

The Collector and Super Sentai Blue

Part 4

The fetters were untied and his legs fell lifelessly to the floor. Blue panted and mewed into his gag, barely able to control his breathing. Such was the ordeal that The Collector had put him through.

Twinges of pain still tortured his body as he tried to focus his thoughts. Yet it wasn't the physical side of her torture that left the largest mark upon his mind. The fact that she was clearly winning this war of theirs, so easily and casually, that was what bruised his ego the most. No matter the pain and the pleasure she was bestowing upon him, he should have been mentally fighting her on all fronts. With rebellious glares, warring thoughts and spiteful words, but there was nothing of the sort within him.

He fawned over her whenever their eyes met, his mind raced imagining what else she would do to him and instead for spitting profanities at her when ungagged, he only whimpered and blabbered.

Finally his hands were freed as well as he fell upon the floor. With a yank of his leash and collar The Collector lead him towards his cell in the floor. The lid was raised and the latex clad woman stood imperiously next to it. She didn't have to say anything, that evil smile was enough of an order.

In his eyes The Collector started looking more and more like a goddess of latex and fetishism, one to be drooled over and served. Not just by him, but by all. Clad in thigh high, red latex boots and a red catsuit of the same material, complimented by a tilted cylinder she looked awe inspiring.

His body shook and shivered as he obeyed her wordless order and crawled into his diminutive prison inside the floor. There was still fight in him but Blue's resolve had become so shaken that he needed to choose which fights to fight. And this one was not one of them.

The Collector nudged the lid with her stiletto boot and it fell heavily, shut right above him.

As soon as it was shut, the earphones boomed with her voice again as wave after wave of bliss drowned out any other thoughts. His body was limp and his mind lax from the mere sound of her melodic voice. The fact that her voice also spoke of eternal slavery and endless bondage made his caged cock scream in frustration.

His teeth were clenched into the ball gag as he desperately tried to fight off the conditioning. He prayed for strength against all of this abuse followed slowly by please into nothingness. Blue knew that she had walked away, leaving him there.

With his hands tightly bound behind his back, he needed to use his legs to find any kind of comfort in the claustrophobic cell. His whole predicament was done in such a way that his spirit broke in the most demeaning and humiliating way. The Collector was showing the hero that she had full control of his body, that Blue was nothing more than a possession.

She wanted to utterly destroy him and mold him into a debauched slave, lapping at every word of the malevolent villainess.

It was working. All of his ordeals up until now ate away at his psyche, breaking his spirit and sense of heroism. Yet he still held hope within him. If he was aware of what she was doing, if he were to concentrate on that and analyze it clinically, he might be able to survive and keep his sanity.

As if knowing his exact thoughts, the voice in the speakers became even more melodic and hypnotic. He tried desperately to remove this instrument of his assured corruption but to little success. Blue yanked his head and even battered it against the wall of the cell but the machine didn't even budge. It just trapped him inside of his own mind, like all of the nights before.

You are my little slaving beast. A pathetic being that is slowly becoming obsessed with gaining my favor and abuse. ♪

Her voice sang.

How long will it take before you start calling for me? Begging to be whipped and tortured only to be awarded by licking my heels? All of my slaves have done so before, and so will you... Blue. ♪

He slouched back against the cold wall of the cell and let himself drown in self pity and masochistic pleasure.

This night, like all before, sleep was difficult to come by. There was no refuge in slumber. Many times he had awoken, not sure if the headphones mirrored the sound of her heels or if he actually heard them through the sound of her hungry tone. Those times he would always be horny, on the verge of screaming for her.

How he wished to be free of his cramped cell at those times. To see his Mistress again and be granted her ministrations yet again. That is when his heart would sink, when he became aware of what he was thinking. Despite of him, despite knowing what he was doing, he would continue thinking of her then.

Not out of hatred and of rebellion, but of pure wanton lust.

Blue would visualize her with prurient lust, wishing to crawl at her feet, kissing her latex or nylon stockinged leg. The allure of her beauty and her fetishistic outfits was completely new to him yet it created a hunger within him that he could not quench.

No matter how much his conscious mind battled against her, his subconscious mind drank up everything she offered. Especially when he was alone at night, where her voice would speak to him endlessly, remodeling his brain into a depraved animal.

He was being changed from the ground up and it was mere time before those lustful thoughts came to the forefront of his mind. The thought was terrifying to him.

There was nothing he could do. Slowly, blue was being turned into a rubber slave. Eager to be encased in the material or lick it upon his owner. How could this be happening to him? Why was this woman doing this in the first place? To him and to others?!

Though he feared those questions, simultaneously he yearned to find out. He ached to discover what else the evil woman would do to him.

Again, he swore he heard the click of heels as one of the other slaves was being dragged out to be tamed and trained. Time and time again he fought the desire to be the one under the lash at times such as these. It revolted him, knowing that he wished to be whipped and tamed.

Yet the constant vision of his enslaver in his mind's eye quickly put those thoughts away, replacing them with lavish masochism. The catalogue of erotic fantasies that she had placed within his mind by now brought such a lecherous need in him that his soul burned for her crop.

Finally, the envy he felt was put to a halt as he felt the top of his cell unlock. The heavy locks of his pit turned and he felt the cool air of the outside rush in along with her addictive scent. As she yanked on the leash yet again, and Blue crawled out, the voice inside of his head turned off and he gazed upon his mistress yet again.

“Come, slave. It is time for another lesson in obedience and pleasure.♪” She chuckled knowingly and his face contorted into one of bliss. The Collector scratched his hair and he crawled after her, in awe of her beauty yet again. A light wrapped around his latex ruler, coating her in even more beauty than before.

Crimson stiletto heels adorned her beautiful feet while pantyhose of pure, dark nylon clung to her legs. A latex, leotard she wore across her explosive chest and long latex gloves of the same crimson neatly enveloped her arms.

Through all of the training and the mental fighting with himself, through everything she put him through and everything he tried to battle against a single thought crossed his mind.

Submission... at her feet... that is what I... need...