

# Loreline and her Dog

The bewitching, evil mistress of magic, Loreline sat on a strange looking steel box, her legs crossed and her look casually dominant. She was wearing a black, latex leotard, utterly black pantyhose with glittery stars on her right leg, shiny black heels and sating gloves. It didn't matter that we were inside of her castle, she would have the air of owning everything around her no matter where we found one another.

"You look like a slut." I told her.

"Your brother didn't think so." She said casually and bit her lower lip. "Did you honestly think you could save him? You? A barely 18 year old peasant."

"It doesn't matter what I think, what matters is that the two of us will be getting out of here and you can find other people to play with. He is a Hero!" I spat at her.

"That he *was* honey. ~ Before I broke him. Before I melted his brain into mana and made him into a mindless mutt... see us, Villainesses have made a formal alliance, so now we do trade and the like between one another. And a certain museum owner to the north requested human pups for her newest collection. And since I broke your brother... why not add you to the collection as well."

"You don't impress me." I told her flatly.

"Good. Soon you will be snuggling against my heels." Loreline told me with utter finality. Gracefully, she uncrossed her legs and stood up next to the iron box, placing her heel upon it. "Want to see who is inside? Before we put you into one of these?"

A kick was served to the box, then Loreline bent over and opened its door, as a fearful person gingerly crawled out.

"No..." I gasped.

"Oh yes my pet." Loreline giggled, placing her heel upon my brothers head.

As soon as he came out, he whined like a genuine dog, his stocky, muscle ridden built was now reduced to a thin shadow of a man. His...

*Is he erect? What has she done to you?*

"See, he likes this. And so will you. ~" She said.

Loreline removed her heel from his face and stood triumphantly next to my... brother. Without a second thought he rushed his head to her heels and feet, snuggling against them.

"Oh I do enjoy a well trained hero." She giggled to herself. Even in a situation such as this I could not help but admire her beauty and dominance.

Whilst he rubbed his face over her nylon calves, arches, and tips of her heels, the blonde witch stood there, watching and enjoying the feel of his face against her legs. Ignoring my brother completely she turned to me.

"This *will* be you boy. And I will enjoy every moment of breaking an insolent brat such as you." Loreline said, grinning sadistically.

She started walking towards me across the room as my brother crawled behind her... no... with her pet trailing behind her, then bowing at her heels whence she stopped. She turned to him with a distant look.

"Crawl back into your cage doggy. Your playtime is over. I don't need you anymore. ~" Loreline said with a bewitching smile and... his face turned to pure sadness. With tear filled eyes and whines of a dog, he crawled back into his iron cage.

"He was quite the strong hero, you know? It took be several weeks to break him, but don't worry I will be much quicker with you. I would say that he was above average. But he's been locked up for so long that he no longer remembers how to be human. My training is merciless and your submission will be final. Orgasms, of course, are forbidden except if I am extremely bored." Declared the witch.

"Fuck... you..." I finally opened my mouth, returning from my trance. "I won't forgive you. I will never forgive you."

Loreline simply rolled her eyes in amusement.

"Poor boy." She said, placing her silk palm upon my shoulder, her lips a few inches from mine. "The best you can hope... beg for... at this point is a place in the museum next to your brother. But the only thing you will think of, will be me. You will forget you were ever human. You'll become a nameless dog that lives only to think of his mistress."

I felt my will receive its first punch. But I was far from a slave...

*I will never be a slave. I will killer for what she did to him... For what she wants to do to me!*

"Now." The blonde, sadistic witch began. Out of her hand a strange plant materialized. "This little pet will be filling you with an aphrodisiac through the night. It is still in an experimental phase so it won't break you on its own. It will only make you more... docile."

Starting to feel fear of the plant I tried to move away, but her magical bonds held me tight.

"Don't fight, it will be easier for you. But boring for me, so continue. ~" She said with a sadistic giggle and placed the plant upon my chest. Quickly it bound itself around my mouth as a sweet, chocolate like ooze dripped down my throat.

"I won't be taking that off until you decide to kiss my heel for the first time. Then we will continue to play. And if you refuse, well, the plant will melt your mind at some point. ~" With a final giggle and a wave, swaying her nylon clad ass, she left the room, taking my brother with her.

