

Loreline and the Prince

Part I

Somehow my kingdom had been spared the onslaught of the League of Villainesses. But I knew that would not last forever, thus I called *her* to our world, to see if a truce could be made before any of my people would suffer. In hindsight, that was foolish. But nothing can change that now, I have to face her for my kingdom... and for my dignity as well.

I knew she had arrived not through our meeting but by word spreading through the capital. The witch had taken residence in the most lavish inn, getting all of the rooms to herself. How... I did not know. For all her infamy I was yet to meet her.

The fact wasn't something that brought me any kind of distress mind you, but it did speak volumes about her, and every little piece of help was needed. She has arrived... and played her hand already.

She wanted me to come to her, so that she could make me wait. In front of my people. MY people. Well, she can get comfy at the inn, I had other duties to attend to. It was inevitable that we would meet at some point. She on the other hand would waste here time here and not on some other world that the League wanted to bring to heel.

That was the plan until she organized a ball at the inn. The witch had invited all of the nobles of the capital, including me of course. I remember throwing the invitation into the fireplace, from pure anger. This was our realm, but now, we would be all welcomed in a city we called home... by her.

I knew the game the witch was playing.

The night arrived swiftly and I chose my best suit for the evening.

I saw her the moment I entered, as all did the rest. She was surrounded by eager lords vying for her attention. Although I was never easily impressed I could not help but admit that the witch was indeed stunning. She wore a latex, black catsuit with golden embroideries on her gloves and thighs with sharp, stiletto heels adorning her feet. One would notice that she was wearing dark pantyhose beneath the catsuit as well. The catsuit was cut low to reveal an ample bosom and it hugged her body tightly, too show of her perfectly shaped figure.

She was tall and slender with a brighter toned skin. Piercing blue eyes shone from a perfect face and thick blonde hair cascaded around her shoulders and over her lavish chest. Her voice was soft and silky, but indirectly dominant, even casually so.

"It's a pleasure to meet you at last Prince," she purred as she addressed me. I made my way from the door directly to her. The fool that I was. I should have mingled with the others bore coming to her.

I could smell her perfume before I even approached. It was intoxicating.

"I'm disappointed my earlier requests were not met with any response. I had to make a ball for you to finally attend."

I cocked my eyebrow as she spoke and bowed. She did not.

"No such plead had come to me, my lady." I said politely. "I've been very busy. And you could have come to the castle like all other guests of my realm. I would have happily greeted you there."

"But prince Nikolai, aren't we all?" She said and giggled. I ignored her obvious bait. "And it was not a plea.~"

"How do you like our kingdom my lady? Has your visit so far been up to your standards?" I asked, ignoring her last comment.

"Absolutely divine. Especially with you here, our talks can begin. ~ I do have some brilliant ideas for your little corner of the realms. I think all of you will like them as well, especially you, Nikolai."

"Do go on, and it is 'your highness'. We aren't friends yet." I said casually.

She batted her lashes at me and smiled politely before leaned in closer. She was so close to me I felt her chest against mine, softly swaying, tingling my whole body. No one reacted, they had all walked away after we had started talking, as if on command.

"Your kingdom is beautiful. I love how the sun shines upon it and I love the people as well. But... it lacks something. Something that almost all of the other realms have. A mistress. ~" She said with her hypnotic voice. She smiled keeping her eyes fixed on mine and her voice dropped to a lustful whisper.

"If you end this evening by kneeling in front of me, my little Nikolai, I would conquer this realm peacefully. No casualties, only simple, intoxicating enslavement. And you would be one of my most prized slaves. My personal slave. ~"

She lavishly licked her lips and played with my beard for a moment using her gloved fingers. I was lost in the enchanting magic of her eyes and the softness of her touch. She was utterly beautiful and with her chest touching mine, sending me into a spiral that threatened to swallow me whole.

Then as fast as it had happened, I shook my head and stepped away from her.

I was ready for this. I had known she would do something of this kind and I was not about to falter. It was terrifying how quickly she was able to catch me in her web, but this is where the clock turns. This is where the League will suffer their first defeat.

"My kingdom will be just fine. And I will not be your slave, thank you." I shot her a look and for a moment anger flashed across her eyes. She was not used to rejection.

"It will be your fault when all of the populace is turned into mindless drones, bawling at my boots." She said with a nasty smile.

"We will stand tall." I said, curtly. Loreline grinned sardonically.

"Your faith is very touching, I cannot wait to twist it into something I own. ~"

She turned as if to go or to show me how well her latex catsuit hugged her lovely bottom but then turned to me again. An amused smile creased her lips and her voice took on its familiar seductive tone.

"I wonder though. Who will break first... you... or your people." She said with an evil stare.

"None." I said, my temper rising.

"Oh, I'm sure. I'm sure. But I have just arrived and by the time I leave, your tune will be a lot different, Nikoali. ~" She smiled knowingly and pursed her lips. "I cannot wait to see you all, on your knees, corrupted. Worshipping your only queen. Your *Mistress*."

With that she walked away with just a passing glance over her shoulder, that the whole of the ball noticed.

I watched her leave as, again if on command, the men of the ball surrounded her, eager for a single word from the witch. I already missed her perfume and her touch... still... one thing was clear.

These talks will not be peaceful and I would not give in.

Part II

From the tallest tower in the capital, the view reached far off into the peaceful darkness of the night. Taverns and streets echoed in song as the cool summer breeze made me smile with nostalgia.

Despite Loreline and me waging a cold war, the realm was at peace and that is exactly what I wanted to uphold. There was dread in the air though. I knew I could not underestimate her. All had heard that the League had suffered no defeats since they had appeared and with one of its most famous members enjoying the high life in my back yard...

Part of me knew that this was the quiet before the storm.

These thoughts have been gnawing at me ever since the night I met her. Not only because of the evil and sadism that came with her demeanor but because she was, without a doubt, the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Her playful blue eyes seemed to follow me even in my sleep.

A shiver went through me at the thought.

So wrapped up was I in thought of her that I barely heard the click of heels behind me as a familiar perfume dominated the air around me. I felt my heart race as disbelief and hope turned into one as I spun to see if it really was her.

Her vicious gaze and sadistic smirk gave no quarter as she peered into my eyes.

"What are you doing here?!" I asked in honest surprise.

"Me? Why, I just wanted to see what my favorite prince is up to. I haven't seen you since the ball. ~" She approached as her perfume grew in potency and the click of her heels echoed within my soul. With her gloved hand she scratched my chin before getting way too close, way too quickly. To my horror, I was expecting a kiss from her... yet she turned on her heel and sat herself upon my bed and crossed her legs.

The sound of her sheer, sparkly, dark pantyhose wrapped around me like a web of silky, melted submission. Her leather heels made the muscles of her legs so supple and perfect. She dangled one of her heels upon the tips of her toes in a hypnotic motion that almost made me groan in ecstasy. The witch's long dress had a slit to show her lavish leg and the material glittered in the same dazzling light as her pantyhose, while her soft, graceful gloves adorned Loreline's hands as tightly as her pantyhose hugged her legs.

For a moment I caught a faint chuckle coming from her as I swooned for a step or two, before stumbling and falling upon all fours in front of her. I could hardly breathe and what little oxygen I got was mixed with her tingly perfume. My vision began to blur and my eyelids fluttered as I tried to remove myself from this pathetic position.

"I can see you like what you see?" She chuckled. "I do like you more in this pose than when you are playing the proud prince. ~"

"Aaaaaagggggghhhhhh!" I gritted into my teeth, refusing to accept her taunts and humiliation. Through my watering eyes I looked up to catch a glimpse of the witch. From the tip of her gloved hand a golden light shone and turned into a rope like material. It was glowing the same golden shine that only made the rest of her outfit glimmer like the stars. She leaned forward to look down on me as her golden hair fell over her shoulders. Her icy blue eyes taunting me as much as her words.

"This is nothing." I told her defiantly.

"Nothing? You could be at the end of this leash, right now, had you only surrendered at the ball. I will give you one final chance..." drawled Loreline. "Submit and beg to be mine. Or I will break you in the most sadistic ways possible.~"

"No..." I said with faltering breath. She smirked coyly.

"I thought you'd put up more of a fight. Yet here you are on your knees, don't try to resist now. You are done. ~"

"I am not... done...!" I barked.

"Perhaps in the future you should sleep in my dungeon. Chained and caged. We don't want my toy breaking his mind before I want it to be so." The witch said with a devilish smirk. The blissful feeling in my groin was refusing to recede. I looked at Loreline, resting upon my bed and gazing down at me with an almost demonic snarl on her face.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked.

"Because I can.~ And I am used to getting what I want, when I want it Prince Alfred. And I wanted your realm the night I met you. I always get my own way. Just remember that. ~" She let her dangling heel fall upon my floor and placed the pantyhose clad foot right in front of me mouth.

"You could be kissing my feet right now but... oh well... I guess that will have to wait. ~ When you finally break. But it will not be a pleasant experience, not at first anyway." She said more as a command than a simple comment. "I'm aching for of our playtime together sweetheart. Just the two of us. And, you had asked what I was doing here? I came to give you one final chance to submit into a velvety surrender at my feet... and to show you that I can come and go as I please."

Right after her final taunt and a sadistic grin, she snapped her fingers as I looked up at her, following the shine of her pantyhose decorated leg. The golden light swallowed me whole as I opened my mouth to scream.

With a rush of blood I jumped up from my bed. The morning sun was slowly showing its first rays.

A dream... it was just a dream...

I said to myself as I looked down upon my throbbing cock.

But what a dream it was...

I walked over to my mirror to freshen up... only to see a dark lipstick mark upon my right cheek.

Fuck...

Part III

It was difficult to admit that I felt excited when I got her invite.

With nervous steps I made my way to the inn which she had occupied, in every meaning of the word. The sweet smell of flowers and nylon enveloped the air around the building just as it had the envelope that I had received.

But this time it wasn't the usual owner that answered the door. It was a latex clad woman, dressed in a white catsuit and boots, with an endearing smirk smacked upon her pinkish lips. I was struck at how young and beautiful she looked.

"Wait right there babe." She said and adjusted her short black hair. The girl strutted away upstairs but I was made to wait a long while in the hall.

She must be one of the wardens I had read about...

I heard soft giggles inside of the halls and even a girl or two passed by dressed in similar clothing. Redish color spread across my cheeks as they gave me sultry, teasing looks.

Why the hell am I embarrassed? And why the hell am I waiting for her? This is my kingdom.

I thought to myself, but just as I did I heard the click of heels coming from the stairs and saw her. My mouth almost fell to the floor, while the pictures of our last meeting inside of my room raced through my mind.

She was dressed in a leather knee-length skirt, glittery dark pantyhose, high-heeled shoes and a sparkling sleeveless black top held up by the thinnest of golden straps. Cut to reveal most of her cleavage. Fingerless, elbow length, nylon gloves adorned her arms as well.

So stunning was her beauty that I didn't even notice the old man crawling behind her, leashed, collared and gagged. I... I recognized him. It was the owner of the inn.

"What can I do for you Prince? ~" Loreline asked after she strutted in front of me with him crawling on all fours.

"What have you done to him?" I asked firmly. Not even realizing that she was asking me what I wanted despite her inviting me.

"I just showed him what I wanted to show you, is that so wrong?" She giggled. "Surely not? Plus, he likes it, don't you my little puppy?"

"Y-yes mistress..." He stammered after a long pause.

"See." She said, bluntly, victoriously.

"You're to stay away from him." I said, palm upon my blade. "Right now!"

Loreline cocked her eyebrow as the scented air around me seemed to sizzle with power. A chill ran down my spine as we locked eyes. Much to my shame, I felt my cock stiffening.

"And what if he doesn't want to stay away from me?" she smiled and pursed her lips.

"He does." I said, firmly. With sudden panic the owner crawled to Loreline's heel and hugged her perfectly toned, nylon clad leg.

"No!!! Don't leave me mistress, please do not let me go!!!" He howled in a pained voice, terror clear in his eye. Loreline glanced down at him as though admiring her work and then flashed her eyes back to me. Another chill ran down my spine.

She is hypnotic...

I thought despite myself.

"I have the distinct impression he is very keen on staying at my heel right where he belongs. ~" she said. A smile creased her face as she saw the unwavering look of anger on my face.

"NOW!" I yelled at her. Only then did I notice just how silent the inn was. Women, scantily dressed, stood upon the balcony of the inn and at the edges of the doors. All of them looked fierce and sadistic.

Loreline tsk-ed as she placed her nylon clad glove upon her hip. She tugged on his leash before softly placing her heel upon his head. His body went limp as he fell upon the floor.

"This is a free land is it not? He is free to stay here if he so wishes." She paused for a second and then added very slowly and purposefully: "And if you touch your blade one more time, I will have your kingdom invaded, broken and trampled into the dust."

I swallowed as I finally understood my predicament. With a sense of defeat, I let go of the blade.

"Why... why have you called me here?" I said trying not to stammer, her gaze chaining mine. Before she answered, one of the wardens stepped up next to her and whispered into her ear. She held my gaze throughout.

"Ah wonderful," said Loreline. "Do excuse me prince, my plants are hungry and this little slave here simply begged to be their food. ~"

She turned on her heel and started walking towards the stairs, her pet obediently, excitedly, crawling behind her. As she got there she turned as though having just remembered something.

