

Party Wipe

Chapter 9

The Thief gritted her teeth as tears swelled in her eyes. She held the stare of the succubus, who smiled maliciously at her foe. Seeing the Paladin, on her knees, looking like nothing more than a husk, licking the heels of a demoness was almost enough to break the Thief's will.

“This won't defeat me. This won't break me!!!” The leather clad Thief yelled as she took a battle stance. “Now stop lounging and fight me!”

“Stop lounging? “Stop using my friend and lover as furniture” you mean?” The Succubus laughed haughtily. She curled her gloved fingers beneath the chin of the Mage that she was sitting on and the husk groaned in husky pleasure. “Then stop me. ♥”

The Thief screamed a war cry and went for the succubus on swift feet. No sound was heard as she ran, dodging several dark orbs of magic that the succubus hurled at her. One, she simply ducked under, another she had to use a wall run to avoid, and the last she cut through with a special skill that allowed her to deflect any kind of magic once every hour.

Right when she was in front of the demoness, Ardat Emili smirked confidently and snapped her fingers. At once, the husk of the Paladin stood up and blocked her advance. Shocked by the events, the Thief jumped back and struck another fighting pose.

“What? Cannot fight me yourself so you use your slaves?!” She seethed.

“Oh? So you do admit that she is my slave? ~” The demoness purred. The Thief gritted her teeth again before launching again at the demoness. If there was someone that knew the Paladin, it was her. She could take her, especially in this state, and make a run for it. Then, they would defeat the succubus together.

If I could just snatch that shield of hers away. I know we would be able to escape this twat of a demon.

A few dodges of the Paladin's blade later, Ardat Emili mocked her again. She still didn't stand up, deciding to enjoy the Mage's back for a little longer.

I bet if she had it her way I would be kneeling in front of her as she used the Paladin and the Mage.

Though, she had to admit, that idea was not all that bad.

Or was it?

Ever since she engaged with the demoness her thoughts became fuzzier and fuzzier.

“You feel it, don’t you?” The succubus laughed like a school girl. “My magic is already taking effect on you. And once I have you as my slave, the last one will fall easily. ~”

“How about you shut your mouth?!” The Thief barked back. “How about I save my friend and we kill you like a worthless demon that you are! We have killed thousands of those like you, we cannot even remember most of their names. That is how insignificant you are and will be after we are done with you!”

At her words the succubus grinned menacingly, showing her sharp teeth. So much so that a chill ran down the Thief’s spine followed by fear. Did she overdo it?

No! She did this to the Paladin and to the Mage! She deserves worse! Stop falling for her tricks!

Yet Ardat Emili, did not stand up, shift, move or even change her position. She simply continued sitting, in her almost regal pose, upon the mage.

“Darling, by the time I am done with you, all of your friends will be removed from the history books. In the ocean of slaves I will own you will be nothing but another broken, pleading face, worshiping at my heels. Just another husk that I drained dry as the human it once was fell in love with me. ~” She sneered evilly. “That is your fate as it has been for the two slaves you see before you. My property, that is what all of you are. You will not be allowed to touch yourselves or me, without my approval. I will leash you, before you all disappear, and make you my dogs. Leashed, collared and broken, you will all lap at my heels before oblivion takes you. Teased and tormented and edged into nothingness. So, Thief. Decide. This is your last chance. There are two ways this can end. Kneel and kiss my heels or...”

Ardat Emili chuckled as if she wanted the Thief to make this 2nd choice.

“Fight and let despair smother you into submission. ♥”

The succubus finished with an orgasmic sigh.

“While you were having your villain monologue I had time to ready my ability. You demons are all the same. Predictable and stupid.”

Finally finishing her casting time, the Thief extended her arm towards the Paladin and shouted “Steal!”

“Stealing her shield? Love, I truly do not think that will be enough to beat me.” Ardat Emili giggled.

“Shield? Who says I was aiming for her shield?” With a victorious grin the Thief yanked at the Paladin herself. With full force the husk of her lover rammed straight into her and the two fell back. Yet, that is exactly what the Thief wanted. Now, her blonde haired companion had no weapons on her and she could easily vanish the two of them away.

“The next time you see us, we will be coming for our friend... and your life!” The Thief flashed her a boyish grin before disappearing in a puff of smoke.

For a moment, Ardat Emili blinked in surprise... before cackling to herself.

“This could not be that easy? Could it?!” She said. “Your friends truly do fall into the laziest of traps my dear, it is a small wonder you made it to S rank adventurers. ♥”

Finally, the demoness stood up from her human chair and cocked her hip, posing to no one but herself and the pet. The husk of the mage crawled over to her leg and nuzzled herself against the silk of her nylon clad leg. The collar upon her neck, loosely held by the demoness.

