

The Latex Cyborg

I

I will always remember the first day of my training. We were ready for the physical abuse, we heard of it, we were ready for the mental toll it would take, we were prepare to pay the price. Considering how formidable our enemy was, it was no wonder they put us through everything they did. But no pushups were done of the first day, no weapons training, no endless runs up the surrounding mountains.

No.

It was a constant repeat of a single sentence.

"AGAIN!" The sergeant drilled.

"DO NOT GET CAPTURED!" We all replied in a single unified yell.

"AGAIN!"

"DO NOT GET CAPTURED!"

That was it. Just yelling that phrase for twelve hours straight. Those simple four words were hammered into our minds quickly and thoroughly. They would even wake us up at night, and all of the new recruits would have to jump straight up from their beds and yell in unison.

"DO NOT GET CAPTURED!"

Each of us got a pill at the end of our training as well.

Why?

Well, because we were *not supposed to get captured*. One bite upon it was all it took for us to end ourselves *before* we got captured. All of us were so irritated by the constant reminders that we were better off dead than *captured* that most of us had stopped even thinking about it.

We just accepted it. We were ready to die.

It wasn't until our first battle that I understood that accepting... and doing... were two completely different things.

II

All I remember was a slew of women, clad in skin tight latex catsuits, swarming our camp. The rest of my crew bit the pill as soon as they were overwhelmed. But I could not.

Pussy.

I thought to myself as I came too. Another lesson that was drilled into our minds was the experiments they would do to us, were we to get captured. My heart froze and my spine chilled at the memory.

The enemy didn't keep it a secret. They wanted us to know exactly what happened and, according to some, they wanted us to yearn for it. We even saw a few videos of women of incredible beauty, taking out our captured brothers. But not simply killing them. Oh no.

A bullet to the head wasn't an experiment you see.

They practiced their killing techniques upon our captured brothers. Most of them consisted of choking out an enemy with their feet. A stunning woman, dressed completely in shiny latex, sometimes in pantyhose, leather or spandex... few men would and could resist such a woman.

That is what awaited those that were captured. People like me.

Thus they made sport of our deaths. A kinky, fetishist sport that, and I knew that for a fact, some of our comrades yearned for. Sometimes even I did, not that I accepted to admit that. Even to myself.

Another chill ran down my spine as I blinked and adjusted my eyesight to the chamber I was in. It was a simple padded room. One of those you saw in the documentaries about old asylums, only, in person... it looked much more intimidating. Maybe even foreboding.

I tried to struggle against my restraints and the fact that I was naked only made me feel more helpless and exposed. I was a well built guy, passed most of my training without a fault, but even I could not make the iron cuffs and chains budge. It was clear I was not getting out of them without help, despite my furious rattling.

Then, I noticed a figure sitting in front of me. In the dark light of the cell I could not quite make her out, but it was definitely a *her*. Behind her was a mirror, or rather something that looked like a mirror. But I knew it was a two way glass and... someone was behind it.

The experiment begins I guess.

"Ah, test subject K5315, finally awake." A strict, business like voice booms across the speaker. She sounded like one of those bureaucrats that was only interested in selling her goods to the winning side. We all knew our side wasn't the one that was winning.

"Not that I had a choice." I blurted. "Any chance of letting me out."

An ironic laugh was heard through the speaker followed by the click of heels.

"Not a chance boy." A stern, female voice said. "You are here to inspect our newest soldier."

"Figured as much." I said flatly.

As I finished my sentence, more lights turned on and, finally, I could see the woman in front of me. Or rather... I could see the girl that was sitting in front of me. She had no more than twenty summers behind her.

Her eyes were closed, which I found rather stranger and sinister.

She was... simply put, stunning. A young, thin face with soft, black painted lips and dark hair tied into a ponytail. Her latex catsuit is the same color as her lipstick and just as shiny, while her arms were...

"What the fuck?" I said despite myself.

