

Party Wipe Part 5

Final

Chapter 15

It was a sunny day, a day just like any other day in spring. With endless green fields, song upon the lips of the common folk and not a cloud in sight. Just as the sun struck its highest position in the sky, the bells rang across the kingdom. Not just any bells, but those of silver and engraved angels, those that heralded the return of heroes from distant lands with news of victory and safety. Yet today, those bells would mean something else entirely.

As the group entered the city gates they were welcomed by cheers and applause, music and singing. Though hooded, the party waved and bowed to the citizens as they marched through the main street, made of white stone and marble. Through city squares and bazaars, all the way to the bottom of the steps that lead to the hill atop which the palace was built. It was a marvelous building, one of light blue roof and crystalline walls that served not only as a home for the queen but as the single most important beacon of hope in the kingdom. Behind them, two more hooded figures approached, tied with chains and leather tongs. Probably captured demons from the castle, the gathered folk thought.

At those steps did the group finally stop and looked up to feast their eyes upon their queen for the first time in weeks.

The queen woke that day with the first light. Worry had become clear on her face for a while now. And who could blame her? When a demonic castle such as the one that infested her kingdom appeared the monarch needed to do anything and everything he could to save his people. For that exact reason she had sent the most powerful adventure group in the history of her realm to defeat the evil that lurked. But... they had been gone for weeks now. Had they failed? Will she need to send the army as well?

All of those fears were elevated with the ringing of the church bells a few hours later. It was as if the sky itself opened and the blessings of the goddess shone directly upon her. With her heart skipping beats she rushed to the terrace to look upon the crowd that gathered at the main gate and the four adventurers slowly approaching the city.

“Quickly now, I need to give them a heroes welcome that they deserve.” She told her maids as they hurriedly put her in an elegant white dress of silk, gloves of the same shiny material and heels that only slightly elevated her above her height. Once dressed she made her way to the entrance of the palace, atop those high stairs where she would welcome the heroes.

That is where the heroes found her after a long ascend. Her and her daughter, the royal princess Cynthia. She was just as beautiful as her mother, regal and mature with a hint of mischief that any royal princess needed. The four heroes knelt at their feet and bowed.

“Please. Stand.” The Queen said as she lifted the four heroes from their knees and embraced each of them in turn. Followed by the warm embraces of the young princess, the six of them entered the palace after giving one final wave to the people of the kingdom.

The Queen found it a bit strange that her daughter didn’t talk to the heroes, knowing how rowdy she could get, but changes in her daughter’s mood were the last on her mind today. They had freed the kingdom and, until the next lair of demons appeared, her land would be safe.

Once they entered the grand chamber of the palace, they were first greeted by the personal army of the Paladin. Clad in white, shining, plate armor they stood on both sides of the royal, red carpet that lead all the way to the throne of the queen. So heavy was the plate that you could not even see their faces beneath it. Each and every single one of them had a heavy blade and a large shield in their hands. Ready to defend their queen to the bitter end.

Above them, upon the rafters, in the shadows stood the queen’s 2nd part of the guard. The Thief’s personal band of handpicked men and woman who specialized in assassination. They were used to protect the queen from the less conventional threats or those that wished to sneak into the palace. You would not see them or know them to be there unless you knew exactly where to look, such was their way with shadows.

Finally, on both sides of the throne, knelt the mage’s and the clerics followers, hooded. Some had holy books at their feet while others a wand or a staff of a mage, but each of them ready to give their life for their liege lord.

The adventurers made sure the queen was protected from it all. Yet even the queen noticed the guards were oddly still even though their days were made out of waiting at attention. One of the paladin’s seemed to shiver as they walked by as the armor clattered but other than that oddity, the rest of the room was silent... silent as a grave.

A shiver ran down the queen’s spine as they approached the throne. Be it from excitement or something darker and more eldritch, she did not pay it any mind.

Finally, she and her daughter sat themselves upon their respective thrones as the adventurers stood at the bottom of the dais. The queen opened her mouth to speak, yet she held her tongue. The adventurer’s had still not taken off their traveling hoods. Actually, now that she took a good look at them, they seemed rather... bloated.

It was then that the silence of the room sent shivers down her spine yet again. But those embers of fear were snuffed out when, amidst all of the excitement she noticed that there were only three adventurers. Not four.

Could it be... could she truly be dead? Have I gotten rid of that pesky brat finally?