“It’s time to add another one of your friends to my collection, little mage.” She said with a wicked smile. The slave looked up at her goddess, between the licks she placed upon those shiny pantyhose, with hearts in her eyes and drool upon her lip. Emili scratched her ears as the slave purred submissively, melting in pleasure and bliss. “Enjoy it, pet. After I am done with your friends, I doubt I will be having need for any of you. ♥”

Chapter 10

The Thief carried her friend as far as she could. After the smoke bomb went off they appeared in one of the adjacent maze tunnels before hurrying into the unknown. It was difficult to move quickly atop the latex surface of the floor and the walls without the heavy squeaking letting the succubus know where they were.

“Ardat Emili...” The Thief seethed. “Never even heard of her and now she presumes to enslave us all. Slut.”

Yet even through her flamboyancy, she had to accept that their nemesis this time is extremely powerful. To defeat both the Mage AND the Paladin... she had to be cunning and intelligent, not just equipped with raw strength.

Be it as it may, the Thief knew one thing, she would be saving them both and they will be kicking that demon's ass. There is no fucking way the most powerful party of all time would be defeated by a random succubus that got too big for her boots, no matter how beautiful or irresistible she looked like.

If I didn't care for the Paladin as much as I did, I might have rocked a round or two with her. And if she didn't hurt them as much as she did... But she did. So no fucking around with her. Death is far too good for her.

The Thief had no trouble in admitting that the demoness was stunning. Without a doubt the most beautiful demon she had ever seen. It was a fact. Just like it was a fact that she would kill her.

Finally, she could not carry her lover any further. She needed a rest. Beads of sweat fell down her forehead as the two finally sat down for a while. All the while that she carried the Paladin only faint sounds of raspy breathing left her lips. Actually, the Thief barely dared to look at her. At the... husk... that was once the Paladin.

No... that is still her!

Fuck what the succubus said. Fuck it. It could not end like this.

But now, that they were sitting down, she had no choice but to look at her friend. At the most important person in her life. And all she saw was... nothing.

The eyes were empty, completely. Her skin dry to the point of sand and ash falling out of her and even her mouth and lips looked as dry as a desert.

“Hey... you in there...?” The Thief asked. There was no response, the Paladin didn't even lift her head towards the voice that should have been so familiar. Nothing. There was nothing.

“Come on. It’s me. You remember me... right?” The Thief said, her voice trembling. Again, nothing.

“Hey!?”

Nothing.

“HEY!”

Only the sound of raspy, shallow and dry breathing was heard in the latex maze. The Thief breathed in deeply and collected herself, just like she had told her to do. Always.

But how can I? It is you we are talking about... not just anyone... how can I be calm.

That is exactly how!!!

She yelled at herself.

It’s for her! Save her!

Finally, she felt herself to be completely at ease. Her breathing slowed and her heart stopped beating like a drum.

Calm.

She turned to her friend and lifted her chin up lovingly.

“Marianne.” There! She saw it. A light shone in those dead eye. “There you are. It’s me... Luka... don’t you remember?”

“L... Luka...?” The husk said, her voice between a whimper and cry for help.

“Yeah that’s me. Stupid. You had me worried.” The Thief said through her tears.

She is safe... oh thank god... oh thank god...

“Luka... I need—I...” The husk tried speaking but only sand came out of her mouth. It broke the Thief’s heart, seeing her like this. But they would get out of this stronger. Together.

“What do you need Marianne? Just tell me and I will do it. We are getting out of here I promise you!” Said the Thief, cupping her lovers face.

“I need... mistress... I need her, where is she Luka? Why did you take her away from me? Why would you do that to me?” The Paladin sobbed, much to the Thief’s dismay.

“B-but... I saved you... why...” The Thief began

“Saved me?!” A foul, horrific grin spread across the lips of the husk. Her previous, cowed appearance, gone.

It yanked on the Thief pulling her in so their faces were next to each other. “You fool Marianne is dead! I am a demoness that the mistress allowed to live in this husk! And soon, my sister will enter yours as well!”

Before the chilling sensation could even be registered, by the Thief, she was pulled and then pushed into the latex wall of the maze. It came alive, the wall, in fluid motions as it wrapped around the stunning woman. The liquid latex slid inside of her clothes and around her arms and legs, tightly molding itself to hold the Thief perfectly inside. Only her face was visible and, now that she understood what had happened, it was too late to do anything. The latex solidified like iron around her body but, at the same time, it felt rather good against her naked skin.

