

Signora's New Throne

Aether's blade clanked to the stone floor as the last fireball knocking him to the ground. He was beaten. Plain and simple. All of that leveling, helping out others and fighting for peace only got him so far it seemed.

"Dammit..." He seethed with anger and disappointment in himself as the smoke cleared. "Get up..."

Signora's chuckled at his futile attempts and victoriously placed her hands upon her hips, gloating in his defeat.

"My, my I must say young man I thought you would be more of a challenge. How does it feel? Knowing all you have done until now was absolutely pointless?" She purred.

The heels of Aether's nemesis clicked away into the darkness as she approached him. To him, every click felt like a drum that reminded him of his folly. He gingerly opened his eyes and saw her standing above him, right next to his body.

With a cool look in her eye, she sensually placed her stiletto heel upon his chest. Aether could not help but admit just how beautiful and radiating the witch looked, even though she had just beaten him.

Her legs were coated in shiny light pantyhose as her lavish dress clung to her body like second skin. The dark gloves upon her hands only enhanced her alluring look whilst her glistening hair accented the sadistic look in her eye.

"No... I haven't... lost..." He panted as the witch pressed her heel harder against his chest, making Aether moan in pain.

"Yes you have my pet and pretending you haven't won't change that." Fear spread through him at her words. She must have noticed because her smile widened as she continued. "Don't fret. I won't kill you, if that is what you are afraid of. Oh, no, no. I have much better plans for you. Plans which I think you will love as well... in time."

She added mischievously.

"What... what will you do... to me?" He asked, his fear not abating. Her smile changed from victorious into a sadistic, hungry curve.

"Why train you of course, my pet. Did you really think I went through all of this trouble of defeating you only to kill you? I want to gloat in my victory over you for the rest of eternity. You were quite a thorn in my side for a while now." She cooed as he started to eye her shapely, pantyhose covered leg. "You won't be needing much encouragement, I see you already like how my legs look in these pantyhose. Good. You will be licking them for a long time."

"You will never break me..." He whispered spitefully and the witch pressed her heel against his chest even harder. Aether gritted his teeth, trying to resist crying out.

"It's a good thing you still have some fire left in you, it would be a bore if you submitted this easily." His palm rushed to grab her shapely leg in rebellion as he spat.

"I. Will. Not. Subm-"

Before he could finish she stretched out her gloved hand and fired a small fireball straight into his face, shutting him up. Immediately, he let go of her as his hand fell to floor with Aether being barely conscious. His eyes fluttered slowly as his glazed eyes look up at his new owner.

"The next time you touch me, pet, will be only after I have given you permission, is that understood?" She said with a cold look in her eye.

He nodded. Aether had decided that the best thing he could do, was to pretend to go along with her sadistic game until he found a way to escape. Seemingly satisfied for a moment, Signora moved her leather heel to his throat and pressed down with all of her weight.

Aether had no strength left to fight her off and simply lay there, hoping that she would have mercy on him as the fear returned. His heart started beating faster and his fists clenched and relaxed several times in desperation as he stared at his captor in defeat.

"This is how dying feels like. Remember it the next time you try and be naughty." She said with that sadistic smile returning to her lip. "Now beg for your life."

He had no choice, he had to do it if he had any hope of escaping. With a lead heavy tongue, he said the words she ordered him to.

"I beg of you... spare me..."

"You can do better than that my pet." She said haughtily.

"I beg you, Signora... spare my life..." He croaked.

"Better." She said with a sigh. "But not at the level I need of a slave. No need to worry. Soon, you will be much more obedient. Most of all though, you will be much more eager to please your mistress."

Despite his begging and humiliation, Signora did not remove her leather heel from his throat. Instead her lovely leg remained upon his neck until his lights went out. Much to his horror, the last thought that crossed his mind before he slipped into a restless sleep, was that the villainess was looking even sexier than she had before. Worse, that maybe... just maybe, becoming her slave wasn't that bad after all.