"Oh, and I called you here to tell you that this is the first time you have answered my call and that is the only way you will be able to see me from now on. When I so desire~" She said with a haughty, entitled chuckle. A huge grin spread across her face as she disappeared up the stairs, her heels clicking as she walked.

I, on the other hand, was not welcome at the inn anymore. Leaving quickly, a single thought raced through my mind.

He will be eaten...

Much to my horror, my cock throbbed at the thought.

Loreline took off her heels and rested her nylon clad feet neatly upon her slaves neck. He was lying on the floor, face stuck in eternal bliss, his eyes glazed and his mouth grinning. His lower part was slowly being swallowed by a large, teathed flower. The plant was not biting down on him however, no, its digestive juices were slowly relaxing him, making him hornier and weaker as it slowly swallowed him whole.

He was even allowed to look up at her as he was being eaten, as she was gracing him with her presence. She on the other hand, paid him no mind. He was broken and used as he was supposed to. The owner had given her the inn just as she had wished him to and he was even shown off to the prince.

No need to keep him around anymore.

Loreline was planning her next meeting with Nikolai. This whole game they were playing, or rather the game that she was playing, turned out to be a lot more fun then she had thought. And it wasn't since Alfred that she had any fun.

In the candle lit darkness of her chambers her shiny outfit shone like a star and her beauty radiated like the sun. The princes' mind would be broken just like the owners was, and she would relish every second of his squirms and whimpers.

The slave mewled as the plant swallowed his cock as well. He shivered and his eyes rolled back inside of his head.

"Stop squirming darling, I have no more use for you." She said without even giving him a glance. "After all, you make a fine footrest. ~"

The sighs coming from the inn did not fade until dawn as all rooms were used to drain and train her victims. The Wardens were having their fun tonight as well. The inn owner, on the other hand, was never seen again.

Part IV

Loreline admired herself in the mirror as she finished putting on her silky gloves and smoky makeup. She wore leather hotpants and a clinging short-sleeved top scooped in an ultra-low long neck to highlight her firm breasts. Fishnet pantyhose of the darkest color adorned her legs and completing the effect were a pair of leather thigh high boots that made her tower over most men. She ran her hands down her pantyhose clad thighs and winked at herself before heading downstairs. Loreline put on her witch's hat as she closed the door behind her.

Panting could still be heard from the rooms and chambers of her Wardens while the halls were filled with men wearing nothing but collars with her name embroidered on it in gold. She walked by them without paying them any attention while they fell upon their knees at the mere sound of her heels.

Not that they are needed, she mused as she surveyed the former inn.

I have enough of them back at the castle. Though I haven't cleansed it in a long while. Maybe I should bring them all back? Decisions, decisions.

Electra retired to the main room and sat herself into a comfy, red leather sofa. Crossing her legs, the witch's leather boots creaked and echoed inside of the halls. Not a minute after midnight she heard the first knock on the door.

By now the populace, and the prince, knew not to enter unless she ordered them to. But this guest had an invite and it was sent several days ago. She wanted to make him wait.

"Enter." She said coolly. The whole city knew that the prince was let in and thrown out by her Wardens. This time, she greeted her guest personally... but it wasn't the same prince.

A young, handsome man with short blonde hair and a smug smirk entered the inn. He wore the lavish colors of the royal family with a sword at his belt.

"Loreline." He said, his words somewhere between respectable and inviting.

"Andrei." She said huskily. Loreline stifled a giggle while his eyes almost popped out as though on stalks as he caught sight of her outfit.

Even he will be so easy.~

"I'm delighted you could make it. ~" she exclaimed.

Loreline strode towards him and kissed him on both cheeks, sliding her hand onto his waist as she did so and pressing her hips ever so subtly into his.

Trying to hide the fact that he was taken completely by surprise and showing his control of the situation, he grinned at her, a well trained grin, and returned the subtle kiss upon her lip.

Men like you make me vomit. But oh, how better will it feel when I finally make you heel. ~

"My, my you are looking good," she said in her sultry tone as she looked him up and down. He was, too, she wasn't lying, for an 18-year-old. His body was nice and tight and his face boyishly handsome. That didn't stop her from looking down on him, from seeing him as an inferior that will be drooling at her feet for more.

"I try." He said in his cocky, princely voice. She caught his eyes darting around her for just a moment and gently patted him on the cheek.

"Don't worry Andrei, he will not be bothering us tonight." Loreline said winking at the young guest. "Now should we sit down and talk? ~"

She gestured to a chair and took up position on the leather sofa opposite of him. The prince couldn't help but let his eyes rove over her long legs as she crossed them elegantly and brushed a hand through her hair.

She was dazzling... and she knew it.

Look on little prince. One day even that will be a privilege. ~

In fact he found it hard to take his eyes off her at all as she spoke. The light reflected off her blonde hair and dark lips. He had to concentrate hard to keep his mind on the conversation - and even harder when he realized he was beginning to get an erection as she went on and on in her smooth voice.

Loreline and the prince talked of his brother and his foolish denial of the situation. Andrei understood that it was best to forfeit the land to the witch... as long as he remained in power. As for his brother, well, she could keep him. As well as the rest of the men and women she wished.

"Well, with that settled I think..." she giggled like a girl. "we should head upstairs."

As Andrei got up he couldn't help noticing as the witch's eyes flashed down and fastened on the now prominent bulge in the front of his pants. She said nothing but placed her hand on his shoulder and guided him through halls to the room making sure her thigh brushed against his as they walked. It felt frustrating to the young prince that he could not feel her leather or her pantyhose through the fabric of his own outfit. He wanted to be rid of them and be rid of them soon.

As they walked Loreline made sure to ask him of all of his heroics, making his ego rage, as well as his cock, while silkily whispering into his ear. His tales became more and more embellished as they approached the room and his feats of strength and endurance gaining ever greater heights as Loreline reacted with awe-struck admiration to each of his lies.

Float, little hero. Drown in your own ego and I will drown you in lust. ~

"You truly are much braver than your foolish brother," she said - her ice blue eyes wide with mock wonder. He thought he would sink inside of them.

As they entered the dark lit room the young prince could not wait to get naked, to feel her upon his skin and to show her just how strong and brave he truly was. Loreline on the other hand behaved as if she had all the time in the world.

"How does it feel?" She asked, her whisper as faint as the desire to kneel that started burning inside of him. "To know that I prefer you to your brother?"

She was so close to him, her chest resting on his while she peered inside of his lost gaze. Despite himself he trembled with yearning and... maybe even a tingle of fear.

Andrei looked down to avoid her gaze but inside he was almost jumping for joy. The fact that a woman like Loreline preferred him to his brother made him feel elated, strong and dominant.

"You like women who wear leather right?" She whispered into his ear as she slowly started to unbutton his vest. "In long boots and silky gloves? ~"

He nodded and she plucked another button. With the other gloved hand she placed her two fingers at the tip of his lips... and he leant forward and took them in his mouth. The prince let out a soft moan as he felt the soft, smooth material of her gloves while she kept her eyes intently fixed on his face.

The prince shifted as he felt his knees buckle with the overwhelming sexual urge spreading from his loins. He could feel his cock becoming rock hard while he kept sucking on her silky fingers and getting drowned in her dominant gaze. Finally she removed her fingers from his mouth and he almost fell forward, gasping after them.

"Prince... I do think it is time for you to kneel. ~" She said enticingly.

His cock looked as though it was ready to burst through his pants as she guided him to a leather sofa. She sat herself upon it, crossing her lovely shaped legs, hugged perfectly by her boots and pantyhose.

Meanwhile he was sat down on the floor in front of her, on his knees. She placed her boot upon his inner thigh, right where she could see his cock throbbing in his trousers. He felt utterly overwhelmed. He'd never been with a woman like this before - never felt the intense desire that was currently coursing through his body.

He felt no resistance within him, no strength in his muscles or fight within his mind. It was like she had cast a spell over him, one that he could not and wished not to break.

"Did you think you had me little prince?" She asked cruelly, but to his ears, it sounded lovely. "I've had my eye on you from the very first day I arrived."

The only thing that he comprehended from her words was that she saw him long before she did his brother. He looked down at his throbbing cock as her boot shifted, faintly. It almost sent him over the edge, that little, slightest move. She could feel his body trembling with sexual excitement - his hips quivering under her touch.

Stifling a bratty giggle, Loreline pressed down upon his cock, ever so faintly. Suddenly Andrei gasped and his mouth fell open as a stream of juice oozed from his cock.

"Ohhh Andrei," she said sneering down upon his kneeling form. "So soon? I thought a playboy prince such as you could hold out longer."

He just looked shamefaced at his premature ejaculation. He could not believe it, he was a prince, he had his first woman when he was barely fourteen... how did this happen?

Pathetic. Men are so pathetic. That look on your face was worth fainting the kiss I gave you. When I leash you and turn you into a dog, my plan will finally start in earnest. ~

"I'm.....I'm.....sorry," he stammered as he looked up at her utterly helpless. "So sorry. I have never... I mean... I swear... Loreline I..."

"Does this always happen?" she asked softly. "Or is it just me?"

"It is you. I swear. I have never... I mean, this quickly..."

He looked down in embarrassment but Loreline places the tip of her boot beneath his chin and lifts it up, slowly, tenderly.

"Do not fret prince. I knew something like this would happen. It always does, but most of all I would never forgive your brother if he had done this. But I will forgive you~" He looked at her in wonder and gratitude whilst she tied her knot around his heart. His love for her grew by the word and, by now, he was in no doubt, she had deep, deep feelings for him. Ones that he could not wait to drown in.

He knew that his brother would scold him for this but, well, what he didn't know would not hurt him. Not to mention that he would not let his jealousy take Loreline away from him. She was his now... she was his.

Somewhere deep inside of his mind he felt a whisper, a fighters hope. It wasn't really anything he focused on or even noticed but it was still there.

You fool... get up!

The rest of the night he spent in masochistic bliss. First he was tied to the floor in chains as Loreline remained sitting with the tip of her boot resting on his already erect cock. With slow and steady movements she brought him to orgasm after orgasm as his mind swam and drowned in bliss. All the while he was leashed by the witch. Leashed and collared.

His muscular body twitched and jerked, molding his mind through the hellish night that, in his mind, lasted for days. Maybe it did. He didn't know and didn't care. Just when he thought he could take no more she managed somehow to revive his helpless manhood for another session of torture and bliss.

Whips, chain, vacuum beds and dildo's, he was violated in ways he didn't know were possible. And after every orgasm he had, after every mind melting torture that he relished, she expect him to say three simple words.

"Thank you, mistress." He said, panting and grinning happily. The prince was happy at the end of her leash and, like other toys she had, he did not wish to leave her sight.

By the morning he was physically and emotionally exhausted yet in a state of pure bliss. He did not wish to leave when Loreline told him that he was free to go. But he knew he had to, he knew that he had duties to return to and, if the future they had dreamed of was to become a reality, he needed to make things happen on his end as well.

"Thank-you Andrei." breathed Loreline. "I will let you know when you can return for another night of sweet... *passion*. ~"

"Oh yes," replied the prince meekly, with a stupid grin. "Please... I have never felt anything like this... please..."

Loreline nodded with an evil grin, but through his eyes it seemed like the most loving smile he had ever seen.

"Very soon, I hope," He added crawling to her on all fours, resting his chin on the tip of her boot. He looked up at her with admiration and love as she tugged on his leash.

"Don't forget though. One word to your brother, and our deal falls apart. And I do adore you so, Andrei. I would hate for our relationship to end." she purred.

"I won't Miss... Loreline..." He nodded as his words stuttered. He didn't plan on saying anything to his brother, finally he had something that idiot didn't.

Oh Nikolai. If only you knew what I had in store for you. By the time I am through with you and your brother... there will be nothing left. ~

"Now crawl away my little pet. We will see each other soon. " She lied with a girlish giggle. As he left the inn, on all fours, Loreline retired to the sitting room and poured herself a long drink. She took off her boots and snapped her fingers. Not a moment later a slave crawled in front of her and she placed her pantyhose clad feet upon his back. The man sighed happily as one of the Wardens walked in. She was wearing a spandex catsuit and heels with long gloves as well.

"Mistress Loreline, the invitation has been sent to Nikolai, as you ordered." Her voice was endearing, just like all the Warden's that served under Loreline. The witch nodded with an evil grin.

"Poor Nikolai," she whispered exultantly. "Your mind will soon crumble and when it does, I will mold you into the most docile pet I have ever had. ~"

Part V

It was the moment Nikolai had been waiting for. Finally the bitch made a mistake. From his best spies, he had found out that she was visiting one of the banks at the edge of the city. But Loreline never simply, visited, anything or anyone. There was always a catch.

He gave his spy a special orb, not larger than a fist. Once placed near a person and salted, it would record everything the person said until the salt was removed.

"It is past time I played her." Nikolai told the spy as the man covered his face with a hood and left his sire's sight.

His spy was on the scene in less then it took a horse to gallop across town. He peered down from his vantage point upon the rafters and slicked down bellow, dangerously close to the witch. She had the owner of the bank upon his knees in front of her, staring at her with fear and adoration.

The bank itself was made of pure marble and gilded gold. It was a picture of everything prince Nikolai stood for, and the owner was a well known samaritan, helping fund several hospitals and orphanages.