# Day 1

Finally, dawn arrives and with it the click of Loreline's heels. She stands at the door, hands on hips as drool and the aphrodisiac fall down my chin. She was beautiful, stunning yesterday, hypnotic. But today, with my bloodstream filled with the aphrodisiac... she was ethereal.

"Good morning doggy. How did you sleep? *Did* you even sleep? ~" The witch gloated, knowing full well that I did not. She wore the same outfit, yet today... I felt petrified by it. I could not take my eyes off of her.

With a sultry step, she stood in front of me and removed the plant.

"See how nice I am to you. I said I will not be removing it until you surrendered but, here we are."

My jaw, finally, relaxed as pain set in. Lovingly, she placed her silk glove upon my cheek, her light touch moving down, to my lips. With a small wipe of my lip, she plunged her fingers into my mouth.

The feeling seemed to dominate my mind, to prod at my humanity.

"Do you like the feeling of my silk gloves inside of your mouth doggy?" Loreline asked as she gloated.

I did. I wanted to suckle on her fingers and beg to cum but I would not rescue my brother like that. When I didn't answer she cupped my chin, caressing it slowly. "That will be the last time you don't answer my question. The next time I come back to see you, you will beg for me to even talk to you. But I know what the aphrodisiac did to your little brain. ~"

"It did nothing..." I croaked. I knew she had the truth of it but I would not give it to her.

"Really? Let us test that." She said casually as she undid my straps. Not letting a second go wasted, I ran with all my might, for the open door.

*You almost had me! But not close enough.*

A sharp, razor like surge of tingling pleasure slashed across my back and I fell to the floor. I turned as I quickly tried to get up, only to see Loreline holding a pink, whip like, bolt of energy in her hand.

"Hurry boy, or I might catch you with my whip again. ~" She taunted through a menacing laugh. Before I could even take a step the soundless whip of pleasure coiled around my neck. It was like a snake had gripped my neck, taking away most of my breath.

With a yank she had me on my back. Loreline casually walked over and placed her heel upon my chest. "Go doggy. Run."

But I just could not move. It was the rope, it was like it radiated in the same rhythm that the aphrodisiac inside of me pulsed. With every *thump* of pleasure my body became more and more numb with bliss. Even her heel started feeling like the most beautiful thing in the world as she pressed it down on me.

"Get... off..." I said in a husky voice.

"Why, when you are enjoying yourself so much." She giggled, enjoying my degradation.

"Stop..."

"You know the magic words puppy. First beg to be released, then beg to kiss my heels and then I will train you until you beg to be my dog... and then I will ship you off to the museum. ~" Loreline's sentence grew more sinister after every word.

*I have no choice... I can yield now... and then make a run for it later.*

"Please... Loreline, release me." I said, silently, and tried to hold on to her heel. But as my skin touched the glossy material the vibration inside of me started drumming. My eyes wide open, tried to scream but only silence left my mouth.

"What was that? I could not hear you puppy." She laughed.

I tried to concentrate, to escape the thumping inside of me but with every beat of my heart my mind surrender just a little bit more. "Please... release... me..."

"Oki doki." With a girlish giggle her whip evaporated and she removed the heel from my chest. Just like that, all of those blissful, eroticism filled sensations came to a crashing halt and the whiplash had me gagging for more. "Is this what you wanted, right?"

She gloated as I tried to steady myself, to get myself up and make a run for it.

"What... what have you done to me?" I asked as Loreline straddled me. I could feel her warmth and her softness through my tunic.

"I only spiced you up a little, my little puppy." She playfully licked my nose. "I love it when my little pets beg."

"But you promised... if I begged you would have let me go." I whimpered beneath her.

"Tut-tut~ Are you calling me a liar? I did let you go." She giggled impishly and gave me a peck on the cheek.

I tried to squirm away from her, to removed my raging cock from bellow her weigh but I barely had enough strength to move my head and arms. "I won't become your dog... I won't let you do to me what you did to my brother."

She leaned in closer to my ear and whispered in a chilling, sadistic voice. "If you continue struggling I will degrade you even further."

With a quick slither over my body she placed my head right between her thighs. The silky feeling of her pantyhose legs cruelly continued to melt my resistance even further into erotic debauchery.

Loreline placed her index finger upon my forehead and drew a sign, followed by whispers in a language I did not understand. As suddenly as the pleasure of her whip had stopped, it had returned with full force.

