

The Witch and the Warrior

Commission

Bernard panted heavily as the large golem finally fell to its knees, before crumbling into scattered dust. The wind blew, sending the shimmering particles of his vanquished foe into the clear night sky.

The young man exhaled and fell back into his rear.

“Fuck me... that was... damn...” He said through a boyish smile and haggard breath, his blonde locks falling over his eyes. “Note to self. Stick to your own rank of quests. B tier is too difficult for now.”

With heavy legs and sore muscles, he stood up. His whole body ached whilst he walked, leaning against his sheathed blade for support.

“God. Damn. Golems.” He wheezed as he finally reached his quest goal. A small, round, shimmering orb of dazzling crimson color levitated just above ground, right smack in the middle of the rubble the golem had made. Bernard lifted it up in his palm and sighed with relief.

“But I will be good enough. One day. I didn’t come to Derenelon just to be some lackey.” He whispered to himself as a grin spread across his youthful face.

Derenelon was bursting with life and music when he returned. Worse for wear compared to when he left, but in much higher spirits. A few of the merchants waved his way as he passed, another adventurer or two clapped him on the shoulders in congratulations as well. Even a tavern keep or two gave him warm smiles when they saw him.

Bernard took a big breath, letting that spring air flow through his lungs as his soul was lit afire.

I love adventuring!

He told himself as he made his way through the town. In the last couple of months the city had seen a boom in both commerce and life. A once out of the way town was turned into a bristling new opportunity thanks to the new mayor, Loreline.

Of course, some of the older men stuck in their ways, along with those of the church would argue that she managed to do that by bringing in harlots and seductresses to entice men into spending more money, few listened to them. Actually, the church started changing their stance with the arrival of the Holy Sisters Melody and Rhyme. Though Rhyme was a bit more strict, both of them were loved by the townsfolk immensely.

Using a fountain to wash his face with crystal clear water, making himself at least somewhat presentable... or maybe just not as dirty as a street urchin, Bernard finally stood in front of the quest givers house. Well, rather it was a mansion. And one of the biggest in the new part of the town. Mostly witches lived here and, most of them were stuck up in the eyes of some of the adventurers, his benefactor was actually a very good person. She was Sister Melody's... um... sister.

She had helped so much with the town that pretty much everyone loved her as much as her sister. It was also pretty rare seeing a witch in good terms with the church.

Bernard took a deep breath and knocked on the door. There was a silence for a few moments before he heard a click of heels and the door swung open. He stared at her. The most beautiful girl he had ever seen, even compared to the rest of the girls he had met here in Derenelon.

Hair between fire and gold, lively eyes of ice, and limbs so plump and red one could think of kissing them for days. And... her outfit.

Oh god... her outfit.

Shiny black latex for days!

A dress of that rubbery material that, somehow, held all of her assets in place even though her bosom was practically bursting from it. A shrug that fit her shoulders and her arms completely, even her fingers making it look as if she were wearing gloves and not a one-piece. On her legs...

Bernard gulped.

She more pantyhose so utterly hypnotic, so shiny, shimmer and glistenny, that he was sure villains would fall to her feet in a second just to stare at them, encasing her lithe legs. Finally, on her delicate feet, she wore heels of the same latex material as the rest of her outfit.

“Oh Bernard...” She began with a sigh of pure happiness as her cheeks flared red, as if she was just done doing something physically straining. “You caught me at the just the right time!”

Her voice was pure, raw honey. So sweet and molten and safe that Bernard just wanted to listen to her.

That is exactly when he noticed that he was staring at her, stuck at the entrance whilst she made clear movement that he could come inside.

“OH, uhh, thank you Claves!” He said quickly and went in, not even noticing that the door closed and locked behind him. “I’m just tired from the quest.”

“Oh lord.” She said, clearly flustered. “I hope my quest didn’t tire you out!”

“No!” He yelled instantly, his heart breaking at her troubled look. How could he make her worry for him! Oh damnation! “I believed in myself! A-and I’m sure that a witch of your stature would not hire someone she did not believe in as well!”

