

Game Over Stories II

Loreline's Brainless Toy

Loreline's castle, as always echoed in moans of pleasure and pleads for mercy. Her slaves, robbed of senses, were used as furniture, shoe cleaners, milked until the last drops of their lives wasted away, or simply locked away forever... for her amusement. The man she had bound at her feet, would fare no better.

He was already drooling. He knew that he should resist but it was as if his thoughts were becoming heavier and heavier. Chained and bound to her will. Loreline's hypnotizing words added more lead to his mind, only made him melt into putty inside of his bondage prison.

And what a prison it was. Gabriel, a so called professor, was mummified from head to toe, with only his eyes, mouth and cock being visible. His body clad in spandex, suspended upside down by both straps and Loreline's magic, was at the edge of its limits and his mind was slowly turning into a pleasurable mush. But if he faltered... if Loreline got what she wanted from him, then the young rebel leader, along with his roguish band of liberators, would be done for.

Of course, Gabriel saw and heard what happened to other victims of the Villainesses. In his bound form he was carried through her castle upon his capture and the pleasurable horrors inflicted upon some of the others were...

Disposable... we are all disposable to them...

"You'll never escape the addiction that I have created within your mind." Loreline told him, her voice as silky as her clothing. She was sitting next to him with her stiletto heels not two inches from his face. Her shapely legs were hugged by spandex stockings that ended just beneath her supple ass. Satin gloves and a dress of the same material completed the attire that made the witch look as elegant as she was cruel. "You tried and resisted, pulled away, but your mind always finds a way back here, into a reality where you are mine. You will become totally brainless and when I am done with you, well I will stick you inside of a wall with only your mouth visible to lick my boots and heels when I need you to. ~"

Her voice was impossible to comprehend. The melody of it rung deep inside of him, where the core of his being was... and trampled it into dust. Meanwhile his cock was twitching as her silk gloved massaged it gently, keeping him just a step away from cumming.

Gabriel was on the edge of sanity, he could barely think, he was shaking with bliss and his thoughts were a jumbled mess. The feeling of being at Loreline's feet was an endless ocean of pleasure that he could hardly comprehend. A jumbled mess of words was at the tip of his tongue but fear made him try and actually form a semi coherent sentence.

"Stop... I cannot tell you where they are please..." Gabriel begged. "Those boys... are all I have please..."

Loreline's eyes shone in amusement as she touched the tip of his cock playfully.

"No silly, *I* am all you have, and all you ever will have... even though you will never actually have me. ~" She said with a confident smile and girlish enthusiasm. His cock twitched at her words while his mind continued to shatter and melt. "In a short while you will be a mewling baby, licking my heels, not even caring that you have told me where your precious boys are. They, in return, will be broken as well, turned into slaves, given a pleasurable death or discarded... or all three. ~"

Gabriel was succumbing to her mental domination, he could feel it, he knew he could not last much longer. "They... will... defeat you..." He said with the last bits of his sanity. He could feel the rosy thorns of her words binding his will and breaking it. Loreline simply smiled warmly, produced a steely iron needle with a dull end... and placed it inside of her slaves urethra.

His mouth fell agape as soon as he felt it with dizzying bliss spreading through his edged body. There was no greater pleasure for him as he slowly lost all of his sanity and humanity. Beside his face, her heel and stockings shone alluringly, enticing him to snuggle against them and lick into oblivion.

"You are not even worth the ground I walk upon slave, and your boys will be the same way very soon. See, my sister Lexi is having her fun with the tournament and a certain snitch, while the succubii are invading another world, it was about time I found something more of a challenge and considering how big of a ruckus your boys have been making, they might just make me actually try." She giggled. "Or maybe they will be just another boring group of pathetic males trying to oppose me. ~"

"Ah...ah... don't..." He wept between moans of total pleasure. She cocked her eyebrow in giddy pleasure and recrossed her legs, putting her lower heel right at his lip.

"Lick slave, leave the rest of your mind upon my heel. And after each lick tell me where they are, repeat it until you break. ~" Loreline said wickedly. His resistance, now utterly gone. With his body numb with pleasure he finally started talking just as his tongue touched her heel.

"At the old ruins of castle Donwick..."

Lick.

Lick.

Lick.

"They have tunnels beneath the castle that reach further into the lands around, that is how they appear out of nowhere mistress."

Lick.

Lick.

Lick.

"Gooooood slaaaave. See it wasn't that hard and all it cost you was a simple shattering of your mind. ~" She rested her pretty face inside of her silky palm and looked down at him with a smug smile. "Low lick the other heel... if you can reach it."

"You know... few men ever managed to escape me. Fewer yet, are those that are young. Well, your little Alfred did the unthinkable... and for that he needs to be taught a lesson." She said with a giggle.

With great effort and mindless twitches of his cock which Loreline didn't even look at anymore, he barely reached her other heel. The witch made no effort to lower her foot to help him out. He was trembling with anticipation, eager to serve... to please.

Lick.

Lick.

Lick.

"Do a better job slave, I feel nice and comfy here." She said as she enjoyed every lick of his tongue. It made her tingle inside, looking at a once proud man debase himself for her like this. Weak for her beauty and casual, royal dominance. "Aren't my stiletto's nice, slave? How does it feel, knowing that you are my property now?"

"Yes! Yes goddess! I... never want to leave you goddess... this is heaven..." He squealed and looked up at her as he licked. Her pouty, glossy lips made her smile ever so tenderly sadistic. Gabriel was completely enthralled by her beauty and dominance and his mind, by now, was a mush of pleasure and edging.

With a snap the wall behind Gabriel morphed him into it seamlessly, the only proof that he was still there was a little gap where his mouth stuck out.

"Mistress... mistress please... I want to serve you-"

"Oh shush now honey. ~" The witch said as she got up and placed her heel inside of his mouth one last time. "I do have one last order for you. I want you to try and hold on to what little sanity you have left... for a month. Then I might release you and have you as my personal slave. ~"

He licks happily at his mistress' heel. One last ray of hope that he clings to will be the final torment she gifts him. Of course she will never release him, she won't even remember who or where he is. But the joy she gets knowing that he will obey her order is priceless.

"This is much better than you deserved. Your life has been given new meaning and purpose as my human shoe cleaner. It's your first day so give it your all, you will be fantasizing about feeling my heel upon your tongue for the rest of your pathetic life. Though I doubt your horny, shattered mind will survive much longer without me. You are blessed that I am even looking at your lowly shoe lickers face, next time I won't even acknowledge you as I wipe My heels and boots all over you." She giggled. "Oh well, when you finally go mad I will still use you as a shoe cleaner. It's fun seeing you boys squirm. I could have broken you quickly but... where would the fun in that be. ~ Bye~Bye."

Gabriel didn't even hear her heels click as she walked away, leaving another victim of hers stuck in eternal torment. She, on the other hand, had new toys to collect.