

# Loreline and the Prince Part 13

The contrast between them was appalling.

Nikolai, the once proud prince, was covered from head to ankle in latex, bound by straps and ropes and padlocks. Shivering in his cold cell. Loreline, on the other hand, was a picture of jubilation, sadism and girlish enthusiasm... and dressed to kill to boot.

For the past week he had been alone in the dungeon, laying defeated and almost broken while the exultant witch reveled in her victory and power. The irony of the situation only made her happier. The fact that a godless witch, was unanimously, voted as the head of the church was enough to make her sneer and shine with victory. But her victories in this realm were only just beginning.

The crowds waited and watched her with eagerness as she made her way to the palace. Though, few noticed that the male population was slowly but surely dwindling. Dignitaries and nobles heaped praise upon her every step, all but falling at their knees in her worship.

Loreline knew that she wasn't just the head of the church, she was becoming their deity.

Finally, finished her tour of the capital, showered in admiration, she stood in front of the palace where, deep beneath, Nikolai waited for her torment and luscious training.

For this event Loreline wore a shiny, halter-neck black rubber dress which enhanced her fabulous figure. It was V shaped at the breast and had a long cut on side of her leg, showing a powerful, lithe thigh covered in shimmering, nylon pantyhose. Sharp, stiletto heels adorned her feet, while the witch's sun kissed hair, was tied in a long ponytail.

With her ice blue eyes she gave the masses a look and her lips, covered with dark lipstick, curled into a victorious smile.

In the distance, she saw newspapers being sold and her grin widened. The witch knew exactly what they had been saying ever since she became the head of the church.

*PRINCE NIKOLAI accused of sodomy!*

*How will our new head of the church rule him?!*

And Loreline knew exactly how. Just like everybody else that stood in her way!

Loreline waved back at her admirers and walked casually into the palace. She had let Nikolai wait for her but now, it was time to play. With sultry dominance and confidence no human could

comprehend, the witch walked through the prince's palace and all the way into the dungeon. Her wardens were now the royal guard and they stood at every corner, shiny in catsuits of leather, nylon and latex. The former guard was by now completely broken and trained, whining and whimpering deep within the castle, just as their prince soon would.

As Loreline entered his cell, she found two of her wardens standing above him. One was trampling his erect cock, slowly gliding her knee high boot across his member, while the other had her foot upon his neck, holding the tied prince down.

Not that he was going anywhere.

The wardens were wearing matching, dark leather catsuits and endearing knee high boots that clung to their bodies. They smiled warmly as their Mistress walked into the cell.

"Mistress Laureline, I knew those were your heels echoing in the hall. We kept him warm for you." The one with the boot on his neck told the witch while the other bowed in respect and reverence.

"Awww, did they hurt you my little prince?" She cooed as she walked over to him. The two wardens backing off out of the cell. Loreline paid little notice to them but a gentle smile that she gave the pair, dismissing them.

"You... will not break me... I will endure... as will my kingdom..." He rasped, though his stare was all but empty.

"Ah?!" A long, golden whip of light beamed from her right hand and materialized just as the first crack landed upon his latex covered body. He cried in pain, much to her joy. "Did I give you permission to speak my pet?"

Another beam of light materialized from the ring in his collar and ended inside of her palm. A leash, for her new dog.

From his humiliating position, he could not see the whole of her, but the witch's succulent, nylon clad leg and heel, were in full view.

Just as he began admiring her perfection, Loreline cracked her golden whip again, planting the hit this time, between his legs. He gasped in agony as his body jerked violently upwards. Then another crack, upon his face, which settled him quickly down up the floor again. But, though in pain and tired, his cock did not flinch or soften. It stood like a pole, saluting his mistress.

Happy with his pathetic state, Loreline stepped forward, placing her legs on either side of his heaving chest. She, victoriously, placed her palm upon her hip and sneered down at him.

"You talk when I, and *only* when I, allow it. Is that understood pet~?" The rubber clad witch giggled. "And the only things I want to be hearing from you in the near future are please of mercy and the confessions you will be signing."

"Yes... yes mistress..." He said with the most pathetic whimper of his life. Or, rather, of his life so far.

