

The Collector and Super Sentai Blue

Full Story

Chapter 1

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 which 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.

Chapter 2

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I am Blue! Of the Super Sentai!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Did you think that was our session for today slave? Oh no, no, no.♪" The Collector laughed.

Chapter 3

The click of heels returned again and again. He listened to other prisoners being tortured and tamed. Considering how hollow and muted the sound of their cries were, he concurred that the gag he was wearing along with his mask wasn't his alone to bear.

Despite himself, several times he had hoped that the click of heels would stop atop his cell, before the keys turned the lock and his tormentor would announce that it was in fact his turn to be played with. The lecherous need for him to be upon his knees before her increased with each day as the soft whispers in his earphones slowly yet surely broke away his sanity. The rest of his body was held under equally heavy bondage, with both his arms and legs tightly held together, preventing any movement.

His cell, on the other hand, was built into the floor so at all times he felt that he was beneath the mistress who appeared in his mind's eye constantly. Actually, the vision of his enslaver was at the forefront of his mind even when he was asleep. His insidious mistress had taught him a whole new catalogue of erotic, fetishistic fantasies to dwell upon and yearn for, made all the more difficult to deny because of the assured prospect of their implementation.

Finally, the time of his envy had come to a close, as he heard the heels of his mistress stop right above him and, not a moment later, the echo of the iron hinges being unlocked spread through his cell.

“Out you come slave.♪” She said in enticing tones as the sadistic whispers from his earphones were turned off. “It is time for more lessons in obedience.”

The rubber of his bondage creaked as he felt it loosen around his legs. The Collector heard a whimper of satisfaction escape the hooded slave and she smirked to herself.

“Come out Blue. I know you want to.” She smiled playfully as the slave slowly got out. “I had almost forgotten I had a superhero as a slave now.♪”

She teased and burned his ego.

As he knelt in front of her, and his erection grew, Blue felt his gag deflate with a quiet hiss. He stretched his tongue, relishing the little freedom he was gifted by his mistress. Finally, his latex hood was peeled off and he finally saw the dominant temptress that was standing over him.

He was left wilting in awe at the sight of her. The illuminated latex ruler towered above him, a divine haze surrounding her. Blue was trapped in darkness for so long that the heavenly sight in front of him left him stupefied.

Blue lifted his gaze across patent leather thigh-high boots. The glossy, hypnotic material hugged her legs, following the weaving contours. His eyes fell next upon the nylon pantyhose, stretched

over the firm thighs of The Collector and then slipped beneath the hem of her latex skirt. Held by this intoxicating fabric, her body and chest looked simply delicious to his wilting sanity. Her playful, yet stern visage glared down at him, making Blue feel even more insignificant and humble.

In one latex gloved hand she held the same crop that she had used upon him before and a shiver ran down his trembling spine at the sight of it... but in the other... there was *food!*.

Actual food!!? Porridge, nothing more but... it was still food...

His mind raced even faster as emotion, hunger and erotic desires blurred into one. The hungry look upon his now exposed face had been too obvious, as The Collector laughed in amusement at the sight.

“Lick my legs slave and I’ll allow you to have some food.♪” Commanded The Collector in her jubilant voice. Eager for both, Blue started licking the leather coated legs of his mistress. He ran his tongue upon the smooth panel of her pointed boot. To his astonishment and revolt, he felt aroused by the licks and the kisses he was showering the tip of her boot with. While he worshiped and lapped at the boots, while lingering upon the heel, groveling beneath his captor, he found unexpected pleasure in his toil.

The previous time she had inflicted humiliation upon him he was furious and rebellious at the prospect of being tamed, yet now, after so many days, his punishment felt more like a reward. He enjoyed it, he relished being beneath such a glorious female, fawning and salivating upon The Collectors heel.

“That is enough, slave.” The Collector ordered and he stopped at once. She lowered the bowl in front of him and Blue feasted upon the porridge as hungrily as he did at her boots. His tormentor fastened a collar over his neck and leashed him. Though he loved the feeling of it around his neck, by the time he had licked the bowl clean Blue’s stomach tightened again as he lifted his head. The gag was yet again inside of her hand, ready to gag him for another session of torture and humiliation.

It was a reward...

He understood.

Licking her boots was a reward for being obedient, not the torture she had planned. And if I wanted to do it again... I needed to...

Though his mind raced and he dreaded what was to come, he said naught a word when she placed the gag inside his mouth. He merely opened his mouth and accepted the device without resistance or complaint. Blue could not really tell, not yet anyway, why he was being so obedient, but one of the obvious answers was the fact that The Collector walked right in front of him when she did. Being so close to her sent shivers down his spine and blood down his cock. Peering down her cleavage and staring at the shiny materials that enveloped the mistress was infuriatingly dazzling.

She inflated the gag again to the aching point and tugged at the leash.

“Crawl after me slave, I have wonderfully stern bondage for you to try.” The Collector giggled as he crawled after her, in awe of the latex figure in front of him. “It pleases me to see you suffer slave, so that is exactly what you will do, won’t you?♪”

He nodded frantically to please her.

