

Juicy and Van Helsing

I

Van Helsing looked grimly at yet another macabre sight. Tenth victim in just as many days and with only a handful of clues to point him in the right direction. Sure, he knew it was a succubus... but... this one covered its tracks diligently.

"What do you make of it doctor?" Detective Buckhanan asked. But Dr. Abraham Van Helsing, could only scratch his chin in confusion.

"The same thing I knew ten days ago... it is a succubus, a very powerful one. And very sadistic. All demons feast upon us, good detective, but most do it without thinking as we do when we eat chicken. Just another meal in a day. But this... all of the marks so far showed me that the victims had been bound, gagged and tortured for a long while before they were fully drained. This one is very different. Unlike anything I have seen before." He spoke darkly. The detective looked at him bleakly for a moment, before continuing to write notes.

"Maybe one of your sons would be able to help?" The detective asked, almost gingerly. All knew Van Helsing didn't get along with his sons but had trained them to be almost as good as he was.

"I doubt I will Buckhanan. Tonight I am catching the demoness." He said bluntly.

"Got a plan?" The grizzled detective asked.

"Foolishness most likely, but yes, you might call it a plan."

Detective Buckhanan sighed heavily as he eyed the doctor.

"Don't do anything stupid." He said in a stern yet friendly tone. One shared between friends before one of them was about to do something extremely foolish. "We need you. I have learned enough from you, I know succubi move on after a while and I would rather we lose several citizens than you. For every person we lost, you saved ten."

Dr. Van Helsing nodded, even though he didn't agree with his statement. All lives were equal in his eyes.

"Don't worry old friend, by this time tomorrow, you and I will be sipping tea and talking about our first case together."

That night Dr Abraham Van Helsing stood alone in his hotel room with several pinkish flowers scattered around the room. They were ordinary flowers, one could find even in the grey streets of London, but tonight, they were also a trap.

Van Helsing had dipped them in succubus blood to lure the demoness to him, instead of another innocent victim. Even novice hunters knew that if any demon was to take revenge for his or her kin, it was a succubus.

And Abraham had killed a dozen.

"I thought as much.♥"

A voice unlike any Van Helsing had heard before echoed around the room as it came from the balcony. Even compared to other demons and vampires... this one sounded different, crooked even. It was so purely sadistic, raw with yearning for pain, that he felt shivers run down his spine for the first time since... well since his first kill.

He turned to see a tall, woman standing arrogantly before him, her hands on her hips. Her skin was pink of the candy like variety and her outfit consisted of shiny, white latex and bright pantyhose. A bodice that clung to her chest as tightly as Abraham had ever seen, long, fingerless gloves that matched her nails, and skin tight boots completed the look of a devilishly hot demon. Even he had to admit that she was the most beautiful woman, or demon, he had ever seen.

"Right into my trap, demoness." He barked as he pointed his palm at her and started an incantation.

The demoness only rolled her eyes in amusement and moved her silky palm in a slapping motion. In a flash, all lights were snuffed out of the room. Dr Van Helsing felt his legs begin to buckle as her mere presence fuzzied his thoughts and weakened his muscles.

"Who... who are you?" he asked his head beginning to spin.

"You called me demoness when I entered. Rather rude, but no matter. Soon, you will call me mistress. Mistress Juicy." She said, her voice that of a spoiled, bratty child... but covered in the most delicious sugars. As she finished jeering, the demoness made several devilish steps towards him and stopped right in front of his face that was now in line with her chest. Just as he thought the finishing blow was about to land, Juicy started circling him contemptuously as he began gasping for breath. She was dominant in ways he had never felt before. He knew that the more powerful the demon the more oppressive the atmosphere but... this was utterly impossible.

"You're weak hunter, and you stopped the feeding of my sisters" she mocked but then her face turned pure evil. "Not to mention you have more blood of my sisters upon your walls than most hunters see in their lifetime. I will make you bow to me before I feast upon you♥."

He tried to throw a punch but it was weak and ineffectual and the demoness easily dodged it, then with futility in his movement, he tried to ram a silver knife he had with him into her heart but she dodged it just as easily. All the while she grinned at him, enjoying his fruitless attempts at stopping her.

"Pathetic," she giggled as she placed a simple kiss upon his forehead. Dr Van Helsing howled in both agony and strange pleasure as he sank to his knees. Juicy smirked delightedly.

"That is a position you will get used to," she said triumphantly. "Groveling at my feet."

The latex clad demon lifted his chin with her index finger and sneered at him. "By the time you wake up, it will be too late for you, my new pet."

Then she watched with satisfaction as the infamous doctor slowly slid into unconsciousness from her kiss - his head slumping forward to rest against her booted, nylon clad thigh and then sliding down her leg to the floor. Juicy looked down upon her newest victim and grinned to herself.

"All according to plan. Soon, your sons will follow.♥"

II

The Doctor awoke, tied to a chair, his head feeling heavy and lazy. His first thought was to move and stand up, but much to his dismay he had been tied by a strange violet *rope* that held him firmly in place. Only then did he notice, that he was in fact completely naked.

Rattled by the situation he tried budging again but a strange tingle echoed around the darkened room. For a short moment he didn't know where it was coming from, but then he shook his neck just to check... and felt strange metallic movement. It was a collar. One put on dogs and slaves.

The humiliation rose with his temper as he finally understood his predicament and just what the succubus wanted to do to him. As he contemplated his next move, and the gravity of his situation, an arm slid over his chest from behind him and a husky voice whispered in his ear.

"Like the collar?♥" Her husky, sugary voice purred into his ear sending bolts of sensations through his bound body.

"Succubus!!" He yelled and yelped. "Free me this instant!"

The doctor rattled his bindings again but much to his irritation, they did not budge, the only thing that could be heard, besides her teasing giggles, were the dangles of his collar.

"I don't think I will." she said kissing his cheek tenderly. "Do you like my sugary bindings?"

The Doctor pulled uselessly on the ropes again as Juicy brushed her lips against his neck.

"It's candy floss. My special, demonic, candy floss. Not a single Hero has managed to break free of it... do you think you will be the first?♥"

"Let me go!" he snapped. "My sons will come for me!"

"And what will they find when they do, I wonder. A brilliant hunter, desperately holding on to his sanity... or a broken shell of a man, leashed at my feet."

Juicy sneered contemptuously.

"You will not break me demon! Many of your kind have tried worse than you can fathom and yet here I am!" He barked.

"Yet her you are." The demoness giggled in his ear. She slid her gloved down his muscular chest and softly touched his cock. Abraham gulped as she curled her fingers round his manhood, the

latex of her gloves adding to the increasing pleasure the demoness was giving him. Juicy brushed his ear with her lips and slid her tongue inside, vibrating it gently from side to side.

"You have killed many of my sisters, hunter." She said with honey dipped words... yet there was venom in them as well. "I am sure you are very well versed in what we do to those who kill our kin?"

He shivered.

"I've waited patiently for this," she purred. "I will not kill you. No. I will train you and drain you into a messy, melted, oblivion of bliss and surrender... and then I will do it again and again and *again*. I will make your sons forsake you as they kneel in front of me, turn them into sweet, mushy messes dribbling cum and pathetic please for mercy, and then give them to my sisters to play with. Then, and only then, I might end your torture. But by that time, you will grow to love it, you will not wish for my sadistic training to end. I will make you beg for more and when, you are given hope that I might actually care for your pleasure... that I might keep you, then I will slurp you soul up.♥"

The famous hunter tried desperately to fight off her sexual advances but despite everything, he could feel his cock begin to harden under the sensual touch of her latex clad fingers. Juicy grinned at his struggles and giggled into his ear.

"You like those ideas don't you?" She laughed. "See, you do want me Abraham."

At her words his cock trembled and her touch only served to drive her points further. He groaned as Juicy began massaging his shaft.

"I will... hold on..." He blurted at the demoness. Her evil laugh shattered those claims rather quickly. His head lolled back onto her shoulder as she increased her rhythm. The veteran hunter could feel the white latex of her bodice upon his lip, cherishing the material more after every pump. All the while Juicy nibbled into his ear, vile pleasure melting his mind into a chocolaty syrup.

"Surrender.♥" Her order was tender and loving, yet even Van Helsing, who was by now lost in the candy coated pleasure, knew that poison and venom were hiding behind her every action. Finally he could take no more. Van Helsing felt his balls clench and then his juice spurting furiously into the demons hand. His body rocked, while he tried to wash his shame out with words of defiance. None came out.

She licked his neck with relish as she continued pumping and pumping, until she'd milked every last drop from his exhausted body. His heavy breathing and whimpers were the only sound that echoed through the chamber she had him in.

"Oh hunter, this is only the first orgasm that will bring about your surrender. The perverse things I will make you do will be sung through the history of both of our worlds. Your fall will be legendary.♥"

She patted his throbbing cock and finally let it go. Her heels clicking, she stood in front of Van Helsing as his weak stare took her in. The succubus wore the same outfit she did the night she defeated him... but there was a different, lust filled glow around her that the hunter did not notice before.

"This... is not over..." He tried to sound defiant, but his shallow breathing only made his words seem pathetic.

"Of course it isn't." She giggled playfully, cocking her hips and placing her palms upon them. Her pose one of sexual perfection. "And it won't be for a very, very long time my pet. I have thought about making you my slave for so long, but to have you finally here... at my mercy. Well, you can still make a girl wet, Doctor.♥"

Her laughter battered his mind as he gritted his teeth in humiliation.

"I will not be broken easily. I will last until my sons arrive." He snapped.

"I shall make you surrender to me time and again before I break them, pet."
Finally, his head drooped as weakness finally took hold. "Cumming for a succubus can do that."

