

The Collector and Super Sentai Blue

Part I

His heart beat with trepidation as the lock above him played, echoing in the shallow pit that he was in. As the lid was removed his eyes fell upon his captor and imminent torturer. He knew who she was, Blue was after her when he was captured, but maybe... just maybe, she didn't know who *he* was.

When all went black, Blue was still in his street clothes, so there was a chance that he was just a random target of The Collector and-

Oh, who am I kidding! The chances of that are almost 0... but I have to play my part. Ever since red disappeared the others have been looking to me for guidance. Plus, she might know what happened to him.

Being naked as he was, there was no way for him to transform, but maybe if he held out long enough and played his cards right, he could turn this into his favor. Not only escape but capture the infamous villainess!

Of course, the figure that was peering down on him with clear satisfaction was a curvaceous woman, dressed in tight red latex. It was clear she had little concern with flaunting her looks, probably to tease the prisoners and to satisfy her ego.

Her shapely legs were encased in shiny black nylon and her feet slipped in patent leather stiletto heels. A red, peplum, latex skirt clutched tightly to her waist, giving way to a matching, zipped, bodice witch vanished beneath a cropped, rubber circus owner jacket. The Collector's red hair fell about an amused visage while her gaze was piercing and sadistic. Both her physical force and the aura commanded respect and obedience.

In her hands she had an elegant riding crop which she used, with a wave of her hand, to command Blue to exit his hole. Instead, he tried to argue and play the part of a lost, confused man.

"P-p-please! I have not done anything wrong, you have the wrong person." He said, trying as hard as he could to whimper. His ego hurt but he needed to do this. If she truly knew who he was, this could get a lot worse.

Thus he imagined a large, iron, room. Utterly empty from the inside and placed his ego and self respect inside of it, tightly locking it and throwing the key. It would all remain there until he had a chance to escape and no one, not even The Collector, would be able to force it open.

"Out, I said.♪" Her tone was much more pleasant than he had originally thought it would be, but it was still the most commanding force he had ever heard. Pretending to cower beneath her, Blue scuttled out of the pit as The Collector closed the lid.

As the woman paced around his naked form, his shackled hands he placed between his legs as he knelt. The Collector eyed her newest prisoner, taking him in.

"Blue." She said with amused tones.

Fuck!

"W-what?" He said in acted fear.

"Blue. You are Super Sentai Blue. I hope you are not going to play the dumb victim. With Red gone, you are the next leader. It would be so disappointing to have to make you confess to who you are. Or... maybe it would be fun, oh! Decisions, decisions!♪" His captor said with an evil glint in his eye.

So she did know where he was!

"I... I honestly do not know what you are talking about!" He said with another fake whimper. "I was going back from work when... when... when it all went black!"

Even he was amazed at how easily his faked tears came to him.

Maybe I should have been an actor.

Reaching down, her fingertips brushed his cheek tenderly before she grabbed his hair. Instinctively his arms went for hers, in a bid to free himself from her grip. Only to feel the hit of her crop for the very first time upon his back.

He had fought many a villain through his heroic career but never had he been hit in such a way. It was even strange and difficult to describe. There was a thin line between pleasure and pain, between a howl of agony and a whimper of bliss. That is what it felt like and that is the sound he let escape from his lips.

"The next time you talk it will be when I allow you to." She said, almost sternly. The Collector produced a leather collar from somewhere and attached it to his neck, as a chained leash ended in her palm. "Now crawl after me. You can even stare at me from behind, I know you will like what you see.♪"

With a sharp pull, he did as he was ordered. He figured that a random person from the street would follow her orders for now, out of fear. Fear that he did not feel... probably.

He knew that if he tried to resist now, naked and exposed, he would accomplish nothing. So he *acted* as if he were afraid of the consequences and obediently followed at her heel. Or at least that is what he told himself.

Amidst the thoughts of rebellion and escape he could feel his desires burning at the visage of the latex clad woman. He shook his head in dismay and followed at her heels, trying not to look at her latex encased ass and nylon hugged legs. The click of her heels was another thing he tried to block out whilst fighting his desires as the sound seemed to knock on the iron door he had locked within himself.

Finally they entered a large room with a pole in the middle. It was not the only one, there were dozens of others scattered across the chamber and, through the dark he could barely see other people tied to them. All had muffled sounds escaping through their gags but one thing was clear, those were the sounds of people that gave up. Surrendered to their mistress.

The Collector made him crawl to the pole in the middle of the room and began tying him up. Having him lean back against the pole she started by tying thick leathers to his ankles and the feeling of the soft material against his skin might have sent a shiver or two down his back.

Next a rigid leather manacle was tied to his elbows and, with a stern pull they were dragged behind the pole, connecting them with a heavy looking chain. Still not satisfied with his bondage, The Collector tied rope across his body, binding it around and through his cuffs and the leather that held him. Finally, with a hard yank, his body was pressed against the pole as his limbs contorted painfully to hold him. Gasping, he gritted his teeth in pain not allowing himself another howl of pain, or pleasure, deciding not to give her that satisfaction again.

The Collector stood in front of him, hands on hips and a devilish smile over her lips. It was clear she was ready to start his punishment.

"You can't do this I... I'm innocent! I am not this Blue-" He began and her grin widened from ear to ear. It transformed into a howl as her crop landed its first hits upon his chiseled chest. Another followed and another and another with both his torso and his limbs aching in agony. Of course, as before, it was not all pain. Actually... the pain, he understood faded quicker and quicker after every hit, with only strange tingles remaining after the crop would touch his exposed skin.

The flogging ended abruptly and Blue sank into his bonds, being held like a puppet on strings. Through his fogged vision he saw the woman grab something from a nearby table and walk back over to him. By now the click of her heels truly was knocking upon the iron door inside of his soul. But he was resolute not to open it, not even to her.

Though, even he had to admit, that she looked heavenly. Actually, she might have looked even better compared to when he first saw her.

"Ready?" She said in her sing-song voice. Only then did he notice a latex hood that she was holding. His hair was pulled back by The Collector as the hood was placed above his head and he notice that, once placed, he saw nothing. What he found even more frightening was that the first picture that he conjured in his mind's eye, was that of his tormentor. Clad in figure hugging latex and nylon. "Now open your mouth pet.♪"

Rendered obedient by the abuse and the strange hood he had, he did as she ordered. Even he didn't know if he obeyed only because he needed to or because he wanted to. She must not had been satisfied by how he opened his mouth as she grabbed his cheeks with her palm and yanked it open even wider.

Something that he prayed wasn't a dildo, was rammed inside of his mouth and slid almost to the bottom of his throat. The restraints were secured around his head to prevent him from spitting it out, with each buckle being tightly wrapped.

His tongue was ground beneath the rubbery tube and his jaw strained against the straps from the sheer size of the object. Drool started to escape his mouth and stretched down Blue's chin. As she began to speak, he noticed that his whole body was now covered in sweat.

"I am The Collector, as I am sure you know Blue. I am also your mistress. But I do not know why you got it into your head that it is important that you are Super Sentai Blue. I am not here to determine who you are or if you are a hero or not. You are just a slave, as all others in my dungeon. We will make a game out of this since you think yourself important just because you are a hero and to make this a bit more fun for me and painful for you. You will be eventually conditioned to adore me. My training will break you and once you are groveling at my feet in worship, you will confess to who you are. Then and only then, will I sell you.♪"

He gurgled into his gag, clearly trying to fight his restraints and his position at her feet.

But one thing was clear, he was afraid now and even he could not deny the effect her words had upon him.

He was in big trouble.