

# Juicy and Van Helsing VII

"Wake.♥" The order was sweet and succulent. Dipped in honey and marinated by insanity. So silent, barely a whisper, yet it brought Abraham from his sleep with a panicked jolt. He barely got the grips on himself before tears started running down his cheeks. Weak sobs of defeat echoed around Juicy's dungeon of candy and sadism.

Much to his horror, it wasn't because he saw the shriveled corpse of his youngest son at the feet of the latex clad succubus. It wasn't the fact that she had a leash in her hand that lead behind her into the darkness of the dungeon, not allowing him to see the person at the end of it.

No, none of those horrors brought the sobs and the tears in his eyes. It was the fact that despite his son being at the feet of a beautiful demon, despite the high chance that his other son was at the end of that leash, he could simply not look away from *her*.

"How obedient of you." She purred. "Do you like what you see?♥"

His cock was enough of an answer, but she wished for his answer as well. She wanted him to admit the prologue of his defeat had ended. There was his son, dry as a husk, yet all he could think of, despite the storm that raged within him, was just how mind numbingly good it would feel to lay his tongue upon her boots.

"N-no..." He said defiantly, yet his voice was that of a man aware of his defeat.

"Aww, and here I thought you had given in already. Good. There is still more of you to break. Your sons weren't as strong as you... well, I guess you already know that."

"Their deaths will not break me." He spat, aware that his previous words sounded weak and pathetic.

"The fake bravery that you try to coat yourself in will do you little good. Plus, honey, who said that both of your sons are dead? I only drained this pathetic excuse of a man.♥" Juicy said and lifted her latex, thigh high boot and placed it on the chest of the husk at her feet. Victoriously she posed in front of Van Helsing, making his heart wallow in sorrow and his cock rage in pleasure.

Again, he simply could not look away from her perfectly sculpted leg, hugged perfectly by the latex of the boot.

"What have you done to Michael?" He asked grimly, praying that the leash meant some other poor soul. But even that sickened him. Abraham was used to saving lives, all of them, not hoping that some other poor soul had taken his sons place.

"My, my, aren't you in a hurry Abraham." She said, licking her lip hungrily. Juicy leant upon her leg that rested on his son. "Why don't you forget about him for a moment and enjoy the pleasure that you know I am giving you right now. I might even let you jerk yourself to the sight in front of you.♥"

Abraham fought hard to control his mounting temper. He hated himself. He allowed his son to die, he allowed himself to be captured and now, he allowed himself to get horny at a sight as horrific as this.

"Fuck, you." He said through gritted teeth.

"Alright. If you do not want to play, I won't force you." She said with a resigned sigh, but with a hint of a devilish smirk. With a light yank upon her chain, he saw a figure form in the darkness of the hallway behind her.

There, crouched on all fours, with his head bowed, was Michael. The chain was fixed to a dog collar, fastened tight around his neck. His stare was empty, yet his lip was curved into a mind broken grin with drool dripping upon the sugar coated floor. Juicy stood triumphantly before her slave.

Something broke, at that moment, inside of Abraham's soul. There they were. His sons. One trampled upon and drained, the other mentally broken and enslaved. Both defeated... because of him. And there, inside of his gut, tangled with pain and rage, was jealousy.

"This is my new little fuck toy. Cute isn't he?" She said with devilish delight. "Now, I am going to sit on his back and use him as a chair, while you pump yourself silly.♥"

Much to his horror and anger, that came as a relief. Juicy would, despite her new toy, pay attention to him.

"You... you would allow me?" He asked, bewildered that the words actually came out of his mouth.

"Why of course silly." Juicy said with a bratty giggle as his mind melted into a slurpy mess. Michael positioned himself beneath her and she sat herself casually upon his back and crossed her legs. The white latex of her outfit squeaked as she did and the lad sighed in pure pleasure as he felt the silky feeling of her nylon ass settle upon him. One leg still rested upon the corpse of his son.

He did just that. There was no fear, no anger, no trepidation, just the bliss of utter surrender. Her enticing, evil smile dented his ego further, the glimpses of her nylon pantyhose rotting his sanity away and the sneer in her eye drove him to an orgasm before he could even gasp.

Of course, no orgasm came.