I could no longer handle anything that was happening around me. The nylon of her pantyhose, her weight upon my neck, her dominant stare broke my resistance brick by brick and now the feeling and the thumping of the aphrodisiac and the whip seemed to break through every wall I had. It was like my mind was turning to mush.

"I...I...I..." I whimpered as I fought with myself.

"You what? You want to become my doggy? Already? Are you that weak? ~"

With the final part of me that remained of me I voice a resounding "NO!"

It was like she wanted to hear exactly that. In a flash she was up, my head free of her soft legs and pantyhose and the thumping had gone with her as well. But that wasn't the only thing that had gone from me... there was a whole inside of me, a pit, where the pleasure had been.

Loreline snapped her fingers and in a black puff of smoke, leather straps and chains appeared in her silk clad palms.

"Now, time to get you ready for your new life." With unrelenting speed and mastery, the witch bound my palms to my shoulders and my feet to my upper thighs. The straps were so tight that I squealed through the whole ordeal. Once she was done I was left standing on my elbows and my knees, like a mutt groveling at his masters feet.

"You look even better than I thought. Now I'll leave you here tonight, I want your mind nice and boiled by tomorrow, and when I come back I want you to greet me properly. First you will beg to kiss my heel or boot, whatever I choose to wear. Second you will thank me for the honor, place your hand upon the floor and wait for my instructions." She grinned wickedly as she finished and

I had a look of utter defeat upon my face, eyes wide in horror and mind trying to comprehend what she had just done to me.

She turned to leave but gave me one last look of contempt. "This will be your natural place from now on. On all fours at your masters feet... but I will wait until you are broken to teach you how to bark."

## Day 2

I couldn't wait any longer. The pain had long gone from the straps and now I only wished to see her again. I didn't surrender I just... needed her... I needed her to pet me and to leash me I...

*What the hell am I thinking? I cannot let her do this to me!*

Finally, the awaited sound of her heels echoed beyond the door. I crawled upon the floor and waited for Loreline to enter. The bottomless pit inside of me, suddenly eager to be filled. Not a few short moments later she did, closing the door behind her... and my jaw hit the floor.

A crimson turtlenecked sweater hugged her torso, the same color as her nails. A latex skirt covered her upper thighs as glistening, dark pantyhose made her legs look even more dazzling. Upon her feet latex, pointed heels captured my view as I rested my head upon the floor, weak from just the sight of her.

"May... kiss your heels?" I pleaded from the floor.

*No... Don't surrender...*

"Yes you can doggy." She allowed as my tongue tried to lick every part of her heels. Loreline's pantyhosed feet did not leave my few through the process. "Do you like my outfit? I had a swindler in another world I needed to teach some manners. Even you would not envy his fate." Loreline finished with a sadistic giggle.

"Thank you... thank you I am sure I would not..." When I finished I lowered my head to the floor. "Thank you for letting me kiss your heels."

"Good puppy... now..." She lowered a bowl of water. "You were a good boy today so you get water but food... well you will need to beg for it."

I lapped at the water, finally having some liquid inside of my dry mouth. "Thank you mistress thank you..."

But I dared not beg for the food... It was...

*It would be my final surrender... even if I died from starvation in a pitiful position such as this, at least I would have some dignity left... I cannot...*

Yet the feeling of being her dog, of submitting to her... it felt addictingly good.

"Oh well, one of the other slaves will want your food I guess. ~"

In the dominant silence of her leaving me behind, of disappearing from view I let out a weak whimper followed by... "Please..."



She heard me as she stopped at the door and turned to me with an evil smile.

"Good doggy. Tomorrow you will bark for it. ~" And with that, she left.

# Day 4

But Loreline didn't come the day afterwards. Fear and longing settled in quickly... inside of the void that she left in me. Fear of being forgotten and longing for her heels and voice... of submission.

I whimpered and cried, tears streaming more often than not until finally I heard her heels again. She entered briskly, poison in front of my broken form on the ground.

"Mistress... mistress please, can I kiss your heels..." She was in her usual leotard, pantyhose and heels, black outfit that only made me melt upon the floor even more.

"Yes you can slave. Did you miss me? Are you ready to bark for your food? ~" I licked her heels eagerly.

"Yes, yes mistress. I was afraid you had forgotten me... I... I will bark for the food mistress..." I spoke quickly, afraid of her disappearing again. Loreline removed her heel from my tongue and placed it upon my head.