“Good boy.♪” She complimented him and a sudden bolt of raw pleasure rocked his spine.

Finally, after a dark hallway or two, they stopped beneath two dangling hooks. His breathing quickened at the sight of the torture device, but before he could even have time to feel true fear he was already hanging by his restraints from the ceiling.

The Collector had made a hammock out of his bound body as tight leather straps, cords and chains held his body between the hooks. He yelled into his gag as his position was firmly held in place by the merciless bondage she had put him in. Breathing was almost impossible and the bondage was so tight that he felt pain rack his muscles and joints. But he could do nothing to ease his suffering but face up into the ceiling.

“What a comfy seat you are slave.♪” The Collector purred and sat upon the slave’s chest. The murmur of latex announced the crossing of her legs as the slave gave it his all not to wail in pain. Yet that is when the pain began mixing itself with pleasure. The feeling of the rubber upon his skin, even through the tight bondage that held him, was mind melting. “You like being my chair, don’t you slave?”

The mistress asked impassively yet granting him a sinister smirk as well. Despite the pain and the suffering she was giving him he could not help but look back at his mistress with licentious longing. She was ruthless, merciless and sadistic, but her beauty was simply too much for his brain to handle. He was being used before yet now as her chair she was slowly but surely implementing the idea that he was nothing but an object to be used by The Collector as she saw fit.

Blue longed to lick her boots again, to place his unworthy hands upon her latex and nylon clad body. He wished to wallow in her power and lick every inch of her outfit whilst being abused by the cruel mistress. To lose control beneath her sadism and to revel in submission beneath her aura of dominance. The mere sight of her glossy outfit and the power of The Collector proved to be a match in torture when compared to the bondage.

But he could not even move and soon the frustration of his denial was becoming just as taxing as everything else she was bestowing upon him. [He had no qualms whether/He had no idea whether/He didn’t care whether or not] that was all part of her plan.

“Well, you can use some work as a chair.” The Collector announced degradingly.

Chapter 4

The fetters were untied and his legs fell lifelessly to the floor. Blue panted and mewled into his gag, barely able to control his breathing. Such was the ordeal that The Collector had put him through.

Twinges of pain still tortured his body as he tried to focus his thoughts. Yet it wasn't the physical side of her torture that left the largest mark upon his mind. The fact that she was clearly winning this war of theirs, so easily and casually, that was what bruised his ego the most. No matter the pain and the pleasure she was bestowing upon him, he should have been mentally fighting her on all fronts. With rebellious glares, warring thoughts and spiteful words, but there was nothing of the sort within him.

He fawned over her whenever their eyes met, his mind raced imagining what else she would do to him and instead for spitting profanities at her when ungagged, he only whimpered and blabbered.

Finally his hands were freed as well as he fell upon the floor. With a yank of his leash and collar The Collector lead him towards his cell in the floor. The lid was raised and the latex clad woman stood imperiously next to it. She didn't have to say anything, that evil smile was enough of an order.

In his eyes The Collector started looking more and more like a goddess of latex and fetishism, one to be drooled over and served. Not just by him, but by all. Clad in thigh high, red latex boots and a red catsuit of the same material, complimented by a tilted cylinder she looked awe inspiring.

His body shook and shivered as he obeyed her wordless order and crawled into his diminutive prison inside the floor. There was still fight in him but Blue's resolve had become so shaken that he needed to choose which fights to fight. And this one was not one of them.

The Collector nudged the lid with her stiletto boot and it fell heavily, shut right above him.

As soon as it was shut, the earphones boomed with her voice again as wave after wave of bliss drowned out any other thoughts. His body was limp and his mind lax from the mere sound of her melodic voice. The fact that her voice also spoke of eternal slavery and endless bondage made his caged cock scream in frustration.

His teeth were clenched into the ball gag as he desperately tried to fight off the conditioning. He prayed for strength against all of this abuse followed slowly by pleas into nothingness. Blue knew that she had walked away, leaving him there.

With his hands tightly bound behind his back, he needed to use his legs to find any kind of comfort in the claustrophobic cell. His whole predicament was done in such a way that his spirit broke in the most demeaning and humiliating way. The Collector was showing the hero that she had full control of his body, that Blue was nothing more than a possession.

She wanted to utterly destroy him and mold him into a debauched slave, lapping at every word of the malevolent villainess.

It was working. All of his ordeals up until now ate away at his psyche, breaking his spirit and sense of heroism. Yet he still held hope within him. If he was aware of what she was doing, if he were to concentrate on that and analyze it clinically, he might be able to survive and keep his sanity.

As if knowing his exact thoughts, the voice in the speakers became even more melodic and hypnotic. He tried desperately to remove this instrument of his assured corruption but to little success. Blue [yanked his head – his arms are bound behind his back] and even battered it against the wall of the cell but the machine didn't even budge. It just trapped him inside of his own mind, like all of the nights before.

You are my little slaving beast. A pathetic being that is slowly becoming obsessed with gaining my favor and abuse. ♪

Her voice sang.