Then, her heart skipped a beat as she heard the dreadful click of heels in the darkness around her. She didn't know where it was coming from, but she did know it was getting closer, and closer and... closer.

Shivers ran down her spine as the latex seemed to react to the approach of the demoness, caressing her private parts and sending wild sensations that were dangerously close to pleasure. Finally, the clicking of the heels stopped and, there she was, in all her glory.

Ardat Emili.

She stood right in front of the Thief with that irritating smile upon her lip dark lip. Though, in the predicament that she was in, the Thief noticed that it wasn't as irritating as she had thought before... maybe... just maybe... it was actually pretty attractive?

“Good girl.” The succubus said to the husk of the Paladin. “You did well.”

The husk crawled over to her mistress and hugged her leg, while the other one followed on all fours, leashed, behind the demoness. Both had hungry looking smiles on their faces, eager to please Ardat Emili.

“Thank you mistress, thank you so much!!! She got what she deserved, didn't she!?” The whole scene made the Thief weep.

Could this truly be it? Could they really be dead? Have we... lost?

“Let go of my leg pet.” The succubus said coolly and the husk obeyed with a defeated whine. “I see you still need training. No matter, we have time.”

She then turned her hungry gaze towards the Thief.

“What a cute little morsel you are. So eager to help her lover and so easy to manipulate.” Ardat Emili said as she approached her, swaying her hips as she walked, heels clicking against the latex floor. Finally, she stood in front of the place where only the Thief's head was visible and lifted her chin with her gloved hand. A tingle of anticipation ran down the Thief's spine as she felt the nylon of Emili's glove.

The Thief's eyes were red, her cheeks wet from the tears.

“Ooooooh. ♥” The demoness purred. “Have I broken your little heart?”

The Thief only shivered and shook. Her mouth agape to speak, only, nothing came out but whimpers. The tiers continued to fall though and the succubus continued smiling victoriously.

“You may kiss my heel. ~” She said in her sing song voice to the husk of the Paladin. “You earned it.”

It got to work as quickly as it could. Hungrily lapping at the latex of the heel while her mistress lost interest in her and looked back at the Thief.

“How... could you...?” The Thief asked through the sobs of pain and despair. Her chin still cupped by the demoness, she felt tingles of joy and pleasure spread through that tough. Despite the terrible things this demoness had done the Thief felt as if she wanted nothing else but to please her and be blessed by her attention.

“How? Why, look at your face love. The despair, the pain, it is all so...” She licked her dark lip hungrily. “Delicious.”

More tears welled inside of her eyes before the succubus continued breaking her down with nothing else but her demeanor, casual dominance and tempting words.

“I know darling, you feel weak and used. Powerless and submissive. But I can turn those thoughts into a powerful aphrodisiac which will bind you to my will for an eternity. Or, well, as long as I find you entertaining.~” She chuckled girlishly. “You would like that, wouldn’t you? To feel pleasure, to please me? ♥”

The Thief nodded, eagerly, pouncing on the opportunity to feel anything good. Anything that isn’t this despair that had a hold of her. And if this demoness offered that, well, no one would judge her if she submitted.

“Goooood giiiiirl. ♥” Ardat Emili grinned victoriously. “But you were quite rebellious at the beginning, why should I believe you now?”

This time the crimson skinned demoness peered straight into her eyes, holding her gaze and wrapping up her will in bonds that she could never escape from. Those violet pools in her eyes broke her psyche further and further until the only words the Thief could say was “I give up. You win. Please... make me your slave.”

Ardat Emili cackled evilly before turning to the Thief again. Meanwhile, the husk of her lover continued to lick the heels of her mistress.

“You can do better than that my pet. But do not worry, by the time I drain you dry, you will be screaming in submission. ♥”

Chapter 11

Ardat Emili leaned in close to the gasping Thief and blew pink smoke into her face. At first the captured girl choked on it, trying to get some air, but in only a few seconds she noticed herself wanting to inhale more and more of it. The strange mist was ticklish upon her brain, yet smothering as well, but in a very *head over heels* way. Like, when you cannot breathe because someone you have fallen for is nearby.

The Thief looked up at the demoness and already she could feel the pain and the despair washing away, being replaced by addiction and submission.

Next, the succubus gently kissed her forehead, leaving a dark lipstick mark smack in the center. From the moment the Thief knew what was coming, her breathing quickened with anticipation, escalating into heavy panting by the time she felt the softness of the demonesses lips upon her skin. It was a cathartic experience.

