

Loreline and the Prince Part IX

Concern and worry were plastered across Nikolai's face. Andrei had not been seen in several days and the increasing absence of his younger brother made the king's stomach curl. The newspapers had begun depicting his brother as a far better ruler than him, the fact that it was completely untrue was lost, of course, on the populace.

As much as he loved him, Andrei wasn't a... good person as one might say. But to fall for her? Could he?

Clearing his thoughts with a sigh, he stomped out of the room, banging the richly decorated door on the way out. Not a few moments later, it opened again as Loreline came in. She was leading the poor prince by a leash that was headed right into his long coat.

With utter delight she walked around his bedchambers, glee and satisfaction shining from her eyes and lips as she twirled.

"It has been a long time since I visited.~" She giggled.

"You came here?" Asked Andrei. He was hunched back, wearing a long coat that covered him from neck and all the way to his ankles.

"Did I ask you a question boy?" She slurred with a cocky grin. He just lowered his head in defeat. "Take that coat off and kneel before me.~"

Andrei, or what was left of him, did just that. He was kneeling in front of his mistress and looking up at her, with love struck eyes. The leash she was holding was attached to his iron chastity cage. He whimpered as Loreline grinned down upon him.

"Did you call him as I had ordered?" Demanded Loreline.

"Y-yes mistress."

"Good boy. You do need more training but... you are coming along fine. It would not be fun to break you in so easily after all~" She smiled wickedly as her slave feasted upon her with his eyes that might had turned to hearts.

She was wearing a tight, leather catsuit with golden plating that matched her flowing hair. A battle catsuit, she called it, a gift from her sister. He followed her voluptuous body as she walked by him and next to a closet.

"In you go puppy. You may jerk to what happens to the captain through the chastity if you can. But no cumming... not that it's even possible.~" With evil beaming through her and pressing down upon his ego, he crawled into the closet and sat himself upon his knees. Longingly looking at his mistress.

Without a single glance, she closed the door.

A few moments later, the captain came in proud and eager, expecting to meet his young prince. Only to halt dead in his tracks, seeing the beauty in front of him. Her heels sent echoes across the room as she approached him the thunder struck captain, her sweet perfume floating into his nose, setting his downfall in motion.

With a deviously slow and deliberate movement, she leaned in... and hungrily kissed the captain. With a flick of her fingers and a spark of a dark, violet light, she felt him stir in his pants as she pressed against him. The leather clad witch felt her power course through her veins as her sexual appetite engulfed him.

"There is something wickedly sexy, about enslaving a man where he feels most confident.~" Loreline purred into his ear after she broke off the kiss.

"Oh god..." He breathed while she backed off a little. His body quivering right before he fall upon his knees in front of her. With another snap of her fingers a pentagram formed around the captain, the same violet light engulfing the room.

"Take your pants off and stroke." She ordered coolly while she posed in front of him, hand on hip.

"B-b-but..." He stammered. "What if the prince comes in. I was supposed to meet him here."

"Then he will kneel next to you.~" Sneered Loreline dismissively, tossing her hair back. Without much fight, the captain of the guard swung down his trousers and started bumping his cock with fervor.

"Do you consider yourself a man, captain?" Loreline asked in a slurpy tone, one that seemed to melt into his mind, more so then as if it were spoken aloud.

"Yes..." He said through his pumps. "I-"

"Or are you my plaything?~" She giggled, the echo ringing inside of his head. "Men do not cum before me, not until they become my playthings."

He was at a loss for words as he noticed a low drumming appear in the background of his mind. It echoed and banged across his masculinity, eroding his will as the hypnosis of her voice made him melt into putty.

"Is it easy to manipulate you captain, turn you into whatever I want, or are you a man?~"
Loreline giggled again as he opened his mouth to answer, but nothing came out. His eyes were becoming a twirling, blank stare.

"You crave to be used, both mentally and physically." She said simply and with a sigh. Loreline started walking around the kneeling, blubbering captain holding him captivated with her sultry walk and vicious smirk.

"You boys just need a powerful woman to take it all from you. All choices, all thoughts, just gone." He tried shaking his head, a small resistance against the sweet sound of her mesmerizing voice. "You don't agree? Well, since you are down there, we might as well see how you like it.~"

The captain shivered at her wicked words. He arrived at the edge of his orgasm after only a few strokes but not it felt impossible to cum no matter how much he tried. The only freedom he had, was to look up at her, bask in her beauty... and obey her hypnotic words.

