

# Norn Trains the Healer

## II

"MFGH!?!!" He barked and struggled beneath her boot. Humiliation ran through his blood as helplessness made his mind go haywire. It was enough for him that he got caught by her.

But this?

He would not allow to become a spectacle for the rest of the kingdom, let alone a pet for this little demon. All of his planning will not go to waste just because one little brat got the better of him *once*.

Meanwhile, Norn sighed in bliss and glee. "If only you knew what I will do to you... maybe you would even look forward to your punishment. You will be sobbing and begging for a single kiss of my boots, cursing the day you thought you could take me on. The rest of the kingdom will like it as well I think. Could you imagine? You, serving as my footrest as I govern over those poor fools? You are trash, just like the rest of them."

With her threats and sadistic promises, the soft feeling returned. It was foreign... alien to him. Yet it still made his heart beat faster and faster and... he dreaded it. Keyaru knew where it led. It happened to him before, when he became addicted to that fucking potion they used on him.

*Norn will not break me! Not like they did last time I will not allow it! I will not!*

But now, there was no potion, just the sweet feeling of humiliation and submission which Norn so graciously offered. It was frightening to him, the fact that she could do exactly as she had promised if he did not do something... and soon.

What frightened him even more was the fact that the more he listened about his torments, the more his curiosity grew. A sick curiosity that made him sick to his stomach. Just imagining himself in such a deplorable, humiliated state... it made him want to vomit... but it also made him hard.

"Fhchk yghu." He said and rattled his chains. Keyaru's squirms only served to make Norn's grin widen. She yanked upon the chains and he fell forward at her feet. Before Keyaru could even try and get up, she placed her boot upon his chest to stop him from moving. Norn laughed down upon his pathetic display, noticing his hard cock. All the while, the warm feeling seemed to pulsate at the exact spot where her fine, leather boot lay upon his stomach.

"Oh, I see you have already started to like me." She said in an enticing voice. He tried to speak against the gag but as before, it was futile. The anger and frustration he felt only boiled as he failed to utter a single syllable.

"But do continue resisting. You are a hero after all aren't you? I want this to last a long... loooooong time. Most of my toys break rather quickly, I do not want you to be just another disappointment... even though your fate will be the same as theirs."

His heart hammered against his chest. The more she spoke the more he wished to feel everything that she wished to inflict upon him. Thoughts of masochism and ultimate surrender twirled inside of his mind and, by the look on Norn's face, she knew exactly what was happening to him. Her sly smile made him shiver and his heart beat... but most of all it made the warm feeling burn like the sun.

"We haven't even started and you look so eager. Does my voice entice you so?" She giggled and he blushed. Feeling shame for the first time since he had woken up.

"Or is it my outfit?" Norn added with a perked eyebrow and a jeering grin. "Probably both I think?"

Casually, she turned from her captive and walked to the other side of the room. Norn was right, he figured, her outfit was rather enticing as well... and it only added to the warmth he felt in his stomach and cock.

Keyaru had seen what she did to John. He was a big guy, probably physically stronger than all of his opponents thus far. How did she break him? How did she make him as addicted to her as he was?

A cold shiver ran down Keyaru's spine at those thoughts. But that same cold shiver only made him understand his predicament more. Just like the warmth... that shiver was one of delight... and yearning.

From a nearby table, Norn picked up more bindings for her future slave. She easily and effectively wrapped latex bands all over his body, making his skin almost invisible beneath the shiny material.

*This... this is not good... I... I need to get away!*

Panic spread through him now. The memories of his addiction to the potion straining his mind. His heart was like a drum now that beat against his chest, while his cock grew even harder.

"Sthhhhhphh!" In desperation he tried to kick and fight, but Norn knew that his fight was long over. He had lost. Now, his strict bondage would hold him for as long as she wished. Norn pondered for a moment, glancing down at him and tapping her finger upon her waist, as she posed.

"I think I will need more toys." She said with rejuvenated, childish glee... which only made the warm feeling deep within Keyaru grow hotter and hotter.

Norn turned on her boot heel and walked out of the room, her leather creaking with every step. From his bound, humiliated position he could only lift his gaze as high as her calf. That warm feeling, sprinkled with a sizzly sensation of his bindings, made her legs look heavenly in those boots.

And... though a part of him dreaded her return, that warm, spreading part of himself wished for it. It wanted to see what toys she would bring and what she would do him. What depraved acts he would perform and endure, before Norn is satisfied with his training... and his mind... broken.