He slipped into an uneasy, exhausted sleep as the sound of her boot heels disappeared into the distance, her laughter penetrating even his dreams.

III

The Doctor slowly came around, while the succubus impatiently waited, eager to continue his torture. Her booted foot was planted on the edge of the chair with its tip gently nuzzling his crotch. The cold of the latex sending shivers through his cock, jerking him wide awake.

Her sudden mirage would have made him rock hard in an instant but something heavy and firm held his cock from bulging. He peered down, his gaze following her tight, white boots and pantyhose that were wrapped around her elegant legs, all the way to his member. To his absolute horror he noticed a shiny chastity cage over his cock, that bent at the top, naturally following the shape of his member.

"Well good morning sleepyhead.♥" She grinned evilly. But this time... this time she wasn't alone. There was another demoness radiating with the same sinister aura that was dipped in chocolate syrup. "Since I will be meeting your sons soon, I think it is only fair for you to meet one of my sisters, don't you think?"

As he tried to bring his jaw from the floor, Juicy removed her boot from his crotch and the other succubus sultrily walked over to him. She leant in, placing both of her arms upon his shoulders, her neon-green lips not an inch away from his.

"This time, I will be watching you two play, while I relax a little." She cooed as a pinkish, human like, form oozed from beneath her and out of the floor. If it were a human, he was tightly coated in a now hardened liquid that looked and smelled of candy. Juicy sat upon his back and crossed her legs.

Her sister, gently moved his gaze from Juicy and straight into her neon-green eyes. Her whole outfit was a mixture of the same neon-green, black nylon and latex. The catsuit was just as tight as Juicy's outfit, seemingly painted on, her lips, bobbed hair cut and nails were of the neon-green that spiraled his mind into oblivion. The demonesses elbow length gloves and boots that ended just below her ass, were of the tightest latex and her skin... her skin was as black as obsidian.

"Hi. My name, is Sizzly, and I will be playing with you today." Her voice, unlike Juicy's which was metallic yet melting, sounded like static and lightning. She leant forward and began twirling his hair.

"I will enjoy tailoring your cells and nerves to respond in the most masochistic way." she said softly. "You've no idea how good it will feel. But I will do it slowly with you, puppet, your sons on the other hand... I will shatter them quickly. Make every touch feel like a mind melting orgasm, every word a soul dropping crush of our heels."

She yanked his hair slightly making the Doctor wince with pain in his weakened state.

"You will be kneeling in front of us, and you will love it." she continued. "I get hot just thinking about it."

"Not my sons nor I will allow you to do such a thing." He said, though his words weren't as convincing as before.

The demoness placed her shining nail upon his chest and looked hungrily at his expression as it changed.

"Juicy melts her victims, turns them into candy and slurps them up. But me?! I change their very core until they are nothing but batteries for us." She laughed as Juicy shared her sister's hungry, predatory look while relaxing upon her human furniture.

"You're so weak now aren't you Doctor? Totally powerless. And now that we have you at our mercy, we're going to train your sons Gabriel and Trevor, making them our docile pets. Soon all three of you will be cowering before us."

She said in her electric voice while Juicy giggled menacingly.

"Never," growled Abraham as Sizzly grinned arrogantly down at him. "You'll never win." The villainess sneered defiantly at her captive.

"And who will stop us hm? Your vampire hunter friends? You know you are best sugar, if you could not stand against us... well, neither will they.♥" Juicy added, her sweet, honeyed tone making the legendary hunter weak and docile.

"Get up," commanded Sizzly, her voice stern like thunder.

Abraham rose unsteadily to his feet, only then noticing that he was not bound before as before. He simply dared not move. His whole body felt drained from the cumulative effects of the orgasm Juicy allowed him to have and the mental beating his situation had done. Sizzly placed the tip of her neon-green nail at the tip of his cock and Abraham crashed to the floor, on his backside.

"Whoops, did that hurt!" she thrilled sarcastically. "Or was it the pleasure that brought you down?"

Shaking with spasms from her electric touch, the hunter got up to his feet again, trying not to look at the shine of her dominant boots or the glistening sparkle of her figure hugging catsuit. They might take a toll on his body, but his mind will remain clear and unbending, he decided. "I've never seen such a pathetic weakling in my life. We have drained hunter after hunter, world after world and you thought you had a chance against us? Do you really think you're a match for me?" Sizzly cackled victoriously while the Doctor tried to steady himself.

"Come on, try and do something. Run away or hit me, it is your choice, it will only make this more fun." Falling for the blatant trap, Van Helsing tried to ram his knee in her abdomen. It was foolish and he knew it.

Sizzly cough is knee holding it there imperiously for a few seconds to underline her power and then tenderly tapped his cock again. A spark of neon-green light burst from her touch and he fell with an anguished yelp, to the floor. His pathetic, naked form shivering at her feet.

Juicy got up from her sugary human chair and walked over to the hunter. She placed one boot upon his head and trampled it into the floor.

"Aaaaaaggghhhhhhhhhhh," screamed the stricken hunter. His body spasmed with pain from the bolts of Sizzly's neon electricity and delight from the feeling of Juicy's boot.

"Your scream is delicious hunter," Sizzly shrieked sadistically.

"You're weak slave," Juicy jeered. "A weak, defenceless excuse for a man. I can grind you into the dirt whenever I feel like it.♥"

Juicy taunted him as she posed victoriously above him, enjoying every second of his torment. Placing her boot beneath his chest she flicked him over to lay upon his back, while Sizzly stepped over him and stood between his legs. He was ready for her to stomp upon his caged cock but... the hit never came.

Instead she tenderly placed the tip of her long latex boot upon his caged member as sly shivers of sizzling electricity ran across his body. Just as they reached his neck, Juicy planted her tight, latex boot upon it.

"Still think you can stop us Abraham?" The pink demoness asked cockily. His glazed eyes and empty stare, coupled with the drool that ran down his mouth, was answer enough for the sadistic villainess. With an evil grin Juicy formed a whip made out of candy floss from her palm and eagerly tied him up from his feet to his neck. Or rather the floss did on its own as Juicy let it fall across his shivering body.

All the while Sizzly was holding him down with her boot, sending ravishing bolts over his senses and skin. By the time he was completely bound and returned to his chair, his whole body was aflame with desire. Juicy settled herself in his lap, while Sizzly stood behind him, holding his head gently with her neon-green nails.

"You'd better get used to this," Juicy said softly, her chocolaty words dripping poison and pleasure into his mind while she gazed into his eyes. "You are just a boy toy now. We can do to you whatever we want and there's nothing that can stop us.♥"

She giggled like a spoiled brat and pecked him on the cheek. The two demons left him there alone, in the dark, as his body changed, thanks to the powers of Sizzly. He felt his nerves react to the sweet sensations of Juicy's candy floss that tightly bound him.

IV

Juicy shivered with delight as she played back the images in her mind of her and Sizzly slowly melting away the good doctors sanity. She was under no illusion that his famous iron will was yet to crumble, but she was slowly stripping his air of invincibility from him. He thought himself the best, the only one he could count on. Well, soon he will yearn to kneel at her feet and drool at her figure while she slowly drained him dry.

Her sinister plan had worked perfectly so far, but now the second part of her musings was to spring into motion. That too, needed to be done to perfection. After all, when a succubus loses a sister to a hunter, his whole family must suffer.

Juicy walked through her dungeon of lust, sugar and candy, while hunters, warriors and heroes, moaned and begged for her attention. She was their mistress now and they adored her for it. It was too bad then, for them at least, that she held no interest in them anymore.

She walked into one of the rooms, where Sizzly was lounging in a bed made out of candy foam. A head of a former warrior was sticking out of it, his face trapped in eternal bliss and rapture, while she used it to rest her tight, latex boots on. The neon-green demoness was wearing what she always wore, a tight, dark, nylon catsuit that shimmered like electricity and a pair of long, boots that reached just under her ass. Her opera gloves were of the same color and ended just beneath her shoulders. Sizzly, just like her sister, was a dream come true for any man, willing or not.

"A very impressive performance my dear," Juicy said in praise of her partner. "Such delicious humiliation.♥"

Sizzly smiled.

"Darling, you know I can't help myself." The demoness said as she crossed her legs at her ankles, right over the slaves face. He groaned in pleasure through the gag, enjoying the cool material of her latex and her sadistic demeanor. "I relish watching proud hunters turn to putty in my hands."

Juicy walked across the room as a chair of bubble gum formed in front of her to sit. A silhouette

of a man was visible through the pink, sticky material and his erect cock waited for her to play with. It stuck out of the candy like material that tightly formed around every curve, pulsating oblivion into the slaves mind and body.

The pink skinned demoness sat herself upon the sugary chair and crossed her legs, while the cock beneath her twitched through the candy. "I do hope his vanity runs much deeper than it seems. I wish for him to last a very, very, *very* long time.♥"

Sizzly laughed wickedly and looked over at her partner with a sinister twinkle in her eye. "And his sons are yet to play a part in this game. So many options, so many terribly sadistic things to do to them."

"Yes!♥ They will offer so much youth and vigor for our little game. They will last a long while as well... though, probably not as long as their father..."

"All three will break, dearest sister. Let us enjoy the game while we can." Sizzly purred. "And it will be such a wonderful moment when they do finally break."

The two villainesses laughed sweetly at their musings of sadism and delight. With their newest victim entering Juicy's realm, the game was only just beginning.

Gabriel patrolled the streets of London, desperately looking for his father. It had been days since anyone had seen him and, even considering it was the infamous Dr. Van Helsing, the situation was too strange.

The last Gabriel had heard of him was a note, a week before, that spoke of a succubus that was terrorizing the citizens of London and that he should be done with the job by midnight. Then... nothing. Not even his friends in the police department knew where he was or what had happened.

