

Party Wipe Part 4

Chapter 12

The Cleric had been wandering the tunnels beneath the castle for hours now. Rooms and halls had all become the same to her in the darkness, barely different from another. At first she was terrified of the walls as the rubbery material seemed rather dangerous to her in the darkness. She wouldn't have been surprised if there were people stuck inside of them.

What little light she allowed to herself did not illuminate enough for her to have quicker pace through the dungeons. Especially considering there was a tremendous power that she felt even further down bellow. She was sure the Paladin felt it as well but what she found even more troubling is the fact that she did not feel any of her friends.

That was the first time they had entered a monsters lair where she could not feel them. Sure, the Paladin could feel the monster much better than her, but when it came to feeling each other, the Cleric was the most adept. There were two explanations for this, one there was something immensely powerful living in the castle or... they were all dead.

Both could be used to my advantage.

Only for one, brief, horrifying yet arousing moment did she feel a blip of pure, raw, dominance and power. It was unlike anything she had ever felt. So purely evil that she felt her knees buckle and so full of sadism that she felt her heart flutter like a school girl.

Pressing down her masochistic tendencies, she concentrated on her friends and the Mage, before continuing forward. And, of course, upon her end goal as well. Thankfully, soon afterwards she found a large wooden door, clearly an exit out of the forsaken labyrinth of latex that she was stuck in. The fact that she had only found it after the blip did not seem odd to her, though it probably should have.

With a loud creak the door opened and she almost wished she did not leave the labyrinth behind. It was clearly a large torture room. Filled with fetishistic toys, chains, whips, vacuum beds and other things a masochist like her would love to feel upon her skin. She flushed, seeing all of those toys before her eyes adjusted to the darkness of the room.

Then, just at the far end, she saw people. Gingerly, holding her staff close to her chest, the Cleric made her way over there, ready to cast a barrier around her if need be. But, as she got closer, the more her heart beat in that masochistic manner that she loved so much. What she saw took her breath away.

A regally dressed demoness sat upon a makeshift throne of latex and rubber, clad in a long, silky dress and gloves, with hypnotically shiny pantyhose and leather heels as sharp as a knife. Upon

her raven haired head she had horns in the shape of a mock crown and upon her violet lips a smile so inviting lay that the Cleric almost wept.

At her feet were three... women, if they could be called that.

Husks, more like it. Good. This adventure could prove fruitful for me.

“Do you like your old friends? I do think they look much better like this.♥” She purred coolly. Her voice alone was enough to make the Cleric wet.

“I agree.” The Cleric’s meek tone was gone, replaced by one not exactly as regal as the succubus queen had but close enough not to be mistaken for some adventurer, even an S ranked one.

“Oh? Are you not the submissive, drooling, babe that I heard you were?” She chimed.

“Call it what you will. You’ve done me a great service by ruining them.” The Cleric spat. Though her masochism was at a boiling point, another, long lost feeling came to the surface as well. One of desire for power. “I was only using them to become stronger. Now, I have you.”

“Me?” The succubus queen cocked an amused eyebrow. “Darling, you have nothing and soon you will have even less. Once I teach you how to speak to me properly, that is.”

“Won’t you at least hear me out?” The Cleric said as she licked her lips while checkout out the demonesses nylon clad legs.

I have to concentrate. I have a kingdom to take back. Though submission to her is a dream come true I need to also retain my sense of self well enough so that I can take back my throne. My throne and everything else that was stolen from me!

“You have a minute.” Declared the succubus as she tugged on the leash of the three slaves. One, who seemed like a paladin was licking her heels hungrily and sucking upon her heel. She was laying upon her back, hands and legs in the air like a dog eager for petting and treats. The one who was almost dressed like a mage had chains and plugs sticking out of every hole in her body. Whenever she licked or her mistress tugged upon the leash, she would whimper with pleasure as she sucked upon the silky, gloved fingers of the demoness. The last slave, dressed like a thief was barely visible as she was stuck within the throne. Her head was used by the demoness as a footstool where she rested her sharp heel. It dug deep into her throat, letting very little air into the husks lungs.

