

Milked and Boxed

He shifted in his seat, trying to make himself comfortable. But how could he? He knew exactly where he was and what happened to many others that had been sent before him. The Collector was a new Villainess on the block but she had already made a mockery of several rebellions, emissaries and men of note. Ben didn't want to be just another number in that statistic.

So he knew that every second spent waiting on her, there was a chance of something going wrong, of a member of her entourage nabbing him and milking him for all that he is worth. He had seen enough of their victims to know what happened in the end.

No thanks.

He thought and shifted in his seat. The idea of being milked and drained and... brain dead... might had been appealing to others but...

No thanks...

And, while Ben was quite prepared to head off any advances, and he was quite confident his willpower would suffice to handle any basic temptation... well how long would that last? And they always used some potion or magic or whatnot.

A shiver ran down his spine just at the thought of it. There were men from realms not yet conquered talking and boasting of how fun it would be to meet one of them, to play at losing. They didn't understand that there was no playing with these women. Not to us. Sure it was a game for the one who wins but... no one ever wins against them.

I am a man of words not action. We all use what we are gifted at and my smile and sly comment got me more women than any of the fighters had back home.

That's when the door finally creaked open. It took him a moment for his breathing to return, or rather it took him a moment to understand that he had stopped breathing.

Her long wine red hair fell across her shoulders in lavish curls. She was dressed like a circus owner, but the... a... the risque variety. The latex that she wore wrapped around her body concealed little and suggested much, and with her chest so clearly on display, he wondered how she could even walk. She did walk with grace, though, a certain seductive grace that told much about her arrogance. She stalked demurely over and around his chair, while he tried not to stare at the rest of her. He had no idea how her outfit held without breaking. As she circled, he tried

very hard not to admire the way her plump ass swung and swayed with every motion, or the way the red thigh high boots and black stockings wrapped around her legs like second skin.

But she was utterly breathtaking. Her pouty red lips opened to speak and he tried to stare right into her eyes. As an envoy he represented his whole kingdom. Any shame he brought onto himself, by staring at her chest or... other lovely parts, would shame his home as well.

"I am glad that other realms always send a handsome man as an envoy. Gives me something to look at while we chat away." Ben could not help but smile. She might have had an air of sadism and self importance, but he could not help but admit just how charming she was.

"Thank you for finally arriving, I am Ben Heiglbour. Miss...." He started, trying to find out her real name. All women who had a title, like The Collector, The Seamstress, The Doll Maker and the rest, were plain women before all of this had started. While Villainesses like Loreline, Lexi, Juicy, Melty and the like were evil even before we were invaded... they did the invading.

"You may call me The Collector, boy." She said with a light smile. The latex clad vixen continued to circle him but he knew that at no point did she move her hungry gaze from him.

"Y-yes madam." He said with a stammer. The beautiful, latex clad woman, eyed him from head to toe as he shifted in his chair. Clearly uneasy beneath her endearing stare and the click of her heels.

"Do you know why you are here?" The Collector asked, all the while tracing her gentle fingers across his shoulder.

"To negotiate a truce between our realms of course." He said. She simply chuckled at his simple response.

"Do you know what happens to other realms that try to negotiate with us?♪" Her tone, inviting, she gave him another short look as she continue to circle him.

"Well... I heard what happened to the realm of Prince Nikolai... we hope that no conflict is necessary." He explained.

"By bringing the proverbial fight to my door you mean?" She chuckled with amusement.

"Of course not." He lied. "I am here to see that both sides get something out of this. We have dungeons filled with men charged with rape, murder and much worse, we would have nothing against giving them to you."

At that she finally stood in front of him and cackled. Ben shifted in his seat again, feeling his mouth go dry and sweat over his cheeks.

Just accept so that I can leave this place...

"You do know this is an interrogation and not a simple talk of peace between the League and your pathetic kingdom?♪" The collector said, with an amused shine in her eye.

He gulped.

"B-but why? We have not done anything? I have not done anything, there is no reason to interrogate me..." He said, trying not to stutter too much at the sudden turn of the situation. "A-and people know where I am you know!"

Her wide, lovely hips swayed from side to side with every step as she circled him again, the swell of her ass complemented by her shapely legs and long, pointed boots. She didn't have to speak, for him to know just how out of his depth he truly was.

A light click was heard from the side and hard iron cuffs gripped his wrists and ankles. Before he could protest or fight his restraints The Collector stood in front of him and held his gaze with hers. He felt like melting beneath it.

"You... you will get nothing of me..." He said, trying ever so much to be brave.

"That will depend on your willpower, boy.♪" She said, excitedly. As if she were preparing for a fun game. She straddled him and pecked his cheek as Ben's cock started to stiffen, maddeningly. "Don't suppose you could just give me what I want? It will make this whole ordeal much easier on you... not as pleasurable, but easier."

The Collector moved in to whisper in his ear, her lips barely touching his earlobe. "Or maybe you *do* want this to be as blissful as possible?"

