

# The Collector and Super Sentai Blue Part 2

The song of metal permeated the latex of the hood, as he felt some sort of iron helmet close around his head. It fit tightly against his head, clearly made for human features. The Collector tightly locked the iron helmet at the back of his head and chuckled musically.

The helmet wasn't heavy, yet it was tight enough for him to feel oppressed and dominated. While his helmet as blue felt uplifting and heroic, this helmet felt constraining and defeating. Yet it was only then that he understood what the damned piece of iron was actually for.

It was like his own mind was talking to him, his own self battering his ego. The voices came from the soft speakers that were installed into the helmet and they felt sweet. Velvety. But the part that chilled him to the bone was the fact that the voices demanded him to submit to this goddess of latex. Not to admit that he was Blue, to surrender like a hero that he was. No. It was talking to him as if he were another person from the street.

*I am not anyone. I am not a random person from the street! I am Blue!*

But the voices didn't care. They wanted his utter devotion to The Collector.

"I know your lust burns when you look upon me slave.♪" Her melodic voice sang inside of the helmet, yet it was The Collector herself that was talking. "I love how I look darling, but you slaves cannot get enough of me. You will do anything to grovel at my feet, to abase yourself and lick my heels or the fabrics that encase my frame. Endure everything, for your goddess and you might earn meager favor from me. Before I ship you away that is.♪"

Her laughter echoed both outside and inside of his mind, slowly worming its way into every thought. Blue felt shivers of strange bliss down his spine as his breath grew heavier and his bonds tighter.

"The mere fact that I am blessing you right now with my attention shall become gospel to you. Soon you shall obey without pause and you shall never, ever question your love for-"

Blue roared into his gag to shut the woman up. He bit into it, almost drawing blood but the fact that she went silent at his yell made it worthwhile. She replied with only the faintest chuckle. It was almost like a murmur in the background, a seductive weapon that assailed his subconscious.

A cry left his lip as The Collector planted her boot heel upon his cock for only a few seconds. Then, just as suddenly as it had happened, she removed the foot. He let a whimper of disappointment out of his mouth, as he too found out just how much he liked that simple touch.

With just as much forewarning as with the previous touch of his cock, he felt hard metal clamps bite down upon his exposed nipples. It was a jolt that felt much better than it should have. Gurgling upon the gag to be set free, Blue felt the futility of fighting his restraints for the first time.

By now everything the woman had done to him had become like a soft blaze, a dull heat, that burned somewhere in the back of his psyche. Yet that low flame threatened to be turned into raging inferno. He was blind, mute, all but deaf and completely and utterly at her mercy.

Then, again, the woman planted her boot upon his cock. Under such attention he could just whimper and hope the woman showed some mercy. Squealing and suffering beneath her boot, his thoughts were aimed at surviving this ordeal and then gathering the energy for the next session. Where he would try and escape.

*I am blue! Of the Super Sentai!*

His mind reminded him, rather in vain. When she removed her shiny boot from his cock Blue almost gave a sigh of gratitude to the villainess. He heard her click of heels as she stood behind him and whispered into his ear.

"I like your spirit, Blue. I cannot wait to break it.♪" She chuckled evilly and then his ropes were cut loose and he fell upon the floor. Of course, the rest of his bondage held him tightly bound. The click of her heels, like an echo of forbidden desires, let him know that she was now standing right next to him. If that wasn't enough, her perfume licked his nose even through the hood and the helmet. She placed her boot upon his back and began speaking. Blue, trembled at anticipation of what was to come.

"I have taken away your movement, your sight and the power to speak. You might as well be deaf. But now, I shall take away your breathing as well." She said enticingly as she moved the boot from his back.

Suddenly, he felt two small tubes enter his nose, far too deeply for comfort. Blue found out that he had to breathe much harder now to get any kind of oxygen inside of his lungs. Then, he felt her boot next to his face... and the airflow stopped. His brain went into overdrive not only because of lack of air, but also because knowing that her boot was so close to his face made him horny.

His body quivered and his legs jerked for oxygen and freedom. Yet his cock was as hard as it had ever been. Stiff and eager to be played with.

"See? You are powerless against me. Remember that." The Collector cooed but did not remove her boot from his airflows. Blue felt her towering over him, one leg on each side of his body and it made him weak. He felt feeble beneath her.

At sporadic intervals she would allow the slightest gasps of air into his lungs, just to accent just how much power she had over him. All his mind could do, as he cowered beneath her, was hallow for it all to end.

If Blue had any hopes of the torture stopping, he had lost it all in a single swing of her crop. A dozen or so strokes across his bound, wriggling form were enough to show him just how impotent his fight against her truly was. Hit after hit made him fight to get free yet for that he needed air. Air that only came when she allowed it.

Even those breathes felt precise and calculated just as much as the hits were.

Finally, The Collector stopped and he felt regular air come back into his nose, yet the tubes were not removed. His tormentor loosened some of his restraints and removed the clamps for his nipples. Even the procedure of his slight release felt unpleasant.

He crumbled into a heap upon the floor when she was done, his muscles aching, his mind filled with defeat. As if reading his mind The Collector chuckled and bound his arms behind his back, folded in an almost painful way.

Then there was a moment of silence that felt like blissful sleep to his beaten mind. Yet words of horror and sadism broke the silence and he whimpered in submission.

"Did you think that was our session for today slave? Oh no, no, no.♪" The Collector laughed. "It's time to spread your legs and see how much more of this you can take."