"What? Already at your limit? Tuckered out?" She said with a lavish, sugar coated giggle. His mind was becoming a melted, creamy mess. Abraham's sanity could barely comprehend that his sons were in fact in front of him, in a state of humiliation and demonic triumph. Juicy's bratty glee knew no end.

"Look at your father, my pet, look at his pleasure at the sight of you. The pleasure that I allow the both of you.♥" She said with a mocked pout. "You two mean nothing to each other anymore. I am your whole world."

"This... isn't... over..." He rasped through the heavy pants of masochistic pleasure.

"Still sane?" She said, alight with girlish enthusiasm. "And here I thought you were done for. That means more fun in the future... if you survive your orgasm that is."

Her face turned from a bratty smile to a devilish snarl in a blink of an eye.

"Pump more! I want your cock to bulge and your veins to thicken. I want you to gasp and moan and scream in defeat. I could break you right now as I could have when I first had you tied down, but I won't. This was all foreplay. If your mind has any slivers of sanity after I allow you to cum, you will see the true extent of my power. You and your sons are mere peons in a much larger game. The only reason I am even wasting my time on you, my little muffin, is because you killed enough of my sisters for me to notice you. That demands a reward and, well, here it is. Drown in the demise of your family.♥"

It was beyond comprehension. The pleasure.

Like his veins were filled with aphrodisiac from another world. The sugary tingles upon his skin molted and melted into a sea of hot chocolate inside of his blood stream. Every part of him sizzled with orgasmic, molten, bliss that lead to insanity.

"Let... me.... cum... please..." He said as drool and foam parted his lips. Abraham's quivering, pathetic, brow beaten form reveled in her supremacy over him, despite the last slithers of sanity which screamed for him to fight back.

"Again." She said coquettishly.

"I beg of you..."

"Again sugar.♥"

"Juicy... please!!!"

"It's mistress Juicy. About time you remembered that."

"Mistress Juicy!!! Please let me cum!" He screamed in pure agony and vile pleasure.

"Nope." She said bratily. "Tell me how better I am. Tell me that your sons deserved the fate that they got... then, maybe you will be able to cum.♥"

Her luscious lips were twisted in a victorious grin. His son, beneath her, felt precum leak from his cock as his eyes went to the back of his head. Abraham on the other hand, could barely wait to start screaming again.

"YOU ARE BETTER THAN ME!! ALL OF US DESERVED WHAT YOU HAVE DONE TO US. YOU HAVE EVEN BEEN MERCIFUL TO ME AND MY SONS, ALLOWING US TO BASK IN YOUR GLORY. PLEASE!!! I BEG OF YOU MISTRESS JUICY, ALLOW ME TO CUM!!!"

Her sadistic, triumphant cackle was like a an orchestra of simple, eldritch pleasure to his ears. That alone would have been enough to bring him over the edge if she had allowed so.

"No." She whispered evilly. "I deny you. You dared to defy me when I allowed you to pump yourself. That will not do sugar. The next time I allow you to touch yourself you will thank me and you will not dare to defy me, is that understood?♥"

With a broken heart, the once famous vampire hunter, nodded.

"Gooooood booooy pumpkin.♥" She teased. "See, you can be trained. Now remove your hand from your cock."

He did. In an instant the candy of his chair, wrapped around his wrist and tied it back into its original position. Resigned to her mercy, the hunters heart beat like a drum and his mind reeled and coiled around what she had just done to him.

Pure, masochistic pleasure. That is what she was teaching him... and he loved every second of it.

Meanwhile, Juicy got off of his son, but her boot remained on the husk.

"I'll leave this here. He will wither away by the time you see me again. Then we will play some more and you will be more obedient, won't you?" She asked enticingly.

Again, with an empty stare and a cock standing as high as a pole, he nodded. Juicy just chuckled.

"Good.♥" She turned on her heel and, with Michael following closely at her heel, covered in drool and precum, she left into the darkness of her dungeon. Her heels clicked away, pounding upon the pathetic slivers of his former life.

His mind and soul were shattered, his cock frustrated into oblivion, yet there was still a hollow whisper deep within him.

*Endure...*

It said... but Abraham wasn't sure that he would be able to anymore. Or, rather, he wasn't sure if he even wished to do so.