How long will it take before you start calling for me? Begging to be whipped and tortured only to be awarded by licking my heels? All of my slaves have done so before, and so will you... Blue. ♪

He slouched back against the cold wall of the cell and let himself drown in self pity and masochistic pleasure.

This night, like all before, sleep was difficult to come by. There was no refuge in slumber. Many times he had awoken, not sure if the headphones mirrored the sound of her heels or if he actually heard them through the sound of her hungry tone. Those times he would always be horny, on the verge of screaming for her.

How he wished to be free of his cramped cell at those times. To see his Mistress again and be granted her ministrations yet again. That is when his heart would sink, when he became aware of what he was thinking. Despite himself, despite knowing what she was doing, he would continue thinking of her then.

Not out of hatred and of rebellion, but of pure wanton lust.

Blue would visualize her with prurient lust, wishing to crawl at her feet, kissing her latex or nylon stockinged leg. The allure of her beauty and her fetishistic outfits was completely new to him yet it created a hunger within him that he could not quench.

No matter how much his conscious mind battled against her, his subconscious mind drank up everything she offered. Especially when he was alone at night, where her voice would speak to him endlessly, remodeling his brain into a depraved animal.

He was being changed from the ground up and it was mere time before those lustful thoughts came to the forefront of his mind. The thought was terrifying to him.

There was nothing he could do. Slowly, Blue was being turned into a rubber slave. Eager to be encased in the material or lick it upon his owner. How could this be happening to him? Why was this woman doing this in the first place? To him and to others?!

Though he feared those questions, simultaneously he yearned to find out. He ached to discover what else the evil woman would do to him.

Again, he swore he heard the click of heels as one of the other slaves was being dragged out to be tamed and trained. Time and time again he fought the desire to be the one under the lash at times such as these. It revolted him, knowing that he wished to be whipped and tamed.

Yet the constant vision of his enslaver in his mind's eye quickly put those thoughts away, replacing them with lavish masochism. The catalogue of erotic fantasies that she had placed within his mind by now brought such a lecherous need in him that his soul burned for her crop.

Finally, the envy he felt was put to a halt as he felt the top of his cell unlock. The heavy locks of his pit turned and he felt the cool air of the outside rush in along with her addictive scent. As she yanked on the leash yet again, and Blue crawled out, the voice inside of his head turned off and he gazed upon his mistress yet again.

“Come, slave. It is time for another lesson in obedience and pleasure.♪” She chuckled knowingly and his face contorted into one of bliss. The Collector scratched his hair and he crawled after her, in awe of her beauty yet again. A light wrapped around his latex ruler, coating her in even more beauty than before.

Crimson stiletto heels adorned her beautiful feet while pantyhose of pure, dark nylon clung to her legs. A latex, leotard she wore across her explosive chest and long latex gloves of the same crimson neatly enveloped her arms.

Through all of the training and the mental fighting with himself, through everything she put him through and everything he tried to battle against a single thought crossed his mind.

The Collector locked the gag inside of Blue's mouth, inflating it to the point of aching, just as she did every day. Next, shackles were attached to his arms and firmly held behind his back. Aside from those two accessories, Blue was completely naked. He didn't even wear a chastity device anymore, his mistress knew that he would not be touching himself unless she allowed it.

Control over his pleasure was the first doctrine she instilled into him. The first she planted into all of her slaves. That way everything else would be connected and allowed by her. Soon afterwards, love and infatuation would come as well.

“Come this way slave.♪” She announced in her musical tones. “Today I wish to use you as my seat again.”

The Collector led him by his restraints through several rooms he had already been in. But when? He could not remember. Days held no meaning to him anymore. Now he counted how many times he saw his mistress.

In the chamber with the rubber vacuum beds, he was in 3 visits ago. In the one with the whips, 5 visits ago. That is how his mind worked now. All of it revolved around her and only her.

Considering how beautiful and dominant she was, it was no wonder.

Shiny, stiletto heels of patent leather and pantyhose just as shiny. Latex shorts that made her bottom glisten in the darkness of the dungeon, in unison with her heels and pantyhose. Upon her chest she wore a very voluptuous white, buttoned shirt and a red, royal coat with golden embroideries. Like a fetishized circus owner.

In complete silence he crawled after her, feasting his crumbling mind upon her beauty. She turned her lovely face over her shoulder, that flowing, crimson hair swaying as she walked.

“You will like what I have in store for you, won’t you slave?” She giggled. “Because you know I like to see you suffer.”

He nodded frantically, desperate to show just how obedient he was. That was one of the few things he had on his mind. Obedience. His mistress allowed little else. He could be obedient and feel the ultimate pleasure at her hands, or he could fight her and end up obedient either way.

The Collector always got what she wanted.

Finally they arrived and entered a chamber with large shackles upon the walls. The rest of the room did not look much different than the others that he was in. Dark, cold and foreboding. The Collector stood in front of him and lifted his chin with her black, latex glove.

Chapter 5

“Good boy.” She purred and Blue felt his erection rise in an instant. Butterflies flew in his stomach at her praise as well for the toys that she had upon the table next to the shackles. He was eager to see exactly what she would be doing to him today.

