re willing to go. Once you’re in with me, you’re in. No pulling a Thunderbolt, no half assed fence sitting, none of that bullshit.”

“Fine with us,” Eel replied.

“Yeah, we aint no pussies,” declared Blizzard.

“Funny you should say that,” Hood smiled. With a snap of his fingers and a burst of light, the room
was illuminated, and what the four saw shocked them.

Dallas Riodan, Citizen V, and Melissa Gold, Songbird stood at the edge of two separate beds, with a collar attached to their necks that led to the headboard. Both heroines were as naked as the day they were born, standing in front of mannequins dressed in their old costumes and in their mouths were a pack of condoms.

“Holy shit!” Blizzard became hard almost instantly, “this place is real? I thought it was just bullshit!”

“I heard these bitches were dead!” Eel smiled underneath his mask, and noticed how the two only seemed to tremble underneath their gaze. Having been on the ass end of many an ass-kicking, Eel felt intoxicated by their cowed looks.

Trapster and Blizzard, however, didn’t share the feeling. They exchanged a glance, readied their weapons, and…

“Ah-ah!” Satana touched both villains upside their heads, and they froze instantly.

“What’s with them?” Chemistro asked.

“They seem to have some slight moral objections to tonight’s entertainment,” Hood replied.

“Damn Blizzard,” Boomerang shook his head as he looked at his old partner, “thought you knew the score, mate. You don’t have to kill him, do ya?”

Hood shook his head, “Nah. My girl will just wipe their minds, and we’ll say they got drunk and tried to paw her.”

“That’s pretty kind of you,” Eel said.

“Nothing sparks self righteous curiosity like dead criminals,” Satana explained as Blizzard and Trapster stood stupidly in front of her, “and some of us enjoy this establishment.”

“I here that,” Eel rubbed his hands together, “dibs on the red head.”

“You can have ‘er,” Boomerang said, “me and Songbird, we need to have words about a mutual friend.”

Melissa began to tremble, knowing that it was always worse when her john had a personal grudge.

“Chemistro?” Hood gave his minion a look, “any preference?”

“I dunno, I got a girlfriend,” the villain said, “it okay if I just get a blow job? That ain’t cheating to me.”

“I hear that. Its fine, but make a choice,” Hood said, “I recommend the red head. She used to be a cop.”

“A cop?” Chemistro clenched his fists, “that’s all I need to know.”

Songbird began to shake as Boomerang approached her, but remained still. He walked past her, and then picked up the chain connected to her leash off the floor.

“Come on bitch,” Boomerang cruelly yanked the leash, and then swung it so that Songbird was flung onto the bed. Songbird was left gasping, as Boomerang stood over her and spread her legs.
“So what is it about this pussy that turned the Beetle into honest Abe?” Boomerang asked. He jammed his fingers into Songbird’s slit, and began to feel around as if he was looking for something. Songbird bit her lip, fearing that anything she might say would only provoke him further.

“I think I need to do some investigation, what do you think?” Boomerang’s smile was like that of a shark’s to Songbird, as he withdrew his fingers from her cunt.

“I think…” Songbird rolled on her back, and looked the villain in the eyes. She remembered defeating the Elements of Doom, two dozen Masters of Evil, Graviton and even saving the world alongside her teammates.

But then Melissa Gold remembered Baron Zemo made her beg for mercy, how she was fucked by dogs in front of a cheering crowd, and how she meekly raped her teammates with a strap-on, and they’d done the same to her. Just a few hours ago she’d serviced a contingent of Hydra agents. The old Songbird was just a cruel memory now, an advertisement for whore.

“I think this…” Songbird spread her pussy, and put on her best fake smile, “…is yours right now.”

She knew exactly why Boomerang hated her. He and her old boyfriend, Abe Jenkins The Beetle, worked together. But when he became Mach-1 and her lover, they both turned their back on the criminal lifestyle. It wasn’t something that was much discussed, but villains who reformed were always regarded as the lowest of the low. Worse than rats or snitches, they were scum who goose stepped for ‘The Man’ and beat up people they should be helping.

It was a stupid, Melissa knew. Hell, she remembered calling the Scarlet Witch a whore just because she spent ten minutes as a villain. ‘Screaming Mimi’ was a villain for half a decade.

As if that weren’t enough, to Boomerang, Songbird was the evil seductress that stole away his friend. The idea that Abe might have decided to be a better man on his own, that he was the one who led them both back into society as respectable members, was too much for Boomerang to consider.

“Damn right it is,” Boomerang hissed. He pushed down his pants and leaned over, pressing his cock inside of Songbird.

Melissa expected him to begin fucking her right then and there, but Boomerang hesitated. He pushed his hips forward, then stopped.

“Not bad, not bad,” Boomerang said, like he was test driving a car. He pulled out, then flipped Songbird on her stomach.

“Ugh!” Songbird grunted as Boomerang pushed into her tight anal passage. Songbird was certain he was going to fuck her in earnest, but after only a few strokes, he pulled out.

“Better,” Boomerang rubbed his chin, “turn around, and suck bitch.”

Songbird felt the little bit that remained of her gag reflex return, but still she complied. She wrapped her mouth around his cock, shutting out the taste, and sucked like she had so many times before.

“Damn…” Boomerang moaned, “fine mouth you got there. I really can’t decide which one I want.”

“Why choose?” Satana whispered in Boomerang’s ear, and suddenly the villain felt a wave of vitality wash over him, “as long as your anger burns, your spear will hold strong.”

“Oh babe,” Boomerang grabbed Songbird by the ankles and flipped her over on her stomach, “in that case, I know just where to start!”
Melissa squealed as Boomerang all but punched into her tight ass. He grabbed her hair like it was the reigns of a horse, and pulled her head back as he fucked her. Songbird screamed for mercy as his rod punched inside her, but Boomerang wasn’t hearing any of it.

When he decided her hair wasn’t strong enough to give him the depth he wanted, Boomang draped himself over her backside and grabbed her shoulders. Boomerang, who was professional athlete long before he was a professional criminal, used every ounce of strength to pull Songbird down onto his cock.

Songbird wept as she was crushed against the bed. Only Zemo hurt her this much she he fucked, and even he wasn’t this savage. Boomerang fucked her like an animal, and Songbird couldn’t begin to guess how long he’d last.

&&&

Dallas trembled as she cupped her breasts for Eel. The villain had pulled two twist-ties out of the ‘sex toy’ box, and ordered her to present herself.

Dallas cringed as the plastic was looped around both her breasts. This wasn’t her first time, after all.

“Damn, these things are huge!” Eel remarked as he tightened the first one. Dallas took a sharp intake of breath, as the plastic began to grind against her large breasts. Eel pulled the twist tie as tight as he could, and then went onto the second one.

When he was done, Dallas felt her eyes water. She could feel the blood draining from her beautiful breasts, and already they were beginning to ache. And she felt a sense of dread when she noticed the ends of the ties came out on the side.

“Okay, that’s the first set.”

“First?” Dallas couldn’t stop herself from asking.

“Oh course,” Eel gave her nipple a quick pinch, “a pig like you needs some jewelry to look pretty.”

Eel produced a set of cuffs, and she knew instantly what he meant. She turned around, and placed her hands behind her back before she even realized he hadn’t given her an order.

“Whoa! What a well trained bitch!” Chemistro laughed.

It was a pathetic joke, but it stabbed Dallas in the heart like a knife. Was she really so weak that she did what her Johns wanted just on instinct? She wanted to tell herself no, but the evidence spoke for itself.

Dallas heard the –click- of the cuffs, and for a moment just wondered ‘why’. It was a well known fact that Arcade had them humbled by failsafes. Every cock they took inside them was proof of that, so why did they feel the need to add even more restraints over that? When was the humiliation enough for them?

“Okay pig, lay across the bed,” Eel ordered, as Dallas was on the verge of breaking into tears, or into a murderous rampage (if she could have). Eel didn’t know any of that, but he certainly did savor the burning look on her face.

Citizen V did as she was told without hesitation, as her breasts began to burn and ache. Chemistro walked around to where she rested her head, and began to unbuckle his pants.
“You sure you don’t want any pink?” Eel said, as he undid his pants.

“Nah, my girl wouldn’t approve,“ replied Chemistro, “but we agreed, blow jobs weren’t cheatin’.”

“Such a romantic,” Eel chuckled, “ready to pork this pig?”

“Oh hell yeah!”

Chemistro grabbed Dallas’ purple breasts, and used them to pull her towards his erect cock. The pain was like a scorching fire, and Dallas screamed in agony until Chemistro’s cock plugged her throat perfectly.

“Ahh yeah,” Chemistro sighed as he felt the warmth around his manhood. He began to knead Dallas’ blood starved breasts, which only made her gurgle louder. But her screams felt more like a humming massage.

“Lets see what this pussy is like,” Eel grabbed the ends of the plastic ties that choked Dallas’ breasts, and used them as leverage plunged into her unprepared snatch.

Dallas somehow found the strength to scream louder, as her dry pussy was fucked raw while the plastic ties around her breasts began to tighten more and more. They left like blunt saws, hacking away at her breasts.

“Oh yeah!” Eel shouted, as his cock traveled the length of Dallas’ pain wracked pussy. Physically she wasn’t the best fuck he’d had, but mentally the fact that he had a heroine, a D-lister like him who got his ass beat by Daredevil like clockwork, was the greatest aphrodisiac in the world.

Her blue eyes filled with tears, her wrists cuffed behind her back, the way her body was wracked with sobs and how her pussy gripped his cock, Eel couldn’t think of a better fuck he’d had in his entire life.

The same, however, could not be said of Chemistro.

To him, fucking Dallas was just part of ‘The Game’. He had to take it the first time he did some hard time, so why shouldn’t these bitches have to do the same?

So he didn’t feel the same rush that Eel did, when his cock traveled the length of Dallas’ throat. She was positioned so perfectly that he was a little afraid that he might hit her tonsils, but otherwise Dallas was just a regular blow job to him, and Chemistro had plenty of those before. And since the whole point of this was to show that he was loyal, a ruthless cog in Hood’s criminal machine, he decided that it would be best if he didn’t finish two quickly.

The Hood and Satana watched as the two Thunderbolts wept and begged as they were fucked by his people, and felt a sense of accomplishment for today. He’d weeded out two weak links, and ensured the loyalty of three more.

After raping a heroine, there was no way these three could ever consider going to the other side. Even if no one knew, they would know, and they knew Hood would know. So all they could do now was devote themselves to their criminal careers, always looking for that big score.

“Who knew that Thunderbolts could be so helpful to committed villains?”
Hour 8

“….please, no more.”

Rahne’s throat was too dry to even scream as the steaming hot cane was brought down across her
ass. She just whimpered, and then sobbed.

“We still need to fully test this. Hey, Bobby, Jake, do a ‘T’,” ordered the head guard Jackson.

The two guards stepped towards Rahne, each grabbing a leg. The red headed mutant knew what
they had in mind, but was too weak to put up anything that resembled resistance, even if she could.

With her legs spread like an open book, her pussy completely exposed, Rahne knew what was to
come next.

-crack!-

Rahne gasped, and then went limp, tears streaming down her eyes. Her nerves registered nothing but
agony, but she was as silent as the grave. Her pain threshold had been crossed ages ago, but only
now had Rahne lost the ability to respond.

“Oh hell,” Jackson looked at his watch, and saw it blinking red.

“Guess she needs a tune up, huh?” asked another guard, as he admired Rahne’s ‘stupid bitch’
sunburn. He pinched her abused nipple, but Rahne didn’t even moan.

“Afraid so,” Jackson sighed, “get the bitches off Silverclaw. We might as well patch them both up.
Besides, I’m getting hungry.”

Silverclaw said a silent prayer as she felt the dog’s cock pull out of her tight snatch. The guards
losing interest in their humiliation was as small blessing, but a blessing none the less.

“Get up!”

Silverclaw found the strength to climb to her feet, her legs shaking. She began to walk to the door,
but barely made it a dozen feet before she fell forward, unable to stand. All she felt below her waist
was pain.

“Hell with this,” said one of the guards, Big Tiny. He was a monster of a man, dwarfing all the girls.
He grabbed Silverclaw around the waist and carried the limp heroines like they were bags of
groceries.

“I’ll take ‘em to see the doc,” said Big Tiny, “you guys get me a plate.”

Wolfsbane and Silverclaw were in a haze of agony as Big Tiny carried them through the
underground Brother. The only thing that registered in their minds was the fact that they were no
longer hurting.

Big Tiny stopped at a door labeled ‘Medical Facilities’, and kicked the closed door loudly.

“Hey Doc Shoc,” Big Tiny roared, “open up! I got two new bitches for you!”
The door slip open, and in the threshold stood a grey skinned man, leaning on a cane and wearing a lab-coat with a look of pure contempt on his face.

“They’re neither bitches, nor new,” Doc Shoc huffed.

Both Silverclaw and Wolfsbane breathed an honest sigh of relief when they heard the man’s voice.

Doctor Eliot Peter Frankenstein, or Doc Shoc as he was nicknamed, was Arcade’s only male prisoner. A descendent of the legendary Frankenstein, he’d taken an interest in his ancestor’s work, but not in creating artificial life, but in the power of electricity itself. He was absolutely fascinated how his ancestor used it to create live, to bring back dead tissue.

According to the Doctor himself, it took two long decades, but after an experiment blew up in his face, his body became a sort of transformer for electrical energy. All he needed to heal the human body of virtually any injury was a few volts of energy, and a gentle touch.

“Whatever,” Big Tiny grunted, “they’re your responsibility for a while. Don’t get too attached.”

“Monsters, all of them,” Doc Shoc muttered. With a pained grunt, he got down on one knee, and took both girls’ hand, “just relax.”

Both girls had been through this before, and closed their eyes. They heard an electric hum, but were a little surprised when, at first, nothing happened.

“Sorry, ladies, my battery is a little low,” Doc Shoc smiled with a trace of guilt. He then closed his eyes, and both girls nearly jumped out of their skin when the energy began to flow.

But unlike when Arcade’s people would press a taser to their clit, the energy that flowed from Doc Shoc’s body was like warm spring water. As it engulfed them, every tear, every ache, every pain from the last twenty four hours evaporated like morning mist. Stretched muscles and deep pains resumed their natural state, and cuts sealed themselves without complaint.

In so many ways, it was like physically waking from a nightmare.

The only thing that remained was the branded ‘A’ Arcade had given them, but even now it throbbed just a little less.

“Oh God, thank you, Doctor” Maria sat up, and stretched her arms, “even after so many times, it still feels like heaven!”

“It’s the least I can do,” Doc Shoc replied. He helped the two to their feet, despite his bad knee, “someone has to redeem my gender.”

“I’ve eaten too much pussy to think less of men because of all this,” Silverclaw sighed, “we’re going to go clean up, Doc.”

“Of course,” Doc Shoc said, “if you need me, I’ll be in my office.”

Rahne and Maria stumbled to the showers, and when the first spray of hot water washed over them, both girls felt faint with relief.

Without a word, they each took a bar of soap. Maria turned around first, and Rahne ran it across the length of her back, until Maria’s back was slick with soap. When she was done, Rahne turned around, and Maria turned the favor. Bathing in captivity had become something of a ritual to them now.
“You felt that, right?” Maria asked, as she lathered her breasts with soap.

“Aye, o’ course, but…” Rahne’s voice trailed off as she began to shampoo her hair.

“Don’t even try, you mutie bitch,” Maria growled. She pushed Rahne against the wall, with murder in her eyes, “I just took dog cock for you!”

“You know I never meant that to happen!” Rahne defended, with tears in her eyes, “I jus’ couldn’t take it anymore! I just snapped!”

“You couldn’t take it, so I did!” Maria snapped.

“It wasn’t like they let me off easy!” Rahne said.

“I’d have traded places with you in a heartbeat,” said Maria. She could almost hear the dogs panting in her ear, “so yeah, you’re taking one for the team. If you don’t, I will tell the others!”

Maria all but pushed Rahne out of the showers the moment she had all the shampoo out of her hair. Alone, Maria douchéd herself, and did everything she could to force the memory of the dogs fucking her, the knot that took hold in her cunt out of her mind.

She didn’t have much luck. Instead, she broke down in the shower stall, sobbing, both from the memory, and from the fact that fucking a dog just didn’t disgust her like it used to.

But being used to all this? That still disgusted the once proud Avenger.

Rahne, for her part, took a towel Doc Shoc had kindly placed outside the shower and wrapped it around herself. She didn’t plan to keep it on long, but clothing of any kind was a luxury.

She found Doc Doc in his ‘study’, a twenty by sixteen foot room that held a bed, a desk littered with an impressive amount of whiskey bottles, and a bookcase that held an equally impressive number of medical books, with a TV in the center.

Doc Shoc, as usual, was at his desk, reviewing yet another medical journal. Rahne suspected that he only did it to give himself the illusion of something to do. Despite herself, Rahne’s eyes lingered on the television. Arcade had been amazingly strict in controlling the flow of information, to the point Rahne wondered if the outside world even remembered them anymore. Until they were all locked in their cell, it was nothing more than a paper weight.

“Miss Sinclair,” Doc Shoc fumbled as he turned the page, “come in, come in. Do you need any medical assistance?”

Rahne smiled at his dry humor. It there was ever a time that Doc Shoc had failed any of them, Rahne couldn’t remember it. Which made what she had to do all the more important.

“Nothing of the sort,” Rahne replied.

“Glad to hear it. I’m certain those savages will be back in time, so why don’t you make yourself comfortable on my bed?” Doc Shoc offered. He returned his attention to his journal, “I’m certain that miserable troll wouldn’t begrudge you a little rest, and to hell with him if he does!”

“Well, I was planning to use the bed,” Rahne purred walked over to Doc Shoc, and pulled his chair backwards. She spun him around, and smiled, “but not by myself.”

“I have to disappoint,” Doc Shoc said, though Rahne could see his throbbing erection, “I’m…busy.”
“Ye don’t look so busy to me,” Rahne smiled. She allowed the towel to fall from her chest, and Doc Shoc saw her entire, unmarred beauty. She leaned in close, until Doc Shoc’s breath was on her breasts, “are ye sure you couldn’t make some time?”

Doc Shoc hesitated, then pushed away, “Absolutely.”

Rahne wasn’t much surprised. She, and every other woman in Arcade’s captivity, had danced this dance at least once before.

Doc Shoc, in the outside world, was the worst kind of man short of a criminal. By his own admission, he was a thoughtless womanizer, a drinker with little regard for anyone’s safety, and an all around, narcissistic son of a bitch. He used his healing powers to amass wealth by healing and treating only a select few, no one worth less than fifty million, and only did the slightest amount of charity work once a decade in over a hundred years.

But compared to the people that ran this carnal hell, he was practically a saint. He had some standards, and he wasn’t about to exploit helpless women. For all his flaws, Doc Shoc was no rapist.

“We’ve been over this,” Rahne closed the distance between them again, “they can take anything from me, but only I can give it away.”

Rahne gently ran her hand over Doc Shoc’s ruined knee. His impressive powers of healing worked on his own body as well as any strangers, keeping him in the peak of health for centuries.

Usually.

But as a man of ethics, of character, he steadfastly refused to apply those healing abilities to anyone other than Arcade’s captives. A month ago, a generator exploded, and four guards were caught in the blast. Arcade brought them all to Doc Shoc, and demanded he fix them.

Doc Shoc heard their moans of agony, saw the fury in his captor’s eye, and politely turned his nose up at the man without a second thought. In the end, Doc Shoc was lucky to come away with a ruined knee that Arcade made sure would never mend.

Like the throbbing ‘A’ Arcade had branded them all with, they shared an aching wound that refused to heal because of that bastard.

“Obviously, but…”

Rahne silenced the man with a kiss, and she gently helped him to his feet, meeting with no resistance.

Rahne helped Doc Shoc to his bed, and sat him down. As he began to undress, Rahne slipped a few fingers into her slit, and began to ready herself. Having sex wet was rare, and Rahne wasn’t about the let the opportunity pass.

As she readied herself, Rahne felt a trace of shame. A year ago she barely masturbated, but here she was, seducing a reluctant man into having sex for reasons that could best be described as ‘enlightened self interest’. Rahne wondered if…when they escaped, if she would ever be able to recognize herself in the mirror.

But Doc Shoc’s powers depended on his emotional state. M theorized that he had to be in a certain frame of mind to channel his healing abilities to be at their peak, and depression drained his powers like water out of a sink, sapping his powers faster than he could replenish them, putting them all at risk.
But as a man of simple pleasures, they’d quickly learned that Doc Shoc’s ‘batteries’ could easily be recharged the old fashioned way. And so, every heroine had vowed to do everything they could to keep Doc Shoc in the best shape possible, and no one was allowed to refuse.

Because they knew that Arcade wouldn’t show them any mercy, even if they didn’t have Doc Shoc to patch them back up.

Rahne helped Doc Shoc lay back in his bed, and then positioned her snatch over his erect cock.

“Miss Sinclair…Rahne, if you don’t want to, I’ll understand,” Doc Shoc said, half heartily.

“Oh, this is something every girl wants,” Rahne said in her best sexy voice.

Rahne lowered herself unto Doc Shoc’s manhood, and she felt a wave of pleasure come crashing over her.

It wasn’t that rough, purely physical pleasure that Arcade’s people forced on her. Rahne was long past being ashamed when the men inside her made her cum. Sometimes, it was nothing more than a physical reaction.

But with Doc Shoc, it was more than that. His powers made every nerve come alive and rippled pleasure through her like a morning rays of a new day.

Rahne was awash in true pleasure, so much so that it took her a moment to gather her wits, and remember what she was doing.

“Mmmm,” Rahne moaned, as she began to ride the Doctor. She sank herself deeper onto his cock, and tried to steady her breathing.

“Oh…God…!” Doc Shoc gasped. A side effect of his healing was that all the women were as tight as virgins, and Rahne was especially petite compared to the rest. Her pussy was like a soft vice, squeezing his cock just right.

Rahne smiled, she couldn’t not. Her nipples were hard with pleasure, and her clit was so erect it could have cut glass. Rahne had never felt better in her life, even though she was still captive, even though she was fucking a man she didn’t love.

This was sex like Rahne always imagined it. In her head, she knew it was just a side effect of the Doctor’s power, but she just didn’t care.

“Oh, God!” Rahne screamed, as she came. She rode the blissful orgasm, until she remembered her responsibility.

“Oh yes, yes!” Rahne steadied herself as she bucked up and down on the man’s cock. She squeezed her pussy as she came down, one of the few tricks she’s learned. She could feel his cock swell, and felt the surge of pleasure that preceded it.

“Oh my god!” Rahne grabbed Doc Shoc’s hands, and put them over her breasts, “nipples, now!”

Doc Shoc massaged Rahne’s tits, teasing her nipples and kneading her breasts. Rahne kissed the man, exploring his mouth with her tongue

“Ugh!” Rahne moaned, as her pussy squeezed his cock even tighter.

Doc Shoc climaxed, his seed splashing into Rahne’s wet snatch. Rahne stopped fighting against the
orgasm that’d been building inside her.

Rahne road the orgasm for what felt like an eternity, before returning to earth. Rahne laid down on Doc Shoc’s chest, panting.

“Was it good for you too?” Doc Shoc said, honestly.

“Perfect,” Rahne replied, and she barely had to lie.

The two laid there, in silence.

Rahne preferred it that way. The others never spoke of it, but Rahne, when it was all over, she found the guilt of her actions overwhelming. Doc Shoc was the best man in this hell, and here she was doing to him what Arcade was doing to the rest of them.

And the idea that she was anything like Arcade made her sick beyond words.

oooOOooo

Tigra

“Tigra, hall duty!”

First, they bound Tigra’s arms behind her back. The feline Avenger grunted as her elbows touched, forced together by a plastic Kevlar sleeve and her joints began to feel as if they were being ripped in two.

Then, they attached a rope to the sleeve, connected to the ceiling. That didn’t surprise Tigra much. She knew that Arcade could hang them from the ceiling anywhere in the complex like an ornament if the mood suited him.

They pulled the rope, and Tigra found herself forced forwards as her arms were pulled to the ceiling. The agony doubled with each pull, and Tigra was certain that if it weren’t for her super strength, her arms would have popped out of their joints by now.

“Ughh!” Tigra couldn’t help but grunt, but she wasn’t about to beg for mercy.

Not just because her captors wouldn’t give it, but because Tigra knew she didn’t deserve it.

But she still panicked when she felt them putting restraints on her ankles.

“What, what are you doing?” Tigra said, as fear lanced through her.

The guards didn’t reply, and before Tigra could even try to demand answers, her legs were forced apart, yanked upwards until she formed a T, with all her bodyweight now resting on her already agonized arm sockets.

“Stop! Please, don’t do this!” Tigra began to beg, “I can’tpph!”

Tigra didn’t even notice the first man, until his cock was shoved into her mouth. Tigra felt little shame as she licked the foreskin, and went to work on instinct.

“Hope this doesn’t count as unnatural acts with animals,” said another man, as he took up a position behind Tigra. He placed the tip of his at the entrance of her anal passage. He put on hand on her thigh, grabbed her tail with his other, and swung her onto his cock.
Tigra screamed again, as every inch of movement brought a world of pain, but her tormenters never cared. It just seemed to excite them further.

The Feline Avenger was left like that for most of the day. Men, and women, came and went. More than a few men gave Tigra a couple quick thrusts because she was an Avenger, but nothing more than that for some. Others took full advantage.

Time blurred together for Tigra. She licked cunts, sucked cocks and took it in every hole. The faces became one.

Until she saw Arcade approaching. His scent, his stench, was something Tigra was always on the alert for.

“How’s my favorite Avengers?” Arcade smirked.

Arcade snapped his fingers, and Tigra fell to the floor like a bag of flour into the puddle of cum that had pooled beneath her, landing in a splat!.

Every inch of her feline form hurt, but Tigra was quick to free her hands, and approached Arcade on her hands and knees, like a trained lapdog. One look from Arcade’s face was all the instruction she needed.

She unzipped Arcade’s pants, and gently pulled Arcade’s limp cock free.

She took it into her mouth like a fish taking a worm. She wasn’t shocked that he was still limp, he’d seen every heroine naked and fucked them all at least three times, after all.

But Tigra’s oral skills were honed to perfection by now. She brought her master off inside of a minute.

“The cat’s a well trained bitch,” Arcade smirked as he put his tool back in his pants.

Tigra kept her eyes downcast. Arcade always seemed to treat eye-contact as a challenge for more cruelty.

“How having fun?”

“Always!” Tigra replied quickly.

“Well, glad to hear it,” Arcade said, “follow me, you have a new client.”

Tigra felt as if ice water had been poured down her spine. New client could only mean that Arcade had found some new way to torture her.

Tigra stood, every inch of her body aching, and followed behind Arcade.

As it was every day, the complex smelled of sweat and sex. Tigra could hear Dagger’s whimpers as a heavy set man impaled her ass, and could smell Jolt’s wet pussy it a Doberman licked like it was candy.

No matter how hard she tried, Tigra couldn’t block it all out. So she tried instead to focus on Arcade, the scents and smells that lingered on him, and what she found was baffling.

He smelled of water, and something in his pocket smelled of fish oil, pure oxygen, chlorine and a few other chemicals she couldn’t identify.
Tigra followed Arcade into a room equipped with nothing more than a filled swimming pool, and a single shower nozzle.

“Clean up,” Arcade ordered.

Tigra showered off immediately, grateful for a moment to be cleansed of all the cum.

“They say wet dog stinks, but wet cat doesn’t smell much better,” Arcade waved a hand in front of his nose.

Tigra remained silent, unable to take her eyes off the pool. Her imagination ran while trying to think who her next customer might be. Was her John Tiger Shark, or Attuma? As a member of the Avengers, Tigra knew that she had enemies from every part of the earth, as a matter of principle.

“Here,” Arcade removed a small pill from his pocket, and presented it to Tigra, “swallow this.”

Tigra took the pill from Arcade gingerly, “What is it?”

Arcade smiled, “Poison.”

Tigra gave Arcade a look.

“Come on,” Arcade laughed, “it was a joke! I’m kidding! It’s…”

Tigra snatched the pill and swallowed it before Arcade could finish.

“You’ll deep throat anything, won’t you?”

“Not like you’d ever give me a choice,” Tigra growled, “what do you have in mind for today? Hurry up and be done with it, because I’d rather hang in the hall and suck cock all day than talk to you!”

“Nice,” Arcade gave Tigra a mocking slow clap, “found your backbone, huh? Shame you couldn’t do that before you turned on all your friends.”

“You made me do that,” Tigra growled, “that wasn’t my fault!”

Arcade gave Tigra a smirk, “Think that’s what they’d say? Really? Then…why exactly haven’t you confessed yet?”

Tigra clenched her fists, but was silent. She still felt the sting of shame of betraying her friends, and she feared what Arcade would do with the information she’d unwittingly given him already. What if it led to another heroine being taken? Tigra knew she couldn’t live with another woman’s hatred, not like that.

“Anyways, that’s actually why we’re here,” Arcade said, “you’ve been a little tight lipped about your friends.”

Tigra felt a chill down her spine. She knew this day would come, when Arcade would put her on the spot for concrete information. She’d given him bits and snippets, but they both knew that wouldn’t hold him forever.

“…I don’t have any information,” Tigra said softly, and it was true. While everyone wanted to escape, Arcade was damned thorough. But he was also paranoid, “after Dallas realized that you put a gene lock on the door pads, she…”

“Oh, I don’t want answers right now,” Arcade said, “in fact, I have just one question for you. How
“Breathing?” Tigra took a moment to notice her own breath, and realized that each time she drew breath, she felt stronger, healthier. Under normal conditions, she might not have found it so worrying, but here, she knew everything Arcade did, it was to make them suffer, “…what did you do?”

“Oh, just something to help you with your next date,” smiled Arcade, “that little pill was developed by Reed Richards for underwater exploration. Your lungs are roughly two hundred percent stronger.”

All Tigra heard was ‘under water’. She tried to steady herself, tried to tell herself she wasn’t some housecat that was scared of getting damp. There were more than a few jungle cats that were actually adept swimmers.

But jungle cats never had to deal with Arcade.

“I’ll be back in a few hours,” Arcade said politely, “when I get back, you better have some juicy gossip for me.”

Tigra felt her pulse quicken, as she watched Arcade leave. He usually introduced the Johns went he went for that extra sadism, for him to just leave…

Tigra was trembling with fear and anticipation, her attention so focused on Arcade that she didn’t notice at first, how a hand made entirely of water reach out of the pool. Tigra heard a few shallow drops, and barely had time to scream as it reached out and pulled her under the pool, all the way to the bottom.

Greer screamed, as fear overwhelmed every sense and all reason. She barely realized that she had no trouble breathing, because her mind was in pure panic mode. Tigra couldn’t think, couldn’t feel and couldn’t hear anything over the sound of her jackhammering heart.

Morris Bench, known in the villain community as Hydro-Man, smiled mentally.

For as long as he could remember, he was regarded as a joke, a punch-line. ‘He’s all wet’, everyone would say, as though it were funny, as though he hadn’t heard it a million times before.

Having an Avenger like Tigra, writhing inside of him, panicking like a wild animal, did a lot to restore his confidence.

“You think things are bad now?” Bench smiled, “wait ‘till I show you what else I got…”

Hydro-man concentrated. Even when he was entirely water, he could still ‘feel’ his body. He could feel each finger, the hair on his head, everything, when he was literally nothing but water.

It never occurred to him, until Arcade approached him, that he could create extra limbs. Hydro-Man experimented first with creating new arms. He created a dozen arms with barely any effort.

And now, in his element, Hydro-Man concentrated on a different limb.

Tigra’s mind was filled with panic, but she couldn’t ignore it when something slammed into her pussy, pushing her half way across the pool.

The second thrust crushed Tigra up against the pool wall, and the third spread her pussy almost to the breaking point.
A cock unlike anything Tigra had ever felt before pushed it’s way into her pussy. There were no in and out thrusts, no tenderness, just a relentless force that only paused when it reached her cervix.

Tigra felt the tip of the cock shrink, and slip inside her womb. And she felt it as the tiny cock that had slithered inside her womb, had begun to grow.

The pain was searing hot, and Tigra screamed and dragged her claws against the wall, creating deep gouges, but she was completely helpless as her cervix was pried open, and Hydro-Man’s water cock, harder and stronger than his flesh and blood one, slammer into the roof of her womb like a jack hammer.

“I’m more an ass guy,” Hydro-Man grabbed Tigra’s furry rear, and pulled her away from the wall. With one thrust, her tight rear was penetrated.

Tigra threw her head back to scream, and was met with another water cock, that slithered down her throat. Tigra thought she’d completely lost her gag reflex, but found that wasn’t true when the cock went half a foot beyond her tonsils.

“Oh, baby,” Hydro-Man slammed Tigra’s tight rear, and turned her around. The other wall of the pool had a mirror that ran the length, and Tigra could see what was being done to her.

She saw Hydro-Man’s leering face over her shoulder, she saw her own gaping mouth and pussy being slammed by water, and she saw her own face plastered with terror and tears.

Fear gave way to resignation, and when Hydro-Man created two more cocks, one in each of Tigra’s hands, Tigra did exactly what was expected of her.

Hydro-Man found that the one drawback of his water form was that he couldn’t climax properly. So instead, he decided to see what positions he could manipulate Tigra into.

The feline Avenger screamed as Hydro-Man turned her upside down, and parted her legs until she made a ‘T’ with her own agile body. Once in position, Hydro-Man fisted Tigra, channeling all the anger from his past defeats into his hands. He picked her G-spot, ran his knuckles the length of her pussy and pinched her womb.

When he got tired of that, Hydro-Man pushed Tigra up against the pool wall and made her balance on one leg. He fucked her with two cocks, her breasts mashed against the wall.

Later

Arcade whistled a jaunty tune as he entered the room, and saw the top of the pool was still filled with bubbles.

“Hey Morty,” Arcade said, “time’s up. I need the cunt for a talk.”

The bubbles stopped.

“Hand her over already,” Arcade said, “I’ll find another cunt for you, but I have to have a talk with this one.”

There was a rumble, followed by a spout of water. Arcade stepped back, and a soaked Tigra landed in front of him like a limp rag doll.

“So, Ms. Greer,” Arcade tipped Tigra onto her back, “feel more forthcoming? Or do I send you back to Mr. Morris?”
“Dagger...,” Tigra said softly.

“Hmm?” Arcade said, “speak up, please.”

“Dagger, she’s seducing a guard,” Tigra said.

“See? That wasn’t so hard,” Arcade said, “tell you what, I’ll even give everyone the rest of the day off.”

Arcade smiled like the Cheshire Cat as he walked away. He could hear Tigra sobbing behind him, and to him it sounded like a victory parade.

“Think she’s telling the truth?” Ms. Locke said, as Arcade walked by.

“Who cares?” Arcade said, “after we give Dagger guard duty for a week, Tigra will be so far in she’ll never hesitate again.”

“Understood,” Ms. Locke said, “care for a bitch tonight?”

“Nah,” Arcade said, “we’ll let ’em rest tonight, and make sure they dread tomorrow.”
Nelson Greer awoke slowly. Ever since she’d been kidnapped by Arcade and used as a sex slave, Tigra dreaded waking up every day. The only reason they were given any rest at all was so they could suffer through another round of sexual abuse, and the feline Avenger knew today was no different.

In some ways, captivity for Tigra was even worse than what some of his other prisoners experienced. Arcade made a point to break the feline heroine the first day, and turn her into a spy. Given how closely he monitored all of them, Tigra suspected that Arcade just wanted to be extra sadistic, but all the same, he made Tigra a traitor. She had already snitched out her fellow heroines twice and felt disgusted with herself each and every time.

There were times when she almost found the courage to defy Arcade, but the sadistic bastard just threatened to out her to her fellow heroines and Tigra knew there was no way she’d survive the constant abuse alone.

The rapes, the sheer humiliation and loss of control, each heroine relied on one another, in ways spoken and ways not, just to keep their sanity. And if they knew of her betrayal, they would turn their backs on her in an instant. It was a constant threat Arcade held over Tigra, and one she just wasn’t brave enough to overcome.

The Feline Avenger scanned the room, and saw that she wasn’t alone. The Thunderbolt Citizen V, and Danielle Moonstar from the X-Men were in the room with her. Tigra took a moment to examine herself, and realized that the dirt and grime from yesterday, all the semen that had coated her pussy, had been washed clean.

So they have something in mind already, Tigra surmised. She took some small comfort in the fact that she’d be spared the usual, humiliating morning routine.

The guards marched in only seconds after Dallas awoke with their usual cocky grins.

“On your feet, cunts,” ordered the lead guard, “today we got something special planned.”

The three former heroines stood up. Tigra tried to stare a hole into the floor, Citizen V tried to look indifferent while Moonstar gave the guards a look of pure rage.

“How long do you think you can keep this up?” Moonstar spat.

“Today, tomorrow and the day after that,” said the Lead Guard, “and now. Now shut your mouth and march, unless you want to test my temper?”

Danielle bit her lip, and the three heroines marched out. The guards led them to a room across the complex, to what the three recognized as the ‘stage room’.

“Oh,okay ladies,” the lead guard pulled out a plastic box, and removed three sets of anal beads, “bend over. I think you know where these go.”

“I’ll shove them down your damn throat one day,” Dallas spat.

But she, like Danielle and Tigra, bent over obediently. All but three guards left, smirking at the display. Each took one of the heavy metal beads, and approached the heroines from behind. They
pulled on a plastic glove, and looked at their well toned asses with pure lust.

“This is what I signed up for,” said one guard, as he forced his thumb into Danielle’s tight sphincter.

“Getting paid to look at naked chicks,” said the second guard. He forced three fingers into Tigra’s furry rear, “no better. We got the best job in the world.”

“Hey, assholes,” said the lead guard, “Plug these assholes already. We got a schedule to keep.”

“Sorry, boss.”

Dallas tried to relax as the first metal ball, cold as ice, was shoved into her tight anus. The guard had all the leverage, and by now she knew better than to resist, but nature had a way of taking over.

It took a solid minute to get the first one down, and when Dallas felt the second, ribbed like it was a pine apple, she cried out.

“Please, stop, wait!” Dallas begged as her inner walls flexed on instinct, gripping the needles and stabbing her insides, “don’t!”

“It’s just plastic,” the guard mumbled, “stop whining.”

Tigra took the pain of another ball as it was shoved into her tight anus. The ribs on the second hurt, but all she could think of was how she deserved it, that this pain was her own fault.

Danielle Moonstar bit her lip until it bled, refusing to cry out, to show weakness. She’d failed too many times in the past, but that would never stop the young mutant from trying.

“Allright, all pluged?” the lead guard asked. His men nodded.

“Allright ladies, stand up,” he said, “keep your tails inside if you know what’s good for you, and follow me.”

Dallas, Tigra and Danielle waddled after the man, as the guards walked behind them, laughing.

Each heroine had a ‘tail’ of two anal beads poking out, that swung back and forth from their rears.

“I hate to see these bitches leave,” said the first.

“…but I love to watch ‘em go!” said the second.

The three heroines found themselves in a cold, windowless room. There was a large screen on one wall, chains hanging from the ceiling, and curiously, a sleek metal dish on the floor.

The heroines were positioned over one of the metal dishes, and in short order their wrists were bound over their heads, and the chains pulled tight until all three were standing only on the balls of their feet, facing the TV screen.

“I imagine you ladies are eager to get started,” said the lead guard, “so I’ll explain the rules of this game.”

The guard pressed a button on his remote, and instantly an image of their friends was displayed.

Jolt, Songbird, Husk, Wolfsbane, Silverclaw and Firebird were all bound naked in chairs. Their eyes were blindfolded, and a ballgag shoved in their mouths.
The three heroines tensed, as they saw that their friends weren’t alone. They were surrounded by throngs of men and women. Some passed by, and squeezed a breast, or nibbled an ear, but they were surprisingly untouched.

Untouched, but terrified.

“Underneath your feet are powerful electro magnets,” he explained, “the goal is to keep your tail in as long as possible. You’ll have a team here in a moment to make it…challenging.”

“And what happens if we fail?” Tigra asked.

“Glad you asked, kitten,” the guard smiled, “to you? Nothing. You’ll be re-kenneled. But your friends? They’ll be turned over to the fine men and women who bet on you to win. And just so you know, the buy in started at ten thousand.”

That sent a shutter down the spine of the heroines. There was no worse john than one who was angry at a whore who cost him money.

“Don’t worry, we explained this all to your friends,” the guard chuckled, “I’m sure they’d understand if you just gave up.”

“You bastard…” Dallas spat.

“It’s a job requirement,” he said. The three heard more men entering, “okay guys. Drake, Logan, you get the Thunderbolt. Mathews, Scott, you get the mutie. Brad, Keith, you get the cat.”

“Okay ladies,” the lead guard tapped his remote, “get ready!”

Danielle clenched as she felt the beads in her ass began to pull. Dallas gasped, fighting her bodies instinct to expel the intruders from her rectum, and Tigra tightened her ass as much as her muscles would allow.

“Okay, boys. Do your thing.”

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Dallas tried to control her breathing as Drake and Logan approached her. In her time as captive, Dallas had ranked the guards in terms of sadism and creativity. And just her luck that these men ranked high on both.

“Logan, you take the breasts,” Drake said, “I’ll ready the new toy.”

Dallas gasped as Logan began covering her breasts with alligator clips. The first two were placed on her nipples, and felt as if they were getting ready to tear the flesh at any moment. Dallas had felt worse, but it was still agonizing.

But for all the pain, Dallas didn’t start to worry until she saw Drake with a small, thin brush. It was smaller and thinner than a ballpoint pen, but had stiff metal bristles.

“Tell me, Citizen V,” Drake loved using their codenames, “do you know what the urethra is?”

Dallas paled, because she did.

“It’s the cavity in the human body that releases urine,” Drake continued, “pee hole, if you want to be crude. On men, it’s the tip of the penis. But in women, it’s found in the vagina…”
“Don’t…please,” Dallas begged, as Drake’s hands went to her slip, and began carefully exploring it. She began to quake with fear as she felt his finger placed over it.

“You need to focus,” Drake said, “you don’t want your friends to suffer, do you? Don’t worry, this modified pipe clean is sterile, and Doc Shoc can fix you up later.”

Dallas wept. It wasn’t the first time, but until now she couldn’t remember weeping in sheer fear and anticipation. And she hated herself for it, but she considered just letting the anal beads slip free, to give up.

“Okay,” Drake placed the pipe clean at the entrance of Dallas’ urethra, and then plunged it in.

Dallas threw her head back and screamed. In many ways, the urethra was her most private hole of all, and just the idea of the physical invasion was horrifying.

The sheer disgust made the physical pain a hundred times worse. Lined with nerves and sensitive tissue that was never meant to be touched, Dallas’ brain was overwhelmed with pain. Drake paid no heed to the delicate tissue, scrubbing the inner walls like he was scrubbing a dirty dishpan.

Dallas’ entire body trembled in agony, and a bead slipped free.

“Shit man,” Logan said, “stop being so gentle!”

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-Crack!-

Danielle gritted her teeth. Her ‘team’ had started with the whip, a classic, and she felt disgusted that she was grateful for that.

She knew the whip, she could endure the whip, at least for a little bit.

But her blood ran cold when the second man, Scott, stood in front of her with a tattoo gun.

“You have a color preference?” Scott asked casually.

“What…ah!” Dani cried out as the whip struck her back again.

“Color preference,” he said, “the ink isn’t permanent, but could last a few days regardless. Last chance, color?”

Danielle blinked back tears.

“Green.”

“Good color for a redskin,” Scott smiled. He adjusted a a knob on the side of the gun, and then grabbed her right breast, “don’t worry, it’s a new needle.”

There were tattoo needles that were virtually painless.

That wasn’t the type that Scot was using.

Danielle screamed, as she felt as if her breast was being devoured by fire ants. Scott took the needle and jammed it into her nipple, and then began to sketch a star design across her breast. He dragged the needle back and forth across her sensitive needle, and scribbled across her areola.
That alone was agonizing enough, but when the whip struck her back, Danielle jerked forward, and stabbed herself deeper with the needle.

And through all this, her ass ached, and she fought her body’s natural urge to expel the metal beads, as the magnet beneath her pulled without relent.

“Stars work best, don’t you think?” Scot said, when he was finally done.

Danielle looked down at what she felt was her ruined breast, and saw a green star that encompassed her breast.

“How’s it…?”

Danielle quivered, and an anal bead slipped free.

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They slipped a zip tie around Tigra’s left breast, and she gasped as it was tightened.

“Don’t want you to get comfortable,” Brad said, as he picked up an alligator clamp the size of a small puppy.

He opened it, and Tigra watched in horror as it swallowed her entire right breast. It chomped down, and Tigra was shocked to find that the pain, while agonizing, was far less than what she expected.

“Hold on, hold on,” Brad went to a dial on the side, and began adjusting the tension strength. Slowly, what felt like inch by inch, the metal teeth sank into Tigra’s soft breast, until it felt as if the clamp was going to bite through.

“Okay, Keith, you’re up,” Brad said.

Tigra, blinking back tears, watched as Keith handled six more alligator clamps. They were far smaller than the one devouring her breast, but that was little comfort.

Because hanging at the end of each was a metal weight.

“Okay baby,” Keith peeled back Tigra’s pussy, and clamped the first one on.

“Arrrggh!” Tigra screamed, though the beads in her ass remained in place.

The clamp on her pussy pulled the soft flesh towards the ground like it was gum, and to Tigra it burned as if it were on fire.

“Looks good,” Keith said, “lets get the rest.”

Six times, they repeated it. Three on each side, and one for her clit. Six times, Tigra’s agony reached a new height.

When the duo was done, over thirty pounds of metal hung from Tigra’s pussy, and her left breast was turning blue.

But her anal beads remained in place. Tigra took each ounce of agony, knowing she deserved it and more.

“Okay, Brad, get the whip.”
Tigra let loose a ferocious scream of agony as the whip struck her abused pussy. Each time it struck her, she jerked, and the pain climbed and climbed.

But through it all, she fought to keep the beads inside her, even as stomach cramps rippled through her.

“Now the breast!”

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“Now, can you tell me what this is for?”

Danielle looked at the dildo through a fog of agony and tears. She vaguely made out a pineapple-like design. Danielle remained silent, the only defense she could muster.

“If you said dildo, you’re right,” Scott said, “but it’s much more than that.”

Scott pressed a button, and the dildo began to expand. The ‘leaves’ pushed up and outward, like a flower’s greeting the sun.

Danielle began to struggle in her bonds, even though she knew it was futile. The beads on her ass seemed to weigh even heavier now.

“Now, let's get some lube,” Danielle saw the bottle of ‘lube’. She couldn’t read the entire label, because she was too terrified when she saw the words ‘hot sauce’ on it.

When the dildo was fully coated in a red, oily substance, Scott turned to Danielle.

“Better brace yourself,” Scott smirked, “this may sting.”

Scott, like all of Arcade’s men, knew how to wield a dildo for maximum effect. He swung it for Danielle’s cunt perfectly, and with one thrust, buried it up the hilt, smashing into her cervix at full force.

Danielle’s head snapped back, but to her credit she didn’t scream. But a bead began to slide free.

“Now, part two.”

Scott pressed a button, and Danielle did scream as the dildo and its pointed edges began to push against the soft tissue of her pussy. The hot sauce that it was covered with began to burn like lava, and despite her best efforts, Dani could feel the beads in her ass begin to slip.

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They’d been raped so many times, Dallas thought, what’s one more?

Dallas, Citizen V, was more ashamed of herself than words could express. She knew how horrible gamblers could be, having lost thousands of dollars. They were ruthless, angry and creative.

But Dallas wanted so badly to give up, to spare herself more pain. She could feel the pull of the magnets on the bead, and sweat poured from her brow as she fought her body’s natural instinct to expel them.

Even now her body betrayed her, as terrible cramps wracked her body, as the whip struck her ass gain and again.
They’d be raped again. And again, Dallas told herself. But this was the only one she could stop, if she was strong enough.

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“Arrrgh!” Tigra screamed, as Brad twisted the giant nipple clamp on her breast. He twisted it as far as it would go, and then moved onto the clamps on her pussy.

One by one, slowly, agonizingly, he twisted and pulled, as Keith whipped Tigra’s burning ass. The feline Avenger could feel the beads beginning to slip, until…

-Thunk!-

Tigra’s eyes snapped open from the haze of pain, and it took her a minute to realize that her ass was still being impaled.

“Nooo0!” Dallas cried, “Hallie, I’m sorry! Melissa, please forgive me, I’m sorry!”

“Yeah yeah,” Drake sighed. She began undoing the alligator clamps on Dallas’ breasts, “lets get you to Doc Shoc. Your friends have a long day ahead of them.”

Tigra looked to the screen, and saw that Songbird and Jolt had all but been ripped from their chairs by an angry mob.

Hallie was already on her hands and knees, a cock in each end, while Songbird was bent over a table, with a man pulling back a riding crop.

Dallas wept and begged for forgiveness as she was dragged away.

Danielle and Tigra glanced at one another.

“And then there were two!”

Tigra felt the magnet beneath her increase in power, and saw half a bead slip free from Dani’s ass.

“Alright,” Scott picked up a cattle prod, and jammed it into Dani’s clt.

Dani screamed, and that seemed to be the straw that broke the camel’s back. The beads slid free with a heavy –thunk-, and Dani began crying even harder.

“Rahne, I did the best I could,” Dani sobbed, as they undid her bonds. She watched in horror as men fell on Rahne and Paige like locusts.

“Well, that was disappointing,” Mathews sighed, “was hoping for a real competition here!”

…I won?” Tigra couldn’t believe it, as her bonds were undone. Brad reached behind her, and yanked the anal beads free. The pain was terrible, but brief, “what happens now?”

“Indian here gets fixed up, and you go to the guy who placed the biggest bet on you,” Keith said, “but your fellow Avengers get a day off.”

Danielle and Tigra were led in two different directions, and it took Tigra a moment to realize what had happened, that she’d actually won! She’d saved her teammates!

Despite the agony that was between her legs, that knowledge gave her a strength she hadn’t felt in a long while.
“Here’s the winner’s room,” Keith said. They shoved Tigra inside without ceremony, and then shut the door.

Tigra’s heart jumped to her throat when she saw the man standing there in front of the bed, a bottle of champagne in one hand.

“What?” Arcade said, “you were expecting Bugs Bunny?”

“…Arcade?” Tigra could barely breathe, “…you?”

“How always wins,” Arcade smirked, “and I let you win too. Didn’t you think it odd that a woman with super strength was competing against two people without?”

“You…let me win?” Tigra couldn’t believe the words he was saying.

“Hey, I value my employees,” Arcade snapped his fingers, and a large screen appeared on the far wall.

It was Firebird and Silverclaw in the ‘Study Room’. It was a room that held a normal bed, countless books and DVDs, and the largest ‘carrot’ any of them could earn.

“Two days vacation,” Arcade said, “because of you.”

Tigra’s eyes began to water.

“How about a little appreciation, eh?”

Tigra lunged for Arcade with all the speed her powers could give her. And for one terrible moment, Arcade thought his fail safes had failed, as Tigra ripped his clothes off his body like they were wrapping paper.

But then she pushed him onto the bed, and climbed atop him.

“A little?”

Tigra’s tail reached around, and wrapped itself around Arcade’s cock, and coaxed it to life.

Tigra knew she’d sold her soul, and this was just more of the same. But she realized that she’d gladly burn if it meant sparing her fellow Avengers.

“Not in my vocabulary.”

Later

“Wow,” Arcade looked at the ceiling, and saw that his chest had a dozen scratches on it. Tigra lay against her, her furry breasts pressing against him, “I should do this more often.”
Hallie Takahama, Jolt, dully went through her morning routine, almost numb to it all.

Wake up, a quick ice cold shower to wipe off the cum from the previous day’s activities, exercise which amount running around naked for her captor’s amusement, getting her system flushed then eating like an animal, and then showering before the daily assignments were handed out.

Routine. Looking back, Jolt barely remembered the last few days, with the exception of giving a man the blow job of his life because he’d dabbed his cock in honey, until…

“Jolt, private date. Report to the paint room.”

Hallie was taken back, and more than a little afraid. A private date could mean someone like Baron Zemo, or worse. Jolt couldn’t believe that she found a gang-rape preferable to private session with the son of the war criminal, but life had taught her otherwise. A gang-rape brought a certain numbness, a disconnect from reality, while a private date made the abuse oh so real and personal.