"You like our newest cyborg?" The business woman asked, clearly pleased. I blinked again, trying to understand why a warrior would have her upper body tied in a latex straight jacket. Her arms were completely useless and it was clear she could only fight with her legs.

Which I followed all the way up and down several times. The latex only enhanced her curvy, lithe legs, accenting her calves and thighs. Her... well... rather cute feet were bare, free of the latex. But still looked like an appetizer for a foot fetishist. It didn't help that her toes had toe rings upon them. Those only made her look more exotic.

If it weren't for the fact that I was in a padded cell, ready to be experimented on, I would have thought the girl a true beauty, one whom you would like to care for and protect against the cruelty of the world.

But that fantasy was just that... a fantasy. And this girl was probably deadlier than most of my commanders.

"Now, Matt, we have a secret society in our part of the globe. We call ourselves The Designers. As you might guess we design, not only sexy little cyborgs such as her, but also the machinations of the world. And, frankly, it is time that your male led world comes crashing down beneath us. It will all start with warriors such as her. They use deadly force by only using their feet from an

early age. So you should not be a problem for her." The business woman said again. "Good luck my little guinea pig and say "Hi" to Natalya."

She laughed playfully and then a strange, ear piercing siren blasted through the speakers. It didn't last long but I felt my heart beat quicken for those few seconds that it lasted.

Natalya opened her eyes as soon as the siren had finished screaming my ears off. Her irises shone an eerie red for a few brief moments and then returned to her human color and shine. She got up in a rather robot like manner... but then just as soon as she was straight on her feet, her human movement returned and she posed provocatively.

"Oh, I wasn't able to have fun in a loooooong, long time." She purred evilly. "I wonder, how long it will take you to submit fully to me. Before you beg me to kill you."

My cuffs broke free as she taunted me and I raised my hands.

"Then give it your best shot love, I will not be a pushover like most of my friends."

III

"You know, I won't blame you if you simply fall upon your knees and beg to worship my feet." She giggled, her words of purest silk and dominance. "Most men do. I would give you a pleasurable end, trapped between my thighs, smelling my sweet perfume and enjoying the feeling of my latex upon your face."

My heart beat quicker at her enticing words, but I wasn't trained only for combat. We knew what these women were capable of. I saw it first hand when they ambushed us.

"Darling, I think you should stop prancing around our fight and just get to it. From where I am standing, you seem to be all talk." I said with a hint of a smile, taunting her. She cocked her eyebrow eagerly and, with speed I had never seen, cart wheeled towards me.

The shine of her latex was hypnotic as she flew through the air and rammed her foot upon the top of my head, slamming me into the ground with amazing force. She let her soft foot rest upon my head as she landed gracefully and posed over me, her other foot not an inch from my face.

Natalya smelled like roses, I noticed.

"You boys can never get enough of me." She purred. "Sooooo many of you have told me how terrified you are of me, how scared I make all of you and yet... you are all so drawn to me. So eager to please me. So easy to kill. No wonder you are losing the war. Maybe that is all that you want? To lose, submit and be used as slaves."

Only then, when I tried to get up, infuriated by her taunting, did I noticed that I... simply could not. A paralyzing warmth was pulsating down my spine and skin and it all started from the place upon my cheek, where she rested her kissable foot.

"Poison?" She chuckled. "Right? That is what you are thinking? False, my little toy. It is the simple fact that you are a male. Easy to toy with and manipulate. Most give up after I place my soft, sexy foot upon their cheek like this. They surrender to the warmth of submission and surrender and, well after that they can't really fight can they? I they get a choice, a broken neck, smothered to death by my feet-"

"Fuck you!" I seethed. "Just because I fell for one attack doesn't mean that you are winning. Or that you will win."

With a girlish giggle, Natalya removed her foot from my cheek and posed a few meters from me. She looked hungry and certain. Certain of her victory and hungry for my submission.