Meanwhile she looked heavenly. Silky, smooth, black stockings, embroidered like webbing, tightly adorned her legs while pointy, stiletto heels made her arches and lithe muscles yearn for attention and worship. A lose silky dress, hung over her bare chest and thighs. Her witch's hat and dark gloves completed her mesmerizing outfit.

He poured the salt over the orb and silently moved it into position, trying not to look at Loreline. The spy knew what happened to most who did. The owner on the other hand peered up at the witch, aghast at her pure beauty.

"That won't work on me, little spy. ~" She said, without turning to him. "Now come out so all three of us can have a little chat."

His heart almost burst from his chest from surprise—but much to his horror his legs moved on their own.

The spy, did as he was ordered, while his legs shook. It was actually her... he was standing in front of this goddess of impossible curves and-

Loreline's gloved hand shone in a pale, golden light that emulated a whip, that crashed into his stomach and then rammed his face. It felt like a mace had hit him, not a whip.

"I have whipped many a hero into mewling messes, you will not be different. ~" She giggled childishly. Another flick of her whip cannoned into his testicles and brought forth an agonized

scream before his knees gave way and he fell before her.

"I'm beginning to regret ever having contemplated working with Nikolai," she sneered. "If this keeps up, he will not be worthy of kissing my boots."

She took a step back and delivered another lash to the spy's face which sent him sprawling face down onto marble floor. Yet another hit sent his mind buzzing as it hit his forehead.

"I should just leave you in the gutter like this... but I think you and the bank owner might actually help me... even if you are utterly useless as you are." She grinned. "Kneel next to him. ~"

With quivering lip the spy did so.

"W-what will you do to us?" The owner asked.

"Why... make you into the catalyst that will ruin Nikolai, of course." She spoke yet again in her playful tone. "Now hold still. ~"

Without another word Loreline stepped up to each of them. "Raise your head sweetie and look into my eyes."

Both of them did so without much fight. That was the usual response of an average person. Pure adoration and infatuation. Gently, she placed an obsidian-like stone upon each of their foreheads. The two dared not even ask what she was doing to them.

"Now jerk yourself boys. Cum for me and turn into lovely statues." She giggled and turned around to grab the orb. "Like I said, this does not work on me... but... before you boys turn into decorations for my future kingdom, speak into the orb... confess all that you have done for you prince. ~"

The two men started pumping their cocks without hesitation. Looking up at her, they drooled and humped the air at the behest of their goddess. First, she brought the orb to the spy.

"I... spied on powerful nobles, used that information blackmail them into servitude... I did it for prince Nikolai." He confessed. Of course, the fact that the nobles were trying to assassinate the noble family, he did not mention. Nor did he say that Nikolai pardoned them afterwards. He knew that Loreline only wanted to hear half of the truth.

"Good boy." She purred and petted him on the head. His tongue stuck out like a dog's as he continued to pump. "Your turn doggy. ~"

The owner of the bank started talking the second she finished.

"I... I... I allowed the prince to take the money from other nobles to fund the realm's debts..." The owner whimpered as he continued to hump his cock. Just as the spy, he did not tell that the prince would always return the money to the nobles.

"Another good boy. What loyal puppies you two are. ~" Loreline laughed victoriously as she removed the salt from the orb. "That should sow enough seeds among the people regarding their... loving prince."

Satisfied she looked over the kneeling men as they, with infatuated longing, stared at their new mistress.

"Well boys, I do think it is time cum." The witch said and the two men grinned in unison. "Are you ready?"

They nodded happily as drool dripped from their tongues and lips. The pleasure had completely ruptured their sanity and what little intelligence they had left was about to spurt through their cocks.

"3."

With raging insanity, they rubbed their throbbing cocks, eager for the next count, eager for their mistress to give them the power of release.

"2."

"Are you ready boys? ~"

They could not comprehend her question anymore and with stupified looks they simply drooled at their goddess. She laughed cockily down upon her newest acquisitions and lifted her gloved hand.

"So simple. 1. Cum. ~"

With a mind shambling ecstasy, the two men came for their mistress. Just as their cum left their cocks the obsidian stones upon their heads shone with a dark, violet light. The whole room became a twisting dance of shadows and darkness as their faces were covered with tight, figure hugging latex. Not a few moments later, they were completely covered by the material, with their arms forced behind their backs. They were faceless now, completely, as the latex left nothing to the imagination. Now, they looked like two, simple, latex statues.

"Even in bondage you two look completely average... but don't worry, my dungeons run deep. I will find a nice spot to place you to. ~" With an evil smile to the two statues, she turned on her heel and walked towards the exit.

"I will make good use of this." She said to herself as she played with the orb, locking the door behind her. The only sound in the darkness of the city, was the click of Loreline's heels.

Part VI

While his brother was raging back in the castle, Loreline finally paid a visit to Andrei. He was in the state that Loreline left him in, bewildered, bound and edged. She looked at him hungrily as she closed the door behind her. The Witch was still wearing the same costume that she had on her while playing with the thief and the owner of the bank, but it was the first time Nikolai had seen her in it.

"Ohhhh God," he moaned as he placed his eyes upon her for the first time. She shone even in the complete darkness of her room, while the nylon and the latex of her outfit glittered like stars that circled the bright sun that was Loreline. Her navel exposing her firm breasts and curvaceous midriff - a sight which had had the desired effect the young Andrei, every time they met one another.

"Aaaaahhh, mistress! Use me, use me again, I was a good boy, wasn't I?!" he gasped as she confidently walked next to him. He twitched and humped the air as she hovered over him, her eyes beaming with sadism.

"Do you want to be touched?" She purred in the dark as the teasing question sent the young man into a frenzy. He groaned, lost in desire and bliss.

"Yes, yes mistress. Please! I have done exactly as you have asked, and I have told you of the banker and the spy as well. I was good, please mistress!!!" He squealed.

Gently, she placed her finger upon his forehead and a soft melody and a spark jumped from the spot that she touched.

"Oh Christ!" cried Andrei. "Oh my God!"

All of the cum that had been edged the day before came to a sudden stop at the tip of his cock. A single drop left his member while he trembled and gasped and moaned. His frustration had peaked but, as with everything Loreline had a hand in, that was not the end. With the same gilded, melodic touch, she made contact with his cock.

A voiceless scream escaped his mouth while Loreline grinned with evil and sadism. She loved the power she had over men, especially when they become so willing. This was the best part for her, between surrender and boredom. When the toy was still new and interesting.

But now, it was time to give him a real lesson into the joys of total surrender.

Loreline continued teasing him by sending small bolts of pleasure and electricity through his young body, as he quivered and shivered beneath her touch. He felt as if he were aflame, his

body sizzling with raw pleasure that the evil Witch sent into his nerves and muscles. Finally, somehow, he managed to speak.

"Please Mistress Loreline," he sobbed as she once more denied his desire. "Please, please, please. Let me cum... ravage me!"

Andrei's hips were thrusting wildly now, so desperate was his yearning to cum. But Loreline had no mercy, she delighted in his predicament and enjoyed every moan that she knew belonged to her.

"I am yours mistress, I want you, I need you, you are perfection made flesh!!! Please!!!"

She smirked in satisfaction.

"Well, you were a good boy, weren't you.~" She chirped.

"Yes, I always am mistress. I am nothing without you!." He pleaded earnestly.

"But for an orgasm you need to do more. The things you have done for me are enough for a soft touch and little torture... but that is it." Loreline giggled evilly.

"How?" wailed Andrei his mind now gripped in a fierce sexual obsession for the woman driving him to absolute ruination. "How?! How do I prove myself mistress I will do anything and everything for you!"

"Hmm..." she pondered for a moment. After weeks of constant training and allowed orgasms, the fact that he was denied ruined his brain in ways he never thought possible. "I'll be merciful. Beg, plead and whimper, tell me just how much you need and love me and what else you would do for me... then I will release my magical touch and you can cum.~"

"I LOVE YOU!" he howled on command. "YOU ARE THE ONLY PERSON I LOVE, YOU ARE EVERYTHING TO ME, YOUR TRAINING AND TORTURE HAS BROUGHT BE TO A PLACE I NEVER WISH TO LEAVE!!! I LOVE YOU LORELIN, I LOVE YOU!!!"

"Good enough." She sighed triumphantly and winked at the bound youth beneath her. There was no need for this torture of course, she knew all of his words by now, all of his pleads. She just wanted to hear them again.

Suddenly Andrei's back arched and his body jerked this way and that as a stream of juice poured from him onto the bed. He wished to scream and thank his mistress, but there was no strength left in him to even moan as the orgasm ravaged his obedient mind.

He lay there panting as Loreline placed her hands upon her hips and peered down at her pet. Despite his exhaustion her soft look brought an immediate reaction from his cock. At once he stood erect again, ready to go again, ready to be milked. Such was the power of the sadistic witch and her magic.

"Mistress... Loreline..." he gasped weakly, meekly. "Oh God. How I love you. I want you forever."

"I know you do.~" She teased. Without much thought of her prisoner, she turned from the bed and started for the door, her heels clicking over the carpet. There, right as she was about to open it, she turned to look at her victim, her willing toy.

"One of the wardens will let you go in a few hours. You will crawl out of my residence upon your knees, kissing the boots or heels or feet of any of my wardens on your way out. Then, and only then will you be allowed to leave. I will send for you soon.~"

With a lavish giggle of sadism and dominance, Loreline opened the door and left. Her toy was gasping and moaning for hours to come, before one of the wardens remembered to let him out.

Just as she had ordered he kissed the feet of all who were in his way. By accident of course, all of the wardens happened to be in the hall at the time.

Outside, the town had become abuzz with the news of Prince Nikolai's corruption, as the newspapers spread through the capital.

Part VII

The first Warden that stood in his path was flung to the wall, while the other, startled by the sudden appearance of prince Nikolai, was thrown over the reception desk. The bone crunching sound of their bodies left no question if they were alive or not.

"Wait, Mistress hasn't summoned you yet!" A third clad in leather, yelled, clearly unsure of herself. She was the only one left between him and the upper floor where Loreline resided.

"That bitch is done summoning anyone." He barked as he made a strange movement with his hand and a large fireball flew from his hand, setting the Warden aflame. Her bellows of pain and agony were surely heard outside, yet after she had fallen dead upon the floor, complete silence rained within the walls of Loreline's makeshift domain. Not a single Warden stood in his way after those three were dealt with.

He stormed in to find the witch lounging on the sofa casually sipping a strange, smokey drink. Her revealing outfit consisted of a dark, leather bra with leather shorts and black glittery pantyhose. The heels she was wearing before were laid beside the sofa and her beautiful feet were crossed at the ankles. The witch's beauty, again, was without compare.

She casually ran her fingers through her long blonde hair, barely lifting her head towards the prince. Loreline, like the rest of the block, had surely heard the screams of her Wardens. But she did not care.

"I don't recall requesting your presence *Prince*." She said absently. The title sounded like an insult upon her tongue.

"You will never order me around again!" Nikolai said, firmly. "Your visit to my realm is over! Invade if you want, we will be ready for you!"

"Invade? Why would I invade? When I will pull the rug of your kingdom from beneath your feet, as you fall, you will beg to be in my presence again.~" She cooed as his gaze drifted over her exquisite body, trying to take in all of her glory. Loreline, of course, noticed this and trailed a finger over her nylon clad thigh. Nikolai shook his head and snarled.

"You will never succeed." He said, through gritted teeth.

"Is that why you cannot take your eyes off of me, my little puppet?~" Loreline giggled. "Cheers."

He wanted nothing more than to burn her to a crisp as well, maybe he should have, back when he first met her. But then, he thought the witch only a pretty face. Now? Were he to burn her, if he even could, the populace would rise against him, it would be the same if she were to win. Then, another villainess would simply move in.

Loreline emptied her glass then, with lavish, almost poetic grace, sauntered to refill her drink. When she turned, the gleeful, childish sneer was there, ready to make him weak again.

"Anything else?"

"Leave. You have until dawn." He said, sternly.

Loreline smiled at him. "Why? The people have only started adoring me. Haven't you seen the papers?~" Loreline tilted her head with a look of arrogant superiority fixed on her face, making him rage with fury while also making his knees weak. "In a few weeks time, they will be kneeling in front of my little domain, ready to worship the ground I walk on."

"You want get away with this," he snarled clenching his fists in anger, sparks flying as he did. "I'll see to that."

"Get away with taking away your kingdom? Breaking you? Leashing you? Or enslaving your brother?~" Her tone of innocence only served to enrage him but his mouth fell agape at her last question.

"What?" He asked, earnestly, and she cackled.

"If I were you," she said very slowly and deliberately. "I'd start worrying less about me and more about yourself. Your brother is already mine, and soon, the rest will follow. In the end you will be the only one left standing... or rather, kneeling."

She gave him an infuriatingly superior grin.

"What have you done to my brother?!" He demanded filled with pain and rage... and a little bit of jealousy.

"Why, nothing that concerns you my pet." she said dismissively. "You refused me, remember? I even asked twice. Now, you will crawl to me and, if I feel merciful... I might accept you as a simple chair or boot licker.~"

Two fireballs burst into life in his hands, the flame illuminating her chamber, making their shadows dance, making her glisten and shine like a goddess. Much to his honest surprise, she didn't flinch, she simply walked over to him, daring him to throw them at him.

"I will burn you just as I did your fucking Wardens!" He raged at her.