“Might I ask your name?”

“Is that how you beg?” Asked the succubus queen with an amused smirk. That was enough to send the cleric upon her knees. All of those yearnings and fantasies of being owned finally came to a boiling point.

That mage was good for some things I guess. But what I need is a true mistress to worship, not a hack.

Calm down you fool! If you allow her to subjugate you completely, you will not have enough of you left to take back what is rightfully yours.

She ripped her wool dress and started fingering herself, only to find that she was paralyzed from the neck down. With a whimper she lifted her head and saw the succubus smile regally with her gloved arm outstretched and pointing at her. “You only get to feel pleasure when I allow it, pet.”

“Y-yes mistress... I... I am a...” She moaned in bliss and pleasure. She also, almost admitted to her true identity.

She is a succubus and a very powerful one, she probably has all of the memories of those three in her mind now as well. Good thing I never told them anything!

Her thoughts were cut off by a bolt of pleasure that sizzled down her spine.

Oh god she is perfect. To be upon my knees in front of someone so dominant, so beautiful. It's heaven!!!

“I j-j-j-joined the adventurers guild, using my former party members to gain levels and-and power before I-I...” She sighed as her mouth drooled and she fought the side of herself that wished to confess everything.

“And with what do you need my help with, my pet?” The succubus asked, clearly amused.

“I-I-I...”

This time the succubus cackled evilly as the echoes ran through the castle. The Cleric dared not open her mouth from the simple fear of blabbering her plans outright.

I had to hold on, I cannot fail now after all this time. I could gain her favor as a slave maybe even gain powers as well and then... and then... take it all back.

“I have drained the memories of your former friends, they knew you as a caring, albeit masochistic individual. Why should I, a queen, trust a lowly worm such as you? You tricked them, after all. It is clear that there is more to you than meets the eye.” She teased.

“M-m-mistress... it is as you have said... I am a masochist. If you find out that I am lying or simply decide to dispose of me... you will be able to do so.” The Cleric whimpered submissively.

“Now that is an interesting idea my pet. I shall grant you with a reward that is my name. As I pronounce it, you may orgasm.♥” With a dominant grin, she continued. “My name, is Ardat Emili, but from this moment forth, you shall call me mistress. And, as your mistress, I shall grant you your wish, whatever it is. But know, that one day I will discard you. Be it by draining your soul or by other... fun means. But I will do it and you will love every second of it.”

As Ardat Emili spoke the Cleric took it all in as a whirlpool of masochism, oblivion and bliss swallowed her whole. One thought raced through her mind.

YESSSS!!!

Chapter 13

As her shivering subsided, the Cleric had a very broad grin upon her face. One of pure joy, one that told of her wildest fantasies being fulfilled. She relaxed her body, expecting to fall upon the ground, yet nothing happened. The succubus queen still held her paralyzed and upon her knees.

“You are a cute one. Do you really think we are finished?” Ardat Emili chuckled. “You might notice, pet, that your body has not changed, that you are not turning into a husk.”

She was right, the Cleric noticed. As far as she could see, her body was identical as it was before the orgasm. Even the noobies among adventurers knew that even a single draining from a succubus was enough for your body to change utterly and forever.

“Y-yes mistress... why is that?” She mewled.

“Because I have a game I want us to play. Well, it would be a game for me, but for you it would be a rather interesting test.” She smiled a toothy grin. “Crawl to me, slave.”

The succubus queen spoke and her orders reverberated in the deepest reaches of the Cleric’s soul. As if the whole of her being knew nothing but pure obedience, she did exactly as she was told. On all fours, the Cleric crawled to the demoness and knelt at her feet. Every step a deeper descent into obedience and every step a plunge into her masochistic side.

I have to hold on... I still have a kingdom to take back... I must not fall do deeply.