"That's better pet. You are learning quickly.~" She grinned. He stared up at his mistress, as obediently as he could, afraid... and eager, of her next lesson. Loreline looked heavenly in her rubber dress, pantyhose and heels. A dream come true... or a nightmare. In his mind pain, betrayal, surrender and humiliation all rolled into one big black hole which sapped his bravery and fight.

"I have crushed you, former prince.~" She began and his cock twitched as warmth spread through his body at her voice. "Pitilessly. And I will heap more and more humiliation over and on you in the next few days. Abandon all hope, for after I am done with you, there will be nothing left my pet. The only hope you will be allowed is that you will be leashed at my feet, basking at my beauty and not stuck in rubber and latex deep bellow my castle. Forgotten.~"

*The only chance...*

He thought.

*I have left is to maintain some sense of sanity and hope for her to slip...*

"And what a pathetic spectacle you are." She purred. "I honestly don't know what I saw in you. Oh well, as your love for me grows by the day, so shall I forget you.~"

There was no disguising the exultant look on her face as she took in the sight of the former prince. Now, tethered like a pathetic dog at her heels, bound for as long as she demanded it.

"Now." She stepped over him. "Kneel in front of me."

The witch ordered in her sing song voice. Standing oppressively in front of him, his brow beaten form started crawling like a worm on the floor as the former prince tried to kneel.

"You need to learn to do as I say, when I say it pet, with no delay.~" She purred and whipped him again. His howls of pain were muffled but the next crack of the whip.

Grunting in pain he fell back upon the floor. Another swish of the whip lashed across his bound form with the pain becoming almost unbearable. But nothing compared to the humiliation he felt and the amount of pleasure this whole ordeal was inflicting upon him.

Loreline yanked his chain and, with a clumsy shuffle, his body halted in a kneeling position in front of the villainess. She smiled in satisfaction, taking in the sight of her former nemesis now cowering at her feet.

"I want to see you eat as a dog." She grinned, savoring his humiliation. The rubber clad witch placed her sharp stiletto over a bowl that was standing to her and pushed it over to him. It still had some gruel in it that the former prince did not eat.

Nikolai looked at the bowl, sickly, and hesitated for but a moment before her whip slashed across his shaking form.

"Yes mistress..." Nikolai said with a whimper. With eagerness and horny pants, the once proud prince ate everything she presented to him. The fact that Loreline did not remove her heel from the bowl only enticed him more. Being so close to her nylon clad foot and her shiny heel made his horny frustration boil.

Once he was done, Loreline slowly pulled at his leash until he was on the same height as her knee.

"You may snuggle against my leg, my pet, and whimper thanks for allowing you to eat at my feet.~" Loreline said coquettishly. The shreds of his sanity and pride, held him from simply burying his face in her pantyhose, but that was about it.

With happy whimpers of a dog, he rubbed his cheek against her outstretched, pantyhose covered leg. The silky material send his mind into a daze of oblivion and bliss.

"Thank you..." He whined. "Thank you for allowing me to eat at your feet mistress and thank you for placing your heel so close to my head."

Loreline giggled girlishly.

"Thank you for allowing me to touch your pantyhose with my unworthy face Mistress and most of all thank you for paying attention to a lowly slave such as I."

"Well done my pet." She purred, allowing him to snuggle against her leg for a short while longer. "Your obedience will always be rewarded and, who knows, next time I just might let you kiss my heels... or should I wear boots. Oh, decisions, decisions.~"

The image of him kissing her boots or heels made him almost drool across her leg, but somehow he managed to control himself. Not because of his dignity, but because he did not wish to anger his mistress.

*Obedience... yes... that is what I want...*

"Whatever you wear, Mistress, I am sure you will be the most perfect woman in all of the realms." He whined, relishing the feeling of her soft pantyhose as they drained his IQ and sanity.

"What a stupid little pet you have become. I already cannot wait to play with you again... and to see you utterly ruined.~" She giggled. "But now, get some rest. If you continue being this good puppy, I will train you more tricks before I break you.~"

The prince remained quiet and lowered his face to the floor, crawling at his mistress's feet. His face already felt cold and his heart empty, from the lack of her soft, shiny pantyhose upon his face.

"Good puppy." She teased before the click of her heels and the sound of her intoxicating laughter announced her departure. Bound and humiliated, Nikolai could do nothing but sob into the floor. Ashamed of his animalistic urges towards the sadistic witch and filled to the brim with pain of what he had lost.