"Then come at get me fiddo." She said with a tempting glint in her eye. Letting my rage get the better of me, I quickly jumped to my feet. I started with a direct kick at her stomach, but she, with a single step, moved out of the way.

A right hook to her chin only brought the same result. Another and another and, yet another. All ended with her casually stepping out of the way of my attack. Before I could try and land another she rammed her knee into my stomach and I fell upon all fours in front of her. The latex cyborg placed her foot upon my back. Surprisingly I let out a sigh as I felt her warm, silky skin.

"You are just as easy as the others." She taunted. "Once your cock gets hard it is easy to break you down. So try and resist a bit longer... if you can."

With a sultry, teasing twirl, she sat herself upon my shoulders and trapped my neck and head into a scissor hold. With a rush I felt my senses flare and burn at the faintest touch of her muscled thighs and cool latex.

She was right, her latex clad thighs did feel wonderful on my naked skin.

So wonderful in fact that it took me several moments before I realized I could not breathe. When Natalya noticed me gasping for air she giggled coquettishly and relaxed into my back. The full weight of her luscious body and the pure strength of her thighs had me completely dominated, both mentally and physically.

But before I could fall upon the floor, drained for air and strength, I felt her legs straighten me up.

"No falling down toy. You said you would resist me so you cannot lay down and take a rest, not until I have you admit that you are weaker than me... then I might let you kiss my feet. I saw you glancing at them. The toys that had the chance to kiss them mostly lost their minds afterwards. So I know they are to die for."

And she was right, even though I was gasping for air, snugly held by her perfect latex clad legs, I still did not faint. She was allowing me just enough air for me to stay awake. The difference in our strength was clear and she knew it just as I did, but I could not simply surrender... could I?

My ego and training were not letting me say that she was indeed stronger, that I was indeed wrong when I thought I could fight her. Because... well.. what would that bring me? She will probably kill me and they would get the proof they needed that their cyborg was in fact deadlier than most of our soldiers... and with only her legs mind you.

A humiliating death...

I finally understood.

That is what awaited me.

I still could not accept that, not yet, not now. The slivers of hope that I had were too strong for me to simply give up.

As if she were reading my mind, Natalya twisted and laid upon the ground on her back with my head still between her thighs. With the both of us now laying flat upon the padded floor, she grinned sadistically at me, right before she bent her legs at her knees, cutting off my airflow completely.

"I like the way you look when you are trapped between my thighs." She purred pleurably and tapped my nose to add insult to injury.

My ears started ringing as my oxygen depleted with every jitter and stir of my body. Then, just as I was about to fall into a deep sleep, she would release me for but a few seconds. That is when she would cut my airflow again. And while her sadistic game lasted there was a single thought that popped into my mind.

God that latex felt good.

I could not comprehend just how submissive and docile it made me. I barely saw her grinning face through my blurred vision but even that was enough for me to melt into a defeated state. She had me completely beat and now, Natalya was simply enjoying some playtime with her food. Sweat started pouring over my forehead the more I fought and the less room she gave me. I felt my palms and feet go numb, but the absence of feeling came a rush of ecstasy that I never felt before.

Suddenly, Natalya released me and, with the nimble movement of a gymnast, sat upon my back. With a quick whip of her neck she snapped her ponytail over my wind pipe, again cutting most of my air off. As she pulled me back with her ponytail and her feet trapped my face. With one foot on each of my cheeks, she held me in place while her ponytail strangled me.

"The only air you will ever breathe again, will be the air I allow you. If I allow any of it." She teased. "Most of will be my rosy perfume though. It is more than a toy such as you deserves."

I heard her giggle again while she enjoyed my labored breathing and pathetic attempts at stopping her. My fingers slid over her latex clad legs, in futile attempts at fighting her, but I could just not get a good grip on her. And the more I tried the more I relished the feeling of the cool material upon my fingers. It was relaxing, soothing, amidst her torture. Much to my horror, I was becoming harder and harder. Oh, how I wish she would just place her foot upon my cock or between her thighs. How I wished to feel the material upon my member as I desperately came my brains out.

