

Lexi's Collection

I snuck into the house just as the last vestiges of light were gone. Utter darkness spread across the country side, hiding my silhouette. This job would help the rebels immensely, not only with morale but with the stone, we would finally be able to break the enchantments upon the lair's of the villainesses.

The Collector and The Seamstress had done enough damage in the last weeks, this victory... we need it.

The house itself was lavish, with silk carpets and high ceilings. Few men had this much freedom and fewer still that had any integrity. Most of them were glorified slaves, owned, leashed and broken by one of *them*. Still, the man that gave us this info, our mole, was good on his word. He had helped us before, ever since the tournament started.

Good man.

Navigating the mansion wasn't difficult as most of them had the same structure yet I could not shake the feeling of foreboding as I traversed through the rooms. An oppressive atmosphere hung in the air that almost made my head spin. Even as I tried not to make a sound, it was like there were no sounds around me, period. I heard not the wind from the outside nor did I have a feeling like the owners were actually inside. And, while that should have made my job easier, something told me that made the whole situation even worse.

It wasn't long before I found out why that was.

I opened the door to the room that I knew had the stone. Without a single sound I closed the door behind me and, before I made a single step, saw a prone figure upon the floor. Even in the dim light of the room I saw it was a woman, a young woman, completely naked.

My heart was thumping hard enough with the uneasy feeling I had since I had entered, but now... it was ready to burst. She... she seemed dead. That is exactly why I almost jumped as I walked by her and saw her tilt her head.

"Help... help..." She whispered with a coarse voice. I dared not move. Were she to raise her voice the whole house would wake up and the wardens would be here in no time.

Before I even knew what to do I knelt beside her and placed a hand upon her lips while placing a finger over my mouth.

"Shh... don't make a sound..." I said, both as a threat and as means to calm her down. She barely tilted her head before moonlight fell upon her skin and over her face. The girl was hypnotically beautiful, with features that seemed to me sculpted and even her white, silvery hair complimented her fair skin. And her eyes... when she looked at me, all weak and desperate... I felt like I would be next to her for the rest of my life.

"Save me... please. I do not know what has happened and... where am I?" She asked with rising fear in her voice.

"You mean you don't live here?" I asked, puzzled.

"N-no. I am a friend of the family. We were having dinner then... the candles blew out and everything else is a blur." She said with her lip quivering. I looked around to confirm the room was empty.

"So the house is not empty?"

"I don't know... you aren't here to help?" My breath caught in my throat. How could I tell her that the whole family was a puppet to the League? That I was here to take the rock and leave as quickly as I could.

"Well of course I am." I flashed her a smile. "Just tell me how many people there were with you?"

I guess we will have conscripts to our cause as well after tonight... hell... what have I gotten myself into.

"Four... The master of the house and his wife and their two sons." The girl said and slowly got herself up. I put my coat over her to warm her and to help her with her... um... naked form. As if only then she noticed that she wasn't wearing any clothes, the girl clung to my coat.

"And whose room is th-..." My breath stopped as I saw movement from the corner of my eye. I ducked, gently pushing her to the ground as well.

"What is it?!" She whispered with clear fear in her words.

"Stay here..." I told her, as bravely as I could.

I am no hero, what the hell am I doing... this is Alfred's spiel not mine.

In the corner of the richly decorated room, from where the movement came, I spotted a dark chest, heavily locked. As a thief it would have made my heart race with possible treasures but...

I saw it budge... move... I know I have...

Carefully and without a sound I approached it. The locks were typical and so I was able to easily unlock it. Be it one easy lock or a hundred, if they can be unlocked they would.

With fearful care, I opened the lid.

For a moment I had no idea what I was looking at inside of the large chest... but then the gravity of the situation hit me as hard as train. A boy, no more than ten was bound in leather straps inside of the chest. He didn't even seem to notice me, his eyes were wild and delirious and his mouth gagged while a strange pink liquid ran from his mouth along with his drool. The boy was panting silently and... happily. No matter what form his body was bound in or what had happened to him, the clear grin beneath the gag and in his eye was unmistakable.

"What the hell... is going on here..." I breathed, talking with no one. Small chains were locked around his nipples that ran all the way to his cock that was leaking precum, his skin seemed to be scratched all over and the same pinkish liquid dripped with some of his blood.

I ran back to the girl and placed my knife beneath her throat. "Swear that you have nothing to do with this?"

I looked deep into her snake like eyes as she returned a terrified look.

