

# Fairest of them All part 1

By Denkira7

## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Across the deep catacombs of her terrifying castle, walked a powerful witch. The large room had a dark-red, hellish hue, most of the light coming from the candles on the stone walls. A symphony of strained, smothered, feminine moans perpetually echoed against the tall ceilings of the underground hall.

Mixing in with this chorus of misery was the clicking of the middle-aged woman's tall heels, belonging to a pair of black, over-the-knee-high boots. This clicking against the stone floor betrayed a confident, leisurely pace. Fishnet stockings reached a little higher, on the woman's thighs. A huge, dark cape waved majestically behind the moving female, its hood covering her long, wavy, hair. They were grey with a soft turquoise shade here and there, as they draped down the woman's chest, nicely presented in the cleavage of her skin-tight, dark bodysuit.

Though beautiful in their own right, the wrinkles on the woman's face and the rest of time's marks visible on her body resembled an attractive woman around 50; A mature beauty.

Though this was far from enough for Jezebel.

On either side of the smirking woman was the source of these spine-shivering, tortured cries, sounding heavily muffled. Lined up on both walls of the long hall were dozens of squirming damsels, each completely encased inside a tight, magical cocoon made of a slimy, but also elastic, semi-transparent substance, arcane in nature.

Each woman was trapped between two stone cylinders, where the mucousy, but at the same time unyielding cocoon sprang out from. Starting from the cylinders' center points, it moved and opened to strenuously surround each struggling female like a magical spider web, suspending the girl in mid-air between the stone base and the top. Like a vacuum, the cocoon pressed snugly against each part of a damsel's body, from their cute toes and their pressed-together thighs, to their sex, their breasts and every pore of their screaming faces. Their arms were able to barely squirm and slide against their

naked bodies, far from offering any help of escape. Whether pinned against their chest mummy-style, or randomly squeezed against their tummies, hips or behind their backs, they were as good as nothing.

Each of the witch's prisoners was forced to slither inside her cocoon, with her complete nudity visible through their thin, half-transparent 'packaging', its internal oiliness making their curves glisten inside their storing sheathes. No opening appeared either, further evident by the women's expression of sheer agony. They were stuck in a perpetual suffocation, with their gaping mouths hopelessly straining to take in a breath of air, only to find the same slimy sheet stick to their lips and front teeth, sealing their mouths and nostrils off.

But none of the damsels appeared to actually die. Their slimy body sacks provided them with oxygen, keeping them alive while prolonging this asphyxiating torment indefinitely. Some were suffocating for years, an unending martyrdom from which they could never escape.

But that was not the only torment. Besides smothering them ad nauseum, their encasing wraps had another dual task. Each of the webbing's oily, slimy pores was contracting back and forth, like a tiny set of puckered lips or a suction cup, providing a magical amount of arousing stimulation to the helpless damsels. They could only wiggle inside their person-shaped prison, succumbing to forced, asphyxiating orgasms time and time again. Stuck in a never-ending moment of unwanted lust and dying suffocation.

A hellish existence that surely no one deserved. Right?

Jezebel stood in front of one such prisoner. Like all the rest, her moans of suffocating and forcefully orgasmic agony came out strained, drowned by the everlasting 'bagging' of her cocoon, tightly enveloping her head, along with every other body part. It was as if someone had left a bit of air in your lungs, forever. No way to get it out or get any more in.

The woman was a young farmer, no more than 30 years old. Jezebel marveled at her suffering in her elastic prison, enjoying her breathless struggles and her frustrating, arousal-induced squirms. The wrapping cocoon was so tight around her that it kept her body from sliding down or really wiggling from side-to-side. The girl struggled very much in place in front of her captor.

But the cocooned girl Jezebel was eyeing looked nothing like the 23-year-old, sunny-blond, fair-skinned, farmer girl she was when she disappeared from the face of the earth. In her place was an extremely worn version. The petite girl's once glistening hair was now all but white, with the faintest blonde color in them. Her silky-smooth skin had become rough and wrinkly and her rosy cheeks had lost their cute roundness, her face looking atrophyingly skinny and jagged, making the young woman

look weeeeeell beyond her years. Her once perky B-cups now sagged and had lost their curving shape, her weak ribs visible on their sides. All over, her once fair, lively, pink skin had gone pale and cracking.