“My queen, though we bring news of a great victory, we also bring news of sorrow.” The Paladin spoke in an uneven, strange voice. “The Cleric had perished. She died to save all of us my queen.”

The queen almost jumped in joy at the news but, somehow, managed to maintain her composure. For years she had been trying to kill that little wench. So many failed assassination attempts, so many sleepless nights where she fretted that her bastard daughter would kill her one and rightful heir. Finally, those fears can be laid to rest, along with that fool of a child.

I only wish I saw the moment the light vanished within her eyes.

Straightening her dress, she stood.

“To lose her, to lose not just a powerful cleric but a... true friend, brings me loss that I cannot describe in words.” She said, her words coated in sorrow yet poison lurked beneath. “We shall remember her as we shall remember this day. In joy. That is why, from this day on we shall celebrate it in her name and the sacrifice that she has made.”

“Hear, hear!” The adventurers, still hooded echoed their queen in appraisal. Or so she thought. Quickly though, she changed the subject, as the mere thought of talking about her bastard daughter made her want to puke. “Now who are the two prisoners with you?”

She said, her voice growing sinister. So excited was she because of the death of the cleric and the victory over the demons that she still forgot to tell the adventurers to take off their hoods.

“Prisoners from the demon castle, my queen.” The thief said and yanked upon the leash of one of the demons. The hooded figure stumbled forward as she left a trail of a strange liquid behind her. It was rather strange, to the queen. Actually, it was not really a liquid, more of an... ooze or slime or some such.

The Queen stood up from the throne and cackled haughtily, enjoying every second of her victory. Not only was that brat finally dead but she has trophies from the demonic castle as well. She was going to have quite an evening with the captives. Oh, the sounds they will be making as she and her daughter broke them apart.

“You did good. Real good.” She said through her cackles. “A special reward should be offered to you for capturing the demons.”

“You are so cruel, mother.” Said Cynthia as she lounged upon the arm rest of the throne. The Queen turned to explain to her daughter that she too would be able to enjoy the torture but stopped short of her word.

Cynthia’s eyes turned bright red, a demonic red, that The Queen remembered very well from her days as an adventurer. Then, her world started falling apart.

In a manner of moments Cynthia, or rather what was supposed to be Cynthia, melted and molded into a demonic figure of a lesser, slave succubus. Her skin was a dark purple and her horns a bright grey and she was, from head to toe, completely naked with a throbbing dick just above her pussy. Though the demonic face was pretty it was also oddly familiar to her.

At the same moment a bubbling sound turned her attention behind her. She looked at the adventurers at the moment that their bodies started to turn as well. From their mouths and ears a strange pinkish mist began spreading through the grand chamber as The Queen looked on in horror. The smell, as it reached her was lovely, seductive and borderline addicting. But, The Queen was no pushover. She had not gotten to where she was on merit alone.

“Guards! Capture them! Capture all of them!” She ordered in a booming voice. Yet, much to her growing horror, no one moved as the pink mist spread through the rest of the chamber. At that exact moment when her fear reached its peak, the guards all went to their knees, their armor and hoods disintegrating before they began pleasuring themselves. All but the clerics who, at once, fell upon their knees and turned to dust. The whole of the moment that was her victory had turned into an orgy of sodomy and masochism as the guards drowned in their own lust.

“You too shall be nothing but a slut at the heels of our mistress!” Hissed the slave succubus as she barred her teeth in hate and rage. “And I will strike the first blow! Mother!”

The slave succubus flew with terrible speed at the back of the queen, a dark, hidden blade in her palm ready to pierce that pristine white dress and smear it with blood. However, no such blow came. The blade cracked as it hit the body of strong, thick plate armor, hidden beneath the white dress.

“So it is you!” Hissed The Queen. “I should have known. I should have just killed you when I gave birth to you!”

“Killed me? Mother you could never do something like that, because you were always weak! As was I! But not anymore, not now in the moment of your downfall!” The slave succubus hissed again and cackled the final two robed figures began to appear in their true forms.

First became a tall, intimidating regal figure of dark silk and nylon, one of pure dominance and casual evil that shone around her like the midnight sun of the demon world. She was sadism incarnate, the true fiend behind everything that was happening.