After the assignments were read out, Jolt, naked as always, was walked by the guards to the room known as ‘The Paint Room’.

When she entered, she saw Joey Earns, the ‘Painter’, setting up a pedestal.

“Hallie, come in, come in!” Joey waved the guards away, and came up to Hallie.

“It’s so good to see you!” Joey gave Jolt a passionate kiss, and then led to the pedestal, “stand here, arms out, I’ll be just a moment.”

Jolt did her best not to be disturbed by Joey’s behavior. He was an LMD, an android that Arcade had reprogrammed a dozen times now. Whatever particular skills his other sadists lacked, Arcade could upload into him with little trouble.

Citizen V suspected that Arcade employed them by the dozens. They were virtually impossible to tell apart from humans to the untrained eye, and were completely loyal. What better way to keep an eye on his captives and other employees?

The idea made Jolt shudder. Because she didn’t think they were escaping without a little inside help.

“Okay,” Joey returned with a spray gun, and a bucket of paints, “ready.”

Jolt’s skin crawled as Joey aimed his spray can, and black paint landed against her naked flesh. It was like detailing a car, Jolt thought, only she was the car.

“Turn around, please,” Joey said, and Jolt obeyed. In short order, her legs were covered in black paint.

“Raise your leg,” Joey said.

Jolt knew what the man wanted. Her powers had gifted Hallie with incredible agility, far beyond any gymnast along with perfect balance and muscle tone.

So Hallie raised her right leg straight into the air, balanced perfectly on her left foot, and exposing her pussy and rear to Joey.
“Thank you,” Joey said.

Jolt felt goose pimples form as he sprayed her cunt and ass with black paint. She flinched, but remained standing.

Joey covered most of her lower in black paint, but slowed as he reached her waist.

“Okay, now for the outline,” Joey said. He picked up a red paint brush, and dabbed it across Jolt’s small breast. He drew it back and forth until it reached Hallie’s belly-button, and then brought it back up again across her other breast. Without being told, Hallie turned around to allow him to complete the design across her back.

When it was done, Joey took up another paint gun, and focused it on Jolt’s chest. Yellow paint came out precisely across her chest, and the cold made her nipples grow hard.

After what seemed like a lifetime, Joey stepped back, and motioned to a mirror in the corner.

“Done!” Joey said, “what do ya think?”

Jolt looked at herself in the mirror, and turned around, as if to confirm her worst fears.

The body paint and design was a perfect recreation of her Thunderbolt costume.

She was completely naked, but still in costume. It felt as if her entire career were a joke, a punch line waiting until now to be told.

“…looks good,” Hallie forced herself to say.

“Great!” Joey took Hallie by the wrist, and began marching her out of the room. All at once, Hallie was reminded how the man’s seeming polite demeanor was little more than programming.

He took Hallie to a room she didn’t recognize (which didn’t say much. They were literally remodeled on a weekly basis), and led her inside.

“Ms.Yanizeski?” Joey shouted. Hallie saw how the room had a gym connected to the back. There was a single woman in the back, lifting weights, “your appointment is here.”

“Is she ever!” the woman set the weights down, draped a towel over her shoulders, and strode forward.

Hallie observed that the woman was an absolute stunner. Her muscle tone was perfect yet still feminine, she stood six foot with dirty blond hair, and large breasts that would have gotten her work on any runway. She was covered in sweat, but seemed to glisten.

And of course, she was completely naked.

“Well, aren’t you a treat?” she said, as she cupped Jolt’s chin.

It took Hallie a second to realize that she recognized the woman’s face.

“Joystick?!” Jolt said.

“One and only!” Joystick smirked, “you saw me in my birthday suit, so turn about is fair play! But, then I thought, how cool would it be to screw a hero still wearing their costume? So I thought I’d have it both ways, just like me!”
“Is everything satisfactory?” Joey asked.

“It’s water proof, right?” Joystick asked. She cupped Hallie’s small breasts and tweaked her nipples, “hate to lose the artwork so soon…”

“The paint will last until we remove it, and is completely tasteless and non toxic,” Joey said.

“Nice,” Joystick said, “okay, champ, you can go. I want some alone time with my date.”

Jolt watched as Joey left, and felt a shiver travel down her spine.

More than a few villains had made appointments with Arcade, for the sake of payback, revenge for defeats past. Zemo was the worst, but he wasn’t the only one who had it out for former Thunderbolts.

Jolt remembered ambushing Joystick, and taking her costume. They all just chuckled when Hallie unzipped the costume, and a nude villainess spilled out.

It didn’t seem so funny now.

“God, look at you,” Joystick said. She traced her hands around Jolt’s waist, brushing across the always aching ‘A’ Arcade had branded her with, and then sticking her fingers into Jolt’s pussy playfully, “I might have to fuck Arcade himself, the guy must have balls of brass!”

Hallie flinched, but said nothing.

“But I guess I oughta taste you first, huh?” Joystick grabbed Hallie’s wrist, and began pulling her to the bathroom, “come on, I need a shower. I’ve always preferred a work out before really working out, ya know?”

Hallie nodded, and watched as Joystick started the shower. Once it was going, the older woman stepped aside, and motioned for Hallie to join her.

The shower was made up of three spray nozzles, sending a warm jet of warm in three directions.

“So,” Joystick used one nozzle to wash her hair, “you been with a woman before?”

“A few times,” Hallie said softly.

“None before here, I bet?” Joystick smirked, “white bread like you, bet it never even crossed your mind.”

Hallie shook her head.

“Well, don’t worry, I’m a romantic,” Joystick said, “I’ll be gentle. So lets start your education…”

Joystick reached up, and grabbed one of the removable spray nozzles. She changed the setting to pulsate, and then turned had Jolt face away from her.

“You masturbate a lot?” Joystick asked, though she knew the answer

“Not a lot,” Jolt said, acutely aware of Joystick’s breasts pressing against her back.

“Don’t worry, you won’t go blind,” Joystick aimed the nozzle at Jolt’s pussy.

The pulsing spray of water was like a soft massage, especially as it washed over her clit. Jolt moaned
“Not so bad, is it?” Joystick said. She reached around with her other hand, and began to rub Jolt’s clit between her fingers, as the water massaged it to full height.

“Oh…oh…God…” Jolt moaned, as she felt pleasure seeping into her.

“See?” Joystick purred, as her fingers slid over Jolt’s bud, “good, clean fun.”

Jolt shuddered as an orgasm overcame her, and she slid back against Joystick’s breasts.

“Oh my, aren’t we eager,” Joystick teased. She withdrew her fingers, and then shut off the water, “not even the main event.”

The two women stepped out, and Joystick handed Jolt a towel.

As the younger woman dried off, she tried to think of what might happen. She loathed private sessions, when her Johns spoke to her personally. If anything, Hallie preferred the gang-rapes. Even with all the men sawing inside of her, filling her cunt with their cum, it brought a certain numbness.

But Joystick didn’t seem to want that dispassionate kind of fucking. She wanted something far more personal.

“Okay, lets get started!” Joystick scooped Jolt up into her arms like she was a newly wed bride, and carried her to the bed.

Jolt was shocked at how gently Joystick set her down on the edge of the bed, and gently spread her legs.

“You’re my guest,” Joystick said, “only fair I get you warmed up first.”

Joystick plunged her face into Jolt’s pussy. Jolt trembled as Joystick’s tongue teased her clit with perfect precision,, while Joystick worked the fingers of her left hand into Hallie’s pussy, gently stroking the sensitive inner flesh.

“Oh y…,” Jolt bit her fingers, to keep from crying out, but staying upright was impossible as the first orgasm washed over her like a summer’s mist. She fell backwards, and felt as if she was floating as the first orgasm seemed to lift her into the air. And just as she felt herself returning to earth, Hallie came again, just as smoothly as before.

Joystick looked up from her position in between Hallie’s legs, her tongue and fingers never stopping, but she did smirk at the young Thunderbolt’s reaction.

Joystick only stopped after the fourth orgasm. She then leapt into the air, and came down on the bed only a few feet away from Hallie, bouncing up and down as if she were an overeager child.

“Was it good for you?” Joystick said, with a raised eyebrow.

“…yes,” Hallie sighed, because it was. She never knew how different orgasms could be, how they were possible under the harsh, brutal fuckings that so many of her client’s preferred. Until now, an orgasm was only a technical thing, lasting only a brief second or two.

But Joystick, it was something else entirely. Intellectually, Hallie knew it was still rape, but it was still so much better than what she had grown accustomed to.

Joystick spread her legs, and smiled like the Cheshire cat.
“Care to return the favor?”

Jolt hesitated for a moment, if only because she expected for Joystick to lunge at her. In the past, whenever women wanted her to lick their pussy, it seemed to Jolt as if they wanted to smother her instead.

“…well?” Joystick said, with no menace in her voice.

“Of course,” Hallie said, as she rolled over, and crawled to Joystick’s pussy.

Janice nearly creamed from the sensation of Jolt’s tongue as it brushed against her pussy. She looked down and saw a women in yellow and black skin tight costume, Jolt! Of the Thunderbolts! Licking her pussy! And that was all she needed for the first climax. She wasn’t living on the edge anymore, she’d blown past it by miles!

The sensation didn’t last long, as Joystick felt Jlt’s tongue exploring her most private place. Hallie was moving like a trained animal, and simply going through the motions with no passion at all.

“Oh no,” Joystick puled back, “baby, what are you doing?”

Hallie looked at Joystick with a mixture of fear and hurt. There was always the constant fear of disappointing a client, and how Arcade might react, but a part of her truly wanted to return the pleasure that Joystick had given her.

“I was…just doing my best,” Jolt said softly.

“Please,” Joystick said, “you were just trying to rush through it. Take your time, honey, we have all day.”

This time, Joystick spread her legs, and draped them over Hallie’s shoulders, and pulled her inward. But as Jolt pressed her tongue to Joystick’s pussy again, she could feel the older women moving in rhythm with her.

As Jolt teased her pussy, Joystick began rubbing her nipples, still drinking in the sheer amazement that she was being eaten out by a heroine. A part of her almost wanted to pay Arcade to make her a part of his little collection, just so she could fuck them all for free.

“Oh yes, yes!” Joystick cried out, as she came the first time.

Despite herself, Jolt had a little smile when she heard Joystick come. But she was shocked when the older woman pulled away.

“What’s wrong?” Jolt said, before she could stop herself.

“Oh, I’m just ready for something different,” Joystick said, “spread your legs, sweetie.”

Jolt did as she was told, and when she did, Joystick slid one of her legs underneath Hallie, and then grabbed her thighs, and pulled her close.

“This,” Joystick moved her hips a little, and Hallie felt Joystick’s pussy rub against hers, “is called scissoring. Care to guess why?”

“…I’ve never done this before,” Hallie said, her voice trembling with anticipation.

“Don’t do it a lot myself,” Joystick smiled, “most chicks aren’t built for it. But you, honey? You’re perfect.”
“But what do I…?”

Joystick began to move, and rubbed her pussy across Jolt’s wet slit, and the Asian girl gasped.

“I think you’re smart enough to figure it out,” Joystick said, “but if you really want to have fun, work those nipples, baby!”

Jolt gasped as Joystick’s wet pussy slid across her flesh, and she squirmed back, desiring even more contact. Joystick rocked Hallie back, as her soaking cunt stroked Hallie’s painted black flesh.

As Joystick did that, one hand went to her own nipple, and another to her clit. Just as her pussy scraped across Hallie’s again, Joystick was struck with a wave of an orgasm, and her pace slowed.

Hallie looked at the villainess with envy, and then pushed her pussy closer, wanting to have the same pleasure. Without thinking, she rubbed her damp cunt against Joystick’s, while rubbing her clit frantically with one hand, and her nipple with the other.

Hallie was completely unprepared for the orgasm that overtook her. She threw her head as she cried out, and her vision swam.

“…to have a superhuman bod, huh?”

Hallie blinked, having barely heard Joystick. Her wits began to return slowly, and when she did she saw Joystick leaning over her, her breasts pressed against Jolt’s, and her eyes…

Hallie thought she was seeing things, but she thought she saw Joystick’s eyes sparkle.

“…sorry,” Jolt said.

Joystick said nothing. Instead, she leaned down, and kissed Jolt, her tongue wrestling with Hallie’s.

“Oh baby, there’s nothing to be sorry about,” Joystick said, “but you’re not getting off that easy.”

Jolt held her breath as Joystick pulled away, and lifted Hallie’s leg into the air.

“Getting off…?”

Joystick once again pressed her pussy against Hallie’s. Only this time, her right hand was free to attack Jolt’s clit.

“Oh, I’d say your punishment five orgasms?” Joystick smiled

“Punishment…?” Jolt said, just before she felt Joystick beginning to grind her pussy, while Joystick’s fingers, her expert, magical fingers, began their work on Jolt’s lovebud.

“Oh gawwwd!” Jolt cried out, unable to help herself. She didn’t notice how Joystick seemed to back off, because all Jolt felt was the most natural of pleasures as if she were floating through the clouds, and Joystick waited patiently, as Jolt returned to earth.

“Well,” Joystick teased Jolt’s clit, “that’s one.”

“One…?”

By the fifth, Jolt was exhausted. She felt like she was nothing more than a puddle of nerves, and she couldn’t remember feeling better in her life.
“Punishment…over,” Joystick leaned over Jolt, her tits brushing against Hallie’s. Her brow glistened with sweat, and a few drops fell onto Hallie’s chest.

“…thank you,” Hallie breathed, and she meant it.

“I don’t know about you, but I need a break,” Joystick said, “coke?”

“Please,” Hallie said quickly. Outside of a passionate blowjob, she couldn’t remember the last time she had anything other than Gatorade, semen, piss or mush to eat. A coke might as well been caviar.

Joystick rolled off the bed, and Hallie watched as the villainess strolled over to the fridge in the corner of the room. Jolt felt a little ashamed that she didn’t feel the same about Joystick, as she did for every other rapist who was inside her, who used her body

Jolt wondered if it was the dreaded Stockholm’s Syndrome. Or, perhaps, Jolt reflected, sex with Joystick was always wanted. Jolt imagined to be. Mutual pleasure, in its purest form.

Jolt had been a virgin before Arcade had taken her, and Zemo took her virginity cruelly. Since him, Jolt had fucked more men than she could count, and though she’d orgasmed on occasion, that was pleasure in the same way spam was meat. Whatever Arcade had done to them had given him physical control over the pleasure they felt, but not emotional.

But with Joystick, she was all about her partner’s pleasure. No other ‘client’ had been like that, to say nothing of their skill…!

“Hear you go,” Joystick handed Jolt a twist off Coke bottle, “it ain’t healthy, but what’s the point of a body like this if you can’t enjoy it, right? Hey, watch this…”

Joystick stuck the bottle in her pussy, and Jolt’s eyes bugged when she heard the –pop!–.

“They were a big fan of that in Mexico,” Joystick said, as she took a swig.

“I’ll do mine the old fashioned way,” Jolt said, as she popped the top with a flick of her thumb. She began to drink, and took two swallows before she caught herself. To her horror, Jolt realized she was drinking the coke like she was sucking cock.

“I’ve gotta say, this place is much nicer than the place I was held when I was gangraped,” Joystick said.

Jolt raised an eyebrow to that.

“You…were raped?”

“Yeah, three weeks after a buy went bad,” Joystick said, “before I got my powers, this shitty MC.”

“If you were raped, then…”

“Ah ah ah,” Joystick wagged a finger, “I’m not your white knight, honey. Not with Arcade’s insurance policy, anyways. Besides, I wouldn’t snitch until I’ve fucked all of Arcade’s girls at least twice. Come on, we were havin’ a moment.”

“Sorry,” Jolt said, while taking note of the words Arcade’s insurance policy. Dallas and the others would want to know of that.

“No prob, I contained multitudes, to paraphrase Walt Whitman,” Joystick said, “anyways, they kept me in this modified room. Bed, bathroom, and a cock at least once every hour. Was a learning
experience. Wanna know the best way to piss them off?”

Hallie took a deep drink of her Coke, “Sure.”

“Forget the dead fish routine,” Joystick said, “just relax, and go with boredom instead. Like this guy is making you late to getting your hair done. See, these assholes tell themselves that they’re the nightmare you see at night, you’re the one who makes ‘em scream. Take that away, and you’ll have ‘em stewing for days.”

“Until they come back,” Jolt muttered, taking a gulp of Coke.

“Hey, nothing’s perfect,” Joystick said.

“So what happened to that motor club?”

Joystick smirked, “What motor club?”

Jolt chuckled, then said, “Save Tigra for last.”

“Huh?”

Jolt took a long drink before answering, “You said you were going to screw every one of us twice? Well, save Tigra for last.”

“But she’s an Avenger!” Joystick protested.

“Covered in fur that’s fucked daily,” Jolt countered, “it’d be cleaner to rub yourself against a porn studio floor.”

“Damn, I never thought of that,” Joystick said.

“Most people wouldn’t,” Jolt said, “but we’re co workers, so…”

“I’ll keep that in mind,” Joystick said.

Jolt finished her soda, almost unable to believe what she’d just said. But then, as Dallas once told her, gallows’ humor was all they had left.

Joystick burped, and set her bottle aside, “Probably shouldn’t drink this crap, but what’s the point of a body like this if you don’t abuse it some?”

“Good health?”

“Ha!” Joystick chuckled, “just a means to an end, baby. Okay honey, ready to go back to work?”

“What did you have in mind?”

Joystick went over to her bag, and pulled out a large, U-shaped dildo. It was green, slightly ribbed, and, Jolt realized, actually smaller than some of the ones that had been shoved into her cunt.

“What do you think of this bad boy?”

“It’s…better than a strap-on,” Jolt observed.

“Damn straight,” Joystick said, “a little more effort, but certainly worth it.”

Jolt watched as Joystick slid the dildo inside her snatch with experienced ease, and when she was
done, a plastic cock hung from her snatch.

“Lean back,” Joystick instructed.

Jolt did as she was told, and Joystick crawled on top of her.

“You want to guide it in?” Joystick said, “better if you do it, than me.”

Jolt was confused, but only for a second. She’d grown so accustomed to people just plowing into her pussy like it was a public street, that she was stunned by this basic human kindness.

Jolt reached down, and took the plastic cock in both hands, and pushed it into her slit. She gasped as the ribbed asides of it rubbed against her sensitive inner flesh.

“Good?”

“Amazing,” Jolt breathed.

“You haven’t felt nothin’ yet,” Joystick squeezed her pussy, and rocked forward. Her nipples rubbed against Hallie’s, and the dildo slid back and forth inside the younger girl’s pussy.

“Gaawwd!” Hallie breathed.

“I’ll have you seeing Heaven, at least,” Joystick winked.

“Just…one problem.”

“Oh?”

Hallie’s face shot up as she wrapped her arms around Joystick’s back, pressing their breasts forever. She kissed the villainess, her tongue exploring the woman’s mouth and savoring the taste.

Hallie suddenly shifted her weight, and the two rolled across the bed, conjoined by the dildo in their pussies. When they came to a stop, Jolt loomed over Joystick

Jolt smiled.

“I’m the hero. I should be on top.”

Jolt’s inner muscles took the dildo inside her in a grip of steel, and she all but lunged forward with it.

Later

Joystick and Jolt were wrapped in each other’s arms. Neither had any idea how long they’d been fucking, but both reached the end of their stamina together. They collapsed in one another’s arms, the sheets around them nothing but a puddle of sweat.

Jolt realized that Joystick had fallen asleep like a rock almost instantly. But not Hallie.

A part of her nagged at her mind, tugged at her conscience. She looked back on what a slut she’d been, how much pleasure she’d had today.

It was still rape, regardless of how much pleasure she felt. Hallie didn’t find the female form any more appealing now than she did before her appointment. And she never would have consented to screw Joystick unless she were forced, and here she was, naked but wearing body paint that reflected her old costume, for Joystick’s twisted pleasure. So Hallie knew she should feel guilty.
But she didn’t. Because, in the end, Joystick had given her nothing but pleasure and even some respect, no matter how demented her reasoning.

It was like a balm to Hallie, after so much suffering, so much hopelessness. So rather than waste the comfort she felt beating herself up for being a victim, Hallie decided just to enjoy it.

Maybe private dates aren’t so bad after all, Jolt thought to herself, as she fell asleep, suckling Joystick’s breast.

Writers note: Hope you all enjoyed! Not as (directly) twisted as my usual stuff, but sometimes you have to pull back before moving forward (heh). Let me know what you think!
Every day trauma

Bonita Juarez, Firebird, awoke on a medical gurney, her head swimming. The first thing she felt was an ache in her breasts, and how her skin was clean of the sweat and cum that had covered her like a second skin when she felt into a nightmarish sleep in her cell last night.

Bonita opened her eyes, and wasn’t surprised to find she was completely nude. Clothing would have been more of a surprise.

“Welcome back to the world of the living.”

Bonita turned her head and saw Dr. Gordon? Dr. Wade?

The names changed constantly, not that Bonita ever believed that they were given the doctor’s real name to begin with. That was if they were even people. How many of Arcade’s people were human beings, or artificial beings, LMDs, was a subject of constant debate between his captives.

All Firebird knew for certain was that Arcade was never short of people who could warp their bodies for the sexual deviancy of their johns, using any and every tool imaginable. Sentinels, Pym Particles, modified plants, it seemed as nothing was beyond his depravity.

“What did you do to me?” Firebird tried to sound angry, but after having been captive so long, there was only so much rage she could this early in the morning.

“That’s something your client wants to show you,” the Doctor said. Without a word, a guard came in, and nodded for her to follow.

Firebird did her best to stand up straight, to carry herself with an air of dignity and defiance, but it was hard, she could still taste the shampoo used to wash the cock of the man she’d blown last night.

Bonita could hear the sounds and smell the musk of sex as they made their way through the compound. She caught a glance of Dagger, her legs frog-tied and her pussy supporting her entire weight on a wooden horse, and felt a slight bit of sympathy pain in her pussy.

She was there less than two days ago herself.

The guard led her to her appointment, and Firebird said a silent prayer as she stepped inside.

“My God…”

Bonita was met by a Hispanic man, his bare chest covered with both muscles and tattoos. She had no idea what they met, but she knew that they signified that he was a member of her country’s infamous Cartels.

But Bonita’s breath caught in her chest when she saw the scars on the man’s left arm.

Burn scars.

“…you’re amazing,” the man said, breathless.

“…I’m sorry,” Firebird said instinctively. She couldn’t remember burning a man so badly as to leave scars like this man bore, she had always been so careful with her flame before, even taking lessons with Johnny Storm about control. Her entire career, she always respected the dangerous power she wielded, power that was now rendered useless, “I…I never meant…”
“Whoa, whoa, whoa,” the man said. He pointed at the scars, “you didn’t do this, Chica. Nah, this was because of a miss by an old boss. Call me Rafe.”

Firebird glanced at the walls, giant screens on three walls. They were the same screens that resided in the cells Arcade kept them on constantly, playing images of their defeats and humiliation over and over.

And true to form, they were depicting some past humiliation, some past sexual assault.

“I prefer some porn prior to love making,” Rafe said.

Love making? Bonita thought to herself, but didn’t dare say aloud.

There was always that deluded John who thought that what they were doing simply buying themselves a prostitute, a whore for the evening. No amount of begging or common sense could convince them otherwise, and Firebird had long since given up trying.

Firebird glanced towards the ceiling as Rafe led her to the bed by the hand. To her disgusted, she recognized the incident perfectly, and unbidden, her memories drifted back to that horrible time.

The scene being depicted on the far wall displayed Bonita strapped to a medical chair, her legs bound high up in stirrups. Bonita was flat on her back, strapped down with nothing to support her head, with a half dozen men in the room looming around her.

“Alright boys,” said Donald Flores, the leader of these scumbags, “anyone who wants her pussy, you better step up now, because when I’m done…”

The men chuckled, and Bonita shivered.

Four men took her by the pussy, grunting and grinding against her. Cocks pounded against her cervix, yet after having so many men inside her, Firebird could feel it when someone was rushing. These men where sadists, and were eager to see their boss at work.

“Avenger pussy, best pussy yet,” Sighed the last man who came inside her, “never even seen them before today.”

“Alright boys,” Donald Flores cracked his knuckles, “someone go get that cleaning solution, eh? Fuck if I want to deal with sloppy seconds, eh?”

Firebird shook her head, trying to deny the tears that would soon some. One of the man returned with a water-bottle, filled with a salt water solution and wedged it aside of Firebird’s pussy.

“Hey, wait!” One of the man went to Firebird’s head, and zipped his pants. He jammed his cock in her mouth until his balls slapped her nose. Firebird did what they had all been taught, and a few seconds later, the man gave his friend the thumbs up.

“Peter, we ain’t got all day….”

“Okay Jake, let ‘er rip!”

Jake squeezed the water bottle, filling Firebird’s abused cunt. The salt water turned every stretch and tear inside her pussy burn as if it were filled with acid, as it washed the cum from her pussy. Were it not for the cock jammed in her mouth, Firebird would have screamed to high heaven.

Instead, she just gurgled as Peter’s tool went down the length of her throat.
“Oh man,” Peter couldn’t hold on a second longer, and shot his load down Bonita’s throat.

“Okay, Fire-whore,” Donald ran a finger up and down Bonita’s pussy, “get ready…”

Bonita began to sweat, as she could feel the man clench his fists at the mouth of her pussy.

-Boom!-

Bonita felt the air driven from her lungs, as Donald slammed his knuckles inside her pussy.

“Tighter than I thought,” Donald said.

Firebird said nothing, because she was gasping for air, struggling to breathe.

Donald’s fist was a slow, steady invasion of her abused and worn pussy. Worse, Bonita could feel the rings on the man’s hands as he invaded her cunt.

Bonita swore she could feel the insignia on his rings, the callouses on his fingers. By instinct, she clenched, but Donald didn’t care. He had leverage, and desire.

He and his men savored how Bonita’s breasts trembled, and she jerked from side to side.

“Please, mercy,” Bonita begged softly. She feared that if she spoke any louder, his men might hear and then he’d only laugh.

“Fresh out, honey,” Donald said, “sorry, babe. Got castrated, long story. You wouldn’t deny me the fun everyone else has, would you?”

“It hurts…,”

Donald rolled his eyes.

“Someone want to shut this bitch up?”

Firebird felt someone grab her by the hair, and pull her head down. He presented his cock, and to Bonita’s shame, she opened and accepted it on reflex, even as she was wracked by agony.

Donald slowly pounded her cervix, each slow punch sending agony through her lower body, stretching her pussy every inch of the way.

Watching it now, watching from the outside, seeing how Donald’s fist warped her stomach and sucking cock as the man fisted her, brought a new wave of revulsion through Bonita. She felt a special level of disgust when she saw the time stamp, and realized how long she had suffered.

“Before we start, would you please get me ready?”

Rafe sat down on the edge of the bed, his cock not yet at full rigidness. Bonita put on a fake smile, and went to her knees.

She reached out with her tongue, and lapped at the cock like a cat lapping milk. She had learned that some men loved to be teased, and judging from Rafe’s reaction, he was one.

She then took his fullness in her mouth, until he almost touched the back of her throat, and ran her tongue underneath the length of his penis.

As she sucked him off, Bonita caught a glimpse of another scene of humiliation, and once more, she
couldn’t help but think back to Arcade’s sick and depraved punishment.

“Welcome one, welcome all,” said the Announcer, “to another show of Bitch Avenger!”

Bonita, Tigra and Silverclaw were on their hands and knees in a circle, naked and trembling. The air around them was forty degrees at best, and it made them seem terrified while their nipples became as sharp as tacks.

Which was not to say that the three of them weren’t in fact, terrified. Their status as Avengers made them the ideal targets for so many criminals and sociopaths, even those who never fought the team themselves.

Sometimes, there was nothing more that people enjoyed than watching a beloved institution fall.

Or, in this instance, be raped and humiliated.

And Arcade loved to please his fans.

All that separated them from the dozens of people who’d paid to see this particular humiliation was a velvet rope. Arcade had billed it as dinner and a show, and there wasn’t a single chair turned away from them.

Arcade knew how to add insult to injury, Bonita reflected. She couldn’t remember the last time she’d eaten real food, just cum, water and the slurry that Arcade fed them.

But now scents of fish, steak and bread wafted through the air, and it was almost enough to make her drool.

Firebird, Silverclaw and Tigra were left there, naked and ignored, for close to an hour before the crowd grew silent, and a spotlight from above focused on them.

“Today, we have Earth’s Mightest Sluts,” Arcade strode through the room, microphone in hand, “today we see exactly what kind of bitch each one is. Are you ready?”

The roar of the room cut Bonita’s heart like a knife. Everyone in this room was only alive because the Avengers, and yet they were only here to see the members of the same team humiliated.

“First gentleman caller goes by the name of Beethoven! Bring him out, boys!”

Firebird, Silverclaw and Tigra all turned their heads in horror as one of Arcade’s man strolled down the floor, with a St. Bernard on a leash.

When Bonita heard the click of the velvet rope being moved, she began praying.

To her shame, it wasn’t for mercy, it was just praying that the beast wouldn’t choose her.

“What’s the lucky lady this boy will bring home tonight?”

Bonita jumped as she felt the beast’s wet nose against her bare pussy, and the crowd roared in laughter. She could see a big screen TV displaying her mortification for all to see.

When the giant dog moved to Tigra, and Bonita tried to keep the relief from her face when the beast mounted the cat-woman instead of her.

“Oh, look at this people!” the Announcer said, as the St. Bernard began fucking the feline Avenger, “forbidden love!”
The laughter cut through Bonita like a knife. She never thought of herself as perfect, but she had dedicated her life to helping others. And now she was being punished in the most vile way, for being a member of a group that did nothing but save their fellow man.

“Lets see the next gentlemen caller!”

Another man came out this time, with a large German Sheppard that pulled at the leash.

“What lucky lady will go home with this handsome gent?” mocked the Announcer.

The guard had barely unclipped the velvet rope before the dog pulled suddenly on the leash, breaking free.

This wasn’t the first time this dog had heroine pussy, after all.

The German Sheppard went straight towards Silverclaw, nearly knocking her face-first into the floor.

“Oh! Looks like we have an eager boy!”

The German Sheppard slammed into Silverclaw, her ebony hair flying about as each thrust rocked her to her core.

“Guess we all know who gets the last man, don’t we, folks?”

Bonita turned her head and saw a guard approaching with a Doberman Pinscher. Unlike the dog before it, this one was well behaved, never pulled on his leash. So Bonita had to wait the entire time as the guard approached, undid the rope, and then took up a position behind her, and she could feeling each second stretch out an eternity.

The dog placed it’s front legs on her rear, and Bonita felt as if the eyes of the entire room had fallen on her when she felt it’s warm cock enter her pussy.

Like its mates, the dog had no concept of grace or subtlety, humping her like it would any member of its own species.

“The Might Avengers, everyone!” said the Announcer, “place your bets on who brings their boyfriend off first! Because that lucky lady gets a night off!”

Bonita shuddered when she heard that, and to her eternal shame, she began rocking back against the dog cock in her snatch, squeezing her pussy as she did so.

“Oh God!”

Rafe exploded in Bonita’s mouth, and the fiery heroine swallowed it on instinct. By now the taste was as familiar as milk to her.

Bonita wished her were naïve enough to believe that Rafe was satisfied, but she knew better. More than that, she spied several blue pills on his nightstand.

‘Arcade Viagra’ was what she and her fellow captives called it. The damned pill allowed a man to cum six or seven times without tiring. The cost should have been extravagant, but Arcade’s clients never seemed to be short of the pills.

“Your mouth…,” Rafe sighed, “who knew someone as pure as you could be so skilled?”

“I have other skills too,” Bonita said quickly.
She had learned long ago that it was best to take the lead whenever possible, to steer the ship if she couldn’t stop it.

So Firebird pressed her aching breasts against Rafe’s limp cock, and ran her tongue up and down the length of her as she massaged it with her breasts.

To her credit, Rafe was hard again inside of a minute.

“Enough,” Rafe said, his voice firm, “I don’t want just your mouth…”

Rafe climbed back on the bed, and motioned for Firebird to join him.

It was at times like this that Bonita wished that Rafe had simply bound her to a bed and had his way with her. Being forced to participate like this was one humiliation on top of another.

But she didn’t have the bravery for disobedience, so she climbed on the bed, placing her legs around Rafe, with her pussy lined up to take his cock like a willing lover.

“You are so amazing,” Rafe grabbed her ass, brushing against her ‘A’ brand, and pulled Bonita onto his erection. He then leaned forward, suckling her nipple.

Bonita gasped, as breast milk spilled forward. Once up a time, she would have been horrified to see breast milk coming from her body like this.

But now, the sight of it was almost a relief. Arcade could have done anything to her, and making her lactate was low on the list of cruelties he’d inflicted on her just this week.

So Bonita cupped both breasts, and squeezed, squirting a tiny amount of breast milk onto Rafe’s chest. He smiled with satisfaction, and flicked her hard nipple with his tongue as he sucked.

As he did that, Bonita caught a glimpse of the last screen that was depicting her past tortures.

The screen showed her naked, hands bound over her head, with a man whipping her from behind. ‘Pain’ was scrawled on her right breast with lip stick, and on the right was scrawled ‘slut’.

A man was whipping her from behind, while a woman wearing a large, studded strap-on reamed her pussy, all while Bonita wept and begged for mercy.

Firebird watched the scene, and realized something baffling.

She couldn’t remember that incident at all.

“Your taste is amazing,” Rafe kissed Bonita, his mouth tasting of her breast milk as his tongue explored her mouth.

“And how,” Bonita broke the kiss and rocked forward for, tightening her pussy around his cock. Remain in control, she told herself, “do I feel?”

“Like magic,” Rafe said.

Firebird wrapped her arms around Rafe and pulled him deeper inside of her, trying to match his pace. Rafe smiled, and his left hand snaked down to Bonita’s pussy.

Firebird could begin to feel it almost immediately, a soft and growing sensation in her pussy. Rafe’s hands were surprisingly skilled and gentle.
“Rafe…Rafe…,” Firebird felt each thrust lift her onto a higher plateau of pleasure, and she didn’t bother to fight it. She felt no shame as Rafe once again took her breast in his mouth, only the amount of pleasure that shot through her body rising.

“Wait, please…” whispered Rafe.

Firebird had had enough men inside her to know when a man was building to a finish, and she tried to take a calming breath, but it wasn’t enough. Rafe’s hands were just as skilled as his cock, and Bonita felt herself being pushed over the edge.

“Oh…yes…,” Bonita was rarely one to cum loudly, and she rode out her climax for a few seconds, as she felt Rafe climax inside of her.

“Oh…my dear Firebird,” Rafe rested his head against her breasts for a moment, “we will need to work on that.”

Firebird said nothing, as Rafe began sucking on her breasts once more. The ache was gone, but Firebird barely noticed it now.

Because having cu before Rafe, she was now fearful she had offended him. Some clients turned so quickly, from sweet and gentle to the actual monsters that they were.

But when Rafe was done suckling like a babe, he motioned for Firebird to lean back on the bed. He leaned over her, and brushed his hand over her still tingling pussy.

“We should come together,” Firebird held her breath, seeing Rafe’s smile. Things often turned so quickly, “but that’s my fault. Please except this apology.”

Rafe’s hands went to work on her tender clit, teasing and exciting it with almost expert skill, that Firebird found herself climaxing within seconds.

“Umm…umm…”

Rafe watched with mild bemusement, as Firebird once again reached and fell over the precious that peak of pleasure. But once she had, Rafe didn’t, couldn’t stop.

He loved how Bonita tried to find the words as she came. How her cheeks became so red, and she arched her naked back to the sky. It was all so intoxicating to him, to see this perfect angel of a woman made sexual.

For Firebird, it felt as if she were bouncing from one cloud to another. When Rafe’s hands slipped, or missed a step, she fell from perfect pleasure, only to be caught again as he finds the perfect touch.

When it’s finally over, Firebird realizes that she’s covered in a thin sheen of sweat, and Rafe is hard again.

“Lets try another way,” Rafe smiled. He placed a hand under Firebird’s thigh, and gently turned her on her back.

Bonita knew what was expected, and raised her ass to meet him.

Bonita grunted when she felt Rafe enter her tight ass, and found she was looking at that scene she couldn’t remember from before.

The same woman from before was wearing a different, double dildo strap-on, that filled her holes
entirely, while Firebird was sucking the man’s cock. Her entire body was now covered in whip-marks, and her breasts covered in wax.

Yet despite all that, Bonita couldn’t remember. The woman looked familiar, yet that was it. But why couldn’t she remember…?

The answer hit Bonita like a slap in the face, and she placed a hand over her mouth to keep from screaming.

She couldn’t remember it, because that day was like every day since Arcade had captured her, and whored her out. And as painful and humiliating as it was, it just blurred together with the next.

The first two were bad days, but being whipping and fucked? Business as usual.

In fact, Firebird realized that the time she was spending with Rafe, a man who had her body modified so he could suck her breast milk and was currently raping her, was best day she’d had in recent memory.

And realizing that this was her new normal, and this rape was a good day for her, cut Bonita deeper than any knife.

“Don’t worry, chica,” Rafe said, obvious to Firebird’s suffering, “we got a long time to get it right.”
Jolt glanced at Songbird, and then to Tigra. The three of them had been herded into the room by Arcade’s goons. Like so many of Arcade’s rooms, it was indistinguishable from all the rest, unless the client wished otherwise. A queen sized bed, white sheets with a box of props at the foot of the bed, containing God only knew what.

All the heroines were dressed in their usual costumes, the first time in days that any of them could even remember being dressed. They didn’t much enjoy it however, knowing that it wouldn’t last.

Several long minutes passed, waiting for their ‘John’ until Songbird finally said,

“Do we…have someone in common?”

“We may not have anyone,” said Jolt, “least I hope not.”

“I saw the look on Arcade’s face,” Tigra said. She neglected to mention that after fucking her last night, Arcade had said she’d been seeing an old friend soon. The less everyone knew about the time she spent with that man, the better, “he probably has some bastard looking up old connections.”

“He does indeed.”

Jolt, Songbird and Tigra all suddenly felt as if they’d been gripped in steel. No matter how hard they struggled, they couldn’t move an inch.

The force holding them immobile, like flies in amber, yanked them five feet into the air, and then held them spread eagle over the bed. But as terrifying as that was, what scared the women more was the familiar feel of this overwhelming power.

Franklin Hall, known as Graviton, walked into the room, hands folded behind his back.

“I trust that you ladies remember me?”

Tigra nodded. She remembered when her animal side was running wild, and she ran to Graviton’s side like a pet. Far from her finest hour.

Both Songbird and Jolt remembered when Graviton emerged from a Hulk robot, and later when he tried to create his own pathetic kingdom. Their team stopped him each time, but it was by the skin of their teeth.

Revenge, all three women thought, and fear struck them to their core. The clients that wanted revenge ranked among the most ruthless, and painful.

“Now, ladies,” Graviton snapped his fingers, and the heroines found their costumes ripped from their bodies as if they were tissue paper. Graviton nodded approvingly, and with a flick of his wrist, brought the three closer for inspection.

Graviton turned them to their side, as he inspected the ‘A’ that Arcade had branded them all with.

“My my,” Graviton brushed his fingers against Songbird’s brand, and the young woman bit her lip, terrified that any sign of weakness would just draw more cruelty, “Arcade is a bold one, isn’t he?”

Jolt never felt more helpless in her life. She wasn’t just held in check by Arcade’s damned failsafes, but in the presence of the most powerful villain she’d ever fought, a man who could have raped her
without all the precautions Arcade had taken.

As if to emphasize that point, Jolt could feel some force on her pussy, gently spreading it open as Graviton leaned in close to take in the scent.

“Excellent texture,” Graviton stuck two fingers inside of Jolt’s pussy, and swished them around, “I think I’ll have you first.”

Graviton took a step back, and with less than a nod, tossed all three on the bed dismissively.

“Songbird, get your friend ready for me,” Graviton ordered, “Tigra, come here.”

“Me? Why?”

“Because I said so,” Graviton growled. He held out his hand, and Tigra suddenly felt as if she were caught in a riptide, before coming to a sudden stop in Graviton’s hands. He grabbed her by the hair, and pulled her to her feet.

“I need to talk to this bitch,” Graviton hissed, “make sure that pussy is ready when I’m done, Songbird. You wouldn’t like me when I’m angry.”

“I understand,” Songbird said meekly.

Graviton dragged Tigra to the far side of the room, and then shoved her up against the wall.

“Why so angry?” Tigra snapped, “wait, let me guess, when my feline side was overriding my human side, you tried to turn me into a pet and I still didn’t fuck you.”

“You’re a God damn cocktease,” Graviton said through gritted teeth, “like every other woman in my life! You fucked everyone but me!”

Graviton smirked.

“Except today.”

Tigra rolled her eyes, “Well, better late than ever.”

“Apparently,” Graviton stepped back, “do you know the extent of my powers, slut?”

“Gravity,” Tigra sneered, “the name is a big clue.”

“I said extent, not name,” Graviton made a dismissive motion, and Tigra found herself lifted in the air. Graviton motioned to the room’s toy chest, and three bamboo canes flew out of the chest, and into his hand.

Tigra felt the panic in her chest begin to rise, as graviton motioned with his hands again, and the bamboo canes flew up beside her. She watched, helplessly, as the first cane pulled back, and struck her right breast.

Tigra bit her lip to keep from crying out, and then the second one struck her other breast, followed by a sharp snap on her ass.

“You see, I control gravity to such an extent, that I don’t even have to think about this anymore,” Graviton said, “this will never stop, until I so will it. I could forget all about this, about you, and it still wouldn’t cease.”
“Supposed…to be impressed?” Tigra forced herself to say.

“No, I guess not,” Graviton said, “because I forgot something.”

Another bamboo cane flew from the box.

“Wait…ah!” Tigra trembled as the bamboo positioned itself underneath her pussy.

“Impressed now?” Graviton smiled, and with a snap of his fingers, the bamboo cane moved into action.

Graviton watched smugly as Tigra writhed in agony, and begged for mercy. Graviton never knew the depths of his own sadism until now. It was a side of himself that he reveled in almost as much as his powers.

With Tigra still begging for mercy, a symphony to his ears, as Graviton turned to the two Thunderbolts.

“Ladies, are you ready to have some fun?”

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“Songbird, get your friend ready for me.”

Songbird didn’t even wait for Graviton to drag Tigra away, before she pushed Hallie back on the bed, and dove into her pussy.

“Mel…!” Jolt couldn’t keep herself from moaning, as Songbird’s expert tongue flicked her pussy, and she felt a powerful wave of pleasure rippled out from her pussy, and Jolt nearly came, when she realized something.

“You still have your powers?!” Hallie kept her voice down as best her could, but her tone was sharp and accusing, “what the hell?”

“They’re cybernetic, remember?” Songbird looked Hallie in the eyes, and blinked back tears, “Arcade’s people modified it so all I can do is give great blow jobs, that’s it! You can’t tell anyone!”

“How could you keep this to yourself?”

Songbird glanced over her shoulder, making sure Graviton was still focused on Tigra, and then turned her head and met Jolt’s eyes.

“I screamed myself hoarse for a week, every night,” Songbird hissed, “but nothing ever happened. So just lean back, this is the all I can do to help.”

“I don’t want this kind of help…!” Jolt said, but Songbird ignored her, and Jolt’s head titled back as she felt another wave of ecstasy took her.

No matter how much Hallie tried to feel disgust, Songbird’s tongue just felt to amazing as she lapped at her pussy. The bliss was unlike anything Hallie had felt before.

“Ladies, are you ready to have some fun?”

Both Hallie and Melissa turned their attention to Graviton, as the man strode across the room. Neither woman could miss Tigra in the distance, or how she was suffering.
“Songbird, get up on the bed, please,” Graviton took his shirt off, and began to remove his pants, “head just off the bed, please. Jolt, dear, come here.”

Songbird did as she was told, laying on the edge of the bed, and Jolt, her pussy as damp as a swamp, approached the villain. It was a battle to keep her arms at her side, as modesty mixed with fear. Graviton was one of the few who could ignore Arcade’s orders to leave them relatively unharmed, and Hallie had been instrumental in stopping him in the past.

“Aren’t you an amazing sight?” Graviton breathed. Jolt could see the man’s full erection, and would have gladly shoved the full length of it down her throat if it meant being done with him.

But instead Graviton stood there, drinking in her naked form. She was small, petite, but Graviton saw her muscle tone, the strength that would put professional athletes to shame.

“You were so lithe when we fought, so quick,” Graviton placed his hands on Hallie’s shoulder, then traced them down her front, over her small breasts, across her ribs, and stopping at her wet pussy, “your old costume never did leave much to the imagination, I know that now. I only wish I knew then what I was missing.”

Jolt trembled, but said nothing.

“Still,” Graviton snapped his fingers, and Jolt found herself spun one hundred and eight degrees, like a top, a reminder of his physical power over her, “why wait?”

Jolt found her legs spread against her will, and slid across the room to the bed, until her pussy hovering over Songbird’s face.

“Songbird, help Jolt enjoy this, won’t you?” Graviton said.

“Now, Thunderbolts,” Graviton pushed Jolt forward, and the young Asian caught herself with her hands. Her wet pussy hovered over Songbird’s mouth, “let’s make some lightning, eh?”

Songbird reached up to Jolt’s clit with her tongue, and as she began licking the tender bit of flesh, she began humming a little tune, ‘Mary Had a Little ‘Lamb’, and her cybernetics responded instantly.

Jolt gasped as she felt the sensations travel through her pussy. She could understand instantly why Arcade had given Songbird a small portion of her powers.

“Such a slut,” Graviton said as he placed his cock at Jolt’s slit, and pushed inward, “such…an amazing slut!”

Graviton found Jolt’s pussy to be perfectly tight, gripping his cock in a soft, almost silk like vice. He could feel small traces of Songbird’s sonic stimulation traveling through Jolt’s pink flesh and into his cock. The ripple was unlike anything he’d felt before.

“The perfect…”

Graviton thrust forward, and Jolt gasped as she once again felt her pleasure nearly reach the top, and he’d barely begun. Every nerve in her pussy seemed to be shouting in pleasure.

“Oh yes…” Jolt couldn’t keep herself from moaning, and she realized that Graviton had just started.

“….tight…” Graviton slammed his hips into Jolt again, this time sheathing his entire cock into her tight snatch.
“…please, fuck me…” Jolt began tipping over a climax, as Graviton’s cock traveled the length of her young pussy. She barely even felt it when Graviton reached out and grabbed her pony tail, pulling it back like the reins on a horse.

“…slut!” Graviton slammed into Jolt.

“Yes, oh God yes!” Jolt screamed. She came, her entire body pitched over that cliff of pleasure.

Songbird watched as Graviton slammed his cock into her young teammate, the girl who had been the heart and soul of the Thunderbolts. Hallie’s pussy dripped its juices on her face, and Graviton’s balls smacked her forehead with each lunge of his cock.

The sight of it all was like a knife to Songbird’s heart, but she kept humming, stimulating the pleasure centers in Jolt’s pussy with her ultra-sonics. Songbird had long since resigned herself to their terrible fate, but she could still relieve the suffering of her teammate.

Meanwhile, from across the room, Tigra watched with tears in her eyes, as Graviton slammed into Jolt’s pussy.

The smell of sex struck Tigra’s enhanced senses from across the room. The canes on her breasts, ass and pussy never once stopped, but the pain had peaked, allowing Tigra just enough room in her mind for shame.

Shame that she was too weak to help Jolt. Shame that she had become Arcade’s inside man. And shame that she now wished that she’d fucked the man so long ago, so that they wouldn’t be in this situation now.

“Yes, oh yes!” Jolt pushed herself back against Graviton’s cock, trying to milk it for all the pleasure she could.

“Take it, you whore,” Graviton grunted, “I wish Moonstone could see you now!”

When those word’s reached Hallie’s ears, it was like a slap to the face. She stopped pushing back against Graviton, and suddenly became aware of him pulling her hair, and his cock slamming inside of her, pounding at her cervix.

“No…” Jolt whispered. She could still feel the pleasure of Songbird’s ministrations, every thrust of Graviton’s cock nothing more than two steps towards a climax, but that all felt different now. Bitter sweet, as it began to rot in her stomach.

Moonstone would have thought of a way out of here, Moonstone wouldn’t have become a slut for pleasure. First Joystick and now Graviton, Hallie began to feel as she was falling, and suddenly she couldn’t hold back the sobs.

Graviton, still pounding Jolt’s pussy, noticed her change in demeanor, but it only increased his pleasure, his feeling of control. He could move mountains, yet it seemed often as if no one truly feared him. Destroying his enemies mentally felt so much better than dominating them physically. They always seemed to overpower him, but this?

Jolt would carry this with her the rest of her life.

Graviton smirked, and wished that he’d done this before Arcade.

“Take it, you slut!” Graviton finally could hold it no longer, and began to cum.
But before he did, he pulled out of Jolt, and came over the entrance of her pussy, while allowing some of his seed to fall onto Songbird’s face.

“Perfect…,” Graviton sighed. With a wave of his hand, he willed Jolt onto her back, and took a moment to admire the view.

Her perfectly toned body glistened with sweat, while her chest, along with her small breasts, jumped up and down in line with her sobs.

In truth, Graviton cared very little about Jolt or Songbird. It was Moonstone he wanted to hurt, Moonstone he wanted to fuck.

But she wasn’t here, and Graviton suspected that might be for the best. Besides, with her sharp tongue, Moonstone would likely take most of the pleasure out of it.

Better to abuse her teammates, to take a victory she never knew and thus, could never spoil.

He glanced down at Songbird, still lying on her back, his seed on her face.

“Your teammate needs a cleaning, Songbird,” Graviton smugly said, “see to it.”

Songbird, without a word of complaint or even a hint of protest, rolled over and crawled to Jolt’s pussy. She began lapping the cum up obediently, like a cat lapping at milk. She finished quickly, and then backed away, looking at Graviton expectantly.

“Good girl. Jolt, your friend is a mess. Return the favor, won’t you?”

Graviton smiled when he saw Jolt hesitate. Not long enough to constitute defiance, but enough to know it was there. She kept one eye on Graviton as she leaned forward, her tongue scooping the cum from Songbird’s face, swallowing it like the chore it now was.

Finally, when Songbird’s face was clean, both Thunderbolts looked to him, but with their eyes downcast, neither brave enough to meet his gaze.

“Such wonderful pets Arcade has made you both,” Graviton observed, “the man has a gift. Oh!”

Graviton snapped his fingers, and across the room, the canes stopped abusing Tigra, and she fell to the ground like a dropped plate.

Graviton turned and smiled at her.

“I knew I was forgetting something.”

Graviton sat down at the edge of the bed.

“Won’t you come here and entertain me?” Graviton said, “do be quick about it, though. Otherwise, I might do to these young ladies what I did to you, only for twice as long.”

Graviton could feel the two Thunderbolts behind him shudder.

“And I’d still fuck you anyways.”

Tigra mustered all sheer willpower, pushing past the agony, and climbed to her feet. Her breasts, ass and pussy all felt as if they were on fire, but Tigra ignored it all, and marched towards Graviton.

She could remember a time when she undertook such an act of willpower to save lives, to defeat
villains.

But now, she made the same effort just so that she could allow herself to be raped.

“Ladies,” Graviton didn’t bother to look over his shoulder to address the two Thunderbolts, “my shoulders are a little tense. Could you help?”

Songbird took Graviton’s left, while Jolt took his right. Both women began massaging his shoulders, while they tried to inconspicuously press their breasts.

Tigra reached Graviton quickly enough, but she could already see that his erection had returned, and a quick whiff with her enhanced senses was enough to tell her that Arcade had provided him some chemical assistance.

“Think you can handle me?” Tigra swayed her hips to one side. She figured if she couldn’t get out of this, the least she could do was hold the remainder of Graviton’s attention.

And that started by poking the up until now untouched inferiority.

“I’m a real woman, Graviton, not some little girl,” Tigra leaned in close, and snaked her tail between her legs, and brought it up to his cock. The soft brush of her fur against his ready organ almost made him cum right then and there.

“You wouldn’t last a minute.”

Tigra smirked as she saw Graviton fight for control. But she knew that she’d won when she smelled a glint of anger in him.

“You’re right,” Graviton reached out with his powers, and Tigra found herself spun around, and lifted into the air. Her legs were spread with an unrelenting strength, and she could her ass positioned over Graviton’s waiting member, “I’ll last for hours.”

Graviton used his powers to slam Tigra down on his cock, and he squeezed her abused breasts in his hands.