Some leads that he had turned up were from a local brothel, of a prostitute that was new to the streets, but that turned out to be nothing. With no other clues, he decided to go back to the hotel for the night... until he heard sobs coming from an adjacent alley.

It was a woman's voice, no doubt about it.

The young hunter turned a corner, his fingers twitching over his revolver, filled with silver bullets which were dipped in holly water. Removing the long strands of hair from his eyes, he saw a woman curled and crying in the far corner of the street.

"It's all right," he said soothingly. "I'm here to help."

She reached out with her hand, most of her body was covered in a long coat, which he did not find odd as it was a terribly cold night, even for London.

"Here," said Gabriel as he leant down and pulled the coat off her. "Let me get you up."

Then, a cold shiver ran over his spine and as a gloved hand reached out from the darkness of her coat and grabbed his arm.

"Finally, we meet, little Gabriel."

Her voice was metallic... yet sweet and filled with an aroma that reminded him of honey. Before he could react, the whole hood and coat came off and a pink skinned woman... no... demoness, reached out and gave him a sweet, slippery kiss.

His head swam and sank into the depths of lust and chocolate as the demoness stood arrogantly in front of him.

"Awww, my little cupcake, did you enjoy our little kiss?♥" she said in mock sympathy and sat over him. Her strong, nylon clad thighs, holding him in place. Only then, as he rested upon the cold, wet pavement of the street did he finally take her in.

She *was* a demoness in fact just as he had suspected, but unlike any other he had ever seen. Her latex white outfit, hugged her luscious body in such a way that he thought the thing just might burst. The long boots, he felt upon his chest as if he were naked, the cool material of the latex sending spasms of bliss through his body that molded with the sensation of her kiss and formed a vortex of pleasure inside of him.

Her plump chest pressed against his whole body while her latex gloves played and tickled his chin, melting into putty in her hands.

Finally comprehending what he was up against, he drew his gun and pointed it at her stomach, his finger already pulling the trigger. But the *bang* never came. The demoness didn't even flinch, no, she gently pressed her latex clad, shiny finger upon his mouth and shushed him.

"Oohhh, you're fighting back. How lovely!" she purred, her voice dripping honey and poison into his mind, weakening his muscles. His body went rigid and he shook for a few moments, before letting go of the weapon. "Good boy.♥"

"Get off of me..." He breathed heavily.

"Why on earth would I do that?" She giggled. "We have your father."

All of his senses flared and this time not even her latex glove would not be able to stop him from getting her off. Again, Juicy wasn't fazed by his fighting. She pushed her finger a bit and it found its way into his mouth.

His rage, motivation and fighting prowess, went out of the window as his body went limp at the feeling of her latex upon his tongue. She pressed herself against him and kissed his cheek, all the while her tail slithered across his body and wrapped itself around his neck.

Her sweet, tender, mind melting kisses continued for a long while, whilst the tail slowly deprived him of oxygen. In that humiliated state, Gabriel Van Helsing, fell into a deep sleep. Juicy lowered her hand and touched between his legs, only to find him as hard as a rock.

She smirked and stood up from him, placing a boot upon his chest victoriously, her hands upon her hips. With a bratty giggle and a puff of pink, they were gone.

His father went pale as he saw Gabriel's body being thrown at the pink floor before him. He was tightly bound and gagged by candy floss and foam, but still fast asleep.

"Do you like my new toy?♥" said Juicy as she placed her boot on Gabriel's stomach. With a snap of her finger, that echoed deep inside of Abraham, his son jerked away, his eyes widening at the sight of his tethered father.

Behind the famed hunter, Sizzly appeared and grabbed his chin with her cool, latex glove.

"No," said Abraham, wearily. "Not Gabriel. Leave him alone. You have me. I killed your sisters not him!"

Juicy ignored his cries, not removing her boot from the boys stomach, she let her tail slide down and gently curl around his cock. The young hunters chiseled chest heaved as he saw what the succubus was planning to do with him.

"Do you think he will cum? Like you did?♥" she said lasciviously as she placed her palm upon her knee, posing arrogantly over his son.

"You are fun to play with, Abraham, but your sons are the future. What more did you have in you? A year or two? They have their whole lives ahead of them, taking that away is sooooo much more fun." Sizzly hissed into his ear as a tingle of jealousy sprang in his mind. He was aware that his sons would be much better hunters than he ever was, and he was proud of that. But hearing her say that... they were more fun... than him... it hurt and he had no idea way. It was sick.

Abraham came out of his thoughts as he saw his son stiffen beneath Juicy's boot. Gabriel was ashamed, it was clear as day, but he could not help it. Just like his father couldn't.

"Oh I think you like that don't you little one? Have you even been with a woman?" Juicy drawled as she continued teasing him, her tail gliding over his manhood, slowly pumping him.

"Stop it," snapped Abraham. "Leave him."

Sizzly giggled behind him and began playfully running her fingers through his hair.

"Aww Abraham," she teased. "Not jealous are you? Don't worry - your turn will come. It's just we have a new toy to play with for the moment."

Her words stung. Could she really know what he was feeling right now, or was it just a game?

Of course it was, everything was a game. She can't know... could she?!

Gabriel was clearly shivering beneath the boot of his captor. He was terrified it was plain to see. He was the youngest son Abraham had, barely twenty five and, though experienced, the situation was hardly one that happened every day.

"I think you're aching for something aren't you?♥" Juicy said as her tail opened its mean looking mouth right above the young man's cock.

"NO!" yelled Abraham as a faint groan echoed from Gabriel's mouth despite the gag.

"Shush baby," whispered Sizzly tousling his hair. "Just enjoy."

With a faint hiss, the tail bit down upon Gabriel's cock. He shivered and tried to scream, but the gag held his mouth shut. His eyes rolled back into his head as drool escaped his bound mouth.

"My you are frisky Gabriel.♥" Juicy giggled as her white eyes glistened with delight. "How long do you think you will last? Not long I think."

The boy thrashed as much as he could, the sweet, melted poison of her tail driving him mad. It wasn't long before his struggles grew fainter and then stopped all together.

"No..." Abraham cried.

"Yes!" Hissed Sizzly behind him while licking his ears. Abraham tried as hard as he could not to get an erection.

"Do you want to cum?" Juicy asked softly. "Do you want Juicy to drain you?"

"Mmmmmmmmmmm. Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm," groaned Gabriel through the gag his body jerking from side to side with sexual excitement.

"My, my, this *is* your first time isn't it!♥" Juicy squealed with glee while clearly enjoying the torment she was putting him through. "Virgins are always more delicious. Especially when they are big boys like you."

Juicy gradually increased the pace of her tail as it hungrily feasted upon the young man's cock. His spasms came in shorter bursts and he thrust his hips, as much as he could have considering that he was bound. With a triumphant grin, Juicy dug her stiletto boot heel deeper into his chest. Gabriel screamed into the gag as both pleasure and pain mixed and erupted in an explosive stream of cum and sanity.

The villainess held his body firmly beneath her boot as the tail gulped and gulped, savoring every drop of his juices. Once he was milked and spent, Juicy lazily removed her boot from his chest and left him behind, heaving. She stood arrogantly in front of his father and licked her lips.

"Seems like your son is quite the slut." she sneered. "He let my tail drain him right in front of you."

As if she knew what Juicy was thinking, Sizzly walked over to Gabriel and from her neon-green nail a leash of the same color was magically made into solid form. She tied it around his neck, collaring him like a dog.

Abraham could hear a strange noise, similar to the one that he would hear next to a light bulb... one of running electricity. The pain was clear across his sons face as he was made to crawl out of the room.

"Come on puppy, you will learn to like my electrifying leash." She cackled as the two left, Gabriel obediently crawling after the demoness.

Juicy, with girlish enthusiasm, sat into Dr. Van Helsing's lap and settled herself right across his naked crotch.

"How do you like the game so far?♥" she smiled.

"You... are despicable..." Was all that he could muster whilst feeling his cock harden beneath her latex covered body. She pecked him on the cheek and it burned like hot chocolate, sending sweet shivers through his spine.

"I know. You will come to love it as well. But don't worry. I won't neglect you. I'll still enjoy tormenting your poor, pathetic body every chance I get. Until all three of you are nothing but brainless food."

She kissed him gently on the lips as she finished her delicious taunting.

"I wonder when the other one will come to pay us a visit.♥"

She stood and started walking away, her latex and nylon clad ass swaying with every step. Turning, one last time before she left the room, to blow him a long, lingering kiss.

V

By the time Juicy had gotten back into the room, Sizzly had completely subdued Gabriel. The neon-green succubus was currently sitting in a large, pink, sofa, taking delight in tormenting the young hunter.

He was being used as a footrest, with her long boots sending bolts and shivers of electricity down his body. Juicy walked into the candy filled room, her heels clicking dominantly as she stood in front of Gabriel's head. His forehead was glued to the sweet, sugary floor and he dared not move it.

Juicy stomped on his head as both demonesses laughed.

"How is our little toy feeling?" Asked Juicy in her addictive tone, dipped in honey. "Did you enjoy your first milking? Well... I hope you did as we will be doing that a lot from now on.♥"

Sizzly gave him a self satisfied smile as she took a sip from her cup. The liquid that she was drinking was silvery and sticky, no doubt the last dregs of a former hero.

"I think his training is going along nicely." Started Sizzly between sips. "There are so many things we can turn him into, I just get chills."

The young man tried to move but it was for naught. He was not bound and his mouth was not gagged, but he could not move nor could he speak. Sizzly's bolts of pleasure had made him immobilized, frozen. The only sound that left his kneeling form, were low, muffled whines.