Bernard blushed after he understood what he had said and, as he continued blushing, she just giggled at his words and drew in closer to him as she lead him... god knows where. Actually, he wasn’t even thinking about that. He was just carrying the orb in his palm as she led him by his biceps.

“You’re cute Bernard. But that wasn’t why I hired you, I did believe in you.” She spoke in that molten voice and his heart beat faster. “I will even show you why I needed the orb in the first place.”

“O-oh!” He exclaimed gingerly. Knowing full well that witches rarely showed the public, let alone some C ranked adventurer, what they were working on stroked both his ego and his heart.

Thus he followed her, head swimming in her perfume, soft words and even softer touch. The feeling of her latex clad fingers upon his arm was just sooooooo relaxing. And so he went, deeper and deeper into the bowls of her lavish mansion.

Never to be seen again.

“I might have been smitten by you, but I’m not an idiot! I’m not gonna give up my whole life, my whole adventuring career to some evil floozy.” He jumped away from her the second they had entered the chamber, drawing his blade and going for his health potion. Only, he had none left.

Dammit!

Why didn’t I restock before coming here?!

He knew exactly why, but he dared not answer that question now. Not when he was fighting for his life. Even in this predicament, he knew that he was so eager to come back to her that he forgot to restock.

“What?” She mocked a pout, those gentle lines, that warm look, all of those features did not change on her, yet the sultry, amused glint in her eye spoke of a feral sadist that wished to turn him into another part of her collection. “You don’t like what I’ve done with the place?♪”

Bernard didn’t have to look around, at the men strapped with a strange gooey material to the walls of her domain, to know something sinister was afoot.

“What have you done to them!?” He seethed.

“Nothing much silly.♪” She cooed sweetly and walked around the empty room. Empty, but from the humans hanging from the walls. As she made one delicious step after the other, he noticed, in the dim lighting for the room that her pantyhose were beginning to shine with a light akin to fireflies. “But I see you’ve noticed already.”

The implication chilled him to the bone.

“Such a silly little mind you have. Are you afraid?” She teased him, not making a single move to attack. Simply walking in front of the entrance to the room, as if challenging him to go for it. Yet, the way she moved, the way her latex clad figure was illuminated in the darkness, worked as a pendulum on his mind as well. As if every step she took was a spell and the pantyhose were the catalyst.

“Don’t you notice something strange about them?” She chuckled musically. “Go on, take a look, I won’t attack I promise.”

With exaggerated movement, she placed her hands upon her hips and shot him a mischievous look before nodding her head at the closest strapped slave to him.

Darting looks between him and her, he edged closer to the poor soul. He didn’t have to approach too closely to understand what she meant.

“They are husks...” He said with hollow tones. “They are not alive...”

“Bingo!♪” She cheered playfully. “And not so bingo.”

“True they are husks, buuuuuuuut, they are very much alive. Or rather, their bodies still function as they should. I need golem hearts to make it happen, but it is very much possible. I suck out their soul, mold them into my pretty walls, have their cocks caged in chastity and collect the

dripping precum for an eternity, while their souls reside... well... give it a guess my little boy toy.”

Her confidence and her beauty molded into a sadistic picture of beauty and perfection. Claves, removed one hand from her hip, and took a couple of sultry steps in his direction making his heart stutter. Then she stopped and posed, showing him the full display of her ravenous image.

“I-In your pantyhose...” He said in a shaky whisper.

“Bravo!” She mocked a clap. By now, even that kind of movement was deliciously arousing to him.

“I will not stand for this.” He said with a gulp and lifted his sword, now holding it in two hands.

“Good. I didn’t want this to be an easy battle.” She chirped musically and snapped her fingers. For a second, a second that decided his fate, he looked at her quizzingly. Then, his adventurer instincts came into action, but it was too late.

He lifted his head up and saw a strange orb of gold and glitter that fell on top of him and engulfed his head.