The young maiden appeared like a juicy, smooth piece of grape, dried out into a raisin. Never mind 30, the young woman barely looked 50.

Jezebel took a step closer, towards the bottom stone of her cocooned toy. Like all the others, it possessed a little nook at the front. Resting on that nook was a round, glistening orb, with light-blue colors swimming inside in veins like marble. Each color palette was different for each girl's orb, a unique aspect of their feminine essence. The droplet was big enough to barely fit in the palm of one's hand.

This was the manifestation of the girl's beauty, magically sucked out of her through her sexual energy. The magical cocoon acted like an absorbing agent, sucking all of the woman's sexual secretions via her constantly enforced lust. Not just from her sore sex, but from every pore of her (once) alluring body. Then through the encasing veil all that beauty and lust was collected into this orb.

The mature witch gently took the orb into her hand. It wobbled on her palm with the slightest movement, like a giant water drop of a round jelly pudding. She held it up for a second, savoring the former girl's despair from that closer, more intimate distance, as she writhed in her lightly stretchable enclosure, her arms stuck wrapped around her torso, underneath her slime-pressed breasts. They tried to free themselves, but her elbows only found the sides of her cocoon, which didn't give her much room. Her legs shifted aimlessly, only managing to rub her thighs together and bring another smothered groan of desperate horniness.

Her white-blond hair was stomped against her head and face by the cocoon squeezing from all angles. Her beautiful eyes, once a sky-blue, now much greyer and dull, met the witch's dark green eyes through the thin, but impenetrable veil of her prison, with a pleading, but also vain, desperation. Her once mouth-watering, cherry lips, now chapped and darkened, moved incoherently as she attempted an inhale that will never come, stuck agape.

Jezebel lifted the liquid sphere to her puckered, turquoise-colored lips and sucked the girl's beauty and sex right before her, drinking it all and making the little jelly ball smaller and smaller as she did.

In real time, the witch's skin got tighter and smoother, color returning to it with each gulp of that magical orb. With each second, her face was getting a magical, rapid face-lift; all wrinkles and marks of

time gradually disappeared from it. Her breasts swell from their modest C-cup and perked up from their half-drooped state to a proudly-standing, round pair of drool-inducing DDs, pressing tightly against her bodysuit's chest cap. Her waist shrunk to form an hourglass shape and the slight slump of her belly disappeared, her ass plumped up into a juicy pair of cheeks, outlined perfectly by her bodysuit's Brazilian rear cut. Her hair's color morphed from the aged grey to a dark turquoise, perfectly matching her lips and eyes.

From head to toe, the once middle-aged lady now glowed with youth.

"Aaaaahh, refreshing!" Jezebel sighed content, with her palm empty of the life-giving artifact. She looked like the pinnacle of beauty and femininity, her apparent years cut in half. Around her, the numerous cocooned bitches writhed in their one little body-squeezing stashes, with orbs of different sizes very slowly growing in front of their living tombs, depending on the last time the evil witch 'drank' them. Their beauty was in various stages of deterioration.

The longer their 'stay' in Jezebel's catacombs, the worse was their shape. Like a sinister spider, Jezebel sucked each maiden dry of their beauty, keeping it all to herself.

In reality, Jezebel was dozens of generations old. Her actual, real appearance was one of a wrinkly, shriveled-up, old hag with a rough, gross skin and an ugly mole right on her bulbous nose. The polar opposite of her current, mouth-wateringly seductive looks she preserved with effort.

Even if there was no one in her castle to admire her beauty, she did it for herself, tenfold. The castle's corridors were filled with all kinds of small, big, oval or rectangular mirrors, giving the deeply narcissistic sorceress the sight she craved for the most. That of herself.

Jezebel sought to preserve this coveted beauty through the ages, no matter the price. One by one, she took all the beautiful girls of the land, stealing them and their beauty from the world. Being extremely jealous, the witch relished the chance to make those pretty trollops pay for their 'crime' of being stunning. No, this trait would only be saved for herself.

