

Rise of the Slime Queen Part 3

Commission

Chapter 11

Voices echoed inside of Lana's head as she awoke. Dozens of them, milling around her mind yet coming from afar, as if calling to her. Pleading to her to take control and shape them. Mold them into what they needed to be.

Into what *she* wanted them to be.

A chill ran down her spine the second she opened her eyes. It was dizzying, cold and mysterious. Yet not entirely bad either. The longer she focused on it the cooler it felt, more tantalizing. But what she did not like was the room that she was in.

It was her room, the one she had slept in for years now and she knew it was only temporary, until she got to her grips as an adventurer. But for some reason ever since she got back from the cave it has become appalling to her. Actually, the more she thought about it, anything and everything connected to her past life had become a thing of disgust to her.

It is because you now know you are better than this. Now you expect more, want more. And those voices in your sleep? Those are the souls that yearn for your touch, those that beg for you to come and claim it! So what am I waiting for?

Her own thoughts chimed within her head. Lana liked that new side of her, clung to it more often than not. Especially after what happened in the guild house. She didn't quite remember everything but... but she knew what happened had to happen. That it was a natural order of things.

She also knew what the voices within her head were as well. Lana had been hearing them for several days now and in increasing number. Looked like Frael was doing her job as she was ordered to. Draining that damned soldier and selling her mana potions filled with slime so as to infest others and increase her small army.

Lana sat for breakfast but for a long while she simply stared at it. She felt sick just looking at the food she had presented to herself.

Is this how a queen eats? Is this what you will allow yourself to eat? No! I have feasted on far greater food than this! The cum and life force of men and women, that is what I need. That is the bare minimum that I should live on.

With another disgusted side glance at the food, Lana shoved the plate away and sent it along with the food to the floor. Rage started rising within her belly, festering like an old scar that needed cleaning. She was just so furious with everything around her. How the world worked how everyone behaved friendly but actually hated one another. How the strong were always at the top, how... how!!!

Then prove it. Do it yourself. The strong are always at the top Lana... and you... I am at the top of the food chain. Do something about it already. Take what is rightfully yours.

Yes... yesss!!! But first, I need to find them. And I need to break them. Make them nothing but mewling faucets of my new kingdom. Then I can finally outgrow this little town and take the kingdom for my own.

Chapter 12

Frael slams down three *mana* potions upon the table in front of Eleonore, Miriam and Fiona. All three are startled for a moment before they all look up at the young elf. They have large bags beneath their eyes, having not slept ever since escaping from the mine.

The elf inn keep heard them talking about going back to the mine and burying Lana's body, so there could be no evidence that links them back to the friend they had killed. But Frael looks on chirpily at them and even smiles broadly before she starts speaking.

"I doubt you will be doing any adventuring with no energy in you. Dig in girls, this is on the house." She says with a casual wave and returns to the counter, hips swaying. An evil smirk spreading upon her lip as she walks away.

"People have been mentioning that she has become more... flirtatious in the past couple of days. I wonder why." Fiona said.

"It doesn't matter." Miriam cut in. "We don't have time to worry about Frael's sexual appetite. She's right. If we don't drink these up we might as well kill ourselves before we go to the mine. With the war going on we have no idea how dangerous the roads have become."

Ever the clever one. Miriam.

Lana said to herself as she looked down upon her old friends. Perched upon the rafters of the guild hall she has been listening to her friends talk about their betrayal. Not at all worried about what they had done to her. Instead fretting over how not to get discovered.

That is why I will break you myself. The other two are beneath my notice.

With a gentle sway of her fingers, she orders two corrupt adventurer's to enter the guild hall just as she sends an order to Frael to lock the door. As her friends gulp down the fake mana potion she has been distributing the two handsome men approach the three girls. Meanwhile, Lana, using a tendril of her slime, lowers herself behind the group.

"I see you like them, girls." She chimes evilly. Miriam, recognizing her voice, jumps up in an instant and turns around. There, she sees Lana in all of her new found glory.

She had always been confident, something that Miriam admired about her former friend, but now it went even beyond arrogance and self importance. Even her outfit looked far more... brave and kinky than it was before.