Ardat Emili cupped her cheeks with her gloves hands and leaned in for a kiss. Burning tidal waves of submission and pleasure swallowed her mind whole. It were as if she was a slave of the succubus queen for an eternity already, as if the obedience was always the only answer and like a whole eternity lay ahead still. That part, at least, was true.

“Good girl.” The succubus queen purred as she let go of the girl. As if her strings were cut, she fell backwards, her muscles numb and her lust ablaze. Between her legs she felt another burning sensation and, as she looked down, through her ripped clothes she could see a curse mark forming just above her pussy. “Now we can begin our fun little game.”

“Do join us, Juicy.” Ardat Emili smirked. Another succubus, as horrifyingly alluring as the queen, came into the room. The Cleric’s mind had to adjust for a few moments before she actually understood exactly how the succubus had entered. She blinked one more time as the latex wall behind her morphed into how it was before, whilst the demoness stood in front of them.

The new arrival had pinkish, candy like skin and wore an outfit of pure latex and white. Upon her impossibly shapely legs, she wore white nylon pantyhose and white thigh high boots. Her

bodice was, of course, revealing and of the same pure white as her elbow length gloves and boots. The lipstick, just as white as her bobbed hair and eyes.

A ravenous feeling of want and need arose from the Cleric's soul. She needed to serve, to submit to this demoness as well. All of her masochistic fantasies came to a boiling point as she tried to speak yet this time found that even her jaw was paralyzed.

"Now is the time to listen and obey, pet. No talking. You simply, obey." Ardat Emili said coolly. The other, pinkish succubus, with one hand on her hip, burst a bubble of bubble gum as she scanned her with those white voids.

"A nice collection you are making here. You are already more powerful than most in the League of Villainesses.♥" Her voice was metallic yet sugary sweet. Hypnotic and kind yet sadistic and evil. In her other gloved hand she held a leash of candy floss that glistened just as much as their outfits did. At the far end were two people, clearly still human and not drained in the slightest.

They both had some clothes on, enough for the Cleric to see what class they were, but were otherwise naked and clearly tortured before being led here. Though in what way the Cleric could only fantasize about.

"This sweet, young man is an archer as you might have guessed." Juicy said as she rammed her boot heel into his ass. Her tone of voice and overall behavior reminded the Cleric of the spoiled, rich nobles she grew up with, that always looked down upon everyone while at the same time being complete brats.

He cried out in both pain and hidden pleasure, lowering his head upon the floor and lifting his ass up into the air. "I had a little bit of fun with them, but not too much. We don't want you finding the test too easy."

Then, she yanked upon the candy floss leash and brought the girl closer to her. She fell against Juicy's pantyhose clad thigh and boot before settling on all fours in front of her.

"This one is a Cleric, just like you muffin." She smirked. "As you see she has learned her place as well, but far from it that she has been broken.♥"

Juicy licked her lips as she spoke, clearly hungry for the torture she could inflict on them. All the while the Cleric was sweating profoundly. Oh, how she wished to be leashed, trampled down and broken. But if this test was needed for her to reclaim what was stolen from her than she had to pass. She had to prove herself to these two goddesses of evil and sadism that she was worthy enough to be their most cherished toy.

Ardat Emili uncrossed her legs and smoothly walked over to the Cleric. The paralyzed adventurer felt her heart almost burst with excitement as she watched the alluring demoness come closer and closer. The echo of her arrogant, authoritative and aristocratic voice still echoed within her mind even though the queen had been silent for a while now.

The Queen stood in front of her, tall beautiful and equally terrifying. The way she carried herself with authority, as if it was born into her, made the Cleric's pussy wet and dripping upon the

floor. It was as if all of them were born to obey her, to be pulled and tethered to this infernal queen. As if their place was at her feet.

“Your test, darling, will be to drain these two of their souls after breaking their minds. If you manage to do so I will help you conquer your kingdom before I place you there as my puppet queen.” Ardat Emily cooed as Juicy smirked childishly. It seemed that, even though Juicy had a far more childlike behavior, the two demonesses were about equally powerful and scary. An indignant smile creased her lips. “What? You thought you could become my puppet queen just like that? No darling, even that you will have to earn. ♥”

Juicy let go of the candy floss and, by the time it was to hit the floor, it dissipated into pinkish smoke that smelled of sugar and masochism. The pink skinned demoness sat herself upon the back of the former mage, now turned husk, and crossed her legs. The creak of her latex outfit enticed the hunger for surrender within the Cleric.

