

# Loreline and the Prince

## Part 17

"I take it he is still alive?~" Asked Loreline as she lounged casually upon her leather throne.

"Yes Mistress." Answered one of the leather clad Wardens, in front of her, with a sly smile. "If you can call it living. No need to worry though, the butt plug and the constant teasing of his restraints are breaking his will bit by bit. Just as you wished."

"Hm, good." Purred Loreline. "His demise proved to be even more entertaining than I had thought."

She took a sip of wine as she crossed her legs upon the throne. The chair itself consisted of a hard, wooden seat with coated leather on top and on the sides. Underneath it though, two young men were used to carry the weight of the throne and of their mistress. Their naked forms leashed and their stares blank, with their minds shattered.

"You can let them in." Loreline said finally as she placed her glass upon the back of another utterly bound male at the side of her throne. Unlike the two slaves beneath her, this one was completely sealed in latex, with only his nostrils barely visible. That was the fifth slave that week that Loreline used as her table as she grew bored of them rather quickly. The sultry witch would dispose of them by simply blocking the air coming through their nose, leaving them to die without a second glance.

Most of them were soldiers and generals still loyal to the Prince. Trained, broken... disposed of.

The convoy of, mostly women, entered the main hall and stood in front of their new queen. The few remaining men among them were chained and leashed, crawling behind their respective mistress. Of course the attire of the female nobles changed as well, with their usual silk dresses being changed for leather and latex, while the dresses varied in length.

They all feasted their eyes upon Queen Loreline who wore the crown of the former prince, in mockery of his current state. She wore high stiletto heels with shiny pantyhose as dark as the night. Her black latex skirt clung to her shapely legs and ended right above her knees. Upon her torso she wore a silky, almost see through, white blouse that accented her lavish chest. Finally, to complete her totalitarian look, she wore tight latex gloves that ran all the way to her elbow.

The witches smile shone like a sadistic light, with her bright red lipstick and smoky makeup making her beautiful face look other worldly and her ice blue eyes the pools of sadism. She was a picture of pure and utter perfection.

Her slaves were perfectly aware of the fact as well and the only times their eyes shone in any kind of light, was when they caught glimpses of her shiny, pantyhose encased legs.

Every seat in the grand hall was taken, as such was the interest in Loreline's ascension to the throne and... to the fate of the former prince. Much to their surprise Nikolai was nowhere to be seen.

Loreline waved her hand at the crowd and the hushed yet excited voices went silent.

"Present the accused." Loreline said in her hypnotic voice.

All eyes turned to the chamber door that opened at her order. There, lead by a leash on all fours, was prince Andrei. He was placed in front of Loreline, upon his knees, and was flanked by two Wardens that had satisfied smirks upon their lips.

"How do you plead?~" Asked Loreline, knowing full well what he would say. After all, she trained him herself.

"Guilty... your highness..." He said with a brow beaten look in his eye. Docile and trained. Loreline smirked at his words and continued.

"And as such, do you accept any punishment that I decree upon you?" She asked, clearly amused by his situation.

"Yes mistress... yes your highness..." He said with a cowering tone.

Loreline, as well as the rest of the court, was wreathed in smiles as she watched the once arrogant prince, now turned into a quivering mess at the feet of his mistress.

"I believe our former prince has provided ample evidence to prove not only his guilt, but that of his brother as well." She began with a victorious smirk. "As you all know both Nikolai and Andrei are held accused of sedation, forgery, acts of violence and abuse of power. Unlike his brother though, he has accepted and signed his life away, ready to repent for his transgressions."

All the while Andrei looked at her lovingly, barely aware of what was happening around or to him. He only knew that he was doing the bidding of his mistress and that she called him "a good boy" for doing as he was told.

"Do you also accept any punishment that I decide to bestow upon you." She said with a teasing voice. "Or should I say, do you accept any punishment with which I decide to bless you with.~"

Sneer's and cackles of laughter came from the row of women behind him, all gleeful at the prospect of him being taken out of the picture. Permanently.

But he was oblivious to it. Andrei just nodded his head like a good puppy and drooled upon the floor. Loreline eyed him victoriously with frisson of excitement at the prospect of yet another kingdom falling beneath her heels.

"In that case, I suppose I could make a trophy out of you slave. One that will be on constant display, showing other villainesses and wannabe rebels just how glorious I am. And that none can stand before me.~" She said gleefully.

The crowd of women responded in thunderous applause whilst the men in the room cowered beneath them. This was their world now. One dominated purely by women.

"Warden, pass me his leash." Loreline said casually and the Warden obeyed. Andrei almost collapsed from raw pleasure the moment his mistress had his leash in her hands. She uncrossed her legs, as the sound of her nylon pantyhose *whooshed* in an echo around the chamber, and with a sultry walk, made her way to her slave.

A look of absolute surrender and lunacy was plastered across his face. Upon his knees, he stared up at her as drool ran down his lips and dripped upon the floor at her heels.

"My, my pet. Are you that happy to see me." She said as she mocked a pout.

"Y-y-y-y...yyyyy-eessss..." He said, his voice devoid of sanity.