"Oh that was you? I thought they were playing with one another again." She said through a sinister giggle. "They will be replaced do not worry. Maybe by one of the women from your kingdom. Though I doubt it, I think simple slavery is more suited to them~"

"You're going to regret this," he snarled through gritted teeth before turning on his heel. Evil laughter echoed through the Inn as he left it and through a group of people who had gathered outside.

Loreline sat herself at the sofa again and crossed her legs, enjoying her cold drink, knowing full well that he was in her palm.

Part VIII

Andrei thrashed beneath Loreline's magical whip, groaning as his shaft twitched, all in a harmony of ecstasy and pleasure. His eyes half open, his mouth gagged and his body... completely bound in leather. He was positioned on all fours for his mistress, resembling a broken puppy.

Loreline smiled as she noticed his cock harden after every crack of the whip. She had been spending a lot of her free time training and teasing the young prince. Ever since Nikolai barged into her new home and killed her Wardens, she had a rising desire to twist the game even more than she already has.

The satisfaction she got from his thrashing, pleading form gave her shivers. It was all so easy. His mouth twitched as he tried to stop the drool from dripping from his lip, but with every hit of her whip he found he had less control of himself.

"Oh my poor baby," breathed Loreline seductively. "You have been whipped for so long, haven't you?"

She smirked triumphantly as Andrei moaned again starting to thrust himself harder into the air, but getting no release.

"And still so hard. ~" She teased and snapped her fingers. In an instant the gag from his mouth was gone.

"Ahhhhhhhhh," he breathed, his body shuddering with uncontrolled excitement. Relishing the effect she had on him, Loreline sighed and sat herself upon his back, the nylon of her catsuit whooshing as she crossed her legs. She dangled her heel from the tip of her sweet toe, her long blond hair falling over her slender shoulders.

"This has been a life changing experience, hasn't it my little pet?" she whispered.

"Yessssss," Andrei groaned as Loreline giggled at his sighs. "Ohhhhhh Loreline. I love you."

The nylon clad witch, instead of replying, curled the golden, magical, whip around his cock. The warmth of her magic sending pulsating bliss through his entire body. She had complete control over him and his actions. Not long afterwards, Andrei shuddered and an explosive stream of juice left his cock and dripped upon the floor.

His chest heaving, eyes fluttering, Loreline caressed his hair, while his heavy breathing echoed around the room. Taking great gulps of air through his mouth he tried to whimper words of thanks but the force of the orgasm still had him panting and gasping.

"Andrei.~" she purred.

"Yes... yes mistress..." he wheezed slowly, pleadingly. He could feel himself dropping into another lovely reverie as he enjoyed her weight upon his back. Slowly melting further into submission, with his gratitude endless for being used as a personal chair by his lovely tormentor.

"I have an idea for our next get together. I think you are going to love it." She smiled evilly.

"Anything you wish goddess, anything at all." He sighed.

"How about we play in the castle next time. We can even use the bed of your brother hm? How does that sound? I could tie you up..." She teased as she yanked the magical whip that was stilling holding his cock tightly. "Tease you and torment you. I could make you cum in the bed of your stupid brother... and he will never know we were even there.~"

His poisoned mind loved the idea and he whined happily, not even being able to form words as a response.

"I knew you would adore my idea. But I think we could make it even better." She giggled. "How about you invite the captain of the palace guard to come and play with us.~"

Jealousy burned at her words but he dared not voice his displeasure. Of course, Loreline noticed this.

"Do not worry darling, you are still my favorite plaything." She lied. "I only want our games to be as fun as they can."

"Yes... yes mistress..." He panted happily. "I would love that as well!"

"Good booooy, my pet." She purred and uncrossed her legs, getting up from her slave. Loreline stood in front of his begging form, hips cocked, and placed her lovely heel in front of his face.

"Now, why don't you kiss my heels and thank me for training you.~"

Far too eagerly, he placed his tongue upon her heel and licked with fervor. Andrei loved the feeling of the cold leather of her heel as shivers and bolts of bliss pulsed across his mind and body.

"Thank you! Thank you for training me!"

"What a good boy you have become. So far from the arrogant brat you were, when we first met." She laughed.

"No... no mistress, I will never be arrogant again I promise." He said between his licks.

"Good enough." She said and removed her lovely heel from his tongue. "One of the Wardens will free you in time. Until then think of your love for me and my orders. Understood?~"

"Yes mistress!!" He yelped happily, loving the feeling of complete surrender. It broke his heart that she was leaving but that only meant that their next meeting was getting closer. Loreline walked beside him, her nylon outfit glistening as the light of the hall fell upon her whilst she opened the door.

"Bye, bye.~" She said, enticingly, and closed the door. The gag formed in his mouth again, and he was left in the darkness. Bound and trained, anxious to lay his eyes upon his sadistic mistress again.

Part 9

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 I 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, once she was sure he had gone, 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.

"We 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 have 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. She, on the other hand, barely spared him a look.

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 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 fell 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.

1

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 him 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 tilted 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.

Part 10

Nikolai and a whole battalion of his men, made way through the streets of the capital. Most of the folk knew where he was heading and showed their displeasure plainly. Insults were the least of his worries as potatoes, tomatoes and other vegetables were thrown at his men. They didn't show their displeasure at the spectacle. Both he and his men knew the true culprit behind this, and it was finally time to end this charade of hers.

The king could not blame his people. If he was in their shoes he would probably believe the newspapers as well. After weeks of nothing but slander against his most loyal subjects and friends, it was just a matter of time before the people themselves started to riot against him.

This has to stop... this has to stop now.

With his men outside, he barged into the Inn and straight to her chambers. Loreline's Wardens knew better than to stand in his way. Some even watched him fearfully... no wonder after what he had done to their friends. They had learned their lesson. So would she.

Loreline was seated at the far end of her room with her legs crossed. She was wearing a sheer black, sleeved dress which barely covered the top of her thighs. Silver clasps held the tight dress from falling off of the witch and exposing her bosom. On her lavish legs, she wore dark satin tights and tall, stiletto heels. Finally, her usual, dark smoky make up, made her perfectly sculpted face seem as evil and sadistic as her soul.

"Your visit has come to an end." Nikolai said plainly, not reacting to the bulge that was already formed in his trousers. "Leave the Inn now or my men will storm it and kill every single one of you."

But she wasn't alone. A face turned from the other seat, one stuck in complete surprise and terror.

"What are you saying, King Alfred." It was the archbishop.

He looked at the holy father in astonishment. Of all the people to hear him make such a threat, Archbishop Innocent... well word of that would spread quickly.

"Is that how you speak with all of your guests?" Ask Innocent, honestly bewildered.

"Your holiness..." Nikolai stammered. "I-I, no of course not. You have known me since I was but a babe. I never speak as thusly with anyone who doesn't deserve it."

The king said, trying to find his composure again.

"Do not worry, your holiness..." Electra purred. "He lacks both manners and kingly prowess, I am quite used to him by now. Thankfully, his brother is much better... at both.~"

Loreline said with a sly wink to the king, one that the Archbishop did not notice. Nikolai was at a loss for words. He felt defenseless before her and the fact that he thought of her in the most perverted and masochistic ways made him feel weak and lost.

The witch's eyes gleamed in amusement as she watched him squirm, at a complete loss. But then, she twisted the knife even further.

"The archbishop and I were just talking about how the church should have a representative with as much power as the king... someone like me." She smirked. "He and other nobles have noticed how well I worked around your corrupt officials and think that the church should have someone to protect it from your thumb.~"

The archbishop just nodded.

You fool... you old fool, are you that blind?!

Loreline shifted in her seat, uncrossing and then recrossing her legs again. The sweet sound of her pantyhose made the archbishop stiffen but somehow he did not shift his gaze at her legs.

"We have also agreed that the church should have its own private army. One that isn't influenced by the king. One that won't allow just... anyone to enter my chambers. ~" Her evil smile drew even the archbishops gaze and, with extreme difficulty, the old fool barely removed his eyes from hers.

"She must have all the protection your highness. You of all people should know how dangerous it is to be a person in power." He explained, as if to a child. King Nikolai knew not what to say. He was dumbstruck. Embarrassment, humiliation and... arousal, coursed through his veins and his head. No matter what he did, she was always one step ahead of him, always outplaying him.

At that one moment, where shame, defeat and arousal combined in a sick bolt of bliss, he felt his knees buckle. For that one moment, he was glad the archbishop was there as his ego did not allow him to kneel in front of another man.

Were he alone though... that would have been a different story.

Loreline, reading him completely, smiled enticingly and fixed him an endearing, arrogant smile filled with superiority of the sweetest kind.

"Of course, with the headlines in the newspapers, it would be best if you and I did not have much contact after today. The church must not be sullied by vanities of kings. Though, I am sure everything they wrote was false.~" She almost burst out a cackle from his defeated face, but somehow held it together. The dominance the witch had over him was intoxicating to her. So intoxicating, in fact, that the mere thought of not being able to see her made him weary and scared.

"Now, I must be going." Innocent said, oblivious to what Loreline was doing to his king. "I do suggest you apologize to mistress Loreline, she could help us in the future. Especially with this League of Villainesses I have been hearing about."

So she made you kneel as well. Old FOOL!!! I should have had you abdicate long ago. Idiotic sentimentality didn't allow me to do so... that is my weakness... she will do anything to win, while I will not.

"Yes... yes of course..." The king blurted as Innocent shuffled his way out of the chamber.

"Now..." Loreline gloated. "What can I do for you?~"

Nikolai felt helpless. Her words and taunts had hurt him more so than any army could have. His befuddled brain, trying to think of what to say.

"What... what are you doing to me?" He asked in a weak tone.

"Didn't I tell you the second time we saw one another. You refused me, you refused to kneel in front of me and beg. A slave that doesn't know that he is a slave has to be taught a lesson. So I decided to topple your whole kingdom to teach you something that you will never forget." Loreline smirked knowingly. "You belong at the end of a leash. As my personal dog. And that is what you will be. It could have been easy for you, you could have surrendered at the beginning. By now you would have been living a blissful, chastised life beneath my heels. But now? There will be no mercy.~"

Nikolai felt himself cowering before her beauty and causal dominance. He tried to return a blazing stare, a defiant look... but the fire he had within him was snuffed out.

"What is wrong? Finally understand your fate?~" She giggled.

"I... I will not yield... this will not end like this..." He tried to muster his bravest voice but Loreline just rolled her eyes in amusement.

"Well I guess you have a little fight left in you. But soon... veery soon, my slave, your whole male population will be put in chains. And your women? Well... some will be useful I am sure, they will join our Wardens. And the rest? A nice experimental subject is always a plus." All of her threats now sounded like tempting promises. With a perked eyebrow, she seemed to read his mind.

"Are you in love with the idea already?~" She said with a villainous giggle.

"Of-of course not."

"Then get out of my sight, slave." She sneered. "The next time you see me in person... you will have to beg for the privilege of laying your eyes on me."

King Alfred turned on his heel and almost ran out of her room in shame and defeat. His men were confused at his decision to suddenly leave like that, but obeyed none the less. The city folk cheered as they galloped back to his tower. But that wasn't what shamed him.

It was the fact that he wished he had knelt in front of the witch, the very first night he saw her.

Part 11

Loreline smiled blissfully as Andrei squirmed at her glorious feet. She purred with pleasure after each bark of her leashed pet and her eyes glistened with childish glee knowing what was about to happen. After she had utterly dominated Nikolai in front of the Archbishop, she had sent him a photo, that was to arrive just as he got back to the castle, of her and his brother.

Andrei, of course, was completely bound and helpless in the photo. Biting at his heart with the image, Loreline knew that he would immediately rush back. Whether to try and free him or to kneel in front of her, she did not know yet. But it didn't matter. His time of submission did not come yet, so even if he knelt, she would not accept him as a slave.

"Oh my little pet." She purred. "What do you think he will do after he sees you? After all, he had seen so many of his friends and allies submit to me, this could bring him over the edge.~"

Andrei, or what was left of him, wiggled his but plug that also served as a tail. His arms and legs were bent at the joints and tied together with tight, shiny, spandex that formed the rest of his outfit as well. Thus he was forced to crawl on his knees and elbows bellow his mistress. Of course, Loreline didn't need him to talk, so his mouth was gagged as well.

He barked through it, coherently enough that Loreline knew that he still had sanity left. He still had more parts of him, for her to break.

"Good boy. I like that you have finally learned that human words aren't for you." She said gleefully. Her pet wiggled his tail again and looked up at her with adoration. Loreline, holding his leash, walked behind him and ordered him to turn on his back. Next, she placed her heel upon his cock and pressed down gently as the dogs barks turned into whimpers. Gently she stroked his member and he shivered in pure delight. The dog knew he would not cum today, this was only for show. For a person that he once held dear. But now he loved only her.

"You are right doggy, he is probably jealous and cannot wait to kneel as you did. To submit and await my training like a good slave.~" That fueled the dogs jealousy but he dared not move and could do nothing but whine beneath her heel.

His body shivered as her heel moved up and down upon his naked groin, the tip never moving from the edge of his cock. Loreline looked dreamily at him, a look that masked sadism and perversions his mind could not comprehend.

