

Loreline Breaks Your Mind

"Why are you so surprised?" A voice echoed all around him in the darkness. "You were captured a while ago don't you remember? Strapped to my wonderful machine and readied for milking. But before we start I need to melt your mind, just so the milking goes faster, I don't need naughty boys. ~"

He tried to budge, to move, but found himself completely tied, bound by a cold yet soft material. Over his eyes a blindfold was tied but even in his bound and groggy state he knew what kind of a blindfold it was. One of those enchanted ones that had been appearing, that the wardens had been using. They seemed to sap your sanity the more you listened to your captor.

"I will not fall for this." He wanted to say, but his gagged mouth did not let out a peep.

"Now, now Richard, your time as a free man, a rebel, is over." He felt her sit upon his knee and, even though he could not see her, Richard heard her latex creak as she moved. Loreline. She was the first to trample down upon us. The first villainess to appear. What a fool he was, to think that he could fight her. Jealousy. That is what it was. That is what brought him here.

Richard had heard that she was moving against Alfred and his band of heroes... everyone knew about it. Even Alfred, and he boasted of it. And Richard wanted some of the glory. He wanted to be noticed as well.

"Well, you wished to find me. But now that I am here, you seem so frightened. ~" Her velvety voice echoed again as she tilted my chin up from my chest. Loreline's touch was sublime. "Ah sweetie, don't be afraid, I am here to make all of your wildest wishes come true. ~"

He wasn't afraid, or so he taught, yet he felt himself shiver. The cool, soft material that bound him seemed to make him more docile while something that felt like latex and pantyhose, glided against his leg as she shifted in his lap.

"Don't be ashamed for seeking me out love. All men do in the end, and I always give them what they need... after I get what I want." Another giggle. I shifted to try and speak again but she placed a silky finger upon my gag to shush me further. "No talking sweetie. I don't need you to talk or move. I need you to listen to my voice as it drains your sanity, I need you empty of all thoughts and ideas. Submitted and broken. ~"

Another shiver ran down Richards back as she finished. Abominable fear made him sweat in his bonds. Not knowing what she was going to do to him made his mind race yet, amidst all of that fear and trepidation, there was something else. Something he dared not admit.

"This is what you need, what you have been craving for." She traced a finger up and down his cock as it, in a moment's notice, stood erect. "So don't do anything. Just relax and listen to my voice. ~ You knew you came here for this, for me to leave you brainless and mind broken, helplessly begging me for more. And, by the time you are drooling at my feet, whimpering for me not to leave you, I will know that you are not fun to me anymore. Then, and only then, will I leave you to be helplessly milked until your life runs out. ~"

He jerks once in his bonds but that only makes Loreline giggle playfully. She straddles his hips as his cock is pushed down beneath latex clad buttocks. With desperation Richard tries to move, to hump her crotch, but her magical bonds hold him in a completely docile state, both physically and mentally. Her words, in the meantime, sap his strength and make him think of things he never wished or wanted.

Richard desired to lay his eyes upon her, to see the beauty that everyone dreaded to speak of. To see her nylon clad legs, to lap at her heels or boots, to be chained and collared. To be hers.

"The brainwashing is starting to kick in isn't it my little puppet. ~" Again, she giggles like a child playing with her toy. "Yes, I could have you and use you like I would a puppet on strings. The more you listen to me, the more will your sanity break. You will yearn to kiss my boots and crawl, leashed behind me. Why, I wouldn't be surprised if you begged me to feed you to my plants if it pleased me."

Obey.

Obey.

Obey.

Richard is almost startled as a distant whisper, somewhere behind his conscious mind, enters his train of thought.

"What is wrong my little slave? Has something happened inside of your mind? ~ That is just a little reminder, that you are here to obey me."

Obey.

Obey.

OBEY!

"Your fights are over darling, you have nothing left. Do not resist. Simply listen to my voice and the echoes inside of your mind. Now, I will remove your gag, slave, and when I do, the first thing you will say is "I will obey" am I clear? ~"

She orders softly. He wishes to lay his eyes upon her, to beg for a single touch and yet... he...

OBEY.

OBEY.

OBEY.

Obeys.

"I will obey..." He says the second she removes the gag. A rush of surrender and bliss erupt within his heart as, for the first time in his life, he submits to someone and it feels... heavenly.

His cock twitches beneath her, pleading to be touched and played with. His yearning to lay his eyes upon her intensified but he dared not voice his needs. The more he surrendered to the material binding him and to her dominant voice, the more he understood, that he had no needs or privileges. No, he only had the orders she gave to him. And that was more than enough to make him happy and a docile.

"Good boy. ~" She laughed wickedly. "See, you are a slave. My slave. Is that clear? *Slave?*"

"Y-yes..."

What was he afraid of? What did he want to prove by coming here? Nothing! He was here to surrender and submit, that was all. Those ideas of heroism and ego driven deeds were all a facade, a ploy, to come here and... submit.