“Got’ya.” Claves said with a smirk and a playful wink. Bernard’s head swam for a second, before he started drowning in... honey? Sticky, gooey, slurpy, wet honey.

He gulped on the nectar in loads as a warm, fuzzy feeling took hold of his whole body.

“Silly. Didn’t you know? I’m the Honey Witch.” She said with glorious tones as she strutted next to him. By now, Bernard was lifted into the air by the honey orb as he gulped on the sweet nectar. “In a few short moments, you will start loving everything I do to you. Then, when you cum your mushy, pretty little brains out, I’ll have your husk encased in honey as well just like the others. And your soul... mmmmm... I can already taste it. Your soul will be melted into slurpy mush within my pantyhose. I’ll be able to feel you darling, know exactly how you are feeling. That is, until your soul is melted into the rest of them I have enchanted in there. Then you will be another brain dead soul living for an eternity in endless, orgasmic bliss.”

Finally, his body went limp and he hung like a lifeless doll in the air. He was still in there, in his head, but the aphrodisiac filled honey had washed all of his resistances away. With another incantation and a few motions of her gloved hand, the orb burst into magical light and he slumped to the floor. His drool dripped from his chin, mingling with the honey that he had just drank in excess.

Claves approached him and, with a smug grin examined his shaking form.

“That was easy.” She chirped and inspected his face using her sharp heel. Moving his honey drenched locks from his pretty face. “I like enslaving pretty boys. You always moan the cutest.”

As she teased him, all he could do was look at her shiny heel that rested right in front of his face. He could even trace her dark, shimmery pantyhose as well. It was a perfect view for his tormented, drowned mind and Claves knew exactly what she was doing.

A bit of her honey for him to gulp, a couple of glimpses of her perfectly encased feet and...

“Mmmm, you like my heels. Don’t you?♪” She mused and Bernard whimpered at the intonations. She sounded so good, so sweet. Her dominance alone was enough to have him squirming at her feet. The sight of her perfectly sculptured legs, shiny and dark in pantyhose, only pushed him further into that sweet, molten, mushy mental state of submission. “Well, start licking pet.”

She said with amusement ringing in her voice as a stupid, drooling grin formed creased his lips.

Of course, simply licking the heels of his owner was no task that could have been left as it was. Claves smiled slyly as she let a droplet of her honey magic drip upon the tip of her heel. Bernard saw it, if course, it came into his field of vision as just as he was about the make his first, depraved, eager, needy lick. The taste of that simple droplet set his senses aflame just as much as the debasing act did.

That same needy, submissive notions of utter surrender to the beautiful creature above him became his whole world. He was becoming oblivious to everything else but the wanton need to lick her glossy heels and stare at her shiny, shimmering feet.

So taken was he by the whole ordeal that he didn’t even notice her encasing his whole body in honey, which melted all of his clothes, covering his whole body in a molten, melted, debased need to lick more and to obey more.

“I like you like this. You’re cute. When you shiver and shudder and squeal and moan and lick.” She giggled playfully. “I knew trapping you in particular was going to be fun.♪ The other adventurers that applied for the job just seemed to be a lot more... competent? Smart?”

Her teasing and humiliating words spurred him further into a frenzy of hungry licks. As if the meaner she got the more he wanted her. By now he had touched, eagerly, every inch of her heel with both his tongue and his lips, and was now covering the areas he had already polished. Claves allowed him that much, he was soooooo needy after all. So submissive. So pliable. Ready to be molded into her new eternal slave and plaything.

“Well, whatever the word is, you were not *it* love. Brave, charming, eager even, sure. But not smart. The ones that are eager for adventure are always needy for others to accept and compliment them. And you finally got what you wanted. I have accepted you as my slave and...” She giggled again. “I think you did a pretty good job with my heels... for a first timer at least.”