Loreline had changed since the prince had left and now wore stiletto high heels with a golden tip, pitch black pantyhose that had gold dust sprinkled all over the nylon material. Her tight leather dress ended just above her thigh and was neatly tucked into her elbow length, leather gloves. The gloves had golden, metal nails on the tips of her fingers. Upon her lips, cheeks and eyes she had

her usual smoky makeup. And her eyes... oh god her eyes... were the color of ice. The sultry witch looked herself over and then gave him a sympathetic look.

"I know puppy. No one could resist me.~" She giggled enticingly. Her voice trailed as there was a knock on the door. "Come in."

She said tauntingly.

The prince stood at the door looking down upon his brother. Horror stuck in his eyes, shivers of adamant rage coursing through him.

"I see you are already learning slave. Next time, after you knock... kneel.~" She purred.

"I am here to talk." He said as flatly as he could. But it was clear his mind was abuzz.

"Well... I am waiting. Talk." She ordered as she pressed down upon Andrei's cock. He twitched but otherwise paid no attention to what was happening. His mind was completely bound to Loreline.

"I... what do I have to do for you to leave. To leave all of us alone?" He said desperately.

"The whole of your kingdom needs to submit. Men to be put to labor or experimented on... or used as batteries. Women either turned to Wardens, I have lost 3 since I came here, or experimented on as well. And, of course, you to kneel before me and kiss my heels in submission. Am I clear enough this time?~" Loreline explained nonchalantly.

"I... I cannot do that. Anything else just... just leave us alone." He said on the edge of a whimper. "You have tamed everyone I care about. I *can't* lose my kingdom as well."

Loreline could feel his eyes boring into her, his frustrations and defeats finally taking their toll. And what a joy it was to see and behold.

"Your twists and turns have been an utter joy to see, my little prince. But I am not leaving until I leash you... and break you." She said and gave his brother another soft press. "What do you think of your brother? Jealous?~"

He gulped at her question, the answer was clear.

"No." He lied and shivered. "Just let him go."

Nikolai knew that even this situation was slipping away from him. That Loreline had outsmarted him on every turn and now, near the end of their game, he was just about ready to kneel. She had tamed everyone... the rest were upon her leash even though some of them didn't know it to be true.

"I doubt I will dear. See, once I tame someone... they are tamed for life. Not a single plain woman could satisfy him ever again. Only another villainess... and only I in the exact way that he loved it." Loreline said languidly as she placed her gloved hand upon her knee, posing victoriously over his brother and everything that he held dear. Tauntingly she tapped her golden nailed leather glove upon her shiny thigh. "Besides. He doesn't want to leave."

He gulped helplessly.

"If... if I kneel... right now... what will happen?"

"Why, nothing of course." She said quizzingly. "As I have said, I do not want you to submit just yet. Last a little longer and your fall will be that much sweeter~"

She gave him another infuriatingly confident smile and licked her lip.

"Now get out. On all fours. If you do, I might accept your submission earlier than planned." She said coldly.

"It can't end like this..." He said, his jaw quivering.

Loreline just gave him a sweet condescending smile.

"I think I just gave you an order.~"

As he crawled out of the Inn he first heard Loreline's gleeful laugh, which was quickly followed by the rest of her Wardens.

Part 12

He was living a nightmare. Nikolai could barely hold his thoughts together as he slumped back into his chambers after his last meeting with Loreline, which ended in complete disaster. The prince was lusting after her, badly, and both of them knew it. Flickers of her perfection would flash in his mind.

Of the way she held herself, the way she walked, the clothes she wore, the casual dominance she had over all. It was nightmarish. Insane. Perfect.

How could he hope to win against her now? How could he even muster the courage to say a single word of defiance after what had just happened?

But before he could even tackle any of those questions that raged in his mind a soft knock was heard on the door. Then, without it being opened, a note was pushed beneath the slit at the bottom. Nikolai, begrudgingly walked over to the note and picked it up. Even his walk was tired and long, void of confidence or energy.

His heart started gaining speed again as he smelled her perfume, before he even got a chance to read what was upon it. Nikolai's mechanical reaction was to grab his cock through his trousers. To pump and massage his cock into a blissful oblivion until Loreline finally noticed him.

But he didn't do that. He didn't know how he had the mental fortitude to stop, but he did.

The note read simply.

Invitation to my Gala, 22:00 pm sharp.

Though the writing was simple, the invitation itself was dark with blurry pictures fading in and out of the note. They seemed like visions of the tortures she inflicted upon her slaves. His former friends.

Each vision seemed to depict them as happy, even glad that they have been broken by her. Thus each vision made him even more jealous than he was before. It was infuriating, to see everything that he lusted after in such blurry and quick visions upon the paper.

Did the rest get the same invitation as I did? Do they know about Andrei and... me? Or... do they wish this fate for themselves...

His mind raced and all questions seemed rather plausible to him. But one fact hammered upon his mind without end.

Loreline... she... she would be there... what would she wear? What would she do? Will she... even notice me?!

As his hard on pulsed in his trousers he clenched his fist and punched the door. This was going to be one long night.

He saw her the moment he entered the inn. It had not been an inn for a long while now though. The establishment looked more like a fetish salon now than anything else. Nikolai even heard of others popping all around the city.

The witch was wearing a short, leather black skirt with a slit over her right thigh. Not that she needed it, her legs were easily noticed even without it. A matching, clinging, semi see through sparkling top adorned her chest and, clearly enchanted, gave off a hypnotic glow which everyone noticed.

Long, dark boots hugged her supple legs tightly, and ended just over her knees, giving way to shimmery dark pantyhose, which sparkled in a similar light to her top. Loreline's smoky make up, dark fingernails and ice blue eyes only enhanced her magical appearance. All of the guests, though talking with one another, could barely stop looking at her.

Speaking of guests... Nikolai noticed something off... about them. But could not quite place or understand what exactly.

Her looks, combined with the attention she was lavished with, made Nikolai burn with jealousy. The witch threw her hair over her shoulder, catching gasps from all around her as she finally lay her eyes upon the prince, much to his excitement.

"Why hello Nikolai. It really is an honor to have you here." She said, all too sweetly and only then did Nikolai notice that... all of her guests were female... while the men served them drinks and food. Most of them were naked and crawling on all fours, while the others were used as chairs and foot stools. She walked over to him while the rest of the ladies paid him no mind.

As the witch walked he got a nice view of her stunning body, shapely legs and curvaceous figure. Every time he saw her, Loreline looked more beautiful.

"I... I am glad to be here." He said like a docile puppy.

"Oh? Have you changed your mind about me?~" She asked, mocking a pleasant smile. A man crawled over to her and she picked up a glass of red wine from his back.

"You may go darling." She told him without a glance and, with a light kiss upon her leather boot, the slave crawled away to another leather clad woman.

I know her... I know all of these women... we were all... friends now. But I guess they are hers now and we... we will be hers as well.

Loreline's eyes twinkled as she spoke and her face exuded warmth and honest friendliness. But he knew better... everything that was kind and compassionate in her was always dipped in sadism and poison of the sweetest kind.

But Nikolai didn't care anymore. He simply reveled in her attention. Loreline fixed him with her lovely ice blue eyes as she finally stood in front of him.

"I... I have..." He said compliantly. "It was clear I was wrong about you and offer you a hand of partnership."

Nikolai said, giving his all to leave this place with at least some of his dignity. If he would survive this... if he were to fight of his feelings of surrender and lust, he would have to play this very carefully.

"But prince Nikolai, isn't it a little bit late for that.~" She said cheerfully and leaned in closer. "I already have almost everything I need. What on earth can you offer me?"

He could make out her perfect cleavage, straining against the translucent top. Loreline giggled at his stare as he became aware that he was being rather rude. None the less, she beamed innocently at him, sliding her tongue over her black lips flirtatiously.

Myself...

That was the first thought at her question. But he dared not voice it. Her disarming smile was tying his tongue into a knot and his mind was slowly but surely being turned into putty.

"Everything..." He finally said. Nikolai could not say naught but that.

"Then that is exactly what I will take from you." She said, batting her lashes with such girlish charm that, again, Nikolai could say nothing. "But I want you to beg for it.~"

Nikolai stood there, aghast, before Loreline, much to his surprise, turned on her heel and left him there. She didn't even give him a chance to beg as she wished. Standing alone with a bulge in his trousers.

The witch walked over to the dais and, as a pair of men knelt in front of it while she stepped on their backs, turned to the crowd. The women beamed with excitement while the men dared not look up. Nikolai noticed that he was the only male not kneeling.

Then the memory burst into Nikolai's mind.

She... she is about to become the head of the church. The archbishop had finally made it happen.

"Ladies and... well... ladies." She said in sultry tone as the girls giggled. "We had all been eagerly awaiting this night.~"

Loreline finished and snapped her fingers to thunderous applause. The old archbishop crawled from behind the curtain, the crown of the church upon his back. His dopey smile was the only thing the old man wore. The witch looked nothing like one that should be representing the church but no one cared. Not a single soul.

He crawled behind her and she gently lifted the crown, than briskly sat herself upon his back. The old pervert sighed in pleasure, much to Nikolai's dismay, as she crossed her legs. He heard her leather creak even from the entrance. She was a picture of leather fantasies come true, a goddess of fetish.

"But before I am to be crowned, we do have one little problem." She teased as she adjusted her boot. "See, the only way for me to be crowned as head of the church... is for Nikolai to allow me to do so. Unfortunately, I am yet to receive his blessing."

His knees buckled at her words as he felt the stares of all of the women inside of the gala turn to him. Nikolai wished to protest, to argue back but the words caught in his throat. What would he argue for when she was right... and that only meant that he deserved to be punished...

"Now, his word cannot be overturned but, I have found a rather interesting law that might help us with him. If a prince or a king, was ruled to be insane, he would be sent to a mental institution for rehabilitation, after which he would be asked the same question as before. But for that to happen, all of the nobles, every single one of you ladies, must vote for it.~"

He gulped.

"So, how many of you vote for his rehabilitation?~" Loreline purred, both of them knowing the answer.

Not a second afterwards, all of the hands rose in unison and Loreline gave the prince a gleeful smile.

"Well darling... it seems the game ends... and begins anew, right now.~"

Her dark lips curved into a sadistic grin as Nikolai sank to his knees in defeat.

Part 13

The contrast between them was appalling.

Nikolai, the once proud prince, was covered from head to ankle in latex, bound by straps and ropes and padlocks. Shivering in his cold cell. Loreline, on the other hand, was a picture of jubilation, sadism and girlish enthusiasm... and dressed to kill to boot.

For the past week he had been alone in the dungeon, laying defeated and almost broken while the exultant witch reveled in her victory and power. The irony of the situation only made her happier. The fact that a godless witch, was unanimously, voted as the head of the church was enough to make her sneer and shine with victory. But her victories in this realm were only just beginning.

The crowds waited and watched her with eagerness as she made her way to the palace. Though, few noticed that the male population was slowly but surely dwindling. Dignitaries and nobles heaped praise upon her every step, all but falling at their knees in her worship.

Loreline knew that she wasn't just the head of the church, she was becoming their deity.

Finally, finished with her tour of the capital, showered in admiration, she stood in front of the palace where, deep beneath, Nikolai waited for her torment and luscious training.

For this event Loreline wore a shiny, halter-neck black rubber dress which enhanced her fabulous figure. It was V shaped at the breast and had a long cut on side of her leg, showing a powerful, lithe thigh covered in shimmering, nylon pantyhose. Sharp, stiletto heels adorned her feet, while the witch's sun kissed hair, was tied in a long ponytail.

With her ice blue eyes she gave the masses a look and her lips, covered with dark lipstick, curled into a victorious smile.

In the distance, she saw newspapers being sold and her grin widened. The witch knew exactly what they had been saying ever since she became the head of the church.

PRINCE NIKOLAI accused of sodomy!

How will our new head of the church rule him?!

And Loreline knew exactly how. Just like everybody else that stood in her way!

Loreline waved back at her admirers and walked casually into the palace. She had let Nikolai wait for her but now, it was time to play. With sultry dominance and confidence no human could comprehend, the witch walked through the prince's palace and all the way into the dungeon. Her wardens were now the royal guard and they stood at every corner, shiny in catsuits of leather,

nylon and latex. The former guard was by now completely broken and trained, whining and whimpering deep within the castle, just as their prince soon would.

As Loreline entered his cell, she found two of her wardens standing above him. One was trampling his erect cock, slowly gliding her knee high boot across his member, while the other had her foot upon his neck, holding the tied prince down.

Not that he was going anywhere.

The wardens were wearing matching, dark leather catsuits and endearing knee high boots that clung to their bodies. They smiled warmly as their Mistress walked into the cell.

"Mistress Laureline, I knew those were your heels echoing in the hall. We kept him warm for you." The one with the boot on his neck told the witch while the other bowed in respect and reverence.

"Awww, did they hurt you my little prince?" She cooed as she walked over to him. The two wardens backing off out of the cell. Loreline paid little notice to them but a gentle smile that she gave the pair, dismissing them.

"You... will not break me... I will endure... as will my kingdom..." He rasped, though his stare was all but empty.

"Ah?!" A long, golden whip of light beamed from her right hand and materialized just as the first crack landed upon his latex covered body. He cried in pain, much to her joy. "Did I give you permission to speak my pet?"

Another beam of light materialized from the ring in his collar and ended inside of her palm. A leash, for her new dog.

From his humiliating position, he could not see the whole of her, but the witch's succulent, nylon clad leg and heel, where in full view.

