

Daphne had just finished taking her clothes on. Ready to greet the new day. Starting the day off with her usual hunger for justice. So she turned to face her door. Intending on leaving until Annie, the busty redhead with freckles across the bridge of her nose and along the full stretch of her cleavage, came into Daphne's room and closed the door behind her.

The bully-buster Daphne loved seeing Annie, since she had a crush on her, but at the same time Daphne couldn't wait going out into the hallways and do some good, so she moved past Annie while saying "Hi, I am sorry, but unless it's important, I really have to-" but Daphne froze metaphorically in place when Annie slapped her hand hard onto the wooden drawer next to her. the sound of the palm was followed by Annie saying "Stay" in a commanding tone.

Daphne turned around to face Annie. Not obediently but confused. But as powerful as Daphne was, she was also a big pushover and a sub, both in social situations and in the bed, so even if she had never done anything dirty with Annie before, there was a unmistakable shock going through Daphnes body when she was ordered to stop walking.

"Is something wrong, Annie? I would totally drop whatever I am doing if you need-" Daphne felt her voice box shrinking until she could not make a single noise, so she effectively got muted by Annies size-changing superpower. Then Annie a rhetorical question in a stern manner "Did I say you could speak?"

Daphne opened her eyes wide in both normal shock but also her deep sexual fixation with being dominated made her feel a kind of rushing kink shock that made her feel like she would shut up even if she had a choice. And of course that just regular pushover gene of hers also got kicked in the balls by the stern tone, so even if there was nothing sexual going on inside of her at all, she would still just be quiet.

Annie didn't need to make hand gestures to use her powers, but she couldn't help herself from making her right hand slowly and intimidatingly clench shut into a fist as she made all of Daphnes clothes shrink against her superman-strong body, until all the seams of her clothes just blew up and gave up once Annies fist was fully closed, making all the clothes, except the panties, explode once it couldn't shrink anymore without breaking.

Daphne made the expression someone would make when shrieking. But not actual sound came out of her mouth as she covered up her breasts with her hands. She technically could move over to her closet and get new clothes on faster than Annie could be able to perceive, but something deep inside of Daphne told her that she had been ordered to stay, so she didn't move. Additionally she was just so flabbergasted that her crush was suddenly just bursting her clothes into ribbons. So it was a bit like when something just so shocking happened, that you forgot all about what was practical and just stood there and stared. But she wasn't so paralyzed by shock that she didn't cover up her boobies which was now suddenly just hanging out in the open.

She tried to say "this is making me feel very embarrassed. What are you doing?!" but nothing came out of her mouth. And that only added to her powerlessness. It somehow amplified her feeling of exposure.

Annie gently and directly patted the drawer she had slammed her palm into earlier, and said nonnegotiablely "Be a good girl and lean over this" Daphne didn't even consciously tell her legs to move, her kink for being praised and her emotional obsession with being praised, just shook hands and made Daphne just waddle a whole step forwards at the implied promise of her being a good-girl if she bend over the drawer. Daphne noticed the step once it was already done and got flustered and red in the face over how much she wanted it. She got so focused on blushing that she stopped walking, so Annie said sterner "Keep walking" there was a implied -or else- which made Daphne look down at her feet, as she couldn't bear the idea of Annie seeing how red her face was right now and only grew redder as she went over to bend over the drawer.

As soon as she was leaned over, she felt the first spank on her ass. But the spank didn't register painfully. Only as a touch. Not because Annie didn't slap hard, but Daphne hadn't been coaxed emotionally and physically into lowering her durability yet, so it didn't matter if it was a hand or a meteor, she wouldn't feel pain from most anything right now, but when the second slap came raining down, she did feel her horniness begin to grind down at her barrier, her skin becoming more sensitive. her desire to be touched, hurt and owned, made her durability slip away from her like a slippery rope that she had harder and harder holding onto.

Annie hadn't touched Daphne in this way before. To her memory the most intimate they had shared was Daphne putting her head on Annie's shoulder, so it was a new experience for the both of them. One for Daphne still full of utter speechlessness and shock. And a experience for Annie of sweet exploration of Daphne's splendid ass. She have had many erotic thoughts about Daphne's ass when she fingered herself to an orgasm at night, and now that Annie saw the panty-clad ass of Daphne and felt how the skin felt against her hand, even for the smallest amount of nanoseconds as the palm hits the butt cheeks, made Annie realize that all her fantasies about Daphne's ass couldn't live up to the unbelievable reality of how fantastic this butt was to the touch and how perfect it looked and was formed. Annie almost wanted to drop her plans of dominating Daphne and just snuggle up against the butt and worship it for ages, because it felt so good. She was pretty sure that if she touched it for a prolonged grope, she would never have the mental strength to willingly let go again.