"Lick that drool up. I do not need the filth of my slaves upon my grand chamber.~" Loreline said enticingly. With his lips dry, he bowed at the heels of his mistress and licked his own drool from the marble floor. Even the taste of his own saliva was majestic if it was done upon her whim.

"Good boy.~" She cooed and bolts of pleasure ravaged his body. "But our playtime is over now, my pet. It is time you serve me one final time as a constant reminder to others. Of my power and my dominance above all else.~"

He said nothing, the former prince only looked up at his mistress with complete, masochistic surrender.

"Submit. Formally." She ordered casually.

"I... slave... submit to mistress Loreline and her judgment. I am no longer a prince but only a tool of my mistress, ready to be used, abused and discarded as she sees fit." His words almost sounded coherent. But that was the most of his brain functions that remained. The slaves carnal desires held all the power over him and that power was leashed in Loreline's hand.

"Good boy. Kiss my heels and seal your fate.~" Loreline ordered evilly. Ravished by pleasure and masochism, former prince Andrei lowered his head and placed the tip of his lips upon the heels of his mistress.

"With your submission, the epilogue of your kingdom has been written. It will become nothing but a footnote in the books that speak of my dominance. And now, I do not need you anymore. Time to dispose of you slave, relish the final moments you will have with me.~" She purred and placed her hand upon his forehead. Shivers of mind shattering pleasure scorched his soul at the touch of her latex clad hand.

A brilliant, golden light showered his body and from every drop that fell upon his body, straps, chains and padlocks of the same gold wrapped around his body. Slowly, deliberately, the bondage slithered across his naked form, clasping his arms and legs together, before pulling them tightly against his body. Layer upon layer ran across his body in the same manner, bounding him tighter and tighter in his cocoon and as every layer was done, the bound slave felt his movement become less of an option.

By the time the last layer of his golden, latex, bindings had finished wrapping him up, he could not move an inch. Mummified as he was in his fetus position, he could do naught but wait for the rest of his punishment. His mind raced as all kind of fetishists dreams ran through his broken soul, hoping that any of them were true.

Meanwhile, Loreline placed her stiletto heel upon his head, victoriously. She savored the applause of the women that now lived lives of luxury, all thanks to her. Of course, Loreline didn't need them. The latex clad witch only wanted to be the one to give power away... and to be the one to take it as well.

She glanced bellow her heel at the completely bound prince and sneered.

"You have officially become boring my pet. Broken and drained of your sanity, there is no need for me to keep you. Your family shall be erased from the history books and both you and your brother will be nothing but forgotten toys in my collection. Just. Like. All. Of. My. Slaves.~" Her voice was dripping sadism and coquettish dominance. Of course, the slave bellow her did not move an inch but, much to his surprise, he could hear his mistress clearly even beneath all of those layers of bondage.

But the words only served for him to try and hump the air or against the shiny material encasing him. To little avail. Slowly, even through his destroyed mind, the frustration of his situation started to sink in.

The cold stiletto of her heel dug deep into his throat and, while he cherished every moment of it, he begged for released. Release that will never come. Her words edged him ever so closely yet,

again, there was no release. Even his enslaved mind understood, he would never cum again. This was his life now.

Loreline removed the heel from his neck and stepped back, again pointing her hand upon his bound frame. The same golden light brightly shone across the former prince as the marble beneath him turned to pure, solid cold. Not only that but it took a round shape, similar to that of a vault door but, much to the surprise of all in the grand chamber, the spectacle was not done.

"I said you would be a trophy and on constant display, but I never said that people will actually look upon you, pet." She giggled. The gold melted and molded around him, becoming solid once his entire body was covered. It was like second skin, the gold, just as his bondage was. Just as Loreline's outfit was. "Bye, bye. You are useless to me now.~"

She said sadistically as the large golden vault door began to turn in on itself. It turned in a circle as the heaviness of the door itself drummed upon the air. Ever so slowly it turned, bringing the gilded, bound slave beneath the floor.

With a heavy locking sound, it finally fit into place. The slave was now turned completely upside down, trapped in a glorified isolation cell that Loreline loved using in her castle and dungeon. There, her slaves would be left until their mind broke from the toys she had plugged within them.

But not this slave. He was *special*.

Or, well, as special as a slave can get. He would be spending the rest of his life inside of it. And once dead, well, he would just remain there until the end of time.

Where his gilded frame was fused with the gold now stood a large engraving upon the vault door. As golden as the rest of it, the picture it showed was that of Loreline, wearing a latex catsuit and sitting upon a faceless male, using him as a throne.

"I like it." She chirped, before turning on her heel and graciously walking back to her leather throne, to applause from all in the hall. Even the echo of her heels could not be heard from their enthusiasm. Queen Loreline took her position above her slaves and crossed her legs.

She was a picture of casual, elegant dominance, shining in her latex outfit and nylon pantyhose. Envy of all.

"Soon, your brother will join you. But his fate will be, oh so much worse than yours.~" She giggled as a new dawn of her kingdom, finally began.

