

# The Collector and Super Sentai Blue Part 3

The click of heels returned as again and again, he listened to other prisoners being tortured and tamed. Considering how hollow and muted their sounds cries were, he concurred that the gag he was wearing along with his mask wasn't his alone to bare.

Despite himself, several times he had hoped that the click of heels would stop atop his cell, before the keys turned the lock and his tormentor would announce that it was in fact his turn to be played with. The lecherous need for him to be upon his knees before her increased with each day as the soft whispers in his earphones slowly yet surely broke away his sanity. The rest of his body was held under equally heavy bondage, with both his arms and legs tightly held together, preventing any movement.

His cell, on the other hand, was built into the floor so at all times he felt that he was beneath the mistress which appeared in front of his mind's eye constantly. Actually, the vision of his enslaver was at the forefront of his mind even when he was asleep. His insidious mistress had taught him a whole new catalogue of erotic, fetishistic fantasies to dwell upon and yearn for, made all the more difficult to deny because of the assured prospect of their implementation.

Finally, the time of his envy had come to a close, as he heard the heels of his mistress stop right above him and, not a moment later, the echo of the iron hinges being unlocked spread through his cell.

“Out you come slave.♪” She said in enticing tones as the sadistic whispers from his earphones were turned off. “It is time for more lessons in obedience.”

The rubber of his bondage creaked as he felt it loosen around his legs. The Collector heard a whimper of satisfaction escape the hooded slave and she smirked to herself.

“Come out Blue. I know you want to.” She smiled playfully as the slave slowly got out. “I had almost forgotten I had a superhero as a slave now.♪”

She teased and burned his ego.

As he knelt in front of her, and his erection grew, Blue felt his gag deflate with a silent hiss. He stretched his tongue, relishing the little freedom he was gifted by his mistress. Finally, his latex hood was peeled off and he finally saw the dominant temptress that was standing over him.

He was left wilting in awe at the sight of her. The illuminated latex ruler towered above him, a divine haze surrounding her. Blue was trapped in darkness for so long that the heavenly sight in front of him left him stupefied.

Blue lifted his gaze across patent, leather thigh-high boots. The glossy, hypnotic material hugged her legs, following the weaving contours. His eyes fell next upon the nylon pantyhose, stretched

over the firm thighs of The Collector and then slipped beneath the hem of her latex skirt. Held by this intoxicating fabric, her body and chest looked simply delicious to his wilting sanity. Her playful, yet stern visage glared down at him, making Blue feel even more insignificant and humble.

In one latex gloved hand she held the same crop that she had used upon him before and a shiver ran down his trembling spine at the sight of it... but in the other... there was *food!*.

*Actual food!?!? Porridge, nothing more but... it was still food...*

His mind raced even faster as emotion, hunger and erotic desires blurred into one. The hungry look upon his now exposed face had been too obvious, as The Collector laughed in amusement at the sight.

“Lick my legs slave and I’ll allow you to have some food.♪” Commanded The Collector in her jubilant voice. Eager for both, Blue started licking the leather coated legs of his mistress. He ran his tongue upon the smooth panel of her pointed boot. To his astonishment and revolt, he felt aroused by the licks and the kisses he was showering the tip of her boot with. While he worshiped and lapped at the boots, while lingering upon the heel, groveling beneath his captor, he found unexpected pleasure in his toil.

The previous time she had inflicted humiliation upon him he was furious and rebellious at the prospect of being tamed, yet now, after so many days, his punishment felt more like a reward. He enjoyed it, he relished being beneath such a glorious female, fawning and salivating upon The Collectors heel.

“That is enough, slave.” The Collector ordered and he stopped at once. She lowered the bowl in front of him and Blue feasted upon the porridge as hungrily as he did at her boots. His tormentor fastened a collar over his neck and leashed him. Though he loved the feeling of it around his neck, by the time he had licked the bowl clean Blue’s stomach tightened again as he lifted his head. The gag was yet again inside of her hand, ready to gag him for another session of torture and humiliation.

*It was a reward...*

He understood.

*Licking her boots was a reward for being obedient, not the torture she had planned. And if I wanted to do it again... I needed to...*

Though his mind raced and he dreaded what was to come, he said naught a word when she implemented the gag inside of his mouth. He merely opened his mouth and accepted the device without resistance or complaint. Blue could not really tell, not yet anyway, why he was being so obedient, but one of the obvious answers was the fact that The Collector walked right in front of him when she did. Being so close to her sent shivers down his spine and blood down his cock. Peering down her cleavage and staring at the shiny materials that enveloped the mistress was infuriatingly dazzling.

She inflated the gag again to the aching point and tugged at the leash.

“Crawl after me slave, I have wonderfully stern bondage for you to try.” The Collector giggled as he crawled after her, in awe of the latex figure in front of him. “It pleases me to see you suffer slave, so that is exactly what you will do, won’t you?♪”

He nodded frantically to please her.

“Good boy.♪” She complimented him and a sudden bolt of raw pleasure rocked his spine.

Finally, after a dark hallway or two, they stopped beneath two dangling hooks. His breathing quickened at the sight of the torture device, but before he could even have time to feel true fear he was already hanging by his restraints from the ceiling.

The Collector had made a hammock out of his bound body as tight leather straps, cords and chains held his body between the hooks. He yelled into his gag as his position was firmly held in place by the merciless bondage she had put him in. Breathing was almost impossible and the bondage was so tight that he felt pain rack his muscles and joints. But he could do nothing to ease his suffering but face up into the ceiling.

“What a comfy seat you are slave.♪” The Collector purred and sat upon the slave’s chest. The murmur of latex announced the crossing of her legs as the slave gave it his all not to wail in pain. Yet that is when the pain began mixing itself with pleasure. The feeling of the rubber upon his skin, even through the tight bondage that held him, was mind melting. “You like being my chair, don’t you slave?”

The mistress asked impassively yet granting him a sinister smirk as well. Despite the pain and the suffering she was giving him he could not help but look back at his mistress with licentious longing. She was ruthless, merciless and sadistic, but her beauty was simply too much for his brain to handle. He was being used before yet now as her chair she was slowly but surely implementing the idea that he was nothing but an object to be used by The Collector as she saw fit.

Blue longed to lick her boots again, to place his unworthy hands upon her latex and nylon clad body. He wished to wallow in her power and lick every inch of her outfit whilst being abused by the cruel mistress. To lose control beneath her sadism and to revel in submission beneath her aura of dominance. The mere sight of her glossy outfit and the power of The Collector proved to be a match in torture when compared to the bondage.

But he could not even move and soon the frustration of his denial was becoming just as taxing as everything else she was bestowing upon him. He had no qualms whether that was all part of her plan.

“Well, you can use some work as a chair.” The Collector announced degradingly before continuing in amused tones. “But now, it’s time to continue your training.♪”