A shimmering, see through, black silky blouse adorns her new, buxom chest and arms. Neatly hugging the curves of her torso. Dark lips and shadowy mascara accent her pouty lips and playful stare whilst her light blonde hair falls around her cheeks like a lions mane.

A crimson red mini skirt envelops her round hips and pitch black, shiny pantyhose accent her supple legs. Finally, to complete her dominant look, spiked, ankle length boots of latex adorn her feet making her look like a goth, fetishized witch.

“La-Lana!” Miriam squeals involuntarily.

“Happy to see me?♪” Lana giggles and bites her lower lip hungrily.

“Girls, we... we have to run.” Miriam says through her sweating brow as she notices the slimy tendril that supports her former friend. Lana giggles again and crosses her legs enticingly.

“I don’t think they can hear you.” Lana coos and points behind Miriam. Her former friend turns and sees Eleonore in a heated embrace with a muscle bound adventurer. Next to her Fiona shares a kiss with smaller, lithe looking one. They both have slime tripling down their bodies and enveloping the two young men. “Why don’t you girls take your toys to the side rooms. Frael will show you the way. I have something to discuss with Miriam.”

Lana’s tone is cool and flirtatious yet there is a sinister, malicious tone lingering beneath. One that Miriam notices just before a cold sweat starts pouring down her cheeks.

“Lana... I... please... I didn’t know what else to do. I’m sorry...” Miriam stammers as tears swell in her eyes. “You understand don’t you?”

“Oh. I do. I am actually grateful to you.” Lana says absently as she checks her nails. “I have become so much more than human thanks to you. Now I can turn this whole kingdom into my playground.”

Then, Lana lifts her gaze and locks it with Miriam’s.

“And you will be just another victim, just another slime girl at my beck and call.” She laughs maniacally. “A droplet of water in the ocean. I won’t even know which slime girl maid you are. I shall turn you into a sex-crazed minion that shall do anything and everything that I want you to.”

Lana uncrosses her legs and stands up from her tendril just as Miriam turns to run. The Slime Queen lazily lifts her arm and, with a smug smile upon her dark lip, shoots another one at her friend. It coils around her neck as Lana slowly approaches her from behind.

“Time to play.”

Chapter 13

Without much effort or fight from Miriam, Lana has her inside one of the upstairs rooms. The same room where Fiona and Eleonore are pounding away at the two adventurers. Miriam, afraid for her friends, thought that the two men would be raping them, yet, to her it seemed more like it was the other way around.

Actually, it looked more like the two girls were melting all over the young men. Slime dripped from their bodies and enveloped their victims two, with empty stares and grins upon their lips pumped away.

And pumped they were. The more they orgasmed the thinner they got. With their skin becoming a dull grey, their muscles deflating and their faces become more and more gaunt. Lana grinned at the spectacle, as if it were something that she was very much used to seeing.

“What have you done to them?” Miriam asks in astonishment.

“You like their new bodies?” Lana purred into her ear. “The same thing I will do to you. Although, they get to enjoy others while they transform. And I will enjoy you.”

Miriam looks to the side and straight into Lana’s eyes that shine with sadistic glee. The fear finally taking hold of her she turns to her friends and screams.

“Snap out of it!!! We have to escape! We-“

She is cut off by Lana’s slime that slithers inside of her mouth, pouring aphrodisiac into her, whilst coiling further around her body. From toe to mouth Miriam is completely tied up by the gooey slime which, as it tightens around her frame, massages her frame completely now. As if a woman of carnal knowledge would to a male cock.

Yes! My time of revenge has finally come. After this, everyone shall kneel before me. And you? You shall be nothing. Even kneeling at my feet needs to be deserved.

Lana was slowly edging her whole body towards an explosive orgasm, one which Miriam dreaded and started looking forward to in equal manner. But her tormentor would not allow that, not so easily. Lana’s game had only just begun.

“Why don’t you lie down and relax, we have a show to watch after all.” Lana teases as Miriam’s bound form is placed upon the floor. Lana sits down upon the slime and crosses her legs, giving Miriam a playful wink before turning her attention to the two girls.