"I can see your cock trembling toy. Do you want to cum? Are you already eager to get lobotomized by pleasure?" Natalya purred.

But then, just as I thought that she was done with her playtime, she moved again.

Her ponytail was still wrapped around my neck, suffocating me, but now she was sitting in front of me. I didn't even notice that she moved, that is how silent and swift she was. Natalya's right foot filled my mouth, much to my happiness, and I felt her toes and rings slide against my tongue and mouth. I sucked on her foot with feverish hunger, like one would a dildo. Even her feet tasted sublime, making my tongue and jaw go numb after only a few luscious sucks upon her foot and toes.

The cyborg's casual superiority did not end there. Her left foot, she placed upon my head and pressed down. Natalya's right foot was now almost completely inside of my mouth. I felt it even coming down my throat. But that only increased the fervor of my hungry sucking.

"Talk about a foot job." She whispered into my ear and then gave it a playful lick. I gurgled for air... but for more of her foot as well. It was like a drug. Whenever she wiggled her toes I felt my precum mount and whenever I felt my tongue slide over the softness of her foot I felt myself edge. But somehow, without even touching my cock, she held me there. Right on the edge.

"Do you think it is about time our little game ended?" She asked as disappointment and fear came running.

I didn't want our game to end as that meant my death but... it also meant that I would not be licking her feet anymore. And that submissive feeling I had since she overpowered me has become an integral part of me that I just could not let go. As if it was molding itself into my DNA.

She let go of my face and untangled her ponytail. Natalya stood up and pinned her foot beneath my chest, then rolled me over to my back. The cyborg, taking her sweet time, sat herself upon my chest and ordered.

"Bend your knees, I want you to be my chair." She said, her oppressive dominance making me obey in an instant.

After I bent my knees behind her, she leaned into them and placed one foot upon my face and crossed her legs. It took all of my mental strength to not just jump at her foot and continue worshipping it. Sucking on it.

More... I need more of her toes and feet!

"Good boy." She giggled. "I say this counts as a complete and utter victory for me don't you agree."

Petrified, I groaned, trying to find the words that would bring some of my dignity back. Yet, there were no words, just her sheer dominance and victory... which I loved from the bottom of my heart.

But before I could even try and answer that same siren whinnied at my brain.

"I don't know if Natalya is much stronger than we had originally thought or we captured a simpleton." The female soldier voice said matter of factly.

"Now, now, calm yourself admiral. He can still be useful." The business woman's voice taunted as she tuned in. I was glad, in a way, that my degrading wasn't yet done... but that fear still lingered of what she would do to me next.

"Natalya darling why don't you use your micro-knife on him so that we can see how he deals with it." Natalya grinned from ear to ear as my heart gained speed. The cruelty in her eye knew no end as she uncrossed her legs and got up from me, moving back to her starting position. I don't know where I found the strength to get up.

"Hey! Wait! Why is this necessary? What is the point she won?! Why don't you just let me go!" I yelled at the two way mirror, maybe not even wanting to be let go as tingles of anticipation made my heart flutter.

They didn't answer and the siren blew it's dementing scream again.

It had barely gone silent, before the relentless cyborg began her attacks again. This time she didn't go for her smothering attacks, instead she pressed me with a flurry of kicks. But, for some reason, I noticed, they kept missing. I knew I wasn't dodging them, not all of them at the least, which only served to confuse me more.

Still, her flashing kicks only meant that I could admire her curves more. Fantasize about licking her foot again and of Natalya having her way with me.

"I know what you want toy." She purred. "And you will get your wishes taken care of. Only not in the way you are hoping."

Just then, searing pain is set aflame upon my skin as I notices dozes of cuts upon my arms and legs.

The toe ring!

