

# Loreline and the Prince

## Part IV

Loreline admired herself in the mirror as she finished putting on her silky gloves and smoky makeup. She wore leather hotpants and a clinging short-sleeved top scooped in an ultra-low long neck to highlight her firm breasts. Fishnet pantyhose of the darkest color adorned her legs and completing the effect were a pair of leather thigh high boots that made her tower over most men. She ran her hands down her pantyhose clad thighs and winked at herself before heading downstairs. Loreline put on her witches hat as she closed the door behind her.

Panting could still be heard from the rooms and chambers of her Wardens while the halls were filled with men wearing nothing but collars with her name embroidered on it in gold. She walked by them without paying them any attention while they fell upon their knees at the mere sound of her heels.

*Not that they are needed,* she mused as she surveyed the former inn.

*I have enough of them back at the castle. Though I haven't cleansed it in a long while. Maybe I should bring them all back? Decisions, decisions.*

Electra retired to the main room and sat herself into a cumfy, red leather sofa. Crossing her legs, the witches leather boots creaked and echoed inside of the halls. Not a minute after midnight she heard the first knock on the door.

By now the populace, and the prince, knew not to enter unless she ordered them to. But this guest had an invite and it was sent several days ago. She wanted to make him wait.

"Enter." She said coolly. The whole city knew that the prince was let in and thrown out by her Wardens. This time, she greeted her guest personally... but it wasn't the same prince.

A young, handsome man with short blonde hair and a smug smirk entered the inn. He wore the lavish colors of the royal family with a sword at his belt.

"Loreline." He said, his words somewhere between respectable and inviting.

"Andrei." She said huskily. Loreline stifled a giggle while his eyes almost popped out as though on stalks as he caught sight of her outfit.

*Even he will be so easy.*

"I'm delighted you could make it. ~" she exclaimed.

Loreline strode towards him and kissed him on both cheeks sliding her hand onto his waist as she did so and pressing her hips ever so subtly into his.

Trying to hide the fact that he was taken completely by surprise and showing his control of the situation, he grinned at her, a well trained grin, and returned the subtle kiss upon her lip.

*Men like you make me vomit. But oh, how better will it feel when I finally make you heel. ~*

"My, my you are looking good," she said in her sultry tone as she looked him up and down. He was, too, she wasn't lying, for an 18-year-old. His body was nice and tight and his face boyishly handsome. That didn't stop her from looking down on him, from seeing him as an inferior that will be drooling at her feet for more.

"I try." He said in his cocky, princely voice. She caught his eyes darting around her for just a moment and gently patted him on the cheek.

"Don't worry Andrei, he will not be bothering us tonight." Loreline said winking at the young guest. "Now should we sit down and talk? ~"

She gestured to a chair and took up position on the leather sofa opposite of him. The prince couldn't help but let his eyes rove over her long legs as she crossed them elegantly and brushed a hand through her hair.

She was dazzling... and she knew it.

*Look on little prince. One day even that will be a privilege. ~*

In fact he found it hard to take his eyes off her at all as she spoke. The light reflected off her blonde hair and dark lips. He had to concentrate hard to keep his mind on the conversation - and even harder when he realized he was beginning to get an erection as she went on and on in her smooth voice.

Loreline and the prince talked of his brother and his foolish denial of the situation. Lucio understood that it was best to forfeit the land to the witch... as long as he remained in power. As for his brother, well, she could keep him. As well as the rest of the men and women she wished.

"Well, with that settled I think..." she giggled like a girl. "we should head upstairs."

As Lucio got up he couldn't help noticing as the witch's eyes flashed down and fastened on the now prominent bulge in the front of his pants. She said nothing but placed her hand on his shoulder and guided him through halls to the room making sure her thigh brushed against his as

they walked. It felt frustrating to the young prince that he could not feel her leather or her pantyhose through the fabric of his own outfit. He wanted to be rid of them and be rid of them soon.

As they walked Loreline made sure to ask him of all of his heroics, making his ego rage, as well as his cock, while silkily whispering into his ear. His tales became more and more embellished as they approached the room and his feats of strength and endurance gaining ever greater heights as Loreline reacted with awe-struck admiration to each of his lies.

*Float, little hero. Drown in your own ego and I will drown you in lust. ~*

"You truly are much braver than your foolish brother," she said - her ice blue eyes wide with mock wonder. He thought he would sink inside of them.

As they entered the dark lit room the young prince could not wait to get naked, to feel her upon his skin and to show her just how strong and brave he truly was. Loreline on the other hand behaved as if she had all the time in the world.

"How does it feel?" She asked, her whisper as faint as the desire to kneel that started burning inside of him. "To know that I prefer you to your brother?"

She was so close to him, her chest resting on his while she peered inside of his lost gaze. Despite himself he trembled with yearning and... maybe even a tingle of fear.

Andrei looked down to avoid her gaze but inside he was almost jumping for joy. The fact that a woman like Loreline preferred him to his brother made him feel elated, strong and dominant.

"You like women who wear leather right?" She whispered into his ear as she slowly started to unbutton his vest. "In long boots and silky gloves? ~"

He nodded and she plucked another button. With the other gloved hand she placed her two fingers at the tip of his lips... and he leant forward and took them in his mouth. The prince let out a soft moan as he felt the soft, smooth material of her gloves while she kept her eyes intently fixed on his face.