Just as he began admiring her perfection, Loreline cracked her golden whip again, planting the hit this time, between his legs. He gasped in agony as his body jerked violently upwards. Then another crack, upon his face, which settled him quickly down up the floor again. But, though in pain and tired, his cock did not flinch or soften. It stood like a pole, saluting his mistress.

Happy with his pathetic state, Loreline stepped forward, placing her legs on either side of his heaving chest. She, victoriously, placed her palm upon her hip and sneered down at him.

"You talk when I, and *only* when I, allow it. Is that understood pet~?" The rubber clad witch giggled. "And the only things I want to be hearing from you in the near future are please of mercy and the confessions you will be signing."

"Yes... yes mistress..." He said with the most pathetic whimper of his life. Or, rather, of his life so far.

"That's better pet. You are learning quickly.~" She grinned. He stared up at his mistress, as obediently as he could, afraid... and eager, of her next lesson. Loreline looked heavenly in her

rubber dress, pantyhose and heels. A dream come true... or a nightmare. In his mind pain, betrayal, surrender and humiliation all rolled into one big black hole which sapped his bravery and fight.

"I have crushed you, former prince.~" She began and his cock twitched as warmth spread through his body at her voice. "Pitilessly. And I will heap more and more humiliation over and on you in the next few days. Abandon all hope, for after I am done with you, there will be nothing left my pet. The only hope you will be allowed is that you will be leashed at my feet, basking at my beauty and not stuck in rubber and latex deep bellow my castle. Forgotten.~"

The only chance...

He thought.

I have left is to maintain some sense of sanity and hope for her to slip...

"And what a pathetic spectacle you are." She purred. "I honestly don't know what I saw in you. Oh well, as your love for me grows by the day, so shall I forget you.~"

There was no disguising the exultant look on her face as she took in the sight of the former prince. Now, tethered like a pathetic dog at her heels, bound for as long as she demanded it.

"Now." She stepped over him. "Kneel in front of me."

The witch ordered in her sing song voice. Standing oppressively in front of him, his brow beaten form started crawling like a worm on the floor as the former prince tried to kneel.

"You need to learn to do as I say, when I say it pet, with no delay.~" She purred and whipped him again. His howls of pain were muffled but the next crack of the whip.

Grunting in pain he fell back upon the floor. Another swish of the whip lashed across his bound form with the pain becoming almost unbearable. But nothing compared to the humiliation he felt and the amount of pleasure this whole ordeal was inflicting upon him.

Loreline yanked his chain and, with a clumsy shuffle, his body halted in a kneeling position in front of the villainess. She smiled in satisfaction, taking in the sight of her former nemesis now cowering at her feet.

"I want to see you eat as a dog." She grinned, savoring his humiliation. The rubber clad witch placed her sharp stiletto over a bowl that was standing next to her and pushed it over to him. It still had some gruel in it that the former prince did not eat.

Nikolai looked at the bowl, sickly, and hesitated for but a moment before her whip slashed across his shaking form.

"Yes mistress..." Nikolai said with a whimper. With eagerness and horny panting, the once proud prince ate everything she presented to him. The fact that Loreline did not remove her heel from the bowl only enticed him more. Being so close to her nylon clad foot and her shiny heel made his horny frustration boil.

Once he was done, Loreline slowly pulled at his leash until he was on the same height as her knee.

"You may snuggle against my leg, my pet, and whimper thanks for allowing you to eat at my feet.~" Loreline said coquettishly. The shreds of his sanity and pride, held him from simply burying his face in her pantyhose, but that was about it.

With happy whimpers of a dog, he rubbed his cheek against her outstretched, pantyhose covered leg. The silky material send his mind into a daze of oblivion and bliss.

"Thank you..." He whined. "Thank you for allowing me to eat at your feet mistress and thank you for placing your heel so close to my head."

Loreline giggled girlishly.

"Thank you for allowing me to touch your pantyhose with my unworthy face Mistress and most of all thank you for paying attention to a lowly slave such as I."

"Well done my pet." She purred, allowing him to snuggle against her leg for a short while longer. "Your obedience will always be rewarded and, who knows, next time I just might let you kiss my heels... or should I wear boots. Oh, decisions, decisions.~"

The image of him kissing her boots or heels made him almost drool across her leg, but somehow he managed to control himself. Not because of his dignity, but because he did not wish to anger his mistress.

Obedience... yes... that is what I want...

"Whatever you wear, Mistress, I am sure you will be the most perfect woman in all of the realms." He whined, relishing the feeling of her soft pantyhose as they drained his IQ and sanity.

"What a stupid little pet you have become. I already cannot wait to play with you again... and to see you utterly ruined.~" She giggled. "But now, get some rest. If you continue being this good puppy, I will train you more tricks before I break you.~"

The prince remained quiet and lowered his face to the floor, crawling at his mistress's feet. His face already felt cold and his heart empty, from the lack of her soft, shiny pantyhose upon his face.

"Good puppy." She teased before the click of her heels and the sound of her intoxicating laughter announced her departure. Bound and humiliated, Nikolai could do nothing but sob into the floor. Ashamed of his animalistic urges towards the sadistic witch and filled to the brim with pain of what he had lost.

Part 14

Nikolai rose slowly from the bed in his cell. If a mattress could be called a bed that is. That was all he was allowed to have in that dark hole beneath the castle. A mattress and a bowl.

Despite his pained body and whirling mind, he did manage to grab a few precious hours of sleep. But even that gave him no peace. He even forgot how it felt to wear any clothes at all.

All of his dreams were filled with the sadistic witch as she did unspeakable, sadistic things to him. And every time he woke, Nikolai wished the dreams would have lasted if only a little longer. The absence of his Mistress brought him great mental and emotional pain, no matter how much he wished otherwise. It was clear that he was in her clutches and the longer the whole training process lasted, the less he cared. Of course he dared not touch himself, even though he did not have a chastity device. He wasn't sure if it was her magic or his mental state but no matter how much he wished to, Nikolai could not touch his cock.

This morning he was woken by a rattle of keys and his cell door opening.

Two Wardens stepped into his cell, clad in nylon catsuits and heels. Both had their hair tied into ponytails and both had sly grins upon their lips. Much to his surprise, they remained at the door... and then Loreline walked in.

"Stand." One of the wardens said cockily. With a shaky step, Nikolai did as he was ordered. He would have probably stopped breathing if Loreline or her wardens ordered as much from him. The witch was... as stunning and hypnotizing as she always was.

Wearing tight, leather trousers and a black woolen top which hung loosely off one shoulder with her witch's cap falling like a crown upon her golden haired head. Her beautiful ice blue eyes held his while Nikolai's heart hammered like a drum. To finish of her leather outfit, she wore long, over knee leather boots.

Only then did he notice that she was holding a leash inside of her soft palm that ended in a collar around her slaves neck. The man had a broken look in his eye and a docile, domesticated standing upon all fours.

"I need a chair, slave.~" Loreline said lovingly and the pet prostrated himself so his mistress could enjoy his back. The witch sat and crossed her legs, not removing her ice cold eyes away from her pet.

"Kneel." She ordered casually as the two wardens stepped out of the room. Their nylon clad bodies shining in the dim light as they closed the cell door.

Without a word, Nikolai knelt in front of his mistress.

"Enjoying your stay, prince?" She said tauntingly. Loreline's amusement was clear and her satisfaction at the princes' suffering... endless.

"You played me..." He said, trying to sound defiant but it sounded more like a fearful whimper. Like a brokenhearted boy, pleading for more. Loreline cocked her beautiful face to one side in amusement.

"Played you, fooled you.~" She grinned. "And I will do so much more. I am actually glad that you didn't take my offer, pet. This whole game was so much more fun than just you submitting to me."

Nikolai lowered his head.

"I thought... I could take you... outsmart you..." He said honestly in defeat. Loreline rolled her eyes in amusement.

"Oh please, there are monkeys more intelligent than you. But, than again... that is all you men are. Monkeys.~" She giggled. "Monkeys in need of training."

Loreline paused and savored the defeated look in his eye. Nikolai's bruised mental state and shattered spirit could not take much more of her taunts.

"I... I truly had no hope...?" It was half a question and half a statement of fact.

"No." She sneered. "I was just toying with you. I could have finished you off earlier, but it was just so much fun stringing you along. Like a helpless puppet, a puppy. So why not prolong your agony and enjoy myself in your kingdom and your people for a little longer.~"

Loreline uncrossed her leg and then crossed the other, adjusting herself upon her human furniture and beaming with victory.

"But... why... why are you all doing this?" He said as he drowned in her eyes upon his knees. Loreline's grin spread from ear to ear, shining with sadism.

"I love it when my victims ask me that. The answer always stays the same." She began with amusement. "For fun. Because we can. Because you are easy. Because you are destined to kneel in front of us. Breaking powerful men, or rather men who think they are powerful, is the most exciting thing in all of the realms ~"

His eyes were wide in defeat.

"You all have two choices. Kneel and submit as your brother did. Or..." She giggled. "Fight us and kneel anyway after we tame you. Both relish the feeling of being trampled beneath our boots."

Nikolai lowered his head in shame and defeat, his cock standing erect from the moment she walked in, now shivered in anticipation.

"I see you are both eager, so I might as well give you this." She purred and placed an envelope in front of him. "It is your confession. Of everything I am accusing you of. I am sure that almost all

of it is a lie, but, well... they will believe me, not you. The male population has mostly been brought to heel, your signature will only be the end of my conquest.~"

For a moment, maybe even less than a moment, his fury came back and he pushed the envelope away from his knees. Once that half moment passed though, he understood what he had done and fear started creeping in again.

"I will not sign it..." He said shakily. Nikolai wasn't shocked when he lifted his gaze to look upon her and seeing the evil shine in her eye.

"And here I thought you have been trampled into the dirt." She said, mocking a sigh. "But this just adds to my fun."

Loreline stood up from her chair, uncrossing her legs and tower over him. That fear turned into animalistic yearning and pleasure as her dominance over him was established again and Nikolai swore at himself for not just signing the letter.

"Mistress I-"

"Did I ask you anything or allow you to speak?" She said coolly. Nikolai said nothing.

"That is what I thought. Kiss my boots before I leave.~" Loreline returned to her usual playful, tone.

Yearning to right his wrongs, Nikolai lowered himself and kissed her boots in the most debasing way.

"Good boy.~" She purred and knocked on the cell door. The Wardens walked in with sinister smiles on their lovely lips. "Girls, whip him good, he was a very bad boy."

The former prince lifted his head from the floor to look up at his mistress and plead for mercy. But he never got the chance. Loreline trampled hard on his head, slamming it into the hard floor of the cell.

"But don't hurt him too much and don't break his mind. I need him to be sane when he finally signs the document."

"Of course, mistress Loreline." They grinned in unison. "It would be our pleasure."

The two nylon clad wardens stood in front of the prince as he cowered upon the floor, their shiny whips beamed with magic.

"Have fun girls. And, oh, slave? I will see you in few days. When pain becomes pleasure.~" With an evil laugh Loreline walked out of the cell, slamming the door shut. Not long afterwards, Nikolai's screams of pain and pleasure roared through the dungeons, while the rest of her pets drooled after her as she walked by, her boot heels clicking into oblivion beneath the castle

Part 15

Loreline beamed in her royal, leather sofa as Andrei, or rather what was left of him, knelt on all fours next to her. He had wine glasses upon his back, almost filled to the brim, but the witch had trained him to be as steady as a real table would.

The former prince's mouth was gagged and he wore a latex gimp suit with mittens upon his palms and feet. Only his head was visible, as the sadistic witch wanted to see the small embers of the light within his eyes disappear. Around his neck was a collar with long, iron chain that curled around his cock, lightly attached to the iron needle that was stuck within his urethra. Keeping him on a constant edge, with precum constantly leaking out, just as Loreline wanted.

"You get cuter every day, lover boy.~" She said and pouted, crossing her legs right in front of him. Today the blonde witch wore a satin, almost see through bodice, with long, silky, fingerless gloves. A thong of the same material as the bodice adorned her shapely hips and ass, whilst from the top of her thighs she wore pitch black, nylon stockings. It was a rest day for Loreline, but that only meant she could wear some *casual* clothing... which of course caused men to drool wherever she passed. Or... rather... slaves.

Next to her, two wardens stood, silently, clad in latex catsuits and boots, clearly enjoying the sorry sight of the former prince.

Of course her table was the same as the others and he eyed her nylon covered legs hungrily. Just to drive the point further, Loreline dangled the master key of all the chastity devices from her slaves right in front of his face, attached to a pretty piece of gold that snugly curled around her ankle. Her dark, nylon clad foot looked rather appetizing to his degraded brain and, if it weren't for his training, Andrei would have lost control. But the brow beaten prince knew that he dared not make a single move before she ordered him to do so.

"You have gone sex-mad haven't you slave?~" She giggled and sipped her wine. "Do you even comprehend what I am saying to you."

The table nodded gently, fearfully. That only prompted Loreline to cackle evilly at the degraded former prince. From an ego driven playboy... to nothing but a used up slave, now serving as a table.

"My, but you are a mess. Soon, my little slave, I will have your face covered as well, and I won't even know which one of the slaves you are~" With a satisfied, victorious, smirk she leaned over the bowl that was next to his face and slowly let a drop of spit fall into it. Of course, the witch's spit held a strong aphrodisiac which would make the slaves life even harder... yet it was also something that he yearned for very much. The simple thought of his useless tongue touching her foot was maddening to him, especially in his constantly denied state.