As Miriam, whilst constantly being stimulated, tries to avert her gaze from the dominant, new Lana that is casually sitting upon her, she notices that the two adventurers looked healthy again. All muscles returned to their rock hard nature, color setting into their skin and even their eyes looked more alive now.

“My slime girls pump out all of the man’s juices you see.” Lana explained as she lounged back into the slime. “But then they can return it to the host as well. Thus giving him new life and, most importantly, hope. On some level the victim thinks he will survive this which makes the draining so much more potent for the predator. Only once that hidden hope for survival has been brought to the brink of madness and pleasure, is he drained one final time.”

Miriam looked in horror, shocked by both the revelation and the fact that Lana spoke of the ordeal in such a cool and collected manner. Indifferent.

“It was you who left me there Miriam. So you won’t have such a nice transformation. I will personally break your mind so fully that you will forget you were ever human before you even turn into a slime girl. Then...” She chuckles. “Well, then you will be doing my bidding, only alive to do so. A broken toy is a boring toy.”

She looked at her friend in horror. But by now, that horror was utterly dipped in desperation and pleasure. Miriam looked at Lana as she, in turn, became more and more beautiful while the slime stimulated her body, both from the outside and the inside. And, the more she looked at her dominant friend, the more she wished to prostrate herself at the feet of such a beautiful and confident creature. She wished to lick her boots and snuggle against her thighs, to be drowned in the endless bliss of the slime and simply exist for a goddess such as Lana.

Miriam didn’t even notice that Lana was side glancing at her, knowing fully well what was happening to her. After all, the other victims had the same reaction. Love and submission.

By now, Eleonore and Fiona had drained their victims dry again, bringing them to the brink of death. They gasped rasped breathes, desperate for more milking as their cocks were constantly wrung dry of cum and fluids and energy. The two girls were riding them wildly, pounding upon their members as each orgasm of the victims brought them more carnal pleasure and submissive bliss.

“Who do you girls belong to?” Asked Lana amusingly.

“You mistress!” Eleonore said as she forced slime into the mouth of her victim, giving him energy again.

“Mistress Lana!! Queen Lana!!” Fiona hissed hungrily as she did the same to her pet.

Lana only smirked in victory before glancing at Miriam again. Her former friend now looks at her with adoration, only flickers of fear remaining. But Lana liked that they were still there.

“I know how desperate you are. How horny.” She sneered. “But it’s not your time yet.”

Lana turned to the girls and smiled menacingly.

“You may drain them completely girls. I have more than enough human tanks for potions.”

As if released from some invisible leash, Eleonore and Fiona began riding their victims like feral animals. Their whole bodies now translucent, light blue in hue and gooey in nature, almost completely enveloped the two, almost, drained adventurers. They were locked in a heated, slimy

embrace in which Miriam could see each and every draining of the victims, how they buckled and how they were milked.

The two slime girls cackled as they drank every little drop of energy from their victims whilst screaming the name of their queen. Lana just looked on though, as if nothing out of the ordinary was happening. Like it was completely normal for one of her pets to drain the life of another in her name.

That is how pathetic all of you are. Men are even bellow traitors like the three of you.

“Good girls.” She cooed as Miriam whimpered beneath her.

The two adventurers, now finally drained to empty husks, fell upon the floor at the feet of Queen Lana. She slightly nudged the husky skull of one of the adventurers with her boot before turning her attention to the two girls. They lay as humanoid puddles upon the floor, panting dreamily.

But I still find amusement in seeing the three of you suffer. Though that won't last for long I do plan on dragging it out for as long as it pleases me.

“Did we do good mistress?” Asked one. Miriam could no longer tell which was which.

“Please mistress, notice us. Tell us we did good.” Said the other.

“Oh, such needy little slaves.” Lana purred as she looked at them. “You did. You passed the test.”

You are nothing now but faceless minions. That is the only reward you shall get. And far better than you deserve.

The words of approval alone were enough to send the girls over the edge. They panted in unison as their orgasms rocked them like thunder and lightning. Miriam's jealousy was also reaching a boiling point. Seeing her friends being tread so gently, while she was bound upon the floor beneath her mistress, not allowed even a single orgasm.

It was infuriating.

Yet even that only made her more submissive and compliant to her queen.