As she stood upright, The Succubus Queen Ardat Emili smiled confidently as chains of black smoke and hot iron came into being from her gloved hands. Three chains ran to the necks of husks that formed from the dust of the hooded figures. There was no mistaking them, those were the adventurers that she had sent to take care of the castle. The Mage, The Thief and The Paladin. Drained and trained to be perfect, docile slaves of the succubus queen.

Yet, there was one more chain. One more leash. One that chained a person who, while not drained, was behaving like a whipped, trained dog. It was her daughter. It was Cynthia. The Queen felt her heart break into millions of tiny pieces as she saw her one, true air drool at the sight of the demon queen in front of her.

With a white flash of piercing light a weapon formed in her hand. An enormous sledge hammer, almost thrice her size, shone into existence within her arms as she gritted her teeth in fury and stared down the demoness.

“Who the fuck are you and what have you done to my daughter?” She bellowed, her voice almost breaking from the raw pain she felt.

No! Not her! Anyone but her!

The demoness smirked confidently and placed one hand upon her curvy hip, their eyes locked. Queen against Queen.

“My name, human, is Ardat Emili. I am the new Succubus Queen and soon to be your overlord. Your Mistress. The one and only light in your life. Until I, well--” She chuckled regally. “Snuff it out.”

Chapter 16

Dammit... DAMMIT!

I have to do something, I need to kill them, all of them and see if I can help... my little Cynthia. But a new succubus queen? That is no laughing matter. The last time there was a succubus queen we endured a whole century of darkness. That cannot happen again, especially not when I am Queen!

She hoisted her sledge hammer and charged with all of her might, her shield in the other hand ready for any sudden attacks. The succubus queen smirked at her charge, seemingly amused by the turn of events.

“Queen against queen. This will be fun.♥” The whole scene erupted in a quire of moans and pants from the enslaved guards as the queen charged her nemesis, ready to kill her without mercy, as well as all of the rest. The rest of the demons that infested the heart of her kingdom.

However that charge of pure rage and power came to a sudden halt as the Ardat Emili lifted the chained princess by the throat and into the air in front of her. Before her own mother struck her down she shifted, mid flight, and smashed her heavy hammer upon the ground next to the succubus queen.

“So predictable.” Cooed Ardat Emili, smirking evilly. As quick as light the queen sent another attack straight at the demonesses back, yet before it could connect the husk of the Paladin rammed her with her shield, which sent the queen flying. Before she could even crash upon the floor, a flurry of fire balls hit her from above, melting away her armor and most of her weapons. Scorched and bruised she landed upon the floor, with a hard, bone cracking sound. The Mage’s husk grinned with its dry, inhumane mouth.

But the onslaught wasn’t finished.

As she, unsteadily, tried to get up upon her knees a swift wave of kicks sent her flying back, towards her throne. The heavy chair of ornate making almost broke in half from the force of the Queen landing upon it, right before her bastard daughter sprayed her face with pinkish cum, straight from her cock. The gooey material entered her mouth and nose as she coughed, desperately trying to get air.

Like nails upon her coffin, so did the heels of Ardat Emili echo as she approached the defeated Queen. She took her time, of course, knowing full well that her foe and future slave was choking on the aphrodisiac of creamy, sugary white. All slaves within the chamber crawled after her. Both the guards and the former adventurers, looked at her like a goddess. And that she was, if not now, then soon... very soon.

Finally the demoness stood in front of her fallen victim as she panted heavily, breathing in as much air as she could. Her lips faltered as her jaw quivered and tears ran down her cheeks. All of it came crashing down as her eyes locked with Ardat Emili's. Fear, despair and surrender flashed through her mind as the one true Queen, the Succubus Queen, smirked down at her in absolute victory.

She leaned in, her intoxicating perfume furrowing deep into her psyche, binding it in chains and implanting submissive thoughts into the furthest reaches of her soul. With her silky, gloved fingers Ardat Emili lifted the chin of her soon to be slave and grinned one final time before leaning in for a kiss.

The former queen tried to speak but there was no fighting left to be done.

“Enough talking slave.♥” She said huskily before their lips touched for the very first time. Ardat Emili felt all of her hopes and dreams, joys and sorrows boil and storm within that kiss before melting into the bits of her soul and psyche that she would soon drain. All of those embers of life made her soul all the more tasty for the succubus. Knowing that she was taking it all from right beneath her made her surge with power and ecstasy, growing hungry for more of her pet. Turning it all into despair. That is what she lived for.