The agony of it all would have been overwhelming, if it weren’t already familiar. Tigra blinked back tears of both pain and joy. She deserved so much worse than this, but the suffering, the pain, brought some relief to her tired conscience. As long as Graviton focused on her, Jolt and Songbird would be spared.

“You…ugh!” Graviton concentrated, impaling the full length of his cock on Tigra, “you ladies… should team up more often.”
Sweet Dreams

“You ladies ready for another exciting day?”

“Yes, sir!”

Almost all heroines responded as one, except for one. Danielle Moonstar looked around, and noticed that some of their fellow captives were missing. Her eyes darted around, trying to see if the guards reaction revealed anything. The smugger they were, the more terrible the punishment usually, but Danielle couldn’t read them.

“Something wrong, Dani?”

Dani felt a shiver shoot down her spine, as Arcade’s eyes came to rest on her. Drawing Arcade’s attention was like being a mouse drawing the attention of a lion. Nothing good could come of it.

More than that, she loathed how he used her name, how he spoke to her with familiarity after all he’d inflicted on her and the others. Arcade could burn in hell for a million years and that still wouldn’t have been punishment enough for his sins against her, let alone her friends.

And now his attention was focused on her.

“We’re missing a few people today,” Danielle said.

Arcade glanced around.

“We are,” Arcade then shrugged, “how is that of any concern of yours?”

Danielle literally bit her lip. One of the women missing was her best friend, Rahne Sinclair.

“You know why,” Dani growled, mustering all her courage.

“I know it’s not your concern,” Arcade said, “but if you’d like, when Miss Sinclair is done with her fun, I can give her guard duty for a few weeks.”

Danielle’s face paled.

“Unless you’d care to come up here and give me a blow job, right now.”

Danielle felt the eyes of her fellow heroines fall on her as she stood up without another word, and did exactly as Arcade demanded.

“Ah, the power of friendship,” Arcade laced his fingers through Danielle’s hair. He used her long hair as leverage, her head bouncing back and forth. What Arcade savored more than the pleasure was look the other heroines gave Danielle. No one dared stand up for her.

As she sucked his cock, Dani just prayed that Rahne was strong enough to survive whatever sick new torture Arcade had dreamed up.

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The entire room was perfectly white. The table clothes, the drapes, and of course, the bed.

In the center of it all, Rahne Sinclair was laid upon the bed, kept lightly asleep by a special drug
cocktail.

She was dressed in a white girdle that covered her waist but not her breasts. A bridal veil was across her face, and lacy white leg stockings that covered both legs and white sleeves that went past her elbows. In between her legs was a perfectly trimmed triangle of pubic hair, and more.

Her head rested on a pillow, as Rahne dreamed a dream assisted by anti-depressants and a special drug concoction used in a way its designers never intended.

To Keith Moon, a smuggler with very specific tastes, Rahne, and her circumstances, were perfection itself. He watched as her breasts slowly rose and fell, her bright red hair the perfect contrast to her white clothes.

Keith undressed slowly. He had an entire day, and he so wanted to make the most of it. Once he was naked, he climbed on the bed slowly, like a jungle cat stalking prey.

He reached down to Rahne’s slit, and spread it with his fingers. He snaked his fingers inside, and smiled with satisfaction to feel that Arcade’s promised bonus was there.

Keith lowered his head between her legs, and began lapping at her pussy, savoring the taste while his thumb began to massage her clit. Even asleep, Rahne bucked her hips towards Keith, physically begging for more.

As Keith worked, Rahne dreamed.

“Ah’s just glad ah got you out before that bastard could touch you,” Sam Guthrie, Cannonball, carried Rahne over the threshold. She rested her head against his strong, muscled chest, as she breathed a sigh of relief. She still shuddered as she remembered Arcade’s threats to do…something.

“I knew I could rely on ye,” Rahne sighed. She wistfully leaned against her hero, taking in his warmth.

Sam sat her down on the bed (where did the bed come from? Rahne wondered, before the thought drifted away), and gave Rahne a smile she had once waited to see so many years ago.

“You can,” Sam said, “because I would never let anyone hurt the woman I love.”

“I love ye too,” Rahne said, her heart pounding. She’d waited for this for so long…

Sam leaned in, and kissed Rahne. Rahne felt her head swim, and she didn’t come back down as Sam moved between her legs (wasn’t she wearing pants?). A moment later, Rahne couldn’t think through the pleasure.

“Sam…”

Keith smiled as he heard Rahne whisper another man’s name. Not that he cared much. This was for him mostly, but he couldn’t begrudge whatever pleasure she took, in whatever dream she was in.

He wasn’t selfish, after all.

When Rahne was as damp as a swamp, and her clit fully risen, Keith brought himself up her to her right breast, and took it into his mouth. He teased her nipple, tracing it with his tongue, while suckling this perfect mound of flesh.

“Oh, Sam…”
Rahne couldn’t believe her luck as she looked down her chest, and saw the love of her life, Sam, sucking on her breast like a new born babe.

When Keith was finished with Rahne’s second breast, he felt as if his erection might explode then and there.

He placed his cock at Rahne’s slit, and began to slide inside of her.

“Sam…!”

Rahne felt the total weight of her lover inside of her, a quick tearing pain, as he entered her. But she knew that was just the pain of the first time (first time? For some reason, that didn’t feel right).

Keith savored the feeling of Rahne’s pussy wrapped around his cock, and the small trickle of her maidenhead blood mixed with his sweat. He knew she was far from a virgin, but medical science was an amazing thing, and this was just a fantasy to begin with, so why not one more element?

The ripple of Rahne’s pussy as it struggled to accommodate his girth along with the loss of her ‘virginity’, Keith sighed in pleasure. This had barely begun, and already Keith felt as if he were in heaven.

Keith reached up and brushed the bridal veil from Rahne’s face. He admired her perfect, petite face for a moment, before he kissed her, his tongue exploring her mouth. Rahne returned the kiss, moaning softly.

In her dream, Rahne savored Sam’s kiss, her tongue exploring his mouth as he explored hers. She could barely count the number of years she had waited for it and now it was everything she imagined. She never knew that he was so big, but Rahne always suspected. With his tongue in her mouth, and his flesh inside of her, Rahne never wanted this to end.

Keith began to push himself deeper inside of Rahne, as she pushed back against him, trying to take him deeper inside herself. Even as his cock spread the walls of her pussy wider and wider. Keith was well endowed by any measure, and half the reason he wanted a sleeping bride fantasy was because he was so damned tired of the whining, the complaining about how it was ‘too big’, ‘too much’.

But Rahne only moaned in discomfort. She felt some pain, but to her, making love to the man of her dreams was worth anything.

“…Sam, oh Sam!” Rahne whispered, and Keith smiled.

He pushed deeper inside her pussy, as it gripped his cock like a velvet glove. He sank in deeper and deeper, until he reached the end. He reached her cervix, and began to fuck Rahne with even more vigor.

Rahne, seeing only her first love, bucked her hips back against her, and squeezed her pussy. In her mind, she saw Sam leaning over her, his pearly white smile making everything okay.

Rahne matched Keith’s pace almost perfectly, taking him completely inside of her, pushing back as he thrusted forward.

“Sam…,” The friction gave rise to pleasure, and Rahne gasped as her first love sent her over the edge, “Sam!”

“Oh Red!” Keith laughed, as he came inside of Rahne. He filled her stretched pussy with cum, and withdrew with a satisfied sigh.
“…I love you…”

Keith chuckled as he stood up, stretching his back.

He looked at Rahne, laying there with a mixture of cum and maiden blood pooling in a small puddle at the base of her pussy. She had a satisfied grin on her face, and the perfect white of the clothes and pale skin contrasted perfectly with the red between her legs.

Already, Keith could feel himself growing hard again.

“Those blue pills of Arcade’s are better than Viagra, my dear,” Keith said, “I can actually feel my balls refilling.”

Rahne said nothing, which was pretty much what Keith expected. According to Arcade, nothing could awake the young Scotswoman unless he so willed it. To Keith, it kept her in a state of perfect innocence, which held the greatest appeal.

He grabbed Rahne by the ankles, and pulled her to the edge of the bed, spreading her legs until her pussy was at the edge of the bed.

Keith climbed onto the bed, carefully climbing over Rahne until his legs were straddling her face, and his cock rested on her cheek.

“This looks excellent on you, my dear,” Keith dragged his cock over Rahne’s face, enjoying the sight and power of it all. This woman could tear him apart with her bare hands, and yet here he was dragging his cock over her face like a magic marker.

“Time for a taste, honey,” Keith guided his cock into Rahne’s warm mouth.

Rahne coughed, but reflex took over quickly. She began to suck, as…

“Sam, please…”

Rahne never expected Sam to force her to perform oral sex, let alone do it so roughly. He hadn’t asked so much they were hugging one moment, and the next he forced her head to his crotch, nearly gagging her.

Using experience she didn’t know she had, Rahne suckled his cock, licking the underneath, drawing in the taste.

Keith was astonished at how skilled, how experienced Rahne was, even asleep. She took to his cock like a child to a lollipop, far better than even the whores in Thailand.

Keith gripped the back of Rahne’s head, and bobbed it up and down until he swore he could feel her tonsils.

Rahne’s skill brought Keith off quicker than he ever could have imagined, but at the last moment, he withdrew, and shot his seed all over Rahne’s face.

His cum splashed across her face, covering her right eye and dribbling down her cheek.

Keith thought it went perfectly with the white girdle, view sleeves and leggings.

“Lovely make-up,” Keith observed.

Keith stood up once again, took a quick walk around the room. Arcade’s blue pills were amazing,
but that didn’t mean he himself had endless stamina.

He took a seat across from the bed, his eyes never leaving Rahne’s unconscious form.

He wondered what his friends and foes would think of the infamous ‘Moonlight Smuggler’ if they knew that his fetish, his secret desire, was a simple wedding to a young, virginal woman.

Keith chuckled to himself. He had once killed a man for coughing at the wrong time, and yet this was his greatest fantasy. The fact that it was a heroine somehow just lifted it to a whole other level.

Keith thought about the power in Rahne’s small frame, the videos Arcade had shown him of Wolfsbane tearing through entire groups of men, and felt his manhood returning to life.

Keith stalked over to the bed, having reached full erection in just a few steps.

He grabbed Rahne’s thighs, and raised Rahne’s legs, letting them come to rest on his shoulders. He placed the tip of his cock at her tight, defenseless ass. He pressed forward, barely sinking in less than an inch, and gasped.

“I am not paying Arcade enough,” Keith moaned. He lunged forward, sinking his cock into Rahne’s perfectly tight ass. Keith knew he was far from the first man to plunder this tight ass, but damned if he didn’t feel like it.

“Sam…don’t…please…”

In her mind, Rahne was on her hands and knees (why did this seem so familiar?), with Sam’s hands on her hips and his cock was slamming into her ass. Rahne was a virgin (wasn’t she? Something about being fucked like a dog brought back strange feelings), and the pain of his giant cock was quickly becoming too much.

Rahne looked at Sam, pleading at him with her eyes to stop, yet his gaze never met hers. Why was he doing this?

“…don’t want this, Sam…”

Keith smirked. He had sheathed his entire cock inside Rahne’s tight sphincter, and it was God damn amazing. He withdrew half way before slamming back inside, and Rahne replied with a pained whimper.

Her breasts quivered and her eyes began to water, as Rahne’s dream was met with the harsh reality. Keith quickened his pace, each stroke into Rahne’s tight ass better than the last.

Even as she slept, Rahne’s ass quivered, gripping him perfectly in a half hearted attempt to keep him out, all the while encouraging him onward. Keith grabbed her thighs, pulling her in while pushing his cock completely inside her clenched ass. His balls slapped her perfect white ass with each thrust now.

“….Sam?” Rahne choked. She never thought the man she loved and thought loved her, would treat her so dismissively, “why?”

“Because baby,” Keith said. He knew Rahne likely couldn’t hear him, but he didn’t much care, “this isn’t your dream, it’s mine. And I’ve just gotten started…”
Dust

Fun and Fluff

As Danielle Moonstar awoke, she was hardly surprised to find herself completely naked and sore, laid out on the floor like a piece of furniture. Her privates felt cold and damp, her breasts felt raw while her pussy and rear ached. She could only imagine that Arcade’s men’s had fucked while she was unconscious, and then cleaned her up. It wouldn’t be the first time they fucked her sleeping body, after all, and wouldn’t be the last.

She processed the information matter factly. Ever since she and her friends had been kidnapped by Arcade, and then sold to be raped, Danielle had adopted a certain level of hatred towards the man, and those he sold her body to, but refused to let the hatred control her. She knew that she’d have to adapt until they were rescued, or they escaped. By now, she’d learned to relax during the rapes, at least somewhat, and had almost grown used to at least some of the...oddities they were forced to endure, like barely using a toilet. The guards gave every girl hose enemas twice a day, once in the morning and once at night. Humiliating, but effective. It wouldn’t do to have bathroom breaks in the middle of servicing a dozen men, would it?

Beyond that, it was nearly impossible to get used to anything. Arcade was deliberately and completely random with how he treated his captives. Sometimes, everyone would sleep together nude in a dank cell. Sometimes they’d be paired up randomly and shackled to beds, awaiting rapes that may or may not come. Once, Dani had been strapped down to a bed between Free Spirit and Firebird. The other two women were then brutally fucked, whipped, suffering all kinds of torture while she was completely ignored, untouched.

In a way, that had been torture itself, always fearing when the men would turn on her, as Dani was soon ashamed that she was so relieved that she hadn't been touched while her fellow captives suffered terribly. One just never knew what to expect when dealing with Arcade's twisted imagination.

Now was a case in point. As Dani awoke, she saw that she wasn't alone. Her teammate and long time friend, Wolfsbane AKA Rahne Sinclair, was here with her, still unconscious and just as naked as well as their former teammate in the New Mutants, Amara Aquila AKA Magma who was just beginning to come to. The room they were in held five queen sized beds, with shackles on each end and no headboards. Dani could hear a party going on outside, but the walls were too thick to make out anything.

She had half a mind to scream for help, but decided against it. Arcade wouldn't take them from their cells to someplace where they could just yell for help and be saved just like that. The bastard loved to feed them false hope, and Dani would be damned before she gave him that satisfaction.
“Where...where are we?” Wolfsbane had just started to come around. Dani felt her heart clench. Unlike so many of the others, Rahne and a select few still hadn't really adjusted (as much as one could, anyways) to their captivity. Each rape was as horrifying as the first, each degrading sex act just as humiliating as the dozen before it, and it tore at Dani's heart. Though she tried her best not to show it, (because that bastard Arcade wouldn’t hesitate to use it against her, just for kicks) Dani had an easier time being raped than watching it happen to her friend.

“I've no idea, but knowing that piss ant Arcade, nowhere pleasant.”

“I swear I'll burn that scum inch by inch when we are freed,” Amara swore, and not for the first time. Her reaction to the rapes was only to become more and more stubborn. Dani never knew how masochistic her teammate could be until now.

“Oh, don't be that way,” chided Ms. Locke as she strode through the door, “my employer is just availing you to new opportunities to meet new people, suck their cocks and fuck their brains out. Is it really too much to ask that you be thankful?”

Dani imagined a million ways she'd kill Ms. Locke, but simply spat, “Go fuck yourself, you cunt. Arcade gets bored, you might find yourself on our side, bent over a table and getting a large cock up your ass!”

“What makes you think that didn't happen on my lunch break?” smiled Ms. Locke, “though, if I keep him entertained with you, I won't need to worry, will I?”

“Dani, don't provoke her!” whispered Rahne, clearly terrified. Already she shook in fear of how Ms. Locke might express her displeasure.

“They're going to rape us,” Dani hissed, “just like before, and the time before that! No use pretending like anything else is going to happen! All that's different is how twisted they feel at any given moment.”

“Danielle is right,” Amara spat, “this whore just wants to torment us beforehand. Nothing we say beforehand will matter a damn bit.”

“Never hurts to try, though,” answered Ms. Locke, “since you’re curious, we're at a secret meeting of the Friends of Humanity. They've employed Arcade as their hired gun of choice in the past, so he
offered them their choice of services. The Friends of Humanity are like a brotherhood, held together not just by their hatred of you mutants, but a bond of sin. I trust you see where I'm going with this?"

Dani didn't have to think hard. With these bastards, the answer was almost always the same, “You're going to have them gang rape us. What a surprise…”

“Close, but no,” Ms. Locke snapped her fingers, and in walked five men, each holding a nude girl by each of her arms. When Danielle and Rahne saw who the men were dragging in, they did a double take.

Wallflower AKA Laurie Collins, Wind dancer AKA Sofia Mantega, Surge AKA Noriko Ashida, X-23 AKA Laura Kinney, Pixie AKA Megan Gwynn and Dust AKA Sooraya Qadir. All were young women the three mutants had been teaching, and knew each personally, before Arcade had decided to kidnap them for his own sick pleasure.

Naked, bound and gagged, the girls looked just as surprised to see them as their once mentors were, and were twice as horrified. Up until now, the young mutants thought their teachers were dead, killed in an ambush by anti-mutant bigots. Seeing them here, now, just as naked and seemingly helpless as they themselves were, was as shocking as a bucket of cold water to the face.

“You bitch!” It was Wolfsbane who shouted, but the three senior mutants attacked as one, unwilling to allow their precious students to be used as sexual fodder.

For all the good it did them.

The three former New Mutants didn't make it far before the implants and fail-safes that Arcade implanted in their bodies activated. They collapsed to the floor, writhing in pain as if someone had poured acid into their pussies, and compared to past experience, they got off lightly.

“Get the girls secured. I want to inspect them before we begin. Leave their gags on, we'll have their teachers remove them.”

The men grunted, and dragged the young mutants towards the beds. Half fought as best they good, which was good. But three of the girls, Pixie, Wallflower and Dust, were terrified out of their young minds and moved like quivering zombies.
Even better.

After a little trouble, a lot of struggling, a few grunts, some crying and begging, the girls were secured to the beds spread eagle. Ms. Locke decided to appraise the girls before the night's festivities began. Terrorizing heroines and keeping their clients happy wasn't just a job, but an art. And part of that art was knowing the victim, what type of person they were, or thought they were.

The first girl was Sofia Mantega, Winder Dancer. With chestnut brown hair, a well formed body that was on a steady pace to womanhood, combined with a skin tone caught between Hispanic and Caucasian, she was a wonderful catch. With grape fruit sized breasts, a slightly foreign complexion and long brown hair, Sofia would work excellently as both an exotic beauty and girl next door fuck.

The best part though, was her attitude. Oh, she was just as scared as the other girls, but there was that spark in her eyes of quiet defiance. This girl was a fighter, just like her mentor Danielle Moonstar. And though she was doubtlessly hurt, maybe even scared by what Ms. Locke had turned her former teacher into, Sophia was determined not to break. Nude, spread eagle and probably smart enough to know what was coming, even now she was willing to fight, if only with her mind. Sofia lay on the bed, not bothering to struggle but clearly trying to control her breathing. Ms. Locke didn't doubt that many men would find the steady rise and fall of her breasts alluring.

Breaking girls like her was always the most fun, Ms. Locke had learned, because they put themselves back together again to fight another day. And again, and again.

The gift that simply kept on giving.

Next was the blond Wallflower AKA Laurie Collins. With flowing blond hair that ran well past shoulder length, breasts of equal size to her friend Sofia and light skin, she easily passed for a wet fantasy of a 'girl next door'. According to her physical examination, she was still a virgin, likely due to the fact that her pheromone powers made it difficult to have any kind of 'true' relationship with a boyfriend. Friends and, more importantly, boyfriends, were hard to come by if you didn't know if they liked you for you, or if it was your powers that forced them to lavish attention upon you.

Indeed, little Wallflower possessed the power to free everyone without a single act of violence, had precautions not been taken. Ms. Locke smiled as she imagined how she'd use Laurie's powers to torment their captives, when the time came.

Unlike her closest friend, Laurie didn't show half the courage or fortitude, tears of pure fear flowing freely from her eyes. Terrorizing her would be predictably easy, but sometimes the simple pleasures were the best. At least Laurie's terror would allow her more time to work on the other girls. And
besides, she'd be an extra special treat to the sexual sadists they now catered to.

Next was the electric mutant Surge AKA Noriko Ashida. She had slim hips, and full breasts with dyed blue hair and trimmed pussy. Not a virgin, according to the examinations, but Ms. Locke didn't think the girl looked too experienced either.

Ms. Locke listened to the girl hurl the most vile profanities at her, and smiled. This Asian dish was easily tougher than Wallflower, but doubted that she was as tough as Moonstar or Wind Dancer. And on some level, Surge had to know that too, that's why she tried to bluff her way with insults and threats.

Ms. Locke just smiled as the electric mutant, not even bothering to acknowledge the insults, because she knew that was even more disturbing to the girl than any threats she could make.

Next was the Muslim girl Dusk AKA Sooraya Qadir. Dark skin, ample breasts and chocolate colored nipples with a powerful sense of modesty, she was a true Arab beauty. Ms. Locke could already see the small fortune they'd make renting and whoring her out to wealthy Arabs and oil Shrieks.

By the time we're done with you, you'll never want to remove that burka again, thought Ms. Locke.

Dust was just as scared as Wallflower, but she still managed to hold out hope, praying to Allah under her breath for rescue. Just like Wolfsbane, Dagger and Firebird, she prayed for deliverance from on high. And just like them, Ms. Locke knew that she'd be disappointed, and she looked forward to savoring that look of defeat when the time came.

After her was the little faire girl, Pixie, AKA Megan Gwynn. Arcade had ordered her kidnapped because with her pink wings, pink hair she looked like a creature of myth, and that definitely got some clients off. Her breasts were the smallest of all the girls, but Ms. Locke figured they could correct that if need be. In addition, like Wallflower and Dust, the girl was positively mortified, weeping at her own nudity and fear.

Last, but certainly not least, was X-23 AKA Laura Kinney. Long dark hair, well proportioned breasts and a muscular body, she was just as attractive as the other girls in her own way. The examinations indicated that she was a virgin, though Locke doubted that. Probably just the effect of a healing factor on a female body.
But her attitude, among all the captives, was unique. X-23 possessed the eyes of a stone cold killer, something Ms. Locke recognized from the mirror every day. Of all the girls and women they'd taken yet, X-23 was by far the most dangerous. So much so, that Ms. Locke felt compelled to ensure her obedience before the day's festivities began. She signaled a guard to remove the gag, then spoke.

“Comfortable?”

X-23, despite being naked and tied spread eagle on the bed, simply offered a shrug, “The sheets could be better. Why, want to take my place?”

“Not really.”

For a moment, both were silent.

“I'm going to come for you last,” warned X-23, “and I'll make it last for days, and you'll scream every second. You might have taken my claws, but my healing factor and training? Still there.”

“Sounds fair,” Ms. Locke shrugged, “but that won't be today, tomorrow or a long while. I need you to behave for the moment. Or else, there will be consequences. Peter?”

One of the guards handed Ms. Locke a cattle prod.

X-23 didn't even blink.

“You are a tough one,” admitted Ms. Locke, “most of the other heroines at least tremble the first time when we bring this around.”

“You've no intention of using it on me,” X-23 countered calmly.

“True,” Ms. Locke took a step back and ran the cold, metal end of the prod across Dust's flat stomach. The girl cried before she wisely tried to hide her fear, “how'd you know?”

“Because it's what I would have done.”
Ms. Locke licked her lips, “Oh, I'm going to enjoy having fun with you. But, business before pleasure.”

Confident she had her captive's attention, Ms. Locke strode to the middle of the room.

“Ms. Moonstar, Ms. Sinclair and Ms. Aquila, I trust you know why you're here. But for you 'New Mutants', I'll spell it out,” Ms. Locke savored the looks of fear and confusion in the young student's eyes, “the younger, less experienced children are going to receive a crash course in sex education. You three are going to prepare the gentleman callers. Are we clear?”

Rahne's face went pale, while Danielle and Amara became livid, and while all three suspected from the start what Locke was planning, hearing it said aloud still terrified them. Ms. Locke smiled, both reactions were good for their customer's pleasure. There were those who liked a cowered victim, and those who liked a defiant victim.

“But first, would the teachers please remove the gags from the girl's mouths, and we can begin. But hurry up, and don't say a word. You'll have plenty of time to catch up later. Drag your asses, girls and I'll whip theirs bloody. Chop chop, now.”

Rahne was led to Laurie, Wallflower, and undid the gag. Once upon a time, the two of them were seeing the same boy, and they made a point to glare at one another whenever they passed the other in the hall. Ironic that now she could barely look the girl in the eyes now. She undid the gag quickly and then moved onto Surge, never saying a word and then finally to Pixie.

“What’s happening?” whispered the terrified young girl.

“Be quiet!” Rahne snapped, out of fear for both herself and her student.

Magma ungagged Dust and silently mouthed the words 'be strong'. If the girl could see it through her tears, Amara didn't know, but it was all she could really do.

Danielle undid the gag on her first student, and despite the warnings, wanted to say something, anything to explain what was happening.
“Dani, how can you do this?” Sofia demanded, “what happened to you?”

“Sofia...we....argh!”

Danielle cried out in pain as one of guards slammed a cattle prod against her rear, and Danielle spilled to the floor on her hands and knees.

“No talking. What was so hard to understand about that, huh?” asked the guard. Danielle was on the floor panting, so in a moment of inspiration the sadistic guard plunged the cattle prod into her vulnerable, raised ass and pressed the trigger.

Danielle's howl of pain could have been heard two states over.

“Stop it!” Sofia demanded as she writhed in her bonds, trying with all her strength to summon her wind powers. But Arcade's devises easily prevented that, and all she did with her struggling was give the guard a hard-on with her jiggling breasts that he intended to resolve later.

Ms. Locke smiled. The guard's sadism was an excellent note with which to start the night, “Lets begin, shall we?”

The guard exited the room, and returned with five men, completely naked, who looked around the room with lustful eyes.

“Take your time, gentlemen. We don't lack for choice. Asian, Hispanic, blond and since you're the first guests, we even have virgins!” Ms. Locke's cheerful demeanor terrified the young girls, that she was talking about them as though they were objects for sale, “and to get you started, we've brought along three young women with top notch oral skills.”

“What if we want one o' them?” asked one particularly disgusting man.

“That would be fine,” answered Ms. Locke, “though we charge a little extra for that, and they're not as fresh. Now, gentlemen, pick your girl and lets get started. You are the first tonight, but you won't be the last. And be aware that you only have twenty minutes. Do whatever you wish within that time, finish early if you wish, but we have a schedule to keep.”
Sooraya Qadir, Dust, felt fear form in the pit of her stomach when the first man for the night approached the bed she was strapped spread eagle to. He was big, with blond hair and powerfully built. And though Sooraya had never seen a man's erection before, she could see that this man's was obviously larger than usual. But that wasn't what truly terrified her.

No, it was the twice look of hatred in his eyes. The way he stood, the way he look at her, he hated her for being a Muslim as much as he loathed her for being a mutant and she knew that he would make this ordeal all the more painful because of it.

“This one's mine,” he said, his eyes meeting Sooraya, burning a hole right through her.

“Excellent choice. And who would you like to provide lip service?”

“Nah, this bitch gets American meat raw!”

The man climbed on the bed with deliberate slowness, taking in every inch of her dark skinned body, her perfectly curved hips and shaved pussy. As she felt his hot breath on her body, she looked away with tears streaming down her cheeks.

“Please,” she whispered, “what you are about to do...it is supposed to be a gift between husband and wife!”

“Name's Pete,” the man smiled, “and if you're saving yourself for your husband, how do you explain this?”

His hand cupped her shaved pussy, and Dust cried out for a second, wept and then quickly tried to compose herself. She honestly believed that she could somehow stop this man with just words alone.

“I...I was taught that it was good hygiene by my mother,” Dust explained, as she tried to ignore the touch of his cold hands on her most private place.

“Well, then,” Pete removed his hand from her pussy lips, and Dust almost sighed in relief, “guess you can't argue with logic like that.”
Pete then straddled Dust's body, and he allowed his cock to brush against her virgin opening, “Thanks, babe. No one likes a dirty fuck.”

“No, no, no please!” Sooraya's heart was pounding a mile a minute, and she had no idea how enticing her rapidly rising and falling chest was to Pete, “what you are about to do, is supposed to be a gift, a sacred gift, between a husband and wife! I beg of you, don't do this”

Sooraya knew that her words had fallen on deaf ears when Pete just grinned like a wolf, his teeth almost gleaming.

“Gift, huh? Well, you can call me Santa if you like!”

Pete pressed his cock past the opening folds of Sooraya's with the deliberate slowness of a surgeon making an incision. Dust was virtually hysterical by the time she felt the tip of his cock against her delicate hymen. With one cruel thrust, it was ripped asunder and in her eyes, her value as a woman disappeared.

“Nooo!” Dust's cry of anguish could be heard across the room, for all the good it did her. X-23, who was 'entertaining' a rather disgusting client, raged inward but offered no comfort to her friend. For now, X-23 knew that they could only accept their humiliation until their captors slipped up.

And when they did, X-23 vowed she would eat their still beating hearts.

Dust screamed and wept as she felt every throbbing inch of Pete's warm manhood as it pierced the veil of her womanhood and fell deeper and deeper inside of her. She was as terrified as she was disgusted as she felt his cock inside her body, his hips slapping against hers. The sound was easily the worst thing she had ever heard.

“You damn A-rabs took my brother!” Pete spat. His hands were on each side of Sooraya's hips, allowing him to thrust into her pussy with maximum force, “I figure this isn't half what I owe you bastards!”

“I'm -ugh-! not Arab!” Dust protested. She felt disgusted with herself, trying to avoid the man's racism, but if it would stop this assault, she'd do anything.

“Close enough for me,” Pete sneered. As he pounded into her, Pete took his hands and began
exploring Dust's body. She shuddered as his hands slip past her hips and found their way to her well developed breasts. Almost immediately, he began squeezing them, and pinching her brown nipples between his thumbs and forefingers.

“It hurts! Please, I beg you, stop!” Dust wailed.

Pete only smiled as he squeezed the fleshy globes even harder, trying to see how much bruising he could cause on her delicate orbs, “That's the point, you Arab cunt. Don't worry, I'm almost done with your dirty cunt. Would someone unchain this slut so I can finish?”

“Just a moment,” Ms. Locke tossed the keys to Amara. The blond haired mutant said nothing as she walked over to where Dust was being raped, and unlocked the chains. She half hoped that Dust would remember her combat training, but she doubted it. The poor girl looked exhausted.

The instant he heard the chains unclick, Pete placed his arms underneath Dust's legs and placed her legs over his shoulders while he mashed Dust's knees into her ravaged breasts. The young Muslim mutant screamed even louder her rapist plunged even deeper, stronger than before.

“Almost...almost...there!” Pete gasp as he sped up his thrusts. Finally, with one last gasp he shot his seed deep into Sooraya's womb. He collapsed in a heap atop of her.

Dust turned her head and wept as she felt the sticky warmth inside her cunt, and the man laying across her naked body. Never in her wildest dreams did she imagine her first sexual encounter would be like this.

“That was great baby,” Pete grabbed Sooraya's chin in a firm grip, and then gave her a wet kiss, his tongue fully invading her mouth. For almost a minute, he rolled his tongue inside her, before breaking the kiss.

“I made you a woman and gave you your first kiss. Don't you Arabs have to marry the guy who does that?” taunted Pete.

“Fuck...you.” Dust spat. It wasn't a terribly imaginative insult, but it was the only one she knew in English.

“We just did, weren't you paying attention?” Pete chuckled at his joke, “hey, clean up on aisle Arab
Without a word, Amara walked over to the bed and knelt down and began lapping up the blood and semen as they expected of her. Dust clenched her eyes shut as an odd sort of pleasure shot through her loins as the blonde’s tongue sent needles of pleasure through her pussy.

As he watched Amara lap up the jism from Sooraya's cunt, Pete felt his erection come life again. Looking at the clock, he saw that he still had ten minutes left.

“You're one lucky A-rab,” Pete smiled at the crying Dust. He stood up, his erection now complete, “cause I'm also gonna be your first blow job too.”
Surge knew this entire situation was FUBAR, but instead of falling apart, she did her best to adapt. After all, she had lived on the street for a time, and not everyone took no for an answer. Hell, sometimes it was all she could do to get some money. Though kidnapped, stripped naked and now being used as whores for the hate group, Friends of Humanity was certainly different from being raped in a back alley, but the end result was the same. Surge knew that all she had to do was lie back and take it.

But, the principles were the same. Deal with what comes, adapt and survive. So she prepared herself mentally for the ordeal to come. These assholes would rape her, but they damn well wouldn't break her, Surge vowed like so many others heroines before her.

And just like them, she'd be proven wrong.

Surge felt a twist in her gut when her first 'customer' came to her fully dressed and carrying a large medical bag. The man looked like a doctor, but Noriko knew, not suspected but knew that because of that, this experience would be all the more painful.

“My name is Doctor Hawkins,” explained the man, “and I've paid quiet pretty penny for what we're about to do here. So what I'd suggest is that you just lie back, relax and take deep breaths. This will be painful, but panicking will only make it worse.”

“You think I haven't been raped before, asshole?” Surge spat, “I doubt your small dick even compares to some of the cocks I've had shoved in me.”

“It won't be my cock that gets shoved into you,” the Doctor smiled a toothy grin that seemed like that of a shark smiling at its prey, “but first, a good doctor has the patient prepared for the procedure. Fluffers?”

Rahne Sinclair made her way over to the bed, her head bowed in shame and submission. Without a word, she knelt down and pulled down his zipper.

“But me, you mutie freak!” The Doctor pulled his hand back and slapped Rahne across the face so hard she was sent sprawling across the floor.
“You think I'd allow a monster like you anywhere near my manhood?” the Dr. Hawkins snarled, “I meant for you to prepare your fellow mutie's cunt!”

“I'm...I'm sorry,” Rahne said, her voice low and submissive.

“I'm sorry what’?” demanded Dr. Hawkins.

“I'm sorry master,” Rahne answered meekly, her voice cracking.

“Good,” The Doctor grabbed a fistful of Rahne's hair and dragged her up, “now, be a good girl and prep the patient.”

Surge gasped as Rahne's wet, warm tongue began running up and down the length of her pussy, lingering on her love bud just long enough to tease her senses.

God damn, she's good! Surge thought, and almost immediately felt fear shoot through her body. Just what had Arcade done to her former teacher, to turn a religiously straight shy young woman into a skilled pussy licker?

“Next, we prepare the area for the injection.”

Dr. Hawkins removed two yellow plastic hosing and set them down on the bed next to Surge.

“What...ohh...” Surge felt her mind drift as she nearly orgasmed. Rahne's skilled tongue was now making her as wet as a swamp, no matter how it disgusted her mentally by having another girl explore her pussy, “what...are those for?”

The Doctor smiled, “For fun, of course. I'll show you.”

Surge gasped as the Doctor's cold wrapped the first plastic cord around her right best, tying it tightly around the mound of flesh with a tight double knot. He repeated the process on her left breast, and took a step back.
“What the hell are you doing?!” Noriko demanded. Already, she could see the circulation in her breasts being cut off, and it was beginning to sting. She knew that pain was soon to follow.

“Something to keep me busy,” winked the Doctor. He then removed a syringe from his case.

“What, now you're going to drug me to get your giggles?” spat Surge, “I'm not surprised.”

“Actually, this won't alter your state of mind,” explained the Doctor as he tapped the air bubbles out, “rather, it's a muscle relaxant that will also prevent you from going into shock from the pain. I helped create it for our government and use it for entertainment, every now and then.”

“So this isn't your first torture job,” Surge growled, not the least bit intimidated by the growing pain in her breasts, “bring it on, asshole.”

“I've only ever tortured those that deserve it,” replied the Doctor, “scum like yourself, for instance.”

He placed the syringe against the tip of Noriko’s nipple, allowing her eyes to drink in the needle, and then plunged it in. Surge nearly cried out, but caught herself. She knew she might scream eventually, but the young mutant was determined not to be an easy victim.

“That will take a minute to travel through your blood stream, so I'll get prepared.”

Surge watched as the man set aside his medicine bag and loosened his shirt and folded bag his sleeves, as if he were about to perform a real operation. Once that was done, Surge watched as the man reached into his bag and removed…a baby?

Noriko did a double take, and saw that the man had actually removed a plastic baby doll. Setting it on the bed between her legs, he then preceded to climb onto the bed, resting on his knees in-between her spread legs.

“What, you want me to play nursemaid to a doll?” Surge hissed, “you got an odd little fantasy, Doc.”

“I do, I do,” admitted the Doctor, “but you're not going to play mother. Quite the reverse, actually!”
Surge began to tremble as the Doctor began laughing at his own joke. After a moment or two, the Doctor managed to get himself under control.

“I’ve delivered hundreds of babies in my life. The sight of a woman screaming in agony as she brings a new life into the world,” the smile on the Doctor’s face was sickening, “…and I’ve always wondered, what they look at beautiful in reverse?”

Surge’s eye widened as she realized what this man had in store for her.

“You can’t be serious…!”

“I thought you had some big cocks shoved into you before,” Dr. Hawkins counted. He leaned forward and parted the lips of the young mutant’s pussy with his fingers, and eased the feet of the plastic doll in.

“Nooo!” Surge screamed so loud that she attracted the attention of the entire room, if only for a second.

Noriko struggled in her bonds as the plastic feet slid easily into her pussy. It was painless at first. As a matter of fact, her breasts, aching from the lack of blood traveling through them, hurt more than the plastic feet pushing themselves but she was under no illusions how long that would last.

“Here we go,” grunted Dr. Hawkins as the knees of the plastic doll were fully inside the mutant’s pussy. He leaned forward, and began stroking Noriko’s sensitive bud gently, almost lovingly. Surge wept as she felt pleasure travel through her loins. It wasn’t much, certainly not enough to counter the pain in her breasts, but it was still something, a pleasure caused by the man intent on tormenting her.

Satisfied that Surge was wet enough, Dr. Hawkins took a deep breath…and then shoved the hard plastic doll with a sudden thrust, feet first. Surge screamed as the tissues in her pussy were suddenly, painfully, wrenched apart.

To say it wasn’t easy was an understatement. The muscles Surge would have used to expel a child were the very ones pushing back against the mad doctor. Each inch was hard fought, and with a grunt, the Doctor forced the doll inside her up to its knees.
“Most women barely remember the pain of childbirth,” commented the bigot, “somehow, I don’t think that will be the same for you.”

Surge cried, and struggled against the chains with all her strength, anything to get away from the terrible pain that felt like a knife in her pussy. She could feel the plastic toes of the doll pushing up against the tissue in her pussy, she could feel the grooves that the doll maker had put on the knees, everything.

Dr. Hawkins worked the doll back and forth, and twisted it around and around like a corkscrew. For each quarter of an inch of ground his doll claimed, the doctor pulled the toy out and jammed it back up again.

Eventually, he managed to impale Surge’s pussy up to the doll’s waist, but was having trouble getting it in further. He rocked it back and forth, as if Surge’s pussy was just a stubborn bottle he was trying to re-cork. He heard a pained sigh of relief as he pulled plastic doll halfway out, and wasn’t too surprised when she started screaming even louder as he reinserted the doll once more.

Surge screamed loud enough to break glass, twisted and thrashed as she attempted to get away from her tormenter, but her bonds held tight. She budged no further than an inch, not nearly enough to get away. Each and every time he pulled the doll back, Surge prayed it would be the last.

The plastic doll was reinserted again, and again and again. Each time Surge’s pussy clenched around the doll instinctively, trying to deny the terrible doll entry. But the Doctor always had the leverage, and he was using it for everything it was worth. If anything, her pussy clenching the doll only served the make the whole thing even more painful.

Noriko looked down her stomach, and saw to her horror how it was distended by the baby doll that was now travelling the length of her birth canal. She could feel the baby’s rear touching her cervix and to her horror and disgust, felt the doll’s toes in the opening of her womb.

“Ugh!” Dr. Hawkins grunted as he gave the baby another shove, and then leaned back to admire his handiwork.

The plastic doll was almost completely inside the young mutant, all the way up to the neck of the doll. Dr. Hawkins felt a powerful ache in his groin that he hadn’t felt in years, not at home with his wife, not at the cheap motel with prostitutes, nowhere else did he feel such a burning desire in his loins.
“Stopitstopit oh God stop it!” Surge screamed as Dr. Hawkins leaned back in to finish his work.

“This operation isn’t quite done yet,” explained the good Doctor. He grabbed the head of the doll, and slowly began applying more and more force for that last mile. Blood from the torn tissue and juice from the stimulation the doll caused lubricated the way somewhat, but this last bit required a constant application of strength to see it through.

Surge screamed as muscle and tissue was slowly, irresistibly parted and torn to make way for the faux baby travelling the wrong way on her birth canal. Its feet burst into her womb, its hips slip past her cervix and when the doctor was done, only the top of its head was visible outside of her pussy. She could feel its fake mouth and eyes at the opening of her cunt, and the thought made her so sick Surge thought she might die then and there.

Finally, with one last angry shove, the doll was fully inserted in Surge’s cunt. Its feet were crushed against the entrance of her womb, its body rested on her birth canal and the top of its head, sculpted like human hair, was just barely sticking outside the lips of her distended pussy.

Dr. Hawkins looked at the obscene sight he’d created and felt an ache in his loins that he hadn’t felt in years.

“You know, I think I might just take one of your holes after all,” The Doctor licked his lips, and singled one of the guards over to the bed. With little preamble, they unlocked the chains binding the electric mutant to the bed and flipped her over like a bottle lid.

Surge tried to resist, but with the plastic doll embedded up her pussy, it felt as though an entire tree were inside her now and it was all she could do to breathe, let alone move.

When they placed her on her stomach, Noriko tried out as the additional weight on her stomach, and the plastic doll in her pussy, stretched the muscles even further, within inches of tearing.

As if that weren’t enough, the weight of her body on her bound breasts brought her to a whole new world of pain. Surge could barely stand to look at her chest and see the now purple and blue orbs that had once been her breasts, but were now relentlessly increasing sources of pain. She whined pathetically for a moment, lost in a world of pain.

Dr. Hawkins took one look at Surge’s puckered anus, and felt like a young man again. He grabbed her hips and shot inside her tight ass like a bullet.
The young mutant screamed silently, her throat already dry from screaming. The man’s cock was like a steel rod to her, and his weight on her back only spread the stretched and torn muscles in her cunt even further, within inches of the breaking point.

Surge’s body, cast in a sheen of sweat, rocked back and forth with the power of the good Doctor’s thrusts. Surge half hoped that the man would have a heart attack, but she knew she wouldn’t be that lucky.

Dr. Hawkins reveled in the situations of Surge’s anal sphincter, and somehow felt as if he were able to feel the grooves and contours of the plastic doll through the thin membrane wall that separated her ass from her cunt, and it felt amazing. He’d always wanted to fuck a pregnant woman while giving birth, his one sick pleasure and it took all his skill not to climax.

Not content to just screw her ass, he reached around front and grabbed her blood starved breasts and squeezed them as if they were overripe fruit. Each touch and pinch brought Surge to another level of unimaginable pain.

Surge didn’t know how long the Doctor lasted, what felt like an eternity of pain could have lasted a minute or ten to her. But he finally came, shooting his sticky fluid within her rear and finally withdrawing. Noriko closed her eyes and prayed that the end of her ordeal was close at hand.

“Can’t believe I actually fucked an animal like you,” Dr. Hawkins hissed, his voice filled with malice. Now that he’d gotten his pleasure, his racism returned in full force.

“I didn’t fuck you because of your charm,” Surge forced herself to say, unwilling to allow the Doctor to escape without some defiance.

“Don’t you dare speak back to me!” The Doctor slapped Surge’s ass so hard it was heard around the entire room, and left a burning impression, “you are the guilty party here, whore!”

“Whatever,” Surge mumbled under her breath.

The Doctor dressed himself, and left without another word. Ms. Locke strolled over, hands tucked behind her back and examined Surge’s limp form. She noted the plastic doll just sticking out of the girl’s pussy with a raised eye brow.
“Please… get it out,” Surge whimpered, not caring how pathetic she sounded. She felt like she was being torn in two, and was afraid that it’d never end.

“In due time, in due time.”

Surge felt her heart seize, “I… you can’t leave it in! I’ll die!”

“We have doctors standing by,” Ms. Locke answered casually, “plus, this won’t kill you, Dr. Hawkins assured me. Your powers make you tougher than you think, dear. But I’m afraid that your cunt is useless for fucking, so it remains. But as luck would have it, many a men have a fantasy about fucking a pregnant woman.”

Silently, a man came up from behind Ms. Locke and unbuckled his belt.

“In you, we have the next best thing.”

“Noo…!” Surge sobbed into the bed sheets as she felt a fresh cock in her ravaged ass, the first of many.
“Thanks babe!”

Amara said nothing as the now rigid cock slid out of her mouth, and the man mounted X-23 with great enthusiasm. Amara was a little shocked to see how utterly detached the clone was about the rape, not angry, not saddened, just…barely bothered enough to remain awake. Amara reluctantly shrugged her shoulders and decided simply to be grateful at least one of the students wasn’t suffering.

“Oh, Amara? Would you join us?” asked Ms. Locke in a mockingly sing-song voice.

The mutant known as Magma stood up and strolled towards Ms. Locke, who was standing at the foot of one of the beds. Glancing towards the bed, she saw that the young mutant tied to this bed was Laurie Collins, Wallflower.

To her surprise, Amara could see that the girl hadn’t been raped yet. With smooth, slender hips, budding breasts that hadn’t fully developed yet but were well on their way and long blond hair, Amara knew it was only a matter of time. Arcade was an animal with a penchant for finding other pieces of scum who were just as disgusting as he was.

Case in point was the strapping, middle aged man who was with them. Amara honestly thought the man was in his early thirties, were it not for the streaks of white hair around his brown temples.
“This is Mr. David. You and Wallflower will be servicing him,” Ms. Locke casually informed Amara, as if she was simply reading off a chore list, “he likes blonds. Perform well, or else.”

Amara shot daggers at the man with her eyes as he stepped forward and began pawing her breasts.

“Damn, this things are real!” Mr. David said as he knead Amara’s large breasts in between his fingers, crushing the tender flesh between his fingers, “I would have sworn you had cosmetic surgery.”

Amara took in a breath of air sharply, but remained quiet. She knew that tomorrow her breasts were had hand shaped bruises.

“Just checking,” the man stopped molesting Amara’s breasts, and reached around to the foot of the bed where he’d left… something. Amara wouldn’t easily see what it was, but she doubted that would last.

“Here,” Mr. David handed Amara a double sided strap on dildo, smiling like a fox, “just put that on and we’ll get started!”
Amara looked at the thing in horror. Its sheer size was larger than anything she had seen before or taken inside her yet. Did he really expect her to wear this?

“Hurry up, would ya? The clock’s ticking!” snapped Mr. David.

That answered that question.

“Could…could I have some baby oil?” Amara asked, galled by having to request something so simple.

“What for?” chuckled Mr. David, “you’re a slut, what would you need any baby oil for? Now hurry up, I’m tired of waiting!”

Amara took one look at the giant ribbed dildo, and took a deep breath before she placed it between her intimate folds. It wasn’t the largest thing that she’d had between her legs, not when Arcade kept a barn for rape animals, but it easily within the top ten.
The blond mutant grunted as each rib of the dildo pushed inside of her, each one like a slow punch to her pussy. She could feel every inch as her pussy was slowly parted. Amara tried to go as slowly as possible without being obvious, but eventually her client had had enough.

“Never ask a whore to do a man’s job!” He gripped one end and jammed it inside, too impatient to give a damn about the pain he inflicted.

Amara shrieked and swayed on her feet, but unfortunately, the dildo embedded in her pussy kept her standing. Mr. David reached around her waist and connected the straps together that held the dildo in place.

“Now get your ass on the bed!” Mr. David ordered as he slapped her shapely rear.

Amara meekly climbed upon the bed, and placed the tip of her rubber cock at the entrance of Laurie’s pussy. Amara was an old hat at this by now, unfortunately, and knew what was to come next.

“Amara, please don’t let this happen,” Wallflower begged. The blond girl was trembling down, tears streaming down her cheeks, “you have to stop them…”

“I’m not doing this because I want to be,” Amara snapped harshly. It was a cold statement, but
Amara felt it better to prepare the girl for the inevitable than trying to comfort her with false platitudes.

Mr. David climbed on the bed behind Amara, and placed his hands on her hips. Almost immediately, Amara felt her nipples stiffen, and her pussy become damp.

Though in the past Amara tried to offer as little resistance as possible, she still realized what was happening to her body wasn’t natural. She looked down at Wallflower, who looked up with equal parts confusion and guilt.

“Stop it!” Amara hissed as she felt the effects of the girl’s pheromone powers beginning to take over her body. Slowly she could feel herself becoming more aroused. Her nipples stiffened and she felt her insides around the dildo begin to grow wet.

“I…I can’t!” Laurie cried. She could feel the tip of Amara’s strap on brush against her virgin folds, and it terrified her. Unknown to either young mutants, Ms. Locke had seized control of Laurie’s pheromone powers, and had ordered her body to emit arousal pheromones constantly.

As a result, Wallflower was broadcasting a primal ‘rape me!’ as Magma and Mr. David prepared to do exactly that.
Mr. David ploughed his cock into Amara’s unprepared ass, and the mutant tipped forward, her strap on parting Wallflower’s pink lips. With the dildo at the door of Wallflower's cunt, the man stopped.

“Okay sluts, get ready for the greatest fucking of your life!”

With a single thrust, Laurie's virginity was torn away by a plastic phallus.

Mr. David was anything but gentle as he slammed his meat into Amara's clenched hole. Each thrust forward pushed the dildo Amara wore around her waist deeper into Wallflower.

“No, no, no please stop it!” begged the young blond.

“We just getting started!”

“Enjoy yourself,” Amara growled at the young girl, as rage and arousal grew in her heart. She could feel an unnatural pleasure spreading through her body, and she knew the girl beneath her was to blame. Amara's anger grew red hot, and she was determined to make the girl tampering with her emotions suffer just as much as she was.
Amara placed her hands on Laurie's shoulders, and then lunged forward. The massive dildo spread Wallflower's pink lips in the blink of an eye, but it was far from painless.

“Arrghhhh! Take it out!”

“Just relax,” Amara cooed, her voice laced with venom.

“She's gonna cry, why don't you fill that mouth with something?” Mr. David suggested.

Amara leaned down and frenched Laurie, but when she broke the brief kiss, Amara angrily sank her teeth into Wallflower's tender left breast. Amara allowed all her anger from the weeks of beatings, raping and humiliation to overflow and she took every last ounce out on Laurie. She took the girl’s nipple and ground it between her teeth.

Between the pain in her pussy and the crushing weight of two adult bodies on top of her, Laurie struggled to breath and wished and wished that she would pass out, die, anything to be spared this pain, this suffering. Her virgin pussy, which she barely felt comfortable touching! was ablaze with pain. Her muscles ached, and felt as if they might tear at any moment.
But worse than the pain was the humiliation young Laurie felt. She felt herself growing wet as the giant rod inside her pounded at her insides, and could see various members of the Friends of Humanity, some of whom would doubtless be her next “clients” watching, hooting and hollering, like her rape was just a sporting event. Even worse was that Laurie realized that in many ways, that's just what it was to them.

On top of the young mutant, Amara was torn between pleasure and rage. She mashed her breasts against the younger girl's, and snaked a free hand towards Wallflower's clit. When she found it, Amara crushed the sensitive lovebud between her fingers as if it were tick. Laurie cried out, much to Amara's satisfaction. She loathed the feelings that the younger girl was making course through her body. The man sodomizing her was almost an afterthought at this point.

Mentally, Amara was pissed, outraged to be made to feel something in her body yet not her heart but physically, she was having the time of her life. Her pussy was as damp as a rainforest, each thrust of the double dildo nearly bringing her to orgasm. Her nipples stood erect, and she ground them against the teenager beneath her for any ounce of pleasure. She rocked back and forth in perfect union with Mr. David. Her body acted like a whore, and for that Amara needed revenge.

Wallflower was her victim of choice. Too many people to count had used her body, but none of them except for Arcade made her feel pleasure like this. Amara hated Wallflower for making her feel this, with a hatred that burned as hot as the magma she often commanded. As long as it was within her power, she'd make Laurie suffer.