"Lick." She ordered casually and had another sip as the order itself rang within his very soul. Loreline grinned delightedly as she watched him try and lick through his tight, rubber gag. "You were lucky, you know. I was just playing with you. Had I been serious, you would have lost your mind a long time ago."

He let out muffled words which only could have been "Thank you mistress." But he hasn't spoken like a human for so long that he forgot how those even felt upon his tongue.

"You are lucky I found you cute" another sip and a playful dangle of the key in front of his face "Or else your whole kingdom would have been made into lobotomized cattle. But now... now both you and your brother are nothing but slaves. And soon, your kingdom will be just another footnote in my history book. Trampled beneath my heel.~"

The blonde witch uncrossed her legs and rose, gently placing her petite foot in front of the bowl and gently swiped it to the side. The nylon clad leg now stood directly in front of his face, key and all. He felt sweat pouring down his cheeks at the sight of the perfect visage in front of him as Loreline's oppressive bearing made him shiver in delight beneath her gaze.

But, ever so slowly, his focused, hungry look turned glazed and his pathetic shivering stopped.

"There it is. I knew I trained you well. You are not allowed to whimper, you are not allowed to whine or shake no matter how maddening and frustrating your impotent erection gets. You are a slave and all you are allowed to do in my presence... is obey.~" He could do naught *but* obey Loreline's words no matter how enticing her luscious, nylon covered foot was. No matter how hypnotizing the glow of the nylon, no matter the shimmers of light that glided across the material. No matter the storm which raged within him, he could only nod... and accept his denial.

Casually, Loreline lifted her foot, making it a point to slowly, tenderly, touch his cheek just to send a bolt or two down his spine, and placed it on the back of his head. With diabolical glee, the witch, agonizingly slowly, pushed it to the floor. His forehead gently landed upon the floor yet to his shattered ego and battered mind, it felt like a train had hit him.

"Good boy."

Without another look at the pathetic sight that was once Prince Andrei, Loreline adjusted the garter belt upon her stockings before giving his head a playful, sadistic tap.

Turning on her heel, she started leaving the room with another part of Andrei's sanity.

"Oh, and the next time you and your brother see one another, it will be when I walk you through the streets of your own kingdom, right before I officially claim it as my own.~" She said with an evil smile and left her slave, cowering there upon the floor.

Part 16

Nikolai lay upon the cold, damp floor when he heard the click of heels in front of his cell. The key twisted inside the lock and the door creaked open. The two guards stood a few feet away from him, clad in nylon catsuits, with their hands upon their whips.

Mistress Loreline casually walked in and stood in front of his weakened form, demurely eyeing her pet. Scars and bruises covered most of his naked skin, while his twitching cock seemed like it yearned for more. His whole demeanour was that of a terrified, horny, shell of a man that didn't even think of trying to escape. Even the past few days had been a blur of sadistic pain and intoxicating pleasure.

"I do hope you understand your position now, Nikolai.~" Purred Loreline, placing her hands upon her hips. Today she wore a long, silk dress, with a slit on the right side, to show off her shapely leg and dark, glistening pantyhose. Upon her arms she had long silk gloves that fit her like second skin.

There was no disguising the relish in her voice as she spoke, taunting the broken prince even at his lowest.

"What punishment will I inflict next my pet? Even after you sign the papers and confess to all of the crimes you did not commit, it is only then that your rehabilitation will begin.~" She took a few steps towards his naked, shivering form, her heels clicking as an echo through the dungeon.

He tried to answer, to rise, to do anything, but his fumbling for words and pathetic twitches at her feet only made the witch smile, content with his position. She towered over him, dominantly watching him as every shine in her eye spoke of the torments she had planned.

"Is this how you look like when you are trying to think?" She giggled. "That's rather cute. Don't you understand that your mind is on the brink of collapse?~"

Loreline finished with a smirk.

"I... I have done nothing wrong... please..." He whimpered and stuttered, trying to reach for her shiny, leather heel. With a smug smile, Loreline stomped upon his hand, sending jolts of pain through his body. But pain had long ago become pleasure, and he only moaned beneath his mistress, desperate for more.

He barely lifted his head and looked up at his goddess. A faint, victorious smile creased her lush, red lips. The view from the floor was enough to send any man into a frenzy. From below her

heel he could perfectly see the way the nylon pantyhose formed around her leg like second skin, every sparkle and shine making his cock twitch and drip with precum.

"Please... I have done nothing wrong." He repeated and continued but that only made her chuckle haughtily.

"Oh, on the contrary my dear prince, you have done everything exactly right. You played into my hand so many times that I had to question your IQ even before I broke it apart. Which brings me to your next punishment.~" She giggled and gestured towards the guards. One of them moved and placed her knee upon his back, holding him in place. The feeling of her nylon catsuit upon his back felt like pure bliss to his broken, addicted mind. While the other guard positioned herself behind his ass, Loreline placed her heel upon his head, victoriously posing above him.

"Did you think I would ask you to sign the document again pet? Oh, no no no! You had the chance. Now, you will sign it when and if I allow you to.~"

She nodded to the guard behind him before he could even say anything, as she rammed something rubbery and hard straight down his ass. There was a howl of pain that lasted less than a moment before it turned into groans of pleasure. Loreline smiled down upon her slave, enjoying the look on his face beneath her heel.

"It's my little magical gift to you, until we see each other again." She began as he felt the rubber rod prod and penetrate his ass in a slow, yet deliberate manner. "It will keep edging you, sending waves of unbearable pleasure through you until you are able to cum only with your ass. That dick of yours will become an impotent trampling stop for me and my wardens. And you will never, ever, cum from it again, is that understood pet?~"

Her voice was playful, maybe even cheerful, as the pet beneath her heel tried to give even the simplest of answers. Loreline laughed at his thrashing, knowing that his body was already loving what she has done to him.

As he looked forward to every jolt of pleasure the rod was giving him, the feeling of her heel upon his cheek and the nylon clad leg of the warden on his back was driving him into a new state of insanity. Bolts of impossible pleasures ravaged his skin and bones, blocking all other senses but that of oblivion and bliss.

"I see you are already addicted to this, former prince. I cannot wait to see the state you are in when I come back.~" She laughed.

"Please... don't... leave..." He pleaded as his eyes started turning to the back of his head from the raw pleasure. "I need you... please... Mistress Loreline..."

Laureline laughed evilly for the longest time. Relishing every tremor of his pathetic body, every whimper and drop of drool that fell from his gaping mouth.

"Music to my ears you pathetic mutt." She said with childish enthusiasm. "That is exactly what I love the most about powerful men. The moment you all find out just how much you love me. When I bend your will to my own and make you addicted to every little thing that made you sick

before. When I have you leashed and crawling after me. That is the only time you are worth anything but the dirt beneath my heels. You are lucky that I still find you amusing, or else I would just leave you here, forgotten. But you are a prince and you did hold out for a reasonable amount of time, so there is still fun to be had with you.~" With a girlish giggle she removed her heel from his head and placed it in front of his face.

"Lick it." She ordered.

As the two wardens stepped away from him, he put his tongue to work, licking the tip of her heel first, before continuing on the inside of her foot and all the way to the heel.

"Eager, aren't we?" She asked jubilantly.

"Yes, yes mistress...." He said through sighs of pleasure.

"Enough. That was more of a reward than a punishment as I can see. But remember what happens when you are obedient, pet, and you will feel even more pleasure.~" She added with a victorious smirk. Loreline snapped her gloved fingers and golden rope tied itself around the former prince, making any movement impossible.

"Enjoy yourself pet. The infatuation you feel for me right now, will turn into love the next time you see me. Bye, bye."

She waved playfully and left the cell, her heels clicking as she walked away. The two wardens sneered down upon him as they locked the cell, leaving the prince in a state of constant, soul crumbling pleasure.

Part 17

"I take it he is still alive?~" Asked Loreline as she lounged casually upon her leather throne.

"Yes Mistress." Answered one of the leather clad Wardens, in front of her, with a sly smile. "If you can call it living. No need to worry though, the butt plug and the constant teasing of his restraints are breaking his will bit by bit. Just as you wished, his cock has been rendered completely useless."

"Hm, good." Purred Loreline. "His demise proved to be even more entertaining than I had thought."

She took a sip of wine as she crossed her legs upon the throne. The chair itself consisted of a hard, wooden seat with coated leather on top and on the sides. Underneath it though, two young men were used to carry the weight of the throne and of their mistress. Their naked forms leashed and their stares blank, with their minds shattered.

"You can let them in." Loreline said finally as she placed her glass upon the back of another utterly bound male at the side of her throne. Unlike the two slaves beneath her, this one was completely sealed in latex, with only his nostrils barely visible. That was the fifth slave that week that Loreline used as her table as she grew bored of them rather quickly. The sultry witch would dispose of them by simply blocking the air coming through their nose, leaving them to die without a second glance.

Most of them were soldiers and generals still loyal to the Prince. Trained, broken... disposed of.

The convoy of, mostly women, entered the main hall and stood in front of their new queen. The few remaining men among them were chained and leashed, crawling behind their respective mistress. Of course the attire of the female nobles changed as well, with their usual silk dresses being changed for leather and latex, while the dresses varied in length.

They all feasted their eyes upon Queen Loreline who wore the crown of the former prince, in mockery of his current state. She wore high stiletto heels with shiny pantyhose as dark as the night. Her black latex skirt clung to her shapely legs and ended right above her knees. Upon her torso she wore a silky, almost see through, white blouse that accented her lavish chest. Finally, to complete her totalitarian look, she wore tight latex gloves that ran all the way to her elbow.

The witch's smile shone like a sadistic light, with her bright red lipstick and smoky makeup making her beautiful face look otherworldly and her ice blue eyes the pools of sadism. She was a picture of pure and utter perfection.

Her slaves were perfectly aware of the fact as well and the only times their eyes shone in any kind of light, was when they caught glimpses of her shiny, pantyhose encased legs.

Every seat in the grand hall was taken, as such was the interest in Loreline's ascension to the throne and... to the fate of the former prince. Much to their surprise Nikolai was nowhere to be seen.

Loreline waved her hand at the crowd and the hushed yet excited voices went silent.

"Present the accused." Loreline said in her hypnotic voice.

All eyes turned to the chamber door that opened at her order. There, lead by a leash on all fours, was prince Andrei. He was placed in front of Loreline, upon his knees, and was flanked by two Wardens that had satisfied smirks upon their lips.

"How do you plead?~" Asked Loreline, knowing full well what he would say. After all, she trained him herself.

"Guilty... your highness..." He said with a brow beaten look in his eye. Docile and trained, he knew exactly what to say. Loreline smirked at his words and continued.

"And as such, do you accept any punishment that I decree upon you?" She asked, clearly amused by his situation.

"Yes mistress... yes your highness..." He said with a cowering tone.

Loreline, as well as the rest of the court, was wreathed in smiles as she watched the once arrogant prince, now turned into a quivering mess at the feet of his mistress.

"I believe our former prince has provided ample evidence to prove not only his guilt, but that of his brother as well." She began with a victorious smirk. "As you all know both Nikolai and Andrei are held accused of sedation, forgery, acts of violence and abuse of power. Unlike his brother though, he has accepted and signed his life away, ready to repent for his transgressions."

All the while Andrei looked at her lovingly, barely aware of what was happening around or to him. He only knew that he was doing the bidding of his mistress and that she called him "a good boy" for doing as he was told.

"Do you also accept any punishment that I decide to bestow upon you." She said with a teasing voice. "Or should I say, do you accept any punishment with which I decide to bless you with.~"

Sneer's and cackles of laughter came from the row of women behind him, all gleeful at the prospect of him being taken out of the picture. Permanently.

But he was oblivious to it. Andrei just nodded his head like a good puppy and drooled upon the floor. Loreline eyed him victoriously with frisson of excitement at the prospect of yet another kingdom falling beneath her heels.

"In that case, I suppose I could make a trophy out of you slave. One that will be on constant display, showing other villainesses and wannabe rebels just how glorious I am. And that none can stand before me.~" She said gleefully.

The crowd of women responded in thunderous applause whilst the men in the room cowered beneath them. This was their world now. One dominated purely by women.

"Warden, pass me his leash." Loreline said casually and the Warden obeyed. Andrei almost collapsed from raw pleasure the moment his mistress had his leash in her hands. She uncrossed her legs, as the sound of her nylon pantyhose *whooshed* in an echo around the chamber, and with a sultry walk, made her way to her slave.

A look of absolute surrender and lunacy was plastered across his face. Upon his knees, he stared up at her as drool ran down his lips and dripped upon the floor at her heels.

"My, my pet. Are you that happy to see me." She said as she mocked a pout.

"Y-y-y-y-...yyyyy-eessss..." He said, his voice devoid of sanity.

"Lick that drool up. I do not need the filth of my slaves upon my grand chamber.~" Loreline said enticingly. With his lips dry, he bowed at the heels of his mistress and licked his own drool from the marble floor. Even the taste of his own saliva was majestic if it was done upon her whim.

"Good boy.~" She cooed and bolts of pleasure ravaged his body. "But our playtime is over now, my pet. It is time you serve me one final time as a constant reminder to others. Of my power and my dominance above all else.~"

He said nothing, the former prince only looked up at his mistress with complete, masochistic surrender.

