

Midnight's Collection

I heard her heels clicking in the darkness. One after another with a rhythm that almost began sounding pleasant. It was Midnight after all, one of the most dangerous and most beautiful heroes today.

Peeking out behind the boxes I used to hide I saw her, right there in the middle of the room. Damn, she was even more beautiful in person. No wonder many villains yearned to be captured by her in secret. The whispers of her collection only enticed others further. A collection of slaves that she had in her dungeon for... rehabilitation. Of course none were ever rehabilitated, they just became her masochistic slaves. There for her pleasure.

I shook my head, clearing it of such thoughts. It was bad enough I needed to escape her, I didn't need stupid ideas popping into my head.

Perking up, I used my quirk. Thankfully, it was one that allowed me to escape other A list heroes like her. It was simple, whenever it was used, I made no sound. Not one. With it, I would escape her just as easily as I did the others.

As silent as a shadow I moved between the boxes of the warehouse we were in. Keeping one eye on her and the other on my surroundings. Though, strangely, she didn't seem to be actually looking for me. She just stood there, one hand on hip while she was checking her nails casually.

I was pretty new to the League of Villains but it still stung that she wasn't even trying to find me. I might had been new but I was still a *Villain*. Stifling a scoff, I continued making my way towards the open window that meant freedom from the seductress.

Once more, I shot her a look, but this time not to check where she was but just to admire her a little bit more. Dear lord she was mesmerizing. Her high heeled leather boots wrapped around her lithe legs as dark, violet stockings hugged her thighs. The white catsuit she wore was like second skin and it even seemed to shine the more I looked at her. She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, without a doubt.

So clean and perfect and shiny. The dark lipstick and eyeliner rhymed with her raven hair, giving her an immaculate look that was borderline addicting to look at. It was like her whole visage was a statement, that she refused to compromise her looks just because she was a hero.

“Haven't you figured it out yet?” She said with a teasing tone. “I do not have to look for you.”

What was she talking about? I was almost out. I guess even though she was beautiful and alluring and-

Then it hit me...

There, just above the ground, barely visible in the darkness, a pink mist crawled slowly through the warehouse.

No...

Fuck no...

“It should be taking effect by now, shouldn’t it?” She said with a faint smile. “I don’t have to know where you are, you will be crawling to me soon enough.”

I felt my palms sweat as my muscles buckled and I fell upon the floor. I began panting like a dog with my skin becoming more sensitive the more I breathed in. She had to know where I was by now from the ruckus I was making. And surely, she turned in my direction. Both hands on hips, victoriously expecting me to crawl to her.

As if. I turned to the window and with lax muscles, tried to run away.

“Tut, tut. I thought I told you to crawl to me.” She said and her voice was like a tremor upon my psyche. Breaking down my walls and thoughts of escape, replacing them with ideas of masochistic surrender.

I found myself obeying her. Instead of crawling to the window I began crawling towards the seductress. What was I doing? Was her quirk this potent?

“That’s a good boy, crawl over here. To my feet where you belong.” She pointed to the place in front of her with her sharp nail. I wanted to fight, to scream, to resist, but the closer I got to her the more I just wanted to... worship.

Coming out of the darkness of the warehouse I found myself right where she wanted me. At her feet.

“What a good boy you are.” She said wickedly and stomped upon my head just as I was about to look up at her. “I haven’t had another toy in my collection for a very long time. You will do nicely.”

So the stories of her collection were true.

As I melted beneath her boot, what little remained of my resistance tried to voice a protest.

“How can you do this... collect villains... aren’t you a hero?”

“A hero? Hmmmm...” She pondered the thought in a mocking way. “The people love me. They trust me as a hero true. But I am only using that power. Abusing it you might say, to my own ends. I don’t care for you black and white depictions of right and wrong. I am here for myself and myself only. Deem it heroic or villainous, you are ending up in my dungeon either way.”

She said enticingly as my cock grew harder and my desires burned aflame.

“This... won’t break me.” I spat defiantly as I tried to believe my own words.

Midnight sighed in mock disappointment and lifted her boot from my head. Her heels clicked in the darkness as she moved to my side and with a light kick moved me from my belly to my back.

“I do like a bit of spirit in my victims. It makes the part where I break you so much more fun.” She teased and stood between my legs. I could not help but be in awe of her. The devilish smile on her lip only made her seem more beautiful and sadistic.

With another stomp she stepped upon my throbbing cock and I yelped in both pain and pleasure. Soft moans and pants of delight escaped my mouth before I even comprehended just how aroused I was.

“Awww, does my puppy like it when I torment him?” She said sadistically.

“This won’t work on me...” I said thickly, barely believing my own words. With a swift movement of her leg my zipper was undone and my cock flung free. She stepped directly upon it as I whimpered yet again, but this time I felt no pain. Only blissful pleasure.

Midnight’s laughter was as rich as it ever was.

“Now be a good boy and lay very still. This is the part where you submit to me.” She said haughtily and began pumping my cock. It was unlike anything I have ever felt, pleasure of such magnitude that I felt the very fiber of my being burn with lust.

Her order to stay still made me lay so completely still and utterly that I could barely breathe. The pleasure that she was bestowing upon me made my docile mind turn into putty. Browbeaten and exhausted from the raw pleasure, I began mewling like a dog.

