

# The Collector and Super Sentai Blue

## Chapter 6

“Is my slave hungry?♪” Crooned The Collector.

Blue’s stare shot upwards, pleadingly, as he nodded. The idea of food was appealing, but the fact that his mistress was actually paying attention to him was far more appetizing. She smirked devilishly and presented her heel instead.

He looked at it, adoringly, gulping with hopes that he would in fact be allowed to lick it. The heel was of purest, obsidian black color, matching perfectly with her glittery pantyhose of the same color. Blue took her in further, his mouth going dry at the mere sight of his owner. Latex shorts enveloped her waist and perky ass while upon her torso she wore a tight, white blouse and a leather jacket of royal red.

Of course, it matched her crimson hair and shiny lips which smirked endlessly down at him.

Without another word he debased himself at her feet and began licking the heel. He slithered his tongue across the cool material, fixated upon every inch of the latex. The arousal he felt from this humiliating act was not foreign to him, after all he had been doing such things for weeks now. Or what felt like weeks.

No matter how long though, his previous life seemed a distant memory, one that only brought pain to him. Well, the pain of the kind he did not like. Any pain that his mistress brought down upon him was welcomed with open arms.

“That’s enough slave.” She said with a coquettish giggle. With that hypnotic heel, she pushed the bowl of dog food in front of him. Blue shuffled forward, his bondage rattling as he did, before feasting upon the food that was given to him. “Good doggy.♪”

His mistress commented lightly as she continued to tower over him. The oppressive atmosphere that she had was also something that brought him great pleasure. He could feel his cock twitching between his legs at her presence as he continued to devour the last dregs of the food in his bowl.

Satisfied with what her slave had eaten, she moved behind him and attached his arms and legs to thick leather strips which had ropes attached to each of them individually. The tightening of the ropes spread his limbs to almost a painful breaking point. That sensation though, of torture in his ligaments was presented as a sigh of pleasure to his mistress.

Her outfit creaked as she worked her machinations behind and in front of him. Blue watched with a lustful stare at his mistress, eager to see what she would do to him next. His predicament only

made his desire even more potent. Watching her in that shiny outfit which accented every beautiful curve of hers, whilst being so helplessly dangled set his lust aflame in such a way that he began drawling and mewling.

Those pathetic sounds only escalated as his mistress began torturing him.

First, she attached heavy weights to his balls. The weight alone was enough to make his knees wobble. Yet, as he lowered himself, painfully, against the ropes a large pole shot up from the floor beneath his legs. It would have rammed itself into his ass in the most hurtful manner were it not for the fact that The Collector trained his crumbling mind to like everything she did to him.

She stood in front of her plaything, in all her shiny, sadistic glory and cupped his chin, lifting it up to meet her amused gaze.

“Are you happy with my rule slave?” She chimed. He stared lovingly at his oppressor, barely gathering the courage to speak.

“Anything you d-d-do to me mistress...” He blabbered. “I love...”

His heart had besotted to the point of obsession and infatuation at his tormentor. Satisfied with his answer, the dominatrix smiled confidently and grabbed a ball gag from a nearby table. With expertise of a veteran, she locked in the large gag, before disappearing into the darkness yet again and returning with a weighted collar to adorn her slave’s neck.

The weights made the ring around his neck as heavy as the stones which held him by the balls. His knees trembled and he began sweating in earnest now. Yet, as if reacting to his struggles, the large rod stuck in his ass vibrated, making him shiver and gasp in pleasure and surprise.

His breathing sped up into quick, rasping gasps whilst his stare was trapped by the glossy outfit of The Collector, bound in his mind by her amused stare. Her silky glove, she ran over his rock hard cock, giving it a light, teasing thrust before looking down at him, evilly.

“I’ll leave you to your suffering for a while. I have a few slaves that found new owners recently and they need to be shipped off.” She winked before turning on her heel. She strolled majestically out of his cell and shut the large iron door behind her. The only lingering proof that she was even there was the scent of addiction that she perfumed upon her body every day.

As hours dragged by and the rod in his ass continued to hum deep within him, Blue was even allowed a few orgasms. He thanked his mistress every time even though she wasn’t there. Such was the conditioning of his training.

Yet he could not hold the weights forever. His limbs betrayed him and so he would sink upon the rod further and further. And, after many hours of struggling he could hardly keep himself from falling upon it completely. He knew that, despite the fact that his mistress wished to sell him off, this was indeed a test of life and death.