“Nice chair you’ve got here queenie.” The brattish succubus said and stuck out her tongue. Ardat Emily lifted her the chin of the Cleric with her silky smooth claw and peered straight into her eyes.

“Begin.” She ordered before walking back to the paladin and sitting upon her back, using her as a chair just like her sister succubus Juicy did.

I can only obey. There is nothing else in this world but obedience. Her every word is like a commandment, her every whim an absolute and her every order a dogma.

I am nothing in front of them...

Chapter 14

The Cleric noticed that both the archer and the other cleric were completely hogtied with all of their senses taken away. It was clear that the two had no idea what was coming, but as to how she would drain them... the Cleric had no idea. She was no succubus or had magic akin to one.

But... the curse mark... mistress has blessed me with one... oh how lucky I am. I have to make her proud, I need to make her accept me as a slave. It was placed upon me so that I could use it! So that I could prove myself.

Eagerly, she took off the sensory device off of the archer. His eyes widened as he was clearly expecting to see someone else. But before he could even move or say anything the Cleric already had him upon the ground.

“You are a male, I won’t even try to coddle you or make you feel safe. I will drain you, just as my mistress has ordered. Of your soul and your memories and then I will lay them at the feet of the succubus queen Ardat Emili!” She announced proudly as she started bouncing upon his cock. He gave a pleading look towards the queen and Juicy but the two showed no mercy. Actually, they weren’t even looking at the two. They were in the middle of idle chatter as they enjoyed their human furniture.

I have to make them see me. I need their attention, I NEED IT!!! But—but do I need something else? Wasn’t there something else that I needed as well?

Her holy and demonic powers battled within her, trying to usurp the other. Thus she cast one final spell upon the lowest reaches of her mind. With it, even if she plunged so deeply into masochism that she forgot everything a part of her would still remain that would fight for her stolen throne.

Slurpy sounds echoed in the torture room as the smell of sex and latex mingled to make an intoxicating aroma. All of the slaves, both husked and human breathed it in like an aphrodisiac as they drooled for more punishment and servitude.

But they all knew to keep quiet and not bother their mistresses. They all had their orders and would see the fulfilled to the end. The archer’s end, was coming closer and closer.

By now he had the same stupid grin the adventurers had when they were being drained. Drool and sweat fell from his brow as orgasm after orgasm his body shriveled further and further. Maniacal laughter echoed as well, as the Cleric enjoyed the archer’s demise, knowing that only brought her closer to her mistress.

What brought her great pleasure, during the soul feasting, was the fact that he was clearly handsome. The girls must have liked him and liked him a lot. All of the boys like that were

insufferable when she was growing up, all of themselves, thinking they were above all. Well now she would teach him!

“You are nothing. Even a slave such as I could drain you. You are not worthy of even being in her presence. Die. Perish. Be drained and pave my way towards eternal slavery!” The Cleric screamed in pleasure as she drained another mind boggling orgasm out of him.

The other cleric did not move nor did she know what was happening around her. But she did smell the sweet aphrodisiac of the aroma that mingled with the air. That is how she knew she was close to her mistresses, because their pheromones were enough to bring her close to an orgasm. Still, she waited, bound and hogtied upon the floor, hoping to be saved. Little did she know that the same fate awaited her and her former partner.

Speaking of the archer, by now he was all but turned into a husk. He was coughing out dust and his pretty eyes were almost completely blank.

“Yes! Die, die, die!” Yelled the Cleric as he blinked, ever so slowly, one last time. Before he stood completely still. The Cleric shook his body once, just to check if he were truly dead, before letting go of his husk and walking over to the other Cleric. Yet on the way there she felt a strange surge of power, unlike anything she had felt before. Like the powers of the light and the darkness were fighting and only one could come out on top.