"Good boy doggy. You are almost ready for you final training... bye bye now~" And with that girlish giggle she was gone.

# Day 8

It had been several days now since I last saw mistress Loreline. The yearning and the fear coiled with the constant arousal and need for mistress... Shame, dignity, ego... I had forgotten about those almost completely.

I didn't even hear the click of her heels, I just saw the door heave open and there she stood. Same outfit, but of pure white. She looked like an angel.

"Please... mistress.... please... may I kiss your heels." She chuckled and presented her nylon clad leg.

"Dig in slave." I barely kissed her heel when she moved it away. I wept at her feet, tears and drool hit the floor as I tried to beg further.

"Now puppy, the next time you see me, you will bark. Understood? " She said, her tone cold and dominant.

"Yes!! Yes!! Mistress!"

"You can start right now actually. ~" Mistress giggled, returning to her usual playful self.

"Woof! Woof!!" I barked with all of my heart.

"Gooooood booooy puppy! ~" She placed a bowl of food in front of me and turned for the door.

"I have other, more fun playthings to break. See ya."

# Day 9

I lay upon the floor, broken, both physically and mentally, waiting for mistress Loreline to return. When suddenly the door creaked open. Again, she was wearing her white, latex, leotard, glistening white pantyhose and heels.

"Woof!" I barked and laid my head upon the floor at her feet.

She laughed in victory as she, again presented her heel to me... and again I barely touched it before she moved it away. I whined like a real puppy... like my brother as she turned on her heel.

"Tomorrow, your real training starts. ~"

# Day 10

I wanted to say something, anything... but with my ball gag firmly in place, all I could do was shiver beneath her feet. Loreline had rested herself on a chair, clad in her usual, black outfit, with her feet resting upon my back as I served as her footstool.

"Has your heart began to beat and ache, only for me?" She asked sweetly. I nodded, frantically, letting a silent wail escape through the gag. My naked skin relished the feeling of her nylon feet upon my neck and my cock jerked in the air to prove it.

The fact that I was used as a simple footstool, hit my pride like a wave, especially when I couldn't even speak, making my begging mute. With her feet comfortably crossed on my back, Loreline simply waited for her magic to do its thing... and for me to fall for her even further. The silky material massaged my back, trampling her mantra into my brain.

I might have fought, even now, but nothing took away from the fact that she had dominated me so utterly. Absolute heavenly tortured... both mind and body.

"Isn't it humiliating? Being tormented like this, knowing what I had done to your brother? Knowing that I am doing the exact same thing to you... and that you love it, ~" She snickered.

I didn't have much to say... even were I not gagged, I would have simply thanked Mistress Loreline... I just accepted her mind destroying words and endured the frustration and the pleasure that came with them.

The way Loreline looked... the way she behaved...

*I had so many women similar to her, yet I have been dominated by one in the end.*

Being treated like a dog, a slave, I didn't have any choice anymore. Loreline enjoyed herself in her chair as she casually recrossed her legs upon my back.

"And the best part? I don't even have to do anything anymore. You are straying more and more away from your humanity. So enjoy yourself. ~" Loreline said, enjoying her manipulative ways that lead me here, to this situation. But I only surrendered my senses even more to her. To Loreline's, ice cold, enchanting eyes, her honeyed voice, her casually dominant pose.

She snapped her fingers and the gag was gone from my mouth, my jaw hung loosely, helplessly in the air.

"This might be your final chance to actually talk to me. Don't waste it, puppy. ~"

"I... I want to feel what my brother felt..." Loreline sneered sadistically, as she enthralled me further. Human words felt strange upon my tongue and, even as I spoke, I wished to return to my usual barking.

"And what is that my pet?" She asked as she faintly pouted.

"I... I want to feel your pantyhose... your heels. I want you to break me... like you did him." I admitted, much to my rising shame and arousal. The emptiness inside of me, now filled with her words.

"Then beg for it. Crawl like a dog and bark, plead and whine." I slowly, pathetically, turned to her and crawled over to her dangling leg as she crossed her legs. Without uncrossing her legs, she placed her heel upon his forehead as I tried with all my might to lick it.

"Woof! Woof!" I barked and with every bark I snuggled back into my favorite state of mind, as words and thoughts broke beneath her heel.

But Loreline wasn't satisfied, she lowered her heel right upon my lips.