She landed another slap against the desirable butt, which looked as seductively pleasing as Daphne was strong, it was like the butt of a damn siren. Daphne began wiggling more and more from each spank as she got more metaphorically thin-skinned, and the heat began building as Daphne grew less and less tough, and she actually began feeling the sting of the palm striking her. and the more she wiggled, the more Annie felt her own pussy begin to become damp.

Daphne herself wasn't particular used to pain, she felt in on occasion when lowered her durability, but mostly even small and daily sensations of accidental pain based her by, so the creeping and escalating pain of her ass being spanked rose faster to a boiling point than most other spanking subs could probably endure. She stretched her arms and reached for the other side of the drawer to have something to hold onto as she felt her legs become more wobbly and shaky after each spank. And then it happened. a loud and powerful clap

against her ass, felt exactly as painful on her as it would on anyone else. And that particular spank echoed in her ears

SLAP

Annie could see on the way Daphnes whole body tensed and could hear from the way she quietly pushed out a hushed moan from between her lips, that Daphne was thoroughly ready for the real dominance. So Annie took a hold of Daphnes Captain-Pride merch panties and pulled them over her back, tactically upscaling the panties in size so it was easy for her to deliver an atomic fast without being a complete musclehead, and then once the panties had quickly been shoved over the subs head, Annie shrank the panties, but not just back down to their original size, but further down, making panties shrink to past a point that she would ever have gotten a workable atomic over Daphnes head in the first place with a pair this small. And before the pair could begin to tear, Annie slapped Daphnes ass and pinched her by the ear as she said firmly "Extend your shield to your panties! Now!" Daphne without really thinking about it, just listening to the tone in which it was said, did what was asked of her, and that golden hue of light that normally protected her in addition to her durability when she was in really tough fights, was projected onto the panties instead of summoned on herself, which made the panties virtually unripable. So when Daphnes whole head began tilting uncomfortable and painfully backwards in a almost unnatural and unhealthy angle as the panties hauled over her forehead, pulled at her head as the panties shrank, forcing her neck to stiffen and make her ass be yanked even further up than any normal wedgie would have been able to do, since the panties was physically too small to be stretched that much up due to their new size, and they were also protected from ripping by their new faintly glittering golden hue, so it became a excruciating wedgie for even an experienced dork. Daphne wanted to scream as she felt her ass creak and be sawed by the panties, but she couldn't make a single sound, at least not one loud enough for humans to hear.

Annie now put her hand on Daphnes enticing butt and gave it a fondling feel in her cupped hand. and it was just as she feared, she might let go of it now that she had a tactile taste of it. then she spanked Daphnes flossed ass to the mute girls dismay. The spanking making her bouncy butt wiggle most uncomfortably against the fabric cutting her in two and making her feel her butt in ways that made wish she couldn't. but once she had lowered her durability, she couldn't just on a dime flip it back on. not that she wanted to. Well, she wanted to. But being controlled, owned and dominated by her crush, made her want to go anything. bearable or not.

The domme of the two, put a gagball in the others mouth, it was small at first, and wasn't needed since Daphne couldn't speak anyway, but Annie liked the look of a well-gagged mouth, so once the small gagball was in place, she grew it with her size-changing until a size that made Daphne have no choice but to drool down over it because it took up so much space and again would have been a unsuitable size to have fitted neatly into her mouth if it had been slotted in while at that size in the first place. Annie used her size changing ability

once again, this time enlarging Daphnes clitoris without enlarging the vulva or pussy in general, making her wedgie'd pussy have a much larger erogenous zone and pleasure-sensitive area in comparison to its overall size, making the whole thing into a sweet spot, and caused Daphne to stomp the floor in unrivaled and crazed pleasure when the pressure of the wedgie felt so intense and pinpointed on the extremely pleasurable zone. Daphne couldn't even control much of her superstrength and stomped her right leg right through the floor, which earned her a disciplining whack across her backside by her crush. Daphne made facial expressions of screaming in pleasure and she did indeed squirt out a stream of womanly-pleasure straight into her wedgieing panties. Most of the juices leaking out over the sides of the fabric, while some it was absorbed into fabric grinding her pussy into submission.