First, his already bound wrists were joined and raised far above his spine. Next, leather cords were flipped over his chest and then tied to the shackles that hung from the ceiling, along with his outstretched arms. By now, his breathing was quickening, both from excitement and from fear, as more leathery rope was attached to his ankles before being connected to the hanging rings. With a tight pull of the rope, Blue was hoisted into the air, hanging a meter or so from the floor.

This all felt rather familiar to him, as if she had done something rather similar before. But, again, his mind could not really conclude anything besides obedience. And, even if she had, he could only bask in the pleasure of her torture.

Again, she cupped his chin, nuzzling it with her cool, latex covered hand. She looked radiant, Blue concluded as The Collector lifted his gaze to meet hers. Dark glee shone on her smiling lip and hungry/and in her] eyes, like a predator finally getting to play with her prey.

Without saying anything, only blessing him with a sadistic grin, she pulled on the rope even more as it pulled on his joints and lifted him further into the air. By now, he was level with her beautiful face.

Breathing was becoming a chore and a privilege, especially considering that he only breathed in her intoxicating perfume. Yet, no matter how much pain he felt from the ropes that dug into her limbs and joints, venomous pleasure pulsed throughout his body as well. The Collector patted his gagged mouth and smiled at him, her human garrote.

Unlike the first time she used him as a chair, the pain seemed like nothing, compared to the oblivion of pleasure that he felt.

Wait... had she used me as a chair? Why do I have it in my head that she did?

Reality was becoming a blur to him. Such were her machinations and pleasurable tortures that he could not even remember what has happened and what didn't. All of his thoughts, always ended up upon her and her perfection. Nothing else mattered.

“Now you do look like a rather lovely seat, don't you think?♪” Blue's eyes widened in horror and anticipation as his mistress announced in her teasing tone. “How about I test you out?”

Between the murmur of her nylon, shiny pantyhose and her glistening, latex shorts, The Collector sat herself upon his naked torso. Already, Blue just wanted to reach out and touch her and not only her but her pantyhose and latex as well. Her lovely hips teasing his eyes, her nylon encased legs, now crossed, hypnotizing his mind further into depravity. That is all he yearned for now, to be lost, drowned in complete obedience beneath his mistress.

Yet all he could do was lay there, hung in the air by this fetishized goddess and lull in her beauty.

“This time, chair, I think I will coat you in wax as well.♪” She announced smugly and his skin burned for the hot torture that she had in store for him. In the haze of wanton lust, The Collector hovered a dark candle over his naked chest, moments before the wax started pouring upon his skin. With sinister gaiety shining on her angelic face, she watched as the first drops fell from the candle.

Shockwaves of heated delight washed over his mind as drop after drop fell upon his chiseled chest. Well, not as chiseled as before, The Collector saw to it that he lost as much muscle as he could. His subdued howls of pleasure instantly made his mistress laugh in glee, while Blue buckled and twisted beneath her. He knew that his gurgling purrs only served to make her happier but, what was greater in his life than making his mistress happy?

His suffering was elevated further as The Collector turned and started pouring the wax of the candle upon his crotch and inner thighs. Tilting the candle gradually, she only let small droplets fall upon his rigid member, finding yet another way to tease his erection.

“I do hope this is not too much for you, pet. While your training is coming at a lovely pace, I do not wish to break you... yet.♪” She cooed with dark sadism. The sadistic mistress savored the angst in his eyes, mixed together with longing and worship. However, there was no reprieve and no mercy. This was all part of his training. Training before he was carted off to another mistress, sold like property that he was slowly becoming. No matter how much he begged and pleaded, The Collector would simply lead him, leashed, to the fate that awaited all of her slaves.

His mistress steered the now, continuous, flow of the wax over his member, sealing it off almost completely in wax. Blue tried to wail, to beg for an orgasm, to scream that he could not take it anymore, but only gurgles escaped his gagged mouth. Heedless of his begging and whimpering, The Collector continued toying with his flesh.

After an eternity of drowning in wax, there was a pause between the drops until they stopped altogether. Before he could whimper his thanks he felt the rubbery material of her gloved hand touch his cock before she wrapped her fingers around it gently. The mere sensation of such attention from his mistress would have made him orgasm, but the hardened wax at the tip of his cock stopped any such notion.

Blue whimpered for mercy, each word stopping short because of the gag. Now, trapped in ultimate denial, all he could do was wait and endure as his mind broke apart.

“Seems you like my torture slave.♪” She cooed as Blue’s tear filled gaze fell upon every inch of his mistress. He only gave a weak nod as his body continued to tremble. The gentle touch of his mistress haywired his mind with the sadistic contradiction between her stroking of his cock and the horrific bondage she held him in. So gentle and arousing was her touch that, what little of the pain he felt, melted into an alluring source of arousal.

Finally having him relax completely, she removed her hand from his eager cock and hovered the candle above it yet again. Just before the wax coated the rest of his dick in a warm, enticing trap, he tried whimpering for mercy again, but the words were lost behind the monstrous gag that filled his mouth.

How could she be so heartless? How could she train me like this, making me love such terrible torture? Is there no humanity left in her?