Her crystal ball showed the witch any young lady that 'dared' to unknowingly challenge her beauty. Subsequently, it showed Jezebel her next acquisitions. Though it had been silent for years, a mere round piece of perfectly round glass at this point.

But one day, it flashed with arcane energy, displaying the forms of four women, each dazzling in their own, unique way. Jezebel was furious, but could not take her eyes off the sphere, as she watched, full of jealousy and hatred, as every day the crystal ball showed her those same four women, like an invisible eye, as they moved through their different lives.

First, there was Satva, the famous warrioress. Having proved her skills in the field of battle, she ranked surprisingly high amongst her male peers, something not easy for any female. She had a bronze-tanned body that glistened under the light of dawn and black hair, which were shaved one side of her head and flowed long and feminine on the other side. Her green eyes sparked with determination and honor.

Her Amazonian, 6'6" body might as well had been a sculpted work of art. While not so much toned, the woman's strength was obvious, just by seeing her swing her huge broadsword or the rare bicep flex.

Despite the apparent strength, the fighter's face was not butch at all; on the contrary, her features were calm and attractive above her defined jaw. Her large frame was curvaceous, with F-sized jugs that softly bounced so arousingly up and down, in synch with her horse's clopping. Her thick booty and neck-crushing thighs completed the look of an all-mighty seductress, a femme fatale in the most literal sense. Her imposing frame made her resemble less a mortal being and more a demi-goddess. She was in her early 30s, a true monument to strong femininity. Folks admired the sergeant's charisma and dominant air, nicknaming her the 'mighty flower' out of her two contrasting virtues.

Though many men in the kingdom fantasized about bedding the warrioress and turning the tables on her, most were actually intimidated by her confident, sexually-charged aura and the fact she could choke out most of them with one arm if she wanted to.

The witch watched the woman's from through the curve of her globe. Satva was in her shiny golden armor, on top of her white horse, galloping through the city's streets to meet some king.

The second woman the crystal ball showed was Emily, an 18-year-old girl, with fiery red hair, same color as her lips, and cute freckles on her rosy cheeks. She looked nothing like Satva, a petite young woman no more than 5-feet-tall, white as porcelain, with her body's pear-shape giving her some gropable, wide hips and an ass a sight to behold, so juicy and bouncy and...pinchable. The witch had a fine rump on her, but nothing like this pocket-sized whore!

Emily was a kind, soft-spoken girl, born in a peasant family, but her talents (and too-easy-on-the-eye looks) had landed her the job of the gardener in some rich duke's estate. Jezebel watched Emily through the prism of the crystal; she caringly pruned the bushes and trees of the vast garden, wearing a matching green apron over her simple, cheap beige dress that reached to her knees. All around the duke's court, she was often known as "the garden's prettiest rose", her soft, introverted voice mesmerizing any lucky lad that happened to hear it.

Then, there was Adelaide, the 23-year old-seamstress. A sweet woman with fair skin, long straight brown hair that flowed majestically down her waist just as flawlessly as the straight threads she wove together in her loom. She had the biggest, sparkling brown eyes, so stunning you could lose yourself for hours in them, like two fields covered in swirling autumn leaves.

Through the magic crystal, she was always seen carefully working her cloth creations, with a calm loving demeanor, mumbling a bitter-sweet tune to entertain herself. But her beauty did not end there, as her E-size bosom quickly took your focus and never let go, moving your eyes slowly up and down as the maiden's chest heaved with her slow, peaceful breathe.

So voluptuous and firm were her breasts, they caused the witch to throw her crystal ball on the ground in a fit of anger, only to pick it up and keep watching. Adelaide was dressed in a demure dress that matched her shy personality as it moved down to her ankles. But her curving outline could not easily be hidden under the hugging, perfectly-fitting fabric. Her waist was slim and womanly, her hips child-bearing.

Many a folk stopped by her little shop at the town's muddy-road center, to get a quick patch and sneak a few looks at the spoken-for seamstress' cleavage. Her beauty was more infamous than her already high skills.