Annie thought that Daphne climaxed way too early, but she knew woman could do that many times in the same kink session, so it's not like Annie feared that Daphne was too spent, but Annie still decided to change scale the clit down just a small bit and said "Yeah, I seem to have made your pleasure-zone a little too big and sensitive... let's roll that back a little, shall we? I am not sure if clit enlargement should be a punishment for you moving forward, or a reward for you moving forward, but it should be one of the two for sure!" then she pulled up the post-climax dizzy Daphne up by her long hair and threw the super on her floss and spanked butt onto the floor to moan in pleasure and groan in pain over the same sensations. But Daphne went silent as Annie enlarged certain seams of her own clothes until it uselessly fell off her body like a snake shedding its skin, but underneath she wasn't naked, she wore a full dominatrix outfit, complete full fishnet stockings, black corset, long shiny thigh-high boots that Daphne might have noticed earlier if she had looked at Annie's feet before now. Annie wore a black and tight thong under the fishnet stockings that teased a peek into her pussy but not quite showed it all. Then she enlarged the small miniscule drops of black glossy eyeshadow that was barely noticeable before, until it perfectly covered the whole eyelids. Then she put her foot on Daphne's left boob and applied crushing pressure like she sincerely intended to step up on her like a step on a ladder. And said with an authoritative bend to her voice "I will talk and you will listen. I will humble, sodomize and domesticate you.. You will be bullied until you can't take it and then we are only halfway! You will be my little pet, you will be obedient, spanking-trained, and humiliated! And then, and only then-" Annie took out a small riding-crop she had had between her boobs that she now made from tiny and concealable into a normal sized riding-crop then she put it under Daphne's chin and made sure their eyes meet and said in a voice brimming with a burning ultimatum-vibe as she finished her sentence "Will you be my girlfriend!" Daphne's eyes shot so widely open that her eyes threatened to roll out of her head. she in a utter state of disbelief. She could not believe that Annie liked her too and that she was so aggressively honest, direct and anticlimactic about it, it was so brutal and sudden. Daphne did not even know her voicebox had been made normal again because Annie wanted to hear Daphne's uncut emotional reaction, so the next thing Daphne said, she didn't expect to be heard by anyone and frankly she was in such a state of shock that she didn't notice until her full two words were spoken "GIRLFRIEND?! YEEESSSS!" Daphne shyly put both her hands over her big and shouting mouth. Becoming red with embarrassment from ear to ear.

Annie thought that Daphne's reaction was cute and all Annie wanted to do was to cast herself over Daphne and shower her in kisses and cuddles, but Annie resisted her temptation and instead swung the riding crop across the top of Daphne's left nipple and then while Daphne was flinching from pain, she felt the other nipple be swiped in the same manner, as Annie shouted "What did I say about speaking without permission?!" then she shrunk Daphne's voicebox again so she couldn't apologize even if she wanted to. The gagball in Daphne's mouth might also usually inhibit speech, but Annie was sneaky and fast enough with her size-changing to make the gag smaller when she wanted Daphne to be able to speak. And then the gagball puffed right back up into its jaw crushing size.

The busty redhead took out a small pink dog-collar with the nametag Princess on it, and made it big enough for Daphne to wear. Then she wiggled it in her hand and taunted Daphne with it. Daphne who quickly learned that yes, her eyes could somehow open wider. Annie chuckled and said mockingly "Did you really think I was being metaphorical about the pet part, Princess?" She threw it into Daphne's stomach. Daphne felt her heart rate elevate. Her heart didn't act this much out even the first time she flew into the sun. She looked in stunned silence on the dog-collar, unsure if she could ever degrade herself enough to wear one, but then the magic words flew to her ears as Annie spoke them "Be a good girl... take it on" So Daphne just reached for it and put it on her neck which sealed in the fabric which was draping over her neck to give her head an atomic wedgie. Keeping the panties in place with the help of the collar.

"Voices are for humans. Barking is for dogs. Understood, Princess?" Annie implied she let Daphne speak again, as long as she spoke in dog noises exclusively. And from Daphne's perspective, being subjugated so completely, to even have her vocal humanity taken away from her, turned on her on greatly. Enough to gear her body for a second orgasm. So Daphne responded with an obedient bark. To which she got her verbally-voiced treat from Annie "Good girl" But Annie wasn't just interested in a show of submission, she also wanted Daphne to be in pain... not that the spine-contorting atomic she was in, didn't cause plenty of that. But Annie was sure she could pile on more pain, so she shrunk Daphne down to the size of a finger and then picked up her by the pair of golden-hued protected panties so even when a comparatively giant woman like Annie picked up the tiny Daphne, the panties remained painfully intact as they burnt through the miniscule heroine's ass. Daphne drooled more over her gagball as the immensely unspeakable levels of wedgie pain burst through her ass crack from being lifted up to what from her perspective was a several story buildings height in no time at all, when the giantess lifted her up rapidly to get her in eyeheight. So when Daphne was actually in eyeheight, her eyes looked permanently fixed into a crosseyed position from the rapid ascent in her already cruel atomic in way too small panties.