"I think he likes it Sizzly." Juicy said with a chuckle. "One draining from my tail and he turns into a real addict."

With a slight flick of her boot, more bolts ran down her latex clad legs and shook Gabriel's body to the core. The two villainesses laughed at his spasms and muffled cries for mercy.

"If you like us that much, we might let you lick our boots later." Sneered Sizzly. It was clear that he was fighting a losing battle and his flag of surrender spurted not long afterwards. With a buckle and a shiver, he came from his kneeling position, without the two demons even touching him.

"Well, I think you just had your first touchless orgasm. You will learn to love those sweetie.♥" Juicy giggled like a spoiled brat as shame, denial and surrender washed over the hunter. "We will turn you into a cum addict who loves and adores his mistresses."

With that, both stood up and peered down upon his quivering form. With a snap of her fingers, Juicy summoned a liquid, pinkish ooze from the floor which swallowed the poor hunter whole. His form was barely recognizable through the candy that now coated his kneeling frame. As they walked out, he felt tears of shame and defeat run down his cheeks as the echo of their heels clicked away in his mind.

Juicy walked into Abraham's room nonchalantly. As if she was entering a candy store where she knew the owner. The demoness looked addicting to the doctor and his eyes could not feast upon her enough. Thankfully, for the both of them, he still had a lot of fight left him and just because she looked hellishly hot, didn't mean that he was going to give in.

Her figure hugging, latex outfit, made him almost whimper in delight though.

"WHERE IS MY SON!?" He bellowed. The fury he felt... that is what kept him sane. The need to save his son.

"OH, he is taking a little break from me and my sister." Juicy explained casually. "You know how taxing an orgasm with a succubus can be.♥"

"Why are you doing this? Why us?!"

"Why? For revenge of course. You and your sons have killed so many of my sisters." She grasped his chin with her gloved hand. "And we always avenge our own.♥"

Juicy's voice was sweet, yet the shiver he felt from her words was terrible and bone chilling.

"You are disgusting." He seethed. "You, your sister, all of you!"

Her latex hand moved from a cupping position and her index finger lifted his chin up. Despite the hatred he felt for her, the hunter could not help but bask in her beauty and dominance she had over him.

"Ever if that were true, and it isn't, you and I both know it won't last for long.♥" She chuckled and it made his mind feel fuzzy and melted. "You are becoming addicted to me my little cupcake. I know that you wished that I had made you cum instead of your son."

He tried to move his head but it felt like lead. The worst part... she wasn't even holding him, the demoness wasn't denying him movement, she was simply holding his gaze and that alone bound his head in place. Her white, puckered lips curved into a sinister grin as she continued to speak, fully aware of what she was doing to him.

"Do not worry, Abraham. As I told you, you are our main dish. Your sons are just the appetizers." Shame. Pure, horrific shame swam into his heart as he felt utter relief to hear her words. He loved being her main plaything... even if that meant his son would suffer. And that, most of all, made him hate himself.

Her tail slithered down and bit down upon his cock, the sharp teeth hurt for a moment before sending bolts of pleasure through his body as Juicy sat upon his knee and crossed her legs. Her

outfit creaked as she moved her legs and Abraham felt the pleasure of her nylon and latex upon his bare skin.

"Time to show me how thankful you are.♥"

A steady, sucking rhythm massaged his rigid cock, elegantly pulling upon his pleasure.

"Stop!" He yelped. Before he even finished his yelling, Abraham was already hard.

Juicy giggled as she played with his hair, placing his limp head upon her shoulder. Her sweet, delicious aroma putting his senses aflame.

"You just tell me when you are ready to cum." She said casually.

"Never." He groaned despite the fact that his orgasm was already on the edge of bursting.

"I am sorry honey, you will have to speak up." The latex clad demoness giggled.

"GET AWAY FROM ME!!" He yelled, more so in frustration than in resistance. Just as he thought he might have gotten her to back off, the tongue inside of her tail slithered into his urethra and his body shivered. It was endless, the teasing and the edging. He felt as if he was not inside of his body anymore and he wished-- oh god how he wished-- to cum.

It was draining his willpower and, despite himself, the rage and hatred he felt for Juicy, seemed to subside. The sensation she was gifting him replaced those feelings and love, much to his disgust, came with every heartbeat. Her taunting face and evil grin made his mind turn to sweet, slurpy, mush...

"Guhhhh!!!" He screamed.

"Now I hear you.♥" She laughed evilly. Her words were vile yet, none the less, they were draining his sanity.

"Stop!! Please!!!" He begged. The worst part is that he didn't even know what he was begging for.

"Oh, don't worry sugar, you won't be cumming yet." She giggled enticingly.

He was constantly teased to near climax, every flicker of the tails tongue inside of his cock sent a destructive wave of pure, horrific and addicting pleasure down his spine and nerves. All the while she was holding his gaze as he tried to clench his teeth and endure the torture. Sweet thrills ran through his mind with every smile and look she gave him while every suck of her tail brought him down further into obedience. By the time she smiled again, he was cowering beneath her.

But that smile didn't bring him the orgasm he wished for. Neither did the other dozen afterwards. It was delicious, his pain and pleasure, he knew as much.

"Weren't I disgusting not half an hour ago?" She giggled.

"No... no I was wrong... please... let me cum..." He whimpered in defeat. Juicy watched with glee as he croaked his beggings, mischief and overwhelming sadism crossing her lips and eye.

"More. Beg more.♥"

"Please!! I AM BEGGING YOU JUICY, MAKE ME CUM!!!" He screamed in agony and denial. Juicy smiled triumphantly, playfully licking his tear as it ran down his cheek.

"Good boy.♥" He moaned and then screamed in the pleasure of oblivion as she, with a single stroke and suck of her tail and tongue, made him cum. His body shook, his face contorted in agony and bliss.

Finally, after an eternity, his body slumped back into the seat as exhaustion crept into his bones and muscles. Juicy uncrossed her legs and posed in front of him with a cocked eyebrow. Arrogant satisfaction upon her face.

"I love it when you beg, Abraham. And as I can see, you love it too. So, the more you beg, the more you will feel good. I am sure even with your drained IQ, you can comprehend what all of that means.♥" She giggled again as the chocolaty poison of her words dripped into his mind and heart.

"Bye, bye sugar.♥" He was asleep before she left the room and the only sound was the echo of her heels, dominating his sleeping mind.

VI

Juicy looked the picture of a fetishists dream. Clad in a black latex outfit that would not look out of place in a prison or an asylum. She was wearing a black leotard with dark fishnets and thigh high latex boots that shone enticingly in the darkness of the hotel. Over her white, bobbed, hair she had a policeman's cap that completed her perfect, demonic look. Her shapely body was resonating hellish desires and pleasures from the moment Trevor laid his eyes upon the demoness. As his gaze rose and fell over her figure, he noticed that her right foot was holding something smoothly, firmly upon the ground, stomping on it.

It was his brothers cross. Used as a stepping stool by a demoness he had never seen before as she leisurely taunted him with it. Trevor gave her a look of distain and silent anger, one that knew how to make even most demons pause.

Her lips curved into a sneer as she brushed her thighs and posed in front of him, giving him a good glance of her elegance and raw sexuality. With a pout, she winked at him.

That unnatural allure of her would have been enough to bring him back to his senses and make him realize that she was demon, even if she did not have soft, pink skin.

"Who are you?" He said sternly and Juicy grinned.

"Your mistress.♥" She said casually. The comment took the stoic hunter by surprise but he quickly composed himself.

"Ah... so you have both my brother *and* father." He scoffed. "Typical of demon hubris, you have only made it easier for me to find you. Just like so many of your sisters. You are all so vein you cannot even see how you plot out your own demise."

He glanced at the cross beneath her boot.

"What have you done to them?"

"Oh this?" She said with a bubbly laugh. "Just a gift from an admirer." She teased as the cross began to smoke. At her taunts end he brandished a whip and flicked it against her. All the lights in his hotel room were snuffed out as she dodged, flapping her wings violently.

Her cackles rang around him as she disappeared into the darkness.

"The first thing you will see, my little domesticated pet, is how I drain your brother right in front of you." She jeered, her words slowly enveloping his mind in a pink, misty haze.

"What have you done to them?!" He yelled as he attached a strange, crimson ornament upon the tip of his whip. Again he flicked it and, as the weapon whizzed through the air, the ornament burst into flame which died out as soon as the whip stopped moving.

Again and again, Trevor lashed out lighting the room in briefest of moments, but just long enough to spy her each time.

"Nothing... yet. Maybe a little playing and training but that is all.♥" Just as his flame died out, she taunted and kicked him from behind. He fell hard upon the floor as tables and chairs followed suit.

Before he could get up though, he felt a soft, tingly sting upon his neck... then all went dark.

"Your family is just tooooooo easy.♥"

Her glinting eyes were the first thing that greeted him as Trevor woke. He felt drowsy and weak as the poison she injected into him obviously still lingered.

"What... poison is this..." He seethed as he yanked at his pink, sugary bonds to no avail. Trevor was naked as well, something that did not bother him, but before a succubus was as deadly as a bullet.

"Poison? That is no poison my little cupcake. That is my sugary milk, that will make you nice and docile and... hard. I want you to experience the whole ordeal.♥" She purred, her soft, foamy words nestling nicely within his brain.

Only then did he notice what was actually happening in front of him. The succubus wore the same outfit as she did in his hotel room, with a leash hanging from her gloved hand. At the end the chain... was his brother.

Collared and naked, Gabriel lay upon the floor at Juicy's feet whilst she posed victoriously over him. His brother looked up at her, with pink eyes and drool dripping down his lip. Gabriel had the look of complete infatuation and lunacy.

"Gabriel... what... what are you doing, you *idiot*."