"Finally get it?" Natalya laughed. "Too little, too late."

The sudden realization of what she has done to me and the fear of more cuts, gave me my second wind. This time, I was on the attack. My offence came suddenly and without mercy, just as she had done to me before.

In a span of few second I sent several hooks and straights at her, ending with a knee to the chest. With each punch and kick I felt the searing pain of her cuts, but I refused to let them slow me down. All the more I felt my heart sink... as...

None connected.

After she dodged my knee attack, she jumped and placed her feet upon my hands, and rammed me into the ground in such a way that I could not even describe what exactly she did.

Much to my surprise, she let me go not a moment later. Posing in her usual provocative manner. Not sure what exactly had just happened, I began standing up... only to feel that I could not move my hands.

They were tied, tightly, by a string. I blinked in astonishment as I, in vain, desperately bit and pulled at the string. To no avail.

"Do you like bondage, toy?" She teased. I dared not answer. I didn't like bondage, in fact... but with her? "I like that uncertain look. Time for you to find out then."

Then she pounced again.

Like a spider, I could feel her adding more of her steel strong string all over my body as more of my limbs became encased in the material.

First, my arms were tied painfully tightly together. I don't even know how she managed to do it, all the while not even using her arms. All I knew was that she was sitting with her legs wrapped around my head, as I caught a few touches of her latex, then my arms were bound completely.

Second, she stood up upon my shoulders and started kicking my face as I looked up at her, with the bottom of her feet. Once she had stomped me enough and I lay upon the ground she twirled and stood upon my chest. There she continued to twirl for a good few seconds before finally stopping and stomping my head into the floor. She posed like that for a moment as I looked up lovingly at her. Meeting her eyes, she smiled.

"One of my toe rings cuts you up nicely." She explained "And the other ties you up for me to play with even more. Not that I needed you tied up, but well my bosses like it when I use my toys. Do you think they are sadists, as I am, or just know their business? Well... whatever gets them off right?"

I, somehow, lowered my gaze from her perfect figure and looked at my chest. It was bound to the point of mummification, with even my arms crossed over my torso. She just stood there, gracefully, looking down upon her bound prey, savoring the panicked thrashings that were the only thing I could not.

But the sweet feeling of being bound, of surrendering and her weight upon my chest... of her foot on my forehead. I loved it. I loved every second of it.

"I can see that you are falling for me big boy. Time to finish tying you up then." She giggled.

I hungrily looked at her, my cock standing like a pole, as she, to my naked eye, casually walked all over me. But the more she walked the more string I had tying me down. I felt my legs tighten and become helpless just like the rest of me.

She didn't tie my cock up though. It just hung there in the air, throbbing for her touch. With me being utterly bound upon the floor, she stood over me, one leg on each side of me. A look of pure adoration crossing my face.

"So, am I better than you? Answer but do not kiss." Natalya asked teasingly as she enticingly placed her foot right above my lip. I could not wait to answer. With a burning desire to prove my devotion to her and my adoration to her body I began raining praises upon her.

"Yes! Yes you are in every single way! Your agility is second to none, your strength only matched by your beauty and your casual dominance burns like the sun! It is also as addicting as the strongest drug I... I simply cannot imagine my life without it... without... you."

She giggled in such a way that I instantly knew that she had heard all of this a thousand times before. That I said absolutely nothing new.

"And do you know what is the best part?" Natalya asked. "I did all of this not because they wanted me to... but because you wanted me to. Kiss my foot."

Again the siren rang and Natalya, somewhat disappointed, rolled her eyes. Me? My heart was broken. I was just about to kiss her foot when she moved it away. Denied, I jerked in my bonds.

"Excellent work Natalya. The results of your test are a complete success. You may rest for the night, we will have another victim for you tomorrow.