Annie saw the pain painted all over Daphne's face, but she also saw that between the flossed panties from the front, Daphne was dripping like a leaking faucet, so Annie knew that Daphne was enjoying this. Which normally wasn't how Annie preferred her bullying to be, but for her soon-to-be-girlfriend, Annie could make an exception. As long as it meant she still got to yank panties. So she with a bouncing wrist, began giving Daphne wedgies. Unafraid of the panties ripping, she went crazy like she tried to break them. After some mean spirited but hot bouncing wedgies, Annie placed Daphne down gently on the ground and then hovered her

big dominatrix boot above Daphnes tiny body. She was a little afraid of squishing Daphne like a grape, so she didn't stomp down as hard as she could, but began to gradually applying pressure while taking the front of the atomic wedgie off Daphnes head, but not to stop the wedgie, only to make it worse. Annie pulled the tiny waistband towards herself while the sexy boot prevented Daphne from being pulled along with her panties, creating a unrealistically large gag between Daphne and her waistband that no panties could survive if they weren't protected by a superpower. It looked like Annie was stretching out gum as far as she could, in the way the panties got stretched so playfully and yet so long and completely. Daphne wanted to scream a safeword as her pain limit was reached but she couldn't make a single sound, but somehow that inability to signal her sincere need for a break, caused her pussy to just spill out a full climax, making some of the underside of Annies boot wet as Daphne climaxed against it and began to hump it as best she could while her ass was being absolutely torn.

And when Daphne was finished cumming, she wasn't even sure what she wanted anymore. she just wanted Annie and anything Annie wanted to do. Annie however chuckled as she saw how long she could pull the tinys panties, normally when she shrunk and bullied people with wedgies, the show ended way earlier, so this was as fun as it was kinky to her. She ran a finger from her free hand across the molested fabric and say as she yanked further, while keeping her foot down so Daphne wouldn't be slingshoted into the ceiling like a launched bug with a elastic band around it. "I don't think your pussy will ever be able to bear children again Princess. This wedgie I am pretty sure is a do-it-at-home spaying based on how deep it must go! But if you are going to be my girlfriend, then I guess you don't need to birth children since we both have pussies anyway, so don't cry over spilled milk! You wouldn't be pregnant anyway! And definitely won't be now" Annie decreased the intenseness of the wedgie so she could remove her foot and hoisted Daphne up by her panties again, this time up to Annies lips, so she could place a kiss on the tiny Daphnes entire head, suction cupping Daphne against the big and thick lips for a big, affectionate and wet kiss. The two girls, one huger than the other, looked at each other for a silent moment. Daphens pussy might be spilling juices like it was signaling that it wanted more, but Daphnes mind wondered more into the realm of romance as she looked at Annies massive and beautiful eyes. And the emotions was reflected right back at her from Annies soul that likewise stared infatuated at her in blissful silence.

Eventually Annie put Daphne sitting on the bed, undid the wedgie and made her big again. and said in a much softer tone than she had dominated with, like Annie spoke from the heart. Unscripted and with meaning. "I love you, Daphne" Daphne was unsure if she would be punished for speaking like a human, but then she would have to be punished, because when her gagball shrunk so she could say something again, daphne responded back in the classic, but pure and wholesome way that made Annies heart flap in her chest like it had wings. "I love you too, Annie" both girls had a impromptu blushing competition. The shyness reaching levels that made it impossible to ever think they had just kinked together a moment ago if it hadn't been witnessed. Both girls just looked like they had swallowed their tongues and blinked at each other, their gazes becoming more sugary and filled with sweet love with each blink.

However it wasn't long... well, at least not forever... until Annie moved again rather than fixedly staring. She sat down on the resized Daphnes lap. And gave her neck a small kiss before leaning her head against her. the kink clearly taking a break but both women still felt stirring in their crotches, so the kink was probably going to come back on. Annie admitted to a change of plans "I was going to have you sleep as a tiny between my butt cheeks the whole night... And I still will when night rolls around. But maybe we should do an early midday nap in each other's arms? Cuddling? Just so we know how that feels like before your permanent sleeping quarters becomes my butt" Daphne sighed happily, content with where her life was at and where it was heading, before using her super strength to lift Annie up from her lap and place them both in a cuddle position, with Daphne at the bottom, having her arms around Annie. And Annie beginning to nestle her head against Daphnes boobs.