“There will be no mercy slave.” She said, as if reading his mind. “You will be broken utterly, reformed into a horny husk and used as your buyer and I see fit.♪”

Yet her words were so causal, cool and dominant that he felt as if it was all completely normal. To be bound like this, used and molded into a depraved wretch.

“But that will be all for today.” She said with a satisfied smile. The Collector uncrossed her legs and stood up from her chair in a hypnotic flash of nylon and rubber. The click of her heels echoed around him as she untied his legs first, letting him hang for a bit. She took a chair from the corner and dragged it behind him.

For a moment he actually thought that his mistress would allow him a moments rest. But no. How foolish he was to think such a thing. He should have known by now that even when he was allowed an orgasm, which wasn't often, it would be under her cruel conditions.

She untied his arms as well before letting him fall upon the hard ground. The Collector stepped over his weakened body and sat herself upon the chair, before ordering “Kneel between my legs, pet.”

He swayed from side to side as he crawled to her and knelt right at the spot where her finger was point. Looking up at her, Blue's infatuation with The Collector became a doctrine of submission and servitude. With a smile of pure satisfaction she crossed her legs with his head trapped in between her thighs in a prison of silky nylon and mind bending bliss.

His mind raced as it tried to comprehend the waves of molten pleasure that he was stuck in. Even his wax coated cock bulged with eagerness for release. Yet none came. All of that pent up denial and frustration was slowly coming to a boiling point inside of his mind and, when she placed the tip of her stiletto heel upon his cock, he felt something deep inside of him crack.

Blue tried opening his mouth. Gagged, nothing came out but a wordless, silent scream as drool dripped from the edges of his lips and upon her dark nylon.

“I see you have begun to break. Good.♪” She said with a villainous smile. “It won't take long before I have you shipped off.”

A docile nod is all he was capable of. Edged, denied and thoroughly dominated, there was little else he could do. Still, not even in his state of breaking apart could he even dream of what else she had in store for him.

“Is my slave hungry?♪” Crooned The Collector.

Blue’s stare shot upwards, pleadingly, as he nodded. The idea of food was appealing, but the fact that his mistress was actually paying attention to him was far more appetizing. She smirked devilishly and presented her heel instead.

He looked at it adoringly, gulping with hopes that he would in fact be allowed to lick it. The heel was of purest, obsidian black color, matching perfectly with her glittery pantyhose of the same color. Blue took her in further, his mouth going dry at the mere sight of his owner. Latexshorts enveloped her waist and perky ass while upon her torso she wore a tight, white blouse and a leather jacket of royal red.

Of course, it matched her crimson hair and shiny lips which smirked endlessly down at him.

Without another word he debased himself at her feet and began licking the heel. He slithered his tongue across the cool material, fixated upon every inch of the latex. The arousal he felt from this humiliating act was not foreign to him, after all he had been doing such things for weeks now. Or what felt like weeks.

No matter how long though, his previous life seemed a distant memory, one that only brought pain to him. Well, the pain of the kind he did not like. Any pain that his mistress brought down upon him was welcomed with open arms.

“That’s enough slave.” She said with a coquettish giggle. With that hypnotic heel, she pushed the bowl of dog food in front of him. Blue shuffled forward, his bondage rattling as he did, before feasting upon the food that was given to him.

“Good doggy.♪” His mistress commented lightly as she continued to tower over him. The oppressive atmosphere that she had was also something that brought him great pleasure. He could feel his cock twitching between his legs at her presence as he continued to devour the last dregs of the food in his bowl.

Satisfied with what her slave had eaten, she moved behind him and attached his arms and legs to thick leather strips which had ropes attached to each of them individually. The tightening of the ropes spread his limbs to almost a painful breaking point. That sensation though, of torture in his ligaments was presented as a sigh of pleasure to his mistress.

Her outfit creaked as she worked her machinations behind and in front of him. Blue watched with a lustful stare at his mistress, eager to see what she would do to him next.

His predicament only made his desire even more potent. Watching her in that shiny outfit which accented every beautiful curve of hers, whilst being so helplessly dangled set his lust aflame in such a way that he began drawling and mewling.

Those pathetic sounds only escalated as his mistress began torturing him.

Chapter 6

First, she attached heavy weights to his balls. The weight alone was enough to make his knees wobble. Yet, as he lowered himself, painfully, against the ropes a large pole shot up from the floor beneath his legs. It would have rammed itself into his ass in the most hurtful manner were it not for the fact that The Collector trained his crumbling mind to like everything she did to him.

She stood in front of her plaything, in all her shiny, sadistic glory and cupped his chin, lifting it up to meet her amused gaze.

“Are you happy with my rule slave?” She chimed. He stared lovingly at his oppressor, barely gathering the courage to speak.

“Anything you d-d-do to me mistress...” He blabbered. “I love...”

He was besotted to the point of obsession and infatuation at his tormentor. Satisfied with his answer, the dominatrix smiled confidently and grabbed a ball gag from a nearby table. With expertise of a veteran, she locked in the large gag, before disappearing into the darkness yet again and returning with a weighted collar to adorn her slave’s neck.

