

# The Collector and Super Sentai Blue Part 5

The Collector locked the gag inside of Blue's mouth, inflating it to the point of aching, just as she did every day. Next, shackles were attached to his arms and firmly held behind his back. Aside from those two accessories, Blue was completely naked. He didn't even wear a chastity device anymore, his mistress knew that he would not be touching himself unless she allowed it so.

Control over his pleasure was the first doctrine she instilled into him. The first she planted into all of her slaves. That way everything else would be connected and allowed by her. Soon afterwards, love and infatuation would come as well.

"Come this way slave.♪" She announced in her musical tones. "Today I wish to use you as my seat again."

The Collector led him by his restraints through several rooms he had already been in. But when? He could not remember. Days held no meaning to him anymore. Now he counted how many times he saw his mistress.

In the chamber with the rubber vacuum beds, he was in 3 visits ago. In the one with the whips, 5 visits ago. That is how his mind worked now. All of it revolved around her and only her. Considering how beautiful and dominant she was, it was no wonder.

Shiny, stiletto heels of patent leather and pantyhose just as shiny. Latex shorts that made her bottom glisten in the darkness of the dungeon, in unison with her heels and pantyhose. Upon her chest she wore a very voluptuous white, buttoned shirt and a red, royal coat with golden embroideries. Like a fetishized circus owner.

In complete silence he crawled after her, feasting his crumbling mind upon her beauty. She turned her lovely face over her shoulder, that flowing, crimson hair swaying as she walked.

"You will like what I have in store for you, won't you slave?" She giggled. "Because you know I like to see you suffer."

He nodded frantically, desperate to show just how obedient he was. That was one of the few things he had on his mind. Obedience. His mistress allowed little else. He could be obedient and feel the ultimate pleasure at her hands, or he could fight her and end up obedient either way.

The Collector always got what she wanted.

Finally they arrived and entered a chamber with large shackles upon the walls. The rest of the room did not look much different than the others that he was in. Dark, cold and foreboding. The Collector stood in front of him and lifted his chin with her black, latex glove.

“Good boy.” She purred and Blue felt his erection rise in an instant. Butterflies flew in his stomach at her praise as well for the toys that she had upon the table next to the shackles. He was eager to see exactly what she would be doing to him today.

First, his already bound wrists were joined and raised far above his spine. Next, leather cords were flipped over his chest and then tied to the shackles that hung from the ceiling, along with his outstretched arms. By now, his breathing was quickening, both from excitement and from fear, as more leathery rope was attached to his ankles before being connected to the hanging rings. With a tight pull of the rope, Blue was holstered into the air, hanging a meter or so from the floor.

This all felt rather familiar to him, as if she had done something rather similar before. But, again, his mind could not really conclude anything besides obedience. And, even if she had, he could only bask in the pleasure of her torture.

Again, she cupped his chin, nuzzling it with her cool, latex covered hand. She looked radiant, Blue concluded as The Collector lifted his gaze to meet hers. Dark glee shone on her smiling lip and hungry eyes, like a predator finally getting to play with her prey.

Without saying anything, only blessing him with a sadistic grin, she pulled on the rope even more as it pulled on his joints and lifted him further into the air. By now, he was level with her beautiful face.

Breathing was becoming a chore and a privilege, especially considering that he only breathed in her intoxicating perfume. Yet, no matter how much pain he felt from the ropes that dug into her limbs and joints, venomous pleasure pulsed throughout his body as well. The Collector patted his gagged mouth and smiled at him, her human garrote.

Unlike the first time she used him as a chair, the pain seemed like nothing, compared to the oblivion of pleasure that he felt.

*Wait... had she used me as a chair? Why do I have it in my head that she did?*

Reality was becoming a blur to him. Such were her machinations and pleasurable tortures that he could not even remember what has happened and what didn't. All of his thoughts, always ended up upon her and her perfection. Nothing else mattered.

“Now you do look like a rather lovely seat, don't you think?♪” Blue's eyes widened in horror and anticipation as his mistress announced in her teasing tone. “How about I test you out?”

Between the murmur of her nylon, shiny pantyhose and her glistening, latex shorts, The Collector sat herself upon his naked torso. Already, Blue just wanted to reach out and touch her and not only her but her pantyhose and latex as well. Her lovely hips teasing his eyes, her nylon encased legs, now crossed, hypnotizing his mind further into depravity. That is all he yearned for now, to be lost, drowned in complete obedience beneath his mistress.

Yet all he could do was lay there, hung in the air by this fetishized goddess and lull in her beauty.