Annie had planned much more kinky fun and dominance for Daphne. But right now she would never forgive herself if she didn't give in to her feelings and felt Daphnes body against her in the most pleasant of ways. An intimate. Warm. Wholesome. And soul fulfilling cuddling. Daphne ran a hand through Annie's hair and said "I cant help but feel guilty for enjoying myself when someone out there might be in need of me" Annie flicked Daphne's nipple with her fingers in response and said "bad girl. Stay" Annie began to spin Daphnes nipple sensitively and erotically between two pinching fingers, making Daphne moan out in a quiet manner that grew louder as Annie continued. Then Annie continued speaking "The world doesn't own you... I do... I own you... I will let you bully-bust again. but today is all about us. So don't you dare leave this bed unless it is to lick my pusSSY" Annie got jumpscared by the sensation of a wet tongue running up against her naked pussy, which was freaky since Annie had a thong and fishnets in the way, so it completely took her by surprise to feel a racing tongue running across her vulva and titillating her clit with the tip of the tongue.

Annie always got surprised about Daphnes superspeed, but she had to ask "Did you just, sneak out from under me, undress me, lick me in one sloppy line, tickling my clit with the tip and then dressed me again, and went back in a cuddling position without me even visually noticing a blur?" Daphne for the first time in all of the time Annie had known her, got a trickster-esque misbehaving smile, like someone taking joy in being bad or silly. And then Daphne nodded and said "Yes" and most impressively for Daphne, the yes wasn't followed by the word sorry. So, Annie kissed her pillow, AKA Daphne's boob in admiration of her emerging mischievousness. But she was still going to punish Daphne for it later. Eventually Daphne fell asleep and as she did, a sinister and improvised scheme hatched in Annies prank-playful head.

Once Daphne woke up, she was lying on the floor of some big unknown janitor closet. Fully nude as the day she was born. She squeaked and put her hand between her legs to cover up her vulva while she frantically looking around for if anyone else was in here, which there luckily wasn't. not even a small and giggling Annie hiding behind a bucket. She found it hard to believe that Annie would put her in this embarrassing situation and then leave rather than watch the show, so Daphne tried activated her x-ray vision to find out wherever Annie was

hiding, but her vision didn't change. Which made Daphne very concerned. "My powers doesn't work?" she muttered to herself but leaped behind a bucket herself to hide when she heard the doorknob rumble around. She knew on some level that there was no way her ass wasn't too fat to be able to hide behind a bucket, but it was her best idea in a hurry, she wasn't used to instant problem solving, she usually was able to use her superspeed to give her all the time to think things through that she needed, so having to scramble with your naked ass and boobs behind a bucket in a split-second decision was new to her.

And of course the janitor coming into the closet saw her immediately. He didn't wear the schools janitor uniform so that only raised more questions about where she was. But something else that was raised was his eyebrows as he saw a squatting college-aged girl hiding behind a bucket, hiding her face behind the bucket like an ostrich thinking it would help it not be seen if it couldn't see the threat neither. Daphne was just kind of praying while staring straight into the bucket that she hadn't been seen and even when she heard the footsteps approach her, she held onto hope that maybe the janitor was just going to reach for something on a shelf above her, but all her hopes got shattered and the parts of her body she really didn't want exposed, got exposed, when the janitor put the bucket to the side, so she just held onto her melons with a hand each and let him see her kitty if he wanted to as she sprinted past him while she shouted "I am sorry for the indecent exposure!" Daphne came out into a hallway. It looked like some fancy corporate building with big glass windows serving as the wall to one side, facing the city and busy city streets a few floors down, which really didn't help with her feeling of being naked in public, staring at the life of the city going. But she didn't have the time to cringe over being naked in front of anyone tilting their head up while looking at the building she was in. Because she heard a brutally serious voice, almost comically so. it was deep, booming and sounded like it came from a person who hadn't told a joke in their old life, even if what they actually said right now, would get anyone with even the least bit of humor in their body to chuckle over the absurdity of what they were saying, but the voice didn't crack with even the slimmest tinge of joy or amusement as the words were spoken "Naked female!" she turned to face the voice. It came from a person with a masculine figure wearing big hulking black armor. The person looked much bigger than a normal person could ever naturally be, which didn't make them any less intimidating. Even if wearing armor at all in the modern day was of course an instant cringe factor. But the cringe factor kind of disappeared once the hulking set of armor tightened its metallic glove into a fist and began a light jog that quickly picked up speed and transitioned into looking like a metaphorical steam train coming straight at her. making Daphne turn pale as she began running the other way and shouted "I don't know where I am! I'm sorry!" but luckily she had a good bit of distance between the two of them before the chase began, because her pursuer was faster and each stompy and clanky step only got them closer. "Being seized is mandatory, naked female" she heard from behind her as she closed her eyes as she ran past doors and hallways that occasionally had people coming out to see what the fuzz was about. She didn't know what was worse, if people laughed at her body or if they sexualized it as she sprinted past them. But it was terrible that all these curious strangers entered her view and viewed her naked form right back. she ran to an elevator and clicked a button as fast as she could to call it to her. but when the doors parted, she saw a woman she had seen before, just not in real life. She had a skintight green outfit that framed and pronounced her sexual curves. Daphne didn't even get to say a word before the raven-haired beauty in front of her, summoned a pair of rainbow colored panties around Daphnes waist ready to give her