"When you look up at me from that pathetic position, isn't there only one thought in your head? That you simply want to be... mine?~" Loreline purred in her bewitching tone while his mind withered away in pure ecstasy. "I'll bring you down boy, don't worry. The only thing you have to do is give in. To my words, my commands... to my silky voice."

It *was* silky and it bound it him in pleasure like he had never known before. With his wife nor with his lovers. It was pure, raw, enticing pleasure. Then, as her heels clicked and clicked away, he noticed the drumming inside of his mind gain speed as well. With every step she took, he shattered a bit more into an oblivion of hedonistic, erotic, submission.

"Now look at me." He felt as if he fell out of a time loop. Loreline was standing on the opposite side of the room, both hands on hips, with a cocky smile upon her luscious lips. "I will count you down and with every count you will fall deeeper in love with me and with every click of my heel, you will stroke faster... *and* you will not cum.~"

With a predatory lick of her lips, she started and his whole reality began crumbling.

10

Stroke, submit.

click.

9

Stroke, submit.

click.

8

Stroke, submit.

click.

7

Stroke, submit.

click.

6

Stroke, submit.

click.

5

He stopped breathing as fear rose with her approach. His heart hammered against his chest, his erection swelled and dripped precum, but no matter what happened... he just could not look away from her dominant eyes.

4

Stroke, submit.

click.

3

Stroke, submit.

click.

2

Stroke, submit.

click.

Stroke, submit.

click.

And then... a rainbow like haze enveloped him and his mind was pure mush.

"Feels good doesn't it? Feels like you are about to... break?~" She giggled, slurping his mind along. He felt and heard things he never did before, the captain craved things he did not know even existed. The low creak of her leather catsuit as she posed in front of him, the sultry way it hugged her every curve and the pristine sound of her angelic voice. The tender feeling of submission now wrapped around his sanity and broke it beneath her heel.

"Now that is what I call a spell." She laughed as the violet light dwindled and then faded. Loreline sat upon his shoulder as he continued to jerk relentlessly. She crossed her legs and enjoyed her new chair. "For the rest of your days, you will be horny just because you are a slave. Just because I, your mistress, wishes it. Isn't that what you want?"

"Yes mistress." His response was robotic, on que and ready to be repeated into oblivion.

"Your life, under me, where I own you, where you are nothing but a mindless puppet... begins now." She placed her gloved fingers upon his head and pushed it down as she got up. Again, she started walking around his as the echoes in his mind turned his melted mind into an incomprehensible mess.

"You will work for me every day, won't you?" She teased as her heels did her work for her.

"Yes, mistress."

"You will do whatever I say?"

"Yes Mistress."

"You will cum your brains out, becoming my lobotomized, drooling husk, so that my other slave can take pictures of you in that state, in the room of the king, only for it to be used against him?" She asked as her evil purr slid him into insanity.

"Yes mistress."

"And then you will be discarded like a useless toy that you are, is that alright with you as well?~" The witch said as she stopped directly in front of him, giving him a good look of her booted feet, as she lifted one foot to rest upon her heel.

"Yes, mistress!"

"Good boy... you may cum."

With a mixture of the rainbow mess that was his mind and the pure rapture of her allowing him to cum, he exploded into the air in a soul melting orgasm that ruined the last dregs of his mind. His weak body fell upon the floor and at her feet. The former captain saw a drop of his cum upon her leather, shiny boot as she ordered again.

"You may lick that off.~"

None of his informants had any news regarding Loreline but at least they saw his brother entering the castle. That would have to be enough for today. But a lingering feeling was present in his mind and heart, that he was being bound in a web that Loreline knitted just for him. One that he might learn to like.

Night fell by the time King Nikolai got back to his room with a shocking sight waiting for him. Upon the floor, the captain of the royal guard lay sprawled, wet and dripping with a silvery liquid. He knew what it was and what had happened. Her perfume was enough even without the sorry sight of his trusted friend.

With a dark lipstick, she had written upon his back.

The first of many, my little prince.

With a kiss planted right above his shivering ass. Nikolai sank to his knees and sobbed at the quivering form of his old friend, his eyes tightly shut, not daring to look at him.

By dawn the whole city saw the pictures in the papers. Of the captain of the royal guard, kissing the boots of the newly arrived witch.

Meanwhile, she was casually sitting upon Andrei's back in a silky, black, see through gown and stockings upon her legs. With her legs crossed she placed her hot, morning coffee next to her and upon his shoulder. In his gagged bound state, he dared not let a single noise leave his lips.