The prince shifted as he felt his knees buckle with the overwhelming sexual urge spreading from his loins. He could feel his cock becoming rock hard while he kept sucking on her silky fingers and getting drowned in her dominant gaze. Finally she removed her fingers from his mouth and he almost fell forward, gasping after them.

"Prince... I do think it is time for you to kneel. ~" She said enticingly.

His cock looked as though it was ready to burst through his pants as she guided him to a leather sofa. She sat herself upon it, crossing her lovely shaped legs, hugged perfectly by her boots and pantyhose.

Meanwhile he was sat down on the floor in front of her, on his knees. She placed her boot upon his inner thigh, right where she could see his cock throbbing in his trousers. He felt utterly overwhelmed. He'd never been with a woman like this before - never felt the intense desire that was currently coursing through his body.

He felt no resistance within him, no strength in his muscles or fight within his mind. It was like she had cast a spell over him, one that he could not and wished not to break.

"Did you think you had me little prince?" She asked cruelly but to his ears, it sounded lovely. "I've had my eye on you from the very first day I arrived."

The only thing that he comprehended from her words was that she saw him long before she did his brother. He looked down at his throbbing cock as her boot shifted, faintly. It almost sent him over the edge, that little, slightest move. She could feel his body trembling with sexual excitement - his hips quivering under her touch.

Stifling a bratty giggle, Loreline pressed down upon his cock, ever so faintly. Suddenly Andrei gasped and his mouth fell open as a stream of juice oozed from his cock.

"Ohhh Andrei," she said sneering down upon his kneeling form. "So soon? I thought a playboy prince such as you could hold out longer."

He just looked shamefaced at his premature ejaculation. He could not believe it, he was a prince, he had his first woman when he was barely fourteen... how did this happen?

*Pathetic. Men are so pathetic. That look on your face was worth fainting the kiss I gave you and when I leash you and turn you into a dog, my plan will finally start in earnest. ~*

"I'm.....I'm.....sorry," he stammered as he looked up at her utterly helpless. "So sorry. I have never... I mean... I swear... Loreline I..."

"Does this always happen?" she asked softly. "Or is it just me?"

"It is you. I swear. I have never... I mean, this quickly..."

He looked down in embarrassment but Loreline places the tip of her boot beneath his chin and lifts it up, slowly, tenderly.

"Do not fret prince. I knew something like this would happen. It always does, but most of all I would never forgive your brother if he had done this. But I will forgive you~" He looked at her in wonder and gratitude. His love for her grew by the word and, by now, he was in no doubt, she had deep, deep feelings for him. Ones that he could not wait to drown in.

He knew that his brother would scold him for this but, well, what he didn't know would not hurt him. Not to mention that he would not let his jealousy take Loreline away from him. She was his now... she was his.

Somewhere deep inside of his mind he felt a whisper, a fighters hope. It wasn't really anything he focused on or even noticed but it was still there.

*You fool... get up!*

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The rest of the night he spent in masochistic bliss. First he was tied to the floor in chains as Loreline remained sitting with the tip of her boot resting on his already erect cock. With slow and steady movements she brought him to orgasm after orgasm as his mind swam and drowned in bliss. All the while he was leashed by the witch. Leashed and collared.

His muscular body twitched and jerked, molding his mind through the hellish night that, in his mind, lasted for days. Maybe it did. He didn't know and didn't care. Just when he thought he could take no more she managed somehow to revive his helpless manhood for another session of torture and bliss.

Whips, chain, vacuum beds and dildo's, he was violated in ways he didn't know were possible. And after every orgasm he had, after every mind melting torture that he relished, she expect him to say three simple words.

"Thank you, mistress." He said, panting and grinning happily. The prince was happy at the end of her leash and, like other toys she had, he did not wish to leave her sight.

By the morning he was physically and emotionally exhausted yet in a state of pure bliss. He did not wish to leave when Loreline told him that he was free to go. But he knew he had to, he knew that he had duties to return to and, if the future they had dreamed of was to become a reality, he needed to make things happen on his end as well.

"Thank-you Andrei." breathed Loreline. "I will let you know when you can return for another night of sweet... *passion*. ~"

"Oh yes," replied the prince meekly, with a stupid grin. "Please... I have never felt anything like this... please..."

Loreline nodded with an evil grin, but through his eyes it seemed like the most loving smile he had ever seen.

"Very soon, I hope," He added crawling to her on all fours, resting his chin on the tip of her boot. He looked up at her with admiration and love as she tugged on his leash.

"Don't forget though. One word to your brother, and our deal falls apart. And I do adore you so, Andrei. I would hate for our relationship to end." she purred.

"I won't Miss... Loreline..." He nodded as his words stuttered. He didn't plan on saying anything to his brother, finally he had something that idiot didn't.

*Oh Nikolai. If only you knew what I had in store for you. By the time I am through with you and your brother... there will be nothing left. ~*

"Now crawl away my little pet. We will see each other soon. " She lied with a girlish giggle. As he left the inn, on all fours, Loreline retired to the sitting room and poured herself a long drink. She took off her boots and snapped her fingers. Not a moment later a slave crawled in front of her and she placed her pantyhose clad feet upon his back. The man sighed happily as one of the Wardens walked in. She was wearing a spandex catsuit and heels with long gloves as well.

"Mistress Loreline, the invitation has been sent to Nikolai, as you ordered." Her voice was endearing, just like all the Warden's that served under Loreline. The witch nodded with a an evil grin.

"Poor Nikolai," she whispered exultantly. "Your mind will soon crumble and when it does, I will mold you into the most docile pet I have ever had. ~"