Taking the dreams of her victims and dipping them in masochism, hedonism and finally, sweet surrender at her feet. Knowing that all of the queens strongest warriors knelt for her and only her, that the most powerful adventurers in history were defeated by her as easily as they were and that all of her work culminated in this one kiss... it made Arday Emili burn with sadism and glee. She almost felt like an imp again.

Finally, between the soft kisses, light misty clouds of the queen's soul were devoured by the new Queen. The slave's eyes widened, first in shock then in pure, raw pleasure which then turned into a dopey smiley that now adorned all of her pets. With a hungry, predatory grin the demoness devoured it all. Feasting upon the first memories she has ever had, with her family and siblings, to the birth of her daughter, Cynthia, and the endless happiness she felt after her birth.

As the former queen's skin turned grey and husky, more of parts of her were taken away by Ardat Emili. Yet, by now, she loved every second of it. She gladly offered more to the dark, beautiful creature that was feasting upon everything that she held dear.

“I knew you wouldn't be able to resist.” Purred the demon queen. “That's what I love the most about my victims. You know that your mind and soul are in my hands. You know that I will make you feeble and weak and yet that is exactly why you give in. Just to see what I shall do next. What dark, deprave fantasy of yours I will bring to life next.♥”

The now enslaved queen panted, desperate for more of the pleasures her owner offered. For more kisses and more energy draining, but most of all, for more of those monstrous, sadistic tendencies that she loved about her mistress so much.

“Yes... mistress...” She answered feebly.

“I like an honest slave.” Ardat Emili mused. “Now why don’t you kneel down and get on all fours in front of me.”

Feeling weakness and submission wash over her, the queen fell to her knees, sinking into despair, and looked up at the other, more powerful queen in pure adoration.

“I don’t think I need any more aphrodisiac or spells to make you submit, don’t I?”

“No... of course not mistress...” She looked up at Ardat Emili with pure infatuation, eager to please. “I only wish to serve you mistress, please believe me.”

With a gentle touch of her silky fingers, the demoness cupped her chin as the human melted within her touch. Her sharp claw, stroking the cheek of the fallen queen, her shrunken, depraved, blissed-out face eager for more.

Her pet tried speaking again, yet this time no words came out. Fresh surges and waves of pleasure drowned her, wrecking her mind as the degrading words of her mistress sunk in. Frustration and corruption raged within her, building a ravenous, lust filled storm of denial.

“Oh, I do slave.♥” Ardat Emili grinned menacingly. “Why would I not believe you, when you are ready to sink even further?”

Then, akin to the pure light of the heavens, Mistress Ardat Emili presented her shiny heel and nylon clad foot to her slave, for the very first time and orders simply.

“Lick.”

Reduced to nothing more than an incoherent mess, an animal, the slave licks her owner’s heel with fervor and maddening glee. No control left, mental or physical, she writhed at the feet of the crimson demoness. Soul, mind and IQ, completely clouded over by the raw pleasure of submission.

There was nothing else that she wanted and nothing else that she needed. Obedience and pleasure, ready to do anything, to be used and discarded. Anything at all just to be in the presence of her mistress.

All the while Ardat Emili just watched as dozens, then hundreds, of orgasms burned to a boiling point and then just stopping an inch from sweet eruption. And, she knew, she didn’t need to do anything anymore. Her nemesis would ruin herself just to earn praise from her mistress. And that is the only thing Ardat Emili wanted. To see her break.

The former queen *was* breaking. The complete bliss driving her insane, dipping her further into macabre bliss. Her whole body burning with the flames of pleasure, ecstasy and lust, each part of her body sensitive to the point of insanity. It was as if the mere licks of the shiny heel were enough to stimulate her completely. Inside and outside.

As the edged orgasms piled up, she looked up at her queen, in between kisses, and saw a perfect being of latex, silk and nylon. One that deserved only obedience and worship. That is when she

knew, that she shall never experience pleasure as strong and overwhelming as licking the heels of her mistress.

Just thinking of laying it all at her feet made her more excited than she was in her life.

How soft, mistress is! Her gloves hold me like no one ever has, her kiss is of purest fires of hell and softer yet. And her beauty... oh goddess of sadism how magnificent you are! What I would give to bask in your dominant aura for millennia to come, to lick and kiss every inch of you upon your slightest whim. But if you wish for me to perish here and now, drain me dry and I will die happy at your feet.