"No... what has happened... I swear upon the lord I have no idea what you are talking about." She whimpered as tears ran down her perfectly soft cheeks. I believed her.

"One of the boys is in the chest... he is completely broken... I don't think there is anything I can do for him." I said somberly.

"Oh god... has... has one of them come here? Oh god do you think she is still here?!" At her question my heart jumped. I was so scared that the thought did not even cross my mind. Even the idea of one of the villainesses being here was soul crushing. These women were notorious and none knew exactly how many of them there were. Just as things settled down and a rebellion or two started springing up, another one would show up with powers we could not even understand.

With our rebellion The Seamstress and The Collector were the ones that appeared. Those few that saw one of them lost their minds soon afterwards. The Collector, by their account was a warden of a museum, where she would put men on display as part of her collection. She was also the one that created the Auction, where broken slaves would be traded and sold between them.

The Seamstress... well... no one actually knows anything about her except the fact that she only materializes in darkness... and in your dreams. Both of them had made devastating blows against our rebellion... that is exactly why we need this rock.

"Fuck."

"We must run away from here..." She said through her tears.

"And we will but first I need to find the stone that I came here for." As I left her in the corner, opposite of the door, I started searching the room.

What if one of them was here? Fuck. Fuck. FUCK! I am not skilled to deal with them, I don't want to be broken like the kid... Fuck!!!

I closed the lid on him, not daring to look at him further. His happy panting could be heard until I closed the lid completely. Still, even with the chest closed I could not find any form of hidden room or compartment. All of these houses and castles had a rhyme to their secret places and this house should be no different. It was clear the stone was not here.

Returning to the girl I gave her my hand and, much to my happiness, she took it. "Come with me. We are getting out of here, the stone is not in the house, this was a..."

Trap...

"We have to leave now." I finished as casually as I could. My heart was racing at the notion.

This was all a setup...

The door to the hallway gave as I moved the handle... yet the hallway was not the same. A strange darkness, seemed to have fallen upon the house now.... and in the middle of the hall, the same chest now lay upon the floor.

The girl placed her palms across her face as she saw the same chest and cowered behind me. "Nononono... could that be... is someone..."

Her voice trailed as she knew the answer without me telling her. "Come."

I told her and we both walked towards the chest but I did not open it, but simply walked by it. Yet the girl stopped.

"A-aren't you going to open it." She was almost completely swallowed by the coat I gave her and her palms were crossed between her legs to hide her... um... lower... parts. But it almost seemed, in the darkness, that she was slowly caressing her inner thighs.

This place is getting to me.

"Nothing good will come of it." I said simply yet urgently, trying to take my eyes from her. "We need to get out of here as quickly as we can."

"But... maybe they can be saved." She said and gingerly bit her lower lip as her silvery curls fell over her face.

She is right... god dammit she is right.

Only when I returned to the chest did I notice that it was turned to stand upward.

Wasn't it laying face down? Before? What is going on?

Fearfully I opened the chest... and fell backwards.

It was the father. He was stuck in a kneeling position with his arms limply hanging besides him in a doglike, begging position. His stare was empty and hollow and, even through the dark, I saw a metal rod that cracked with electricity pump his ass and him breathing along with the pumps. He was collared as well with golden heels embroidered in the collar. A simple name was written upon the collar as well.

The Collector.

"This is not good..." I whispered. This man was captured recently, so was the boy and... the collar. She was still here...

"Close it please... I cannot look." The girl begged and turned away.

Trying to lighten my raging cock I closed the lid. Again, the father, just like the boy, did not even notice us. Broken.

Wait... why the hell am I horny? Why do I have... wood?

"Don't be ashamed." She said as she knelt next to me with honest concern and placed her gentle palm upon my upper thigh.

Fuck that felt good...

"I have seen men submit to them in the most terrible ways. You are trying to save me while also avoiding and escaping the results of their lures. I believe in you." Her snake like eyes shone in the dark, tinted, light and I fell for her in an instant, all over again.

"We will make it out of here, I promise." I said and lifted her palm, for my own sake, from my thigh and kissed it. Ever her skin was like silk, yet cold like snow.

"I know we will." She said with a cute little nod.

With more bravery than I had felt in my lifetime, she and I walked to the front door... and of course it was closed.

"Come, there is a large window in living room." She said and lightly tugged my sleeve. I nodded at her and we moved on swift feet. Our approach to the door was completely silent, not a single sound could be heard from us or from any other corner of the house... yet as I opened the door I heard lashes, pants and moans of pure horror and pleasure.