Just before his lights went out, he glimpsed the smirk upon her face widen into a sinister, alluring smile as his cock went hard for the first time.

Aether woke in the most peculiar position.

As he regained consciousness, he discovered that he could not move an inch. His neck was the only part of his body that had any freedom. His arms were tightly bound at his sides and his legs were... lifted?

He blinked and adjusted his sight only to find the most horrific picture above him. Aether had been trapped inside of a chair. No... not a chair, a throne! His feet were sticking out of the armrests with his face firmly held at the feet of his owner. She adjusted in her seat a little and he noticed, much to his horror, that his feet and head were not the only two parts of his body that had any kind of freedom.

His cock, along with a strange metallic contraption that was enveloping it, were right below her ass... and he could feel the hem of her dress and the silk of her nylon upon his naked skin.

"Good morning slave, did you have a nice nap?" She laughed haughtily. "It was the last one you will have, whilst retaining any semblance of resistance."

She crossed her legs and the movement made his cock ache for more of her nylon pantyhose. It was as if with every move she made, the silky material brushed over the exposed parts of his cock. Worse yet, he remembered the pleasure that was building up within his cock before he fainted and yet, now, it was gone. And he missed it. Aether wanted to feel that same pleasure again and so it was the first thing he thought of upon waking.

"What's wrong, noticed the device upon your cock?" She asked teasingly. "It is a chastity device. It is a symbol of ownership. Or rather of my ownership over you. The next time you cum, or, well..." Signora chuckled. "*if* you cum. It will be only because I had allowed it."

The situation was finally crystal clear to Aether. As she spoke he could feel the cold iron of his chastity device grow smaller whilst his cock wanted to harden. But it was to no avail. She controlled it now and all pleasure that he received or felt.

He started feasting his eyes upon his owner, starting from her heel as it rested right next to his face. Her shiny, dark, leather heel was not a few inches from his cheek and that was more than

enough to get his heart racing. Not only because she was so close to him, but because her perfume was poisonously intoxicating.

It relaxed his muscles and made his mind turn to sweet, masochistic putty. He could almost feel the shiny, white nylon of her pantyhose upon his skin, her leg was that close to him. Crossed, right over the left, with her relaxed upon the rest of the throne. And every time she moved his cocked begged for that release that he knew would not come... if it ever *did* come.

"I... I have... lost?" He breathed, finally. It felt like weight off of his shoulders and Aether's heart began beating faster and faster. Slowly, but surely, he was becoming desperate for more. More of her attention, more of her dominance of him more of... Signora.

"Yes you have my pet. Has it finally dawned just how easily I have bested you? That you are nothing but a part of my throne, there to be used for my pleasure?" She said evilly.

"I... but I was... supposed to beat you...I-" She cut him off by lifting her foot from the floor and placing her heel right inside of his mouth.

"Suck." Signora ordered coolly.

Just as the leather of her heel touched his tongue, when his lips first suckled upon the stiletto, he felt something crack inside of his mind. He wasn't really sure what it was but his head felt softer after it did. As if his IQ was leaking out.

Of course, he obeyed without a word. First he moved his neck up and down, up... and then down very slowly. Feasting upon her heel and her casual dominance over him. All the while Signora had that damning smirk upon her lip, as if everything had gone exactly according to plan and that nothing he could have done would have changed this outcome.

It was probably true.

The more he suckled that sweet leather heel, the more of his IQ leaked away into nothingness. Replaced by dark, fetishistic thoughts of surrender and lust. Through the whole ordeal he would not, and could not, take his eyes off of her. They darted with increasing need for more from her eyes to her nylon clad legs.

"Just like I thought, you are like every hero I trained before. Brave until I play with your cock for a while." She laughed in that humiliating way and shifted a little in her seat. Sending bolts of heartbreaking pleasure across his body. "Then you becoming sniveling boys who are desperate and eager for any kind of attention."

Her words continued to empty his mind of thoughts and resistance. He liked it that way. It was all so much easier if he just listened to her. Even though his frustration at the chastity device grew, it felt like nothing compared to the feelings that started forming for his mistress.