“I... told you... you won’t... break me...” I spat, taking the smallest of pleasures from the defiance. But even that was snuffed out by her wickedness. It was enough for her to grin, for me to lose all hope as my cock was assaulted with even more pleasure.

My mind went white with bliss and yearning for more masochistic submission. Bolts of delight zapped through my spine and across my skin, it was as if my whole being was being rewritten to love what she was doing to me. Like a current of masochism that was taking me into even lower depths of depravity.

It was her quirk, I knew that was making me feel this way. That and her beauty. She truly was a goddess. By now she shone with such a light around her that it was almost blinding.

The worst part was that it didn’t even hurt. Her stomping upon my cock was so well coordinated, with surgical precision that every time I felt the leather of her boot touch my naked cock I felt like cumming into oblivion. But I was her dominance upon it was so immaculate that she even controlled my orgasms.

“Not so cocky anymore, are you?” She asked sweetly.

I gasped in pleasure, not even being able to respond.

“What is... what... happening to me...”

I mewled.

Midnight giggled in delight.

“Just showing you how good it feels to be my slave. To be a part of my collection and just how sweet my quirk is.”

I groaned in pleasure as I breathed in more of the mist. With it my thirst for her rule over me rose and rose, hammering my will. I knew it was wrong, that I had to fight but what was the point?

There was no way I would ever get to feel something like this ever again.

“See?” Midnight gloated. “You are beaten. Just accept me as your mistress and I will show you the greatest of pleasures. Slavery.”

“Never...” I said. Even I had no idea why I was resisting anymore. Midnight sighed and then grinned evilly.

“Good.” With a nudge of her boot she had me on my belly again before several hits landed upon my ass. It should have hurt, it should have been humiliating yet I felt none of that. Just pleasure.

I turned and saw Midnight with a flogger in her hand and sadism in her eye.

“You’ll submit soon enough.”

Hit after hit landed upon my back as I screamed in pleasure. The assault was unbearable, she was rewiring my mind with every hit. My skin was aflame and my heart beat in tandem with the flogger.

This was it.

I understood.

This was everything I wanted in life. To be hers, to be used as nothing but a slave by this goddess of sadism and evil. My whole world came crashing down like a mirror and was replaced by docile, blissful masochism.

Yet she did not stop, not for a second. Even as her desires and fantasies became mine, even as she built me up and molded me into whatever she wished me to be, she did not stop. Into such depths of depravity did I fall that I barely even remembered that I had a life before tonight. There was nothing left of my sense of self, of my spirit or my ego.

It was beaten and trampled out of me by Mistress Midnight.

With every hit I sighed and breathed in the mist of her quirk and with each breath I loved her even more. She was my whole world now.

Finally the hitting stopped and Midnight walked, standing next to my face. The vision of her leather boots in front of me was magical.

“Turn on your back, slave.” I did as ordered before her words even left her mouth. She planted her boot upon my neck casually. The nylon clad seductress was in no hurry, she knew she got exactly what she wanted.

“I told you I would win.” Midnight said coolly as her mantra’s of submission and slavery echoed in my empty head.

I said nothing, I was completely and utterly numb.

“I didn’t even have to do any of this. I could have left you laying there, in the dark with my mist tearing your mind apart. But I just love seeing my toys as they break.”

The weight of her cruelty would have broken anything that I had left. But there was nothing there. Just love and adoration for my new mistress. She was irresistible by this point, something above human that I could not comprehend.

“Now, kiss my boot.” She ordered casually and placed it next to my face. I turned over yet again and planted a single kiss upon the leather of her boot.

In an instant all of my memories were gone. It was all a blank page. Gripped in awe of her, of my mistress I planted kiss after kiss upon her feet as I was slowly being reborn as a mindless pet.

“Good boy.” She giggled. “It’s time to add you to my collection now, are you ready? Get on all fours.”

She asked but I just nodded with a stupid grin on my face and an empty stare. I got on my hands and knees as quickly as I could, eager to follow more of her orders.

Midnight patted me on the head like a dog before walking off into the darkness, returning a few short moments later. In a matter of minutes I was tightly bound, clad in a latex bithsuit, with my arms and legs twisted at the joints. I could not walk, but crawl upon all fours and only on elbows and knees.

“That look suits you slave.” She purred as she attached something upon my back. Then, mistress placed a mask upon my head and, not soon afterwards, it was clear what she had done. I had a tank of her lovely mist upon my back with a gas mask upon my face so that I breathed it in constantly.

I loved it. I loved her and I loved how she always found a way to shatter me and set me aflame. To send me even deeper down into submission.

Finally, she attached a tight collar to my neck. The leash, she held in her hand as she looked down upon my pathetic form.

“Good. I think you are ready now.” She said sweetly as I breathed in more of her perfume. “Another mind broken slave in my collection. Crawl after me pet. Welcome to your life of servitude.”

Mistress Midnight lead me upon my leash out of the warehouse and to a vehicle she had outside. Obediently, I crawled after her on my elbows and knees, trying to catch a look of her nylon clad

figure as she lead me. Her leather boots always inches from my face and, as drool ran down my chin beneath the mask, I hoped to get a chance to worship her again.

I spent the rest of my life as a mind broken, mewling mess, deep beneath her mansion.