"Suckle." She ordered. As if on cue my tongue met her heel with longing and soon afterwards, my lips. Loreline lowered her leg and with a silky sound of her pantyhosed legs recrossing, she shoved her other heel into my face.

I knew what to do.

Gently, she placed her heel upon my head and lowered it to the ground, my tightly bound body simply fell.

"Are you enjoying yourself, puppy?" Loreline asked.

"Woof!" I barked with all of my enthusiasm as words and thoughts continued to drip away.

*She is my mistress! My god! My woof! Wooof! WOOF!!*

Panting with excitement I humped the ground, drooling, as my mind finally accepted submission.

"Such a wretch. Such a pathetic doggy. It was all too easy to break you. ~" She gloated as I stared up at her while she removed her heel from my head, all along her glossy leg. My eyes glazed and my look, broken. She recrossed her legs and continued speaking. "So eager. Waiting for my blessing, my permission to do anything."

Loreline tilted her head and a terrorizing smile spread across her lip.

"I think it is time to leash you puppy." With that being said, she stood up and placed a newly materialized collar around my neck. #147 was it had written upon it in gilded letters. The collar was tight around my neck, it even hampered my breathing, yet it felt as if it was always there.

A leash ran from the collar to Loreline's silky, gloved hand. She waved her blonde hair across her shoulder and said "Now crawl after me puppy. You are just a number now. ~"

Our walk seemed to last for hours and yet it still ended too quickly. Walking on elbows and knees was painful, yet with the searing pain came unrelenting pleasure as my cock remained on the painful, never ending, edge.

But Loreline was ruthless, keeping up her own pace with me trailing behind her, leashed, trying not to fall behind. I knew I was not allowed to stare at her dark, shiny, nylon clad legs, so my eyes were rooted at the ground.

Other slaves crawled around me, rushing to one chore or the other, while other villainesses, clad in latex, leather and nylon sneered as they passed.

Loreline simply had a devilish smile as she made me crawl behind her.

Our little walk through the dark corridors of her castle ended inside of a room with what seemed like hundreds of mirrors. In the middle of the room the same steel cage that held my brother, now waited for me as well.

My soul sank, knowing full well that this was going to be... *it*.

She stood besides the cage and placed her heel upon it as I knelt in front of her... and all I could do was whine.

"I like that broken, pleading look in your eye puppy." Loreline said with her usual dominant voice. "You can snuggle against my legs before I pack you off. ~"

Without a moment of hesitation I wobbled to her heel and rubbed my cheeks against it. The feeling of latex and pantyhose devoured what little was left of my senses as the witch simply looked down with a satisfied shine in her eye.

"Now, I think it is time to get inside. I do not have any more time to waste on you." She said joyously. With a final pleading, glazed look up at her I crawled inside of my cage, ready to be sent away from my mistress forever.

With a kick Loreline closed the cage door but I could still see through the bars. I saw her hypnotic legs in front of the cage as she sat down upon it and crossed her legs. With a smug tone, she continued talking.

"You know, I thought you would last longer. You were rather feisty at the beginning... but that is the problem with you men. You all think you are unique, special and better than any other man I have met. Yet you are all the same and you all end up begging to be a guest in my kennel... even if it is for a short while. ~" She giggled as I cowered inside of my cage. My mouth dry my mind... long gone. "You were no different, nor was your brother. Both of you boys broke beneath my

heel and now I am auctioning you off. You will be very, *very* lucky if you ever see me again, puppy."

With those final words, Loreline uncrossed her legs and started walking towards the door. Her heels and legs painfully moving away from me.

"Someone will pick you up soon from one of the mirrors. Have fun thinking of me at your new home. After all, those will be the final thoughts you have before your mind goes completely blank. ~"



# Epilogue

Beyond the Mirror Gate, in a mysterious museum of unknown origin a villainess, only known as The Collector, eyed her newest acquisition. Her outfit consisted of latex straps, pantyhose, thigh high boots and a hypnotic cape.

With a satisfied grin she left the boy, waving her redish hair from her shoulder. Stuck on all fours with a face trapped in ecstasy, his eyes rolled back and his mouth gagged. He was fully aware of everything, including his never ending arousal and his helplessness. The last thing his sane mind heard was the click of the Collectors heels as she walked away and his last thoughts... were of Loreline..

The words "Broken Doggy" were written next to his spot in her endless collection.