If he were to fall upon the rod he would die within minutes and would be discarded by his owner. Which is also something that gave him hope as well. If he were to endure and show his affection to her long enough... maybe... just maybe she would keep him?

Such was his torment that he did not even hear the cell door open nor the click of her heels as she entered. Laughing evilly at his torture she posed with hands on hips on front him. Devouring his torment and relishing the mind crumbling sensations that must be destroying him right there and then.

“Hello sleepy head.” She chuckled. “Did you miss your mistress?”

Like a dog he panted up at her. His indoctrinated mind lusting after her sending his pleasure buds into overdrive. The Collector unshackled the torture devices that he missed as soon as they were off of him. Then, like a predator circling her prey she began walking. For a long while she did not speak as he cowered upon his knees on the floor, his head cowed upon the hard stone.

“You know I do not care whether you are a *superhero* or not.” That word came out like scoffed insult more so than a symbol of hope which it was for most people. “But I did notice that you held on to the fact for a long time. Now, I am sure that infatuation that you had with yourself is long gone and that even you do not care anymore that you *were* a superhero. I know that love is now all mine as it always is with my slaves.♪”

If he had any ego left those words would have hurt yet in the state that he was in now, it only served to arouse him.

*Everything she said is true. I do not belong to myself. I belong to her. I do not love myself, I love her. I am not a hero... I am a slave...*

The she stood in front of him, her heels on either sides of his face. She laughed to herself victoriously for a moment before planting the tip of her heel beneath his chin and lifting it up.

“But I do want you to say it. I want you to admit that you were the famed hero Super Sentai Blue, that you are him no longer and that you belong to me now. That you are nothing else but a slave that I could use as I saw fit. Do that and...”

The Collector laughed cruelly.

“I might keep you. I know that is your only wish.♪”

This time, Blue did not hesitate. While he denied that fact before, now he was ready to drown in it.

“You may speak and touch me.” She said coolly. Any other person, and maybe even Blue in a deeply buried level, would know that it was clear The Collector would not care for the answer. She was just toying with him.

“I was that superhero once Mistress!” He implored as he grabbed hold of her heel. Blue groveled at her feet as tears swelled in his eyes. “I was Super Sentai Blue but now I am yours mistress I swear to you!”

She smirked down at him in mock sympathy before announcing.

“Hump my leg and tell me to whom you belong to.” The Collector ordered.

She did not need to repeat the order. In an instant her slave, the former hero Blue, hugged her nylon clad leg with his naked body, cock tightly nuzzled against the fabric. His flesh was livid with desire even before he began shaking his abdomen back and fro. He shivered in delight as the silky material made his mind go haywire right as he began speaking.

He begged and promise to always remain hers, that he was deeply in love with her and her machinations, that his past life was a thing he barely remembered. Once these injustices would have made him rage in his bonds and fight the evil incarnate in front of him. Instead, he now cherished every second of this humiliation. His love for his imprisonment was an addiction he would never be able to shake or live without.

Blue continued to confess how he fought mentally against her at the beginning, how she is the only one that could break him and that he was happy she did so. He went through the catalogue of torment that he learned to love at her feet and explained exactly why he now loved only her.

“Good pet.♪” She said enticingly. “Now lick my heels clean.”

In a heartbeat he was upon his hands and knees lapping at her latex heels.

“Thank you mistress-“

“No talking.” The Collector said with aloof tones. It was clear she was done with him. He was utterly broken now and completely hers. That is when she would usually grow bored of her pets and sell them to the highest bidder.

He simply continued to lick meticulously, covering every inch of the material. Somewhere deep within him he dreaded what came next. The slave knew that he had nothing else to give. But now he was converted to a new creed of debased pleasure. Of course he could never go back to his old life, not that The Collector would allow him.

But... what would happen now?

In fear of stopping and drunk on the pleasure of complete surrender, he continued to lick across areas he had already cleaned. The Collector indulged him for a little while, knowing this was the last bit of entertainment that he was able to provide.

Finally, she clipped a leash across his neck and drew him to a kneeling position. She pulled on it and he followed, crawling behind her. His stare stuck upon the latex fabric of her shorts and the nylon of her pantyhose as the light reflected upon the materials.

So preoccupied was he with her beauty that he did not even notice that they entered a room in which he had never been in. The final room of his enslavement.