

# A Liquid Dream

I knew not where I was but I knew it was not the waking world. The walls seemed as if they were melting and the corridors warped into impossible shapes and angles as I walked on, my heart beating with trepidation. The ground beneath my feet was soft and the smell of latex tugged at my nostrils as I walked into the darkness that seemed to be limitless.

*Surely... I wasn't important enough for one of them to come searching for me... yes... this is just a nightmare.*

But nightmare or not, it felt as real as the waking world. So were the people trapped all around me. Some looked like statues with missing limbs while others were trapped in latex beds of liquid with their eyes rolled back and their mouths constantly filled with the same liquid latex that was dripping from the walls.

The glossy material had dominated this place, making it somehow beautiful even though it was all so horrifying. I dared not let my mind wander to exactly why I thought it beautiful.

From time to time I swear I almost heard the click of heels echo in the dampness of the dark that surrounded me. Yet whenever I looked to check, there was nothing there. The feeling of being constantly watched did not help either.

After what seemed like eternity of walking in latex melted rooms and corridors I entered a large chamber with high ceilings and distant screams. But like the moans of rooms passed, these were screams stuck between horror and bliss.

The few victims that I saw in the darkness were cruelly tortured without end. One had latex pouring into him from his eyes, mouth and nose, while his cock and... his... it was entering him from the behind as well... But his shudders and thrashes were without mistake those of pleasure, even though they looked sick and twisted.

Another had been melted into the latex in such a way that I did not know where he began and the latex ended. Ever so slowly he was sinking into the floor with a bewildered yet happy look upon his face and a crooked smile on his lip.

Just as I noticed the others and started walking to help I heard the same click of heels behind me. She had an assured, light, step and, as she walked in, all of the latex victims turned their gazes at her but said no word. The silence that rained was even more horrifying.

"Finally. Where have you been? The rest of the town, as you see, has been subdued and soon, melted as well." She said, her voice was as liquid as the latex around us and it seemed to pour into my mind.

She had an air of control and jurisdiction about her, a casual supremacy that was oppressive and eternally ruling. Like an ultimate sovereign looking down upon his rat infested land.

"What do you want with me? I am a nobody, I serve the League diligently like all other slaves I swear I do!" I yelped as my lip quivered.

She took a few steps forward and stopped right before the victim being melted into the floor. The uneasy light of her domain made her form only more beautiful and sadistic. She wore a tight latex catsuit that moved and glided across her body as if it had a will of its own. Her tight boots hugged her leg up to her thigh and the gloves she wore were as tight as the rest of her outfit. The latex dripped from her body and fingers, leaving small puddles behind her.

"It is not you who is special, slave, but the village you live in." She said in her stern voice and my lips went dry. "Quiver and crawl to me, you have wasted enough of my time as is."

I did just as she ordered, fear making my blood boil. I fell upon all fours and pressed my head against the soft, melted floor. Slowly I crawled to her and placed my head at the tip of her boot. Yet she did not even notice me, the blue skinned woman placed her boot upon the head of the melting man. Terror was making me shiver just as much as anticipation.

"Ahhh..." He moaned as the villainess slowly pressed her heel upon his head... and he went under. He sank into the floor with a shattered look in his eye.

*What. The. Fuck.*

"That is your fate as well, worm. Turned into the floor that I walk upon. The Seamstress always gets what she wants." The latex clad woman placed her boot upon my back as I did not even notice that the floor had molded with my head and palms. "Lay there, docile as my floor feeds. It will wrap you up and dissolve you."

There was a slight hint of satisfaction in her voice but I dared not look up at her. The dread she had me under was unrelenting. Rather, the feeling of her boot sent vile shivers through my body. I opened my mouth to scream and plead but, as if she knew she pressed her boot upon my back, harder. The latex that dripped from her outfit and body encased mine and molded it into the form that she wished for me to be as I cowered beneath her.

The latex that was absorbing my body wriggled all over me and I started humping the air in surrender. Rather than being cold and unpleasant, the latex felt like warm liquid and soft flesh. Slowly it wrapped around me, pulling me further into the floor.

"Pathetic."

"Ahhhh... please... stop...." I whined.

It felt like I could struggle with all of my strength and my arms would simply fall limply and sink further in.