Her words alone were enough now to keep edging him on and on and on. Orgasm after orgasm he exploded upon the floor as it all mixed with the honey that was covering him whole. He thrashed and moaned and whimpered and then moaned some more in the sugary goo. Bernard was utterly broken by now, not a single thought left in his empty head but to obey his mistress and to cum and cum and *cum!*

“D’you think you’re done pet?” She smiled smugly. “You have only finished worshipping my heels and I want to see that broken look in your eyes as you worship more. Fall for me more. Love me more. Need me more. Cum for me more. Ohhhhh. I just get chills.♪”

She bent down a little, even that fluid, delicious motion made him cum again. Then, with the grace of a gentle kiss, she traced her gloved, latex finger from her ankle all the way to her knee, leaving a trail of pure, golden honey behind.

“Now, slurp it all up.” The witch cooed as she straightened again. Her ice blue eyes shining with amusement and cute sadism.

Bernard obeyed in an instant. Yet, between the constant orgasms, the slippery honeyed floor and his dropping IQ, he could barely muster an inch or two before his head would get hazy. By now, the former adventurer was trembling all over, only focusing on her shimmering, nylon pantyhose as he scooped up every inch of her honey. Of course, every lick left him wanting for more and more, and every lick left him desperate for more of that silky material and gooey, sugary honey.

By the time he was finished, his orgasms weren't coming one after another. No. Now, they were a constant stream of pleasure, bliss and oblivion. Though, even with his job done, he did not stop staring at her legs. That magical glow of souls trapped within had his remaining brain cells sizzling with addiction and masochism. Claves allowed him a short while, to simply stare and cum and cum and cum and cum and cum and cum and um *AND CUM*.

“Cumming to my honey is a dangerous thing lover-boy.” Claves purred gently as she cupped his chin with her rubber clad hand. He nuzzled into her palm, letting the simple pleasure of her latex send him into another stream of orgasms. “Once you do, you cannot cum ever again. Well, not to anything else at least.”

She chirped and lifted his gaze to meet hers. To no one's surprise his orgasms increased in intensity. His sheepish look was complimented by a stupid stare and a drooling, hanging tongue. No words did Bernard speak as there were no words left within him. All of his thoughts were of silky pantyhose, shiny heels, sugary honey and... most important of all. His owner.

“And I think it's about time to make you a permanent part of my growing collection, don't you think?♪”

Claves smiled smugly, victoriously and shined into existence a single golden collar.

“I think this golden color will fit you well.” The Honey Witch mused. “Bye.”

As she fastened the collar around his neck, he came his biggest load yet. His eyes went to the back of his head and he shivered while pathetic, submissive moans echoed in the chamber. Bernard loved the way the collar snugly fit his neck, he loved the way his orgasms changed in range and intensity because of it and... just as much he loved it when his soul left his body. It was a gentle feeling. A shiver, a shudder, a slutty squeak. Then, nothing.

With hands on hips, Claves smirked as the bell rang a few times before several white beads of light came to life from the bell itself. They floated for a while, only a short while, but enough for Claves to enjoy their shiny existence, before they molded into her pantyhose with a tiny flash of light.

His empty, soulless husk fell to the floor like a doll. Though, first, it fell against her nylon encased leg, then slowly, slid down to the cold surface of her dungeon. With a couple more spells, she had his dripping cock caged in a honeyed chastity device which would stimulate his body and his cock until she didn't need it anymore. Another spell or two and she had the husk molded into the wall, just as she had the others.

Claves could, of course, feel his identity floating within her pantyhose. It was a tiny thing, yet still not part of a larger whole. It would be, in time. He had nowhere else to go, after all.

She folded her hands between her swaying breasts and took one final look at her newest acquisition. Through his nose and ears she had honey constantly flowing into his system, while his mouth was shut with a honeyed, chewie gag that dropped beads of honey every so often into his mouth.

All of that so that his cock and balls would continue to be stimulated and full of cum for an eternity Or, well, until his body expired.

With a final smug look at him, Claves left the room. The *woosh* of her pantyhose, the sultry *creak* of her rubber and the hypnotic *click* of her heels echoed long after she was gone.