The weights made the ring around his neck as heavy as the stones which held him by the balls. His knees trembled and he began sweating in earnest now. Yet, as if reacting to his struggles, the large rod stuck in his ass vibrated, making him shiver and gasp in pleasure and surprise.

His breathing sped up into quick, rasping gasps whilst his stare was trapped by the glossy outfit of The Collector, bound in his mind by her amused stare. Her silky glove, she ran over his rock hard cock, giving it a light, teasing thrust before looking down at him, evilly.

“I’ll leave you to your suffering for a while. I have a few slaves that found new owners recently and they need to be shipped off.” She winked before turning on her heel. She strolled majestically out of his cell and shut the large iron door behind her. The only lingering proof that she was even there was the scent of addiction that she perfumed upon her body every day.

As hours dragged by and the rod in his ass continued to hum deep within him, Blue was even allowed a few orgasms. He thanked his mistress every time even though she wasn’t there. Such was the conditioning of his training.

Yet he could not hold the weights forever. His limbs betrayed him and so he would sink upon the rod further and further. And, after many hours of struggling he could hardly keep himself from falling upon it completely. He knew that, despite the fact that his mistress wished to sell him off, this was indeed a test of life and death.

If he were to fall upon the rod he would die within minutes and would be discarded by his owner. Which is also something that gave him hope as well. If he were to endure and show his affection to her long enough... maybe... just maybe she would keep him?

Such was his torment that he did not even hear the cell door open nor the click of her heels as she entered. Laughing evilly at his torture she posed with hands on hips on front him. Devouring his torment and relishing the mind crumbling sensations that must be destroying him right there and then.

“Hello sleepy head.” She chuckled. “Did you miss your mistress?”

Like a dog he panted up at her. His indoctrinated mind lusting after her sending his pleasure buds into overdrive. The Collector unshackled the torture devices that he missed as soon as they were off of him. Then, like a predator circling her prey she began walking. For a long while she did not speak as he cowered upon his knees on the floor, his head cowed upon the hard stone.

“You know I do not care whether you are a *superhero* or not.” That word came out like scoffed insult more so than a symbol of hope which it was for most people. “But I did notice that you held on to the fact for a long time. Now, I am sure that infatuation that you had with yourself is long gone and that even you do not care anymore that you *were* a superhero. I know that love is now all mine as it always is with my slaves.♪”

If he had any ego left those words would have hurt yet in the state that he was in now, it only served to arouse him.

Everything she said is true. I do not belong to myself. I belong to her. I do not love myself, I love her. I am not a hero... I am a slave...

The she stood in front of him, her heels on either sides of his face. She laughed to herself victoriously for a moment before planting the tip of her heel beneath his chin and lifting it up.

“But I do want you to say it. I want you to admit that you were the famed hero Super Sentai Blue, that you are him no longer and that you belong to me now. That you are nothing else but a slave that I could use as I saw fit. Do that and...”

The Collector laughed cruelly.

“I might keep you. I know that is your only wish.♪”

This time, Blue did not hesitate. While he denied that fact before, now he was ready to drown in it.

“You may speak and touch me.” She said coolly. Any other person, and maybe even Blue in a deeply buried level, would know that it was clear The Collector would not care for the answer. She was just toying with him.

“I was that superhero once Mistress!” He implored as he grabbed hold of her heel. Blue groveled at her feet as tears swelled in his eyes. “I was Super Sentai Blue but now I am yours mistress I swear to you!”

She smirked down at him in mock sympathy before announcing.

“Hump my leg and tell me to whom you belong to.” The Collector ordered.

She did not need to repeat the order. In an instant her slave, the former hero Blue, hugged her nylon clad leg with his naked body, cock tightly nuzzled against the fabric. His flesh was livid with desire even before he began shaking his abdomen back and fro. He shivered in delight as the silky material made his mind go haywire right as he began speaking.

He begged and [promise/promised] to always remain hers, that he was deeply in love with her and her machinations, that his past life was a thing he barely remembered. Once these injustices would have made him rage in his bonds and fight the evil incarnate in front of him. Instead, he now cherished every second of this humiliation. His love for his imprisonment was an addiction he would never be able to shake or live without.

Blue continued to confess how he fought mentally against her at the beginning, how she is the only one that could break him and that he was happy she did so. He went through the catalogue of torment that he learned to love at her feet and explained exactly why he now loved only her.

“Good pet.” She said enticingly. “Now lick my heels clean.”

In a heartbeat he was upon his hands and knees lapping at her latex heels. “Thank you mistress-“

“No talking.” The Collector said with aloof tones. It was clear she was done with him. He was utterly broken now and completely hers. That is when she would usually grow bored of her pets and sell them to the highest bidder.

He simply continued to lick meticulously, covering every inch of the material. Somewhere deep within him he dreaded what came next. The slave knew that he had nothing else to give. But now he was converted to a new creed of debased pleasure. Of course he could never go back to his old life, not that The Collector would allow him.

But... what would happen now?

In fear of stopping and drunk on the pleasure of complete surrender, he continued to lick across areas he had already cleaned. The Collector indulged him for a little while, knowing this was the last bit of entertainment that he was able to provide.