Even if I become a succubus... a lowly succubus... I have to remember who I was... I need to take back my kingdom without her knowing about it. Without... what was I thinking about...?

She removed the other cleric’s sensory device and the girl too was startled by the person who was in front of her.

“Shhhh...” The Cleric said. “Calm down child. I am a Cleric just as you. You know me don’t you? You have seen me in the towns—I shall keep you safe.”

“P-please, they have done terrible things to me... please save me.”

Yesssss! Trust in me you little slit. Be still and silent as I drain you.

Then, as if she knew she could do it, the Cleric had an erect cock bursting out of her pussy, ready to ravage the girl and take her soul. It sprouted from just above her pussy and bellow the curse mark, a thick, throbbing member that only the lowliest of succubi were allowed to have. It was a mark as well, for other demons to know that they are only slightly above the slaves they owned.

First, she entered her gently, eager to feed upon the safety that the younger girl felt next to her. She loved her cock, she understood and she loved it a lot. With slow strokes she made her wet beyond belief, gently kissing her neck and nibbling upon her earlobe. The girl whimpered in her embrace, all but begging for more.

So this is how having complete control over someone feels. Magnificent and all powerful. Still, it is nothing compared to doing the bidding of my mistress! After all, she is the one who gave me my new cock.

However, the two demonesses were paying them no mind. They did not look over once the archer was drained nor did they do so when the Cleric began draining her second victim. But that did not stop her from peering at them from time to time. She simply could not look away from beings as perfect as those two. But most of all, she hated how her former party members had all the luck and were used as human furniture.

I will take it away from them. I will be the only slave in my mistress' menagerie. The only one!!! Both queen and slave! Both que—slave! SLAVE!!!

She increased the tempo, now ready to ravage the poor girl and take her soul away. The younger cleric moaned as the first wave of orgasms hit, breaking her apart from the inside, bit by bit. First, her soul began shattering before her mind started turning into dust. Next, her skin began shriveling up and her nerves were fried. By the time she looked like a mummy, all was ruined within her but the feeling of pleasure. And pleasure is all that she wanted.

“You little fool. You will end up just like the archer did. Just another stepping stone before I kneel at the feet of my mistress.” As she cackled the last bits of the younger cleric were drained into her cock with one final orgasm. The young girl only watched on in horror, too scared and drowned in pleasure to even mutter a single word. She wished to beg for safety to plead to be returned home, but the former cleric had no mercy, she just ravaged her with her hard member. Tears streamed down the younger cleric’s face-- then, she lay just as still as the archer.

As she stood up from yet another corpse the Cleric remembered herself and fell upon her knees. She spread her arms in front of her with each holding a light blue, floating orb within it. Only now did the two succubi pay any attention to her.

Yet, much to her sorrow, the pinkish succubus spread her wings and flew into the air.

She is leaving... but how... how will I worship her now? How will I lick her boots...

“Don’t be sad my pet. If you are good I might borrow you to her for a day or two.” The succubus queen teased.

“Y-yes mistress. I live to s-s-s-serve you.” She muttered into the floor.

“These were much weaker than I thought. Maybe I should have given you a harder task hm?♥” Ardat Emili cooed dominantly.

“M-m-m-mistress please... I gave it my all... please accept these souls and accept *me* as your sla-slave.” The Cleric whimpered.

The first orb, one that belonged to the archer, floated and stopped at the feet of the succubus queen. She, gently, placed her sharp heel upon it and with a cruel chuckle, smashed it into the ground. A faint scream was heard as the orb shattered like glass.

“You will be a slave. But not like these two. No, I will turn you into a very weak succubus, one that can only drain a soul or two before being filled up. You will be a leashed servant that will rule a pathetic kingdom. Only one among thousands that I shall own.♥”

“Yes mistress!” Said the Cleric eagerly as horns started sprouting upon her skull and her skin tone began changing into a dull dark grey color. Then, the other orb floated to the feet of her mistress, the one that belonged to the younger cleric. It met the same fate beneath the heel of Ardat Emili.