Last was Alexandra, a 27-year-old fisherwoman. She had a dark skin and pitch-black, curly, long hair that fanned all around her and reached down her lower back, dangling above her slim waist. Though a woman of labor, her tough job and the days out in the scorching sun and the drying salt sea had not lessened her beauty in the least. She had a medium, lean stature and though her nice, C-cup titties and her tight rear were the reason for countless whistles by young and old fishermen alike, it was her gorgeous smile and hypnotizing blue eyes that made the other fishermen lose a catch or two each day.

Her spunky character and her pleasant, witty attitude were all there, despite the hardships of her work and her roughened, callus-having hands. The long-haired brunette had a killer physique overall, not a blemish in sight on her dark-skinned body, both from her complexion and the always familiar sunrays. Her feet, often walking the boat's planks bare, were a notable distinction, a sight to behold and a 'distraction' on their own.

The witch felt humiliated for "parading" hers around the castle.

Jezebel was furious, unable to take her eyes off the taunting crystal ball. She thought she had ridden the land of any contenders for her unofficial beauty crown. She smashed glassware and mirrors to bits, furious. She knew what she had to do.

There was only one way she would remain the fairest of them all.

Able to turn invisible and stealthily move through any shadows, the witch snatched the unsuspecting beauties one by one, too great a threat to fend off unsuspected. The last thing Satva, Emily, Adelaide and Alexandra noticed before they were enveloped in a magical sack made of pure shadow, was the fleeting flicker of a shadow across the candle-lit walls, or the slightest sound of a curious breeze. Then everything turned dark.

Soon, each hottie found herself imprisoned in the witch's castle, stashed in separate places and presented in cruel bondage for the witch's viewing pleasure. Each of the girl's bondage was unique in nature, with their enchanted bonds able to come to life, thanks to a simple, split-second spell.

Something they all dreaded.

In one of the many corridors Jezebel's castle, was a small alcove room, no deeper than 4 feet and wider than 6 feet. Inside that snug alcove, was the prominent figure of Satva, much less dignified than the air her shining armor, her polished leather boots or her smooth capes and short, pleated battle skirts gave off.

The proud female soldier, was now utterly disrobed, her brown flesh exposed along with her muscles, which flexed in her pitiful attempts to escape her bonds. A puffy, black curly bush was exposed along with the rest of nudity, peaking above the Amazonian girl's spread cunt-lips. Satva was strictly bound in crushing iron, as a semblance to an armor she'd much rather do without.

Her strong arms were pinned together behind her back, held as one with rows of thick metal bands, starting from her wrists, then to her elbows, making them touch, before a final one above her elbows, on her upper arms, all but popped the fighter's shoulders off, leaving them in a constant state of pain and strain. In addition, the inner surfaces of these constricting metal bands were lined with sharp blades, making any shuffling of the woman's strong arms earn her multiple stinging cuts.

Her head was encased in an iron cage resembling a scold's bridle, padlocked behind her head and held up by a thick chain that was hitched to the metal harness' top to keep the woman's body in a straight, taut posture, like a soldier standing in stiff attention. A much more submissive soldier than Satva ever was. The bars that surrounded Satva's in a pretty face swirling, flowery pattern from all sides were also as sharp as her sword, cutting her with slightest jerk or twitch, 'lurking' a millimeter away from her face.

Unlike the rod of a scold's bridle thought, the metal mask housed a wide ring-gag that was wedged behind the brown-skinned amazon's pearly teeth and kept her jaw nice and open. Satva's tongue had been pierced with an iron ring and strenuously pulled out through the gag's hole via a smaller chain that was hitched to a stiff, iron posture collar. Retracting her tongue inside her mouth was now impossible. It also made the proud warrior copiously drool all over her chin and drench her heavy knockers without any agency, unable to turn or tilt her head in any direction due her thick collar.

Those drool-soaked boobas did not escape Jezebel's treatment. They were crushed by the special iron bra that Satva was forced into. While the metal garment traced the underside of the woman's huge udders, a single flat bar sprang underneath each breast from that 'wire-line', making an inverted T-shape, and roughly pressed over the woman's dark-brown areolae, denting her big, soft breasts.