He gulped again.

Focus, Ben. You are a seasoned emissary, you have visited other lairs of the Villainesses and came out alive, she should not be a problem. You didn't fall for the first pretty girl you saw, she is no different.

But he knew that was not the case. The rest were small, independent groups, terrorists. But her... The Collector was not your average villainess. She was one of the most feared of them all, and for good reason.

"I will not submit." He said, finally. "I might be a man but... but I will not falter."

She smirked.

"You are not just *a* man. You are a slave, first and foremost. But for me..." She chuckled. "You are nothing but a sale waiting to happen."

"I said I will not submit!" He said again, more earnestly this time... but that made her smile only broaden. She stared him straight in the eye, not blinking or shifting in her seat upon his

hardening crotch. But her look changed, now it wasn't playful and endearing... it was predatory. Despite himself, he lowered his gaze.

"Thought so.♪" She purred into his ear with sadistic glee. Then, after another click, he felt something shapely and hard thrust itself against his ass. It leapt out of the chair, through his trousers and stopped right at the entrance to his-

"Stop!" He yelped. "Wait, don't. Wait!!"

"What's wrong baby? Not so sure of yourself now?" She mocked with sadistic desire right into his ear. "I think it is about time you understood who you are going up against."

He blushed, trying to squirm beneath her but the chains did not let him move an inch. Her sitting on top of him did not help the matter as well. His cock was now tightly trapped beneath her latex clad ass.

"From now on you will talk only if I allow you to talk, is that understood?♪" She asked, sweetly. He nodded.

Maybe... maybe if I hold out long enough I will... maybe I will escape... somehow...

"See, it does only take a pretty girl for you to become docile. And I am the prettiest one you have ever seen, aren't I?" She said again with a playful giggle.

"Y-yes... miss Collector." She laughed at his comment and kissed his cheek again.

"*Good boy,*" The Collector teased in his ear, hammering at his resistance. "Now, I'll do whatever I want with you, boy. And if you are sane by the end... well... I will permit you to leave.♪"

"You will...?" He asked, uncertain.

"Of course, a game isn't fun if you cannot win my pet." As she finished the iron round rod that was straining against his ass... started pumping. It was slow but deliberate, hard and painful... but oddly addicting. It made his head feel soft and pleasant and... his cock only ached after each thrust.

"Do you like it, my little puppet?" She teased.

"N-no..." He said through a sigh.

"So you are just being horny then? Are you sighing because of me, or because of your ass being violated? Or both?" She gave him another kiss, this time in his ear.

"No, I-"

"Shhh..." She teased and placed her red, latex clad finger upon his lip. "Be a goooood boy for me and don't talk. Simply relax and focus on your ass and on me. Enjoy as I train you and make you into a perfect toy... a perfect slave. A perfect sale."

He gave a pathetic whimper as his ass was pounded by the rod. It felt better and better and her dominant, addictive stare made the whole ordeal surreal. Ben lowered his gaze but was only met by her impossible breasts.

Oh god...

"I know you like them pet, but my chest will not be the one to break you today... nono... Something else will." She licked his ear. "But before I do that, my brave little toy, I do think you should apologize to me. For even trying to resist.♪"

The Collector purred, and she took his chin by the fingertips and guided him up to stare into her sweet, dark eyes.

"Y-yes..." He said, hesitantly. Then came the longest pause of his life. The rod pounded and pounded and his resistance fell and crumbled beneath her gaze from which he could not escape from.

But he knew something else as well...

*I-I don't think... I'll be able to hold on... if I apologize... it feels... all... feels... sooooooo
gooooooooood.*

"Then... do it." She said with a victorious smirk. He looked at The Collector, humiliated, and hopelessly turned on, swallowed by her scent, devoured by her stare.

"I... I am sorry for even trying to resist you..." He said with heavy sighs and lustful pants.

"Sweetie, you better learn how to speak properly or I will have to ruin you before our fun has even started." She said with a cold, stern tone.

"G-goddess, Mistress Collector... please... I beg your forgiveness." He whimpered, full of fear. But his cock reacted differently. It seemed that him becoming more docile, as the rod rammed his ass, suited his slowly melting mind.

A grin spread over her dominantly beautiful face. "I forgive you baby. I know all of you fight and resist only because slaves such as you want me to play and break those pretty little heads of yours.♪"

He stared up at her, lips parting but no sound coming out. Ben knew... if he did, only whimpers of bliss would escape from his slowly degrading mind. In his state of utter shock, he heard The Collectors sultry purr reach his ear.

"I do hope you understand that you are done for, little boy. You know what a simple *please* and *I am sorry* did to your brain." As she spoke he felt his mouth drool and his head shake weakly.

"I... I will be... just... ugh..."

Her musical giggle ripped what little resistance he had left easily. She kissed his cheek again and he felt them burning like coal. His eyes were helplessly drawn into hers, trapped and leashed. Meanwhile she wriggled playfully in his lap, making his cock simply melt into heavenly spasms.