But his brother didn't even seem to notice. He just look up, lovingly, at his goddess.

"What a sweet, little obedient fuck toy. You can hardly recognize him can you?" Juicy's sweet words dripped like melted chocolate upon Trevor's resistance and, naked as he was, the succubus noticed how hard he was becoming.

Gabriel licked her boots happily as his mistress' words sent him further down into a melted, broken hell. Juicy laughed at the two brothers, enjoying every lick and empty stare.

"I love young toys such as him. They always last a long time. The vigor, the stamina-"

"SHUT THE FUCK UP!" Trevor growled. "I WILL FREE MYSELF AND GUT YOU BLOODY!! THEN I WILL CURE MY STUPID BABY BROTHER AND KILL EACH AND EVERY SISTER YOU HAVE!!!"

Juicy looked at him for a moment, a moment that lasted a lifetime... then giggled... and her giggles turned both boys into pudding.

"Silly toy.♥" She said and walked next to Gabriel, pinning her latex boot beneath his torso and turning him to lay upon his back. Then she straddled him. "After I am done training and breaking you, this is exactly what I will do to you too... then you will be forgotten, my silly little morsel."

Juicy sat atop his chest, with her thighs holding his face. Between her pantyhose glad thighs, his lost, loving, face stared up at his goddess... right as her tail bit down upon his cock.

"Stop!! What are you doing to him!?" He barked, this time much more frantic. His cool, stoic demeanor melting away.

"Be silent my little muffin... and I might spare his life." Juicy lied and licked her lips. Trevor fell as silent as a grave. "Good boy. See you can be obedient.♥"

The older brother dared not reply from the fear of what the demoness would do to his brother... but that also brought a strange sense of obedience within his chest. One that he liked very much, one that made his blood boil and rush into his cock.

"I will narrate what is happening to your brother right now. So you know exactly what he is feeling and know that something similar awaits you as well.♥" Juicy said with her sugary, sweet, melting voice. "His eyelids are starting to grow as heavy as lead, his body is slowly relaxing into a completely hypnotized state. That is what happens when I bite down upon my prey with my tail. He is slowly getting completely transfixed by the pleasure of my tail and the fangs that are biting down upon his hard cock. All of his obedience, love and yearning for me will boil inside of him to a rapturing degree as I, ever so slowly, pump and pump and *pump* his cock. You can sense yourself feeling the same way as well, aren't you. You can feel the warm, fuzzy feeling inside of you grow and expand, smothering your ego and sense of self in a safe, fluffy haze. But you know it isn't safe, don't you. You know all of this is a trap... because well... it is.♥"

She chuckled evilly as the tail pumped his brother. He noticed that she was right... his eyelids were getting heavier and his mind was becoming fuzzier and fuzzier.

"But he doesn't. He loves me and yearns for that lie, for that false safety within him, that only I can give. Your thoughts are becoming heavier as you listen to my voice, as you bathe your eyes in the sight of my shiny latex and pantyhose... as you wish you were being drained and not him. You finally understand just how easy it is to surrender your weak, pathetic mind to me... isn't it. That is because I am so perfect, so easy to submit to... so easy to worship. Your mind will fade away by the time he is drained and you will be nothing but an obedient puppy for me to toy and train. No matter how much I break you, hurt you... devour you... your love for me will simply not waver. Quite the opposite actually, you will fall ever deeper in love with me. I could suggest or order anything to you and you will simply do it without question, won't you?"

He nodded absently.

"Gooooood boy. Making a slave out of you is quite nice and relaxing, right?♥"

Another absent nod and an evil chuckle.

"Maybe I should spare you for the time being after I am done with your weakling of a brother. Store you with my other candy, until I grow hungry again. This is the most entertaining part for me, when I slowly take everything away from you. So be sure to enjoy it as much as you can, my little pet, for after I am done with you, there will be no fun left for me to have. But I think it is time I give your brother his first orgasm... in a long, long while."

Trevor didn't even notice that his brother's mouth was now completely open as he stared blankly upwards. All of his feelings were gone, all light in his eyes. Juicy smirked down at his catatonic state and... he thrashed. For just a moment... and then her tail gulped and gulped.

"This is what a broken toy looks like. This is what you will look like by the end. But, his orgasm wasn't the only thing that happened just now wasn't it? ♥"

She was right, Trevor knew, but not really. He just felt that something within him... broke... gave way to a sea of misty sugar and hot chocolate which drowned him in bliss and pleasure. Juicy licked her lips hungrily and grinned.

"What will happen to your mind, I wonder, by the time I am done with this pathetic hunter I wonder."

As she continued to pump him, Trevor admired Juicy more and more. The shiny, polished material that she wore alone was enough to keep him at the edge. The tight latex, snugly covering her calves, her chest almost visible because of just how tight the outfit was... Juicy just looked hotter and hotter the more she pumped his weak brother.

"I love this part. When you finally realize just what exactly I have done to you... as you accept it. As you begin... loving it.♥" Juicy teased and his cock twitched. "And if I were to, let us say, forbid you from looking and close your eyes. All of that addicting pleasure would stop and you would feel... empty. So why don't you do just that. Close your eyes and feel what the world would be like without me."

Much to his horror, he did in fact lose his eyes... and the world turned dark. Both inside of his mind and outside. He felt cold and shivering and... empty. Just like the demoness had promised.

"Well, tell me toy, how do you feel?" She teased.

"I... empty... please... let me gaze upon you again..." Juicy chuckled at his begging.

"Could you imagine, toy, how it would feel, if I were to leave your sight? Just how empty and pathetic you would feel?" Her glossy lips twisted into a sadistic grin.

"I-I-I-..." He tried to speak but the sobs were becoming so frequent that he could not even utter a word.

"Oh, my pathetic little hunter. How I will melt you and ravage you. Open your eyes, I allow it.♥"

He did and a wave of pure, masochistic bliss washed over him.

"Thank-"

"No talking muffin." She said casually and he fell silent. "But you can close your eyes again."

Fearful of what was to come, he obeyed even though he didn't want to. Even though he was terrified to.

Juicy's villainous laughter echoed around him, penetrating his soul and slowly and sweetly, drinking up his sanity. Slurp after slurp, his mind fell apart in a lovely whirlpool of lovely obedience and sugary masochism.

"You can open them again.♥" He did as quickly as he could. Gabriel was but a husk now. His face, still tenderly, sadistically held by her latex and pantyhose clad thighs, looked like that of a grinning mummy. "I guess there wasn't that much left of him after everything me and my sisters did."

She stood up from the corpse of his brother with a mock, disappointed pout, but Trevor didn't even spare him a look. He was too addicted to simply staring at Juicy to even notice the husk beneath her. With a satisfied sigh she stretched, accenting her latex hugged curves, making his mind just bubble in anticipation.

After she was done stretching, she placed her boot upon the corpse and posed provocatively.

"So, do you want to be my pet as well?♥" With a snap of her fingers the sugary bonds loosened and he was free. Without them to hold him, he simply fell limply upon the floor. It too, tasted of candy and chocolate. "If you do, why don't you crawl over and kiss my boot."

Juicy grinned evilly as Trevor, the once stoic hunter, pathetically crawled upon the floor towards her boot.

"How does it feel sweetie? To crawl upon my candy covered floor. To know that you will kiss my boot as it rests on your brothers husk?♥"

Trevor, with a crazed hunger, crawled towards her and placed tender kisses upon her black latex boot. Every time his lips touched the cool material he felt a part of him disappear in the lovely pinkish foam that now completely covered his mind.

Juicy cackled and his mind turned into a comfortable mush. Juicy lifted her boot and stomped on his head as it rested upon the chest of his former brother. Trevor didn't mind, he was in a complete, lovely, pinkish daze.

The demoness slowly pressed down upon his head as the husk gently turned into dust beneath the pressure. By the time she was done, nothing was left of Gabriel but the collar upon the floor.

"Look, your brother left you something." She giggled. "How about I put it on you and we go and play some more.♥"

"Y-y-es mistress... please... play with me."

Juicy removed her boot from his head and tore a piece of gum from the wall. All the while he watched her with pink hearts in his eyes. She let the gum fall upon him... and the moment it touched his bare skin, he was devoured whole by the pink material. His features were still visible through the pink bubble gum that now enveloped his body but he could not move and the only oxygen he was allowed, was candy and sugar.

He was not able to see her anymore and his mind was going into overdrive, his need making his cock twitch with need and frustration.

"Why don't you stay here and I will come back later to play with you.♥" He heard her words and obediently, despite the storm that raged within him, lay inside of his bonds. Relaxing.

Juicy laughed as her heels echoed through the halls of Juicy's foam coated dungeon and her slaves and candies rejoiced at the sound. Her newest pet, formerly known as Trevor, rejoiced as well.

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 through the pain, 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 Trevor?" 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 person 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 Trevor. 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. Trevor 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 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 boooy 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 Trevor 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.

VIII

He found his head pounding as he woke up, the memories of his submission and the bodies of his sons still fresh in his mind. Slowly, his eyes adjusted to the light and he heard the rattle of chains and the squeaks of sticky sugar that wrapped him tightly up.

Abraham managed to make out the figure of the demoness, standing nonchalantly in front of him. She wore her usual, white latex, shiny outfit, that consisted of a bodice with matching, fingerless, elbow length gloves. Sheer, white tights covered her legs while a pair of stiletto, high heel boots encased her legs all the way to the mid of her thighs. Juicy looked a picture of bratty, casual dominance.

But this time he had no sons left for her to use against him. Somehow that came as a relief. Yet, still, there was a figure next to her as well, slumped to her side. He wore a strange, iron suit. Like the knights of old only... stranger. The warrior had no helmet on, and Abraham saw his glassed over eyes, looking at nothing.