a wedgie, which happened all on its own as the panties telekinetically went up her rear and when she opened her mouth to screech, a big pile of panties with all sorts of motifs and prints, but mostly the nerdiest kinds, were summoned straight in her mouth and blocking her mouth from making words, and then a green thong got conjured right below her chin and wrapped around the front of her head and tightened up to close her jaw, forcing it shut as it was pulled up, preventing her from spitting the panties in her mouth out. and when Daphne even looked like she tried to open her mouth anyway, the woman in front of her with the skintight suit just rolled her eyes and added two extra thongs tied from under her chin and up to the top of her head to send a message. A message the woman then vocalized more clearly "Stop trying, cutie-intruder, I can summon as many thongs as I need to shut your piehole up"

The armor wearing hulk slowed down the run and grabbed Daphne by roots of her hair, lifting her up. the booming voice coming through the black knight helmet "Criminal intrusion is punishable conduct" Daphne really wished she knew what was going on. but based on the womans small sensual bite of her own lowerlip as the dark knight said the word punishable, made Daphne know that whatever was going to happen next wasn't going to be pleasant. And she was correct.

She was soon strapped to a table in some interrogation style room, her hands bound with leather restrains around her wrists and her legs split so her ankles could be handcuffed to the tables legs. She felt her ass be spanked so hard that the skin and fat wrapped around the paddle for a short second as her butt was paddled and she cried in such a short and sudden burst that two tears just flew off her face as she screamed into the gag of panties. Which wasn't really a rolled up ball of panties, just too big of a disorganized pile of panties to scream through. Many of them were loose, but that didn't matter since there was so many of them.

Daphne got a second extremely hard spank by the paddle, so much so that she shook her ass in a twerking motion out of pain once the paddle had left her ass, like she was trying to shake off the pain. The booming voice of the knight wielding the paddle said authoritatively "Disciplinary measures will continue until defiance ceases!" after which another hard slap landed on the her ass, making her feel her ass be bruised in real time. The woman in the green skintight outfit was giving herself a manicure as she watched from a chair with crossed legs, but she did participate enough to say, although in a disinterested tone like a teenager on their phone pretending to pay attention "Just tell us how you snuck past security"

The knight happily hammered another punishing blow against Daphes ass until it bounced so much that it looked like the cheeks would jump so wildly around that they would split off and separate from her body based on how much they leaped around from the smack of the paddle. But then the black knight turned their head towards the sexily clad woman and said still sternly but with a hint of proposition in the voice "This female does not possess any means of communicating a response. So for efficiency of the coercion, I suggest removal of her gag" but the woman was too busy with her nails to care, so she just said dismissively "Just keep spanking her, I will tell you when to stop" the black knight turned towards the shivering Daphne and raised the thick wooden paddle back up over the head and had it rain down in a thundering pommeling of her ass that made her wonder if she needed ass surgery

when this was over, because it stung so much that something brutally wrong had to be wrong with it by now.

The woman in the green outfit snapped her fingers for attention and said, mostly just because she wanted a different kind of meaty banging noise from the paddle hitting something else, as the background noise of her finishing her nail work “Paddle her boobs instead. But don’t be any less brutal. Boobs can handle as much pain as the ass” she knew that wasn’t true. The knight began manhandling Daphne to be chained on her back, with her legs and arms wrapped around the table’s legs and locked in place with handcuffs as she was forced to expose her boobs to the ceiling and soon the paddle. However the knight did squeeze out one exclamation to the woman as they rearranged Daphne’s position “Your knowledge of female anatomy is deficient. Female secondary sex characteristics are much more sensitive to pain. Your intellectual inadequacy in this area is disturbingly apparent” the knight didn’t sound to intend be mocking her, rather just speaking matter-of-factly.