By the time the smoke from the shattered orb was gone and the screams of another broken soul quieted, the Cleric was no longer a cleric. Now she was a naked, small, succubus that slithered upon the floor at the feet of her mistress.

“Good girl.” Her voice radiated inside of her head, melting and molding the fledgling succubus’ mentality into something that she could actually use.

I love her voice... I love her...

The weak creature came to realize. Whenever the demoness spoke to her in that lordly, condescending, mocking tone she would shiver from head to toe in blissful surrender.

“Lick.”

The succubus queen pointed to her heel with her sharp, pointy glove and the slave succubus obeyed. She could not control herself, even if she wanted to. Restraint was a thought of the past.

And so she licked, carefully polishing every inch of the sharp, leather heel. Her tongue felt just as numb as her mind from the raw pleasure of, not only the fact that she was worshiping the feet of such a powerful demoness, but because of the pure, casual dominance Ardat Emili had over her. Her whole being had surrendered.

With her hands upon her hips, the succubus watched coolly as the final adventurer fell to her whims. She could feel the hunger for submission in all of her slaves. Oh, how she will toy with them, use them as her puppets and furniture, before she cuts their strings and they plunge into despair.

“I was never like the other imps.” Ardat Emili began and with every word she grew more imposing in the slave’s eyes. “All of the others only wanted to feed and play, feed and play. No end goal in mind. Me? This is what I wanted from the start. To feed, play and *rule*. I wanted others to know their place. At my feet, obeying me.♥”

The slave could do nothing but nod and continue to feast upon the heel.

“And you will obey, won’t you pet?” Ardat Emili asked in her lording tone, as if she didn’t already know the answer.

“Y-y-y-yes mistress I am yours in any way you see fit. I live to w-w-w-worship you and obey you.” The slave succubus stammered through her words, slobbering upon the floor, but somehow she managed to say the whole thing.

“Good. Pathetic, but good.” The slave’s heart jumped at the praise. “Stop licking now, that was enough of a reward for you.♥”

And then it sank into the deepest reaches of hell and denial. She wanted to beg, whimper and maybe even retort back, but all of the words died upon her lips as she stared helplessly at the perfectly formed heel of her mistress.

Ardat Emili snapped her fingers and all of the slaves, even the one trapped within the chair, crawled over to her and knelt at her feet.

“You all need to be overwhelmed. Ruined and broken utterly until the only words you can say are “Yes, Mistress” and nothing else.” She cooed, without mercy. The silk, clad succubus queen lifted her gloved hand and blew pink smoke at her pets. At once their eyes rolled to the back of their heads as they inhaled the sweet aroma of their mistress. Denied pleasure and orgasms ravaged their bodies and the souls of the demons within them.

“Enjoy yourselves, I have other matters to attend to. But don’t cum, I will know. And those that do will get... punished. Not in the way you are hoping for either.♥” Ardat Emili chimed at her pets as she walked pass them and towards the door. The symphony of their moans and pleas followed the succubus queen as her heels echoed inside of the torture chamber.

They were reduced to nothing more than moaning, incoherent animals. With no free will or fight left in them, they completely surrendered control over to their mistress. She of course had more important things to do than play with her pets all they. The adventurers were broken and enslaved, leashed to her will like dogs that they were.

Now, with their minds completely clouded in ecstasy and macabre pleasure, they wanted nothing else but to serve their mistress for all of eternity. They wanted to be used, trained and broken even further by this goddess of lust.

It was ironic really. The fact that the more the demon infested husks loved her, the less she cared for them. And it was in this cycle of torment that they would remain until the Succubus Queen, Ardat Emili, decided that they were of no more use to her.

Yet, that would not be the former cleric’s ultimate demise. No. Little did she know that the Mage had known her secret. Little did she know that that woman she discarded so easily for ambition was the one who had her back the whole time. And now, that the succubus has drained all four of them, she knew as well.