"Welcome back Abraham.♥" Smirked Juicy. "I hope you slept well."

"You killed my sons..." He said through gritted teeth.

"Is that how you remember it?" She teased and stroked the thick, curly hair of her victim. "I don't think that is true. I defeated them, toyed with them, trained them, used them against you, then drained them both as I became their whole world and reason for living.♥"

Abraham groaned softly as her taunts pounded on his spirit. She blew him a kiss as he finally dared to look at her. Juicy studied his tortured face, relishing the expression of defeat and denial. Loving his crushed look, pure delight came over Juicy.

"I thought your family would be harder to defeat. I wonder how crushed you will be by the end." She said gleefully and let the young man fall to the floor in front of her. Juicy stepped over him as the click of her boots echoed in the sweet, sugary chamber. She stood arrogantly in front of him with her hands upon her hips.

"Last time I thought you a lesson and showed you what happened when you resisted me. That lesson will continue today. Again, you will look on as a pathetic young man gets drained right in front of you. Then, the next time I see you, I expect you not to talk back to me anymore. Is that clear?♥" She said enticingly. Every letter of every word was coated in sadism and sweetness.

He could do nothing, but nod.

As a mischievous grin crossed her lip Juicy planted her boot upon his crotch. He twitched and, despite his honest yet feeble desire to remain upright, he fell chest first upon her boot. The cold

latex made his body tingle as the pressure of her heel upon his cock made it twitch with desperate desire.

He let out an agonized cry and writhed against her perfectly lithe leg.

"What delicious sounds you make my pet.♥" She said in her usual bratty tone and twisted her boot. Drops of precum were already falling all over her white latex boot which only made her beam with satisfaction.

"I will... I will obey I promise... I swear..." He whimpered. Juicy eased off the pressure and finally, with a flick of his cock, removed her boot from his crotch.

"Good boy. I hope your situation is clear now Abraham. You are nothing but a pet." Juicy said matter-of-factly as she walked away from him and placed her boot upon the strange young warrior. A cruel smile playing over her lips as she peered down upon him.

"As you can see, this is the kind of obedience I expect from you. He dared not move or speak when I was tormenting you. Isn't that right my little mind molten slave?♥" Juicy said, her words like melted ice cream.

"Yes mistress." He answered at once.

"Good toy. I do think it is time to have my fun with you. Your sole purpose *was* to torment that slave behind me, so it is time you became useful. Now get on all fours pet." With heavy movement, as Juicy removed her boot from his chest, he got into position. Juicy gave him a taunting smile while she sat herself upon the young man's back. She crossed her legs and shone with all of her victorious beauty.

With a snap of her fingers, a pink bowl formed from the ground, right in front of the lad's face.

"Eat it up boy. This is your last meal." She purred with delight. Obediently, he lowered his head and began chewing the strange food she had offered. It was redish in color, looking like deformed gummy bears. She patted him on the head, rewarding his obedience.

"Good boy." The succubus smirked. "The food will turn his insides into tasty, sugary, jelly. Just as I like it. Are you learning your place, slave?"

"Y-yes! Yes mistress." The person formerly known as Abraham responded quickly, not daring to displease his mistress. The slave noticed Juicy's tail coil around the legs of her chair and nimbly bite down upon its cock. A low hiss echoed in the room just before the bite and the futuristic warrior sighed in pure, raw pleasure.

"Are you jealous?" She asked simply.

"Yes." And he answered just as so. Juicy laughed wickedly at his quick, obedient answer.

The demoness opened her mouth seductively, taunting the former hunter, gazing into his obedient eyes and licked her white lips.

"Get on your knees, slave.♥" Before Abraham could respond that it was impossible in his position, his bonds shifted, melted and molded around him, letting go of the chocolaty chair he was bound to before.

Barely able to move, Abraham hunched upon the floor and onto his knees, in front of his Mistress. He stared up at her, starting from the tip of her white latex boot that hugged her leg as second skin, shining in the dim light of the dungeon. Following the trail of her tight boot, he arrived at her glimmering, hypnotic, pantyhose.

Drool fell from his lip, whilst she drained her chair for all of its worth, but Abraham didn't even notice. For a moment his stare slipped to the lad beneath her, but did not linger for long. The strange warrior was stuck in ecstasy, screaming a wordless silent scream that came as music to Juicy's ears.

Next Abraham focused on the manner of her sitting, which was oppressive in its dominance but in such a welcome and supreme manner, that he shivered in delight. Her right gloved hand was still scratching her chair's hair, while the other rested upon her knee. Leaned forward as she was, Abraham could easily see her voluptuous chest.

When his defeated, brow beaten, stare finally landed upon her white eyes, she batted her lashes and laughed evilly. By now his cock was straining against the candy that bound him, eager to be touched and played with.

"Yes, look upon me slave. Drown your eyes on my perfection as I feast on yet another innocent victim. Another one you could not save. Does it hurt? Knowing just how many lives you have ruined? Knowing... just how many lives I have drained?♥"

"Y-yes mistress... but it can only turn to love in your presence..." He whimpered again. Even to Abraham, his words came as a shock. Did he truly have no fight left in him?

"Good doggy." She purred and returned her attention to the chair beneath her. "And how do you like your reward chair?"

The lad was, by now, looking more like a husk and less like a human. His pupils were dilated, his skin dry and sickly and his stare... one of maddening pleasure. Through her tail one could see clearly, the gulps of his life being devoured and feasted upon by the demoness.

And Juicy loved every second of it. She had two warriors upon their knees, basking in her beauty and her dominance, completely weak and powerless against her. Just like she liked them. Obedient and docile.

"This will be your end as well Abraham. Serving as nothing but my chair as I drain you dry. As you beg and plead for more, as you scream in agony and love for your mistress, I will take it all away and leave you to be devoured by the walls of my dungeon.♥"

Abraham stuck out his tongue, as drool now poured from his mouth, and panted hungrily.

"Do you want to be my toy?"

He nodded with fervor.

"Then come closer, crawl over to your mistress and place your lips upon my boots." She said victoriously, enticingly. With no reluctance or defiance, he managed somehow to waddle and crawl to his mistress and, with a final defeated look in his eye, which she answered with an evil grin, he placed his lip upon the tip of her boot.

"How weak have you become for me slave? Is my property, what once was your cock, yearning, begging for my touch?" She asked and mocked a quizzing look.

"Yes! I wish for nothing else than to be touched by you mistress!" He said, almost maddeningly between the licks.

"Well, if you are a good boy, and continue licking until my chair is turned into a husk, I might reward you and let you cum.♥" The succubus said, tempting him with her lies. Of course, until he learned his lesson properly, she would not be letting him spurt his cum.

With hunger beyond human scope, he licked and kissed her boots, eager, happy even, to please his mistress.

"Good boooooooy. I love it when my toys show me how obedient they are." She said brattily. "At my feet, licking my boots. Do you like my latex outfit slave? I have seen your mad stares and crazy yearnings, but now I allow you to tell me of them.♥"

"I love it mistress!! Nothing fits you as perfectly as latex! To be even allowed to gaze upon you is of highest of honors and... and... licking your... boots... is divinity itself."

Juicy cackled victoriously, pleased with his performance. Abraham's mind and soul, on the other hand... were turned into sweet, sugary, paste. Her chair was shaking by now, the ebbs of his life slowly whisking away into her hungry tail.

"He is almost drained pet, but I see that you are not even close to slowing down." She licked her lips. "Being my property is very rewarding as you can see and, well, I do think the next time we see each other, you will be ready for a collar.♥"

Utter joy erupted within Abraham as he increased the speed at which he kissed the tip of her latex boot. Meanwhile, her chair had begun falling apart. Slowly, his skin turned to ash and he was not able to hold out any longer.

Shaking one final time, he fell upon the floor as, in the final moment, Juicy spread her wings and steadied herself upon her feet. The demoness stood upon the ashes of her former chair, peering at the bound Abraham at her feet.

"Remember when I promised you would be able to cum if you lasted this long?♥" She asked, mocking a pout.

"Yes! Yes mistress! I was good, wasn't I?!" He pleaded from his pathetic, kneeling position.

"Well... I lied." She said and stuck her tongue out followed by a wink. What was left of Abraham's world, turned to ash just as the boy did not moments ago. "I just wanted to see how

pathetic you were. To see you beg at my feet after everything I have done to you. For all you know Abraham, I might turn you into a husk without even allowing you an orgasm. Denied for the rest of your pathetic life.♥"

He stared up at her in defeat and resignation. With his mouth open and eyes wild he lowered his gaze upon her feet. Those boots looked hellishly perfect as they trampled upon the ashes of the young man.

Juicy bent over, one hand on hip and the other lifting Abraham's chin. He gazed into her eyes as waves of shivers rocked his body.

"You are nothing Abraham, but a slave. And that is what you will be until I decide to end your miserable life.♥" She said and pursed her lips tauntingly. "See ya.♥"

With an evil smirk, Juicy placed her index finger upon Abraham's forehead and gently pushed him back. He fell upon the floor and continued shivering and whimpering like a mad man as the echo of Juicy's heels echoed rang deep within his mind long after she was gone.

IX

Juicy entered the candy filled room where her sister, Sizzly, was lounging in one of the soft, sugary chairs, legs crossed and clad in her usual tight, nylon, black catsuit. Her neon green bob cut, fell neatly over her perfectly sculptured, obsidian colored face. She had her signature sadistic smile decorating her luscious lips.

Beneath her, inside of the round, bubble gum chair, a silhouette could be seen, stuck against the walls. Failed, shivery movement followed his heavy breathing, as his cock tried to find release against the walls of the chair. Sizzly barely noticed the unfortunate victim, recrossing her legs as the latex of her boots squeaked, sending shivers of delight through the poor man.