Daphne didn’t listen in on the conversation her ass felt like one consolidated pulsating vein in how the pain felt like a beating sensation as the center of the paddle’s spots sent waves of pain across her whole ass like it was beaten all over rather than just in single spots. So she was too distracted by that to focus on what the others were chatting about, but she was forced to focus on something else when the paddle came down like a thunderstrike over both her boobs at the exact same time, her spongy titties enwrapping the sides of the paddle as it dug into a deep dent into her boobs that the paddle created itself, a small temporary paddle-shaped crater in her boobs that lasted until the paddle redrew, but until then her aching boobs hugged around the paddle as the flesh needed somewhere else to be as it was pushed out of position-

Daphne again howled in pain uselessly into her gag of panties. She had been hurt before, but it was always when she lowered her own durability, when she felt comfortable with the person even if she knew on some level that she probably would regret the pain coming subbing eventually, but still the initial choice was always hers, but right now without any of her powers, this raw and unmitigated pain was just something she was volunteered for, not something she herself wanted. So there was no kinky undertones, no foreplay start that coaxed her into wanting the rest of the dominance or subbing experience. It was just brutal boob torture until she gave up information she was physically prevented by the gag from giving up.

The woman in the skintight suit blew softly on her nails to dry the nail polish a bit faster, and then she said indifferently “You better tell us how you got past security” as soon as she was finished speaking, Daphne got another hard wallop against her boobs, this time only her right one, but then before her eyes had even popped back into a resting state from reacting to the overwhelming pain, she felt her left boob be given the same sniper precision treatment, the paddle landing with cruel efficiency and targeted terrorism against her nipple.

Daphne shook in her restraints, she knew she didn’t have super-strength right now so she couldn’t possibly break free, but she needed to try. But all trying did was make the paddle come down hard again, this time harder than the first two times, it felt like the paddle went so deep into her bouncy boobs that it felt like her titties was nothing but uncooked dough that could take on impossibly broken shapes without breaking, but as soon as the paddle

withdrew, her boob looked perfectly fine even if it for a second felt like it had punctured like an inflated balloon that burst.

The paddle was raised again but the black knight seemed to hesitate and turn to nonchalant woman still beautifying herself while Daphne's pain was nothing but a nice TV for her. then from beneath the blackened steel helm, the voice of the knight could be heard again "Company policy explicitly states that internal security operations have to prioritize effectiveness... the gag is impeding that prime directive"

The woman rolled her eyes and finally stood up, she was done being repeatedly lectured to by this metal golem even if she knew it was correct. So she spawned a pair of panties on Daphne to give her some wedgies, and then she said to her colleague "I am literally your superior, so stop questioning me. But fine, since you decided to grow a heart, sit your sissy ass down and watch mommy work" upon the conclusion of her sentence, the panties with Naruto prints she had summoned on Daphne's body, went up at atomic-creating speeds, from all directions at once, like a sea of bullies stood all around Daphne and pulled up at the orange panties at once. The sides, the back, the front, it was all telekinetically pulled at for a heartless wedgie that made the very center between Daphne's legs feel like a scorching hellhole as the fabric fought to be yanked in opposite directions, tugging at her skin and genitals and ass in conflicting and overlapping ways, as the panties did so.

"Prepare to live in a wedgie cocoon... forever!" – Lydia

Before Lydia could finish the all-around atomic, the door to the interrogation room opened. And a man walked in who oozed hero with every fiber of his masculine physique and charming smile. his shoulders were broad, his eyes gentle and his face looking like he was born to be in front of cameras. And he wore a superhero suit that he iconically wore on every cereal box he was on. He unattached his long white cape and threw it over Daphne's naked body in one snappy movement and said to diplomatically to Lydia with a veiled threat hidden deep within the honeyed sweetness of his kind voice "Lydia, that isn't how we treat guests is it?" Lydia unmade the panties, both the ones in Daphne's mouth and around her waist. Daphne recognized the cape covering her for modesty, it was Captain Prides cape the TV celebrity who did heroics on TV and sold a variety of merchandise. It was her biggest idol and had been ever since her time in juvie when she was mandatorily forced every Tuesday to sit through watching his inspiring videos for troubled youth. The spanking and wedgie she had just gotten was terrible but meeting him at the end of it all made it all worth it, it was like meeting your favorite actor from TV. if that actor was also a moral idol for you.