"Submit. Formally." She ordered casually.

"I... slave... submit to mistress Loreline and her judgment. I am no longer a prince but only a tool of my mistress, ready to be used, abused and discarded as she sees fit." His words almost sounded coherent. But that was the most of his brain functions that remained. The slaves carnal desires held all the power over him and that power was leashed in Loreline's hand.

"Good boy. Kiss my heels and seal your fate.~" Loreline ordered evilly. Ravished by pleasure and masochism, former prince Andrei lowered his head and placed the tip of his lips upon the heels of his mistress.

"With your submission, the epilogue of your kingdom has been written. It will become nothing but a footnote in the books that speak of my dominance. And now, I do not need you anymore. Time to dispose of you slave, relish the final moments you will have with me.~" She purred and placed her hand upon his forehead. Shivers of mind shattering pleasure scorched his soul at the touch of her latex clad hand.

A brilliant, golden light showered his body and from every drop that fell upon his body, straps, chains and padlocks of the same gold wrapped around his body. Slowly, deliberately, the bondage slithered across his naked form, clasping his arms and legs together, before pulling them tightly against his body. Layer upon layer ran across his body in the same manner, bounding him tighter and tighter in his cocoon and as every layer was done, the bound slave felt his movement become less of an option.

By the time the last layer of his golden, latex, bindings had finished wrapping him up, he could not move an inch. Mummified as he was in his fetus position, he could do naught but wait for the rest of his punishment. His mind raced as all kind of fetishists dreams ran through his broken soul, hoping that any of them were true.

Meanwhile, Loreline placed her stiletto heel upon his head, victoriously. She savored the applause of the women that now lived lives of luxury, all thanks to her. Of course, Loreline didn't need them. The latex clad witch only wanted to be the one to give power away... and to be the one to take it as well.

She glanced bellow her heel at the completely bound prince and sneered.

"You have officially become boring my pet. Broken and drained of your sanity, there is no need for me to keep you. Your family shall be erased from the history books and both you and your brother will be nothing but forgotten toys in my collection. Just. Like. All. Of. My. Slaves.~" Her voice was dripping sadism and coquettish dominance. Of course, the slave bellow her did not move an inch but, much to his surprise, he could hear his mistress clearly even beneath all of those layers of bondage.

But the words only served for him to try and hump the air or against the shiny material encasing him. To little avail. Slowly, even through his destroyed mind, the frustration of his situation started to sink in.

The cold stiletto of her heel dug deep into his throat and, while he cherished every moment of it, he begged for released. Release that will never come. Her words edged him ever so closely yet, again, there was no release. Even his enslaved mind understood, he would never cum again. This was his life now.

Loreline removed the heel from his neck and stepped back, again pointing her hand upon his bound frame. The same golden light brightly shone across the former prince as the marble beneath him turned to pure, solid cold. Not only that but it took a round shape, similar to that of a vault door but, much to the surprise of all in the grand chamber, the spectacle was not done.

"I said you would be a trophy and on constant display, but I never said that people will actually look upon you, pet." She giggled. The gold melted and molded around him, becoming solid once his entire body was covered. It was like second skin, the gold, just as his bondage was. Just as Loreline's outfit was. "Bye, bye. You are useless to me now.~"

She said sadistically as the large golden vault door began to turn in on itself. It turned in a circle as the heaviness of the door itself drummed upon the air. Ever so slowly it turned, bringing the gilded, bound slave beneath the floor.

With a heavy locking sound, it finally fit into place. The slave was now turned completely upside down, trapped in a glorified isolation cell that Loreline loved using in her castle and dungeon. There, her slaves would be left until their mind broke from the toys she had plugged within them.

But not this slave. He was *special*.

Or, well, as special as a slave can get. He would be spending the rest of his life inside of it. And once dead, well, he would just remain there until the end of time.

Where his gilded frame was fused with the gold now stood a large engraving upon the vault door. As golden as the rest of it, the picture it showed was that of Loreline, wearing a latex catsuit and sitting upon a faceless male, using him as a throne.

"I like it." She chirped, before turning on her heel and graciously walking back to her leather throne, to applause from all in the hall. Even the echo of her heels could not be heard from their enthusiasm. Queen Loreline took her position above her slaves and crossed her legs.

She was a picture of casual, elegant dominance, shining in her latex outfit and nylon pantyhose. Envy of all.

"Soon, your brother will join you. But his fate will be, oh so much worse than yours.~" She giggled as a new dawn of her kingdom, finally began.

Part 18

Nikolai's cock sprung to attention as soon as Loreline entered the cell. Of course, by now, it was useless. No matter how hard he got, his orgasms never came from his cock. No, the only time he was allowed an orgasm was when his ass was stimulated. By now, it had been weeks he was actually allowed one.

His form was still bound by the golden, yellow magic ropes that she had cast upon him all those weeks ago. The warm feeling he was blessed with while bound, thanks to her magic, had become like a drug to him.

Her big blue eyes held him on the edge of that stimulation and endless orgasms, casually, from the moment she walked in. Loreline's tongue running over her lips, the witch smiled coyly at the broken prince.

He has been stuck in a sexual frenzy for the better part of a month, constantly trained, stimulated and conditioned to love only what his mistress wanted him to love. In that whole time, he did not see her once. The fact was heartbreaking and the fear of being forgotten by her had become his most frightening nightmare.

The slave moaned as Loreline clasped his chin with her delicate fingers, her sharp nails sent bolts of bliss and hedonistic masochism into the core of his being. All the pent up frustration and fear melted beneath her touch, turning into otherworldly pleasure that he had become addicted to.

There was a muffled groan, through his gag, as he enjoyed her soft, silky fingers.

“Well and truly trained.~” She said victoriously. Her voice was like a wakeup call from his stupor of surrender and pleasure. It was as if only then that he noticed her outfit. If it were possible, she seemed even more beautiful to him.

Her luscious feet had sharp, stiletto heels upon them as her legs were neatly, tightly, hugged by dark pantyhose of a hypnotic sparkle that drew him into insanity. Upon her waist she wore a snug, black latex skirt and a white, see through blouse that barely covered up her large chest. The usual smoky makeup she wore made her sadistic blue eyes shine like ice.

Loreline was perfect.

He had known that for a very long time, but now? It was a fact. A conviction. A dogma.

The guards stood proudly next to him, clad in nylon catsuits and latex boots and gloves. Their hair was identical, thick and it accented their sculpted cheekbones. They knew his state was exactly what mistress Loreline wanted from them and they had turned him, molded him into just that.

“He has been a good boy, I presume?~” Loreline purred quizzingly. With a flick of her finger the gag was removed from his mouth with her magic.

“Yes mistress, his holes have been thoroughly trained, his mind broken, bended and conditioned to do anything you say.” One of them said with a grin of satisfaction.

Loreline grinned back and placed the tip of her index finger upon the prince’s chin. She slowly, almost tenderly lifted his half closed eyes to look directly into hers.

“Have you enjoyed your training, pet?~” She giggled.

The prince swallowed hard before answered a simple, domesticated “Yes...”

“Ahhhh...” She sighed in pleasure. “I always loved a pathetic, sniveling and degraded man. A dog.”

Loreline let go of his chin and snapped her fingers. The golden light turned a bright, crimson red and his whole life became hellish pit of torture, bliss and lovely agony. She walked over and stood behind Nikolai, gently lifting his chin up so that he looked at her. He did so lovingly.

The slave moaned softly as he felt his mouth and ass tingle with euphoria. She grinned triumphantly down at him, knowing full well what kind of magic she had placed upon him this time. With a pathetic, sorrowful gulp, he whimpered.

“May... may I cum... for you goddess... from my holes...”

Oh?~” She teased a whisper into his ear. “Have you given up on your cock?”

“Yes! Yes mistress... it is nothing but an impotent trophy for your collection...” He said almost too clearly considering what has been done to him. It was the indoctrination taking effect. As a reward, Loreline slid her tongue through her lips and wiggled it inside of her slave’s ear.

He sighed in such a way, as if his voice came from deep within his soul.

“I like how obedient you are now slave. From a self-righteous prince to a shattered shell of a man, ready to worship my heels and be anything I want him to be. This was too easy.~”

She sneered into his ear.

“Your brother was easy as well. One session with me and he was spilling all of your secrets to me. Do you wish that was you, pet? Wouldn’t you have loved to be trained personally by me and not by my wardens?~”

Her voice was sadism incarnate. It edged, torturously, to the brink of orgasm and back. Like a toy, a slave, he drowned in her words and loved it. Begged for it worthlessly.

“That is what would have happened if you just knelt at the beginning. But I think you have learned your lesson, haven’t you?~” She teased, mercilessly.

“UUUUUUUUUggggghhhhh!!!!” He screamed in pleasure.

Finally she nibbled at his ear before cackling in delight. The blonde villainess smiled cruelly at his fate, clearly very pleased with herself. His whole body tingled at her soft breath and her perfume. But most of all it raged in magical fire from her dominance over him.

“Are you horny, slave? As you have said that cock is a trophy, it standing so rigidly means nothing to me.” She teased as the red, magical bonds vibrated and sent sizzling bolts of bliss through his body, ending at his holes.

“Do you want to be a slave as well? Like your brother?” She grinned.

“Yesssssssss...” He wheezed.

“Do you want to me?” Loreline laughed down at him.

“Ugghhhh yes... yeshhh, mistresshhh...” He blurbed, drool hanging from his gaping mouth. After everything she had go through. All the torture, humiliation and sexual degradations had broken him weeks ago, but the torture the Wardens had placed on him molded those into Loreline’s desires. He was nothing but a toy now. A broken toy.

“Then beg.” Purred the witch. “Beg to be mine.~”

“P-p-p-puhll... please....” He stammered and whimpered. “Oh please mistress Loreline... take me as a slave.”

“Good boy.” She said and patted his head. “You may cum for me.~”

Even the wardens grinned at his pathetic display. It was shameful yet the former prince loved every second of it. He had finally had the chance to surrender to her, to explode mentally and fill the empty spaces of broken ego with masochism and... and... Loreline!

Loreline cackled evilly as her red magic pumped and massaged his psyche. His cock dangled comically between his legs, fully erect yet useless.

The raw pleasure of finally being hers, of finally surrendering everything he had and simply cumming his brains out in her glory was soul devouring. He felt stupefied, broken, shattered, molded, leashed and most of all, submissive. The simple elation of tingles that burned at his skin and his soul whilst she smiled innocently at him with victory in her eyes was all that he wanted for the rest of his life. Obeying her to his fullest capacity had become a tidal wave of masochism and enthrallment.

He was completely incased in her sadism. Loreline batted her lashes as his mouth and ass finally went over the edge, whilst his cock twitched impotently. The witch smiled in supremacy as his body shook and shuddered from the wicked oblivion she had sent him into.

Finally, with his soul stolen by her and his spirit and mind shattered beneath her heel, he fell upon the floor. Loreline walked next to his face and presented him her heel, where a single drop of precum lay upon the tip.

“Lick up your mess doggy.” She ordered cruelly.

It was only for a moment that he hesitated but it was enough for his mind to go into a whirlpool of defeat and obedience. Like all the forces of the universe compelled him to do so. But it wasn't the universe, it was her.

He lowered his head and his tongue began lapping at her heel.

“Such a good boy.” Said Loreline with mischief in her tone. She watched delightedly as her now obedient slave relished every inch of her leather heel. If there was any sanity left within him, it would have been drained by every lick that he placed upon the heel.

“You may lick all the way up, to the hem of my latex skirt.~” Her order was the final nail in the coffin. This time, there was no hesitation from the former prince. He pressed his mouth to the black nylon and began licking.

“Aren't you a delightful pet~” She beamed, satisfied with his slavery. He continued to dutifully lick every inch of Loreline's pantyhose. The silky material of the nylons burying him in servitude.

Forever.

Epilogue

The day dawned like any other. With the sky cloudless and the sun high up upon the horizon. Nothing was different yet all had changed.

Loreline sat imperiously upon her leather throne, carried by her slaves. She wore the same outfit as she did when Andrei was sentenced to eternal bondage, with high stiletto heels, black, opaque pantyhose, a shiny latex skirt and elbow length gloves of the same color and a shimmering white blouse.

To her side knelt the former prince, subserviently bowed. Collared, gagged and dressed from head to toe in a latex bitch suit.

Loreline casually crossed her legs and tugged at his leash. The slave crawled to her and nuzzled against her leg nylon clad obediently. His holes, mainly his mouth and ass were stuck in endless orgasm since the day she had officially enslaved him. From that day on, he knew of nothing but her and pleasure.

“You have a long way to go before you earn to be in my castle slave. But for now, you are good enough for this realm.~” She smiled. “I wonder, will I grow bored of you before you actually get there, or will you be a fun enough slave and actually enter my own realm.”

Loreline looked down upon his form, held in tight bondage and beamed patronizingly.

“It is only there that you would finally feel the horrific, sadistic, sexual tortures I bless my slaves with.~” She said with a hint of a sinister tone in her sadism dipped words.

The slave, clearly overjoyed with the idea looked up at her devotedly, like the dog that he was. Though only his eyes were visible, it was clear that he adored her now. With his mind turned to dust, he knew no words... but he did know how to mewl.

With dog like whimpers he nuzzled against her leg again as Loreline’s laughter echoing throughout her new kingdom.