"Having fun sister?" She asked with her sweet, electronic voice.

"Oh!♥" Juicy squealed in delight. The pink skinned succubus snapped her fingers and from the floor a human shaped figure formed, standing on all fours and covered in a pink colored, strawberry flavored bondage suit. She sat upon his back and crossed her legs, eager to tell her sister of her most recent fun. "You should have seen the look upon his face Sizzly. I do think he is in love with me."

Sizzly grinned.

"I am starting to get jealous of your toy. Do you think next time I could get a turn with him as well?"

Juicy pouted but her words still came out like the sweetest, mind melting purr.

"If you promise to share your own toys next time as well."

"Of course dearest sister. Well, I already caught a glimpse of our newest prey. A certain vampire hunter by the name of Belmont, you might have heard of him." Sizzle teased with a knowing look.

"OH!♥" Juicy was as giddy and excited as a school girl. "They are as famous as the Van Helsing's. Well, if you let me play with them, I can invite you to my next play session with Abraham. He is becoming rather boring now that he loves me. Maybe you can make the games more fun."

Juicy had a sinister grin upon her face, that which yearned for more sadism and broken victims. She gave a look to her chair, the man was once, like so many others, a hero from a distant land. But now, he was nothing but a broken shell.

"All of them break at the end Sizzly. I wish for a toy that can last a lifetime." She said evilly.

"Oh sister, you would grow bored of that one as well, and would probably break him out of sheer desire for a new toy." Sizzly said, rolling her eyes. "You enjoy them falling for you, learning their place... dying for you."

Juicy had a feral smile upon her lip, lavishing the praise from her sister.

"True.♥ I wonder what Abraham will look like before I take his soul away. He was a lot easier to train than I first thought. I guess I am just that irresistible.♥" Delighted with herself, Juicy slithered her hungry tail underneath her human chair and it bit upon his hanging cock. "Mmmm. Just what I needed right now. A taste of a heroes life force to go down with a little self love."

Juicy snapped her fingers again and a sugar covered young man came crawling into the chamber. Just as her chair, only his cock was visible. "My sister is thirsty, my little milking machine. Let her drink from you."

A nasty smile crossed Sizzly's lips as the boy knelt in front of her and presented his cock. Her own tail bit down upon his member quickly and the sugar coated boy shivered and moaned. Unlike Juicy's sweet bite, Sizzly's was meaner, more electric.

"You do have tasty toys sister." She announced. Keeping her legs crossed, she placed one boot beneath his balls and teased the milking machine. The pair laughed wickedly while Sizzly began rubbing the tip of her boot over his cock and balls. Both of them hungrily looked at their victims as their bodies grew smaller and smaller, thinner and thinner.

"Get on your knees my little sugary pet.♥" Juicy ordered in her vanilla coated voice, as she got up from her victim. Without a sound or protest, the slave obeyed. Now, both slaves were upon their knees, being drained by their mistresses as with each gulp, their frame grew fainter.

"It will please me and my sister to have the both of you drained now. That will be a fitting end for you two, won't it?" Juicy asked and the two candy dolls nodded in unison, still not letting out a sound.

"Good slave.♥" She said brattily. Both of the slaves shivered and spasm after spasm rocked their body whilst the pretty demoness feasted upon their souls and cum. Unfortunately for the slaves, they didn't last long. After only a minute or two, the candy slave suits hung loosely upon shriveled husks that were once famed heroes.

"Already?" Asked Sizzly disappointed, neon sparks bursting from her tail as she let go of the slaves cock. He crumbled into dust as she stood up. Sizzly made a point of it by standing directly upon his ashes, victoriously, dominantly posing over the former hero. "Pathetic."

Juicy did the same as her victim turned to ash as well, happy to add one last insult to her milking machine. She had no idea which heroes these two were, but she knew they were once proud and powerful. That was enough.

"Don't get cranky Sizzly. I do believe it is time to go and give Van Helsing a visit.♥" She said hungrily.

"Are you ready to drain him already?" Sizzly asked with an amused, cocked eyebrow. Juicy pondered the notion for a few moments, before placing her hands upon her hips.

"Nah." She giggled brattily. "Let's drain him a little. I want him to feel what energy drain feels like a few times before I end him. Or until he breaks. Whichever comes first.♥"

"Let us go then." Sizzly said with a teasing smile. "And I can tell you of the Belmonts."

With haughty laughter and hypnotic movement, the two sisters left the chamber, towards Van Helsings cell. The dust and ashes of their milked victims were slowly devoured by the soft, floor of bubble gum and sugar.

X

A heavy fog lay upon the streets of London and, for a few brief moments, upon Van Helsing's mind as well. The terrible nightmares he had of a vicious succubus having her way with him lingered in his mind long after he had awoken, even though, for some reason, he barely remembered waking up.

It was the laughter that followed him wherever he went that made him uneasy. And the perfume... it was potent even in the damp streets of London. Thus following, god knows what, through the murky, rainy London he ended up in front of a brothel.

"What the hell am I doing..." He said with a heavy sigh. "I have been doing this for too long."

Abraham had no idea why he was standing there. Ever since his wife died he has been avoiding any intimate contact with women... *any*. So why did he have a sudden urge to get into a brothel?

It was the dream. I have killed too many succubi. Well... maybe getting a bit of rest from time to time would not be so bad. I have been always faithful to her... before she died and long afterwards. She would understand.

He shook his head in disbelief.

"What the hell are you doing you old fool..." He whispered but, despite of his own objections and the love he still had for her, Abraham entered.

It seemed much larger from the inside than it did from the outside. There it looked like a small, independent business, with cheap neon lights. Yet from the inside it looked like a fine establishment with high ceilings and a huge dance floor smackdab in the middle. The whole place seemed far more advanced than the time he was living in.

Somewhat gingerly, he sat at one of the tables, not really looking at the other patrons of the place. A girl in a skimpy latex outfit walked over to him, looking him up and down. He looked up at the women and for a strange moment, was sure he had seen her before.

"How may I help you sir." She asked, her voice on the edge of electricity. Her whole outfit seemed otherworldly. A tight catsuit of the obsidian color, hugged her every curve, making her shine even in the crimson darkness of the establishment. Though her skin was white, it didn't look... right on her. As if her whole outfit and look was a costume, not the one you would wear while working in a brothel, rather one to hide something terrifying.

That alone, should have been enough for Abraham to realize that something sinister was afoot, yet, he did nothing.

"Whiskey." He blurted.

"Juicy is up next on the dance floor, I think you will like her.

Juicy...

The name rang deep within him, drumming memories that could not be real. Of terrible things... of fetishists dreams and fantasies being realized in front of him and... of horror beyond imagining. The old hunter found it strange that he felt his cock grow hard by the mention of her name alone.

He turned his gaze towards her as the waitress gave him a knowing look, before she turned away, and sultrily walked back to the bar. Just then the dark, crimson lights turned off but for a single spot light that pointed at the stage.

Abraham could not really describe the woman that walked over onto the stage. Her beauty was beyond human comprehension and the way she walked was hypnotic, almost mind shattering in itself. Her bob cut was shaped in such a way that it almost looked too perfect. The dancers luscious face was that of an angel, yet apparent danger was hidden there was well. Her pinkish lips flowing into a never ending smile that seemed to beckon to you, but not as a lover, no. But as prey.

The outfit she wore did not help Abraham's confused mind. Tight, white latex leotard barely covered her explosive breasts, yet accenting her pantyhose covered ass whilst she turned sultrily. Upon her palms, long, latex, fingerless gloves, as if rhyming, went along with her long, thigh high boots.

Even through Abraham's fogged mind, he knew that she was a predator. A dangerous one. And exactly that is what made him so attracted to her. Not to mention that, just as with the waitress... he swore that he knew her.

The dancer walked along the cat walk that suddenly appeared through the mist of his mind, and stopped right in front of him. Even her walk was angelic, yet so simplistically dominant, that he almost whimpered.

She tenderly placed her gloved palm upon the pole that was standing in front of him and lifted her leg into the air, stretching herself. The shiny materials of latex and nylon shone and shimmered with radiant haze across his mind. She peered deep into his eyes and for a moment he could barely make out the words that she spoke.

"Soon, you will be a husk as well."

Before Abraham could even shake his head in confusion, she stepped off the stage and in front of him. The same perfume that followed him through the day entered his nose and wrapped itself around his mind. Casually, she placed her white, latex boot right upon his crotch, sending bolts of unfathomable pleasure down his spine.

She leaned in, so close that he could just about touch her. But he dared not to, there was something within his mind that stopped him.

"Go into room J2 after I walk out of the stage, I have something for you. Something that you will never forget.♥" The girl said in such a way that he knew that he should walk out of the parlor right there and then.

Yet he did no such thing.

The girl, in all of her shiny dominance, walked back to the main stage and then finally, out of the view. Much to the sorrow of all in the audience, as low sighs of disappointment followed her as she left.

Quickly, filled with jealousy, he ran towards the room that said J2.

What are you doing you old fool she could not be more than 25...

Settling himself into the silky couch of the room the old hunter eagerly awaited her to arrive. Seconds passed as hours and minutes as weeks, whilst he hungrily, longingly, stared at the door.

Thankfully, he heard it click open and... there she was. In all of her glory.

Something deep within him screamed danger but he was deaf to those screams. The young girl in front of him was his whole world now.

"So eager, aren't you honey?" She purred, her words of sugar and her perfume of candy.

"Y-yes..." He whimpered.

"Are you ready to be toyed with?♥" He almost fell upon his knees at those words. "I am Juicy... but you already know that don't you?"