Finally, she clipped a leash across his neck and drew him to a kneeling position. She pulled on it and he followed, crawling behind her. His stare stuck upon the latex fabric of her shorts and the nylon of her pantyhose as the light reflected upon the materials.

So preoccupied was he with her beauty that he did not even notice that they entered a room in which he had never been in. The final room of his enslavement.

Chapter 7

The slave looked with trepidation at the machine in front of him. For the little sanity he had left, he could not comprehend what exactly the machine was for. But the victorious smile that crossed his owners lip replaced that trepidation and fear with melted, debased, lust.

The Collector stood next to the machine gallantly and leaned against it. The light of her dungeons making her glossy outfit shine and accent all of her lusty curves.

“Come here slave. And I’ll explain what comes next as I strap you in. ♪” He obeyed without another word. He crawled toward the machine and knelt in front of it where The Collector and ordered with her index finger. She approached him, towering over his cowering frame, while he shivered in anticipation and delight. With a click, his collar came off, somehow finally making him feel naked, despite the fact that it was the only piece of clothing he had.

No... I don't feel naked... I feel... incomplete...

“Good boy.” She said while he shivered and mewled “Now, get in.”

He obeyed without a word. His prolonged education and training at the hands of his owner had taught him that and more.

“This little machine will clean you. Top to bottom, inside and out. ♪” She explained casually, whilst her smooth fingers attached the straps of his bondage. His limbs were fastened with cool latex against his chest and stomach, his form attached to tethers that held him cowed, curled and unmoving. He could not understand where his bondage began but he could not move a single

muscle, so meticulous was her entrapment of him. Finally, she attached a hose to his mouth and nose, locking them in with a satisfying smile and a click.

“I’ll see you soon, once you’re all cleaned up and ready for sale.” She smiled smugly and closed the lid on his temporary prison. Clicking a few buttons on the top, The Collector left the room.

“I really oughta thank Domina for all of these wonderful machines she sends to me. ♪”

The dominatrix said to herself before closing the door.

He trembled as the machine buzzed into life. Liquids started pouring all around him, cold at first, then becoming warmer and warmer as time went by. Once fully heated, a sticky, sugary ooze dripped from the hose into his mouth, before it turned in a pasty flood that covered both his mouth and nose. He did not struggle of course, he was taught better.

Though he could not breathe, he felt no fear. His trust was completely at the feet of his owner. Thankfully for him, his mouth and nose were freed quickly after he swallowed the liquid. In that moment he felt something warm and cuddly expand through his body, making him feel numb and weightless. All the while, the liquid around him spun in one direction before quickly stopping and then turning into the other. Thus he was cleaned, his anatomy cleansed and his soul dampened from within with never ending lust.

That process lasted for hours, not that he could tell the time. Not that it mattered to him, but to The Collector it did. By the time the machine was done with him, he was utterly spotless and ready for his mistress to sell him off.

He let his senses recover, breathing heavily as the whole ordeal had left him tired and sore.

While eager to see his owner again, he also didn't know what that would entail for him. Would it be the last time he saw his latex clad owner?

Never the less, the slave whimpered in relief as he felt his bondage let go of him and the machine open, showing to him the mirage of his owner. Grinning from ear to ear. He blinked at her fearfully.

“Now that is one fresh slave, all trained and cleaned for his boxing.”

The Collector gestured for him to leave, only to find that his numbness had not left him as he flailed and fell upon the ground at her feet, his legs still within the machine. His pathetic attempt and miserable form made his mistress giggle, sending him into an intoxicating oblivion of masochism.

“The aphrodisiac inside does that to people. But don't feel bad, it's concocted by witches and succubi, an average human mind like yours had no chance against it. ♪ “ Once upon a time that insult would have stung. Now? He just drooled upon the floor like a babe in praise of his owner.

“Crawl after me pet, as best as you can.” She ordered casually. He, of course obeyed. Though what he did was hardly a crawl. He stumbled and fell every few meters, his eyes glued to his tormentor and not to his surroundings.

Finally they entered a room with a large, latex clad coffin placed horizontally in the middle. It was perfectly smooth and glossy, looking downright eldritch and ethereal. For a few moments his mistress was gone from his sight before returning with a whip, with hands on hips and a confident smile upon her blood red lip. It was only then that his broken mind understood that she had changed her attire yet again.

A blood red catsuit hugged her body in the same perfect, impossibly alluring way as the latex that covered the coffin behind her. It seamlessly formed into her heels and gloves, making the villainess look as if she were dipped in latex. She was inevitable, all powerful and sadistically perfect in his eyes. A being so far above him that he could do naught but stutter.

“Do you want to be punished, pet? ♪”

She asked coolly.

“Y-ye... yes... mistress...” He groaned in desperate pleasure.

“I see.” She smirked. “And why do you think you should be punished?”

The Collector asked, not to doubt in her thralls submission to her, but for the simple pleasure of hearing it from his own mouth.

“I... because it pleases you, mistress...”

“Have you been a bad slave? Is that why you need your punishment?” Her eyes lit up, relishing the final surrender of her newest pet.