She could feel her soul itself change to bend between the will of her mistress, she could feel her brain becoming rewired and submissive. But, most of all, she could feel her love for the beautiful, sadistic creature in front of her becoming the core of her existence.

“Having fun? ♥” The succubus asked, amused. The Thief could hardly speak. Actually what came out sounded more like something a baby would say, than a grown woman. “Awww. ♥ Has your IQ fallen that quickly already? I haven’t even began draining you... speaking of which.”

Ardat Emili presented two gloved fingers to the bound girl, placing them right at the tip of her lips. Another bolt of pleasure rocked every fiber of her being, molding her further into something that she could not recognize. But she already loved her new state, the pain was gone after all.

Now, all she could feel was tingling sensations and a primal need for attention that came from this perfect being in front of her.

Yet, despite of it all, she dared not suck upon the nylon clad fingers. Not until she was allowed or ordered to. It was as if a wall was holding down her free will, only getting released at the words and allowances of her mistress. Thankfully, she didn’t have to wait long.

“Suck. ~” Ardat Emili order briskly.

Like a starving animal, her tongue attacked those dainty fingers, covered in tight, nylon gloves from elbow to finger. She sucked on them like a cock, melting beneath the silky feeling of the nylon and the crushing dominance which by now came so casually to the demoness.

Inside of her liquid, latex, prison she could feel motion. At first she feared it, but that fear changed to anticipation in a heartbeat as she felt the latex goo enter her ass and pussy.

“Do you feel it, darling?” Began the succubus in sweet tones, dipped in sadism. She did. The liquid formed into something firm and rubbery deep inside of her holes... before it started pumping. She could feel her brain functions start slowing down, she could feel all of her sensations turn into nothing but pleasure, spread from her pussy and her ass. Inside of her mouth raw bliss eroded her mental state and turned her mind into putty... right before the first orgasm came. As well as the fatigue that followed.

Her body quivered inside of her firm bonds as wave after tidal wave of pleasure cleaned her from the inside.

“All of your memories, all of your treasures, all of it will be washed clean. All, but me. I will remain as your sole purpose for living. I wonder, what would happen if I took even that away from you, hm? ~” Ardat Emili asked playfully, that bratty smile of the imp she once was still visible upon her.

She removed her finger, whilst the liquid latex continued to violate the poor Thief, and waited for her to answer by lifting her chin up and peering into her eyes.

“I do not care mistress... as long as I am yours, as long as I do not feel the pain that I did. Do anything and everything that you wish of me.” The Thief blabbered.

“You are still too coherent to drain fully, but the lines are already showing upon your face. Won’t be long now.” The succubus mused while the orgasms continued to devour the Thief’s life force. She tried moving, only to adjust herself better for the upcoming orgasm, yet she was allowed no freedom at all. But she loved it. She loved it all.

The way the latex, as hard as iron, let her mind get even more addicted to bondage. Again, her mistress lowered her gloved hand into her wanting, dry mouth and she sucked with even more fervor as before. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head, drool dripping upon the latex floor, as the whirlpool of pleasure drowned her still.

And her holes, now completely addicted to the pumping of the latex walls, would never again feel pleasure from anything but the sadistic machinations and orders of her mistress. The carnal need for her to look upon Ardat Emili at all times was all she had left, as orgasm after orgasm drowned her in bliss, she could feel her level’s and her memories turn to grey and fade.

But even her mistress didn’t look the same anymore. After every orgasm she could see the demoness transform into something even greater and superior. Her proportions grew larger and even her height changed as she grew taller. Or was it that she simply felt even more inferior to the demoness?

None the less, she stared at her mistress, enraptured by how beautiful and dominant she was.

By now Ardat Emili’s breasts had expanded to a degree where, her already tight, latex dress, was close to bursting. The crimson of her skin also became deeper and deeper, turning even more to a dark, whine red color. The demoness grinned, clearly pleased with what she was becoming.

After the next orgasm, her dress began to change as well. The low cut that ended just above her thigh, extended, becoming longer and even changing in material. The latex shone and twinkled, before becoming pure, dark silk. Even her nylon gloves turned to the same material, shine and color as the dress.

Right when the Thief was afraid that she would not be able to see the hypnotic, nylon clad legs of her mistress, a slit opened up upon the right hand side of the dress. Exposing the glittery, hypnotic and addicting pantyhose of the demoness.

By the time the transformation was complete, the Thief had orgasmed over three dozen times, becoming similar in appearance to the Paladin and the Mage. All three of them were having the strongest orgasms of their lives by simply looking at their owner, let alone everything else that was happening.