Ms. Locke watched the scene with amusement. She wasn't the least bit surprised that, when given a victim, Amara lashed out with pure hatred.
Ms. Locke watched the three way sandwich and noted the vastly different looks on the faces of the participants. Wallflower's expression was an amazing combination of terror and agony, Amara's expression was a perfect balance of rage and pleasure while Mr. David's face showed complete bliss.

A satisfied customer and two suffering employees. Arcade's business model satisfied to a T.
Pixie

Pixie, AKA Megan Gwynn was literally quacking in fear by what she saw taking place in the room. X-23 was entertaining three men at once, Dust giving one man a blow job, Surge with a plastic doll sticking out of her pussy, Megan was quick to realize that if all her johns did was rape her, she could count herself lucky. Needless to say, that thought wasn't reassuring at all.

Megan saw Ms. Locke point a man towards her. She squinted her eyes shut as she heard the man approaching, hoping that it would somehow keep him away, as if he were just some childhood boogeyman.

“Please open your eyes, or I will glue them open,” the man said casually, as if he were discussing clothes. Megan reluctantly complied. She cracked her eyes open, and saw a young, Asian man of medium height standing at the foot of her in a white shirt and brown pants.

“You may know me as Khan. It is better that you do not know my real name, and I cannot think of a better one for a conqueror,” he stated simply.

“Please, don't do this,” Megan whispered. It was as loud as her courage allowed her to be, “I've never hurt anyone!”

“That is where you're wrong,” Khan snarled, “mutants like you killed my sister. It is a debt I intend to collect from each and every one of you. And sadly for you, I am not some petty thug willing to make do with just physical pleasure, no… I am an expert in the art of suffering.”
“You don’t have to do this!” Pixie’s young body trembled, and for a moment Khan felt his resolve fade. This young woman in the cusp of her teenage years, with soft unblemished skin and well shaped breasts almost to full size, hardly looked like the monster that had taken his family.

But Khan reminded himself that mutants wrapped themselves in the appearance of innocence. Khan vowed that he would do everything in his power to strip this abomination of that shell.

“Before we begin, I need to clean the area,” Khan explained.

Pixie was confused for only a few seconds before she saw him produce a razor and a bottle of shaving cream. She froze in absolute terror as he knelt down, and applied the cold substance to her small patch of hair.

Despite himself, Khan found Pixie’s small bush of pink pubic hair…cute. The curtains matched the drapes.

But soon, his anger and hatred returned, and he somehow saw it as more evidence that she was a wolf in sheep’s clothing. He took the razor, and went to work.
Pixie’s head swung side to side while her body remained frozen, as if to dislodge the feeling of some total stranger, someone she’d never even seen before today, was actually shaving her most private area. The feel of his razor dragging across her snatch was worse than anything she had felt before, and Pixie wanted to vomit, die and disappear, all at once.

Khan, to his credit, was slow, careful and methodical. He had to desire to mutilate the mutant’s love channel with this razor, oh no. He had something much more painful in mind.

It took him on Khan only one and a half minutes to shave away every last pink hair, but to Pixie it felt like hours, his cold blade inching across her delicate skin. Khan ran his fingers over his handiwork, and Pixie jumped. The discomfort she felt from the cold blowing through her neither regions couldn’t compare to the feeling of a sadist running his fingers over her pussy, as if admiring a work of art. Megan swore she could literally feel the grooves of the man’s finger prints.

With that finished, Khan reached into his back pocket, and removed a small, wallet sized case. He flipped it open, and showed it to Pixie.

Megan looked at Khan in stupefied confusion. All she saw were sewing needles, and simply didn’t know what to make of them.

“Lets begin,” Khan stepped over her stomach and sat down, so that his weight kept her legs pinned, and he was within easy reach of her now bare pussy.
“Please…stop this…” tears streamed freely from Megan’s face. She barely had a clue of what the man intended to do, but being stark naked and spread eagle at his mercy was terrible enough. Megan knew that even if he stopped right now, she’d never sleep peacefully again.

Khan removed a sowing needle from his box, and held it up for Pixie to see.

“Please…!”

Khan then slowly brought the needle down, and pointed the sharp end just to the left side of Megan’s womanly slit.

Pixie realized what Khan intended the second she felt the sharp needle push against her flesh.

“No….nonononnonono argghhh!” Like many of her classmates before her, Pixie’s scream cut through the noise of the mutant orgy like a knife. To her credit, in her panic and with her wings, she came closer than any of her classmates to breaking her restraints as she tried to shake Khan loose as if her life depended on in.
But Khan was a professional, and between his two hundred pounds of muscle resting on her, and the safeguards Arcade infected her body with, he has no trouble sliding the needle in with surgical precision.

Megan screamed so loud she thought her throat might tear. Then she cried deep, wracking sobs, harder than she ever had before. She cried more tears in three minutes than she ever had in months, even years before now, and still the agony never seemed to end. It was as if someone was slowly stabbing her pussy with a knife and each second, the pain only got doubled.

After God only knew how long, Megan began to compose herself. Her pussy felt like it had a scorching wire laid over it, though in reality Khan had just placed the needle next to a nerve, which served to constantly agitate it.

Megan had barely stopped crying, and moaned painfully as Khan looked her in the eye, produced another needle, and simply said, “One.”

Megan shook her head frantically and screamed anew as Khan went about his work. Luckily for Khan, Ms. Locke had gracefully allowed him all the time in the world for him to work on Pixie. He suspected that she was curious about his methods, but in the end it didn’t matter. Had she just asked, Khan would have taught her how to do this personally.

After a few more terrible moments, the second needle was inserted into Pixie’s cunt, across from the first.
Khan took another needle, held it up for Pixie to see, and then aimed it towards her pussy once again. Megan screamed, begged and bargained, her butterfly like wings flapped like a Hummingbird’s, but nothing stopped the needle from piercing her tender flesh.

“Why…?” Megan asked as she stared at the ceiling. She couldn’t bear to look at the man who’d inflicted such agony on her, but still prayed that he had some trace of mercy inside of him.

Khan repeated his actions six times, until Megan’s virgin pussy flesh was surrounded by needles. The young woman was sobbing uncontrollable, much to Khan’s satisfaction.

“We are almost at the end Megan,” Khan said. He loved how she shuddered at the use of her name, of the implied familiarity.

Megan didn’t reply. She simply lay there, covered in a thick sheen of sweat, panting. Khan’s words barely registered in her agony wracked brain.

“Just three more needles now.”
Like before, Khan held the needle out for Pixie to see, but the young mutant could barely see anything past her own tears. However, when he reached into his back pocket and produced a lighter, Megan managed to see that perfectly.

Khan carefully held one needle between his thumb and forefinger in one hand, and flicked the lighter with the other. He dragged the orange flame back and forth across the needle. He was disciplined, and able to ignore the stinging heat on his fingers until the needle was red hot. He then set the lighter down and with his free hand, grabbed Megan’s left breast and squeezed until the tit flesh came up in his hands.

“Nononononono, don’t stop!” Megan bucked and thrashed, but Khan was a professional. He placed the burning tip of the needle on Pixie’s pink nipple, and pushed.

Pixie threw back her head as she silently screamed. Pain signals slammed into her with such force, it was as if she couldn’t find her voice. But she felt everything, as the scorching hot needle effortlessly pierced the fatty tissue of her breast, and could feel the muscles in her breasts burning from the heat.

When Khan was done, the only sign that he’d done anything at all was a red, round pin sticking out the top of Pixie’s breast.

“Only two more,” Khan smiled.
Pixie quivered as she saw him prepare the second needle. Like before, he waited until it was red hot before he grabbed her breast and squeezed her nipple to the top before sinking the needle in. Pixie felt every fraction of an inch as the scorching torture tool impaled her pink nipple. This time she only mewed pathetically.

Khan took a moment to admire his handiwork. The sight of Pixie covered in sweat was rewarding, empowering, to say nothing of the needles carefully embedded in both her nipples and untouched pussy.

“Just one final piece of jewelry,” Khan said, but Pixie was baffled. Where else would he put a needle?

Her question was quickly answered when she felt Khan’s hand brush over her clit. He toyed with the tender love bud for a few seconds, squeezing it with his fingers, like a child playing with clay.

Still wracked with pain, Pixie found that her fear hadn’t nearly peaked. No, it began to peak when she felt his smooth hands brush against the hood of her clitoris. He gently massaged it while softly blowing on the delicate skin. The pleasure wasn’t much, but compared to the agony she was otherwise suffering, her body took to it like a duck to water. Khan smiled as the delicate bundle of nerves and flesh emerged from it’s shelter.

Pixie slammed her eyes shut as she saw Khan preparing the needle. She could smell the burnt needle,
but some small part of her brain hoped and prayed that if she just didn’t see the needle coming, it somehow wouldn’t be as painful.

But Khan was a master of his art. When the needle was ready, he brought it down and just barely scraped the hot, sharp edge against Megan’s tender, sensitive flesh. Her eyes snapped open on reflex, from both pain and shock, and then Khan moved in.

He impaled her clit like a butterfly in a collection. Megan screamed, begged and bucked all at once, but Khan was not to be denied. Megan swore she could feel every burning cell, every iota of heat that came off the needle and flooded the tender, sensitive sex bud.

Like before, Khan sat back and allowed Megan to scream and writhe in agony. He still wasn’t done, but he wanted the young mutant to fully drink in the pain and agony that he’d inflicted thus far before he moved into the final step.

How long Megan lay there screaming, she really didn’t know. Eventually, the screams broke down into sobs, and then pathetic mews as she felt herself drifting through a haze of shooting agony and fear. Her most sensitive and sensual spots had been ruthlessly impaled with almost surgical precision, and every little movement triggered an avalanche of pain. Breathing in and out cause Pixie to feel the stabbing pain of the needles in her breasts, and any attempt to move her legs to get more comfortable just sent searing pain through her pussy.

“Are you ready for the final impalement?” Khan asked, with a wicked smile.
Megan’s entire world stopped for a moment when she saw Khan’s erect cock. It just over medium sized (though Megan didn’t know that), tipped with pre-cum and aimed at her snatch which was still surrounded by needles.

“Pleeeeeease…..!” Megan’s voice turned into a high pitched scream the moment Khan’s cock began to enter her tight canal.

It wasn’t just that she was going to be raped, that she was going to lose her virginity to a terrible sadist who’d just pushed almost a dozen needles into her erogenous zones. But as his cock spread the pink folds of her pussy, it moved the needles that were embedded all around, and sent terrible waves of agony through Pixie’s body.

“Ugh!” Khan sank his cock deep inside the young mutant with a harsh thrust, and smiled as she screamed in pain yet instinctively her pussy clenched his cock like a vise.

Pixie was in such agony that for several seconds, she saw and felt double. The low dull roar of her pierced nipples, her cunt surrounded by stinging needles, the pain and horror of losing her maidenhead, combined it was so horrifying and painful that she might have blacked out, had precautions not been taken.

Khan grabbed Pixie’s young breasts, and began to knead them with his hands as he began to sink into her. He worked a slow, steady rhythm, spreading the folds of her love canal with almost
scientific disinterest. But each thrust, he pressed his hips into hers until his balls slapped her flesh. Each stroke was a deep, powerful fuck.

Megan felt a quacking agony each time he hit the needles, and felt as though the needles in her breasts were making mincemeat of her tender globes. She pulled and pulled, but the bindings that held her spread eagle to the bed held fast, as Khan slowly fucked her.

*This can’t be happening,* Megan thought to herself. In her darkest ponderings, she always thought rape would be quick and violent. But Khan was being slow and careful, like she thought a genuine lover would be like, and as a result, it was even more painful and horrifying. Each second dragged on like an hour

“You know, you could end this quicker,” Khan grunted as his cock painfully slammed into Megan’s until now untouched cervix. Each impact sent even more ripples of pain through Pixie, until she was certain it wasn’t possible to be in even more pain, “thrust back against me, and I’ll finish quicker.”

“I can’t, I can’t!” Pixie cried, horrified by even the idea of pleasing her violator.

“Well, I’m in no rush,” Khan shrugged, his cock still calmly traveling up and down Pixie’s tortured snatch, “you’re a nice hole, but to be honest I’ve had better.”
Pixie sobbed, but realized he was right. She knew enough about sex to know that she could make him cum, bring a quicker end to her pain if she was willing to sacrifice her last shred of dignity.

It wasn’t easy for Pixie to buck her hips, and try to move in sync with Khan, given that she was bound spread eagle, but she did her best. When he thrust himself inside, she bucked forward to give him maximum penetration. His cock was in her up to the hilt, painfully battering her insides while it also pushed on the needles, but Pixie tried to focus past the pain, tried to move like a lover would.

Khan smirked as Pixie started to move her hips in tune with his cock. The look of self loathing on her face was priceless, and he actually stopped tormenting her breasts so that she could better appreciate what she was doing.

“It’s about time you started thanking me,” Khan’s smile was genuine, and it made Pixie feel all the worse, “after all, I’m making you a woman today.”

Khan then began to fuck Pixie with more vigor, each lunge causing more agony for the young girl. Megan tried to keep up, but before too long she just feel back to crying, pleading for Khan to end her torture. Her wings fluttered as she fought to get away, but to no avail.

But in the end, even Khan had limits. He peaked, and finally expelled his seed deep inside of Megan.
Pixie breathed a sigh of relief and disgust as she felt his sticky warm fluid inside of her, and could feel his hard cock inside her go soft. It was finally over…

Of course, Khan still had one last knife to twist.

“You know, it’s possible we just conceived a child,” Khan said casually.

“…what?”

“Our act of love may have created a new life,” Khan replied, “what do you think of that?”

Megan had no way of knowing about the birth control drugs that Arcade had given them all, and couldn’t remember her last period. But the idea that she might be pregnant was so horrible that she accepted the possibility that it might have actually happened without question.

“If it’s a boy, what name would you prefer?” asked Khan.
“What do…how can you…”

Khan reached down and tapped on a needle that was still inside Pixie’s snatch. The young mutant shrieked.

“Boy name?” Khan drummed his fingers on Megan’s stomach.

“Jack…oh God,” Megan said pathetically.

“Why?”

“It was my father’s name,” Megan lied. She held her breath for a moment, terrified that Khan would see through her deception.

“And girl?” Khan tweaked the needle in Megan’s right breast.
“Amy, it was the name I gave a doll I had,” Pixie replied, tears streaming down her face. Despite her best efforts, she was envisioning herself pregnant, her stomach swollen with the child of her rapist.

“Well, we’ll see how it works out,” Khan finally pulled out of Pixie, and swung his legs off the side of the bed. He felt reinvigorated, alive and more at peace with his sister’s death (or murder, depending on who asked) than he had in months.

“That was magnificent,” Ms. Locke said in all honesty. She loved to watch sadists work, “could I possibly interest you in teaching our guards some time?”

Khan rubbed his chin thoughtfully, and glanced around the room at all the mutants being raped, “If you offer me the same canvases again, I’ll do it for half fee. Acceptable?”

“Perfectly!”

Pixie cried even harder when she overheard their exchange. The idea that Khan might get another crack at her was almost worse than being raped by him the first time. She wasn’t certain her mind could survive another bout.
Megan was so consumed by agony and fear that she barely noticed when the bonds on her arms and legs had gone slack. In fact, it wasn’t until a large, fat man grabbed her left side and flipped her on her stomach that Pixie realized that her ordeal was just starting.

The needles in her nipples sent bolts of pain through her breasts, and the needle in her clit sent a tearing agony through Pixie’s mind. Against her better judgment, she looked up over her shoulder, and caught a glimpse the large piece of meat aimed at her pussy. As if that weren’t terrifying enough, the man was wearing some kind of belt that had a dildo attached to it.

Pixie buried her face in the sheets of the bed the second she felt the first lunge, and screamed into it as her ass and pussy were violated at the same time. Her poor, abused cunt still had Khan’s needles surrounding the mouth, and entry was no less painful the second time around. But Pixie’s ass, up until then, was virgin territory.

But her rapist didn’t care. The second plastic cock was there to do work he couldn’t, and he pounded both in until they reached the hilt. He grabbed Pixie by the hips and began to rock her back and forth, savoring the feeling of her clenched pussy on her cock and relishing the fact that she was impaled on a second cock braced against his stomach.

The young mutant, her mind blazing with pain, didn’t resist. She just prayed that by the time her next rapist came, that she’d be loose enough so that it hurt just a little less. That wasn’t too much to ask, was it
Sofia Mantega, aka Winddancer, was shaking like a leaf though her face was furious. She couldn’t believe how the teachers she thought were dead were being defiled, and was terrified that her turn was fast approaching.

Sofia saw Ms. Locke whisper something to a dangerously large and well built man, and felt her heart pounding as he started to stroll over towards her.

“Well, ain’t you a sweet little nut?” The man’s voice sounded like two stones grinding together, “Name’s Marco. I’ll be enjoying your hot little body today.”

Sofia glared at the man, but said nothing. As much as she wanted to spit in his face, she knew being naked and spread eagle put her at a disadvantage. All she could do was pray that she was strong enough to endure what was going to come next (by now she wished that she’d had sex with half the boys she cared about, just out of the principle of not losing her virginity to this scumbag) and pray that the X-Men found them. Sofia felt a chill run down her spine, as she admitted to herself that they hadn’t come for her teachers.

“Would my master care for some help?”

Sofia felt a knot form in her gut as she saw her mentor, Danielle Moonstar come up to Marco. She was completely naked, cum splashed across her breasts. She had a paddle in one hand, and a riding crop in another. Sofia did a double take, when she saw two whips, one embedded in Dani’s pussy
and the other in her rear.

“Yeah, a good workman needs good tools,” Marco took a riding crop from Danielle’s hand.

“I’m a make this simple,” Marco said, “I like my meat tenderized before I stick it. Feel free to beg, I might work a little faster if you ask just right.”

Sofia looked to her mentor, to the woman who’d first taken her in and accepted her as a mutant, but Danielle said nothing. If anything, the resigned look on her face just made Sofia’s stomach lurch.

“Bring it on, asshole,” Sofia said finally.

The first lash of the riding crop stung, but Sofia bit her upper lip and rode it out. Then the second came, and then the third. They landed all across her young body, on her breasts and over her legs. Wind Dancer swore she wouldn’t scream, but she allowed her tears to flow freely.

Marco moved with practiced ease and familiarity. He slowly worked his way down her body, starting with her young breasts, focusing on her flat stomach, and worked his way all the way down to her knees.
When he was done, Sofia’s naked body was covered with a dozen angry red welts all up and down her naked body. Marco was satisfied with his handiwork so far, but knew he still had much to do.

He walked over to Danielle Moonstar and tore the Cat-o-nines that had been firmly wedged into her rear. With the fearsome whip in hand, he walked to the foot of Sofia’s bed, and sneered.

The young mutant recognized his intent instantly. Bound spread eagle, her most precious place was open and vulnerable. Sofia turned her head to Dani, her eyes begging, pleading for help.

But Danielle Moonstar just looked away. Sofia felt her heart break at the same time the lash connected with her virgin pussy and she screamed in agony unlike anything she’d ever felt before.

Marco whipped Sophia’s pussy like a butcher softening meat. With each stroke, he aimed for untouched flesh, and when the skin between her legs was flaming red, he aimed at the sensitive regions. More than once, his whip landed perfectly between the lips of Sophia’s flower and struck her clit.

Each time Sophia cried louder than the last, it was like a rail road spike was being driven into her pelvis. Even when she’d had accidents in the Danger Room, Wind Dancer never felt pain like this.

Marco whipped his victim with a combination of precision and passion. When he finally stopped, Sophia’s skin looked as if she’d fallen asleep in a tanning bed. Her naked was radiating red and pain.

“Ya know, you usually wouldn’t be enough woman for me,” Macro sat down beside Sophia and began to knead her breast in one hand. It was painful and humiliating, the way he moved her tit flesh between his fingers like it was play-doh, “but I just can’t pass up a chance to bang a mutie. You know what they say, right?”

Sophia hated Marco more than she hated any man in her life, and she refused to dignify anything he said with a reply.

“Plus hey, a hole is a hole. But since I got two, it’d be wrong for me not to use both,” Macro climbed atop the bed and straddled Sophia, his erect cock aimed at her entrance.

“Hey Red Skin, get on up here and put that hole to use. Last thing I want to hear when I’m porking here is a bunch of whining,” ordered Marco.
Sophia watched in horror as Danielle climbed and stepped over Sophia’s head, and placed the lips of her pussy right over the face of the young mutant.

Sophia felt sick as she was assaulted by the stench of Dani’s pussy, the mixed smell of sweat, cum and female juices, and the idea that the woman she respected most in the world was helping to rape her only added to her nausea.

“Well, let’s get this started!”

Marco rammed his ready cock into Sophia’s young flower, and Wind Dancer shrieked. His cock only wedged halfway in, Marco took one hand and pinched one of Moonstar’s nipples, and gave it a twist as he dug his thumb into the sensitive flesh.

Danielle stiffened as he gave her a look of pure contempt.

“I told you, I don’t like a loud fuck. Now shut her up, or I’ll really hurt her!”

Silent tears fell down Dani’s face as she pressed her pussy into her young student’s face. Never did she imagine that when she first met the girl, that she’d be an accomplice to her being violated, to being used like meat.

Sophia’s screams were cut off when Moonstar’s pussy was shoved in her face. Sophia’s senses were overwhelmed instantly as the mix of feminine juices, sweat and cum invaded her nostrils and the taste was like wet trash. She tried to turn away, but Dani locked her knees around Sophia’s head and all she managed to do was rub her face into Dani’s pussy even more.

Her muffled screams brought a sinister smile to Marco’s face, and he remained still for a moment, as Sophia squirmed under Danielle’s pussy. Her panicking form was exciting his cock in a way women were rarely able, and he wasn’t about to rush it. Wind Dancer was just a fish caught on his rod, and he was content to let her dangle for a moment.

As she was beginning to calm down, beginning to collect herself, Marco savagely thrust inside of her. Sophia’s screams were impressive, despite being muffled by Danielle’s moist pussy. She wept as her virginity was torn away by the cock of some bigot, and he savored the feeling of her rendered hymen seeping around his manhood. He watched as the young mutant arched her back and her entire body shuddered in horror and despair.
He began to move back and forth, drilling deeper with each push. Each thrust painfully spread Sophia, and the young woman could do nothing but scream into the pussy of her mentor.

Danielle, to her shame, began to feel slight stirrings of pleasure as the screams of agony reverberated through her pussy.

“Hey now, don’t make her do all the work!” Macro chided, spread the love.

Danielle shed a tear as she began grinding her pussy against Sophia’s face, as Marco leaned in to kiss her. His tongue explored her mouth, while one hand was busy kneading her breast as if it were a stress ball. Danielle could already feel the bruises forming, but Marco didn’t much care. He was as gentle as a trash compactor.

Ms. Locke watched this, and saw what she felt was the perfect triangle of humiliation.

Underneath, Sophia was being impaled by a cock two sizes too big for her virgin pussy, while her face was smeared with the juices of the woman she respected most. Danielle Moonstar was on top, forced to stimulate herself at the expense of her student while French kissing a bigot while she helped him rape her helpless student and finally Marco, who was enjoying the fruits of it all.

Ms. Locke watched, always in a mood to enhance her customer’s experience, and tapped her radio unit.

Outside the compound in an unmarked van were several Arcade employees. They were keeping watch, and an insurance policy in the event of a raid or double cross. When you were enslaving powerful women and using them as whores, it never hurt to be too careful.

Not only that, but the van served as a remote control point for all the security measures Arcade had personally installed in his captives. From the van, not only could Arcade’s people shut down the heroines with just the touch of a button, but manipulate them in more subtle ways. They could raise or lower body temperature, deactivate their powers while leaving them otherwise the same or in this instance, control their level of arousal.

So at Ms. Locke’s command, the guard punched in a few key commands, and then sat back and smiled. He only wished he could see Moonstar’s face…
Danielle’s eyes shot open as she felt her pussy beginning to moisten. She’d been a captive of Arcade long enough to know that he could manipulate damn near anything regarding her body, but Sophia didn’t. Dani could feel her former student beginning to choke at the taste of her mentor’s juices.

“Keep her quiet, or I get nasty,” Marco warned, and Moonstar believed him. One of the few rules they lived by now was that it could always get worse.

So Dani didn’t hesitate as she moved her hips and began to grind her bare pussy down on Sophia’s face. Tears slid down her face as she realized that Sophia would think that she was somehow enjoying all this, and would only hate her more when this was all over.

Danielle could literally feel her former student’s crying, wracking sobs and chokes of disgust. Sophia gagged at the taste and smell of her teacher’s pussy, and wondered she was actually enjoying this, taking pleasure as they were both violated.

Sophia didn’t know which was worse, a powerful rod ravaging her pussy, or her former idol smothering her face with her pussy. Both churned her stomach, and made her want to vomit.

Not that Marco cared. He was in a nice rhythm now, French kissing Moonstar while he pounded the mutant trash. Today was easily one of the best days of his life, and it wasn’t over yet.

“Hey babe,” Marco said, as he broke the kiss, “why don’t you see to those nips, while I handle her love bud?”

Danielle nodded, even as she could feel Wind Dancer still screaming into her pussy. She pinched the younger girl’s nipples, and began to tease them like so many had done to her before, messaging them gently and caressing them like a genuine lover might. While she did that, Marco’s hand traced downwards and began to rub the hood of Sophia’s clitoris. With just a little tempting, Marco brought the love bud out of its hiding place.

Danielle knew from personal experience that Sophia wouldn’t be able to hold out long. Even in the most savage rape, the human body sought pleasure like a drowning man sought air.

Sophia’s nipples hardened, while her clit emerged as her pussy grew damp by its own accord. Though they didn’t stop, Winddancer’s screams subsided into shameful crying.
For several minutes, Marco and Moonstar teased Sophia’s young, once virgin body. Danielle, disgusted with herself but too terrified to stop, applied every trick that had ever been applied to her, while Marco acted with the faux love and attention he usually displayed with his girlfriends.

From Sophia’s perspective, the hellish experience was becoming just a little more bearable. Though she couldn’t believe herself, Sophia allowed herself to feel the pleasure of her nipples and clits being teased, while she tried to block out how Marco’s cock was still stabbing her.

“On three…” Marco whispered to Danielle, with a shark like grin.

“One…”

Danielle swallowed, and allowed the tears to fall freely down her face. She couldn’t believe how far she’d fallen, from warrior to willing slave.

“Two.”

Macro almost didn’t want this fuck to end, but he knew his limits. But he’d always be thankful that he could fuck a mutant exactly how he always wanted.

“Three!”

Danielle pinched Sophia’s nipples between her nails, while Macro ground her clit between her fingers.

Wind Dancer screamed like never before into Dani’s, so loudly and with such agony and betrayal that the sudden increase in tempo actually made Moonstar cum, her womanly fluids splashing down on her once student.

As it so happened, when Marco finally came inside the teenager, it was almost an afterthought.

“God, I need a smoke,” Macro sighed, “hey, Pocahontas, why don’t you come over here and do
some clean up?”

Moonstar nodded obediently, and crawled down towards Marco’s limp cock. Without a word, she took it into her mouth and ran her tongue up and down the length of it, removing the traces of cum, blood and sweat. Sophia gasped as Dani lifted her pussy off her face, and turned her head to the side in a futile effort to get away from the stench of her former idol’s stench.

But when Dani’s touch began to explore the length of her pussy, Sophia moaned and arched her back despite herself. Danielle had become so skilled at cleaning pussy, that she didn’t even realize what she was doing until her former moaned in pleasure.

Danielle thought that she could endure anything that Arcade had left to throw at her, but making her violate the first student she’d brought to Xavier’s made Danielle feel a level of shame she didn’t even know was possible.

“What a lovely couple,” Dani looked up to see another strong man approach, his cock already at attention, “why don’t you get that pussy ready for me?”

Dani said nothing, but took her fingers and began to thrust them into Sophia’s once virgin pussy. And Dani did her best to blink away the tears as she heard her first student sobbing into her own moist pussy.
Ms. Locke watched X-23 with pure annoyance.

Unlike any other heroine, X-23, Laura Kinney, knew that resistance was futile. Whatever they had done to them to ensure they couldn’t meaningfully fight back was tried and true, effective beyond X-23’s ability to defeat it, at least for now. X-23 was certain of that, because she struggled, at first, with every ounce of will power her personal berserker rage could muster.

And all she had to show for it was a single bead of sweat.

So Laura resigned herself to what was going to happen next.

“Hey honey,” smiled her first customer, Peter Stack. He was a fat, middle aged man, but that barely bothered X-23. She’d screwed worse as a prostitute, “ready for a good time?

“You know it,” X-23 put on a convincing smile, and bucked her hips towards the man, “what are you waiting for?”

The man hesitated only for a second, and then sank his erect cock into X-23’s virgin tight pussy.

“Oh baby,” X-23 moaned convincingly. She only took the slightest mental note of her rapist’s cock as it pushed inside of her. She squeezed for a split second, and felt the man shudder in pleasure, “it feels so good!”

“Damn, you’re a horny one!”

X-23’s head shot up, and she gave Peter a deep kiss, her tongue exploring his mouth like it was a fine dish.

“You have no idea,” X-23 winked. She still remembered how to keep clients happy regardless of her personal opinions of them, “take these restraints off, and I’ll show you the time of your life.”

“Take them off…?” Peter almost stopped in his tracks. He wasn’t so far gone in pleasure that he’d forgotten how dangerous mutants could be, and his desire to live was still stronger, just by a little, than his desire for a good fuck.

“Go ahead,” said Miss Locke. She gave Peter a reassuring smile that hid a mild fear that somehow X-23 was capable of defeating the fail-safes. Miss Locke was certain that if she had, the mutant killer would have freed herself already, the female clone inspired a primal fear.

“Ladies?” Miss Locke snapped her fingers, and Amara and Moonstar, their faces wet with cum, limped over, “unlock the little beast, would you?”

The second X-23 felt her bonds become undone, she flipped Peter underneath her, and grabbed her tits. The fact that neither Amara or Moonstar could look her in the face didn’t register to her.

“We need to do this right,” X-23 smiled, cupping he tits, “grab them, now!”

Peter obeyed without hesitation, X-23’s dominating tone and the feel of her pussy acting as a form of mind control.

“Squeeze,” X-23 commanded, “pinch my nipples, fuck me damn it!”
Peter obeyed eagerly, and X-23 began bouncing up and down on his cock like a little kid on a moon-bounce.

“Yes, yes, oh yes!” X-23 shouted, drawing the attention of everyone, victim and rapist alike.

Dust, who had breasts mashed together by a beast sitting on her chest, looked at her friend in disbelief.

Surge, who could only hear the cries of pleasure, wept, thinking her friend had already been broken. The man pounding her ass actually slowed his thrusts, because couldn’t help looking over as X-23 fucked her john.

Pixie didn’t feel so bad about screaming when she heard X-23. She figured that since the strongest of them had already broken, none of them would hold it against he as she screamed like a stuck pig as the fifth man of the evening battered her wounded pussy.

Only Moonstar realized what X-23 was doing, and allowed herself a brief smile. She saw Ms. Locke’s scowl at X-23, at the one victim who was apparently more than willing to play along.

The smile vanished when one of the Friends of Humanity forced his cock into her mouth, but it was the only genuine smile Moonstar could remember in weeks.

Peter lasted longer than X-23 would have guess, but his endurance was only human. When X-23 felt him shoot his load deep inside, she sighed lazily.

“Not bad, not bad,” X-23 gently crawled off of him, and gave his cheek a pinch, “better luck next time?”

“…sure!” Peter said, seemingly forgetting the entire circumstances.

Ms. Locke struggled to keep from clenching her fists, and making her anger obvious to the world. According to the files they’d bought from a crooked Shield agent, X-23’s time as an assassin was that as a blunt weapon. Her superiors would point her at a target, click and corpse. That was supposed to be, by in large, the beginning and end of her skills. It was why they’d felt safe grabbing her along with her teammates.

But then, Ms. Locke supposed, the girl was a borderline sociopath. Faking emotion came easy to them.

“Hey!” X-23 shouted, “who’s ready for a real woman? Or are the pussies in here human too?”

X-23’s remark drew the ire of most of the Friends who were still waiting their turn. A group of them, six total, marched over to the clone. X-23 sat calmly at the edge of the bed, and gave them a look of indifference.

“Say that again?”

“I said,” X-23 smiled, “the mutants here aren’t the only pussies here. Care to prove otherwise?”

Alex, the unofficial leader of the group, growled as he pushed X-23 on her back.

“Bitch, we’re going to ride you harder than a Harley!”

X-23 yawned in response, with within minutes she was sandwiched between two very muscular men.
“No… ugh… so mouth now, huh?”

“Don’t…!” X-23 grunted. She squeezed her eyes shut, and did her best to act defiant while pretending to be in complete agony.

The fucking was far from painless, of course. X-23 judged that both men had at least the physical potential to be professional athletes, if not the talent, and they were exceptionally well hung. They stretched her ass and pussy wider than any man had before, and worked in concert that made it clear to her that this wasn’t their first time double tapping a woman.

But compared to the physical pain X-23 endured on the average mission, this hate fuck was nothing. But she still did her best to give the impression that she was in agony, biting her upper lip, and clenching the bed sheets in her hand.

“Say something smart,” said the man underneath her, “I dare you!”

Fuck you!” X-23 said, with mock but convincing anger.

“Guys?”

X-23 nearly gagged when a third man thrust his cock into her mouth, and she felt another two grab her legs and pulled them apart, giving the men fucking her even deeper access.

Another two grabbed her hands and placed them on their cocks. X-23 gripped them in her palm, and gave both men the hand jobs of their lives.

With three cocks inside her, her hands on two more and her legs spread like a wishbone, X-23 smiled.

Because the seven men were focused on her, and not her friends.

Ms. Locke saw all this, and mulled over how to react. Punishing X-23 now would, ironically, only make her look weak by being forced to acknowledge the façade.

Ms. Locke glanced around, and saw how all the other mutants had at least one cock inside them.

“Eh,” Ms. Locke muttered, as X-23 was forced to entertain five men at once, “can’t win them all.”
Finale

Hours later

Ms. Locke filed her nails as the day wore on, and her subjects were fucked into submission.

Pixie’s pink hair was covered in white cum. Dust’s mouth dripped with semen, and the young woman’s eyes were glued shut with cum.

Wind Dancer meekly licked the cunt of her former idol, as a large man pounded her once virgin ass.

Amara had gone from fluffer, to main attraction, as a man straddled her stomach, and tit fucker her. Next to her, X-23 fucked men like it was going out of style, even grinning wildly as it happened.

Surge lay limp on her bed, covered in whip marks and cum. She’d drawn a fair deal of attention, but something in her broke, and it wasn’t long after that men lost interest in her.

Wallflower, to Ms. Locke’s surprise, had become something of a slut in an amazingly short amount of time.

“Yes, oh yes, harder, harder!” Wallflower moaned, as one man fucked her. Her legs were in the air, and her now un-cuffed hands were running through her own hair, as the man crushed her young breasts in his hands.

In truth, Wallflower was simply pretending to go with it, to spare herself the pain. Her cunt felt as if it were on fire and being torn in two at the same time, and her breasts ached in an agonizing way she’d never once felt before.

But Laurie rationalized it that the longer she pleased one man, the fewer she’d have to please and the less it would hurt.

Rahne Sinclair, Wolfsbane, hung from the wall upside down, across from Wallflower’s bed. Ms. Locke had become bored with her performance, and decided if the girl was going to act like a some inanimate object, she’d be treated like one. She had a mask over her head that covered everything but her mouth, and she obediently took every cock that was offered.

Ms. Locke glanced at the clock, and sighed.

“All right gentlemen,” Ms. Locke blew on her nails, “finish up. We still have one more thing to take care of tonight before we head back.”

There were some mild complaints, but by now every member of the Friends of Humanity had blown their load at least twice.

The men gradually flowed out, and when they were gone, Arcade’s men came and released the women.

“Bitches, heel,” Ms. Locke ordered.

Danielle, Rahne, and Amara could feel the eyes of their students fall upon them. They made their way to Ms. Locke, ignoring the burning sensation of their pussies and the exhaustion in their bodies. They kneeled before as if she were a queen, and their students quickly followed.

“Present.”
Danielle, Rahne, and Amara turned around, and bent over.

Though terrified, their students followed suit, tears streaming from their eyes.

“Good bitches,” Ms. Locke smiled, “gentlemen, kindly fill their holes. Chop chop dears, we still have the raffle.”

The guards brought forth U shaped dildos, and went about their work mechanically.

Danielle, Rahne and Amara barely reacted. This had become standard fare for them.

Wallflower, Dust and Pixie shrieked in terror. Even after the day’s events, they were raw to the horror of it all.

Wind Dancer and Surge bit their lip to remain defiant.

X-23 simply cooed seductively, in a way everyone knew was false.

“Up,” Ms. Locke commanded, and the young mutants obeyed, “form a line, teachers in front, and follow me.”

Ms. Locke led the young mutants to the showers. She instructed the women to stand underneath the spouts, and none disobeyed.

Soon, freezing cold water spilled out. Amara, Rahne, Danielle and X-23 remained perfectly, but the other girls tried to back away, only to be overwhelmed by pain.

They fell to the ground in a fetal position, caught between the pain of the failsafes that were in their bodies, and the near ice cold of the water.

After two minutes, though it seemed to be days to the young women, the water was shut off. Wind Dancer helped the other girls to their feet, her teeth clattering.

Ms. Locke didn’t keep them waiting long. Flanked by a paltry two guards, she entered, and said simply, “Moonstar, approach.”

Danielle Moonstar approached, her eyes seething with rage.

Ms. Locke met her with casual indifference. She handed Danielle a bowl filled with slips of paper.

“Hold this,” Ms. Locke said, “now everyone, follow me.”

No one dared disobey.

She led them to a stage, where the young mutants found all their rapists sitting before them, eating their dinners as if they were at a charity banquet. When Ms. Locke entered with her captives, the room fell silent.

Then, a man stood up, clapping. One by one, he was followed by his fellow bigots, until the entire room stood in applause.

Still shivering, their nipples pointing out like arrows, the mutants knew exactly how weak and pathetic they looked, as the crowd clapped, and they watched how Ms. Locke bathed in the praise. Finally, she raised her hand, and motioned for silence.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” Ms. Locke began, “today you’ve seen how low your enemies can be
brought, at just the right price. With cunning and dedication, so called homo superior has been made nothing more than simple, weak whores.”

Danielle Moonstar would have killed everyone in the room, as her heart pounded with rage. X-23 simply memorized faces.

“You have been excellent clients, and I thank you,” Ms. Locke said, “as per the custom of my employer, we ensure that our property is properly marked, like any good farmer. Ladies, if you would be so kind as to demonstrate?”

Rahne blinked back tears, while Amara grinded her teeth. They stepped forward, and turned to the side, demonstrating the branded ‘A’ that Arcade had seared into their flesh.

“Thank you.”

Ms. Locke held high the brand that had scarred so many heroines.

“As we discussed, names will be drawn from a lottery. Moonstar, be a dear and join me?”

For a moment, Moonstar felt rage sweep through her body, and briefly, very briefly, entertained the notion of rebellion.

But she knew that Ms. Locke wouldn’t only make her pay for it, but her students as well.

The guard handed Moonstar a bowl, and Ms. Locke casually picked the first name.

“Timothy Martinez!” Ms. Locke read the first name, “come join us!”

Ms. Locke motioned to X-23 to stand in front. Laura kept her expression neutral, which Ms. Locke expected.

X-23 actually yawned when the brand was placed against her flesh, and she barely looked at her tormenter. Instead, she cast her eyes towards Ms. Locke, and raised a single eyebrow, as if to say ‘Is that the best you can do?’

Ms. Locke expected as much, really, which was why she had the girl go first.

“Amy Davis!”

“Stupid cunt slut, I’ll rip your pussy out, and…!”

Surge’s rant was cut short when she received her brand. After that, she fell to her knees, sobbing.

“Mark Butler!”

Pixie begged with her eyes and silent tears, none of which mattered. Everyone laughed at the way her wings fluttered when she received her Arcade tramp stamp.

“Eugene Carter!”

Wind Dancer said nothing, but glared at the man with the brand defiantly. He actually hesitated, but pressed the brand to Sophia’s all the same, and smirked when she screamed.

“Robert Jones!”

Wall Flower lived up to her name, shrinking under the lustful gaze of the man. By sheer coincidence
she recognized the man, the sixth person to ever cum inside her. Not that it saved her.

“And last, but not least, Jane Keller!”

Dust, in Ms. Locke’s opinion, the best by far. Begging, weeping, screaming. She had courage on the battlefield, they all did, but here was different.

When it was all over, Ms. Locke had her captives lined up, back to back, their brands laid plain for all to see.

“Isn’t it lovely?” Ms. Locke walked down the line, and paused to slap X-23’s brand. The clone winced, to Ms. Locke’s surprise, as the crowd hollered.

“Now, ladies and gentlemen, we must take our leave. But rest assured, should you find it within your budget to hire us again, these ladies will be waiting.”

The roar of approval terrified every mutant present but one.

Later

Dagger pressed her back against the wall of her cell, exhausted beyond all measure. Every breath she took stank of cum, her pussy felt as if it were on fire, but still she felt relieved. Today was the end of her week long guard duty sentence.

But every time she tried to nod off the sleep, her cell became filled with blaring music and blinding lights. She wasn’t alone in this, Tandy knew. Everyone had their own cell, Free Spirit, Tigra, Husk and everyone else, and they were all forced to stay awake, well past exhaustion. The only exceptions Dagger saw, were that three of the mutant girls were missing.

(Tandy knew their names, but she was far too tired to recall them).

But it was little comfort.

Finally, the door to the cell block opened, and Arcade strutted in. Dagger turned her head towards the man, and saw Moonstar, Wolfsbane and Magma in line behind him, sobbing.

That alone made Dagger shiver. When torture was routine, tears meant that Arcade had reached a new height.

And that was when Dagger saw them. Wind Dancer, X-23 and the other girls. Naked, branded and Tandy knew without a doubt, violated.

“So sorry to keep you all up.” Arcade said, with his showman’s grin, “but I wanted you to meet your new roommates. They hail from Xavier’s, and just put me in the black!”

Oh God, Dagger thought, he’s taken more.

“You son of a bitch!” Free Spirit shouted.

Tigra looked at Arcade with stunned awe.

M grinded her teeth.

Firebird prayed.

“I’d like you ladies to make them feel welcome,” the energy bars in front of Dagger’s cell, and the
others, disappeared, “but Dani? Why don’t you let your little students acclimate, while you three
share a room, hmm?”

They all knew it was no suggestion. Rahne, Amara and Danielle took an empty cell on the far wall.
Then Arcade turned his attention to the New Mutants.

“Find a new roommate, hmm? And make it snappy, you have a long day tomorrow.”

X-23 chose Songbird. One glance told her that the Thunderbolt was broken, and thus, wouldn’t
bother her with conversation.

Pixie paled when she saw Tigra. Arcade had an Avenger, the thought rattled through her brain like a
bullet.

Dust simply fell in with Husk. The other girl placed a hand on her shoulder, as they both wept.

Wall Flower went with Jolt. She recognized the Thunderbolt from an article she’d seen a long time
back, but that wasn’t why she chose the girl. Laurie just thought that because they were so different,
Jolt wouldn’t have been tempted to speak to her now.

She was right.

Surge went to Free Spirit. She saw the anger in the woman’s eyes, and hoped that if she stayed close,
she’d find a way to muster the same.

“Good night ladies,” Arcade winked, and the energy bars reactivated. A pointless show, but one he
still enjoyed, “I hope you make friends, but don’t stay up too late. Tomorrow’s a busy day!”

Arcade turned to leave, then stopped.

“Oh, how rude of me!” Arcade spun on his heels, and his head scanned the room, “X-23, Wind
Dancer, Wall Flower, Surge and Dust, welcome to our little experiment. Thank you for helping me,
thank you for all the men and women you’ve helped already. History will never forget you. I’m
already so proud of you, and I just wanted to say, from the bottom of my heart…”

“Welcome home.”
Tandy Bowen, Dagger, awoke on twelve count silk sheet. Instinctively, she didn’t move until she had all her wits about her, expecting Arcade to drop some terrible surprise on her. Being fully conscious wouldn’t stop that, Tandy knew, but it would at least help her prepare.

When she finally opened her eyes, the fog of a nightmare sleep completely lifted, Dagger sat up.

The room was unlike almost anything Tandy had seen before. Most of the rooms she’d spent time in since Arcade had captured her, the ones not designed for obscene sexual torture, were little more than a mattress and toilet.

This room was expensively decorated, with a forty inch television, tasteful artwork hanging on the wall, and when Dagger turned her head towards the window, she was met with a skyline she hadn’t seen since the terrible day Arcade had killed her partner and taken her.

But despite herself, despite everything she’d been through up until now, Dagger felt a wave of hope and relief. Whoever her ‘John’ was, she was convinced he was some rich idiot, some high class pervert who thought himself too good to visit whatever hole Arcade kept them all in, and too confident n his security to keep Arcade’s men around.

He was someone who could manipulate, someone Tandy was certain she could outwit. Sure, Arcade’s men would no doubt be watching, and the disgusting failsafes Arcade had infected her body with were no doubt still in place, but Dagger felt a lot more confident about handling them out here than in Arcade’s viper den.

Still holding the sheets against her nude body, Dagger went to the window, drinking in the sight of a busy New York. The hustle and bustle was obvious from even this high up, and Dagger felt her captivity even more acutely now.

As if the rapes weren’t bad enough, she never knew the time, never saw anyone who wasn’t there to fuck her. There were days when she had resigned herself to never escaping, but now it only seemed as if she were simply saving that passion for right now.

After all, this close to New York? She was already half way freed.

Tandy supposed that she should feel more guilty about the possibility of escape. Officially, they had all vowed that they’d escape together or not at all.

Part of it was them holding onto their heroine past. Firebird had been the first to make the vow, to never consider an escape that didn’t include her ‘sisters’, but everyone, including Tandy, soon followed.

But a bigger part of it was fear of how Arcade might react. The man was a sociopath, and proved daily nothing was beyond him.

No woman left behind, Tandy reflected, a noble sentiment. But then, she thought back to all the times Arcade put them through the ringer. How many times were they there for her?

In her entire life, Tandy had only one person in this world she could rely on, and Arcade took him, using her as his weapon.

Escape had to come first, but revenge? That wouldn’t be far behind.
When the door opened, Dagger tried to calm herself. She was so close to escape that she could almost taste it, but it would mean nothing if she didn’t keep her head.

“Good evening.”

Tandy felt her stomach twist, and she might have vomited if she had anything in her stomach.

Wilson Fisk, the Kingpin of Crime, stepped into the room, a look of boredom on his face.

“Dagger,” Kingpin said, matter of factly, “I’ll be with you in a minute. I suggest you get on the bed, and make yourself ready.”

Dagger felt her jaw drop.

Wilson Fisk.

The Kingpin.

She’d crossed swords with him a few times in the past, but never like Spider-Man or Daredevil. Though she knew that Fisk would kill her without a second thought, she never considered that he held some special grudge against her.

Countless men had been inside her, but Dagger never thought that Fisk, a man who at least carried himself with dignity and grace.

And of course, there was the man’s size. He was a mountain of muscle, able to kill a man with his bare hands.

Dagger watched, dumbstruck by fear, as Fisk carefully removed his custom made jacket, folded it and then set it aside. He caught Dagger staring at him in the mirror.

“Once again, I strongly suggest you ready yourself,” said the Kingpin, “it should go without saying, that I am not a small man.”

That snapped Dagger out of her stupor. She moved her right hand to her slit, and began to masturbate, slowly. She was afraid that if she made any attempt at speed she might otherwise hurt herself.

Fisk found himself hurrying to put away his clothes, which he realized was unlike him. He loathed spending as much money on clothes as he did, and taking care of his clothing at the end of the day went a distance towards curtailing that expense.

Kingpin realized that he wished to finish this unsavory business, as quickly as humanly possible. He took one of his towels, wrapped it around his waist, and made his way towards Dagger.

Tandy felt a cold sweat form as Kingpin approached. She was wet, by now it was skill, but simply being wet wouldn’t be enough with a man of Fisk’s size.

Fisk looked Tandy up and now. She smooth white legs, curly blond hair, perfect breasts and athletic build. Much like himself, he couldn’t see a trace of fat, though he could tell from the way her breasts heaved that fear was another thing entirely.

“Dagger.”

“…Kingpin?” Dagger shivered, “how…how can you do this?”
Fisk raised an eyebrow. He knew of Arcade’s insane venture since the beginning, and he was a little surprised that any of his victims had enough faith in humanity to ask why anymore.

Kingpin sighed, “Because my dear, a lion can never be seen as less ruthless than the jackals.”

“You don’t have to…”

“Enough,” Kingpin waved a dismissive hand, “I have avoided this course of action as long as I can. Get on the edge of the bed, and lay on your back. I have no more desire than you do to drag this out. But it will be done.”

Dagger did as she was told, trembling all the while. She spread her legs wide, though not nearly as far as she could.

“I remember you being quite lithe,” said Kingpin. He reached underneath her thighs and spread her further, until she formed a ‘T’, “there. Keep that form, dear girl, or else.”

Dagger nodded, a bead of sweat form on her brow.

Kingpin took a moment, and hand his hand up and down her left cheek, stopping at the branded ‘A’. He observed how Dagger winced, and a part of him admired Arcade for his sheer brazenness. Branding an enemy was a rare move for any criminals, and yet Arcade had done it to all he’d taken, to heroines no less.

“Enough,” Kingpin muttered, and he allowed the towel around his waist to drop.

Dagger looked away. She knew how big a man Fisk was, and knew his cock was at least equal to his strength. She had no desire to see her fears confirmed. But when she felt a warmth at her pussy, Tandy shook in fear. Kingpin wasn’t even in her yet, and already she could feel his girth, his size.

She’d spared herself only a few moments in fear, nothing more.

“Try to relax,” said Kingpin, “I do not expect you to enjoy this, but if you relax, it should hurt less.”

Dagger did her best to relax, she always did, but when she felt the Kingpin begin to push inside of her, that all went out the window.

Tandy gasped in agony, as with one lunge Kingpin had filled her pussy to the hilt, brushing against her cervix. She hadn’t any breath with which to scream.

Kingpin withdrew, and then placed his hands on her thighs.

He slammed his cock forward, just as he pulled her close, and this time his manhood reached the end of her pussy.

Kingpin smashed into Dagger’s pussy with a strength and anger that surprised even him. He watched as her curling blond hair whipped about, how she clenched her eyes shut in an attempt to stop the tears and how her breasts bounced together in rhythm with the whims of his cock.

Until now, Kingpin never realized the degree to which he loathed these spandex idiots. If one were arrested by cops, well, that was part of the game. At least the police had the damn work ethic to do an investigation.

But these costumed idiots, they were impossible to plan for, impossible to bribe and just impossible to deal with.
And now that he had one at his mercy, Kingpin was finding it hard to restrain himself. Years of anger boiled over as he pounded her perfectly tight cunt.

For her part, Dagger could barely breath, each lunge expelling the air from her lungs. She gasped as Fisk fucked her.

“Please…take it slow,” Dagger begged.

“Be silent,” Kingpin growled.

He pounded into Dagger several more times, before he stopped and withdrew.

Tandy gasped, her lower body in absolute agony. It felt as if a nail had been driven straight through her. She struggled to think, and didn’t notice at first when Kingpin placed his hands on her hips and lifted her up to eye level.

But Fisk wasn’t seeing her. Instead, he saw a symbol of all the costumed idiots who had stood in his way.

Without a word, Fisk slammed Dagger down on his cock, plunging the full depth of his cock into her tight pussy.

Tandy bounced up and down like a ragdoll. Fisk’s giant hands held her effortlessly and somewhere in the back of her, she realized that what she was experiencing was nothing but rage.

Dagger traveled the full length of Fisk’s cock as it stretched every inch of her pussy. Every muscle struggled not to tear, as Dagger felt she was being torn apart, again and again.

After God only knew how long, Fisk seemed to tire of slamming her down on his cock. His paced slowed, until he finally stopped entirely.

“Thank you…thank you…,” Dagger gasped.

Fisk simply scowled, and threw Dagger onto the bed.

“Present your ass,” Fisk growled, “and be quick about it.”

“…what?” Dagger struggled to think through the haze of pain.

Fisk slapped Dagger’s brand without a second thought, sending a shockwave of agony through her body.

Dagger turned over, weeping the entire time.

Tandy knew what was going to happen next, but she tried to lie to herself, hope and pray, up until she felt Fisk’s hands on her hips.