“Of course not!” He yelped in fear of displeasing his owner. That only made his mistress’ smile widen. He continued in a more subdued tone. “Never... I should be punished only to... only to be reminded of who owns me.”

“Good boy. ♪” She said with satisfaction and victory. “For the rest of your miserable life you will be punished. If nothing else than to remind you of your station.”

The Collector knew that the chances of him forgetting were close to zero, but it pleased her to torment him so. She began circling him, whilst the dread of the coffin loomed over him almost as strongly as her presence.

She gently touched him with her whip as he shuddered beneath her touch.

“Yes, mistress...”

“Then beg for it. Beg for me to punish you.” She ordered casually.

“Please mistress, whip me. Debase me. Punish me to your hearts content...” He mewled while his owner continued to stroke him with the whip. “Show me that I am owned by you.”

Then his mistress, with feverish glee began her final onslaught. Each stroke was delivered with alacrity, depriving her pet of voice or breath. An open mouthed, silent scream was all that he was allowed. She assailed his back and rear, before moving to his thighs.

His instincts roared with the only thing he had left, pleasure. He dribbled precum upon the floor in a matter of seconds, which only seemed to motivate his tormentor further.

Finally, The Collector stopped whipping him, leaving the former super hero wheezing. She ran her gloved hand over his prone form, gathering his perspiration upon her glossy fingers, with a victorious smile adorning her blood red lips. The villainess offered him the sweat covered fingers which he feasted upon like it was his last supper.

He rolled his tongue over them, enjoying the taste of his sweat and the tang of her latex. He felt proud, as if some success was done by him, to be so thoroughly debased and debased so brutally.

Without a word, The Collector stood up from his beaten form and, with an echo of her heels clicking both around and inside of him, she walked towards the coffin.

“Are you ready to be sold slave? To be used as nothing but an instrument which will increase my wealth in such a negligible way that I will forget you as soon as I sell you? ♪”

The question hung in the air as The Collector looked down at him with a smug grin. She knew what he would say.

My time next to her... was addictive, I have been turned into a masochistic junkie. She has twisted my psyche, to love and adore everything she did to me. So much so that the mere idea of it all ending terrified me. In the real world I would be a nobody, a parody of justice. But at her feet... I was somebody. Her property. What was normality compared to the masochism that he felt thanks to his owner and to following her every whim.

“Yes... mistress...” he said with a pleased sigh.

“Good.” She said with a satisfied smile. “I’ll leave you with something to remember me by. ♪”

The Collector presented her latex clad boot to him, before tipping it upon her heel.

“Lick.” And he did with fervor.

“I have enjoyed breaking you, slave. But time is short and our little game is done. Others await my ministrations with as much glee as you did.” Her words were almost warm. Alone they were enough to make him leak more precum, the fact that he was licking his owner's boot for the final time made it all the more intoxicating.

After a while, The Collector removed her boot from his tongue and placed it at the back of his head, pinning his head to the cold floor.

“I love you mistress...” He whispered in raw adoration.

“I know you do slave.” She said with aloof tones.

Epilogue

The Collector lounged in a large leather sofa, a cup of wine in hand. She [twirled/swirled] it absently as she crossed her legs and peered one last time at the perfectly black coffin next to her desk. There was a plaque now upon it, carved with laser precision.

SL – 845t

She smirked at the knowledge that yet another hero was tamed and processed within her dungeons. It was thrilling, knowing just how weak everyone was for her. Then, a knock on the door.

“Come on.” She chirped as she rested her wine glass upon her desk.

The lush door opened to reveal her only real partner in the city. Domina. Clad in a nylon catsuit, a short furry coat, latex gloves and heels, with flaming reddish hair and piercing, smug gaze.

“Ah! I did not expect you today. Sorry but he’s already been sold. ♪”

The Collector gestured to the coffin next to her desk as she began to rise. She looked at herself in the mirror as Domina began talking.

“I’m not here for him. I have dozens of heroes back home. Don’t see why you don’t keep some of them, they can be fun to play with, even when broken.” Domina explained as she casually walked over to the coffin and sat upon it, crossing her legs to a hymn of nylon.

“I’m in it for the money love. The League is just a means to an end for me.” The Collector smiled] to herself as her reflection made her even more giddy. She wore her *casual* attire. A silky bodice and panties, glossy stockings of crimson and heels as sharp as a knife.

“Which brings me to the reason I’m here.” She said with a knowing smile. The Collector turned, eyes wide.

“Don’t tell me... he... we’ve found him? The Hero of Ages?”

“No, but we did find the next best thing. Loki, the famed demon hunter? He knows who and where he is. Juicy is in the process of getting the info out of him.” Domina said slyly.

“And how is she managing that. I heard he’s downright invincible, mentally.”

“You’ll see. But let us say that he’s been given to the girls and... snuffed out, multiple times. Each time becoming weaker and weaker. Wanna go and watch as he confesses?” The girls looked at one another gleefully.

“Of course! ♪” With an almost skip in their step, the villainesses left the room. Leaving the forgotten hero alone in his bondage.