That is how perfect and irresistible she was. Her bombastic proportions, her silky smooth, dress and gloves, powerful stiletto heels and pantyhose of the most hedonistic black. She was a goddess of pleasure.

“I always knew I was different. From the moment I gained form. And nothing, not the lord of this castle, nor a pathetic group of adventurers would stand in my way.” Her voice sounded regal now, the impish features and smiles of her previous forms, now completely gone.

The three slaves cowered in front of her beauty and raw dominance.

“Y-yes... m-m-m-mistress... please... accept my submission... I-I-I am nothing before you.” The Thief managed.

“Of course you are nothing, darling. ♥” Ardat Emili began again. “None of you are. I am glad you have learned your place. Now, before your sanity falls apart completely, do tell, what are you in front of me?”

The whine red succubus asked with a victorious smirk upon her lip of the darkest black lipstick.

“I am... a-a-a pet mistress... your pet...”

“And?” Ardat Emili asked, cocking her eyebrow coolly.

“A slave. A nothing. I am dirt beneath your heels. Completely and utterly a-a-a-addicted to you t-t-torments.” She began to weep again, afraid that she wasn’t good enough to be a slave to such a heavenly being. “I am all that you wish me to. A husk... beneath your perfection, a-a-a-“

“Tut. ♥” Ardat Emili tutted idly. “That will suffice. Considering how much I have drained of you, I should not have expected more from you. A pathetic being such as you shouldn’t talk this much in the first place.”

She added smugly.

The Thief whined pathetically, the bonds of her prison and the constant pumping of the liquid latex infuriating her now. She felt like if only she were free, she could show her mistress just how good of a slave she was. How obedient. How much she need her. The fact that she was being held on the edge of an orgasm from the moment her mistress changed form only served to break her down further.

“I’ve had enough of you now. Be a good girl and silently turn into a husk as I drain the rest of you dry.” The demoness cooed as she touched the place upon the Thief’s forehead, where her lipstick was. Gently, she pushed her in before the liquid of the latex wrapped around her head, entering her nose, eyes, ears and finally, her mouth.

Of course, the Thief, eager to please her mistress, silently surrendered to her as the last vestiges of her ego crumbled beneath the cruel domination of Ardat Emili. Knowing that she was now property of such a dominant and powerful being, made her even happier.

Once inside, her whole being was sucked of life, liquids and soul. Every fiber of her being was molested and teased, before, finally she orgasmed.

Ardat Emili could feel her power increasing as the last vestiges of the Thief’s life were slowly sucked out of her. Thus, the last bits of her transformation came into place. The lower tips of her dress, became a fiery red as well as the tips of her gloved fingers. Fur-like material appeared, of the same fiery red, across her shoulders, making her look even more regal.

Finally, the horns upon her head, that might have looked like a crown before, extended into sharp points, making them looking exactly like a crown befitting an evil queen, would.

Ardat Emili ran her hands over her new body and sighed in ecstasy, pleasure and triumph. She had won. Only one adventurer was left and she was by far the weakest of the four. With strict, regal movement, she placed her silky hands upon her hips before looking down at her two mewling pets.

“On your knees. ~” She ordered with a tinge of playfulness in her voice. The former Paladin and Mage did as they were ordered to in an instant. Though they looked like mummified husks, their nether lips were soaking wet from the mere image of their mistress. They both looked up at her, hoping to be allowed to worship her new form.

Instead, Ardat Emili snapped her fingers before the wall opened up at her whim and the husk of the Thief fell at her feet. She was dead. Utterly and completely drained of everything.

“Pathetic.” Announced Ardat Emili, looking down at the husk with a smile filled with vanity and victory. After another snap of her fingers, a dark orb entered the body of the Thief, before it jerked awake. At once, she knelt beside the other two, basking in the beauty of their owner.

Ardat Emili knew now, that she had no limits. In beauty and in power. She could continue conquering as she did these three and people would kneel in worship of her wherever she went. She was exceptional, one of a kind, special in any and every way.

All would have the same expression of love as these three have. Her slaves were captivated by the eyes of their mistress. Bright, violet pools of sadism, that is what her eyes looked like now.

“Each of you may lick my heel once. Begin. ~” She ordered radiantly and the three obeyed. Each placing a single kiss upon her heel trying to get a closer look at her dress, heels and pantyhose as they did her bidding.

“Who owns you?” Asked the demoness, confidently.

“You do, mistress.” The husks answered in unison as the radiance of their owner grew.