"Well... I guess I don't even get to finish you off. Don't worry, with your masochistic desires awakened, I am sure they will find a suitable, pleasurable end for you Matt. As you die, I want you to remember that you have no one to blame but... well... me." With a wink, she stepped over me and with the grace of a cat, walked over to her chair.

With every step of the way I watched her latex clad ass sway. Drool ran down my mouth as disappointment boiled inside of my chest. Natalya sat herself upon the chair, gave me one final hungry look... and then closed her eyes.

I tried struggling again, but her bonds were impeccable. Not an inch, that is how much I was able to move. My cock was still hard though, despite the fact that I was not to be played with. It was frustrating... surrendering so much, giving up myself as a person... only to be denied even this.

"I told you Natalya was the best candidate for the experiment. The girls I work with are top of the line admiral." The business woman said.

"A soldier like that needs a short leash. She could be as dangerous to us as she is to others."

"So?" The business woman laughed. "All assassin breeds are like that. Their appetite grows with their fetishes."

"In that case I- fuck! We forgot to turn off the intercom." With a snuffing sound, their voices were cut off. The lights dimmed and now my padded cell was almost completely dark.

"HEY! WHAT ABOUT ME!?" I yelled at the glass. "HELLO?!"

But then a soft, eerie chuckle echoes across the room. I look at the source and see Natalya, her eyes glowing red for the briefest moment again. She stands up and stretches her legs and neck. With a simple stretch of her arms, the straight jacked bursts from her and she stands completely free. Much to my horror, she is even more beautiful like this, even more dominant.

"Now. Time to resume our game." She says.

"But... how.. they... you..."

"Did you honestly think they have any control over me?" She laughs haughtily. "I am just playing the part."

IV

Her beauty truly was beyond compare. Every line of her muscles is toned to perfection, every part of her physique is that of a goddess from old stories. She is... perfection made flesh. I dared not even speak as she walked up to my bound form. With one leg she steps on me, a lavish grin on her lips, and pressed me down upon the hard floor.

"Glad to see me?" She teases.

I still dare not speak, so I just nodded eagerly like a dog.

"Good boy." After a final stomp upon my chest, which I enjoy to the very core of my soul, she finally steps over me. With one swift motion she rips her latex catsuit off, with a single jolt by her arms. Her naked form, now standing over me, poses and she lets me feast my eyes upon her.

"Ready for another surprise my pet?" She says seductively.

"I...I don't..." She shushes me as she gently places her toes upon the tips of my lips.

"I don't need your answer toy." She says coyly. "I know you will love your newest present."

Looking up at her lovingly, I try and take everything in. If she would let me I would have licked every single part of her silky skin in a heartbeat.

As I drool over her, she lifts her head up and lowers her thumb and index finger inside of her mouth. A strange rubbery sound echoes around the padded room as she yanks something out of her mouth.

It was a red ball gag. I cannot even start to comprehend how she had it hidden in there.

"Do you like it?" She says with a perked eyebrow. "I don't need you talking anymore. Until I break your mind and soul I want you to be completely silent toy and then, just before I kill you, I will let you submit to me earnestly... and kiss my feet."

I simply stared at her, terrified, mortified, but horny as hell. She was a death machine, a tool for killing people, yet she was also the sexiest person I had ever met. And I, longingly, wished to surrender to her completely. Without me actually noticing, she had me completely docile and subservient.

With movement of pure confidence, she placed the gag inside of my mouth and I eagerly swallowed it. With a slight, gentle push from her index finger, the red ball was in place. Natalya

towers proudly above me as the gag expands once it has contact with the saliva in my mouth. It forces my mouth shut and now I can only whimper beneath her dominance and glory.

Even though the gag has almost broken my jaw, that feeling of pain turns into sweet, sweet pleasure in a single moment. My pitiful whimpers are the only sound in the dimly lit chamber, but those are whimpers of raw adoration.

Finally, my goddess sits upon me and brings her face to mine. She turns my face to the side and then unleashes her tongue upon my ear. For a moment I full heartedly melt into it, enjoying every suckle and lick that Natalya bestows upon me. But then I notice something strange.