"Such a poooor boy. Have I melted your resistance away?♪"

"N-Nuh..." He tried to shake his head, but it only swayed as his dizzying stare could not leave her gaze. It was as if he were chained by it. No law of gravity or force of nature could move his head now.

"This is exactly where you belong slave. Beneath me. Boxed and sold." Her lips tickled his ear, as she enjoyed her toys weak attempts to fight grow weaker and weaker.

"N-No please... I... oooh..." he gasped, his unconvincing protest trailing into a helpless moan as The Collector increased the speed of the rod. He stared up helplessly, his wretched state slowly becoming more and more natural to him. And he loved it.

She lowered her gloved hand and gave his pleading cock a wicked squeeze. "No talking from now on pet. You have nothing useful to say."

He bit his lip, trying not to completely fall apart as his ass felt like having an orgasm of its own. The wicked woman atop of him knew exactly how he felt, knew exactly what she was doing to him.

"In a couple of minutes, baby, you will be nothing but a drooling husk for mistress and then... hahaha, you will be shipped off.♪" Her words made him tremble with both horror and impossible delight.

"Oooh? Would you rather be kept by me? Trapped here for all eternity as my plaything, displayed in my museum? Stuffed like an animal?" She cooed. The Collector wiggled again in his lap as her glove continue to play with his shivering cock. The evil temptress was stroking up and down his throbbing member in the same motion and rhythm that the rod plowed his ass.

With love, adoration and fear he looked at her. Happy and content that she was the one breaking him apart.

She was so perfect...

He understood.

So perfect for bringing men like him to their knees...

He quivered, struggling for words, if he even had any left. Her eyes were so deep, so beautiful, so breathtaking, so sadistic and merciless. Ben... if that was even his name, knew now that there was no victory against her. Sure, she might have actually let him go, should he had won... but victory itself was never an option for him.

He wished for another kiss. To be leashed and tortured, to cum... oh how he wished to cum. To be spoilt and broken at her feet. Her long tongue ran up his neck, making his ass make the first shakes, trying to gain more traction against the rod that was gaining speed again.

She tapped his head condescendingly and batted her eyelashes at him, feigning sympathy. "I will allow you your final words slave, before I remake you. Are you ready for you final orgasm, the last thing your semi-sand mind comprehends? ♪"

"Yes... yes please..." He said, with his quivering, shaking lip.

"It's alright. No need to be ashamed. I know slaves cannot help it when I am around. You all grow docile and pathetic... and that is exactly how I want you.♪" With those last teasing words, The Collector stood up and looked down at him.

"Now, continue looking at my eyes as you slowly, cum without me touching you." He squirmed helplessly beneath her irresistible gaze. There was no escape.

He melted into the chair, letting the rod pummel his insides and his ass, while he gasped and moaned, he also obediently looked up at his goddess. She smirked and gave a little sway of her hips. But he did not lower her evil look.

No. He stared up at her, lovingly. Obediently. And The Collector commanded, with a voice of pure sadism, her thick eyelashes fluttering, her eyes shining with triumph "Cum for me, my pet.♪"

He whimpered at her order, shook in his bonds... and came with exquisite, raw pleasure. The slave squirmed in his bonds, her eyes still holding his in evil bondage. It was done. He belonged to her now. His heart, his mind, body and soul.

She walked closer to him and placed her boot upon his shivering cock, beaming with ultimate smug triumph that shone in her eyes and her lovely, mind-breaking smile finished the picture of a perfect sadist.

"Good boy." she with an evil smile. He knew this meant the end of him but, as his sanity slowly left him through his cock, his last sane thoughts were simple.

More...

His head lolled back and forth, his tongue sticking out, drool dripping from the tip. She batted her eyelashes and licked her glossy lips, giggling at his shocked, despairing, hopelessly pliant and broken expression.

He stared helplessly into her shining eyes, bathing in her smug radiance. The slave tried to speak, but then remembered that he was not allowed to. Not anymore. He simply stayed there, slowly humping her boot, like an obedient brainwashed... pet.

EPILOGUE

"My..." The Collector says to herself as she looks down inside of the large gift. Already wrapped and ready to be sent away. "What a nice toy I found.♪"

The toy doesn't move or say anything. He is completely bound in red wrapping with only his mouth being visible... but only to show off his gag. His mind is long been turn into blissful dust by his goddess. Now he is nothing but a disposable husk... just as his buyer wanted him to be.

"I wonder what she will do to you... but whatever it is, slave, you will take it and you will love it. And you will thank me every time it happens. Just as you always had.♪"

With a sinister chuckle, she closes the lid and sends the slave into complete darkness. He feels it though... the darkness. It presses down on him just as his bonds do... just as her laugh and her boot do.

His sanity doesn't even comprehend her heels fading as she walks away... no, the only thing he can think about is having his ass plowed by his new mistress... hoping... pleading... that he sees The Collector again...

But chances of that are slim. After all, she has so many other toys to break.