Fisk’s sheer muscle was evident as he slammed into Tandy’s tight anus effortlessly. To a lesser man, there would have been some resistance, but not to Fisk.

Dagger screamed herself raw as the full weight of the Kingpin slammed into her tight rear. Every inch was pure agony, and Dagger gripped the sheets, trying to find any form of relief from the agony Fisk inflicted on her.

She looked over her shoulder, looking through the tears and was amazed by Fisk’s expression. He had mixed look of sheer boredom and bubbling anger, as if raping her ass was some unpleasant
chore his boss had assigned to him.

Dagger tried to listen to Fisk’s advice. He hadn’t been the first to suggest it, nor would he be the last, but all of them ignored just how impossible it was to relax when it felt like a burning pole was being shoved up your ass, and every thrust took your breath away.

Nothing Tandy did brought her any relief. She felt as if every muscle in Fisk’s body were pounding her tight ass.

Across the room, through her tears, Dagger could see a clock. Most men rarely lasted long inside her, and she watched the clock, as if that could somehow speed the passage of time.

But Fisk slammed inside her, again, again and again, until it felt as if one minute was equal to ten.

And in that time, Dagger wondered if it wasn’t a just punishment for daring to think of escaping without her fellow heroines. She had little doubt that they were suffering just like her, and, as pain wracked her body, realized that if she escaped, it might never end.

Arcade could sell them to their greatest enemies, and simply disappear. And instead of being held and tortured in one place, it would be dozens.

*I deserve this,* Dagger could help but think. The guilt burned through her like a knife, and she began to sob even harder.

Fisk neither noticed nor cared about Dagger’s guilt. But every man had their limits, and Fisk, though disciplined, was no different. When Tandy felt him finally explode in her, she breathed a sigh of relief. At least it brought her a brief reprieve.

Fisk pushed Dagger down on the bed.

“Stay put,” Fisk ordered, as he wandered away.

Dagger didn’t bother to move. No thoughts of escape or defiance came to Tandy. She realized that Arcade had broken her so casually. First raped by the people she sought to help, and now, raped by the man she fought. But not with any special cruelty, but just as a matter of fact, just something on his agenda.

“Stand up,” Fisk returned, fully dressed.

He adjusted his tie, as Dagger struggled to get to her feet.

Fisk pointed towards the door, “March.”

Dagger limped out of the room, Fisk close behind. Sadly, Dagger knew exactly where to go. Her pussy burning, she didn’t even bother to try to stand tall, as she saw the group of people through the glass door.

They were chatting casually, until they saw Dagger step through.

Fisk was right behind her, looming over her like a mountain.

“Gentlemen,” Fisk placed a hand on Dagger’s shoulder, indicating she was to remain in place, “I’ve asked you here because there is business we need to discuss. Mundane matters that shouldn’t take. To pass the time, I’ve rented some entertainment. Mr. Kline, I’m sorry, but I need to speak to you first.”
Mr. Kline tore his eyes away from Dagger.

“The rest of you,” Fisk met the eyes of each and every man, and then looked back towards Dagger, “remember that she’s rented. But, give her a taste of how we handle people who stand in our way.”

Fisk expected to be met with a riotous ‘Yeah!’ or something of the like. Instead, one by one, they began clapping.

The Kingpin soaked in the praise, then motioned for Mr. Kline to follow him. As they stepped away, the men grabbed Dagger, and bent her over a table.

By the time Fisk reached the desk across the room, he could hear the old familiar sounds of a leather belt striking flesh. Dagger would have screamed, if she didn’t have a cock shoved in her mouth.

“Now, Mr. Kline, I just want to touch on your performance in the Brooklyn agenda,” Kingpin began.

Fisk knew that he barely had the man’s attention, and that was fine. This meeting was for several purposes. First, to reward the exceptional men of his operation. Being a ruthless criminal meant that he couldn’t simply call a man into his office and praise them for their imitative. He had to appear aloof, always demanding more. Ironically, Kline was the least impressive of the bunch, hence why Fisk had selected him first.

Second and most importantly, was for his reputation. Too many saw his refusal to patronize Arcade’s as weakness, not a matter of principle. That The Kingpin had grown weak.

That wouldn’t be an issue now. His men would talk, in hushed whispers, how The Kingpin conducted his business while a heroine was raped not ten feet away, brought in hobbled by the big man himself.

A scream pierced the air, and Mr. Kline began to fidget. Fisk made a mental note to finish up in three minutes. Mr. Kline was here to be rewarded, after all.

No need to be cruel.
“Alright, break time’s over. Up and at ‘em, girl, you got work to do.”

Megan Gywnn, Pixie, rolled off her cot and obediently stood up. Naked as the day she was born, the pink haired mutant didn’t even blink when the guards motioned for her to follow.

Because today, she was going to see one of her ‘regulars’. And though Megan had mixed feelings about it, she took some small comfort in knowing what to expect.

Hell, the guards didn’t even bother to taunt her about it, anymore. They’d run out of clever puns and crude jokes, and simply escorted her from her cell to the ‘dressing room’ without any ceremony or mistreatment.

“Megan, come in! Join us!”

Megan felt sick as the LMD beauticians sat her down, and went about their work. In contrast to the guards, these artificial people treated their captives with respect, even as they were preparing them to be violated and assaulted.

The contrast was disgusting. Truth be told, Pixie found that she preferred the guard’s open abuse than the fake smile of these machines.

They leaned the mutant back in a chair specially designed to accommodate her wings, and went to work.

Like most of the rooms, there was a mirror in the ceiling. This one was designed to allow Megan to watch every step as she was remade into someone, something else.

First the androids sprayed her pink gossamer wings with…something that made them look transparent and insect like. They became numb to the touch, however, like they’d fallen asleep. Megan didn’t much care for it, but she knew from experience that the effect would wear off in a few minutes.

While one did that, another LMD was in between Pixie’s legs, shaving off the small amount of pink pubic hair that had regrown since the last time she’d been trimmed. The young mutant was silently grateful that they were at least being gentle this time around.

 Arcade allowed his guards the use of duct tape, when the mood struck him.

With her wings changed, and her pussy smooth, the LMDs then lathered Megan’s naturally pink hair in a special shampoo. They let it sit for only a few minutes before the teenage mutant found herself under a cold shower spray, rinsing it and the filth of the previous day from her body.

“Oh, you’re such a good girl!” one of the female LMDs smiled as she wrapped Megan in a towel and dried her off, “just one last thing to do, and you’ll be ready for your date.”

Megan tried not to blink as the LMD held up a colored contact lens, and gently placed it over her eye. With a blink, her eyes went from her mutant ebony to regular brown.

“Now to get dressed,” An LMD offered Megan a pair of underwear and a bra, and she took them
both gladly. She’d spent so much time recently nude no matter what she was doing, sleeping, eating…fucking… that any amount of clothing felt like air to a drowning man.

Once she had the underwear and bra on, Megan was handed a green pair of pants, and a top with a W across the front.

When she was done, Pixie finally looked in the full body mirror, and saw not herself, but a low grade copy of the Avengers founder, Janet Van Dyne, AKA the Wasp.

“We mustn’t keep your man waiting!” said one LMD in a sing-song voice. With a nod of her head, she motioned for Megan to follow her.

Pixie sucked in a breath as she was walked past her classmates. Dust was entertaining three men at once, Wallflower had her feet in the air as a man slammed into her pussy, and Surge was sucking a man off as she hung upside down from her ankles.

Megan passed her teachers, and saw that their situation wasn’t any better. Rahne was on her hands and knees, with alligator clips on her breasts as a man fucked her. In another room, Danielle Moonstar was bound by her wrists and blindfolded, her feet dangling several inches off the air as men circled her with whips in their hands.

And even they had it easy compared to X-23. Laura was bound in the middle of a hall, bent over backwards over a small desk. Her wrists and ankles were handcuffed to the legs, and she was open to any guest who might come wandering by.

The position was called ‘Hall Whore’ by most, an occasional position Arcade filled on a whim for waiting customers. When Pixie saw Laura, she was being spit roasted by two men. The first gripped her long ebony hair and pulled her head backwards, so that his cock was so deep down her throat Megan was sure it rammed the clone’s tonsils. The second man slammed his cock into Laura’s pussy, while he squeezed her clit between his thumb and index finger.

Seeing it all twisted Pixie’s stomach, mainly because seeing how her friends were suffering, actually made her grateful to be seeing her ‘John’ today. And being grateful for that? That made Pixie sick in a way she’d been before.

“How much of this did he think was genuine?”

“You know I always have time for my favorite lady,” Whirlwind said, “does Pym know you’re gone?”

“He thinks I’m out shopping,” Pixie said as she stepped inside, having said the line many times now, “not that he really cares.”
“Ha! Then we have all the time in the world,” said Whirlwind. He took Megan by the shoulder and pushed her onto the bed, and undid his bathrobe, revealing his semi-erect manhood, “but let’s not waste a second.”

“Such a rush! Just give me a second to get ready,” Pixie did her best to coo seductively. She sat up and began to push her pants down, but Whirlwind stopped her before they were half way down.

“Leave the costume on, Jan,” smiled Whirlwind, “you look so sexy with it.”

Whirlwind pushed Megan’s top just over her pert breasts, and then grabbed the sides of her head.

“Now, get the little boy ready,” Whirlwind pulled Pixie’s head forward and then jammed his cock into Megan’s mouth, but the young mutant didn’t gag. She’d been through this so many times before with Whirlwind, and others, that she relaxed on instinct, and began to run her tongue on the underneath of his cock, as she sucked as loudly as she could, just the way he liked it.

Whirlwind sighed, and savored the moment. It was moments like this, with Pixie sucking dutifully on his cock, her brown hair bobbing back and forth, her wings fluttering, that really sold the illusion. He looked down and saw the woman, the Avenger, the legend, that he lusted after for almost a decade worshipping his manhood, obediently sucking him off like a proper lover should.

But Whirlwind wasn’t about to pay thousands for a blowjob, no matter how skillful Pixie had become.

“Okay baby, that’s enough,” Whirlwind pulled his cock out of Megan’s mouth, knelt over and picked her up under the elbows, and almost playfully tossed her backwards onto the bed.

“Eek!” Megan tried to squeal teasingly, as she resigned herself to what was to come next. She was just glad that Whirlwind was careful of her wings.

“Well?” Pixie held out her legs, playing her part to the hilt, “are you going to help me get undressed? I know you like me in costume baby, but I think you like my legs wrapped around your waist more!”

“You’re so right, Jan,” Cannon said. He took both pants legs, and began to slide them off, revealing Pixie’s smooth, milky white legs.

David tossed the pants aside, and all but lunged for her panties, but Pixie pulled back, giggling.

“Gentle now,” Pixie said, trying to sound sexy, “I’d like to walk out of here without torn underwear. Be better than Hank, dear.”

“Of course, baby, of course,” Cannon said so obediently, so quickly, that again Pixie wondered if he remembered this was all just a game, or if he thought he was having an affair with the real Wasp.

Like before, he slid her underwear off gently, and then buried his face in her snatch. His tongue lapped against her pussy like a happy dog with a fresh meal.

“…David!” Pixie gasped, only half acting. The man’s tongue was skilled, no doubt about that, as it ran the length of her pussy, only to then focus on her clit.

His tongue circled it perfectly, and then he began licking, his experienced tongue fully coaxing it from its hood. Pixie was surprised at how quickly, and how skilled, Whirlwind had become at listening to her body.

Within seconds, Pixie found herself as wet as a swamp, and she could already tell that Whirlwind
was barely holding himself back at this point.

“Okay baby,” Whirlwind climbed atop Pixie, his arms straddling her petite body, and his erect cock brushing against her pussy, “you ready for the main course?”

“You know it, baby,” Pixie pretended to blush.

David pressed his cock at the entrance of her pussy, and slowly pressed himself inside. Though Megan could almost feel the tension in his cock, but Cannon was still patient, allowing her time to adjust to his member.

“Oh, Whirly,” Pixie moaned, once David was fully sheathed inside of her, “God I missed you…”

“I missed you too, baby doll.”

David began to lunge deeper inside of Megan, as he struggled to contain his own lust. Each lunge contained more strength, more pent of sexual frustration that ran a decade long.

Pixie arched her back, and tried to match her breathing to Cannon’s lunges. She squeezed her pussy around his cock as he withdrew for another lunge, just the way he liked it.

“Should have known,” David gasped, an animal pleasure almost overtaking his mind, “your pussy is the perfect size…”

“And these?” Pixie cupped her breasts, and gave Cannon a smile that wasn’t entirely fake.

“Perfect,” David stopped his strokes for a moment, and leaned down to suck on her fleshy teat. He teased her nipple with his tongue, and Pixie perfected faked a moan of pleasure. Her right hand reached up, and stroked the back of his head.

Her left hand reached down, and tickled his balls while his cock was still deep inside of her. She could feel his balls shudder inside her folds.

Cannon removed his mouth from Pixie’s breast, and smiled at her.

“Baby, don’t tease the bull,” David grabbed Megan’s arms, and gently but firmly pressed them against the bed, “unless you want the fuckin’ horn!”

“Oh baby, you know I love your horn,” Pixie improvised, “so much better than Hank’s little stinger!"

David smiled like a shark and began thrusting inside Megan’s pussy like a man possessed.

“Harder!” Pixie pushed the pain from her mind, “show me that criminal side.”

“Oh baby, I love you,” David gasped. He pounded Pixie’s tight snatch, seeing only the woman he’d lusted for for a decade laying underneath him, impaled on his cock.

“I…ugh!” Pixie tried to relax, to allow Whirlwind to fuck her with as little resistance as possible but the man’s pace approached that of a wild animal, each thrust as quick and hard as it could be.

Already he was pounding her cervix like a jackhammer. Pixie bit her lip and blinked away the tears. She knew what would happen if Whirlwind thought she had broken the illusion.

So she focused past the cock that was spearing her pussy, and wrapped her legs around him, pretending she wanted him inside her deeper, as she arched her back to take every inch of him.
“Oh baby,” they said together, as Pixie could feel him reaching his limit.
She squeezed his cock as she felt him beginning to thrust inside her again, and felt him shudder.
“Jan, Jan!” David shouted as he exploded inside Pixie.
Megan breathed a sigh of relief as she felt his cum inside her, and David’s cock beginning to shrink.
Cannon, his cock still inside Pixie, leaned forward and gave her a deep kiss, his tongue exploring her mouth.
“That was amazing baby,” Cannon withdrew from Pixie, and sat on the side of the bed, “got time for another go?”
“You know it, hon,” Pixie smiled, “just give me a second to recover, okay? Not all of us have your metabolism.”
“Heh, I know baby,” David said. Once glance told Megan that Cannon was already hard, “hey, why don’t you lay on your front?”
Already? Pixie thought to herself but said, as she obeyed, “what do you have in mind, lover?”
Cannon climbed over her, and Pixie could feel his stiff cock. But what surprised her, was when Cannon placed his hands on her back, and began to massage her shoulders.
“Damn you’re tense, baby,” Cannon said, “Avenger business?”
“Saving the world isn’t easy,” Pixie sighed. She couldn’t believe how skilled Cannon’s hands were. He found every spot of tension, and was especially delicate around where her wings connected to her back. Before Arcade had taken her, no man had ever touched her there, and before Whirlwind, she never knew how good it could feel. In another life, she would have paid good money for a massage like this.
“Still, you need to relax, hon,” Cannon said, “just take a sec, let me work my magic.”
Pixie sighed as Cannon treated her as a lover, and not a cock sleeve. She knew she should feel some guilt, some shame, but that could come tomorrow, Pixie decided.
Today, today the Wasp was simply having a scandalous affair with a supervillain. A founding Avenger taking a walk on the wild side, nothing more and nothing less. Certainly not a mutant enslaved by a madman.
Because why should Whirlwind be the only one wrapped in a fantasy?
“Hope you’re well rested, ladies! Because today will be an open house,” Arcade said to his captive heroines, smiling like a jackal. He was met with silence, though he watched as they sought to do the horrible mental math, if that meant that they’d have more men inside them, or less, “so get ready to meet new people and screw their brains out!”

For a moment, there was a dread silence. Then…

“All of us?” Namorita asked, her tone defiant.

Though Namorita caught some glares from her fellow captives, those fearful of invoking Arcade’s wraith, the true source of the glares were mostly of envy, she didn’t regret her question. Unlike her fellow heroines, only men (or women) of certain physical ability could enter her womanhood without losing something precious in return.

If Namorita had to guess, she and M hadn’t had half as many men inside her as everyone else. Namorita knew, that in their darker moments, that her fellow heroines hated her for it, and that she should feel more guilt for casually flaunting it in front of them all like this.

But with all the pain and humiliation Arcade inflicted on them, there were times when the Altantean Princess couldn’t stop herself from needling their tormenter. Despite all their power, all their rage, words were the only power they still had left and Namorita wasn’t about to let it slip away.

“Funny you should say that, because you two,” Arcade said, with that wicked grin, “you get to open.”

Namorita shot Monet a look, as they both tried to remain stoic.

Later

The robot could barely be called such. It was largely skeletal, with long, gangly limbs, and thick heavy standing just over seven feet tall. The head was a single, robotic eye, and, of course, a thick, heavy dildo in the middle of its crotch.

“Consider yourselves lucky,” Arcade said, as Namorita and Monet were positioned in front of the robots, “gents? The floor is yours.”

Namorita barely had time to gasp before the robot grabbed her around the throat with one hand, and lifted her into the air. The blond powerhouse gripped her fingers around the hand, and brought herself just enough room not to choke, but she found that she was otherwise helpless. The robot took her right leg, and raised it almost parallel to the floor.

With her leg raised, the robot positioned Namorita’s slit over its cock, and slammed her down.

“Ahhh!” Namorita cried out, as the steel cock slammed into her cervix. The robot pulled her off, and then slammed its cock into her ass with just as much care and caution as before.

“Comfy?” Arcade said, as he looked up at Namorita. Arcade looked the statuesque blond blond up and down, admiring her large, full breasts and toned muscles that still retained their feminist features and, of course, that look of steel melting rage on her face. She and her cousin weren’t that far apart
when it came to temper, at least here.

“Never better,” Namorita spat. She glanced over at Monet, and saw that she was being fucked the exact same way.

“Good,” Arcade said, “just be glad you have light duty, eh? Boys, take your places, eh?”

The robot that held Namorita and Monet turned, and began to leave the room. But even as they walked, they never stopped fucking the women, never breaking stride even as their cocks slammed into the once untouchable pussies.

“So…,” Namorita said, turning to Monet, “have…a name for yours yet?”

“No,” Monet grunted, as her cervix was once again pounded, “but I was thinking…Eric.”

“Good…ugh!…name,” Namorita said. Sweat began to fall from her brow as the onslaught continued, as they were mechanically fucked, while being carried down the hall like sides of beef.

“You should be careful when you taunt…ugh…him,” Monet said, “he could do this to us…ahh! All day, every day.”

“He’s a showmen…gah!” Namorita tried to reposition herself, but even with all her strength, she was helpless. The failsafes that bound them all allowed for no comfort, “it would kill…ugh…him!”

The robots led the two young women through two oak double doors, and into a room neither had ever seen before (because two days ago, it hadn’t even existed).

The room could have been mistaken for a Washington Insiders gathering. There were men and women in fine suits, chatting casually and sipping champagne. They glanced at M and Namorita as they entered, and she heard a slight chuckle spread through the room.

Namorita felt the lustful gaze of the room fall upon her, as she and M were walked inside. Each thrust of the metal cocks inside them made their breasts bounce, and made them all the more desirable to the crowd. The androids came to a stop in front of a giant curtain.

There was a click, and suddenly M and Namorita rose into the air, as the floor beneath their respective androids rose. It stopped at three feet, while the androids never stopped fucking them.

Namorita realized quickly that Arcade was using them as statues, set pieces for his twisted work.

Arcade followed them shortly, followed by a procession of their fellow heroines.

They were on their hands and knees, leash secured around their throats. Free Spirit. Silverclaw. Firebird and everyone else, being walked like show dogs. Sad to say, Namorita wasn’t much surprised by the sight of it.

Her fellow heroines were walked past, and a few minutes later, a large screen was brought in, displaying the heroines, and their asking price.

Thousands of dollars exchanged hands, without hesitation, and men and women by the dozens poured past the curtains.

For hours, as Monet and Namorita had their pussies pounded by steel cocks, they could hear the moans, screams and whimpering of their fellow captives while depraved wealthy men and women chatted with one another, waiting for their turns. The repetition ached, but both knew it was nothing
compared to what their friends were suffering.

How long it lasted, Namorita didn’t know, but after what seemed like one eternity past after enough, all the guests had left, and her fellow captives were marched back out.

They were in a sorry state, not that Namorita was surprised. Free Spirit’s pussy was covered in dry wax, Husk’s back was red with whip marks, and almost all of Tigra’s fur was matted by cum, and they were by far the best of all of them.

When Arcade returned them to their cells, separating them randomly, Namorita watched as her fellow captives fell into an exhausted sleep.

As she fell asleep, the young hybrid thanked Neptune that at least there was a limit to the level of brutality Arcade could inflict on her.

oooOOooo

Later

“Come on, princess! Give it a good go!”

Namorita glared at the voice, or at least the direction. But she didn’t hesitate to take the cock into her mouth, and began bobbing her head back and forth, trying to bring the man off.

While she did that, Namorita saw another two cocks slip through the holes of her box. She took them in her hands, and began pumping.

Because Arcade couldn’t put her pussy in a room for public use, Namorita’s mouth was still fair game. She and Monet spent most of their time in ‘glory boxes’. Boxes two sizes too small for her, forcing Namorita to squat on her knees, and the walls around them were like Swiss cheese, made of one way glass.

All day long, men could watch as she sucked them off. Most wanted a blow job, but some just wanted to cum on her tits, or just give the princess of Atlantis a Golden Shower.

Arcade washed the damn things out only when he had to, and already the puddle of cum was just up her knees.

The cocks in her hand shot their jizz quickly, and with barely a thought Namorita wiped it across her tits. Arcade had made it a standing order for her not to give ‘sloppy second handjobs’, and had enforced that rule…rigorously.

Namorita swallowed the load of the man in her mouth, and waited for the limp cock to be replaced by yet another.

Namorita was shocked when no cock replaced the last one, but instead felt her box being moved. She could hear the tires on her box squealing, until it came to a stop. She then felt it dumped on its side, and Namorita spilled out, filthy with cum.

Namorita, aching after having been on her knees for so long, lay on the floor, unmoving. She recognized that Arcade had dumped her in the showers.

“Change of schedule, baby,” Arcade said. Namorita loathed how the guards just casually walked away, leaving only Arcade. She knew that she could tear him apart with her bare hands, yet his failsafes kept her in check almost effortlessly. Everytime he reminded them of that felt like salt in the
Namorita stood up, and turned on the shower. She stood under a torrent of water and sighed, as it both washed the cum from her body, and returned the strength to her limbs.

Namorita, a child of two worlds, never knew how much she loved the ocean until it was taken from her. When this was all over, she began to doubt that she would ever return to the surface world.

"The client asked that you clean up some," Arcade tossed Namorita a vial of soap, "sensitive nose."

The blond powerhouse hesitated for a moment, debating between defying Arcade and suffering punishment, or obeying and actually feeling clean for the first time in weeks. Namorita decided that the small defiance wasn’t worth the pain Arcade would inflict.

So she lathered her breasts and pussy with soap, before she covered every inch of her skin that she could reach in soapy bubbles. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see Arcade’s erection, and pitied the girl that he would take it out on later.

For now, she enjoyed the sensation of the soap washing away the day’s filth. She just wished that she could wash the taste from her mouth.

"So not the Wrecking Crew?" Namorita said defiantly, "Mr. Hyde? Been there, fucked that. Bring it, little man."

"Oh no," Arcade said, "the Wrecking Crew got pinched by Thor last week, and Mr. Hyde’s laying low in the mid west, I believe."

Namorita made a mental note of the information. Assuming that Arcade wasn’t lying, that was perhaps the best news she’d heard all week. Hyde and the Wrecking Crew were her and Monet’s most frequent Johns. They enjoyed women in their league (physically).

That meant more time sucking cock or more robo-cock, but Namorita much preferred that over their brutal treatment.

"You look clean enough. Enough stalling," Arcade snapped his fingers like she was a stray dog, "come along now."

Namorita stood tall, and did her best to look brave. Arcade was an utter monster when it came to fashioning new tortures, but she did her best to have faith in her powers, in her strength, to protect her from the worst of it.

Arcade led her to a heavy vault door, and began tapping in a code.

"We couldn’t let this guest mix with our regulars," Arcade said with a smirk, "he might have them feeling a little inferior."

The massive door slid open.

And boy, did Arcade savor the look on her face.

"Hello, little princess," growled a deep, animalistic voice.

Namorita said nothing, her throat dry.

"Come in."
Namorita felt fear grip her heart as she looked at her ‘John’, the supervillain known as the Griffin.

He stood some ten feet tall, shoulders as broad as the Hulk’s, his arms as thick as tree trunks, his skin scaled and red with brown wings that spanned sixteen feet. His face was like that of a lion, complete with a golden mane.

The last time Namorita had seen Griffin, he was more animal than man. But the look of anger and lust made it clear that whatever else his issues, it was the man who held the steering wheels in his mind.

“I take it you’ve met?” Arcade said.

“Yeah,” Griffin snorted. The sound reminded Namorita of a bull about to charge, “her damned cousin used me as his personal steed when my mind regressed.”

“Oh my,” Arcade placed a hand over his heart in mock surprise, “Namorita, you allowed this?”

“I…I…I tried to stop him,” Namorita said, and it was the truth. But her headstrong cousin, for a time, simply enjoyed the idea of riding a defeated enemy around to ever consider anything else.

“I bet,” Arcade shrugged, “well, your cousin rode him, only fair he gets to ride you.”

“Arcade, please,” Namorita whispered under her breathe. She thought she had lost her fear of being raped, of Arcade’s twisted games, but Griffin was something else entirely. A beast, a monster. And he had a personal grudge against her.

“You two have fun!” Arcade spun on his heels, and leveled his eyes at Griffin, “remember, you break her…”

“I bought her?” Griffin huffed, “might be worth it.”

“No, you break her, I break you,” said Arcade, “my property, my rules. In the corner is a yellow light, means slow down. You obey. Do I have to tell you what the red light means?”

Griffin just growled.

“Didn’t think so. Have fun. Remember, obey the rules and you can come back any time,” Arcade said, “disobey, and we turn you into mulch.”

Arcade stepped out, and a solid metal panel slammed behind him. Waiting for him just outside, was his trusted assistant Miss Locke.

“Everything in order?” Arcade said.

“Indeed,” replied Miss Locke, “we have Griffin targeted by computer controlled guns, loaded with vibranium tipped bullets. Each one designed to calculate the exit wound, sparing out blond princess.”

“Good, good,” Arcade smiled, “don’t want Namorita getting out of here the easy way.”

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Sweat began to bead off Namorita, as she stared down the truly massive Griffin, who looked at her the same way a dog looked at a bloody piece of meat.

“Nervous?” Griffin’s voice was like a distant avalanche, “you shouldn’t be. Didn’t you say that you
argued for my dignity?"

“I…I did,” Namorita tried not to stare at Griffin’s erect cock, as if that somehow make it disappear.

“I’m glad to hear it,” Griffin leaned forward, and grabbed Namorita around the waist with his giant, clawed hands.

The Altantean princess realized, with no small amount of horror, that the beast-man’s hands were large enough to almost completely wrap around her waist.

Griffin lifted Namorita over his head, and with a quick chuckle, brought her back down again in a speeding arc, slamming her pussy into his waiting and eager cock.

“…guh…” was all Namorita could say.

She was in such agony, the tender flesh of her pussy pushed almost to the breaking point in the blink of an eye, and her cervix slammed harder than she could ever remember. It was as if her brain misplaced her voice.

“Now tell me,” Griffin adjusted Namorita from side to side a little, as if she were simply a screw in a socket and not impaled on his manhood, “how exactly did you dissuade your cousin from riding me like a horse?”

“S…s…stop,” Namorita slurred, the only words she could force out of her mouth.

“That’s rather vague,” Griffin slid Namorita only a few inches off his cock before slamming her back, “could you better explain?”

The agony slammed her mind, and self preservation gave her focus. Namorita could already feel his cock battering its way into her womb, and she feared what might happen if a mutated man-beast climaxed inside of her.

Arcade might find the idea of her carrying some monster’s baby hilarious.

“I t…t…told him that you were a person, not a barnyard animal,” Namorita forced herself to say, trying to sound humble and sincere. The truth of the matter was that while Namorita didn’t approve of Namor turning Griffin into his horse back then, she hadn’t care much either. The man had tried to kill people she cared about, even if he was manipulated into doing so.

“I don’t think it worked,” Griffin adjusted Namorita on his cock, enjoying the look on her face as she struggled to keep from crying out.

“I couldn’t stop him, I’m sorry, I’m so sorry,” Namorita said, with tears in her eyes.

“I’m sure you are, now,” Griffin said, “but you don’t know what it’s like to be ridden like an animal. But don’t worry, I’ll show you.”

Griffin yanked Namorita off his cock, and raised her over his head like a bag of flour.

And then slammed her back down again.

Griffin took a moment to watch as Namorita wailed like a banshee and jerked around like a fish on a hook.

For Namorita, it was as if the entire world had vanished, and all she had left was a blazing agony in her pussy. She could barely feel Griffin’s hands on her thighs. All she felt was an inferno of agony,
from every inch of her pussy.

Her cervix felt as if it had been shattered, and Namorita swore that with each passing second, her pussy was pushed past the brink. Namorita hated Arcade more than she hate any other man alive, but she would have given anything to see him appear now, to scold Griffin for going too far.

But it didn’t happen.

“Maybe I’m being a little dramatic,” Griffin once again adjusted Namorita from side to side on his cock. The way she screamed, how her long blond hair whipped about as she pleaded and begged, made him wish that Arcade had come to him weeks ago, “but this is what it feels like, emotionally, to be used by that bastard.”

“I never rode you, never!” Namorita shouted, “please, stop!”

“Don’t blame me. If you fought harder for me, we wouldn’t be here,” replied Griffin. He adjusted Namorita on his cock once more, like she was a nut on a screw.

Not too far off, Griffin smiled.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry!” Namorita wailed, limbs flailing madly.

“I know,” Griffin yanked Namorita off his cock again, and held her over his head, “but not as much as you soon will be.”

Once again, Griffin brought Namorita down on his cock like her pussy was a hammer, and his cock an anvil.

And he savored it as she wailed, babbling apologies, begging for mercy with every other breath while writhing like a fish on a hook.

To Griffin, it went a long way to ease the humiliation, the anger he felt when his mind had returned, and he remembered how the Sub-Mariner had used him. The pointy eared bastard wouldn’t know now about how Griffin had his revenge, but time would take care of that.

And by the time he did learn the truth, Griffin smiled, he would have had his revenge and then some.

Again, Griffin pulled Namorita free from his manhood, held her over his head, and smashed her back down on his crotch.

The screaming was no less sharp.

Again, and this time Namorita’s long, blond hair went flying every which way. She shook her head madly, as if that were somehow enough to stop him.

Griffin, his lust somewhat sated, began slamming Namorita onto his cock at a casual pace. He had nowhere to be, and Arcade never bothered to give him a time limit, so why rush?

First, he impaled her on his cock.

Then, Griffin drank up the sight of her squirming on his rod, so strong and yet so powerless. By now, she could barely form any words, but her whimpering still said enough.

And finally, when he felt he could see her finally adjusting to the agony, to the pain, he yanked her off and repeated it all over again.
How long that went off, Griffin didn’t bother to track.

But even a man-beast like him had limits, and he could feel himself beginning to swell.

“Get ready, fish bitch,” Griffin held Namorita high over his head, meeting her tear stained eyes, “you’re about to get the good stuff.”

Namorita knew what he meant instinctively, and screamed even louder as Griffin swung her down on final time, his cock smashing into the top of her battered womb.

Namorita felt a pulse, and then a deluge of cum explode inside her. Like so many monsters who had raped her before, his output was hardly human, but even so, the blond princess was stunned by how her stomach was overwhelmed.

Namorita could feel Griffin’s cum drenching her insides, filling her to the brim.

Intellectually, she knew that Arcade had to be keeping her and her fellow captives on birth control but she still remembered the horror story that Firebird, Husk and Silverclaw went through.

The only thing that brought her any relief, in its own twisted way, was how Arcade hated to repeat himself.

When he was finally done, Namorita looked down at her stomach, and realized it looked as if she were three months pregnant, her stomach was so bloated.

“ Barely been able to fuck anyone since I was made into this,” Griffin grabbed Namorita by the wrist, and hoisted her in front of him, “but that’s still the best fuck I’ve had in a long, long time.”

Namorita couldn’t bring herself to meet the eyes of the man who’d defiled her, not when she could feel his cum sloughing out of her, sliding down her leg like mud.

“This is your fault princess,” Griffin smiled, “your cousin rode me like a horse, and now I ride you. Circle of life.”

Griffin drew Namorita closer, and lapped his tongue across her stomach.

“Mmm,” Griffin purred, “no better taste than pain and fear.”

Namorita struggled weakly as Griffin began licking her like a cat lapping up milk. His tongue was rough and hard like sandpaper, and when he licked her nipples, it felt as if he were trying to pull them off.

“A lovely mix of fear, agony and fish,” Griffin licked his lips, “I would have done this just for the taste.”

“My cousin…will tear you apart,” Namorita said through gritted teeth. Being treated as a treat, a candy, was just enough to return some of her courage, “don’t ever doubt that.”

“If your cousin cared, he’d already be here,” said Griffin. He then dropped Namorita like her were a bad habit, “but hey, whatever keeps you warm at night. Me? I intend to come back here often enough, that it’ll be worth it.”

Griffin strolled towards the door, and pounded twice.

“Be seeing you, fish lips.”
It wasn’t until she watched Griffin leave, that Namorita finally allowed herself to pass out from the pain.

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“My my my, sleeping on the job?”

Namorita snapped awake, just like any of her fellow captives would at the sound of that voice. 

“Hardly fair to your coworkers, isn’t it?” said Arcade.

Namorita sat up slowly, her body still wracked with pain. She looked down and realized that she was in a puddle of cum, the same that had packed her pussy, and had spread across her chest while she was unconscious.

“Nothing? Catfish got your tongue?”

Namorita again said nothing, and hated herself for it, as Arcade laughed for a moment at his lame joke.

“Women,” Arcade wiped an imaginary tear from his eye, “no sense of humor. Though to be fair, we all lose it sometimes. I know I did, when an uppity princess thought she could talk back to me.”

“I’m sorry,” Namorita said quickly. She tried not to think of what her family and friends would think of her for caving in so readily.

She already hated herself enough as is.

“Oh, now you are;” Arcade said, “you see, my dear, you seem to think that your strength allows to you to defy me. But to be honest, I don’t see you as a obstacle, I see you as a challenge. So I want to thank you. Without that sharp tongue of yours, I might never had made a new client.”

Namorita had strength enough to tear steel and shatter rock, but she felt almost powerless to keep herself from breaking into full fledged sobbing in front of the man who’d inflicted so much on her already.

“Now that we’ve reached an understanding,” said Arcade, “I need a favor. I have some dirt on my shoes. Be a dear, and clean them, would you?”

Namorita bowed her head, and knew what was expected of her.

She crawled over to Arcade, and bent her head down. With no hesitation, she ran her tongue across the top of his shoes.

“Good girl,” Arcade leaned over and patted her head. He raised his foot so that the Atlantean princess could clean the sole. Namorita never hesitated, lapping it up, “good girl.”
Free Spirit vs. Crossbones

Josh Parker, agent of RAID, unzipped his pants and slid out his cock.

“So who is this chick again?” Josh asked, as he pressed it into the woman’s mouth.

Cathy Webster, Free Spirit, tried to push the man’s words from her head as she sucked on his cock. After all, she had enough to handle without his insults.

Today, she was bent over, bound in classic penal stocks like a criminal of old, and completely naked. She’d been chosen as Hall Duty, meaning that while her fellow captives were suffering a special torture or entertaining paying clients, Cathy had been left to handle any ‘overflow’ between appointments.

Right now, it meant that she was being spit-roasted by two Hydra agents, who were waiting in line to get a taste of Songbird and Jolt, and decided to blow off some steam while they waited.

“Freedom Chick, or somethin’. Who cares?,” answered his partner, Robert Drake, “I swear though, she’s got the best pussy of the bunch! Perfectly tight and knows how to squeeze!”

“Mouth ain’t bad either,” Josh sighed, “not as good as Songbird, but up there. Good job, Freedom Girl.”

On the scale of daily humiliations suffered while Arcade’s captive, being forgotten barely registered anymore. In fact, in general she found it an effective shield. She was the last pick of criminals who sought to earn their infamy by raping a helpless heroine. The Thunderbolts had Zemo, the mutants had the Friends of Humanity, and so on.

Cathy only had the one, but in some ways, that was worse than a thousand. Despite her attempts to suppress the memory, Cathy’s mind drifted back to three days ago, when she did receive someone who recognized her.

Then

Cathy pulled at the bonds above her head, never truly expecting them to budge. Half of it was reflex, an unwillingness to surrender to what she knew was coming next, and the other half, if she was being honest with herself, was fear.

Arcade had dressed her in her blue bandana face mask, with red gloves and boots with her sash around her waist, and nothing else. He then bound her hands over her head to the ceiling, hoisted her a foot into the air. Her legs were forced apart with a spreader bar, which she knew from experience was tied to a heavy weight behind her that she couldn’t see.

There was only ever one person who preferred to rape her like this, and he was a monster amongst monsters.

When Cathy heard boot-steps behind her, she fought the urge to shake in fear. It was one of the few victories she could claim over the bastard.

“Hey baby,” said Crossbones, right-hand man of the Red Skull, “miss me?”

“Who are you, again?” Cathy was surprised how casual she sounded.
“Honey-bear, I’m hurt,” Crossbones held a hand over his heart in mock pain, “but I guess this means I’ll just have to remind you.”

Cathy looked straight ahead. She knew what was in store for her. Crossbones had been here before, and no doubt would be again. And if she wanted to survive, she had to save every ounce of energy for what was to come.

“I brought a cooler with some snacks,” said Crossbones, “you tell me what I want to hear, maybe I’ll share. Do you even remember the last time you had anything other than some guy’s cock and that crap Arcade gives ya? I bet a Thailand hooker eats better than you.”

Cathy said nothing. The truth of the matter was, Crossbones’ offer was far more tempting than it had any right to be, and just the mention of real food was enough to make her mouth water. Arcade wasn’t about to starve them, but it had been far too long since she could recall having a real meal.

“Nothin’?” Crossbones shrugged, “suit yourself.”

Cathy looked straight ahead. According to her mentor, Captain America, Crossbones was dangerous in countless ways, not all of them physical. He had once nearly brainwashed Cap’s girlfriend against him, without the use of any advance technology, but instead simply physiology and cruelty.

In his own way, Crossbones was as smart as he was deadly. And Cathy knew if she gave an inch, he would swallow her whole.

“I thought we’d do the classic red and blue today,” said Crossbones, “unless you’d prefer another routine?”

Cathy’s upper lip curled in disgust, but said nothing. She loathed how Crossbones’ torture sessions all had their own different names. But they all ended the same way, with her screaming.

“No thoughts?” Crossbones stepped behind Cathy, and she could hear him pick up something heavy. When he stepped back around, he was carrying a heavy duffle bag, that he dropped a few feet from Cathy, “suit yourself.”

Crossbones reached into the bag, and produced a small weight, connected to a short chain. At the end of it was an alligator clip. Crossbones dangled it from his hand for a moment.

“All you gotta do to make this stop is give me something on Rogers,” Crossbones said. He waved the clamp in front of his face before tossing it back in the bag, “doesn’t even have to be big. Tell me, what’s his favorite soda? I bet he’s a Mr. Pip man, myself. Skull things Pepsi, if you can believe it. Wanna prove him wrong?”

Give an inch, and he’d swallow you whole, Free Spirit reminded herself. There were some things worse than being Arcade’s captive, though not many. And being broken puppet of Crossbones was a fate worse than being Arcade’s toy.

So Cathy said nothing.

“Suit yourself,” Crossbones said. He reached into his duffle bag, and removed several candles.

Crossbones removed several candles, and set them around Cathy in a circle. Cathy clenched her fists as Crossbones lit the candles, knowing what it meant.

Once that was done, Crossbones went back to his duffle bag, and removed a whip.
“Sure you don’t want to just tell me his favor soda?” Crossbones cracked the whip experimentally, “give me that, and I’ll cut you down, even let you take a nap before your next appointment.”

Free Spirit shivered, and for a moment considered giving it, just lying to Crossbones, anything.

But Cathy knew that they were both too smart for that. Because next time it would be that much easier to give him something, and the time after that. Before long, Cathy wouldn’t be able to recognize herself.

Arcade was the threat to her body, but Crossbones would destroy her mind, if she let him. He would take her apart in ways Arcade never could.

“You’re boring me,” Free Spirit spat.

“Well, lets fix that,” Crossbones reached into his duffle-bag and removed two pairs of alligator clamps, each with a small, grey seven pound weight at the end, “first, the warm up.”

Cathy felt equal parts fear, pain and disgust as Crossbones knelt in front of her, and pinched the sensitive skin of her labia. But as much as it hurt, Cathy knew it was nothing compared to what was to come next.

“Argh!”

Cathy snapped her mouth shut trying desperately not to give Crossbones anymore satisfaction than she already had, but it was far from easy.

The alligator clamp on her pussy felt as if it were slicing into the flesh of her body, while the weight on the end of it made it feel as if her flesh were being peeled off. The tremors, the spasms of pain that she couldn’t control made it even worse.

And Crossbones still had one left.

Once he was done with the second one, Crossbones flicked the weight at the end, enjoying how it caused Free Spirit’s breasts to tremble.

“Still don’t have anythin’ to say?” Crossbones asked.

Cathy looked at Crossbones, and gave him a look that could have melted lead.

“Fine, be that way,” Crossbones removed a whip from his duffle bag, and casually cracked it.

To her surprise and credit, Cathy didn’t tremble when she saw the whip. And when Crossbones lashed her across the back, she only cried out the fifth time the whip struck her.

And after the eleventh lash, Cathy just gave up on holding in a single scream. She knew from experience that Crossbones, uneducated thug that he was, was completely and utterly methodical in his torture, in his abuse.

The whipping started at her shoulder blades, and then inched its way down her back. Each lash was its own hell but was in turn made worse by the weighted alligator clips that were hanging off Cathy’s pussy.

Each strike sent them swinging, and to Free Spirit, each time she was certain they’d tear away. Crossbones watched them carefully, patiently. One lash followed the other only after the weights had begun to slow.
He was in no hurry, after all.

It was because of that that it wasn’t until the twenty eighth lash that Crossbones’ whip had struck Cathy’s naked rear.

And when Crossbones was done whipping her rear, making it feel as if an army of fire ants were devouring it, he worked his way down to her thighs, and then ankles. Not an ounce of flesh was neglected.

“So,” Crossbones moved to Cathy’s left, “feeling more talkative?"

Free Spirit forced herself to raise her head, and thorough her tears, gave Crossbones his answer without saying a word.

“Well, that’s your choice,” Crossbones said, “guess I better get back to work, huh?”

Crossbones came at Cathy from the side, whipping every inch that his whip had missed when simply focused on her backside.

Cathy was proud of the fact that she only screamed that time when her brand was struck. But all told, Crossbones was like an artist, and her body his canvas. He was determined not to miss an inch, and he hadn’t thus far.

And before too long, Crossbones was standing in front of her.

“You know what ya gotta do to stop this,” Crossbones said.

Cathy knew what was coming, and stopping herself from trembling before the whip struck was like stopping the sun from rising. Ironically, when the whip struck the front of her ankles, Free Spirit didn’t react.

And she barely flinched when it struck her thighs.

And then Crossbones stopped.

“You’re just asking for punishment, at this rate.”

“Go…go to hell!” Cathy snapped, despite all wisdom.

“Pretty sure you’re already there,” Crossbones pulled the whip back.

When it struck her pussy, Cathy felt so much pain that it almost registered as something else. She threw her head back to scream, but nothing came out.

Long seconds crawled by as Cathy struggled to recover her wits. And the first thought that crossed her mind, when she had the ability to think, was to despair that Crossbones had only whipped her once.

He was allowing her time to recover, to feel each individual lash. To feel the agony as the weights on her pussy lips dangled like fish on a hook.

And right on cue, just as Cathy had gotten her breathing under control, the whip cracked again.

The pattern repeated itself. When she recovered in a cell later, Cathy would guess that Crossbones spent fifteen minutes alone just abusing her cunt.
When he was done, Cathy could feel her resistance hanging on by a thread. When the whip hit her stomach, Cathy wept openly.

The whip slashed across her breasts, and once again, the pain had peaked. Crossbones didn’t spare an inch of tit flesh.

When Crossbones finally stopped whipping her, Free Spirit felt as if her skin was being devoured by fire ants.

“Give me a minute, toots,” Crossbones dropped the whip, and seemed to remove his phone from his pocket. “I need this for my resume.”

She heard the click of the camera, as Crossbones circled around her. He had done this once or twice before, but it still made it no less humiliating.

“Work of art, if I do say so myself,” Crossbones said, as he showed Cathy the images of her whipped and aching body, the angry red marks that she seemed to possess instead of skin, “any suggestions on how I might improve, kiddo?”

“Eat a dick,” Cathy forced herself to say.

“Is that how you stay toned?” Crossbones slapped Cathy’s ass, and Free Spirit shuddered in pain, “well, maybe one day I’ll give it a shot. Well, time for the next stage of red, white and blue.”

Crossbones reached down, and pulled the weight at Cathy’s feet backwards. The young heroine groaned, as the strain on her arms seem to double in an instant.

When Crossbones was done, Cathy was leaning forward at a 45 degree angle, her arms feeling as if they wanted to pull out of their sockets. Crossbones whistled as he set up for what was to come next. Cathy could see him picking up the candles, and shivered.

“Hope you don’t mind if I have some fun with this next step, eh?” Crossbones stepped behind Cathy, and unzipped his pants.

Free Spirit hissed as Crossbones put his hands on her hips, still aching from the abuse of the whip, and tried to relax as she felt the tip of Crossbone’s cock at her rear.

But in so much pain, and much agony, relaxing was impossible. Crossbones’ cock plunged into her ass, parting it like the red sea.

Cathy struggled as best she could. She’d had Crossbones’ cock inside of her so many times now, but the man was strong and thick. It never got any easier, especially given what was to come next.

“Rogers never fucked you, did he?” Crossbones said. He thrust inside of Cathy several times. Each time was just as good as the first, and behind his mask, Crossbones smiled. He might not get exactly what he wanted, but damn this was close enough, “his loss.”

Cathy gritted her teeth, and her elbows howled in pain from each thrust. But worse than that, was the inability to know when Crossbones would take his next step.

Crossbones sighed as he fucked Cathy’s tight ass casually. He wasn’t pressed for time, and knew that sometimes in torture, anticipation was the worst suffering of all.

Crossbones fucked her for a few minutes, before he moved onto ‘White’.
“Arrghhh!” Cathy screamed as hot wax was poured across her back.

The searing heat met with whipped flesh, and to Free Spirit it felt as if molten lava had been poured down her back.

Crossbones actually stopped fucking her for a moment, so that he could feel her body quiver around his cock.

“This is all on you, blondie,” Crossbones took another candle, and poured it down Cathy’s back.

Hanging as she was, it flowed down her back for a moment, each inch bringing Cathy to new heights of pain.

Crossbones dabbed a new more bits of hot wax across Cathy’s back, and watched and savored how she squirmed like a fish on a hook, still impaled on his cock.

“You bastard! Argggh!”

Cathy knew she couldn’t get away, couldn’t get free, but her body refused to believe it. Crossbones resumed pouring hot wax down her backside, savoring the way she writhed.

Cathy screamed as Crossbones poured, then wiped away, half the candles that he had lit. But it when he withdrew his cock from her ass, Cathy was far from relieved. She knew the torture was only half over.

Casually whistling, Crossbones moved the weight connected to her leg spreader, and this time pulled it forward. Cathy’s arms felt as if they wanted to tear out of her sockets, and she wept again despite all her efforts not to.

“Alright,” Crossbones rolled the cart with the remaining candles to the side, just in reach, and unzipped his pants, freeing his cock. With no effort to be gentle, he plunged inside of Free Spirit’s abused pussy.

Cathy tried to relax as Crossbones’ cock slammed through her pussy, trying to deny him the tightness he wanted. But her body was like a machine, an excellent machine thanks the super soldier serum in her veins,, and its first reaction to pain was to squeeze and try to keep it out. It didn’t care much about things like leverage.

“Always so perfect,” Crossbones sighed, “you know I’ve fucked plenty of the bitches here, and you’re still the best. Tigra is a two bit whore compared to you. Guess fame doesn’t make a good pussy, huh?”

Free Spirit gritted her teeth. She had no clever retort, and wanted to deny him as much satisfaction as she could. Plus, she knew what was to come next.

Crossbones pumped inside of her a dozen times, before she saw him reach to the cart, and remove a lit candle.

When Crossbones poured the hot wax on her breasts, Cathy tried to scream, but nothing came out.

“Tickles, does it?”

Crossbones continued pounding her pussy, as he poured more and more wax on Cathy’s abused breasts.
Cathy threw her head back and wept, knowing that there was nothing she could do to save herself, nothing she could do to stop this agony.

“Oh, white,” Crossbones said, sighing as his cock exploded inside of Cathy, “I’ll be honest, its my favorite color in this bit.”

Crossbones withdrew with a chuckle. Cathy’s perfect breasts were dotted with the wax he hadn’t wiped away, and his cum was dripping out of her pussy.

“Only one part left,” Crossbones said. He went to his bag, and removed two zip ties, “blue.”

Free Spirit chewed her lips as Crossbones wrapped the first zip tie around her breast. He wasted no time in pulling it taunt, and almost immediately it felt as if her breast were wrapped in razor wire.

“Gotta be careful,” Crossbones gave the zip-tie a harsh tug, and Cathy gasped, “too loose, and it’s just purple. Kinda clashes with the theme, ya know?”

Cathy’s body quacked with agony, but Crossbones zip-toed her second breast with little issue.

When he was done, Cathy felt as if something her sawing through her breasts. The skin, which had been bright red, began to change.

“I really don’t know why you’re makin’ me do this,” Crossbones said. He removed a protein bar from his pack, “just give me somethin’ solid, and I go away.”

“Until you come back!” Cathy hissed.

“Waitin’ for that, is better than this, I imagine,” said Crossbones, “all you have to do is give an inch. Is it pride?”

Crossbones reached into his pocket, and removed his phone. He tapped several commands, and then Cathy heard herself screaming.

“Stop! Please, I’ll do anything!”

“Not me! I’ll be good, just no more!”

“Enough! Please, please!”

And a dozen times more. Cathy was under no illusions as to how many times Arcade, or one of his customers, had broken her, leaving her a weeping shell.

“Kind of surprised you have any left, honestly.”

“That was for me,” Cathy said, as the agony of her breasts seemed to grow with each breath, “not for Captain America.”

Crossbones raised an eyebrow.

“Do you really think he even knows you’re gone?”

“Do you think he’d ever stop looking if he knew?”

Crossbones shrugged, “Suit yourself.”

Crossbones reached out and twisted Free Spirit’s nipple. The young heroine threw her head back and
screamed louder than she had since this had all began.

“Guess we better finish this, huh?”

Crossbones removed a knife from his belt, and with a casual toss, sent it slicing through the rope that held Cathy’s hands up.

She dropped on her back, landing in a world of pain and agony as the air left her body. Her breasts were now blue, just the way Crossbones liked them.

With a quick motion, Crossbones removed the spreader bar, and tossed it aside.

“Better this way, anyways,” Crossbones was inside her in an instant, and through the pain, Cathy could still feel her skin crawl as she felt his breath on her skin, “more fun.”

Cathy screamed as Crossbones grabbed her oxygen starved breasts, both as blue as Smurfs. He crushed them between his fingers as he pressed all his weight down atop of them.

“Last chance. You could blue ball me right now, bitch,” Crossbones said, “say the word.”

Cathy forced herself to stop screaming, to stop whimpering. She wanted, needed, to show Crossbones that she heard him, that she understood him.

She met his glare, and said nothing.

“suit yourself,” Crossbones said, “business or pleasure, and I get pleasure.”