As she lets the tip of her tongue slither into my ear it... keeps going. With snake like length Natalya's tongue penetrates my ear and freely slithers inside of my skull. The sudden pain is, just as before, quickly replaced by an oblivion of heavenly pleasure.

It is as if every nerve of my body had been turned into an erogenous zone by her tongue. After every slither a part of me is deformed, changed and molded into something that she desires. And all of it ends in subservient, oppressive, muzzled pleasure.

With her reins upon my mind complete, she lets her tongue glide its way back into her mouth. I miss it the moment it leaves my skull of course, yearning for another lobotomy. She grabs my chin and turns me so that I look into her beautiful, sadistic eyes. Her lashes flutter as she grins victoriously.

"You are nothing." Natalya says with simple superiority. "Nothing but a wretched, lust filled husk. Now, let me enjoy you one final time before I end you."

I cannot say anything. My brain functions had stopped and I was nothing but a brainless toy for her to play with. But that is how I wanted it. My raging erection never wavered and the only pain that I felt was that of not having an orgasm.

Natalya turns over and sits upon my face. My broken mind comprehends enough that I feel even more masochistic bliss and my cock twitches.

"I won't be playing with it. I know, it hurts toy, but I like my victims edged and denied. Considering that you are just another victim, one that I will forget by the time your corpse is thrown out, why would I make an exception." With a sadistic chuckle she blows her hot breath over it before stretching all the way to my feet.

She shoves both of her feet inside of my mouth before lowering herself again. Locked in a fetishists dream I humbly suckle her toes.

"Good boy. Enjoy them, that is the most you will get from me. A mind fucked toy with a foot fetish. That is what I turned you into. Though I am sure if I continued playing with you, we

would discover even more fetishes that I have set aflame. Alas, the night is ending, and I need you dead by dawn." With a final giggle she opens her mouth... and starts licking at my feet.

My breath wavers and wanes as we slurp at each other's feet. I have no idea why but her tongue makes me even hornier with every lick. It is like an aphrodisiac is spreading from my feet upwards. And, from my mouth, a desperate yearning to give her my life whilst I cum my brains out bangs upon the remnants of my sanity.

Just as I adjust to the soul numbing pleasure, she removes one of her feet from my mouth and places it over my nose. With a swift pinch with her toes she shuts it tight, letting even less air into my lungs.

Thank you... thank you...

I wasn't able to speak, even if she let me to, but those were the only thoughts that were left in my shattered brain. Happily I suckled her toes that remained in my mouth as she settled herself again over my face. My whole body felt numb, my mind was gone and I was being licked from head to toe by a goddess of dominance.

She was now up to my knees with her licks, whilst what remained of her saliva slowly hardened upon my webbed feet. Not only was I bound completely but now her mucus was hardening to a concrete state. The more she licked the less I felt myself. Not only physically but mentally as well. The small remains of my psyche were dipped into her saliva as she approached my cock with her tongue.

It hardened, just like my body did, solidifying my subservience to her in a cold, mental prison. Of course, I didn't object. With even my air being a gift from my goddess, I could hardly contain my arousal and happiness at the situation. What little I could comprehend of it. All I knew was that I was happy, obedient and horny.

But, much to my agony and frustration, Natalya did not give a single lick to my cock. Her saliva was dripping wet from my waist and my upper thighs, and soon upon my lower torso, but my cock was left dry. Tears ran down my eyes from the pent up need for a single touch, and my member was twitching like a pole, no doubt seen by Natalya, but she paid it no mind.

"As I said, toy, your cock is not getting any attention. You can wriggle it as much as you want, you will die and not get a single touch for me. That is what I want to happen to you, and of course you have no choice but to accept."

Her sadistic ideas plowed my heart into pieces. But there was, again, a single thought that was running through my mind.