"And... who do you obey slave?" She asked again with another girlish giggle. He could feel her, filled with glee, as his cock was dripping pre cum upon the floor.

"You... mistress Loreline..." In his encased state, Richard felt browbeaten, used, beneath her cruel will.

"And every time I call you *slave* how do you feel?" She asked, knowing the answer, but her wickedness knew no ends. His cock twitched again before he answered, eager to please. Loreline felt his manhood of course, but did not move an inch. She loved feeling his member squirm and him slowly surrender to her voice.

"I... melted... docile... mistress... but it also feels... like a name... like it belongs to me..." The slave said through a whispered whimper.

"Doesn't that feel good slave? ~" He opened his mouth to answer, but she shushed him with her finger again... and then let him lick it. Loreline placed it between his lips and he sucked like a babe.

OBEY.

SLAVE.

OBEY.

SLAVE!

OBEY!

"It's easy to seduce anyone, slave. Not a single one of you has been a challenge and those that had some promise... well... you will not be there to see what will happen to Alfred. ~" Her glee filled giggle made him feel that same fire of jealousy, but instead of a protest, he let out a pathetic whine. "All this time, every word I said, it made you forget a piece of yourself. So now, we will test just how good you were. Tell me, what is your name."

His mind scrambled in an instant, not because he could not, for the life of him, remember his name, but because he knew that was a good thing. He wanted to be a good boy and good boys...

"Good boys don't know their names." She giggled again. "And your pathetic whimpering and whining is answer enough for me. ~ You wish to obey so badly, slave, you wish to be mine and you will crave it for the rest of your insignificant life."

He felt her words trickle across his mind, all shields long broken, all walls long shattered. The slaves being was in Loreline's hands... and he loved every second of it.

"Do you know why that is slave? Well... it is simple. Tell me, who do you obey, slave?" She asked with a sadistic grin that he could not see.

OBEY.

SLAVE.

"You... mistress..." Every letter that he pronounced made him feel like he was sinking into a black hole of pleasure that sucked his sanity along with everything else. She removed her fingers from his mouth and he whined again, drool dripping down as his cock raged beneath his mistress.

"As easy as it is to break you slave, you actually need to want this for all if it to happen. So why don't you sink even further for me hm? Sink even deeeper for me slave. No need to hold back just... *sink*. Weak, pathetic and broken, that is how I want you. ~ It feels good doesn't it? Doing as you are told, broken and molded over and over until you forget what I wanted you to become in the first place." With a gentle touch that almost made him think he was important, she placed the gag again. Firmly fixed inside of his mouth he moaned in pleasure, feeling the drop into surrender and servitude mangle his mind. He didn't even know where he was anymore or who he was. The only important thing, he knew, was that this woman had his mind in the palm of her hand.

"As someone who is obedient and a slave, the only answers I would need to hear would be "Yes Mistress" but since you will be gagged during your milking I won't even hear that. Human noises

are forbidden slave. You only get to whimper and moan." She stopped for a second to lick his gag playfully. "But you will still think of only obedience and surrender, won't you, slave? ~"

He nodded with fervor, hiding the pain he felt for not feeling her tongue.

"Do you love me slave? Do you love to obey me? Do you love being mine? Do you need to be mine? Is there anything or anyone else in the world that exists besides me? Do not answer or nod... simply keep repeating the answer within yourself."

OBEY.

YES MISTRESS.

OBEY.

YES MISTRESS.

His mind in shackles, he didn't have any rational thought left... and she knew it.

"Do you love it when I hypnotize you? Do you love my weight upon your cock? Do you need to submit?" She kept asking knowing exactly what was happening inside of his broken, trampled mind. He was long gone but she wanted to play with him for a little while longer. "It feels good to be my slave doesn't it? Does your feeling of submission make you melt and break?"

Her wicked cackles echoed both around and inside of him, but he had no cares left. He loved it. Slave loved it and Loreline relished it.

"Now I think it is about time that I leave you in this loop. Keep repeating and keep begging and keep getting milked. Once you are done and milked and sucked dry one of the wardens will throw your corpse into the walls to be devoured. I need more power you see. ~" She giggled evilly. "And your cum, well, I need that for a little secret. But just like you won't be there to see how I break Alfred, you won't be there for the fruition of my little scheme."

Overwhelmed and breathing deeply, he feels a machine getting attached upon his cock as Loreline stands up. It is soft and slippery and it grips his cock like a hungry mouth.

The slave hears her heels click as she walks around him, starting the machine up. His focus now only on the milking of the machine, he sinks deeper into his mantra.

OBEY.

YES MISTRESS.

OBEY.

YES MISTRESS.

OBEY.

YES MISTRESS.

OBEY.

YES MISTRESS.

"You are such a good slave. So hypnotized, so docile." She giggles one final time before he hears the click of her heels fade away. "You all break so easily. ~"

OBEY.

YES MISTRESS.