“This time, chair, I think I will coat you in wax as well.♪” She announced smugly and his skin burned for the hot torture that she had in store for him. In the haze of wanton lust, The Collector hovered a dark candle over his naked chest, moments before the wax started pouring upon his skin. With sinister gaiety shining on her angelic face, she watched as the first drops fell from the candle.

Shockwaves of heated delight washed over his mind as drop after drop fell upon his chiseled chest. Well, not as chiseled as before, The Collector saw to it that he lost as much muscle as he could. His subdued howls of pleasure instantly made his mistress laugh in glee, while Blue buckled and twisted beneath her. He knew that his gurgling purls only served to make her happier but, what was greater in his life than making his mistress happy?

His suffering was elevated further as The Collector turned and started pouring the wax of the candle upon his crotch and inner thighs. Tilting the candle gradually, she only let small droplets fall upon his rigid member, finding yet another way to tease his erection.

“I do hope this is not too much for you, pet. While your training is coming at a lovely pace, I do not wish to break you... yet.♪” She cooed with dark sadism. The sadistic mistress savored the angst in his eyes, mixed together with longing and worship. However, there was no reprieve and no mercy. This was all part of his training. Training before he was carted off to another mistress, sold like property that he was slowly becoming. No matter how much he begged and pleaded, The Collector would simply lead him, leashed, to the fate that awaited all of her slaves.

His mistress steered the now, continuous, flow of the wax over his member, sealing it off almost completely in wax. Blue tried to wail, to beg for an orgasm, to scream that he could not take it anymore, but only gurgles escaped his gagged mouth. Heedless of his begging and whimpering, The Collector continued toying with his flesh.

After an eternity of drowning in wax, there was a pause between the drops until they stopped altogether. Before he could whimper his thanks he felt the rubbery material of her gloved hand touch his cock before she wrapped her fingers around it gently. The mere sensation of such attention from his mistress would have made him orgasm, but the hardened wax at the tip of his cock stopped any such notion.

Blue whimpered for mercy, each word stopping short because of the gag. Now, trapped in ultimate denial, all he could do was wait and endure as his mind broke apart.

“Seems you like my torture slave.♪” She cooed as Blue’s tear filled gaze fell upon every inch of his mistress. He only gave a weak nod as his body continued to tremble. The gentle touch of his mistress haywired his mind with the sadistic contradiction between her stroking of his cock and the horrific bondage she held him in. So gentle and arousing was her touch that, what little of the pain she felt, melted into an alluring source of arousal.

Finally having him relax completely, she removed her hand from his eager cock and hovered the candle above it yet again. Just before the wax coated the rest of his dick in a warm, enticing trap, he tried whimpering for mercy again, but the words were lost behind the monstrous gag that filled his mouth.

*How could she be so heartless? How could she train me like this, making me love such terrible torture? Is there no humanity left in her?*

“There will be no mercy slave.” She said as if reading his mind. “You will be broken utterly, reformed into a horny husk and used as your buyer and I see fit.♪”

Yet her words were so causal, cool and dominant that he felt as if it was all completely normal. To be bound like this, used and molded into a depraved wretch.

“But that will be all for today.” She said with a satisfied smile. The Collector uncrossed her legs and stood up from her chair in a hypnotic flash of nylon and rubber. The click of her heels echoed around him as she untied his legs first, letting him hang for a bit. She took a chair from the corner and dragged it behind him.

For a moment he actually thought that his mistress would allow him a moments rest. But no. How foolish he was to think such a thing. He should have known by now that even when he was allowed an orgasm, which wasn't often, it would be under her cruel conditions.

She untied his arms as well before letting him fall upon the hard ground. The Collector stepped over his weakened body and sat herself upon the chair, before ordering “Kneel between my legs, pet.”

He swayed from side to side as he crawled to her and knelt right at the spot where her finger was point. Looking up at her, Blue's infatuation with The Collector became a doctrine of submission and servitude. With a smile of pure satisfaction she crossed her legs with his head trapped in between her thighs in a prison of silky nylon and mind bending bliss.

His mind raced as it tried to comprehend the waves of molten pleasure that he was stuck in. Even his wax coated cock bulged with eagerness for release. Yet none came. All of that pent up denial and frustration was slowly coming to a boiling point inside of his mind and, when she placed the tip of her stiletto heel upon his cock, he felt something deep inside of him crack.

Blue opened his mouth in a wordless, silent scream as drool dripped from the edges of his lips and upon her dark nylon.

“I see you have begun to break. Good.♪” She said with a villainous smile. “It won't take long before I have you shipped off.”

A docile nod is all he was capable of. Edged, denied and thoroughly dominated, there was little else he could do. Still, not even in his state of breaking apart could he even dream of what else she had in store for him.