Thank you... thank you...

Slowly, but surely, her tongue was up to my neck as the rest of my body was now a cocoon of wires and hardened saliva. I felt as if I was being entombed in a prison that only she could make. My reflexes still tried tugging at my bondage but, much to the joy of my broken mind, I could not move an inch.

Finally satisfied, Natalya got up from her seat that was my face, and stared down joyfully. She was clearly pleased with what she had reduced me to and I could not be happier for it.

"How does your cocoon feel? Did you enjoy my tongue upon your body?" She said and licked her lips.

I didn't have the mental capacity to even understand the question. So I just stared up at her lovingly, enjoying every curve of her perfect, muscled figure. Pain, shame and frustration are still cocooned in my mind as well, tightly bound as the last dregs of my former mind. That is all that is left.

"I see vestiges of yourself are still somewhere in there. I guess I didn't lobotomize you quite as well as I thought." She giggles. "Suppose I *did* learn something today, hm? Well..."

She trails off and sultrily walks around my cocoon. Natalya is eying me one last time before putting me out of my misery.

And I... didn't even get to cum... but if that is what my goddess wishes...

"How should I end your life? Hm? Any ideas?" She teases and mocks a pout as if she were thinking. "Simply suffocate you with my toes? Smother you with my ass? Cocoon even your face?"

Natalya mused and stood right above me.

"But before I do that I first need to finish your lobotomizing. I want you empty and broken when you fade away." Then with childish glee and a slick move of her ravenous foot she flicks my cock.

As the last vestiges of my mind shatter under her perfection I finally realize the final lesson she was teaching me. In front of a girl such as her, you simply cannot help but become weak and docile. Her aura alone is enough for you to admit that she is better than you. And she is. Natalya has bested me in every single way and there is not a single person in this world that I would have shattered my mind other than her.

As my eyes go completely blank a single drop of precum drips down my cock.

"I guess I did touch you in the end. But you didn't cum. Too bad, so sad." She laughs cheerfully as she gazes at her latest victory. "Well now that you are at your lowest, a shell of a human, who only lives as my lobotomized puppet, I can finally kill you."

Playfully she walks over next to my face, standing proudly and confidently. She lifts her right foot and with purest grace, places her toes upon my nose. I don't even notice what has happened, with my mind completely wiped, the last movement that I am allowed by her is that of my eager cock.

Natalya pinches my nose with her toes and gives me one final order.

"Now, my broken toy, why don't you stop breathing through your mouth. I want one final show of your obedience." Staring up at her mesmerizing calves and thighs and a face of purest beauty, I don't comprehend what she has ordered, but I obey none the less.

"Good boy." My cock twitches. As my oxygen starts running out, a sense of peace and acceptance spreads across the whole of my body. Peace, knowing that I was bested in every way and acceptance of my inferiority in front of her. It all culminated in a lovely masochistic adoration towards my tormentor and goddess. My headsman.

As my vision fades and my cock gives its final twitches, my eyes are transfixed by hers. They are the last thing I see as masochistic oblivion swallows me.

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Natalya purrs as she sees his empty eyes lose even the last shreds of light that they had. Satisfied with herself, she places her toes inside of his mouth and presses the gag down further into his throat.

"I never get enough of humiliating my victims, even in death." She says enticingly. "Too bad you could not last a little bit longer toy."

With a final flick of his lips by her toes, she walks away from him to her chair. Next to it another one piece latex catsuit awaits her, which she cannot wait to get on. It squeaks as she puts it on, slowly hugging the hypnotic muscles and curves of her body, the same ones that made her latex victim ever so docile.

After she is done, she walks back, with cat like grace, to him and places her foot upon his throat.

"One final proof of the purest dominance us women have of you." She says casually. After a few short moments, she removes her foot and walks back to her chair and sits down, crossing her legs.

A final smile of raw confidence reaches her lips, right before she closes her eyes. Then... silence.