And with that, Crossbones began slamming into Cathy. His cock was like a battering ram to her cervix, and every inch of her body radiated agony.

Crossbones leaned down and sank his teeth into her breasts, and Cathy screamed. When he was done, he slapped the sensitive orbs of flesh with an open hand, and Cathy never stopped screaming.

After what felt to be an hour, Crossbones came inside of Cathy’s pussy again, but Cathy knew it wasn’t the end. Arcade supplied his customers with pills that would allow them to cum so many times, that she knew she had more suffering in store.

Crossbones flipped Free Spirit on her stomach with little warning, and she gasped as the eight of her body was forced on her abused breasts. Crossbones speared her ass, and began slamming inside her again, only with each thrust, he slapped Cathy’s brand.

To Free Spirit, as it was every all her pain receptors were screaming at her. She prayed that she might pass out, but the serum kept that mercy from her.

Time slowed to a painful crawl, that Cathy thought would never end. Crossbones seemed to cum, time and again.

But even as well trained as Crossbones was, he had limits, and more importantly, other places to be. Free Spirit was a side-project of his own, not something that excused him from his other responsibilities.

When he felt the time approach, Crossbones withdrew from Cathy’s pussy, his cock caked in his own juices, and stood up.

“Well, guess this date is a bust,” Crossbones took a step forward, and then grabbed Cathy by the hair, pulling her up and guiding her mouth over his cock, “least you could do is clean me up.”
Cathy whimpered, but obeyed. She obediently swallowed the cum and sweat, as she had so many times before.

“I’ll let Arcade clean you up,” Crossbones winked at Cathy. Her face fell, realizing that the slicing pain she felt in her breasts wouldn’t be going anywhere soon, “but don’t worry babe, I’ll be back soon.”

Crossbones released Cathy, and she fell back bonelessly. She didn’t have an ounce of strength left, but she still felt a world of agony.

Now

“Yeah, this Freedom Girl’s pussy is amazing!”

The second man slammed into Cathy, slowly drawing his cock bath and forth inside her pussy, savoring every inch.

“Can’t believe I never heard of her before!”

Cathy clenched her eyes shut, fighting tears. Maybe no one had heard of her before, no one knew her before now. All the world might ever know of her would be as a sex slave of Arcade’s.

But at least, they wouldn’t know of her as a traitor.

Afterword: Thanks for beta, Agent G!
“Jake? How goes it?” Arcade strolled to the front and only entrance of his current complex, where in less than an hour dozens of men and women would stream inside, to both enjoy the bodies of the heroines he held captive, and to increase his legend in the outlaw community.

But for that to happen, Arcade felt that sometimes his guests needed an immediate reminder of the services he offered, something to entice and remind them of what awaited him here.

“We’re about done with the displays,” replied his man.

Arcade nodded. That was why he had instructed his men to bind Wolfsbane, Pixie, Tigra and Namorita to the wall like movie posters. The heroines were bound spread eagle, padded shackles holding them in place, as naked as the day they were born. He had Wolfsbane and Pixie on one side of the hall, and Tigra and Namorita across from them.

Arcade observed as his men secured them against the wall. It was important to emphasize to his new clients, his customers the power that Arcade casually wielded over these once proud heroines, and to that end he wanted those who appeared at first glance to be the genuine article to be the first thing they saw.

Pixie’s wings, Tigra’s feline form, Namorita’s toned muscle form and ankle wings, and Wolfsbane’s lupine form, all clear signs that these were not actresses, but the genuine article.

Arcade observed his heroines, trying to gauge their moods. Tigra was sullen, unable to meet her captor’s eyes, as usual. Whether it was the rapes or being forced to be a traitor, Arcade didn’t know or care.

Next was Pixie, she had that new captive style, shaking like a leaf as she imagined what today would be like. She and her New Mutant friends were a new addition to his list of captives, and Arcade wasn’t certain she’d been through her first three dozen rapes. If anything, she should be thanking him for this respite, but all she did was beg and cry. Ingrate…

Then there was Namorita, still full of fire and rage. Just a look from her might have melted steel. She spat and swore vengeance as the bite gag was fitted her in mouth. Best not to offend the clients before they got inside, Arcade reasoned but he enjoyed watching her struggle.

Last was Rahne Sinclair, Wolfsbane. In her time here, Arcade had seen her mood ping pong wildly. Once day, she was a little mouse, silently praying for divine intervention, the next she spat the most vile of profanities, until someone shoved a cock in her mouth.

Today, was angry defiance. An O ring was shoved in her mouth, but she shook with righteous anger.

Arcade sauntered over to Rahne, and slid a finger inside her.

“Why so angry?” Arcade said, as he wiggled his finger inside her pussy. “I bet you won’t have more than five or six men inside you today. That’s barely work!”

Rahne hissed something that would have been profane if she hadn’t been gagged. Her lupine form gave her expression of anger a wild and feral animal. Arcade knew that she would have killed him in
a second were it not for the failsafes.

That was why Arcade chuckled, and thought back to the first time he’d fucked her.

*The Past*

“Another day, another dollar and one more day that will live in infamy,” Arcade said, as he watched his captives marched into their cells. Today had been a long one, and they didn’t even have the energy to look at him spitefully as they were locked away for the night.

But Arcade noting something odd, in that the headcount was a little low. Where was that petite redhead…?

“Looking for someone?” said Miss Locke from behind.

Arcade turned around, and saw Miss Locke, and more oddly, Rahne Sinclair, actually dressed in a white, oversized T-shirt. Arcade smirked when he read what was written on it.

‘Happy Birthday’.

“So I guess that’s why one dog isn’t in its kennel?” Arcade said.

“I don’t believe that you’ve tasted this morsel yet,” Miss Locke said with a conniving smile.

Arcade looked Rahne up and down, her face flush with equal parts horror and rage. She loathed being talked about so casually, but was clearly afraid of drawing even more attention to herself right now, being in the presence of the two most responsible for her suffering. Her face was flush with barely contained anger, but she couldn’t bring herself to meet his eyes.

“No, no I haven’t,” Arcade smirked, “how could I do that to a fellow ginger? Ms. Sinclair, I’m so sorry.”

Rahne flinched at the mention of her true name, but said nothing.

“Can you make sure everything is locked up tight for the evening?” Arcade said, “let the men know that they can have any girl they want tonight. No reason why I can’t share the joy, no?”

Miss Locke smiled, “Of course. You have fun now.”

“Will do,” Arcade threw an arm over Rahne’s shoulder. The young mutant nearly jumped out of her skin, though Arcade was pleased to see the look of hatred she gave him, “looks like you get a comfy bed tonight. Isn’t that great?”

Arcade could see Rane gritting her teeth.

“Hell was made for creatures like ye,” Rahne said, softly.

Arcade smiled.

“Babe, if I ever met the devil, he’d just think he was looking in the mirror,” Arcade said.

Rahne’s lips curled into a choked growl, but she said nothing, as Arcade led her to his room. Instead, Rahne held her hands at her side, pushing the t-shirt as far down as it would go as they walked.

“Sorry we couldn’t do dinner,” Arcade said, as they reached his room, “I already ate. Maybe next time?”
Arcade watched as anger once again flashed across Rahne’s face. Her buttons were all but neon signs, and he couldn’t resist pushing them.

“Voila! Castle El Arcade!”

Rahne felt the raging anger inside her grow louder, stronger as she stepped inside. The door had led to Arcade’s bedroom, no surprise there, but what surprised Rahne was what surrounded his oval, king-sized bed.

The bed was surrounded by display cases, each one filled with a costume belonging to one of her fellow captive. Without realizing it, Rahne drifted to the display case that contained her legless, sleeveless unitard, the one-piece costume that she had worn into battle so many times.

Beside it was Dagger’s costume, Jolt’s and on it went. It was irrational, but seeing how Arcade kept a piece of them in his private room made Rahne realize that she could hate this monster even more, after all he’d inflicted on her already.

“Nice set pieces, no?” Arcade said, stepped up to the displays beside her, “really set the mood, don’t they?”

Rahne snapped her head towards Arcade. Her body trembled with rage, and her throat was dry with fury.

“Hard to say which are my favorite. It varies, some days,” Arcade tapped on the display case with Dani and Amara’s costumes.

“Why don’t ye just fuck me and put me back in the cells?” Rahne growled, despite herself.

“Because I haven’t had a taste of you, yet,” Arcade smiled, “red heads are the best, am I right? I’d rather savor our time together than hump and run. It is my birthday, after all.”

Rahne just glared.

“I’m going to go get changed, brush my teeth, that sort of thing,” Arcade said, “why don’t you…get ready? I’m sure it would make things easier. Just leave the shirt on.”

Arcade winked at her.

“I like to unwrap my presents myself.”

Rahne watched, trembling in fury, as Arcade sauntered to his bathroom to brush his teeth. Just seeing those small amenities was infuriating, those small bits of everyday life now denied her.

Still, Rahne put her anger aside as she sat down on the bed. She knew from experience what was going to happen, and there was nothing she could do about it.

The least she could do, though, was make it a little less uncomfortable.

She slide her left hand down to her pussy, and slipped her fingers inside of herself. She swirled her finger only twice, and shuddered as pleasure swept through her body. She brought her fingers away, and found them drenched.

“That bloody bastard,” Rahne muttered with a growl.

“My goodness,” Arcade was wrapped in a bathrobe with a smirk on his face, “aren’t you eager to start?”
“Ye did this,” Rahne growled, “ye do something to our bodies, our hormones, to make us…”


“…eager,” Rahne said, too angry for a clever retort.

“Well then,” Arcade produced a pair of scissors from his pocket, “lets not wait to unwrap you, shall we?”

Rahne stood perfectly still as Arcade lowered the scissors to just between her legs, and began cutting upwards. She could feel the cold metal as it brushed against her skin, and flinched as he cut through the collar, and the scissors brushed past her cheek.

When he was done, the shirt was split cleanly in the middle, exposing Rahne’s pussy and bellybutton, but still hiding her breasts.

“Well,” Arcade said, “aren’t you going to undress?”

Rahne growled, but shrugged the shirt off, and stood nude before Arcade. Her cheeks were flush red with equal parts anger and shame. Even after so much time nude, Arcade observed, Rahne hadn’t completely lost her modesty.

Which made this all the better.

“Wow,” Arcade cupped her breasts, and the feeling made Rahne’s skin crawl, “these are like, perfect for you. You are the text book definition of petite, you know that? Not too big, not too small…”

Arcade flicked Rahne’s nipple, and the young mutant flinched.

“Just right.”

“Thank you,” Rahne snarled.

“Anyways, lets get this show on the road,” Arcade opened his bathrobe, and gave Rahne a knowing look, “work your family magic, baby.”

Rahne got down on her knees, and with her right hand cupped Arcade’s penis, and guided it into her mouth.

The act disgusted her, as did the fact that she was sucking on the cock of the man responsible for so much suffering, but she controlled her gag reflex, and ran her tongue along the bottom of it. Arcade was hard in seconds, and Rahne bobbed her head back and forth along the length.

“So hey, Rahne, what do I look like from down there?” Arcade said cheerfully.

Rahne knew the question was rhetorical, but it stung all the same. She knew that if she didn’t please him, he would go straight after her friends, Amara, Paige and Danielle and do God only knew what.

So she sucked Arcade’s cock with what little skill she had developed so far, and prayed it was enough.

“Such a quick learner,” Arcade ran a hand through Rahne’s hair, “but not quick enough.”

Arcade grabbed the sides of Rahne’s head, and slammed her forward, plunging his cock down her throat. Arcade laughed as Rahne’s hands flailed at her side. She’d learned not to resist, but not to panic.
Rahne felt sick inside as she tasted the full length of Arcade’s cock in her mouth, the feeling of his hands on her head as he bobbed her back and forth on his manhood. With her powers, he would be less than nothing to her, and even without them, Rahne knew she could take this man, the same way she knew the sun would rise in the morning.

But raising a hand against him wasn’t an option. The failsafes kept her in check, just as much as the safety of her friends did.

“Skilled, though! Definitely skilled,” Arcade moaned, “about to cum, don’t swallow!”

Rahne’s eyes went wide as she felt Arcade shot his seed in her mouth. While she had, for the most part, lost her gag reflex, Rahne shivered in sheer revolution as she tasted Arcade’s cum.

“Ahh,” Arcade sighed, his cock still hard. He withdrew from Rahne’s mouth, “alright, show me.”

Rahne was trembling with rage, but she obeyed, opening her mouth, displaying Arcade’s cum as it rested on her tongue.

“Good doggie,” Arcade said, “now, swallow!”

Rahne, with no small amount of self loathing, obeyed.

“You never did tell me, what do I look like from down there?” Arcade said.

Rahne, her eyes wet but defiant, said nothing.

“Maybe you didn’t hear me,” Arcade leaned down, and pinched Rahne’s left nipple between his thumb and forefinger.

“Ahh! Stop!” Rahne begged. It felt as if Arcade were slicing the sensitive bud of flesh from her breast, and of course it only got worse, as Arcade pulled her to her feet.

“I said,” still pinching Rahne’s nipple, Arcade gave it a sharp and painful twist, “what did I look like, from how there?”

“A monster!” Rahne snapped, despite her common sense telling her to say anything but that, “an utter monster!”

Arcade released Rahne’s nipple, his Cheshire grin never leaving his face. With a sudden shove, he pushed Rahne onto the bed, where she landed on her back.

“Good girl. Just what I wanted to hear,” Arcade said. He shrugged his robe off, “lets get to the main event, shall we?”

Rahne had her legs pressed together, in the vain hope of warding off Arcade. But when he reached down with his cold hands, and casually pried them apart, Rahne didn’t resist because she knew it was futile.

It was more than just the fail-safes. It was the fact that she was terrified about what punishment he might inflict on her friends if she offered any real resistance. Rahne found herself in a constant battle between heart and head.

Worse still, the touch of Arcade made her skin crawl. Rahne had been assaulted more times than she could count now, and done unspeakable things, but there was something especially disgusting about Arcade’s touch. After all, he was the source of her misery, of her suffering. Every abuse she suffered
was because of him in some way.

But Rahne still refused to allow herself to look away, as Arcade climbed atop her, his cock aimed at her wet, waiting pussy, and she felt his hot, stinking breath on her naked flesh.

The first breath went across her belly button as she felt his hands pressing down on the bed.

The second breath landed in between her breasts, and Rahne began to feel the tip of his cock pressed against her folds.

Finally, they were face to face.

A mental image of a dragon preparing to devour a fair maiden flashed through Rahne’s mind. Though Arcade was, physically nothing compared to some of the foes Rahne had faced, right here and now, he was everything.

There was nothing he couldn’t do to her. And nothing he wouldn’t do, Rahne feared.

“So proportionate,” Arcade sighed, as he leaned down to kiss Rahne’s still tender breast. He began suckling it, until the tip became rigid.

Rahne loathed how the only thing Arcade truly left them was their minds, if only so that they could suffer more.

Rahne felt her nipples harden, and despite herself, she shifted her waist oh so little, lining up her wet pussy with Arcade’s cock.

“Just get on wit’ it,” Rahne hissed.

“Since the lady insists,” Arcade’s smiled was like every predator’s rolled into one for Rahne.

And despite that, she still gasped in pleasure as his cock slid into the folds of her pussy, and hated herself for it.

Rahne knew that what she was feeling, the lust that made her long for his manhood, was artificial but it was no less overpowering, the sensation no less intoxicating.

Rahne felt at war with her very sense of self. She bit her lip to hold back a moan, while never feeling more disgusted.

This was the man who made her and her friends fuck dozens, every day. This was the man now responsible for the most horrific events in her life, in a life already overwhelmed with tragedy. His very touch made her skin crawl, and if she were able, Rahne knew she would have killed the man in an instant and never lost a single wink of sleep.

But God damn, did his cock feel good inside of her.

“…bastard!” Rahne whispered, as she suddenly found herself within inches of climaxing, as his cock gently worked its way inside of her.

“Rather ironic insult coming from you,” said Arcade.

Rahne bit her lip once more, rather than risk moaning in pleasure.

Arcade had begun slowly pushing into her, gently, almost like a lover would. Nothing like the dozens of men before him who thought her pussy should be pounded like a nail, Arcade was careful
and gentle as he pressed inside.

And that, combined with whatever he’d done to the fail-safes, meant his rather average cock felt better than any cock she had taken before (Rahne briefly remembered that she had been a virgin before Arcade). Rahne couldn’t remember another time she had felt so good.

Arcade’s hands went to her nipples, gently teasing the tender buds, and bringing Rahne pleasure in a way that made her sick to her stomach.

“Why did I wait so long?” Arcade moaned, as he thrusted into Rahne’s tight pussy. Each thrust felt better than the one before.

“God!” Rahne hissed, as she neared climax again. Though she hated herself even more, she wrapped her legs around Arcade’s waist, and pulling him inside, and her pussy clamped down on his cock.

“Holy shit!” Arcade gasped, and he had to concentrate not to cum then and there, “now you’re getting with the program!”

“If your going to fuck me, ye might as well do it right…oh!” Rahne arched her back, just as Arcade was lunging inside her. The timing was almost surgical, and she felt herself reach that perfect moment of pleasure nearly instantly.

Rahne gaped for a moment, before releasing a breath. Arcade of course hadn’t stopped fucking her, but the climax was enough to at least sate some of the artificial lust that Arcade had forced on her body.

“Got an animal inside ya, in more ways than one, huh?” Arcade smirked.

“Truer words were never spoken,” Rahne snapped back.

Arcade smiled, but didn’t retort, and for that Rahne was grateful. She didn’t want to risk angering or tempting him into further cruelty.

Instead, she tried to match his thrusts, taking his cock deep inside her own pussy. Every inch he was inside her, meant that Rahne was just a little less overwhelmed by the heat instilled in her by the failsafes, and was a little more herself.

The irony that she could reclaim her mind by fucking the man responsible for her lust didn’t escape Rahne. But she also knew a futile battle when she saw it, and she didn’t have the strength for it now.

So as Arcade plunged his cock into her pussy, and his fingers mauled her aching breasts, she instead tried to imagine him as someone else. Doug, Alex, Sam, anyone but the man responsible for everything she had suffered not just today.

But that was all but impossible. No one she knew could ever be this cruel this sadistic. Rahne could see a crazy in Arcade’s eyes that made it impossible to see him as anything else but the madman he was.

“Perfect…”

Rahne gasped once more as his cock stroked her pussy.

“…little…”

Rahne felt as if her clit were rock hard. Every time she felt Arcade’s pounding near it, she was
brought to a higher level of pleasure.

“…cocksleeve!”

Rahne sighed, as a small, five second climax took her, but then shame took her, as Arcade’s words, him using her just for pleasure, struck her heart like a knife.

And of course, that was when Arcade leaned in for a kiss.

His tongue explored Rahne’s mouth. The young Scotswoman hadn’t kissed too many different boys in her young life, and the fact that she was French kissing Arcade of all people was another dagger in her spirit.

Try as she might, Rahne couldn’t stop the tears from falling, something Arcade was quick to observe.

“Yummy,” Arcade reached out, and scooped a tear from Rahne’s face with his index finger, and then licked it clean. Cliché, he reflected, but now he realized it was for a reason.

Rahne hated herself for being so weak as to cry in front of Arcade, which of course did nothing to stop more tears.

But the hurt of that didn’t stop the lust Arcade had inflicted on her, but Rahne no longer had the energy to meet his lunges, nor courage to meet his eyes.

Arcade could see this all through his lust, and for the moment, he was okay with it. Some things only had so much mileage, after all.

“Here it comes, Rahne,” Arcade said, as he felt himself ready to release, “your favorite part!”

Rahne felt sick to her stomach as she felt Arcade fill her pussy with his hot seed.

Rahne had already taken twice as much cum in her pussy today than Arcade had filled her with, but his seed felt especially disgusting to her, and made her feel filthy in new and disgusting ways.

“Whew!” Arcade collapses atop Rahne, resting his head next to hers, “pretty good, huh? And you weren’t too bad yourself.”

“Thank you,” Rahne said, her voice brimming with equal parts rage and pain.

“So tell me,” Arcade’s left hand reached for Rahne’s right breast, and began playing with it. With her nipple between his fingers, he asked, “what’d you do today?”

Rahne looked at Arcade in disbelief. She couldn’t believe his tone, almost completely serious, like they were a couple discussing their day.

While no small part of her wanted to gut Arcade, Rahne knew it was better to play along.

“Well, after the morning gruel, enema and gruel, I had to complete against three other girls on me back…”

Then

The competition was relatively simply.

Rahne, Dagger and Jolt had been secured on narrow cots raised to waist level, with their legs in
stirrups. The cots were too short for them to rest their heads, and the cold metal was uncomfortable on their backs, but that was only a plus to their captors.

“This here is a cum collecting contest,” the head guard informed the three women, with the same smirk that all the guards had, knowing they controlled women who could have destroyed them without a second thought in other circumstances, “girl who gets the most, gets a bath, and doesn’t get whipped. Any questions?”

There were none, of course.

Rahne tried to relax as the first man pressed his thick, eager cock against her slit. Unlike most, he actually massaged her clit, almost making the ordeal bearable.

Almost.

Another man pressed his cock against Rahne’s lips, and she reluctantly remembered that this was a competition. She could see that Jolt had already sucked a man off, and another man had just finished in Dagger’s pussy.

So Rahne sucked as best she could and held her hands out to the side, offering handjobs to any takers. When the first man came in her hand, Rahne smeared his cum across her belly before taking another man in her hand.

And when the cock in her mouth finally finished, Rahne licked her lips as if the disgusting taste was the best thing she ever had. Men seemed to like that.

And that went on for hours. When it was finally time to decide the winners, Rahne, Tandy and Hallie were unstrapped and stood side by side in front of the latest group of men wh’d just had them.

To her ever lasting shame, Rahne squeezed her legs together the moment she felt the –drip!-, -drip-, drip- of cum out of her pussy and onto the floor. As much pain as she had suffered Rahne had no desire to suffer any more because she had come up just a little short.

Rahne, Jolt, and Tandy stood in front of the head guard, covered in cum and looking as if they were slathered in frosting. The guard waved a wand connected to some handheld devise, and then smiled.

“Tandy, you are the biggest slut,” he smiled.

Rahne’s heart fell the moment the guard said those words. She looked at Dagger, and saw the girl’s long, curly blond hair was actually matted down to her head. When Tandy had been giving men hand-jobs, she had rubbed their cum in her hair.

“Alright boys,” said the guard, “we got us a chink and red head. After we hose ‘em down, who wants to see who can scream louder?”

Now

“Jolt was louder, at least today,” Rahne snarled, “Ms. Locke took me from there to Doc Shoc, and then gave me to ye.”

Arcade traced a finger around Rahne’s nipple.

“So typical day?” Arcade said.

“Aye, till now,” replied Rahne, “I’d rather be back there.”
“Well, tomorrow should be easier,” Arcade said, “we just got a special hammock for the horses, and we need a front cunt to test it out.”

Arcade savored how Rahne’s face went pale.

“But that’s tomorrow, right? Better to live in the moment,” Rahne could feel Arcade’s rigid member pressed against her leg, “and today is still birthday, after all.”

Arcade grabbed the side of Rahne’s hip, and turned her over.

“This is your preferred style, right?” Arcade placed the tip of his cock against Rahne’s quivering rear.

“Original as ever,” Rahne growled.

“It’s my birthday,” Arcade said, his cock pressed against Rahne’s tight ass, “why don’t you sing me the traditional song?”

“Happy birthday...ugh!... to you!”

Rahne gritted her teeth as she felt Arcade’s cock push inside her.

Arcade savored the feeling. Rahne was still relatively new to anal sex, and her first instinct was still to clench. She created a nice little vice around his cock, almost as tight as her pussy.

“Happy birth day to you.”

Rahne felt sick as she felt Arcade pumping inside of her. Arcade didn’t care, but knew that she wasn’t doing the best job she could. He slapped her ass open handed as he sheathed his cock in her tight ass.

“Happy birthday Dear Arcade, happy birthday to you.”

“And many more!” Arcade said, and then slapped Rahne’s brand.

Rahne buried her face in the sheets as she screamed from the unexpected pain, and screamed again when Arcade slapped the brand once more.

Arcade loved the way her soft white skin seemed to ripple, the way her entire body flinched. He took his time as he fucked Rahne’s ass.

After all, it was his birthday.

Now

Arcade looked at Rahne’s defiant face, and wondered.

The night they shared together on his birthday wasn’t like most nights.

Because while the internal mechanisms that allowed him to control Rahne’s libido were still in full effect, the fail-safes that kept Rahne from gutting him, were not.

After all, birthdays were about tradition
Wrecked

Wrecked

Dallas Roirdan, Citizen V to the world, felt terror lance down her spine when the two guys came into her cell, removing her but leaving her fellow captives Dagger and Wolfsbane, without saying a word.

They took Dallas to a room with a row of monitors, and a single chair with two dildos lined up, just for her.

Dallas barely flinched as the guards sat her down on the dildos, and then walked away. Though they left, Dallas didn’t feel any temptation to stand up and removed the dildos from inside of her. She had been Arcade’s prisoner long enough to recognize an invitation for punishment when she saw it.

Dallas counted off the seconds, as time passed. From her training in the V-Battlion, she had a rough idea of how to keep time without a watch. When she reached the point where she estimated Arcade started the day, assigning their tortures, the monitors came on, and she saw her teammate, Hallie flanked by two guards, standing outside a room.

Something about the mundane nature of it unsettled Dallas. She knew, like always, Arcade had something sadistic planned. But the exact nature of it, when he set his mind to it, was almost always unpredictable.

“Good morning, Dallas,” Arcade said, “I hope I haven’t kept you waiting too long.”

“What do you want?” Dallas spat. She’d already thrown every insult she could think of at the man so many times before, and right now, she just didn’t have the energy, “I’m sure you can find some loser who’d like to cum in me. Why are we keeping them waiting?”

“Because you did something naughty,” Arcade leaned in close to Dallas, “confess, and I’ll only give you guard duty for a day. Haggle, and I’ll show Jolt what’s behind door number one.”

“I don’t know what…”

“Door number one, then,” Arcade sighed dramatically. He tapped his collar, “send her in, boys!”

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“Time to get wrecked, bitch!”

Laughing, the guards gave Hallie a shove through the door, and went about their business.

The room was fairly bare, as Arcade’s special tortures went. Hallie saw no whips, no wooden horses or spiked dildos, none of the tools her clients often used to torment her with.

Rather, it had a large, queen-sized bed with a metal headboard and a single occupant. He was a large man, brown hair, well built, and dressed in a robe. One look at him was all Hallie needed to know that he had little interest in foreplay. Hell, his cock was already half erect.

The room had a dressed, and Hallie could see a bottle of liquor resting on it with two glasses, alongside a box. God only knew what horrible thing was in there, she thought.
“Ain’t you a sight?” the man said, “not much in ways of breasts, but I love me some athletic women.”

“...thank you,” Hallie said meekly. In her experience, the less she said, the better.

“Name’s Dirk,” he said, “and you and me are gonna have a good time tonight.”

“...Dirk?” a light went off in Hallie’s head, and her stomach dropped, “oh God, the Wrecker?”

“One and the same,” Dirk winked at her, “guess you heard of me?”

Hallie pressed her back up against the door. She had heard of the Wrecking Crew, both before Arcade had taken her captive, and after.

She had seen Namorita gangbanged by the Crew, Monet as well. Hallie didn’t know exactly how strong those women were, but she knew that they could flip tanks with their bare hands.

And she knew she couldn’t.

“You can’t do this,” Hallie said, her voice filled with fear, “you’ll tear me in two!”

“Ha!” Dirk chuckled, “not likely, honey. Believe it or not, I’ve fucked normal whores plenty. Pussy and ass, and they all survived. My dick’s got a kill record of exactly zero.”

“You’re lying,” Jolt snapped, “you’re too strong!”

“Hey, I’m not saying they didn’t limp afterwards,” Dirk said and waved his hand dismissively, “and God damn if they didn’t charge the shit out of me. But yeah. Elliot, Thunderball, says it’s some subconscious thing. No one wants to fuck dead meat, so my mind holds back my body.”

“Please, you can’t,” Hallie begged.

“I can,” Dirk said, “get that sweet ass over here, or I start complaining to your boss.”

Torn between her fear of Wrecker and punishment at the hands of the fail-safes or Arcade, Hallie approached, trembling.

“Take a look at this,” Dirk said, motioning to the box.

Hallie leaned over, wondering what horrible tool was inside, no doubt going to be slammed inside her young pussy.

Resting inside the box, were a half dozen eggs.

“Delicate things, eggs,” Dirk said. He picked one up, and handed it to Hallie.

Her heart hammering, she accidently crushed it between her fingers.

“Wow, tense much?” Dirk handed Hallie a towel with which to wipe her hands, and then picked up two eggs.

“Just relax,” Dirk said, “and this will just fine.”

Dirk juggled two eggs in his hands for a minute, and the fear in Hallie’s chest lessened to something controllable. She couldn’t believe that the man who’d single handily fought Thor was actually juggling eggs, but seeing it was almost believing it.
“I got some control, honey,” Dirk said, finally putting the eggs away. He took the second one and cracked it, demonstrating to Hallie that it hadn’t been some fake prop, “so don’t go having a heart attack on me now.”

“No promises,” Hallie said, hoping it sounded like a joke.

“That’s the spirit,” Dirk poured Hallie a drink, “here, have some. You look underage, but who cares, right?”

“Wouldn’t be the worst thing I’ve done all week, right?” Hallie said, hoping to drum up some sympathy from the Wrecker.

Hallie gulped it down, and almost immediately regretted it. The world began to spin, and her knees buckled.

“Whoa there,” Wrecker grabbed Hallie around the waist, and set her down on the bed.

“What. What happened…?”

“Something Arcade’s boys cooked up, help you relax more,” Wrecker explained. He positioned Hallie so that she was laying across the width of the bed, with her head just laying off the edge, “now then…”

Wrecker opened his robe, and presented his erect cock

“Time to get to work, honey.”

Whatever Wrecker had given her, Hallie found, it hadn’t impaired her too much. Moving her limbs was like trying to move through water, but simple commands like opening her mouth and rolling her tongue were something she could still easily handle.

That was she didn’t hesitate to open her mouth. She didn’t want this all to get so much worse by defying Arcade.

“That’s a good girl,” Wrecker smirked, “might wanna warm up the other end too, while you’re at it. Multi tasking, right?”

From his tone, Hallie couldn’t tell if Dirk was mocking her or not, but in the end, she supposed it didn’t matter. She didn’t want him to fuck her dry, so she brought her fingers t her cunt, and began working them in and out.

While she did that, she sucked Dirk’s ridiculously hard cock. It didn’t feel as if she were sucking human flesh, not exactly, but instead was sucking a rock shaped like a penis. None of the dildos that had been forced down her throat while in Arcade’s came close to being as hard.

Dirk drank in the sight, of Jolt sucking him off, while her fingers worked her pussy. Ever since Arcade had opened his little ‘harem’, Dirk had sworn off whores. Nothing beat the satisfaction and tightness of a heroine, money be damned.

Dirk felt the first climax of many building, and he continued to pound Hallie’s throat.

Hallie, having long since developed a sixth sense for when someone might cum, could feel it too. Panic overwhelmed her for a moment, before Dirk’s cum exploded down her throat.

Hallie began coughing and hacking, as it felt like someone had sprayed a fire-hose down her throat,
if only for a second.

“See, babe?” Dirk pulled his cock free, “not fun, right, but not fatal. You think Arcade would throw away an employee like you?”

Hallie felt sick to her stomach, knowing the only reason she was still alive was because Arcade had further humiliations in store.

“Now, let’s get to the main event,” Dirk walked around the bed, and pulled Hallie further down by her ankle.

Hallie could feel his weight as Dirk climbed atop of her, his cock aimed right at her wet pussy.

She imagined this was what it felt like for a mouse to be cornered by a lion.

“Guess we’ll see how you compare to the fish lips and stuck up bitch, huh?” Dirk placed his cock against the lips of her pussy, and pressed inward effortlessly.

“Nice,” Dirk said, with a content sigh. Though his skin was bullet proof, he could feel Jolt’s pussy tightly wrapped around his cock. Not as tightly as Namorita or M, but still better than the usual hookers and sluts he’d fucked elsewhere, “real nice.”

Jolt gasped. Wrecker had split her pussy without a second thought, and she blinked back tears as she tried to get comfortable, tried to adjust to his size. She’d had bigger, but none were so quickly inside her as Dirk.

“Okay, honey,” Hallie never felt so powerless as she did now, with the Wrecker, a man who’d fought Thor, looming over he with his cock buried inside her pussy, “here comes the bang.”

Dirk pulled his cock back, and then lunged inside of Hallie.

“Ahh!”

Hallie gasped, as the air was driven from her body. It was like a punch to the gut and full bodied sneeze, all at once.

“See,” Dirk smiled, trying to be reassuring, “ain’t dead yet!”

Dirk pounded his cock inside Hallie again, and Jolt swore she could feel her bones shake.

“Please…” Jolt said, weakly.

“Oh, don’t be like that,” Dirk said dismissively, “hookers half your age did just fine.”

The Wrecker slammed his cock into Hallie again and again, picking up his pace.

Each time, Hallie felt the air driven from her lungs, and felt her teeth and bones rattle. Her pussy ached immeasurably and already she was sore in a way she had never been before.

AS the Wrecker wrecked the young Thunderbolt, Dallas watched it all happen on high definition television. She could see the pain in her young teammate’s face, and knew that she could only imagine how Hallie was suffering. Dirk had his entire cock sheathed inside of the young Asian heroine, and the thought horrified Dallas.

“Please, stop this!” Dallas begged, “I’ll talk, just get her away from him!”
“You had your chance,” Arcade sighed, “so just watch the show. And if you don’t tell me what I wanna know, I’ll invite Piledriver to take Hallie for a spin.”

“Oh baby, oh yeah,” Dirk moaned as his cock traveled the length of Hallie’s pussy, from the entrance to where it struck her cervix.

Hallie felt each and every thrust, and she tried to suck in air each time he withdrew.

She squeezed her pussy, trying to bring Dirk of quicker. She bucked her hips to meet his thrusts, reasoning the pain it brought her now would be pain saved later.

“Yeah, that’s how you do it, babe,” Dirk cooed, either not noticing or caring about Hallie’s tears.

Hallie swore she could feel Dirk pounding her cervix open, until his cock was inside her womb. God knew that he wouldn’t have been the first.

Dirk sledge-hammered her pussy for what felt like years, but when Hallie felt him tense, she froze, ready for the worst.

“Gonna…cum!” Dirk gasped.

For a moment, terror gripped Hallie. Her imagination ran wild, and she was terrified as to what might happen next.

Wrecker came inside her pussy, blasting her womb like a fire-hose for the longest seconds of Hallie’s life, and then with a content sigh, withdrew his cock from inside Hallie’s abused pussy.

Hallie gritted her teeth as she felt her pussy trying to constrict back to its normal shape.

“No bad, not bad at all,” Wrecker said, “the fish and bitch are still better, but I wish Arcade had asked me about this sooner. Might have to make this a regular thing.”

Jolt shuddered, as she thought about fucking Wrecker again.

“Well, I’ll worry about that later,” Wrecker sat up, and Jolt could sense his erect cock. He wanted what all men wanted after cumming in her pussy.

“I’m a little sore,” Hallie said, as Wrecker gently rolled her on her stomach, “could you take it slow, maybe?”

“You got it, honey pot.”

Hallie bit her lip as Dirk began pushing his cock into her tight anus, and realized her mistake instantly.

She could feel every inch as he effortlessly spread her ass. He ploughed her anus as effortlessly, and as thoughtlessly, as her pussy.

Once he was fully sheathed inside of her, history repeated itself, as Dirk pulled his cock back and then sheathed it back inside Jolt’s tight ass.

“Damn China doll,” Dirk said, “your holes are all perfect.”

Hallie said nothing, could say nothing, as each thrust once again left her breathless. She wanted to cry out, but feared how Dirk might react.
The Wrecker, for his part, barely noticed or cared. Hallie’s ass gripped his cock almost as perfectly as her pussy, and Dirk’s only regret was that he hadn’t done this so much sooner.

And when all was said and done, the fact that he was fucking a Thunderbolt, a member of a team that had put him and his boys in jail, was like its own drug.

To Hallie, it was like she was being fucked by a slow sledgehammer. She could feel each thrust in her teeth now, and every trick that she knew to please a man, or make it hurt less when they fucked her, was absolutely useless.

She was sore, and in agony, in ways she never had been before. And she could sense that Dirk was nowhere near done with her.

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“That does not look fun,” Arcade observed, “what do you think a second day will look like?”

“I swiped a card,” Dallas said, without hesitation, “Kirk wasn’t paying attention, and I knew I couldn’t hide it, so I kicked it into a nearby room. Now, please, stop this!”

“I don’t think so,” Arcade said, casting an eye towards the monitors. Hallie was in agony as the Wrecker loomed over her, “I still need to know why you did it.”

“To escape, obviously!” Dallas sobbed.

“Knock a keycard off a guard, that was your grand plan?” Arcade said, “if you hold out for one minute more, Halli will fuck the entire Wrecking Crew in one gangbang.”

“I wanted to see what would happen, okay?” Dallas sobbed.

Arcade smirked. Dallas told him what he already knew, but it was satisfying to hear her say it.

And he felt a degree of pride, that his captives were still probing and studying the prison he’d created for them. Every day they looked, and they were still no closer than they were when they were first brought here. His cameras saw everything, his guards were all but impossible to bribe and when they dared try anything, well, demonstrations like this happened.

“Well, now we know, don’t we?” Arcade said, “your young teammate gets the fucking of her life. Would you like me to tell her why?”

“Please, don’t,” Dallas whispered. Jolt and Songbird were all Dallas had in this hellhole, and she didn’t want to risk losing them.

“Maybe just this one time, I’ll let it slide,” Arcade said, “but I’ve got a dozen Hydra agents scheduled for tomorrow, and I expect your best behavior, understood?”

“Yes, of course,” Dallas said, “anything!”

“Good girl,” Arcade smiled, “since you’re being so obedient, I’ll give you a little reward. I’ll have Jolt taken back to her cell after her date.”

“Thank you,” Dallas said, disgusted with herself for sounding so defeated, for being so defeated and causing the suffering of her young friend.

Arcade strolled away, leaving Dallas to watch as Wrecker continued to fuck Hallie.
Hallie was grateful that there was no clock in the room, as Wrecker lived up to his name on both her pussy and ass.

He changed position several times, and the drug they had given Hallie to help relax had worn off, meaning that Dirk now expected her to pitch in.

He was leaning against the headboard, cock erect, and motioned for Hallie to approach.

“Come on, babe,” Dirk said, “I want to see all of ya.”

Hallie’s pussy felt like it was on fire, but experience taught her that it would only get worse if she refused.

So instead, she crawled over on her hands and knees as slowly as she could without being obvious, and placed her pussy over Dirk’s waiting cock.

“Oh, oh, oh!” Hallie pretended to moan.

Dirk, at this point, was past caring. He knew Hallie was in agony, he could feel the quiver of her pussy, but if she wanted to play it that way, Dirk didn’t care.

Jolt began obediently bouncing up and down on his cock, but Dirk didn’t want that just yet.

“Hold on, babe,” Dirk’s strong hands grabbed Hallie’s side, and stopped her in her tracks, his cock still deep in her pussy, “I said I wanted to see all of ya, remember?”

“Sorry,” Hallie whispered, as meek as a mouse.

“No problem,” Dirk said.

Dirk drank in Hallie’s lithe form. She was easily a hundred times better than any whore Dirk had fucked. He brushed his hand against Arcade’s brand, and smiled as he thought about how bold or insane Arcade had to be, to do such a thing.

Hell, Wrecker never would have believed it himself if he wasn’t feeling it right now.

Hallie’s breasts weren’t much, but Wrecker loved that they belonged to an honest to God heroine. Plus he liked Asian chicks, so there was that.

“What’s your name, babe?”

“Hallie,” Jolt said, quickly. Revealing personal details about herself sometimes hurt as much the acts they forced her to perform.

“Well, Hallie, you can relax,” Dirk placed his hands on both sides of her hips, “I’m gonna do all the work now.”

With his strength, Dirk easily lifted Hallie up and then slammed her back down on his cock.

Hallie tried to pretend as if she were moaning in ecstasy, but Dirk didn’t much care one way or the other. He was already thinking about the next heroine Arcade would give him, the next pussy that he’d get to plough.

_Time to do some all new wrecking_, Dirk thought to himself, as he slammed Hallie up and down on
his manhood as if she were just a giant sock, *can't wait to start.*
The Pain of a Name

Silverclaw

When the guards shoved Maria de Guadalupe Santiago, Silverclaw, into the room, Maria took some small comfort in the fact that she didn’t recognize the man. She thought, she prayed, that he was just another man who wanted to fuck an Avenger, and had settled on her.

Maria would later reflect that she couldn’t have been more wrong.

Dressed in simple black pants and a white shirt, Silverclaw realized he might be anyone. He was fit, standing six feet tall with muscles hidden underneath his shirt, but otherwise unremarkable. He could be a Hydra commander, merc, anyone.

Maria took some small comfort that the room had only a bed with no tool box, which meant he was unlikely to have anything too twisted in mind. It felt strange, to feel relieved that the worst she expected for today was to be raped yet again, but Maria had grown accustomed to that part of her life now.

“Get on the bed,” the man ordered.

His harsh, clipped tone worried Silverclaw, but was soothed by the fact that she didn’t remember his face. She did as she was ordered, planting her naked rear on the edge of the bed, waiting for his next command.

Juan Garcia stepped in front of Silverclaw, taking a moment to drink in the sight of her naked body and submissive body language. Five years ago, he never imagined himself in this position of power over her.

“What’s my name?” Juan Garcia said softly.

“What? What do you mean?” Silverclaw said, baffled. If the man wanted to be recognized, she reasoned, he would be wearing a costume.

“My name, you little bitch,” Juan repeated, as he began undoing his shirt, “what is it?”

“I don’t know,” Silverclaw said, trying to sound submissive, “…master?”

“Really?” Juan opened his shirt, and revealed a line of four scars across his chest, “you did this to me, and you don’t even know my name?”

Silverclaw shuddered, realizing that she was far deeper trouble than she knew. Maria wanted to protest that her powers only gave her so many weapons, but didn’t. She knew from experience it wouldn’t work. If she wasn’t careful, anything she might say would add fuel to the fire of his rage.

“I’m sorry,” Maria said instinctively.

“You are now,” Juan said, “now that you’re under my power, a helpless little whore spreading your legs for anyone.”

Juan undid his pants, and Maria began to sweat when she saw the size of his erection.

“But then, when we met?” Juan was quacking in anger now, “you barely gave me a moment’s thought. Slashed my chest, scarring me for life, beating up my crew and then went on your way.”
Maria instinctively squirmed backwards as Juan approached.

“Until today. So I’ll make you a deal. Say my name, my full legal name, and I’ll stop,” Juan said, “I’ve rented out an entire wing for you, but say my name and it all ends.”

Juan savored the look on Silverclaw’s face, as her lip quivered and her eyes began to water.

“Please, please I never meant to hurt you,” Maria’s heart was hammering. An entire wing, would that be true?

“You wanted to hurt me,” Juan replied, “here, I return the favor, five fold.”

Juan pushed Maria onto her back, and laid over her, his cock brushing against the lips of her pussy.

“But all you have to do to stop this,” Juan growled, “is say my name.”

Maria tried to reason with Juan, but he moved quickly, and rammed his cock into her dry pussy.

“Ugh!” Silverclaw gasped, as her walls were split apart. She had been fucked hard in the past, but it never got any easier.

Especially when the man fucking her meant to be so vicious. His cock traveled the full length of her pussy before it slammed into her cervix. Juan fucked her like an animal, and seemed to give her the same regard.

While his cock speared her pussy, Juan’s hands were clutched around Maria’s large breasts. Juan kneaded them, enjoying the tit-meat as it flowed through his fingers.

“Please,” Maria gasped, “it hurts!”

In response to her pleas, Juan squeezed her breasts as if they were water balloons he wanted to pop. Maria cried out, and for a moment, Juan slowed his pace inside of her.

“All you have to do, is say my name,” Juan said, his voice filled with malice, “and you better get it right.”

Silverclaw said nothing in response. Anything she said, Maria sensed, would only make him angrier.

She felt a little bit of relief when Juan withdrew entirely, and took a few steps back. Her pussy and breasts were raw and aching, and any reprieve was welcome.

But it was short-lived, when Juan grabbed her ankles, and pulled her to the edge of the bed.

“Put your legs on my shoulders,” Juan ordered.

And Silverclaw obeyed, no matter how much she didn’t want to.

Juan started again, just as cruel as before. Only now, each lunge of his cock left Maria breathless, and she would have sworn her breasts were about to explode from the pressure as Juan squeezed them in his fists.

Juan looked down on Silverclaw, and realized he couldn’t remember a time when he felt as alive as he did now. The woman who’d scared him was squirming underneath his control, her breasts in his hands and her pussy wrapped around his cock. He was no longer an after-thought to her, but was the center, and cause, of her entire pain wracked world.
And he had only just begun.

“We’re behind schedule,” Juan said with a sigh. He released his hold on Maria’s bruised and aching breasts, and casually allowed himself to climax into of Maria’s pussy.

Maria swallowed when she heard Juan say ‘schedule’. The man had already savagely fucked her worse than anyone in recent memory, and she doubted he was going to get any gentler with time.

Once he’d finished cumming inside of Maria, Juan pulled his pants on, and glared at Maria.

“Get up and follow me,” Juan ordered, and he savored how Maria stood up and followed, like an obedient dog.

When they entered the next room, Maria began to break out in a cold sweat, when she saw what was waiting for her.

In the center of the room, waist high, was an eight foot long plastic ‘wooden horse’ resting on metal poles. At one end was a heavy gym mat, and in the corner was a dreaded ‘toy box’.

“Get on the poll,” Juan ordered.

“Please, don’t make me do this,” Maria begged, “I’m sorry I hurt you, I’ll do anything, just don’t make me do this!”

“I won’t ask again.”

Tears fell down Maria’s face as she walked towards the poll. She lifted her, and placed her pussy atop the horse. She tried to slowly ease herself onto it, but no matter how slow she went, it was still agonizing. She was forced to stand on the tips of her toes, as her body weight was now focused on her pussy.

Juan was surprisingly patient as Silverclaw struggled to get comfortable atop the wooden horse.

“Now that you’re comfortable,” Juan said, while Silverclaw was anything but, “we’ll add a few trinkets to make this interesting.”

Terror ripped through Maria when she saw Juan approach her with straps. He grabbed her left ankle and bent it backwards, before he placed the straps over them and tightened them in place. With a few adjustments, Silverclaw’s leg was frog-tied, and the weight on her pussy felt even heavier.

“Stop, wait!” Maria cried.

Juan ignored her, and in short order, her other leg was frog tied, and her entire body rested on her pussy.

Silverclaw had been a captive of Arcade’s for some time, but she couldn’t remember agony like this.

“We only have a few additions,” Juan said.

Maria looked at him in appalled disbelief. What more could he have in mind?

Next, he pulled out a collar with two connected cuffs, and secured it around Maria’s neck. Once that was in place, he forced her to raise her wrists, and then cuffed her wrists next to the collar. Maria risked choking herself, if she lowered her arms.

When that was done, Juan returned with two big twist ties. Maria watched helplessly as he secured
them around her breasts, and pulled them taunt.

It felt as if razor wire were slicing through her breasts, only Maria knew it was worse. At least then, the pain would stop.

Finally, Juan produced two weighted alligator clamps. Only three pounds, but when Juan placed them on her nipples, Maria would have sworn they were about to be ripped off.

“Your objective is simple,” Juan said, “you need to transverse this wooden horse, or else.”

“Please, don’t make me do this,” Maria begged.

“If you linger,” Juan picked up a riding crop. He brushed it against Maria’s brand, “I’ll be forced to be especially creative.”

It was only eight feet, but in Maria’s condition, it might as well be eight miles.

She squeezed her legs together, swung her weight from left to right. It felt like she was scraping her pussy against sandpaper, but she powered through. Juan’s warning left her too fearful to do anything else.

-crack!-

Maria cried out when the writing crop slashed across her back. The weights on her nipples bounced painfully, as Maria tried to control her breathing.

“Faster,” Juan said.

Silverclaw squirmed faster, but if she was moving any quicker, she found it hard to tell.

-crack!-

“Faster,” Juan droned.

Every quarter of an inch was agony unlike anything Maria had felt before. Her pussy was burning, her breasts, starved for oxygen, were purple and swollen, straining against the plastic ties. And every movement meant that the clamps on her nipples swung wildly. Maria swore they would tear her nipples off at any moment.

And her captor whipped her like a machine.

“Faster.”
-crack!-

“Faster.”
-crack!-

When Maria made it half a foot, half a foot more agonizing than she ever thought possible, she decided to do the only thing she could. She clamped her eyes shut. Silverclaw still wept in agony, but felt the only way she could survive this with her sanity somewhat intact was if she had no idea how much further she had to go.

As he whipped her back, leaving angry red welts, Juan savored every second. How Silverclaw squirmed. How every inch was endless agony, even though she moved with the speed of a slug.
Once he’d covered every inch of her back in welts, he moved onto whipping her ass. Silverclaw mewed pathetically, but she never stopped.

A part of Juan admired how thoroughly Arcade had broken his captives. There were whores in Thailand who had more self respect than the heroines here.

Fifty three minutes.

That was how long it took Silverclaw to make it eight feet, as her breasts burned, her nipples felt like they might be pulled off at any second, her pussy was ground underneath her own weight, and Juan whipped her like a mule.

When Maria realized she was at the edge, she actually wept tears of joy. With all the strength she had remaining, she threw herself forward, landing on the heavy mat that had been placed at the end.

Unfortunately for her, she landed on her much abused breasts, and found herself unable to turn herself on her back.

“That,” Juan smiled, “was worth every penny.”

Juan thought that Maria might response with some biting comment or beg for mercy, but instead she just wept. He savored that, as he reached down, and flipped her on her back.

“My breasts,” Maria gasped, “please, take the ties off!”

“In a moment,” Juan parted Maria’s legs, and pressed his cock against the lips of her swollen, aching pussy. The way it quivered at the touch, made Juan wish he’d done this at the beginning, “I just need to get another taste.”

Juan slammed his cock inside of Silverclaw, and Maria found that she still had voice enough to scream.

Juan felt her pussy ripple around his cock, and knew that he could feel her pain, her agony. He slapped her swollen breasts and aching nipples, and the way her body reacted made Juan wish he could do this every day.

Maria was completely helpless as Juan slapped her breasts while he impaled her cunt. She had no leverage, nothing she could say that would incline him to mercy. All she could do was lay there and suffer underneath some criminal she didn’t even recognize.

Juan wanted to do this forever, but he knew he wasn’t rich enough for that.

So he allowed himself to climax inside of Maria’s pussy, again filling her with his seed. He undid the nipples clamps, the twist ties around her breasts, everything.

“Stand up,” Juan ordered.

Like a child learning to walk, Maria slowly rose to her feet. Every major part of her was in agony, but she feared even more pain if she dared disobey.

She hobbled after Juan, each step an experience in agony.

The next room held only a simple box, barely a foot and a half high, with two pairs of cuffs on each side.

“Hands and knees,” Juan ordered.
Silverclaw did as she was ordered, and actually managed to relax, just a little, as she felt the tip of his cock pressed against her backside.

But it still felt like he was tearing her in two, when he sheathed his cock inside her ass.

“This can stop anytime,” Juan said, “just say my real name.”

Maria clenched her eyes shut. She tried hard to be angry, to not think that he was right, but the guilt was destroying her. She knew it was stupid, foolish, but she still blamed herself for this.

As Juan impaled her ass, slowing only to spank her like a child, all Silverclaw could do was hate herself for every stopping this criminal, and for ever being a heroine.

Juan, once again, didn’t last long. He came inside of Maria’s ass, and then stepped away.

“Get on your back,” Juan ordered.

As ever, Maria did as she was told. Juan bent over, and cuffed her wrists and ankles to the side.

Juan took a step back, to admire his handiwork, simple as it was. Maria was bound on the floor, legs spread, unable to raise her arms as her abused breasts heaved. More than that, her pussy was red and inflamed, perfect for what was to come next.

“One moment,” Juan said, “I need to summon a guard so that he can bring your date.”

“Date?” Maria asked, before she realized what he meant, “no, wait! Not that, please, don’t!”