Daphne sat up, clutching the cape around her both to cover her boobs but also like the cape was a holy relic. She couldn't believe her eyes. Captain Pride. Saving her. this was a dream coming true. "CAPTAIN PRIDE?!" her voice was full of fangirlism and while she felt embarrassed for her overenthusiastic exclamation, since she betted that Captain Pride met overzealous fans all the time, so she felt cringe imagining herself being one of the most annoying kinds of fans, but Captain Pride just flashed her a smile like he was the one

flattered for meeting her. he could in a single smile make her feel like she was the center of all the universe and that she had said nothing wrong at all, if anything he signaled that she was charming, interesting and fantastic.

Captain Pride reached into his pocket and took out a small Annie who seemed overly grumpy as she sat in his palm. But when Annie saw Daphne, Annie became more animated and went over to the edge of the hand to shout to Daphne "DAPHNE! Are you okay? I can't use my powers! I can't make myself big again!" whether it was because Captain Pride loved the sound of his own voice or because he wanted to console Annie was hard to say, but he did step into the conversation "You will both regain your powers once you leave the building. Louise from IT just has the passive superpower of negating any nearby superpowers from people she doesn't know. She didn't consciously take away your powers, it's an automatic effect, she would never knowingly disrespect your bodily autonomy and right to your powers. and I am sorry for any inconvenience"

Daphne was quick to apologize right back "And I am sorry we broke in! I would never normally break in anywhere, you have to believe me. I am not a corporate spy, I just-" Captain Pride gestured with his free hand that Daphne did not need to do all that spiraling explanation, so she went quiet so he could talk again "It is quite alright! I have been young too. I am just sorry the security was so overzealous. You should just have been handed a jacket to cover up and be escorted out with a smile after we helped you find your friend Annie" Annie didn't really care for the self-promoting and pompously cringy showman, she just looked to Daphne and said "I am sorry, Daphne. It was supposed to be funny! You would wake up, be embarrassed over being naked and then just fly out! I didn't expect to lose my powers once I had resized you... and then this big jerk found me!" Captain Pride chuckled good humorously and said "That's me. Captain Jerk"

The girls were led out by other security that Captain Pride called to the room, he even let Daphne keep the cape, which she had a small heart-attack over being given permission to do. She was surely going to put it up on her wall in her room back at college, while she and Annie talked things over and reunited as they left the building, Captain Pride stood on the top floor and looked down at the girls leaving, while Lydia standing next to him as they observed the college girls. Lydia stood a little anxiously as she occasionally cast glances at Captain Pride, like she was afraid of him. And once the girls were fully out of sight from the top of the building, and they saw daphne fly off with Annie in her arms. Captain Pride slowly and menacingly turned to Lydia. His charming and white-knight kind of smile never faded or grew grimmer, but something spiritually looked different about it as he stared down Lydia. A change of vibe. The smile never turned manic or crazy but something deeply unhinged radiated from it, even if it wasn't the least bit different from his TV smile.

And then he calmly said "Are you a team-player, Lydia?" to which she nodded with a bit of trepidation and unease. Captain Pride didn't put his hands on her, he just folded them behind his back where his cape used to be. Then he straightened his back and said cheerfully "That's marvelous to hear" then he raised a finger at her but not in a directly strict way, more like he was telling a joke or being funny as he moved his hand with the lifted finger back and forth in a jolly way, while he said "The company quota of torturing astray college students is

exactly 0 per year. So... would a company team-player torture astray college students?" Lydia shook her head and said while looking at her feet, mostly because she was afraid to look up "I am sorry" Captain Pride waited a bit, as if to see if she added anything to her sorry. But when she didn't have anything else to say or do about it, he just gestured to the elevator "Well if that's all, then I suppose a sorry has to be good enough! Let me help you back to your floor"

Captain Pride put his hand over her shoulder and guided her politely over to the elevator, but when it opened, he grabbed the side of the elevator door and pulled it back into closing but first he pushed Lydias head in the path of the closing door that he with his strength of his upperbody forced to close from one side, which made the other side of the door close as well, squeezing her head.

"Oh no, **I am sorry**, Lydia, the door seems to be malfunctioning!" Lydia felt her head be so tightened around from both sides by the metal door that she got a creaking and instant headache and she seriously worried that her skull would fracture.

But Captain Pride didn't help her, he only squeezed her head more as he began giving her a lecture on the usefulness of saying sorry "How do you feel about my use of the word sorry? Was it sufficient? Did me saying sorry make this better?" Lydia screamed in pain a loud "NOO!"

and then Captain Pride let the elevator door open and tossed Lydia into the elevator. He did a polite little wave before saying "Nice chat! And remember; if all you got is an empty sorry... then you got nothing! Follow-through on your sorry, with action!" Captain Pride clicked on a random button for the elevators door to start closing, and as the door closed, he said positively and expectantly "I knew you would see it my way"