A little toothed slit on the ends allowed the woman's nipples to be pulled through and then the large, ring piercings trapped the nipples there, causing immense irritation with the slightest jiggle the woman's chest-shaking caused, as her sensitive nipples rub against the teeth of their little vices. In addition, the sharpness of the 'bra' itself scarred her sensitive tit-flesh at any sway of jerk of frustration and misery.

A wide, metal belt, more resembling a large, industrial oval shackle than any kind of clothing, was snapped and locked around the 'pretty beast's' waist, crushing her waist right above her hip bones and right below her ribs, giving her a permanent crushing feeling as it dug into her ribs and separated her upper and lower halves. On top of it, the rough corset of sorts kept the poor damsel from taking any proper breaths with each constricting, python-like grasp, leaving her in a suffocating ordeal.

Her ankles were graphically spread with a 4-foot-long, iron spreader bar, which along with her head-cages chain, forced the barefoot giantess to stand spread-legged on her tip-toes, in a humiliating display of her spread pussy-lips.

Why spread? Because of the gigantic iron replica of a cock that nestled half its length inside her. The small base of this veiny, anatomically corrected (besides its generous size of 8 inches long and 2 inches wide) metal dildo had 6 holes around it, through which 6 thick, iron rings that had been pierced on the amazon's sexlips go through. With three rings going through each meaty labia, the cock is held in place by Satva's cunt itself, burying its stretching girth inside her pained cunt.

The once all-mighty warrioress had now being rendered a groaning, salivating, self-hurting, living statue, forced in perpetual meekness due to both her bondage and her slicing 'attire'.

This seemed like a cruel torture in and of itself. But a witch had more to her disposal than a mere mortal. The realistic iron cock nesting in Satva's warm, cozy hole could become magically animated, with a snap of Jezebel's fingers. Though Satva's forward-stuck face prohibited her eyes from seeing it, the strong girl definitely felt the humongous cock start thrusting in and out of her pussy, in line with



the motion of a smiling Jezebel's puppeteering hand. "Aaaaaaaa....aauuhhhhhh!" the towering woman's vowel-only whines sounded like music to the witch's ears, as she fucked her chained toy nice and hard, stretching her pussy to its limit, without ever needing to physically touch her.

While normally the metal that pinned, crushed, penetrated and surrounded the woman's large, shapely body was the usual shiny silver that iron was, with a simple ancient word from Jezebel's lips it transformed, like a fast-forward of time, and in seconds it had gained that red-brown and rough, like decades of rust had set in. Then new, scratching rough texture of the hard metal tormented the unlucky woman's skin with the slightest movement and quickly gave each sensitive part of skin that rubbed against it a mean red rush with its coarse friction.

Same went for the well-hung sex-toy dangling between her juicy thighs, which raped her with the same relentlessness, but even lower friction than before, causing these droning, open-mouthed cries of pain.

The strong, confident Amazonian had never found herself in a position like that before, forced to submit to someone in such a profound and sexual, humiliating way. With her tongue hitched out of her gaping lips, Satva tried to suppress any indignant or hurt moans to not sound like the beleaguered animal she had been made into. She resorted to the periodical bursts of rage, pulling at her shackles, which would probably give were they not magical.

Every time she fought them, though, she felt their bolts turn, as an instinctive response to her rebellion, with a mind of their own and her encasing 'outfit' becoming even more crushing and threatening. Jezebel was entertained by the woman's incoherent curses, and sought to 'bring them out' of her with her torturing taunts.

"What's that? You're going to do what to me? I can't understand you at all, lapping the air like a mindless bitch, hahaha" Jezebel laughed, faintly making out the phrase "crush your bones", sloppily uttered by the built, tongue-wailing woman. The look of sheer hatred the metal-bound giantess gave her tickled her sadism more. She knew Satva could indeed crush her with her bare hands, which made the fact that the much bigger woman was totally at her mercy, more exciting. Satva could always put her words to the test with her sword, and never lost a fight or duel in her life.

Though it appeared that she had lost the most important one.