There, in the middle of the living room, I saw a woman whose beauty could only be matched by the girl I had with me. She had crimson hair and eyes as dark as the night itself. She did not look at me and the girl but her attention at the young boy at her feet. He was licking her boots with happy whimpers as she lashed him.

She wore a circus owners outfit, with a red coat and white shirt beneath. Dark, leather leggings and endearing, high heeled boots that ended just bellow her knee, and upon her hand, leather gloves adorned and completed her outfit. She had a strict, authority driven dominance about her yet the air of her edged on playful.

"Ahh... you finally join us.♪" She says, finally lifting her stare from the boy at her feet. He looks up at her hungrily, longing for more of her. "I am guessing you noticed my newest acquisitions, I think they will fetch me a nice price at the Auction."

"What are you doing..." I said as the fear returned like an avalanche. She was so casually yet intently dominant that I dared not move. My knees buckled and my cock became heavy as it almost seemed to me like my whole being was being drawn into it, and, were I to burst, the whole of me would explode as well.

"Oh this?" She said as she tilted her boot upon her heel to gesture to the boy to continue kissing. With joy, he did just that. "Simply breaking my newest puppets in. My collection has been lacking formerly powerful mayors and a friend of mine, whom you have met, showed me to this lovely family.♪ "

"But... but he is just a boy..."

Whom you have met...

"Hahahaha. So?" Her laugh was... I could not place it. Commanding yet casual. Condescending yet thoughtful. "He is an item. One that I intend to collect. I am not called *The Collector* for no reason."

A chill ran down my spine as she named herself.

"Why... why do you need the money he is... just... a boy..." I repeated myself as my mind seemed to go down a spiral of pleasure and fear.

"Money?! Oh dear boy I haven't cared about money in a long time." She said with a smirk. "I simply love seeing boys squirm. It is one thing to break them myself but to, then, see what other pleasurable ends my friends inflict upon them after they are sold... That, is true pleasure.♪"

Whom you have met...

The Collector examines the boy before her. He had no pride left. Every lick of her boot was a gush of pure joy for him. She removed her boot from beneath his tongue and planted it upon the back of his head. The lad fell upon the floor in front of her but continued to hump the cold floor. He just stayed limp face down, out of energy or desire.

"See, he likes it. And had I come for you, you would too." For a moment that seemed like a lifetime, I did. "But you belong to someone else. That was the deal.♪"

Suddenly, from the eerie darkness around us, a female form appeared. She was hugged by the dark, yet it was like she was molding it, playing with it. Behind her, on a leash, crawled a woman who was shivering and fidgeting with every move she made while she crawled behind her.

Her outfit was... I could not describe it. She had a long, dark, latex cape and a catsuit of something that seemed like latex yet it wasn't... it was hypnotic and lucid yet liquid and transparent. Her skin was also pale with blue undertones and eyes of the whine red color while her hair was as black as her cape and as impossible to describe as her outfit.

"Seamstress, clad you could join us.♪ I am guessing that she is broken as well?" The Collector asked cheerfully.

"Utterly." She said in her low, demonic voice that sounded like the void. The woman levitated into the air as straps and chains of pure, impossible darkness tied around her body. The Seamstress gracefully sat upon her back as she continued hovering in the air, tied by darkness, and crossed her legs. "She could not handle being stuck in one of my fluid balls of darkness. Mortals are too easy to play with."

Now, standing between the two, my knees finally buckled and I fell upon the floor. Drool spilling from my mouth.

"He would be too easy to break now. It's a good think he was yours to begin with, Lexi." The collector said to the girl behind me...

My heart broke as I understood my predicament... as I understood that I was her plaything all along. The girl, no, Lexi, stepped upon my back and walked over me like it was nothing and stood in front of her two friends.

She was wearing a tight nylon catsuit now, with latex stirrup stockings. The shine of her in the dim light only made me weaken further into depravity.

"I'll send him to the auction after I am done with him, thanks for the help you two. fufufufufu~ It was fun." She said. Her voice losing all of its innocence, now sounded like that of a snake. Lexi turned to me and placed her toes upon my head. The Collector packed the boy with the others, following The Seamstress as they entered the pure darkness around us... then they were gone. They would be sold to god knows who... while the woman... she would be stuck in eternal torment of her mind if she was lucky... and if not...

"Now, finally I can play with you. Why don't you tell me about that little snitch. fufufufufu~"
Lexi giggled as she eagerly await to play with me.