As she finished her final thought, those pools of pure evil drowned her in endless oblivion of simple masochism.

“I know all of that slave. And I do not care. I only wish to see your broken husk at my feet.♥” The succubus queen said in all of her supremacy. “But I do think it is time to end our little game. I shall allow you one final orgasm as you lose your soul to my heels.”

“Y-yes... mistress...” Answered the slave as tears streamed down her cheeks.

“Don’t just sing along to my musings pet, surrender like you mean it.” She gloated.

The same eagerness from before came flooding back, the eagerness to please and to obey. Before long, the slave was shrieking her lungs out, surrendering beneath the superiority of Ardat Emili.

“I, a pathetic wretch of a human being, a pathetic spec upon the floor beneath your heels and a queen no longer, beg you, my mistress, my only reason for living, to take away everything from me and use it as you see fit. I am nothing without your attention and far beneath it. If my life is to have any meaning it would be found by being snuffed out by you, mistress!!!”

The Succubus Queen’s cackles lasted for a long time. Elated by her ultimate victory she felt her pet explode one more time, one last time, before her entire essence started flowing from her body. As the queen relished her victory, tiny wisps of smoke and fog, shiny like the sun, left the slaves body whilst she slowly withered away at the heel of Ardat Emili.

Her prey groaned in surrender and bliss as her powers were absorbed by the queen. She felt energy like she had never before, like nothing she had ever sensed in someone else or in her.

“Melt. Shatter and break. Die knowing you served as nothing but food and fun for a being far greater than you had ever been. No one shall remember you and no one shall miss you. All of your people shall kneel before me in submission as mere cattle.♥”

Her laughter continued for a long while and her amusement didn’t wither even when she planted her sharp heel upon the head of the husk at her feet. One last act of dominance before even the husk was thrown away.

In an orchestra of orgy, darkness and submission the clouds outside began to blacken as the private army of the vanquished human queen masturbated away what little sanity they had left. It was over.

Ardat Emili, had won.

EPILOGUE

The husks of the former adventurers, along with the slave succubus that was once the Cleric, crawled behind their mistress. Leashed and docile, drooling with their tongues out, they followed obediently and silently. Gagged and stuck in rubber bondage with dildo's sticking out of their holes, no one would think they were once the most proud warriors of the land. Now, reduced to nothing more than a pet for the amusement of their mistress. As long as she would have them, of course. Even now they were becoming quite boring to her.

Still, they followed, cowed and beaten, into the depths of the castle where Ardat Emili would find a large vault door. With her newfound power, she simply extended her hand and the heavy, leaden door drummed upon the air and opened.

Darkness, evil and sodomy unlike anything the world had ever seen erupted into the greying skies of the realm as lust demonesses of all kinds screamed for freedom and food. Ardat Emili heard the screams of fear and despair from the outside, feeding her power and sadism. Soon, she would bring those demons to heel as well, all would kneel before her, human and demon alike.

"But before I set my sights upon new lands, I think it is high time I give this backwater kingdom to you, slave." She cooed to the slave succubus and the petty demon almost came, simply from being addressed by such a powerful being.

"Yes mistress. Oh please mistress I only wish to serve." She squealed. Her queen approached her and order her to stand, which the slave succubus did but barely. Her legs were shaking and her pussy was dripping with pleasure.

Ardat Emili placed a gentle kiss upon her lip, barely even touching it and sent bolts of orgasmic bliss through her slave, before speaking coolly.

"This kingdom is yours and you are mine. You may kneel and kiss my heel, then crawl over so the others can get their presents as well.♥" The slave succubus obeyed in an instant and mewed over her heel, before crawling to the side.

Next, the paladin was in line and, from her merciful queen, she got a slime jar, though for what purpose, the IQ drained husk did not know. Either way, she accepted the gift with open arms and obeyed just as the Cleric did before.

The husk of the thief was gifted with a rubberized version of her old armor, fitted with padlocks and chains which she could not wait for her queen to use. Bondage had become her favorite, beneath the rule of her mistress.

Finally, the mage was allowed a strange, black, box of obsidian and runic text that she too, did not understand. But who was she to question her mistress. With deepest gratitude she accepted

and, after kissing the heels of her mistress, knelt beside the rest. All four ready to worship and obey.

Ardat Emili gave them a pitying look before announcing smugly.

“Now, where to go next?♥”