“You may return to the hive. Join the others. And I will call upon you when I see fit.” Lana said dismissively as the two of their former friends sank into the floor. To join this hive that Miriam knew nothing about.

Once they were gone, Lana uncrossed her legs and stood up. Placing one hand on hip she looked down upon her captive and smiled victoriously.

“Does it hurt?” She giggled. “When I pay attention to others. Lavish them with orgasms while you can only lay there and love your new owner.”

The cool slime pulsated around Miriam as she whimpered and tried to nod, just loud and clear enough so that her owner could see. Lana grinned and cackled evilly at the response.

“Good. And you will know pain until the moment I decide you are completely mine.” Her queen said and she, her pet, shivered in delight and horror.

Chapter 14

The onslaught of pleasure was unlike anything Miriam had ever felt before. The pleasure, up to that point was nerve rendering, yet this? It felt like an ocean drowning her in complete masochism and bliss.

The slime forced itself into her and through her pussy, ass, mouth, nose and ears. Wherever it entered she felt as if her whole world was melting into nothingness. Obedience, pleasure and submission. Those were the only things her crumbling mind could comprehend.

She could feel the gooey liquids fill her belly and mind and blood streams, changing her from the inside. On the outside, Miriam quiver and shook, her eyes going to the back of her head. What little sanity she had left could barely comprehend that the rest of her mind and soul were being digested by the slime.

FINALLY!!! I shall ruin you Miriam. You shall be nothing but a speck beneath my heel. This is what I needed, this is what I wanted since the moment I became a...a... queen!

Even the slime itself was warm to the touch now, instead of cold and cool as it were before. That only served to make her more compliant and docile. Weak and submissive.

“Stop...” Miriam gurgles into the slime. Or at least she tries to. Without even the strength to resist anymore, her limbs floated haplessly within the slime.

“Nope.♪” Lana says with a girlish giggle. “I’ll rape that brain of yours before you are fully digested and turned into a slime girl. You should feel lucky that you are even joining my hive of slime girls. I could have you drained into a husk like one of these two.”

To accent her point she places her boot heel upon the back of one of the husks at her feet. Posing victoriously like that, she makes her point by humiliating the dead adventurer.

“But I think that your eternal punishment should be even more humiliating. Simply being a faceless drone in my army.♪”

Miriam lets out several moans as the whirling sensations inside of her become more violent and pleasure inducing. The slime wriggles within her, making even her inside become sensitive and her even more horny.

“Such a slut you are. Already moaning.” Lana said with an insulting scoff.

Entangling, rubbing, squeezing, the slime doesn’t let Miriam rest for a single second. To such an extent Lana varies the sensations upon and within her old friend that she should have been in a state of an endless orgasm by now. Yet those orgasms never come. Instead she is tormented and frustrated upon that edge. Looking down into the abyss of submission yet not falling into it.

Or rather, not allowed to fall into it despite her desperate yearning.

Lana just giggles and watches, still posing upon the corpse of the adventurer and controlling the slime with her mind.

“Feels so good doesn’t it?” Her tormentor giggles.

“Ahhhhhhh...” Miriam moans as more parts of her psyche fall apart.

“Make sure to moan and wriggle for me. I want to see a good show from my former friend. ♪” Somewhere deep within Miriam those words hurt, but she doesn’t care about that anymore. Her whole world becomes the need to cum.

Lana continues to swirl the slime in a constant stimulus. Endlessly changing the patterns of the flow, creating new whirlpools of carnal pleasure and torment. Spinning faster and faster, before slowing down to a maddening crawl.

“Ahhh... aaaaahhhhhh....!!!”

“What a pathetic moan.” Lana giggles. “Suffer more for me pet. We are not done yet.”

Helpless inside of the sticky slime, Miriam can only feebly shake as her body accepts the slime as flesh and as her mind accepts servitude as a constant. The vortex of slime goes into overdrive this time. Spinning in a way that Miriam would not even be able to describe.

The stimulation overpowers her completely. The last vestiges of her mind are broken, the last dregs of her soul snuffed out. Lana lifts her new pet up with her slime tentacles and holds her tightly right in front of her. Keeping her just below her field of vision, showing her toy exactly where her place was. Below her. Below a queen.