Maria struggled, no matter how helpless she knew it was. She didn’t have her powers, and the fail-safes would have stopped her even if she had leverage. But her mind was in a panic now, heart hammering as she realized what Juan intended next.

And sure enough, Juan returned with a German Sheppard named ‘Brick’ (Maria had serviced him before), who was pulling at his leash, trying to get at Maria.

“He seems eager,” Juan said, “care to tell me my name? And if you guess wrong, I’ll be extra creative.”

Maria fell silent. Her brain refused to work, as she realized that she had no way out.

“Very well then.”

Juan released the leash, and Brick raced towards Maria. The dog had been through this so many times it was now part of its instincts.

Eat sleep, shit. And fuck human women.

Maria gasped as she felt Brick’s wet nose touch her aching, sore pussy. The mere brush brought needles of pain stabbing through her, and it got even worse when the dog began lapping at her pussy.

“Stop, bad dog!” Maria snapped, for all the good it did her. The animals knew to obey their handlers, and fuck their bitches.

And right now, that’s all Maria was.

Brick’s tongue lapped at her pussy, picking up the salt sweat he could get. And though this wasn’t
Maria’s first time with a dog, it was the first time that just its tongue caused this much pain, this much discomfort.

Maria gritted her teeth as Brick mounted her, and began pounding away at her pussy.

He beat her aching, abused pussy like the animal he was, heedless of her pain and discomfort, of how she jerked at every thrust.

Almost as bad as the rape, Maria found, was how it was being carried out. Arcade had made her fuck his animals so damn many times, but most of the time, it was anal. Maria could at least look away, when they took her in the ass.

But now, with Brick atop her, pounding her pussy, that was no longer an option. She felt his hot breath on her face, his paws on her stomach alongside his cock in her pussy. A deep sense of humiliation took Maria, atop of the staggering agony of her raw, beaten cunt.

Maria glanced at Juan, who simply sat in the corner, one leg crossed over the other, reading a book. Maria was actually glad for his indifference right now. If he paid attention to her, he might think of something even worse.

Brick came inside of Maria, his cum spilling into her pussy. Every captive of Arcade’s had learned that dogs could cum for almost twenty minutes, and Silverclaw knew from experience, Brick usually took ten.

At least, Maria sighed, he wasn’t knotted inside of her.

Once Brick was fully spent, he withdrew, and padded to the door to lie down.

Juan stood up, and let the dog out, and returned almost immediately with another one.

“Wait, I need to rest!” Maria pleaded.

“All you do is work on your back,” Juan scoffed, “what do you need rest for?”

“Just a minute or two,” Maria begged, “please!”

“I’ll let your boyfriend decide.”

Juan unclipped the dog’s leash, and the animal had buried it’s cock inside her pussy instantly, slamming the battered flesh of her cunt.

“While you’re resting, maybe you could try to remember my name?” Juan said

Maria sobbed as the second dog fucked her, drool dripping down on her breasts.

It wasn’t until the fourth dog that one became knotted inside her, its cock wedged in her pussy like a nail until it finally deflated.

The eighth dog slapped at Maria’s sore, burning tits as it fucked her.

The eleventh dog looked like a small bear from Maria’s perspective, and she could barely breathe when it’s paws rested on her stomach. Each thrust of its canine cock left her struggling for breath.

The fifteenth dog was another big dog, but light and long. Somehow, the entire time it fucked her, the dog was balanced perfectly atop of Maria’s abused breasts, its nails digging into her tit flesh like a knife.
And on and on it went. Hours passed, as Maria was certain that she was fucked by every single dog Arcade kept on hand to rape them, and a few others he must have borrowed.

Maria felt nothing but pain when the last one trotted away. She had no idea that it was indeed, the last one to fuck her abused pussy. She was certain that the parade of dogs would never end.

But Juan, instead of returning with yet another dog, returned chastity belt and two thick dildos.

“I’d love to stay and play longer, but I have to be in Africa in three days for a job,” Juan said, “so we’re going to do this one last thing, and then we’ll head to bed together.”

Maria felt a wave of rejuvenating energy shoot through her. Seeing an actual end to her torture, a light at the end of the tunnel, she found the energy to sit up.

“For your cunt,” Juan handed Silverclaw a dildo. Maria had never seen one like it before. She felt the side, and could feel plastic petals on the side.

“Well?” Juan said, “I don’t have all day.”

Maria placed the dildo at the mouth her of her slit, and braced herself.

She eased it in, and once it was in her, Silverclaw realized what the ‘petals’ were for.

They scraped against the walls of her cunt, collecting the animal cum that filled her pussy, and kept it from spilling out.

It was a new kind of agony, the cum being scraped off the walls of her cunt and being pushed and packed in, but Silverclaw never complained. She knew better.

Instead, she slid the dildo fully inside of her, biting her lip to hide the pain and whimpering. Once it was fully inside, she looked to Juan.

“Lay down on your front, and raise your ass,” he ordered.

Silverclaw obeyed like a trained animal, and Juan aimed the giant dildo at Maria’s clenched anus.

“This may hurt,” Juan said, “but only if I do it right.”

Juan swung the dildo like it was a battering ram, hitting Maria’s anus dead center.

“Agh!” Maria cried out. She felt as if her ass were being split in two, but in truth, the dildo had barely sunk in an inch.

Juan watched Maria squirm, before he pulled his foot back and kicked it the dildo in deeper.

“Please, don’t do it like that!” Maria begged, “I just need a second!”

“I’m tired,” Juan said with a practiced yawn, “and I’m in a hurry.”

Maria felt as if her body were body being split in twain, once, twice and finally, three times.

Both holes completely plugged, Maria stood up as expected, and offered no resistance as Juan secured a chastity belt around her waist.

“I like to have my cock sucked as I sleep,” Juan explained, as he led Maria into a room with a queen sized bed.
Maria felt more like a pet than a human, as she crawled beneath the sheets.

She took Juan’s cock into her mouth, and listened as the man got comfortable, and began to drift off to sleep.

Maria could feel the dog cum seeping into her womb, and reflected that, no matter how long Arcade held her captive, today would be one of the worst days of her life.

And she didn’t even know the name of the man responsible.
“Oh God,” Paige Guthrie moaned, “you’re so big. Why didn’t I fuck you sooner?”

“You should have, baby,” Sean Carson drawled, his cock buried in Paige’s pussy.

Though no one would have known it from looking at it. Paige was a foot shorter with red hair, her hips much thinner and her breasts were a B-cup.

Early on, after taking her captive, Arcade had injected Paige with a special cocktail that altered her powers. He mentioned off hand that it had been supplied by AIM, and was quantum Skrull DNA. Now, when Paige used her powers, she found that she could assume any woman’s shape, for as long as she wanted, just by looking at a picture.

And what that meant, to her clients, was that Paige wasn’t Husk, the X-Man, but every woman who turned them down, humiliated them or were simply out of their league. And that was just the start.

Halle Berry, Sue Storm, Jennifer Lawrence, Paige lost count of the number of celebrities in just the first week.

Almost everyone wanted someone else from Paige, and that was fine with her. For the sake of her dignity, her sanity, she could give them that. Like the man currently inside of her

Sean sawed into Paige’s young pussy, and was squeezing her breasts with an anger borne of twenty years.

In reaction, Paige clenched her pussy around his cock, and moaned seductively. She knew from experience that complaining would do no good, and all she could do was bring him off quickly.

“Oh, harder baby, harder!” Paige squealed.

“Worthless…cocksleeve!” Sean gasped, as he felt himself building to a climax. But he withdrew from Paige’s snatch, and shot his seed all over her belly.

“Oh yeah,” Sean sighed, “hey, bitch what are you waiting for? Eat your meal.”

“Of course, baby,” Paige scooped the man’s cum from her stomach, and gulped it down with complaint.

“Noice,” Sean smiled. He stood up and began to dress, “tell your man I’ll be back next week, okay.”

“’Course, baby, see you soon!” Paige replied. She wondered if the man actually knew Arcade forced her to service him, or if he cared.

Paige assumed her natural form as Sean left, and rubbed her shoulders. Arcade usually gave her a few moments of respite, probably so that her ‘clients’ didn’t run into one another, and shatter the illusion.

Paige spent the time trying not to think about what her friends were going through. She’d had guard duty before, and while her day to day was easier than what they suffered, it was still hard to think about what they were going through.
It made Paige sick to think, but she was glad that Arcade had forced her into this disgusting niche. She told herself that it was easier than what her friends were going through.

“Knock knock,” said a new voice.

Paige recognized the voice, but couldn’t place it. Given how many men she’d fucked now, that didn’t worry her until she saw the man himself.

He was dressed in a heavy robe, but his bowl cut, brown hair, foot long tongue were all Paige needed to know that she was about to service Mortimer Toynbee, The Toad.

“Come on,” Paige said reflexively, though inwardly she trembled. She loathed the idea of dealing with anyone who knew of Husk.

“My my my,” said Toad, “I thought Arcade was kidding, when he told me what he’d done. But here you are, one of Emma’s little pets……”

Paige winced, though she didn’t show it on her face. She had become a skilled actor of late.

“…being a whore for whomever he tells you to,” Toad clucked his tongue, “I just had to see it for myself.”

“Who would you like?” Paige said softly. The more someone reminded her of her true past, the more the pain of it all weighed down on Paige. Being someone else helped deal with it all, and the sooner, the better.

It’s not really me, was the mantra Paige told herself. She knew it was a lie, but it still helped.

“Eager, huh?” Toad smirked, “very well, then. Show me your Scarlet Witch.”

“And?” Paige said, again acting purely on reflex.

“And what?” Toad said, with a raised eyebrow.

“And what’s her backstory?” Paige said, “why did she come to you?”

“Good question,” Toad said, “lets see. The Avengers kicked her out, because they got sick of her mutant ass, and she knows I’m the only one who will take her in.”

Paige nodded, then reached up and tore away at her skin. It came away with a single tear, like opening a Christmas present.

Toad was amazed at how Paige’s transformation revealed an entirely new woman, let alone someone who looked so much like the woman Toad knew personally.

Paige was now sporting the appearance of the Scarlet Witch, with her curly red hair, full breasts and green eyes. Toad looked at Paige as she was now, and struggled to see any difference from the Scarlet Witch that he knew and lusted after.

“Oh Mortimer,” Paige said, sounding genuinely heartbroken. She fell onto Toad’s chest, “the Avengers kicked me out! After everything I’ve done!”

Toad was stunned for a second. Husk even sounded like Wanda!

“Please, let me stay,” ‘Wanda’ begged, “I don’t have anywhere else to go!”
“I’d never kick you out, babe,” Toad said, recovering quickly. He began ushering Paige towards the bed, “but we can worry about that later. I think there’s something we need to do, that’s long overdue.”

“Thank you, thank you,” Paige as Scarlet Witch, sobbed with convincing tears, “I knew I could rely on you, Toad.”

The duo reached the bed, and Toad was utterly unprepared when ‘Wanda’ turned to him, and gave him a deep, powerful kiss, as she pressed her breasts against his chest.

“Thank you, Toad,” Paige said with such emotion, that for a second Toad almost thought she was the real Scarlet Witch, and she had been kicked out of the Avengers, “I see now you’re the only one who truly loves me.”

“I always have,” said Toad.

“Then why don’t you prove it?” ‘Wanda’ gave Toad a mischievous smile, and sat down on the bed, and spread her legs, “show me what that tongue of yours can really do?”

Toad did a double take. He often fantasized about using his prehensile tongue on a woman, but he didn’t want to do that with the whores he usually slept with. Getting a sore on a stretchy tongue was not something Toad wanted to deal with.

He felt his cock surge as his tongue unfolded from his mouth, and knelt down in front of Paige. He pressed his tongue against Paige’s slit, and swirled it around inside of her pussy.

“Oh!” Paige gasped, as pleasure shot from her pussy, “Toad, Toad! To the left!”

Toad happily complied, lapping at the interior of her pussy at the left.

“No, no!” Paige chuckled, as pleasure washed over her, “other left, other left!”

Toad changed directions, as Paige fell back onto the bed. Though his tongue, Toad felt her entire body quiver.

“Yes, yes, Toad!” Paige shouted, as she came.

The shock of seeing the Scarlet Witch, a woman he’d lusted after since the first time he saw, brought Toad to a stunned stop.

“That was a hell of a warm up,” said Paige, as she caught her breath. She reached down with her right hand, and spread her pussy, “ready for the main event?”

“I’ve been ready for a decade,” Toad said, as he climbed onto the bed, his cock aching.

“Then show me,” smiled Paige

Toad slowly pressed his cock at Paige’s wet slit, and was stunned when she wrapped her legs around Toad’s midsection, and pressed her heels against his cheeks to press his cock deeper inside of her.

“Oh, Toad,” Paige moaned, as she rocked her hips towards him.

The feel of her pussy clenched around his cock was the greatest thing Toad had ever felt. It was so perfectly tight, everything he imagined it to be and more.

Toad kneaded ‘Wanda’s’ breasts through his fingers, as he looked down on her lustful eyes, that
looked back at him with a passion he’d never seen of any woman.

“Why did I wait for this?” Paige moved her hips towards Toad’s thrusts, “Toad, my nipples, they need some love too!”

“Of course, my bad,” Toad’s tongue unfolded from his mouth, and wrapped around Paige’s left breast, and then began teasing her nipple.

“Oh my God,” Paige said, breathless. Her nipples were rock hard now, and to Toad, tasted sweeter than any candy, “Toad, yes, God yes!”

Toad pounded Paige’s cunt, as the young mutant rocked her hips towards him, and squeezed his cock as if her life depended on it.

Toad was impressed, not nearly as much when he felt Paige shutter, an orgasm rocking her body.

“…damn,” Toad said, slowing his pace.

“Oh, I’m sorry babe,” Paige said, “didn’t mean to get so far ahead. Come on, sweetie, lets work together, huh?”

“You know it,” Toad removed his tongue from Paige’s breast, and slithered it down her stomach.

“Oh,” Paige gasped, “oh! You naughty man!”

Toad began teasing Paige’s clit with his tongue as he quickened his pace. Paige wrapped her legs around his waist, spurring him on. If she cared that the man fucking her was a criminal with a tongue longer than his arm hanging from his mouth, she gave no indication.

In fact, as far as Toad could see, Paige was so deeply in character that she would be scandalized if The Vision suddenly walked through the door.

“Wanda,” Toad could feel himself building to a finish, “Wanda!”

“Yes, yes, give it to me!” Paige squeezed Toad’s cock just as he began to climax.

“All of it, all of it!” Paige squealed.

“Oh God!” Toad exclaimed, as he unloaded inside of Paige’s tight snatch.

He collapsed atop of her, resting his head on her breasts, barely able to comprehend what had just happened. He’d just fucked one of high and mighty Professor X’s students, while she had the form of the woman Toad had lusted for for as long as he could remember.

“Care to try the other side?” Paige as Wanda, ran a finger through Toad’s hair, “just say when.”

“Hmm,” Toad reflected for a moment, “no, go wash up and douche. I want to try something else.”

“Can’t wait,” Paige gave Toad a kiss of the forehead, and then slid from his grip. Without even realizing it, Paige swung her naked ass back and forth for him, as she made her way to the bathroom.

Closing the door, Paige once again shed her skin, and said, “Cleansing.”

Arcade had no shortage of sadistic toys, and given the different number of women she was supposed to be in one day, he had one reserved for Paige’s everyday use.
Two metal tentacles came out of the floor, and slithered into the air, each aimed at one of Paige’s lower cavities. She didn’t so much as flinch when the first one slid inside her ass, and the second one pushed past the folds of her pussy.

The tentacles were designed to spray water in every direction, and Paige often thought of it as a carwash for her pussy and ass.

As she was being ‘cleaned’, Paige did her best not to think about who she’d just fucked.

Husk once imagined herself as a leader, an X-Woman that everyone would look to for inspiration.

To her, the Toad should be one of the lowest of the low. A member of Magnet’s original Brotherhood yes, but not as physically dangerous as The Blob or as cunning as Mastermind.

And yet she fucked his brains out, even cumming like a slut.

Paige tried not to think about that as the tentacles withdrew, or how deep Toad intended to drive his tongue up inside her pussy. As disgusting as it was to admit, the pleasure from that thing was amazing.

Now clean of body (though hardly mind), Paige made her way back to Toad.

“Who would you like me to be now?” Paige asked.

Toad smiled, “How about just yourself?”

*Oh God no,* Paige thought to herself, “Are you sure? You haven’t even seen my Jean Grey.”

“Well, I can fuck her later,” Toad said, “but I’d rather fuck one of Emma Frost’s prized students right now.”

Toad’s words were like a knife in Paige’s heart.

“Oh, okay,” Paige said, numbly.

She approached Toad with a shudder, as his eyes drank in her naked form.

“Take a seat on the bed,” Toad swept his hand graciously towards the bed, “I’d like another taste.”

Paige obediently climbed on the bed, and spread her legs for Toad.

“Looks even better than before,” Toad said, as his elastic tongue folded out of his mouth.

Paige shuddered as Toad’s tongue slithered past the folds of her pussy. His tongue writhed around inside her pussy like a snake in its hole.

“Oh, please,” Paige moaned, just as Toad found her G-spot. Tears slipped down her cheeks, as pleasure shot through her body.

“That’s enough,” Toad said, “I think I want to have another piece of that ass.”

“That sounds great!” Paige prayed that she sounded convincing, as she went to her hands and knees.

Toad pressed his cock against Paige’s ivory white ass, and lunged inside of her. Paige actually squeaked in surprise, before she began rocking back into Toad’s thrusts, trying to get him deeper inside of her ass.
As Toad fucked her, Paige struggled to hold back her tears. The horror of what was happening to her, day in and day out, was easier for her young mind to handle when she pretended to be someone else.

Toad’s hands went to Paige’s breasts, and the sensation made her break out into goose bumps. She hated herself for being brought so low, and the pain of it reminded her of all the times she played the role of the whore, the slut, and how easily it all came to her.

“You know,” Toad smirked, “it’s rather selfish of me to keep your taste to myself, don’t you think?”

Toad’s tongue snapped out, flying past Paige’s ear, but she watched it shock as it quickly looped back, and plunged down her gaping mouth.

“Hmmph! Mmmph!” Paige was glad she had all but lost her gag reflex as Toad’s tongue slid down her mouth, to the point that she swore she could feel it against her tonsils. The thing was almost like gum, able to stretch to insane lengths.

Despite the risk, Paige could no longer hold back the floodgates, and began sobbing as Toad fucked her ass, while his tongue invaded her mouth.

Toad felt Paige’s sobbing through his tongue, and savored it. He would allow her the illusion that he was ignorant of her breakdown. It was the least he could do, since this was easily the fuck of his life.

As he fucked Paige’s tight ass, Toad thought about all the other students of Xavier’s, that Arcade held captive. All the other beautiful mutants who never gave Toad a second thought, and who stepped over him like they would a bug. And how they were all his for the taking.

Husk was just the start, and damn, what a start it was, Toad reflected.
Gypsy Moth

“Hail to the chief, baby!”

Dani just sighed as the tenth man in the last hour climaxed inside her burning, raw pussy.

Ironically, Dani was thankful that she was restrained while this was happening. Arcade had her restrained in a modified medical examination chair, with her legs in stirrups and her back propped up, as if she were about to give birth.

It gave her rapists perfect access to her pussy and ass, but at least she didn’t have to suck their cocks or stand while they fucked her. Compared to what she had grown accustomed to, this was an easy day for Danielle Moonstar. Not even work.

She only wished that her best friend, Rahne, had it so ‘easy’.

Less than five feet away, Rahne was strapped to a metal slab about waist high. Her legs were completely spread, and her ankles were shackled to the side, while her wrists were bound to the slab at her side.

She had one man pounding her pussy, while another man slammed his cock down her throat while he squeezed her breasts as if they water balloons he wanted to pop. He chuckled as her tender tit flesh slipped through his fingers with each squeeze, while Dani watched helplessly. Seeing the soft flesh of Rahne’s breasts being treated like pizza dough was like a knife to Dani’s heart, especially when the man chuckled with each whimper that came from Rahne’s lips.

So much so, that for a moment, Dani forgot about the flaccid cock that was still inside of her.

“Just need to add my John Handcock, heh,” the man smirked, and the Dani remembered him, and directed every ounce of hatred in her body at the man.

Arcade loved to spice up these appointments, and seemed to have a direct line to AIM for whenever he had something especially humiliating in mind.

Today, it was simply black markers that drew on flesh like it was paper. Arcade had given to the Friends of Humanity at no extra charge, only asking that they be creative.

And most were.

At least two dozen men had simply tallied their rape against her inner thighs, others had written ‘slut’ across her breasts, or ‘Native Tramp’ on her stomach.

The man who’d just finished inside her was at least a little more creative, finding some empty space on her arm and wrote ‘Would cum again!’

“Thanks for the fuck, see you later!” the man slapped Dani’s sore breast, and wandered off.

Without ceremony, another man was soon inside of her. Already exhausted beyond measure, Dani fought to stay awake, to stay conscious for reasons she didn’t even know.

But all the while, she kept watch over Rahne from the corner of her eye, wishing she could do anything to help her friend.
Danielle Moonstar groaned as light spilled into her cell. She had been sleeping on her back, exhausted, when it seemed like a supernova had gone off in front of her eyes. Days as Arcade’s captive were always tiring, but dealing with the Friends of Humanity, who’s members numbered in the hundreds, was especially so.

Moonstar never wanted to keep track, but Ms. Locke had been kind enough to inform her that between her and Rahne, they’d had three hundred and sixty one men, in their ass, pussy or sucked off in the last week alone. And though the number seemed insanely high, Dani didn’t doubt it after they dragged the both of them to Doc Shoc time and again.

Even after that, his electric healing touch, Dani could barely walk. The two of them were placed in a cell together, and more fell unconscious, until their captor decided it was time for them to get to work once again.

“Ms. Moonstar, Ms. Sinclair, good morning,” Dani raised her right her right arm up to block the light. She could barely bring herself to look at Arcade, the man who’d caused her, her students and her friends, untold agony, until she noticed his flat, annoyed look and almost whining tone, “you and your friend have a private date. You have an hour and a half to get ready. Don’t doddle, chief. I’ll let you shower in your room.”

Dani was stunned how Arcade simply placed as basket of shampoo and perfumes at the mouth of their cell, and walked away in a huff. Whoever their client was, they seemed to have rubbed Arcade the wrong way.

And for that small grace, Danielle was thankful. She just prayed that Arcade didn’t think to take it out of them later, or Spirits forbid, her students.

“Rahne, wake up,” Dani shook her friend awake reluctantly. Sleep was about the only meaningful reprieve they got, and because of that each second was precious, “we…we have an appointment, and we need to get started getting ready.”

Arcade was a fickle bastard, they all knew. He might come back at any moment, and arbitrarily decide that Rahne wasn’t taking him seriously. And what he might do then, no God knew.

Trying to avoid Arcade’s sick whims was like trying to avoid getting wet in the rain. All but impossible, but it was still best to try.

“I’m up,” Rahne said softly, “what torture does that monster have for us today?”

“Private client,” Dani said, “he even brought us some good shampoo.”

“Great,” Rahne looked down at her chest, “guess we have to wash the graffiti off first, though.”

“Yeah, we look like race cars,” Dani said, “though hell, they probably get driven less.”

Dani saw Rahne’s lip tremble, and realized she had gone too far.

“Alright, let’s get this filth off us,” Dani reached into the basket and withdrew the soap.

“Aye, don’t want to keep our prince waiting,” Rahne muttered, with no small amount of anger and sarcasm.
Dani tapped the far wall, and it began to recess backwards, and the floor lowered itself several inches, while a showerhead lowered from the ceiling. All in all, a marvel of conservation of space.

The sight of it, Arcade’s cell folding around itself to form something else entirely, still made Dani’s heart drop. The heart of any escape plan depending on knowing the layout of the building you were escaping from, where the exits were situated, where the guard stations were, things like that. And if the layout of the building could change on a whim, it made it that much harder to succeed.

It wasn’t the biggest hurdles to escaping, all things considered. Not like the twenty four hour surveillance, LMDs smart enough to understand their every word, the fail-safes they knew about and the ones they didn’t, the utter lack of privacy, but it was certainly up here.

“I’ll need your help getting this filth off me,” Rahne said.

“I know,” Dani replied, “same here. Want to go first?”

“Aye,” Rahne said, “

Dani took out a special sponge that had ‘eraser’ marked on it (subtlety was not Arcade’s strong suit), as the shower started, and Dani took a moment to wet the sponge. A chair rose from the floor under showerhead, and Rahne sat down

She swept it across Rahne’s back, trying to erase the profanities and such, like ‘Mutant whore’, ‘Cum dump’ and ‘Best Fuck’ that had been written across her upper back in black.

“Damn it,” The writing faded somewhat, but hadn’t vanished. Dani huffed in annoyance, “this may take a few minutes, carrot top.”

“Well, I’m not in a hurry to make our next appointment, don’t care what that bloody monster says,” Rahne sighed, “just get it over with, and I’ll wash ye.”

“Okay,” Dani said, “just sit tight.”

First, Dani scrubbed Rahne’s back of all the filth that had been written there. Mostly signatures, no one seemed to waste too much creativity on her back.

The front was another matter. Dani wiped off ‘squeeze here’ written over one breast, and ‘pain whore’ underneath the other. Dani moved her way down Rahne’s slender legs. Dani erased a tally of forty five from the inside (and Dani hated that the number seemed far too low) of both legs, before she moved onto Rahne’s pussy.

Someone had simply drawn arrows point to or leading into Rahne’s cunt, and required a great deal of effort to remove. But Dani didn’t have to be told to be gentle, either

As Danielle went about that, Rahne did her best to maintain what little dignity she had left, biting her lip as the pleasure in her loins rose.

Finally, her face flush red, she said, “Dani! Careful!”

“Oh!” Moonstar was shocked she could still be embarrassed, “sorry, red.”

“Nae a problem,” Rahne said softly, “better ye than the monsters who fuck us.”

“I heard that,” Dani said. She finished quickly after that, removing all the writing and such from her friend’s body.
Rahne went about returning the favor without a word. She scrubbed the evidence of last night’s defilement from her best and oldest friend. But she couldn’t help but focus on Dani’s tan breasts, and listen to how her friend’s heart beat.

She was glad about the running shower, as it kept her friend from knowing just how damp she actually was.

When Rahne was finally done, the guards came to collect the two mutants.

Even though they were newly bathed, both young women felt dirty under the man’s casual gaze. They hated how powerless they stood before him, and how they could both remember the latest time he’d been inside them both, or when last they sucked him off.

He led them down the hall with barely a word, to where they’d meet their John.

“See you ladies later,” the guard sneered.

Rahne and Dani had dealt with their fair share of sadistic Johns, and that was exactly what they expected now.

But what they saw instead was a room with a large, heart shaped bed in the center and countless curtains and sheets hanging from the ceiling.

“I guess whoever rented us out thinks this is a Valentine’s Date,” said Dani.

“Actually, it’s more like the curtains are toys. Believe me, you’ll thank me later.”

Neither Rahne nor Dani had any time to find the source of the new voice. The curtains suddenly came to life, and wrapped themselves around the arms and legs of the young mutants before they even realized what was happening.

With a yank, both women were hoisted into the air, hanging spread eagle just above the bed.

A woman wearing a transparent gown, with raven hair, perfect breasts and devilish smile, sauntered into the room.

“My goodness,” she looked at the two, “magnificent.”

Danielle was tempted to say something defiant, but decided that it would be smart to get an idea of what this woman wanted before saying anything.

“Your bloody scum,” Rahne snapped, “thinkin’ we would ever thank ye for raping us!”

“Rape you,” the woman chuckled, “I’m not going to rape you. No, I’m going to ravish you both.”

The curtains lowered the young women onto the bed. The two sat up, and regarded the woman warily.

“My name is Sybil Dvorak,” she said, “better known as Gypsy Moth. Like you, I’m a mutant, but unlike you, I quite love sex. As you may have deduced, I can control fabrics. Who would like to learn what this means first?”

“Me,” Danielle said, “take me, please.”

Cybil looked between the two young women, and smiled.
“You’re the strong one, aren’t you,” Sybil said. She saw how a look of shame came across Rahne’s face, “though I think you both are stronger than you think. But no, I’ll take your friend first.”

Rahne gasped as the bed-sheets moved like a snake, and darted inside her cunt.

The invasion was startling, but hardly the worst thing Rahne had had inside of her. In fact, she was more surprised than alarmed.

“Please, don’t hurt her!” Dani begged. She was kicking herself for trying to take the punishment herself. All she had done was tell Gypsy Moth how important Rahne really was to her.

“Hurt her?” Sybil chuckled, “not at all. What I’m about to do I call ‘The Gypsy’s curse’.”

Cybil reached out with her powers, and Rahne felt it almost immediately.

It was first a tickle, as several strands of the bed sheet unfolded from the sheet itself, and began to brush up against the folds of her inner flesh.

“Oh, oh!” Rahne gasped, as she felt her pussy beginning to tingle.

“I’d say get ready,” Sybil said. She held her hands out in front of herself, “but you have never felt something like this.”

Sybil reached out with her powers, and the threads inside of Rahne’s pussy began to furiously stroke her pussy.

“Oh gawwdd!”

Rahne felt a flood of pleasure unlike anything she had ever felt before from her pussy. This wasn’t some tiny orgasm forced on her by a rapist, or the physical pleasure brought on by the failsafes, but pure ecstasy unlike anything Rahne had ever felt before.

“Dani, Dani!” Rahne howled, as she arched her back, and dug her fingernails into the sheets beside her. This was a primal pleasure, as every single inch of her pussy was stimulated.

Dani watched as her oldest friend seemed to writhe in front of her. Rahne’s skin was soon covered in a thin sheen of sweat, and in Dani’s eyes, she seemed to glisten.

Dani felt her pussy moisten, and to her shame, found she had no idea what she should do. She was helpless, and she knew it.

So she watched, unable to do anything, as Rahne flopped like a fish on land, screaming out her name, for what felt like an eternity, before Rahne gasped, and then went limp.

“Still got it,” Cybil smirked, as she observed Rahne’s sweat covered, slack body.

“Rahne?” Dani crawled over to her friend, and tried to see if she was okay.

She was shocked to see the smile on Rahne’s face, and her steady breathing.

“Let her rest,” Cybil said, “nap by orgasm is refreshing, I’ve found.”

“Why do you call it the Gypsy’s curse?” Dani asked.

“Because I can’t do it to myself,” Cybil smiled, “you have no idea how many women I’ve ruined with that.”
“Now what?” Dani said.

“Oh, I’ve got a strap-on it your name on it,” Cybil said. With her powers, she reached out and a gym bag slid out from under the bed.

“Of course,” Dani muttered.

Sybil rummaged through the bag, before finding the strap-on she wanted. She pulled it free, and tossed it in front of Dani.

“I believe that will fit you, Try it on,” Sybil said. She reached into the bag, and slid on a silver ring.

“Try it on?” Dani was baffled.

“Did I stutter?” Cybil smiled, “I assume that you know how to use that, yes?”

Dani picked up the strap-on, “Do you know what I’ll do to you if you let me?”

Cybil chuckled. She shrugged her nightgown off, and crawled onto the bed, prowling towards Dani. She only stopped until she was inches from Dani’s face.

“I have an idea. I both love and hate this place,” Cybil leaned towards Dani, and pressed her lips to hers. To her surprise, Dani didn’t feel as disgusted as she usually did. Cybil broke the kiss after several seconds, “I can’t free you, but I can give you a small taste of revenge. What say you?”

Dani threw Cybil down on the bed, and by the time Cybil raised her ass, Dani was ready.

“You sure about this, bitch?” Dani growled, “because I really don’t think you have any idea what you’re asking for.”

“Bring it,” Cybil smirked.

Dani aimed the tip of the strap-on at Cybil’s ass, and without any preamble, slammed it forward.

“Ugh!” Cybil gasped at the sudden, but not unexpected intrusion.

“Like that, bitch?” Dani slapped Cybil’s ass as she rocked the plastic cock back and forth in the villainess’ ass.

“Oh, yes,” Cybil moaned. She pushed back against Dani’s thrusts, and every slap on the ass sent an electric surge through her body.

“Whore! Bitch! Slut!”

Dani had absolutely no mercy for Gypsy Moth. She had been powerless for so long, and the only times she could ever vent her anger, her pain, was when they aimed her at her fellow captives. Then, she held back, then she had some restraint.

But now, she had someone she could unleash everything she’d been holding in.

And Dani meant to milk it for everything it was worth.

As for Sybil herself, she loved sex in all its forms. A gentle kiss could be as worth as much a hard fuck, if you knew how to ask.

So while Dani slammed the plastic rod into her ass, Cybil’s hand went to her clit, and quickly began
working it in sync with Moonstar’s thrusts. Cybil doubted that Moonstar realized it, but the girl had a steady and strong beat, something she had no doubt learned here.

“Fucking bitch,” Moonstar growled.

All she wanted to do was punish Cybil’s perfect ass, which was now cherry red from her slaps.

All Gypsy Moth wanted was to be dominated, and for that Moonstar was absolutely perfect.

“Yes, punish my ass,” Cybil moaned, pushing back against the strap-on. She savored every inch (she had chosen a favorite) as Dani railed her.

She felt pleasure building inside her, and though Cybil tried to steady herself, it came to a head far quicker than she ever would have thought.

But as Cybil felt herself growing in pleasure, Dani quickly realized just about how much pleasure was coursing through her own body.

“Oh, God!”

The two mutants cried out as one, and Dani stopped dead in her tracks when she realized what had happened.

Though it was silly, stupid and a thousand other things, Dani still blushed when she realized that she and Cybil had cum together.

“Let’s…pretend that I planned that,” Cybil gasped.

“Not even close to done,” Moonstar replied, “ready for round two?”

Cybil tapped her ring, “I’m afraid we’re moving onto something else, my dear.”

Before Dani could react, she felt dizzy, and tipped over onto the bed, barely able to see straight.

“I have a full array of things planned for today, and possibly tomorrow,” Cybil winked at Dani, “we can come back to this later.”

“…what happened?” Rahne sat up and rubbed her head.

“I’m a little tired,” Cybil said, “why don’t you and your friend have some fun while I catch my breath?”

Dani knew it wasn’t a suggestion, but knew better than to ask if she had an idea of what she wanted Dani to do.

So Moonstar removed her strap on, and crawled over to her longtime friend.

“What’s going on?” Rahne whispered.

“She wants a show,” Dani replied in a hushed tone, “better we give her one than wait for her to come up with something.”

“No sixty nine yet, dears,” Cybil shouted, “try something else for once.”

“Jus’ scissor,” Rahne suggested, “I did it wit’ Amara last week.”
“Yeah, okay,” Dani sighed.

She tried to stay nonchalant about this. She’d fucked every one of her fellow captives multiple times now, but somehow, this felt different.

For one thing, Gypsy Moth, at least thus far wasn’t anywhere as sadistic as her normal abusers. There was no drum beat for torture or sadism, just sex and pleasure.

There was of course an element of coercion, but in comparison to many other encounters, Dani barely felt it. After a deluge of suffering, this light mist barely registered.

Perhaps that was why, Dani reflected, that when her pussy touched Rahne’s, Dani felt an electric surge she had never felt before.

Rahne’s pussy was as damp as a swamp, as was Dani’s but that barely seemed to matter.

They pressed their flesh against one another, again and again.

Rahne had fucked so many women since Arcade kidnapped her, but never once did it feel like this. She leaned into her old friend, wanting more and more.

So focused on the other, neither young woman noticed the thin strands that slipped into their pussies, at first.

“Cy…Cybil!” Moonstar gasped, as she felt the strands of thread massaging her pussy.

“Don’t mind me, you two,” Cybil smirked, one hand working her pussy, “just keep doing what you’re doing.”

Neither Rahne or Danielle had to be told that.

They increased their speed, their bodies now damp with sweat.

Danielle felt Rahne shudder in orgasm as their pussies rubbed against one another, and wondered if it was her or Cybil responsible. And she was shocked that the idea made her jealous, second before another orgasm overtook her.

When Rahne felt her friend orgasm, she felt a sense of accomplishment. She knew that Dani blamed herself for the suffering of her friends and students. Any pleasure she brought her oldest, dearest friend brought Rahne a sense of satisfaction. She savored it for a second, before another orgasm swept over her.

Both women fucked to the point of exhaustion, and then fell back on the bed, panting.

“My my, that was something,” Cybil crawled across the bed by her elbows, and placed a bottle of cold water on both Rahne and Dani’s stomach’s.

“Glad you had fun watching,” Dani said, before taking a gulp of water.

“Oh, that I did,” Cybil smirked, “my dear, you seem tense. Why don’t you sit up, and have a massage. Rahne, dear, why you see to Dani’s bottom half, hmm?”

When Danielle sat up, she was certain that ‘massage’ was a code for something else. Some wicked sex act Dani hadn’t yet heard of (Dani was confident she’d done every sex act on earth, but everyone had their own names for their kinks).
She felt Cybil’s breasts pressed against her back, and tensed when she felt her hands upon her shoulders.

But instead of some depraved sex act, Cybil simply began gently rubbing her shoulders, trying to ease the tension.

“I understand it may be hard,” Cybil said, “but try to relax. Live in the moment, no?”

Dani was about to reply, when she felt Rahne’s tongue inside the folders of her pussy.

Dani looked down to see the red head between her legs, using all the skills she had been forced to acquire. Danielle had felt her friend’s tongue inside her before, but somehow, it felt different and Spirits, so much better now.

Perhaps, Dani thought, it was simply the fact that they only had the singular client who wasn’t focused on their humiliation.

Whatever the reason, Dani decided to take Cybil’s advice and actually try to relax.

Three orgasms later and an expert massage later, Dani was putty in Cybil’s arms. She lowered the younger mutant onto the bed, and smirked.

“Better?” Cybil asked.

“Much,” Dani sighed.

“Now then,” Cybil turned her eyes to Rahne, and licked her lips, “there’s someone we’ve been neglecting.”

“I’m fine,” Rahne said, blushing, “honest!”

Cybil prowled across the bed, and planted a deep kiss on Rahne’s lips, her tongue exploring the Scotswoman’s mouth.

“Mmm,” Cybil purred, “two great tastes in one.”

“…thank you?” Rahne said.

Cybil leaned in closer, and whispered a secret into Rahne’s.

“That’s…” Rahne couldn’t think of anything in reply, before Cybil kissed her again.

Only this time, Rahne returned the kiss, exploring Cybil’s mouth as the older woman leaned her back, and her left hand made its way to Rahne’s pussy.

It manipulated Rahne’s clit perfectly, as Cybil’s swollen nipples rubbed against Rahne’s swollen own. Rahne could barely recall feeling like this before. She had grown accustomed to having sex with women, but it never felt quite like this.

Cybil, who had fucked more women than she could ever hope to remember, savored how Rahne withered in pleasure underneath her skilled hands.

It didn’t matter the country, red heads were always more fun, deep down.

Rahne gasped when the sensation around her nipples brought her to orgasm, followed immediately by another brought on Cybil’s skilled hands working her clit.
Rahne found herself caught in a barrage of pleasure, barely able to tell where the pleasure was coming from before another orgasm overtook her senses.

When Cybil finally stopped, Rahne was left gasping, covered in a sheen of sweat.

“I hope you don’t feel neglected anymore,” Cybil smirked as she leaned over Rahne’s exhausted form.

“Not so much, no,” Rahne replied, panting.

“What shall we do next, hmm?” Cybil asked, “I think you and I should perform an experiment.”

“Experiment?” Rahne said, with equal parts fear and excitement. Cybil hadn’t hurt them yet, but she’d had clients who waited longer before showing their claws.

But none of them had ever been like this before.

“Yes,” Cybil smiled, flashing her pearly whites, “you are a shapeshifter, yes?”

“I am,” said Rahne, “why do you ask?”

“Because I think your animal side should be allowed to have just as much fun, don’t you think?”

By now, Rahne knew requests weren’t really requests, and that her abilities could be returned at the whim of their clients.

So she reached inside herself, and summoned her shape-shifting abilities. She suspected Gypsy Moth didn’t want her full wolf form, only the hybrid form that Rahne used for combat (God, Rahne thought, how long ago had that been?).

With a simple act of will, Rahne’s skin was covered in a light, chocolate brown fur, and her red hair became light burgundy, while her canines grew sharper and nails became claws. A tail emerged from her rear, short and bushy, while her engorged nipples became light brown.

“Oh my,” Cybil purred. She leaned in and kissed Rahne, running her tongue across Rahne’s sharp canines. Her tongue lingered on each for a moment before she withdrew, “I should have done this from the beginning.”

Cybil kissed Rahne’s forehead.

“I suggest you brace yourself,” Cybil winked, “because I am about to curse you again.”

Rahne was startled as how quickly she went to her hands and knees, and how damp her pussy remained.

Cybil reached out with her powers, and the fabric of the sheets beneath them slithered inside of Rahne’s pussy, and taunt ass.

Rahne gasped, expecting Cybil to begin immediately. Already the sensation in both her pussy and ass were putting her on edge.

But when she felt strands of fabric wrapping around her nipples and clit, Rahne knew that she had gotten off easy earlier.

“And now we begin,” Cybil said.
Everyone who knew Rahne knew that she was different when her powers were activated. They assumed that her lupine form simply wasn’t as repressed as the young redhead who’d been raised on the Word of God.

But to Rahne, they simply didn’t understand that her powers simply brought her a greater purity of focus, of mind.

As Arcade’s captive, Rahne had actually come to appreciate it better. The lupine brain made it easier to get angry, to fight back, to just not be crushed. The few brave enough to rape her with her powers returned did seem to appreciate that, but Rahne didn’t care.

It let her be brave.

But here and now, that purity of mind brought Rahne to a level of pleasure she never felt before.

Heavy strands of thread stimulated every inch of her pussy, ass, clit and nipples. Rahne leaned into it, pushing her back against the threads as they worked her pussy. Her claws tore long gouges in the sheets beneath her, as Cybil used her powers to their fullest extent.

“Dani!” Rane cried out, as she orgasmed again and again, “Dani!”

Danielle Moonstar watched as Rahne was once again went through the so-called ‘Gypsy’s Curse’. She was only a few feet away, but by now she knew better than to get between a client and the girl they were fucking.

But watching her friend, her strong lupine form, was wracked with pleasure. Dani felt her own pussy moisten, watching it. But she was a little ashamed when she realized that this wasn’t Cybil’s doing, but was her own, genuine arousal.

Several minutes of heaven passed, but Cybil watched, incredulous, as Rahne held on. The wolf mutant averaged an orgasm every twelve seconds for minute after minute, until finally, Cybil brought it to an end.

“There can be too much of a good thing,” Cybil said, finally. With an act of will, she withdrew the sheets from inside of Rahne, and from around her nipples and clit.

Rahne slumped forward, panting, struggling to catch her breath. With her lupine form, she could smell her own arousal, and that of everyone in the room. For a moment, it was absolutely overpowering, but Rahne savored it none the less.

“I’ve never seen anyone hold on like that,” Cybil observed, with a coy smile, “as a reward, you can decide what we do next.”

With a simple act of will, Cybil reached out and levitated her bag of goodies, and spilled it out strap-ons, anal beads and U-shaped dildos over the bed.

“The strap-on?” Rahne said, still catching her breath. She have Cybil a quick look, their eyes meeting, before she glanced in the direction of her friend.

“A wonderful choice,” Cybil smiled, “but I think you and your friend should be the ones to enjoy it.”

“Of course,” Rahne said. Already her healing factor had cured her exhaustion, but not the feelings that were stirring inside of her.

Dani watched as her friend slipped the strap-on over her pussy, and then began stalking towards her.
Dani felt herself grow oh so damp at the sight.

“You look like you might eat me alive,” Dani winked, “hungry like the wolf?”

“Oh, aye,” Rahne smiled, before gently pushing her friend onto her back. Dani didn’t resist, but grabbed Rahne’s wrists for leverage, “don’t talk, just moan.”

For a split second, Dani froze. ‘Don’t talk, just moan’ was one of several codes they had developed as Arcade’s captives, meant to convey deadly serious. But what could Rahne possibly have to tell her now.

Rahne slid the dildo inside the wet folds of her friend, and began working it back and forth.

‘I love you’, Rahne mouthed silently.

Danielle Moonstar’s body went rigid. She looked at Rahne, and then to Cybil, concern written all over her face.

Rahne knew what her friend was thinking. Usually, showing genuine emotion here was like blood in the water, and everyone was a shark.

Usually.

‘She told me’, Rahne said silently, and then, in a whisper, said, “and you?”

Rahne thought her friend needed time to answer, to figure it out like she had.

But instead, Dani slapped her right hand behind Rahne’s head, and pulled her friend into a deep, deep kiss.

‘My answer’ Dani mouthed, when she finally broke the kiss.

Danielle knew it was dangerous. Arcade, though he’d never say it aloud, had it in for her. He’d kidnapped her students just to make her suffer, and Dani couldn’t remember how many times Paige, Amara and Rahne had been raped in front of her for some imagined slight.

But Spirits, she needed this. Dani always loved Rahne, and their shared suffering had forged their bond into something else entirely.

“Might I step in?” Cybil said as she came up from behind Rahne, with her own strap-on.

Rahne moaned as the dildo slid into her ass, while Cybil played her nipples like a piano. Soon, all three were lost in a web of pleasure.

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“I think this was a bad idea,” Miss Locke said, as she stood over Arcade’s shoulder.

Arcade was slumped in his chair, resting his chin on his hand.

“I’m not fond of it either,” Arcade muttered, “but you remember the security audit. Moonstar is easily the most dangerous one we have. She was trained by Xavier and Shield, led her own team, the works."

“I remember,” Miss Locke said, “that was why we took her students. While we have them, there’s no way she’ll make a move that might endanger them. So why are we helping her find true love?”
“We push her too hard, and she breaks for good,” Arcade said, “and where’s the fun in that?”

“That’s your excuse?” Miss Locke rolled her eyes. “I swear, sometimes you’re just too kind to these women.”
If there was one problem running a brothel of unwilling super sex slaves, Arcade found, it was that sometimes his victims had grown too resigned to their fate. They still felt terror, they still feared him, but it lacked that edge, and Arcade realized that he only seemed to notice after it had long disappeared.

That was why, when he ordered the kidnapping of the New Mutants, he promised himself that he’d take them personally. To savor their fear, their hopelessness, look them in the eyes and watch them wilt.

Sofia Mantega, Wind Dancer and protégé of his first captive, Danielle Moonstar was his first choice. And of her classmates, his favorite.

$$$

“Hello?”

Sofia trembled in the cool air. It had been only three days since Arcade had taken her and her classmates captive. Three days in a hell worse than anything Sofia thought possible.

Sofia had woken up only an hour ago, in a large bed, surrounded by display cases. Sofia deduced that the costumes belonged to some of her fellow captives, but beyond that she had no idea what was to happen next.

The uncertainty was almost as terrifying of the certainty. She’d seen some of the horrific things Arcade had subjected the other women to. Having been raped so many times already, Sofia knew that it would get worse.

“Sorry to keep you waiting.”

Sofia covered her breasts and pussy instinctively, though she knew how stupid it was, and turned her head to the source of the voice, praying that she was wrong, that she didn’t recognize it.

“I had some business to take care of,” Arcade said, smiling like a fox.

Sofia’s heart began hammering. All her fellow captives had warned her, being in Arcade’s crosshairs was the worst position she could be in, though anyone with a lick of sense already knew that. He was the man behind every ounce of suffering they endured, and his imagination rarely seemed to fail.

“I had some business to take care of,” Arcade said, “but with the business out of the way, the three of us can get down to pleasure, am I right?”

Sofia’s heart ached, when she saw the woman standing behind Arcade. Her face was covered in a mask except for her mouth, but her tanned skin and height left no mystery as to who she was, under that mask. She collar around her neck, connected to a leash in Arcade’s hand.

“Professor Moonstar?” Sofia said, despite herself.

“Great, right?” Arcade said, pulling Moonstar into the room, “hot for teacher, amirite? I would have been here sooner, but Moonstar was stuck on a train and I had to wait.”

“You’re a monster,” Sofia said, trembling. She crossed her arms across her breasts, though she knew
how futile it was. With the failsafes, he could overpower her without breaking a sweat.

“Think of me as a big bad wolf,” Arcade said, “and I’m hungry.”

Sofia looked at her teacher. She could see the bite marks on her breasts, and how red and swollen her cunt was. Sofia had little doubt that she was aching and exhausted, having been raped all day.

“At least leave Professor Moonstar out of this,” Sofia said, “don’t make her hurt me again, please.”

“The big chief here?” Arcade slapped Moonstar’s breast, but the mutant barely reacted, “the mask on her face is sound proof. She has no idea what’s going on, besides the obvious.”

“And that makes things better?” Sofia said, angrily.

“Guess we’ll find out,” Arcade pushed Moonstar to her knees in front of Sofia, “let’s get started. Open your legs, kid.”

Sofia stared Arcade down as she obeyed.

“Good girl,” Arcade smiled. He guided Moonstar’s head towards Sofia’s crotch.

“Ahh!” Sofia cried out, as Moonstar began lapping at her pussy.

“She’s skilled, isn’t he?” Arcade said, as he began to undress.

“Gawwd!” Sofia cried, when Dani found her clit with little trouble. Her tongue flicked across Sofia’s clit as if it was designed for nothing else.

“Yeah, she’s real good at eating pussy,” Arcade said, “you can thank me for that. I had her working on it for hours. I think she might be better at sucking cock, though…”

“She’d kill you,” Sofia managed to say, trying to ignore her own damp pussy, “take these safeguards off, and she’d kill you with her bare hands.”

Arcade shrugged, “Probably.”

He grabbed Moonstar’s collar, and then pulled her off of Sofia’s cunt, “But here? She’s just another bitch who knows her place.”

Sofia’s tears were angry and hot.

“I think I’ve lost track of how many times I’ve broken her,” Arcade said, “how many times she just begged for mercy, pleaded with me to stop. Just earlier today, she was getting all weepy about fucking twenty men in a row.”

Sofia trembled with rage.

“Though to be fair, she does get her fighting spirit back from time to time,” Arcade reached under the bed and produced a double sided strap-on. He placed it in Danielle’s hands, and she immediately set about putting it on, “just not today.”

Sofia watched in shock as her professor slid the dildo into her cunt without a word of protest, and then finished securing it around her waist, until she stood there, a plastic phallus hanging from her crotch. That she could do so blindfolded was a testament to how Arcade had ‘trained’ her.

“A think of beauty, no?” Arcade said. He placed Dani’s leash on the bed, and stepped towards Sofia.
Sofia, arms still crossed over her chest trembled in fear at being so close to pure evil. This man had already hurt her in ways she could never forget, and he was clearly ready to do even more to her.

“No need to be shy,” Arcade reached down, and uncrossed Sofia’s arms. It was more to enjoy her face, flush with shame at him seeing her so utterly exposed than anything else.

“Well, time to get to the main event.”

Sofia felt her skin crawl as Arcade French kissed her, leaning in and forcing her onto her back.

“No,” she whispered as Arcade loomed over her, his cock pressing against her young slit. She hadn’t yet grown numb to the abuse, and felt disgusted, feeling his cock atop her own flesh.

Arcade, in no hurry, drank in her fear, her despair. He was the most terrifying force in her life, and it was a feeling that was absolutely intoxicating. Though it was the same with all his captives, it often took too much work to get that same level of fear with his original captives. Watching Sofia trembling under him, her breasts quivering as she fought for self control, brought back memories.

Every one of his captives had cowered underneath him like Sofia. And the feeling was better than any drug.

Especially, Arcade thought, as it was just the start. He pressed his cock into her cunt, allowing her to feel every slow second. Sofia pressed her hands against his chest, trying to stop him.

But Arcade had no trouble sinking his entire cock inside of the young mutant. Sofia felt ill, when she realized she could feel his balls touching her flesh.

“So perfectly tight,” Arcade sighed, “you know, I think your pussy’s better than Professor Moonstar’s, if that means anything.”

“Just means you’re a disgusting monster,” Sofia spat.

“Women have no idea how to take a compliment,” Arcade sighed. He then wrapped his arms around Sofia, and rolled over, leaving her atop of him, “here, just to show I’m a nice guy, I’ll be the bottom.”

“Bottom or top, this is still rape!” Sofia said. Arcade felt a sick sense of gratification as her hot tears landed on his chest.

“Yes, but this way, we can have twice the fun.”

Arcade’s right hand reached out, and he gave the leash a harsh yank.