"Before you are eaten..." She began as she removed her boot from my back and walked behind me. Even the echo around the room was off. Her heels sounded distant and... eldritch. Then she rammed her heel right at my ass while the same dripping latex formed a longer heel that penetrated inside of me and, much to my surprise, the feeling was pure, raw, pleasure. "I will rape you and violate you. Then, when you have no dignity left, you can become the floor that I walk upon."

Tingles of bliss and overwhelming happiness spread with the latex that now hugged my body from both the outside and inside.

"Stopghhh..."

The latex swirled and tightened inside of me making my insides yearn for more. With the warm, fleshy feeling spreading over me and draining my sanity I let out a pathetic moan. She was impossible to comprehend, her lair was unfeasible and the macabre darkness that swallowed everything feasted upon my sanity.

"Already moaning? How pathetic can you get?" She scoffed with a hint of sadism in her voice. "The latex will make you feel even better."

It entangled, rubbed and squeezed my body, stretching my insides as the pleasure became one with me. It was in my blood, my veins, my mind and soul. The Seamstress, peering down at me with her cold gaze, lets out a haughty chuckle.

"It feels good, doesn't it, prey?" To emphasize the question, she presses her heel further up my ass as the dildo that she had made out of her heel, ravages my insides. "That bliss will be turned into sweet edging and your mind will be crushed as you are denied your orgasms."

The wriggling latex makes me feel as if I was being raped through my whole body. I tremble as her heel and her latex bring me to an edge.

"Ahhh, I am going to cum." I whimper and even my voice sounds more... liquid.

"No. You won't." She says sternly. The Seamstress stimulates my ass, forcing her heel further in. My mind explodes but my body does not. No orgasm erupts from my cock. Her heel and her latex do not let up. As my body relaxes further into surrender the unbearable pleasure melts both my body and my mind.

"Was it good?" She chuckled evilly again. "The obedience? It will feel even better as you accept your place as my floor."

"D... don't... ahhhhghghh"

Then, as if it wasn't enough, the latex swirls and twirls in a completely new pattern. It felt like a whirlpool was inside of me, one that dragged me further into depravity. Spinning faster and faster, my tongue falls out of my mouth, or what was my mouth, as it too starts melting into the floor.

"You are so pathetic. Melt into surrender and obedience." She says and shifts her heel around my ass. I tremble at her words in ecstasy. I can only feebly moan, trapped inside of her latex.

"AGGHHH... I will cum..." I scream and moan and... I do not cum. "N..no... please..."

"Hahahahaha." She laughs darkly, sending my hopes into oblivion. "I could have squeezed your life out with my latex or my strings but watching you debase yourself as you hope you will cum... priceless."

The vortex of pleasure ravaged me as I completely broke down, denied. I can only cry and let myself be melted beneath her sadistic, dark gaze of the void. Being dominated, pathetically edged, while being beneath her felt so good, so blissful.

Another orgasm edges inside of me but again, nothing comes out.

"You didn't shake as much this time. Broken already?" She asks, her voice growing cold and disinterested. I shiver at her horrifying words but... she is right.

"Time to make you sink, then. What little fun you had to offer me has expired. Dissolve into mush and turn into my floor. Embrace endless, edged pleasure as I trample all over you."

"AHHHH!!!" Ignoring my yell and my broken state she removes her boot from my ass and the back of my body dissolves and molds the floor. Only what is left of my head and shoulders remains.

Though I am terrified, the pulsating feeling of being utterly dominated and melted overshadows it as I welcome oblivion.

"All of your struggles are pointless." She said as I see her boots stand right in front of my eyes. The perfect latex of her material looked as endless as the night. "Nothing left for you to do, but... melt."

As if on command the rest of my body sinks into the floor as I catch one last glimpse of her eyes before I am molded into the ground. A voracious grin spreads across her lip, one of darkness, sadism and terror, while her eyes shine in pure, simple dominance.

A strange comfort wraps around me as I see and hear nothing. The only feeling left, is that where her boots are planted. I feel her heel and the bottom of her boots as ecstasy deteriorates my mind into complete dark.

*So...goooooooood...*

Melted into her floor and then drowned in cruel pleasure, my life ends at the feet of The Seamstress.