Pathetic.

“I think it is time to break you completely. I think I’ve had my fun.♪” With that final taunt, filled with mockery and sadism, Lana leans into Miriam’s ear. “Goodbye Miriam. And welcome to slavery.”

Lana sticks her tongue inside of Miriam’s ear which stretches and molds into a slime needle, before piercing her brain. Shutting it down forever, her very DNA is change as Lana allows her friend to fall upon the floor at her feet. Her whole body is turned into slime as she trembles with infinite pleasure which can only be found by becoming a slave of the Slime Queen.

“And you didn’t even get to orgasm.” Lana chimes in wickedly. Her friend slowly turns into a puddle of slime, still not knowing how to even hold her own form.

Mercilessly, Lana steps upon the puddle and cackles evilly. The fledgling slime girl, feeling the wait of her queen’s boot heels, trembles in raw pleasure before Lana gives her one final order.

“You may return to the hive pet. I don’t need you anymore.”

Dominated utterly by Lana and caught in an eternal state of edged insanity, Miriam sinks into the floor and joins the hive. Never to have an identity of her own again nor have that final orgasmic release.

Stuck upon the edge, she lives out her days serving her queen.

Epilogue

Lana sits upon a throne of slime within the mayors house. With her legs crossed, she lounges in her throne relishing the power she now feels. In front of her, a single slime girl, the only one that is allowed to have a shape outside of the hive, kneels and tells her of her victories.

It is Frael, the one who distributed the fake mana potions and the one who keeps the men in check. Whom have all been molded into the walls of the houses and inns and temples of the town. There, they are drained endlessly, never allowed to die until every drop of energy and cum was squeezed out and used for the nefarious purposes of The Slime Queen.

Just then, as Frael leaves her chamber Lana sees a ring of fire spark into life. It's blaze lights the whole room and making even Lana cock her head in confusion and interest.

The demoness that steps out of this hellish portal is unknown to Lana, she had never seen her before, yet she knows exactly who that is. Terror, trepidation, yet most of all, love fill her body as she steps up from her throne and kneels down.

Crimson skinned and silkily dressed, the Succubus Queen Ardat Emili, stands in all of her glory in front of her newest and most powerful minion. Sharp, hellish heels adorn her lovely feet, pantyhose of the purest black and obsidian glitter upon her perfect legs, a dress of silk and night she wears across her torso and long, opera gloves with claws as sharp as razors finish her outfit.

Finally, a horny crown she has upon her head, one that only a few of the demon kind had worn before.

“My Queen.” Lana says in awe as Ardat Emili approaches her. She feels her knees buckle, her mind race and her slime boil. It is like a true goddess stands before her. Not one of Eden and the heavens but one of sadism, hedonism and hellish delights.

Behind her she has a collared man, on all fours, crawling after his owner. One hero or the other, no one that Lana should concern herself with. He was just the latest in a line of warriors that tried to defeat her mistress.

“Ahhh.” She sighs and looks Lana over. “I see you already know your manners and your place.”

Her voice... is like pleasure itself...

Then she lifts her gaze at her throne of slime, filled with floating skulls and bones.

“But is this truly all you hope to gain my plaything? Shouldn't you aspire for more? For your queen?”

“Of course mistress.” Lana says joyfully. “This is just the beginning. I know I shall be able to conquer this whole kingdom of Iron. I shall have them at my feet and pick out the strongest and lay them at yours.”

Ardat Emili lifted Lana’s gaze with her sharp claw. Were it not for the fact that she was now made of slime, it would had drawn blood. Yet that painful, tingling sensation made Lana shiver in delight.

“Good girl.” She said, her voice echoing within each layer of Lana’s being. “You may kiss my heels. Thus I shall allow your conquest to begin.”

At once, Lana knelt and placed her lips upon the heels of Ardat Emili before the demoness raised her up to her feet. Though Lana was bellow her, Ardat Emili still saw her as a queen, albeit one not as important and all powerful as she was.

“You may drain this pathetic excuse of a hero as a token of good will.” Her queen cooed as her eyes rested upon the broken man at their feet.

“Thank you mistress. I believe this is a beginning of a wonderful relationship.♪”