Sofia looked over her shoulder, and her stomach dropped as she watched Professor Moonstar waddle to the edge of the bed, and sweep her hands out. When her hands touched Sofia’s rear, Danielle climbed atop the bed, and began to position herself at Sofia’s rear.

“She’s a well trained bitch, isn’t she?” Arcade reached down and grabbed Sofia’s cheeks with each hand, spreading them for Moonstar.

Sofia couldn’t believe that the first mutant she’d met, the teacher who meant so much to her, was this obedient, broken woman who was mechanically preparing to rape her ass.

Moonstar was in position soon enough, and Sofia looked over her shoulder just enough to see her taking her fake phallus and point it at Sofia’s vulnerable, clenched ass.
Sofia was certain that it was fear making her see things, but the cock that rested on Dani’s hips was bigger than anything the young woman had seen yet. She was certain that it would rip her in two. Most of the other women seemed convinced that Arcade would never do anything that might be lethal or crippling, but Sofia wasn’t certain of that, not yet.

“Ahh!” Sofia cried out, as Dani began to insert the dildo into an ass that had been virgin only a week ago.

“Just relax,” Arcade said. He reached up and began kneading Sofia’s breasts, teasing her nipples with his thumbs, “makes it easier. Or so I heard. I prefer to give butt stuff than receive.”

Arcade pinched her nipples, as just as Danielle had begun to wedge the largest part of the strap-on into Sofia’s ass.

To the young mutant, it felt as if someone were shoving a pine cone in her ass. She clenched despite herself, knowing it would only make it more painful, but it ultimately didn’t matter.

Her teacher had the leverage and strength, and apparently wasn’t inclined to disobey Arcade (if she even knew who she was obeying).

Once it had painfully sunk into her mutant ass fully, Sofia could feel Arcade pumping into her cunt from below.

“Stop, please,” Sofia begged.

The idea of being raped by the teacher she respected and the man she hated at the same was overwhelming to Sofia. She wept openly, as the both of them sawed inside her two holes. The pain, despair and humiliation were unlike anything she had ever felt before.

Arcade, from his position, watched as Sofia’s spirit crumbled, as her teacher fucker he young mutnat’s ass. AS her tears fell, Arcade swore his cock got harder and harder still.

“Mmm, feel that?” Arcade said, pumping inside her tight cunt, “well trained, isn’t she?”

It took Sofia a moment to realize what Arcade was referring to but then it hit her.

Professor Moonstar was working the oversized dildo in sync with Arcade. She could feel her ass and pussy violated as one, as Moonstar acted as his obedient bitch.

The dildo slamming her ass was more painful than the cock in her pussy, but it was the cock that tore apart Sofia’s heart. The idea that she was pleasuring the man beneath her, the man responsible for so much of her pain.

“Oh yea, move your hips like that,” Arcade sighed, “you learn faster than your teacher here.”

Moonstar slammed her dildo into Sofia’s ass, up to the hilt. Though exhausted, Moonstar feared disobeying, more than she cared about whomever she was fucking.

“Ahh!” Sofia gasped.

“Of course, she’s been around more,” Arcade smiled, “fought Gods, traveled to other worlds. Tell me,

“Do you think you’re half the woman she is?”

The question cut Sofia deeper than she thought possible. Arcade had given voice to the fears inside
her own mind.

Professor Moonstar and the rest, they’d been on adventures, fought villains and saved the world several times. And it wasn’t just them.

Firebird, Tigra and Silverclaw were all Avengers. Arcade had almost all the female Thunderbolts in custody, and so many other women who’d accomplished more than Sofia could imagine.

And they were all his slaves

Sofia didn’t dare say anything, but Arcade felt her body tremble as the weight of his words bore down on her.

That was the tipping point he needed, as he felt himself building to a climax.

“Yes, just like that, just like that!”

Sofia wanted to throw up when she felt Arcade’s seed fill her pussy. Worse was watching as he leaned back, satisfied, as Professor Moonstar relentlessly punished her ass with her strap-on.

“I only hope that the rest of your classmates are half as good as you,” Arcade said.

He tapped Moonstar’s shoulder, and she stopped fucking Sofia’s ass.

The young mutant went numb, as Arcade began repositioning himself, teacher and student.

When he was done, Professor Moonstar was looming over Sofia, her strap-on ready to punish her cunt, while Arcade had his foul smelling cock inches from Sofia’s lips.

“Ready to see what you taste like?” Arcade asked.

Arcade shoved his cock into Sofia’s mouth, just as he tapped Moonstar’s shoulder, signaling for her to continue.

The taste was foul in her mouth, and when the plastic cock slammed into Sofia’s cervix, she let out a gurgled scream that nearly brought Arcade off then and there.

But he maintained his composure, and kept fucking her young face.

Sofia felt sweat dripping down upon her, and realized that it was coming from Professor Moonstar. Even though the mask, Sofia could hear her panting, trying to catch her breath, as her body glistened with sweat from sheer fatigue.

It broke what was left of Sofia’s heart to realize that Moonstar was on the verge of total, complete physical exhaustion, and yet fought through it just to rape a fellow captive at Arcade’s request.

Did she even care? Or was Professor Moonstar acting only on sheer animal self preservation?

There was no good answer, not for Sofia.

As the young mutant sucked his cock, Arcade wondered how best to reveal this to Moonstar. Perhaps in another private session? Or perhaps it would be better to see if Sofia was brave enough, or angry enough, to reveal it herself.

“So many choices,” Arcade said, as he looked down at Sofia, “I knew I liked you for a reason.”
A Songbird's reflection

When Melissa Gold went from becoming Screaming Mimi to Songbird, armed with the ability to create solid sound constructs, she gained the ability to fly.

But deep down, she never felt comfortable with it. It wasn’t just because it was hard to focus on air currents, lift and direction in the middle of a fight. Even alone, soaring through the air Melissa felt uncomfortable.

It would only be later, as a captive of Arcade’s, that Melissa realized why she felt that way.

It was after a five hour Hydra gang bang, when Songbird realized why it felt so wrong. The guards sent her to Doc Shoc, and gave Songbird an hour of rest, before coming for her.

“You should smile more,” the Guard said, “you get a front row seat to a great show.”

Melissa knew better than to say anything.

Completely naked, she obediently followed the guard through the complex, to their destination.

The guard knocked on the door, and Melissa’s heart skipped a beat when Arcade, wearing a bathrobe, answered.

“Got the best mouth of all here for ya, boss,” said the Guard, “just like you asked.”

“Thanks Bob,” Arcade said. He gestured for Melissa to enter.

Songbird didn’t hesitate as she walked into the room, though her heart was pounding.

When she entered, she was actually a little surprised by how under-stocked it was. When Baron Zemo came to visit her and her fellow Thunderbolts, he seemed to bring with him at least several chests full of torture instruments.

All this room really had was a Queen sized bed, a small basket and, Songbird realized, a one way mirror into a large room absolutely filled with every horrible devise or tool of bondage she had experienced in her time in Arcade’s.

Wooden horses, studded dildos, whips, the list was endless. She and Arcade were just one pane of glass away from a sexual torture dungeon unlike anything Songbird had seen her entire time as Arcade’s captive.

That thought alone was terrifying. Even worse was the thought that Arcade might send her into the next room on a whim.

“What’s going on?” Songbird said, making sure that her voice was submissive.

“Oh, that?” Arcade walked over and tapped the glass, “there have been some discipline issues lately. A few ladies have forgotten their place, and a few of my employees want to demonstrate they have the mental creativity to deserve a raise.”

“Oh,” Songbird said softly.

“Our entertainment will be here in a sec,” Arcade said. He plopped down on the bed, “consider this date night, honey. We’ll be watching a show.”
“Of course, baby,” Songbird replied with a convincing smile. She took a seat beside him, and leaned her head on his shoulder.

They watched together as Jolt, Silverclaw, Citizen V, Surge and Dagger were dragged into the room by the guards. The women fought back as best they could, but to an outside observer, it looked half-assed and lazy.

Songbird knew from experience they were fighting tooth and nail, it was just that the fail-safes inside of them were insidious, robbing them of physical will and coordination.

“So many,” Songbird couldn’t stop herself from saying.

“I know, I was surprised too,” Arcade replied, “not even the usual malcontents, either. Well, besides your red head friend there. I am impressed that one of Xavier’s younger students made the cut, though.”

Songbird cringed inwardly, seeing her fellow teammates being positioned to be tortured.

“Let me go!” Silverclaw shouted.

“I’ll kill you!” Dagger hissed.

Songbird froze.

“Can they hear us?” Melissa said, horrified.

“No, but we can hear them, and only them,” Arcade said. He winked at Melissa, “computerized filters, neat huh?”

“Yeah,” Melissa said, “very neat.”

For a moment that seemed to stretch, Melissa watched as her friend Jolt was bent over a table, as Citizen V was hung from the ceiling by her ankles, hands bound behind her back. Dagger was chained to the floor on her hands and knees, while Silverclaw was placed atop a wooden horse.

For Melissa, she felt both disgust and shame. Disgust at what her fellow captives, her teammates were suffering, and shame at the relief she felt, that it was them suffering, and not her.

Seeking any distraction, her hand slid over to Arcade’s cock, already half hard.

“Wow, this getting you wet, huh?”

“You know it,” Songbird’s voice sounded convincing to anyone, “why should they have all the fun?”

Songbird slid in front of Arcade in a fluid motion, and guided his cock into her mouth effortlessly.

She began humming, as she slid her tongue underneath the base of his manhood. She felt her cybernetics activate, stimulating his cock with mild sonic vibrations.

Arcade groaned, but he didn’t cum. Songbird wasn’t much surprised. He’d been sucked off by every one of his captives too many times to count. To say he was experienced, was like saying water was wet.

But then, Songbird was a pro. She bobbed her head back and forth while slowing increasing her humming, and before Arcade knew it, he was cumming, shooting his seed down Melissa’s throat.
“Damn,” Arcade stood up, and stripped his robe off, “you still have the best mouth here, you know that?”

“And damn proud of it,” Melissa smiled to Arcade. She stood up and leapt backwards onto the bed, and spread her legs for him. He noted with satisfaction, that her pussy was moist, “but I have other good qualities too.”

Melissa kept a smile on her face as Arcade crawled atop the bed. Past him, she watched as her fellow teammate, Citizen V, was caned across her breasts until they were a burning, bright red.

“Oooh, yes,” Songbird closed her eyes and sighed as she felt Arcade’s cock began pressing inside of her.

Arcade was the source of all her pain, the reason why she and her friends suffered so much, and would continue to suffer.

But Songbird thought of none of that. Instead, she arced her back, and relaxed herself, allowing Arcade’s cock inside of her, before clenching slightly.

“Damn,” Arcade took a moment, concerned that he might cum then and there, “your pussy is just below your mouth in quality, babe. Did you know that?”

“I told you,” Melissa cupped her breasts, “I have other good qualities.”

“Indeed you do,” Arcade leaned down and took her right breast in his mouth, teasing the nipple with his tongue, while he took the other breast in his free hand, and began to knead it like bread dough.

Arcade sufficiently distracted, Melissa allowed herself a moment’s respite from her act. Pain, anger and disgust flickered across her face, and she looked at Arcade with pure loathing and disgust.

“No, no please! It’s too big!”

Songbird felt a knot form in her stomach when she heard her teammate, Jolt, begging. Worse was the scream that followed.

“My my,” Arcade lifted his head from Melissa’s breast, “the sound track around here really is something, isn’t it?”

Songbird had assumed her game face instantly and just shrugged, “It’s no Barry Manilow.”

Melissa wrapped her legs across Arcade and pulled him deeper inside of her.

“Besides, I’m not here for the music, I’m here for the dancing.”

“Never could deny a lady,” Arcade smiled.

In the background, both Silverclaw and Dagger could be heard screaming.

Compared to some of the men who had her in the past, Songbird would have considered Arcade almost a gentleman.

He fucked her in slow, fluid strokes. His hand teased her clit as his cock rubbed against the walls of her pussy.

Melissa responded in kind, rocking to meet his thrusts, and squeezed his cock inside of her as he sank deeper inside of her.
“Yes, just like…oh, that, that!” Melissa purred, and she was only half faking.

The man who could put her through anything his sick mind could imagine, was actually a half decent fuck. And Songbird chose to focus on that, instead of what her fellow heroines were suffering.

Songbird matched Arcade’s thrusts perfectly, syncing with him like an old lover. She could feel the tremble of his cock inside of her.

“Arcade, hmm, yeah, yes!” Songbird shouted, as Arcade spilled his seed inside of her.

Arcade slumped over her, satisfied.

“Not bad,” Arcade sighed, “not the best, but the top ten easily babe.”

“You should work on your compliments,” Songbird teased.

“Well, we can go again,” Arcade said, “this time, how about you be on top?”

“Me?” said Songbird.

“Yeah, you,” Arcade said with a smirk, “women can be on top, think progressive!”

“Well, if you so command,” Melissa winked, though inwardly she was horrified.

Until now, she wasn’t in a good position to see what was happening to her friends, her fellow captives. But the way Arcade was laying on the bed, she wouldn’t have that small favor for long.

When Melissa climbed atop Arcade, playing her pussy atop his waiting, still hard cock, she caught sight of what was happening to the other women, and immediately felt sick to her stomach.

Jolt up on a table, on her knees and face pressed down, weeping. Two men were standing behind her, each with their hands inside her holes. One man had sunk his hand into her pussy, all the way up to his wrist. The second man was still forcing his way into her clenched asshole, leaning forward, using all his leverage to get a wrist too big in a hole too small.

Dagger’s hands and ankles were bound with rope to the ceiling above, bending the agile crime fighter like a bowstring. Songbird knew from experience that the position was agonizing, and was only made worse by the guards dropping hot wax on her back.

Songbird saw her friend, her teammate, Citizen V on a wooden horse. The weight of her body all resting on her pussy. The guards whipped her back, forcing Dallas forward. But the horse rose up with every inch, and Dallas struggled to move forward, to escape the pain.

She watched as Dallas made it several painful inches, only for the front of the wooden horse to rise even higher in the air. Dallas slid backwards on her abused pussy, onto the whips of her tormenters.

Melissa didn’t have a good view of what was happening to Surge. Two guards were in the way. All Melissa could see was far too many dildos shoved in too small a pussy.

Silverclaw had apparently broken already, begging for mercy. The guards had obliged, ceasing the worse of their abuse.

Instead, they had shackled Silverclaw to the wall, placed a pair of goggles over her eyes and spray painted a dartboard on her breasts.

The men worked in shifts to torment her friends, and the ones eating lunch were currently enjoying a
game of darts.

Songbird realized that, to her horror, she could still hear her friends, their cries of agony and pain. But that she had simply blocked it out.

“Something wrong, babe?” said Arcade.

Songbird nearly jumped out of her skin but replied quickly, “Just admiring the view, honey.”

“Same here,” Arcade said, “anytime you’re ready.”

Songbird lifted her hips, and then slammed herself down atop Arcade’s cock.

“Oh yeah, oh Arcade,” Songbird whipped her hair back and forth as she milked his cock. She rode him like a bull, taking every inch of him.

For Arcade, the pleasure of Songbird’s cunt was only matched by her submission. She fucked him like a lover, like a girlfriend, all because she lacked the courage to do otherwise.

His other girls, they had defiant days, they had days when they remembered who they were, what they’d done. Regardless of whether or not they were first or second string heroines out there, here they fought back like true heroines, bravely facing whatever Arcade could throw at them.

But not Songbird.

In some ways, it was a loss, Arcade reflected. He didn’t get the pleasure of breaking her again, and again, and again.

But there was something to be said for consistency, Arcade thought. He then grabbed her hips, and shot his seed inside her again.

“Woo!” Songbird plopped down beside Arcade. She traced a finger over Arcade’s bare chest, “you’re wearing me out today!”

“Same,” Arcade said, “you’re the best lay I’ve had in a while.”

Songbird rested her head against Arcade’s chest. She tried to focus on his heartbeat, and not the other sounds that filled the room.

“Please, please stop!” Hallie begged.

“No more, no more, please!” Dallas cried.

“Nonononon…argh!” Surge screamed

“You bastards, don’t, nooo!” Dagger wept.

“I’m a good girl, I’m a good girl, I’m a good girl,” Silverclaw whimpered, over and over.

All of it sent a chill through Songbird’s spine, but she knew better than to let Arcade see. That wasn’t what he wanted, at least, not overtly.

And as far as Songbird was concerned, whatever façade Arcade wanted, he got.

So they laid there together for a time, resting, and listening to the screams and pleadings for mercy of heroines who’d grown defiant, and were being taught their place.
Songbird was grateful for every second, and when Arcade sat up, her gut twisted.

“Let’s get some exercise and a show,” Arcade said.

“Of course, honey,” Songbird was ashamed that she already knew what Arcade was hinting at.

She stood up, and walked to the two way mirror, where her fellow captives were being tortured. She leaned over and raised her ass. Arcade’s cum still dribbling down her pussy, she looked over her shoulder and smiled, “Ready when you are.”

Arcade grinned like the cat who ate the canary, as he walked over to Songbird. He grabbed her ass-cheeks, and spread them, positioning his cock at her rear.

“Ya know, it’s a good show,” Arcade rammed his cock inside of Melissa, and leaned forward.

“Ugh!” The weight of Arcade forced the Thunderbolt to stumble forward, mashing her breasts against the glass. She looked straight ahead, watching how her fellow captives were abused. It made her sick to think that, all things considered, she was lucky.

All Arcade was doing was fucking her.

She watched as Dagger and Surge were forced to stand, kissing and groping one another like lovers. But all the while, the guards were caning their asses, and warning them against breaking character. Their asses were a bright, angry red and tears spilled freely, but they did as the guards demanded.

Arcade had said that these women had become defiant, and Songbird didn’t doubt it. Just as she didn’t doubt that when they went back to their cells tonight, they’d be broken, weeping messes.

“Great show,” Songbird replied, “new cast every day, I bet.”

“Yeah,” Arcade slammed into Songbird’s rear, “shame you never join it.”

Songbird realized now, why flight felt so wrong before. Because the higher one rose, the farther they fell. Sometimes, it was safer, to crawl, rather than to fall and crash.

“Well, we can’t all be stars,” Songbird replied.
“You worked hard today,” the guard gave Sooraya Qadir, Dust, a harsh shove into the cell, “make sure to get some rest for tomorrow.”

Sooraya just shuddered, and refused to turn so that the guard wouldn’t see her tears. She waited until the guard had left before she slumped against the wall, sobbing.

“Good evening, Sooraya.”

Dust was startled for a split second. It wasn’t that she wasn’t used to sharing a cell with someone, by now she had shared a cell with everyone, but until now she thought she had been alone, lost in her own horror.

“Laura,” Dust wiped her eyes and acknowledged her friend.

“Long day?” X-23, as naked as Sooraya, went to her friend and sat next to her.

The question cut Dust to the quick, and she snapped her head at her fellow mutant.

“No, it was perfect. I loved all the penises inside me!”

Laura smirked, “You sound sarcastic. And you can say cocks, you know.”

“Go to hell!” Dust snapped, tears streaming down her face, “not all of us are sluts like you!”

Dust raised her hand to her mouth, when she realized what she said.

“Oh Allah,” Dust felt her heart drop, “Laura, I’m so sorry, I never meant…”

“No,” Laura snapped, “don’t apologize. You’re right, this is easier for me than it is for you.”

“Still, I never should have said that…!”

Laura squeezed Dust’s hand in hers.

“Perhaps. But if you want to make it up to me? Remember that anger, remember that strength,” Laura said, “today was horrible, and tomorrow will be too. But so long as you preserve your spirit, they’ll never really win.”

Listening to her friend, Dust felt for a moment that she could believe it.

“What…” Dust took a deep breath before continuing, scared of both the question and the answer, “what do you think our chances of escape are?”

“Do you really want to know?” Laura said, casually.

Dust mustered up her courage, “Yes, I need to know.”

“Not good,” Laura said, “I believe that Arcade replies on more than one system to keep us subdued. We have nanites in our bloodstream, and more than that I can smell what I believe to be a control devise in our brains.”
“Our brains?” Dust touched her forehead instinctively.

“Towards the back of your head, actually,” Laura said, “the lack of any surgical scars leads me to believe micro robots were assembled into our nasal cavities and programmed to assemble out of easy reach. A back up for the nanites in our blood.”

“Oh,” Dust said.

“In addition to that, I know that every woman here has lost at least a few days,” said Laura, “placing us in a room with any one of the dozens of known brainwashing devises would be child’s play.”

“More insurance,” Dust said, sullenly.

“Correct,” Laura said, “more than that, Arcade isn’t making the mistake of giving us any rights whatsoever. We are always being observed, usually by guards and always by LMDs that never sleep and see everything. We’re always naked, usually held in different cells and have nothing to bribe the guards with. Within limits, they are actually rewarded for any abuse they visit on us.”

Laura was surprised to see how well Dust had taken her comments.

“What about the guests?” Dust said, “surely, someone will be tempted to say something…! To brag, or…or sell him out for a lighter sentence!”

“I thought as much too,” Laura said, “but the guards have alluded to an insurance policy. I don’t know the nature of it, but it’s enough to discourage the guests he allows here. Arcade is very careful with his guests. As for a villain revealing this place for leniency, think about that for a moment.”

Sooraya did.

“Oh.”

Laura gave Dust a smirk.

“‘Please don’t arrest me for robbing a bank, I’ll tell you instead who I’ve raped’,” Laura said in a sarcastic voice, “I’m certain that some of the villains that fuck us have been to jail since. But they’re not about to confess to a greater crime, especially one that would put them in the crosshairs of heroes and villains alike.”

“Sadly, I don’t feel as if our odds of breaking out are too high,” Laura said, “Professor Moonstar, Citizen V, myself and Free Spirit are the only ones here with any training in counter intelligence, and Arcade has us all watched closely as a result. And, to be honest, his failsafes prevent my easiest method of escape, which would include self mutilation.”

Dust made a face.

“I will not lie, I am glad that option is off the table.”

“All the same, Arcade is running a very tight operation,” Laura said, “there is no facet of our lives in here he does not control. The food is barely nourishing, he performs defacto cavity searches daily, influences our level of arousal and allows us little to no rest beyond what is demanded by our bodies. Most of our fellow captives are already asleep due to exhaustion.”

“So you’re saying that there’s no way out,” Dust said, her voice trembling.

“I didn’t say that,” Laura said, “there’s just no easy way out. Arcade will overplay his hand. A guest
will do or say, stupid. We just need to be ready, and keep the faith.”

Laura squeezed Sooraya’s hand, gently.

“Keep the faith, and stay strong.”

“I will try,” Sooraya nodded, wiping some tears from her eyes.

“You should get some rest,” Laura said, “it is the only peace we get. Care for a pillow?”

Sooraya chuckled, despite herself.

“Yes, please. That would be nice,” said Dust, “I’ll get you next time.”

“No need,” Laura said, then smirked, “though you said that last time too.”

Laura moved to the center of the cell, and aid down on her back. Sooraya crawled over, and laid her head on Laura’s stomach.

Dust did her best not to reflect on Laura’s assessment, or on the horror of the day, how many cocks she had sucked or how many men had cum inside of her. She was just thankful that her last customer, for whatever reason, insisted on fucking her in the shower.

All the filth of the day had been swept clean, at least physically.

Dust rested, but as she closed her eyes, she felt a familiar heat building between her legs.

For ten long minutes, Sooraya tried to ignore it. She tried to rationalize away the dampness between her legs, tried to think about anything else.

“You are going to deal with that?” Laura said, finally.

Though she was naked, Sooraya crossed her legs instinctively, “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“You really think I can’t smell it?”

Sooraya sat up, and gave Laura an apologetic look, “I didn’t mean to wake you…”

“No, but Arcade did,” Laura said.

“What do you mean?” Dust said.

“I mean, that I can smell that him, or more likely his people, have activated the failsafes in you, to make you aroused.”

“But, he wouldn’t!” Sooraya said, desperately.

“Why not?” said Laura, “we have no agreements with him. He’s made it very clear that we’re his property, to be used as he wants.”

“This is my fault,” Dust said, “punishment for discussing escape!”

“I think it’s Arcade’s fault,” replied Laura, “but you shouldn’t have been so naïve to think that anywhere here is safe from Arcade.”

Dust was silent for a moment. A small part of her thought of their cells as their sanctuary, that when
Arcade was through torturing them for the day, he would allow them a small respite.

But it was now clear to her that she had been hopelessly naïve, that there was no true untouchable place in this hell.

“You’re right,” Dust said, finally, “I’ll go to the corner, Laura and try not to disturb you.”

“Actually, I have a better suggestion,” Laura said, “I’ll help you deal with it, and then we both enjoy some sleep.”

“You can’t be serious!” Dust said.

“Why not?” Laura shrugged, “be real, Sooraya. Your failsafes didn’t activate by accident. Arcade’s people turned them on, and they mean for us to fuck. If we play along, we will get some sleep and rest. If not, you spend the rest of the night in denial with no sleep, and I have to smell your wet cunt all night.”

Dust said nothing.

“Sleep is the only consistent peace we get,” Laura said, “are you going to give it up because of your pride?”

Dust was silent for a moment, then said, “I don’t want to play his game, and I can’t ask you to do this.”

“We have to,” Laura said, “and besides, you didn’t ask. I volunteered.”

“I…very well,” Sooraya said, defeated.

“Well, let’s begin,” Laura crawled towards Dust on her hands and knees. To Dust, she looked every bit the predator she once was. Sooraya didn’t know what to expect, but was still shocked when Laura lunged for her, and gave her a deep kiss.

Laura’s tongue swirled around in Dust’s mouth for an instant that seems to last forever, before she pulled out, and leaned next to Dust’s ear.

“They’re watching us,” Laura said, “we give them a good show, and then we can sleep in peace. Also, the cell is sound proofed. So don’t hold back.”

Sooraya met Laura’s eyes, and nodded.

“Let’s start small,” Laura said, before placing her mouth over Dust’s left breast, and placing her hand over the right breast. She began massaging the nipple with her hand, while her tongue began teasing Sooraya’s already erect nipple.

“Oooh!” Sooraya moaned. She wasn’t experienced in the ways of the flesh, even now, and she never thought such pleasure could come from her breasts alone. She leaned back, allowing Laura greater access, as warm electric feelings flowed from her breasts.

“Sweet Allah…” Sooraya moaned, as Laura went about her expert work.

Dust was laying on her back now, with on nipple in Laura’s mouth, and the other between the feral mutant’s expert fingers. Laura shuffled around atop her friend, and placed her left knee against Sooraya’s pussy.

Carefully balanced, she rubbed her knee gently against Dust’s wet pussy, while ramping up her
efforts on her nipples.

Sooraya couldn’t believe the feeling that was flowing through her body, nor could she believe how it built up and up inside of her, until…

“Laura!” Sooraya gasped, as her pleasure peaked. Dust was enraptured but baffled, at how easily she had cum.

X-23 kept up her menstruation for a few moments, before stopping, and gave Dust a knowing smile.

“That was….” Dust struggled to find the words.

“Excellent?” Laura supplied.

“I should say, ‘impossible’,” Sooraya said, “or so I thought. You made me cum, just by playing with my nipples.”

“Well, my knee is a little wet,” Laura winked, “but yeah. I’m just that good.”

“Indeed,” Dust said, stunned.

“Now, let me finish up,” Laura leaned in, and gave Sooraya a deep kiss. Dust returned it for a moment, before she began to wonder if Laura was doing this for their sake, or the sake of their captors.

Laura never broke the kiss, and her hand traced down to Sooraya’s pussy. Dust immediately felt two fingers slide into her pussy, and gasped.

“Now you’re going to see what I can do when I focus on the pussy,” Laura winked.

Laura gave Sooraya another deep kiss, her tongue exploring the mouth of her Arab friend, as her fingers went about their work.

Dust had no idea how Laura accomplished it so effortlessly, but she magically worked Dust’s clit while her fingers expertly stimulated her pussy.

“Mpph!”

The first orgasm hit Dust like a wave, and she swore she could see stars.

It faded quickly, as Laura slowed her work, but Sooraya had barely recovered before the next one hit her.

By the fourth orgasm, quick and dirty, Dust had gathered enough of her wits.

“Stop, stop!” Sooraya pushed Laura away, “this isn’t fair!”

“Oh, sorry,” Laura pulled back and sniffed the air, “I should have checked to see if you were okay with this. I didn’t mean to be…like them.”

Dust shook her head, “You could never be like them. But this isn’t fair, I’m the only one receiving any pleasure.”

Laura gave Sooraya an odd look.

“Did you just hear what you said?”
“I did,” Dust gave her friend a blushing smile, “you are the strongest of all of us, Laura. Arcade’s not broken you yet. I cannot ask you to bear that burden when I can help. Allah would not want that.”

To say that Laura was surprised was an understatement. She chided herself for thinking of all religious people as the same. Sure, Rahne was repressed as hell, but Sooraya wasn’t her. Laura didn’t realize it, until just now, how open-minded her friend was.

“Well, what do you suggest?” Laura asked.

“Umm, I don’t remember the name of the act,” Sooraya’s cheeks grew heated, “but I performed it with Surge two days ago.”

Sooraya made a motion with her hands.

“Ah, you want to scissor,” Laura said with a smirk.

Dust looked at her fingers, and said, “How did I not guess that?”

“You don’t have a dirty mind,” Laura frowned, “but this place will change that.”

In response, Sooraya grabbed Laura by the side of her head, and gave her a deep, passionate kiss.

“Not today.”

This time, it was Laura who blushed, “Alright then, lets do this. But if you want to get the most out of this, you have to do some work. Work your nipples and clit in tandem, understand?”

“I promise,” Sooraya winked at her friend.

Laura leaned back, and got into position.

And the moment Laura felt Sooraya’s pussy, she bit her lower lip to keep from moaning.

Sooraya’s pussy felt better than silk, and from the warm human contact, the loving touch of her friend, seemed to wash away countless hours of being fucked by greedy men and women, by literal dogs and everything else Arcade had thrown at them.

Laura felt a weight that she never knew she’d been carrying lift off her, as Sooraya rubbed her pussy against Laura’s. The young mutant was shocked at how quickly Dust went to work, one hand on her nipple, the other on her clit, making the love bud work overtime.

Laura started moving in rhythm with her friend, and before she even realized it, Laura had cum.

“Hmmph!” Laura could hear the cameras at work, and did her best to stay stoic. She feared that any sign of attachment would be used against her friend.

Laura rubbed her pussy back and forth against her friend’s, nearly cumming each and every time. The touch, the gentleness, the ease of it all brought Laura to a height of pleasure she rarely felt before.

So much so, that Laura almost didn’t notice as Dust’s movements slowed, before finally coming to a stop.

“Sooraya?” Laura said.

“I’m sorry,” Dust replied, gasping for air, “I’m afraid I haven’t the energy to keep up anymore.”
“I’m amazed you kept pace as long as you did,” Laura lay back on the floor, and sighed, “how do you feel?”

“Sated,” Dust said, “and angry. I appreciate your help, but we still played their game.”

Laura crawled over to Dust, and pulled her into a hug.

“True, but we did it our way,” said Laura, “that should count for something.”
Like anywhere else, there were good days and bad days at Arcade’s.

$$$
Rahne had a good day.

Rahne Sinclair awoke when she felt a cool breeze across her belly.

Rahne awoke slowly, taking stock of her situation. She felt herself resting on a soft mattress, with silk sheets beneath her. Her skin felt smooth and clean, while she could smell a slight touch of strawberry soap in her hair meaning that someone had bathed her in her sleep.

Rahne could remember a time when such a thing would have disgusted her, but that was long in the past. She had come to accept that if the worst thing that happened today was someone washing her naked, unconscious body, she’d be lucky.

And she was never that lucky, not anymore.

The lighting in the room was soft, and she could see a bathroom and shower in the corner.

Rahne felt an odd form of relief. If Arcade had some twisted torture in mind, he would have been here when she awoke. He loved to torment them, and Rahne would be surprised if he’d missed a single opportunity her entire time here.

But that was a small grace compared to what Rahne knew was to be coming. Just because he didn’t have some special, personal torture in mind, didn’t mean that Arcade had no torture planned.

“So you’re a superhero, huh?” he said.

Rahne remained silent as the man entered. He was little over five foot, not exactly fat but definitely overweight.

He looked at her with undisguised lust, and Rahne felt a small bit of relief when she realized she didn’t recognize him. She hated all her ‘clients’, but the repeat ones she found especially upsetting.

He undressed quickly, and approached Rahne with a cock at half attention.

He nodded, smiled, and Rahne knew what she had to do.

The young Scotswoman slid off the bed and knelt in front of him. She took the cock into her mouth, tickling his balls with her fingers while running her tongue underneath the bottom. Rahne was ashamed to admit it, but in her time as Arcade’s captive, she had developed some excellent carnal skills.

In no time at all, the man was full erect, and ready for the main event.

Rahne stood up, and walked backwards towards the bed as the man eyed her naked body.

Rahne felt herself hit the edge, and leaned back slowly as the man leaned in, his cock aimed at her pussy.

Rahne didn’t gasp as she felt him press against the dry folds of her pussy. She’d been fucked dry so
many times, it meant no more to her than a paper cut.

The walls of her pussy were pushed apart as her John grabbed her right breast, and leaned down, flicking her nipple with his tongue.

Rahne didn’t fight it as her nipples responded to the attention, as her pussy grew damp as he began to fuck her.

“Hell yeah,” sighed the Man, as he began to pick up his pace.

Rahne considered herself lucky that the man wasn’t much of a talker.

It was like that with some men. They just wanted the novelty of fucking a heroine. The who, what and why didn’t much matter to them. If the pussy was famous, Tigra would say, some men would pay anything to stick their cock in it.

Rahne squeezed his cock a little. She was trying to walk the line between passive and a dead fish, silently defiant yet not boring.

In her experience, men preferred the first, or would tolerate it. The second, brought out a righteous anger, that often turned painful for Rahne and her fellow captives.

The young mutant was actually shocked that the man hadn’t leaned in for a kiss yet, but instead grabbed her hips, further sinking his cock into her cunt.

Though the man was hardly small, he was not the biggest, or longest man Rahne had fucked this week, let alone her entire time here. Though the feeling of him deeper inside of her brought no pleasure, it wasn’t nearly as uncomfortable as it could have been.

Rahne took one look at the man, and realized that if she’d gone to sleep right then and there, he never would have noticed.

Tigra called it the ‘magic pussy effect’. Men (and women, truthfully) so enraptured by the idea of fucking a heroine that they actually forgot who they were fucking.

He fucked her with long hard strokes, but Rahne could feel his pace quicken, followed by his seed spilling inside of her. He collapsed atop of her, savoring the bliss that Rahne’s pussy had brought him.

Rahne looked aside, as she felt his cock soften. She was in no rush to hurry him on his way, but a part of her was too proud, too angry, to engage in anything resembling pillow talk.

“God damn,” the man said, “never had a fuck that good. Thanks, Red.”

The man crawled off of Rahne, dressed, and simply left. No taunts, no biting comments, nothing like that.

As customers went, Rahne reflected, he was almost the perfect client.

The next man was overweight somewhat, and his face looked as if it had lost a few boxing matches.

“On your stomach,” the man ordered.

Rahne obeyed without question. She expected to be met with a taunt about doing it ‘doggy style’, a few insults with ‘bitch’ creatively thrown in.
But instead, she felt the man climb atop the bed, place his cock at her clenched ass, and then lunged forward.

“Ugh!” Rahne grunted. The man was overweight, but he didn’t lack for energy at the moment.

He placed his hands on her hips, and with his second thrust, his cock was completely inside her clenched ass.

“Perfect,” he muttered under his breath.

Rahne was on her hands and knees as the man fucked her, her breasts swinging back and forth. Like the first man, there were no insults, no demeaning comments. Just fucking.

And while her ass ached from the man’s size and vigor, Rahne knew that she could handle it. All things considered, this was light work.

He fucked her for a good ten minutes, strong steady strokes, his flesh slapping against her ass, before she felt him ready to explode.

Rahne expected the man to pull out and shoot his cum all over her backside. But instead, he spilled his hot seed inside her ass, and just left.

“What the hell is going on?” Rahne muttered softly.

Arcade’s twisted imagination rarely came up short, in Rahne’s opinion. His abuse often stretched the limits of her will, to the point that Rahne never realized how many times she could utterly break, again and again.

But today was hardly that.

And because today was so easy going, Rahne tensed as her next client stepped into the room.

“Hey, bitch,” he said, as he began undressing, “wanna fuck in the shower?”

Two minutes later, Rahne was in pure heaven.

The shower stall held a small seat for her John to sit down on. She impaled her ass on his eager cock, and turned the shower on full blast.

His hands were on his hips, and as her ass worked his cock, Rahne’s hands were on her nipple and clit, working them both. Steaming hot water blasted across her chest, and the scalding hot water only seemed to make her clit that more receptive.

Rahne had to bite her lip, as she came twice in almost as many minutes.

How long this man lasted, Rahne had no idea. But when she finally felt him go soft, she willed herself to her feet, turned around, straddling him. Pressed her breasts against his chest, Rahne leaned in close and whispered.

“Want a round two?”

After him, Rahne allowed herself to lower her guard, and at the end of the day, was stunned when nothing too sadistic happened.

Yes, she fucked twenty two men. Her pussy and ass were sore, but nothing her healing factor
couldn’t handle in a few hours. Rahne didn’t know it, but all the men she fucked were members of the Secret Empire, an organization Rahne had never heard of, let alone fought. Fucking her and several others was little more than a corporate vacation to them.

All Rahne knew, all she needed to know, was that there were no repeat customers to remind her of how long Arcade held her captive. No bigots who loathed her kind, or smart asses who saw her lupine form as making her less than human.

Just fucking. Rahne hated to admit it, but that barely seemed like work these days.

$$$  

The Avenger Firebird Bonita Juarez, had a good day.

Bonita and her fellow Avenger Silverclaw, Maria de Guadalupe Santiago, were entertaining one of Bonita’s repeat customers, a man she knew only as Rafe.

“Why don’t you ladies have some fun first?” Rafe ‘suggested’.

“Of course, lover,” Firebird gave Rafe a convincing smile, before she turned to Maria, and gave her a quick kiss.

‘Follow my lead, sleepy’, Firebird mouthed.

Maria nodded, and then Firebird leaned in for a French kiss, her mouth exploring Maria’s.

The two Avengers fell backwards onto the bed, and Firebird slid her leg underneath Maria’s.

“I think the both of us should be ready for our friend,” Firebird said as she slid up onto the bed, pressing her pussy up against Maria’s. Firebird then leaned back and winked at Rafe, “don’t you think?”

“Very much so,” Firebird could see that Rafe’s cock was as hard as a rock, almost begging for release.

Bonita slid her pussy against Maria’s, and the two Avengers worked in rhythm, sliding their slick pussies back and forth.

Maria didn’t deny it felt incredible, but most of the pleasure drained away, knowing that this was forced, knowing that Rafe was watching for his sick amusement and finally, the fact that Maria wasn’t gay. She had probably fucked more women in the last two weeks than the average lesbian fucked in their entire life, but that wasn’t enough to make her love pussy.

“Oh God, oh God!” Bonita panted.

But Maria was beginning to wonder if it was enough to turn Firebird.

“Yes, yes!” Bonita screamed, with such passion that Maria wondered what was wrong with her friend.

“A good soft start,” Bonita lay on her back, panting, “but I think I need something harder, don’t you?”

Rafe struggled with his pants, while Bonita turned around on the bed. He stalked towards her, and Bonita started crawling backwards, giggling as she went.
“Come and get it,” Bonita winked.

Rafe, nearly driven mad with lust, leapt onto the bed, and before Bonita knew it, had seized her wrists, and forced her onto her back.

“I have you now, my pretty,” Rafe winked.

Bonita wrapped her legs around his waist, and rested her heels on the cheeks of Rafe’s ass. She licked her lips while meeting Rafe’s lust filled eyes.

“Then show me what you got.”

Rafe plunged into Firebird with such force that the Avenger was left breathless.

“So…perfect,” Bonita said, as soon as she could breathe again.

Rafe smiled, and fucked Bonita with all his strength. Her pussy was the greatest thing Rafe had ever felt, and he simply couldn’t get enough.

Off to the side, forgotten by the lustful criminal, Maria was laying on her side, as silent as a church mouse. She could feel how the entire bed shook with each thrust. She’d been fucked hard before, and knew that the pounding Bonita’s pussy was taking.

“Deeper, God, deeper!” Bonita demanded. She grabbed the back of Rafe’s head, and forced it onto her breast, “suck my breasts, damn you! Yes!”

Bonita quickly wiped the tears from her eyes as Rafe began teasing her nipple. The small pleasure that brought her wasn’t nearly enough to cancel out the pain in her cunt. In Rafe’s twisted mind, perhaps he did genuinely care for her, but he fucked her hard and fast like a whore.

“Show me the man I know you are!” Bonita began bucking towards Rafe, taking him in even deeper.

Rafe was enraptured, so deep inside the heroine he’d loved and lusted after so much time. He’d asked Arcade for Silverclaw intending a three-some, but those thoughts had been banished from his mind now.

Firebird lost track of how long she fucked Rafe. All she knew was that she had no customers before him, and none after him, because Arcade sending her directly to her cell.

And in that time, Silverclaw remained untouched. Firebird had acted and behaved as an utter whore, but her fellow Avenger didn’t suffer because of her.

That made it a good day.

$$$  

Amara Aquila, Magma, had a good day.

It had begun with Arcade’s men dragging her into the center of a large room with five beds in each corner.

“Okay, lets get this show on the road before those Friends of Humanity pricks show up,” Ken Ellis slapped a glowing blue band around Amara’s wrist. He repeated the process on her other wrist, higher up on her elbows and then on her ankles.
“What’s wrong with them?” Franklin Day demanded.

Amara said nothing. She had no desire to engage with these idiots, but their prattle was getting on her nerves.

“They act like fucking only the mutants makes them better than us,” Ken said, “racist bastards.”

“You’re both scum,” Amara snapped, despite herself, “I’d burn them first, but I’d relish burning you bastards more.”

“How?” Ken said, “that’s what I’m saying.”

“Whatever,” Franklin said. He tapped a few commands into his consul, “let's test these bands. I’m about to go off shift, and Firebird’s on guard duty. No way am I missing that.”

Amara felt herself floating several inches into the air, her toes wiggling, reaching for the floor.

“Step one looks good,” Franklin said. He typed several commands into the consul, “let's try step two.”

Amara felt her arms being pulled up and out, and her ankles being dragged open, until she was hanging in midair, spread eagle.

“Step two looks better,” Ken observed.

“Anti-gravity bracelets seem to be working smooth,” said Franklin, “as much as we paid for them, they oughta.”

“I’d burn you to you death, inch by inch,” Amara hissed.

Franklin rolled his eyes, “Let's try a few other positions.”

Amara ground her teeth as her arms were forced behind her back, thrusting her breasts outwards.

“Good, good,” Franklin said, “the presets are loaded, I think we can proceed. Let's go get the other attractions, and clock out. I’m already blue balling, thinking about Firebird.”

Amara wasn’t too terribly surprised when the ‘other attractions’ turned out to be the students Arcade had kidnapped from Xavier’s. Wallflower, Wind Dancer, Surge, Pixie and Dust, mutants who’d come to Xavier’s to learn to control their powers, and now were raped daily. Though no one dared say it aloud, Amara knew that the young students were taken as extra insurance to keep her and her friends in line.

Amara knew in her heart she might be willing to leave the students if it meant escaping and returning with reinforcements. But she also knew that her friends never could. They lacked the pragmatic sense that her father had instilled in her.

Still, it all seemed to be a moot point. Espionage wasn’t Amara’s strength. When and if they escaped this hell, Amara knew that she would be indebted to the people responsible for the rest of her life.

The young students were all placed in a separate room, and then the guards simply left. Why would they do otherwise? If the fail safes ever malfunctioned, Amara knew that the bastards would never stand a chance, and God knew that they would need a running start if they failed.

“Professor?” Amara turned towards Laurie Collins. Codename Wallflower, it was an apt name. She was easily the most timid of all the students, “What’s going to happen?”
Amara knew that the young woman knew as well as any of them what was going to happen next. That she was looking to the older woman for comfort, for hope.

“They intend to rape us,” Amara said. She had no time for pleasantries, “I imagine that they’ll be at it all day.”

Amara saw Laurie gasp and then break out into tears.

“Jesus teach, try an inspirational lie next time,” said Surge, “you’re just the appetizer, we’re the God damn main course.”

“Face the truth head on,” Amara said, “you will come out stronger for it.”

“Right, stronger,” Surge muttered, as members of the Friends of Humanity began to spill into the room, “gonna be Hulking out in a moment.”

Amara watched helplessly as her students were divided up amongst the bastards.

Within seconds, Pixie had two men inside her. One in her ass, another ramming her pussy. The man underneath her, crushing her breasts between his fingers.

Sofia was accosted by a woman wearing a double strap on, and soon, both her holes were stuffed with dildos two sizes too big for her.

Surge and Dust were taken doggy style, a man in their ass, and a cock in their mouth. Dust’s whimpering could barely be heard given the size of the cock in her mouth.

Wallflower was on her back, on the edge of the bed. One man was between her legs, while on the other end, a man shoved his cock down her throat, while he molested her breasts. Already Amara could see the purple bruises on the young mutant’s breasts.

To her shock and surprise, though, Amara found that the mob of bigots was actually ignoring her. They gathered in a crowd, a wall of rapists, watching and waiting their turn.

“Can’t believe the quality.”

“Nice and young too, just this side of legal!”

“Best mutie pussy ever!”

“I love how they cry, none of that fake courage crap the others give ya.”

“Yeah, the looks they give ya…”

And on it went.

Amara grew angry. Some men had cast a glance or two at her, but none touched her. And yet, she didn’t feel the least bit of gratitude.

It was because the monsters that surrounded her, were complete and utter cowards. They were little more than full grown children, pulling the wings off of flies, and imagining themselves brave for doing so.

Almost immediately, Amara knew the truth of them. With their hundred dollar haircuts, manicured nails, they were clearly the elite children of the Friends of Humanity, pampered children of wealth.
Amara herself was the daughter of a senator in her homeland, and she recognized her own.

“Al these spoiled little boys and girls,” Amara sneered, “all pretending to be brave, so you terrorize children.”

“Excuse me?” said Max Hill, son of the FOH’s chief accountant. He looked down at Amara with a smirk, “You say something, cunt?”

“You heard me, boy,” Amara said, not even turning her head to face him, “you’re all so small, even now. I can smell it on you.”

The slap struck Amara so hard that she spun several inches.

A yellow light covered the room, and Amara gave her assailant a smug look.

“Arcade frowns on physical violence,” Amara smirked, though there were days when she would have preferred it over his sexual torture, “hit me again, and see what will happen.”

Max’s hand trembled, but he restrained himself.

“You want to deal with me, you have to use that twig between your legs,” Amara said with a confident smirk, “think it’s big enough?”

“Hey, don’t let this bitch talk to you like this!” said Tony Hogan, “show her who’s boss!”

Amara began humming a tune from her childhood as the young man placed himself between her spread legs, and placed his cock against her clenched ass.

“She’s about to learn,” Max smirked to his fellow Friends of Humanity. He slammed his cock completely into Amara’s asshole with a dramatic thrust.

Amara just kept humming.

“Yeah, take it bitch, take it!” Max smashed his cock inside of Amara, slapping her ass with each odd thrust.

Amara just hummed.

“You’re brave, ugh! But we’ve all seen you bitches break,” Max said, fucking her ass.

Amara simply kept humming, and as she felt him about to thrust into her once more, clenched her ass with perfect timing.

“Ugh! Gawwd!” Max wasn’t prepared for Amara’s ass becoming perfectly tight, and he came inside of her before he even realized what he was doing.

“ Hmm, truly impressive,” Amara smirked, before she continued humming.

“It’s okay,” Pete Jordon gently moved Max aside, “not just anyone can put a mutant in their place.”

“Oh, and you can?”

Jordon held up a drill with a studded dildo at the end of it. He pulled the trigger twice, smirking.

“With the right tool, yeah.”
Amara grunted as Pete jammed the dildo inside of her, and pulled the trigger.

“Ugh!” Amara couldn’t help but grunt as the dildo spun wildly inside of her, while Pete jammed it inside of her like a spear.

“Yes, whore, yeah!” Pete smirked, “how do you like that?”

Amara just hummed in response.

“Brave, for now,” Pete said. He worked the dildo back and forth. Everyone could see the pain on Amara’s face, but through it all, she just kept humming.

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Pixie struggled to breathe, with a supposed married couple spit roasting her. She had an overweight woman wearing a thick strap-on pounding her cunt, while her fiancé had Pixie on her back, deep-throating his cock.

For Megan, it was a special hell, because she could already tell this man wasn’t about to cum for a long, long time.

“Hey, what’s going on over there?” said Amber

Her fiancé Robert, took his cock out of Megan’s throat, and turned around. The young mutant gasped, then lay perfectly still. She was still prey in the hand of predators, and wanted as little attention as possible.

“Hey, Bobby!” Roger, the man who inducted Robert into the Friends of Humanity, shouted, “You got to get over here! This cunt is trying to act tough.”

“I’m in the middle of something here,” Robert motioned towards Megan. The young mutant held her breath.

“Leave it!” Roger replied, “You gotta see this!”

Robert sighed, and stood up, not even bothering to cum inside of Pixie. For three glorious minutes, the young mutant was left completely alone before someone wandered over to her, and insisted on raping her ass.

Amara never stopped humming, as they gathered around her.

A child of wealth and influence, Amara knew that it was their instinct to climb over one another, to outdo or do what their peers could not. And when they saw her defying them, well, Amara knew that she was little more than blood in the water to these wanna be sharks.

Rapist number five grabbed a bamboo cane, and swung it like a baseball bat into Amara’s well shaped ass. The mutant cried out, and then hummed.

Number Five caned Amara’s ass until it was bright, angry red, but Amara was still humming by the end of it.

“Damn, that’s one tough bitch,” she said finally.

“Just need a man’s touch,” said Rapist Number Six.

“Please,” Amara scoffed, “there are no men here.”
“Oooh, never said that coming,” he laughed.

“I think I may have seen you coming, actually,” Amara met the man’s eyes, “No, my mistake. You simply look familiar. Perhaps your father?”

Amara watched the man flinch, and knew that she’d struck a sore spot. With the privileged, parents were often a sensitive subject. No one knew better than they what money could not buy.

Number Six’s face went flush with anger, and Amara watched as he snapped a rubber glove on.

“You should watch your mouth,” Six said. He punched his hand inside of Amara’s pussy, and began fistng her as if he were in an actual fight for his life.

“Ugh! Arh!” Amara grunted.

“Yeah, bitch, scream,” Six sneered.

“You can make me squeal,” Amara hissed, “but no one here is strong enough to make me scream.”

Amara began humming again.

Surge was being fucked doggy style, watching as Amara was swarmed. She could hear her Professor humming, and saw the smug, defiant look on her face. Surge watched, half in fear, half in awe of such courage.

Nori watched it for a full two minutes, before something occurred to her.

“Hey,” Nori said to the man with his cock in her ass, “you gonna finish, or are you looking to rent a room?”

Like her, the man had stopped to see what was happening.

“Oh, sorry!”

The man resumed fucking Nori’s ass, but it was clumsy, unfocused. He was already looking past her, and at his chance to break Amara.

Later

Cathy Webster watched in awe as Amara walked past her cell. Amara’s cunt and ass were little more than gaping holes, dripping cum with each step. Her breasts had at least a dozen bite marks between them, and her pale white skin was marred, from head to toe, with angry whip marks.

And yet Amara was still smiling.

Magma all but collapsed to the floor, exhausted. She ached in a way she never remembered before, and suspected it would be some time before they took her to see Doc Shoc.

But Amara had no complaints in that regard. She’d fought hard today, and her aches and pains she carried were from a terrible battle that she had fought and won.

Satisfied, Amara allowed herself to rest. She closed her eyes, and began to nod off, when it started.

Someone was humming.

Amara was dumbstruck for a full minute And only then did she realize, that it wasn’t one person
humming, but several.

Realizing that, Amara did something she hadn’t done since Arcade had taken her.

She wept. Despite her best efforts, tears of joy slid down her cheeks, and Amara fell asleep to a song she hadn’t heard since she was a little girl.

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Like anywhere else, there were good days and bad days, as a captive of Arcade’s.

But good days were few and far between, and often, no less painful.

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