A heavenly, glowing aura formed around her making his mind feeling even more hazed and confused, yet sending more blood into his cock that squirmed within its bonds. It was maddening, soul crushing, knowing that someone that he started to adore so much was so close and yet so far.

"Enough." She ordered and uncrossed her legs before she crossed the other leg now, making his head dizzy at the sight. Her shiny heel dangled a few inches from his lips but for some reason he dared not lick again. Not before she allowed him to. Thoughts of rebellion were now far away, buried deep beneath mountains of masochistic need and deprave thoughts of submission and eternal slavery. "Do you want to lick again?"

Her question pained him. He did, Aether wished for nothing more but to lick that divine heel again but he knew that would only lead to more suffering. But the more of his IQ that he left beneath her heel the more he thought that suffering for Signora wasn't that bad.

No... not Signora... Mistress Signora.

"Yes..." He said gingerly.

"Beg like I thought you." She said coolly.

"Yes, Mistress Signora." His words were the last nail in his coffin. Just as the first time he licked her heels he felt his mind crack, so did his soul ended up doing now.

He was broken.

"Please... let me lick, let me worship you, please, I beg of you." Even his own words of submission were not enough to quench his appetite for masochistic pleasure. He wished to obey, to beg, to whimper and look upon his beautiful mistress.

And oh, how beautiful she was. Those sadistic eyes, the golden hair that fell over her shoulders, the dress that made her look like a goddess and the pantyhose that shone in that shimmering light that hypnotized his mind into an obedient stupor.

"Much better my pet. See, you can be trained. And easily." She laughed enticingly. "Lick."

He jumped at the opportunity to follow her orders, eager to please her.

"Broken. And all it took was a few glances at my legs and a few licks at my heels and you were done for. Such a bad hero. Oh well, you will serve as entertainment for a while."

Her words should have rang every alarm in his head, yet all he felt was bliss. Pure, raw, bliss.

Signora removed the heel from his mouth, uncrossed her legs and stood up, posing above him.

"Here is the final present I give you, before your whole mind is wiped." She smiled down victoriously upon his dazed form and parted her lush lips. A single drop of spit fell upon his forehead as bolts of thunderous pleasure rocked his body.

It burned at his soul like a flame from hell, burning the remaining dregs of resistance while setting ablaze the feelings of adoration he had for Mistress Signora. The spit formed into a dark pool of rubbery material that started spreading over his head, enveloping everything but his eyes and mouth.

The feeling was that of molten bliss, spreading, slowly, across his head and sense of self. When it was finished Signora gave him one last look of satisfaction before parting her red lips one final time, letting another drop of spit leave her tongue.

This one landed inside of his mouth and the same molten feeling ravaged the inside of his body. What he didn't see, as he drowned in the sea of her spit and oblivion, was that a No.55 formed upon his forehead.

With a satisfied smirk Signora walked away, leaving her newest pet to drown in insanity and pleasure.

Months later, Mistress Signora sat upon her throne. She had taken off her heels and had her nylon covered toes rested within the mouth of her slave No.55.

She had enjoyed braking him and using him as nothing but a piece of furniture. But even he started to bore her now. Signora was ready for a new slave.

"Any news?" She asked the servant that was kneeling in front of her dais.

"Yes Mistress." The girl answered. "A possible candidate for slave No.56 has been found. The one, Childe, has had several victories against our forces and would prove a fun fight and an interesting addition to your collection."

Signora smirked and looked down upon the hero that was once Aether.

"I guess your time is already up my pet. I might just send you to the dungeons now." She laughed as he licked away at her feet. His mind barely comprehending what she was saying.

"Oh well, even heroes become boring after a while and, as a slave, you are nothing more than a number. And I can always find more."

Signore giggled at his desperation and set her sights on her newest toy.

Life was good.

The witch thought as she crossed her legs. The silent sound of the nylon echoing in her chamber as well as deep within his submissive mind.