She asked as sugary, melon bubble gum smells drifted into the air. Intoxicated by her aroma and the look of her he nodded absently.

Juicy giggled at his pathetic look.

"Has your mind already melted? And here I thought this mirage would last, that it would be fun, but you are just so lost for me." She playfully sat herself next to him, crossing her legs as the latex of her boots squealed, melting his defenses into oblivion and making his cock bulge against his trousers. Nonchalantly Juicy placed her index finger upon the tip of his bulge, laughing like a spoiled brat at his predicament.

"God you have become so stupid haven't you?" She giggled, clearly happy with herself. "Would you like a kiss my little pet?♥"

He nodded and went in for a kiss, but only her other index finger waited there to be placed upon his lips.

"Oh not so fast my pet. First you will kneel and worship my boots. Is that clear?" She said as her molten, chocolaty voice drowned his sanity. Without another word he knelt in front of her as waves of bliss and surrender washed over him.

Even this, him kneeling in front of this perfect goddess of fetishism and danger, felt so familiar to him, like it has happened dozens... no... hundreds of times before. Enticing images of eternal servitude and surrender flooded his mind making his cock rage in his pants.

Her crossed leg dangled inches away from his lips as it swayed from left to right, making him sway in the same, hypnotized way.

"Are you ready to serve your mistress pet?" She asked and he nodded, hungry for her latex, thigh high boots, eager to earn the feeling of her pantyhose upon his skin. It was torture, looking at her, dressed as a latex goddess in her form fitting outfit. He just wished to lick and worship every part of her demonically seductive body.

"Yes... yess.... oh goddess.... yessss...." He whimpered and panted like a hungry dog.

"Goddess..." She giggled. "Has a simple change of skin fooled you so? Doesn't matter, you will remember what I am by the time I drain you dry. Now, worship, my cute little pet.♥"

With submissive fervor, his enslaved tongue started lapping at the point of her boot. The cool, latex of the boot made him tingle and explode mentally. Abraham made sure to cover every inch of the tip, even going over most places twice.

"Don't forget the rest of my boot slave, all the way to the tip." She laughed with her sugary voice. He obeyed with fervor. First, he licked the inside of her boot, all the way to the stiletto, before giving the heel some drooling love. Then, whilst shaking with eagerness, he followed the length of her boot all the way to the tip of her knee, then all the way down. Again and again his tongue trailed all across her boot and all the while he felt his mental state deteriorate whilst his arousal knew no ends.

Finally, licking every spot of the boot bellow her knee, he showered her lower thigh with love, licks and kisses. He could not help but steal glimpses of her pantyhose covered thighs, wondering just how silky and soft they would feel against his skin.

"If you cross the tip of my thigh high boot you will punished slave, and you will expire without ever feeling an orgasm that I allow. So behave.♥" She said with a brattish giggle.

Afraid of being punished, he strictly licked only her boots, taking care not to touch her pantyhose with his tongue, no matter how difficult.

"Good job pet. You could be trained into a half decent slave I see.♥" She pouted playfully.

"Now, are you ready for your reward?"

He nodded with insanity in his eye, his tongue sticking out.

"Good boy." She purred. "Now, open wide."

Juicy ordered and he opened his mouth as wide as he could. She leaned in and let a single drop of pinkish drool fall upon his tongue.

"Now, swallow.♥"

It was as if flames of hell itself, burning with desire, washed over his soul, mind and skin. It was impossible to hold his orgasm in anymore.

"Please... may I... cum..." He begged.

"Of course you can slave. Though cumming in your mind and in reality isn't the same, you will be more than happy with your orgasms." She giggled. "Are you ready for your downfall to finally begin?♥"

"YESSSS!! PLEASE!!!" He howled his begging. With wicked laughter, a snake, no... a tail with a snake like mouth at the tip, slithered from beneath her perfect frame and with a hungry lick of its mouth, bit down upon his cock.

"I want you to look at me as you cum, slave." She ordered playfully.

He came in an instant.

The explosion rocked his very core, sending shudders and spasms into his muscles, making his waist buckle. His skin felt as if bolts of thunderous pleasure were transforming his very being into a depravity addicted lunatic. Whilst his mind was in a numb state of constant pleasure which he could barely even comprehend.

In his mind it lasted for hours, stuck in a silent scream, all he could do was enjoy every single swallow of her hungry tail. All the while Juicy was holding his hungry, glassed gaze as if with chains. The sadistic shine in her eye was more than enough to give rise to his hidden masochistic desires and, even more so, it would have been more than enough to keep him in the state of constant bliss even without the tail.

Finally, as the slithers of his sanity comprehended his own body, he noticed his muscles slowly getting thinner and thinner. Though he was in his late 60's before she had kidnapped him, Abraham was in the peak of his physical condition.

Even his skin tone changed from a lightly tanned one to a shriveled grey but, despite all of those alarms whining in the distance of his mind, he could only smile happily as he was drained, kneeling in front of his satisfied mistress.

"So much for Abraham Van Helsing.♥" She cooed, adjusting the tip of her boot with her dainty fingers. "You do know this is all happening inside of your head don't you? But if I do suck you dry here, you will become a little more than a lobotomized shell in the real world. Then it would be a simple matter of draining what is left there as well and... well... Abraham that would make you just another forgotten victim of mine.♥"

Juicy smiled victoriously.

"And your minds downfall came from a single orgasm. I knew wannabe heroes that lasted more than that, but I guess you were simply even more pathetic then I had already thought." Her brattish glee was smeared across her face, clearly eager to break this once famed hunter.

"Juicy... please..." He whimpered huskily.

"What was that?" She pretended not to hear. "I could not quite hear you sugar, you have to speak up, and address me properly."

"Mistress... Juicy... please... spare me... I will disappear, I will never... trouble you or your sisters again..." He begged between buckles of pleasures. His mistress pretended to think it over.

"Oh, you'll just have to kiss my boots and find out if I will have mercy on you.♥" She said with a jeer.

Abraham's husk of a body barely moved as spasm after spasm of his orgasm rocked his muscles. Somehow, and with great effort, he lowered his head to her tangling boot and placed dry kisses upon the tip.

But that only mangled his soul in a delicious, sugary knot. His orgasm increased in intensity as his tongue lavished across the shiny material. Every lick became a soul crushing, pleasurable dip in Juicy's molten desires of sadism. The whole of his body felt as if it were drowning in a pool of hot chocolate, which filled the empty spaces of his ego and self with masochism and surrender.

"What was that slave? Did you not want to beg for your freedom?" She mocked childishly.

He tried speaking but to no avail, his mind could barely function without the raw pleasure she was giving him and the pathetic, whimpering pose at her feet felt as home would. The kisses he was showering upon her boot molded his old self into a compliant, servile slave, ready to do anything for his mistress.

"No? Nothing? If that is the case then I do think it is time to end you, slave.♥ And melt you into a perfect little husk, ready to be leashed, crawling happily at my heels." She teased mischievously.

Abraham wished to speak, to object but that part of him was buried beneath waves of molten pleasure and sadism. He could not utter a word but continue licking at Juicy's boot.

Her tail bit down upon his dick and, after a slight whimper of a stinging pain, his orgasm gained even more momentum.

"Look into my eyes as you lick my boots and wither away. Know that, once you wake, you will be a broken, docile slave, ready for the end I deem fit for you.♥" She said haughtily, her words dripping sugary obedience into his enslaved soul.

He obeyed, of course. The assault upon his psyche with her devilishly dominant stare, upon his cock with the sharp teeth of her tail and upon his soul with every lick of her boot, crumbled the last dregs of sanity that Abraham had within him.

Buckle after buckle, spasm after spasm, he was drained by his mistress until, in his mind, only a shriveled husk remained. Completely ruined, the dream world shattered and the husk dissolved into the blackness of his mind.... as a pink mist started to replace it and pictures of a single demoness, casually sitting upon her throne, with the mummified body of the famed hunter, at her feet, leashed.

In the waking world the body of Abraham Van Helsing lay in the middle of a candy coated dungeon. Much like in his dream, he had a glazed stare, looking at nothing. Naked and unmoving, with a cock throbbing for attention, he made no sound as the succubus from his dream walked up to him, the click of her heels telling of her approach.

The pink skinned succubus placed her gloved hands upon her hips and lifted her boot, placing it upon his neck.

"Well that was easy." She cooed. "Now the only thing left is to drain you dry my pet.♥"

"Yes, mistress." He responded absently. Juicy rolled her eyes in mock amusement and placed her palm upon her knee, posing victoriously.

"And that is exactly why I prefer my victims alive. You are far too boring as a husk, slave.♥" She laughed, relishing her victory over him. Removing her boot from his neck she left the former vampire hunter's cell. The door stood open as Juicy knew she had no reason to lock it. Abraham wasn't going anywhere. His body and soul yearned for her touch, but his docile, mental state could not do anything about it. Deep within his mind he hoped, begged, for her to return and give him more pleasure.

Soon, she would give him exactly that... and have his soul as well.

XI

Abraham lay naked upon the floor, of a candy coated dungeon. He was not bound, nor was he held there by any power of the succubus. No, the reason he did not even try to escape was simple.

He was beaten.

The succubus had destroyed everything he had cared for and now he had nothing left. Not even his pride. Naked as he was, he could only wait for her to end him. The only thing he *wore* was the succubus curse mark upon his crotch. But, emptiness wasn't all that was left within him. There was something else, something much more sinister.

It was addiction and love.

Addiction for the way she made him feel pleasure. For her touch and casual superiority that she had over him. The way she lead him on, twisting his feelings in a knot until even he did not know what exactly he felt.

And love... love for his supreme mistress. The weaver of his worst fetishistic dreams and fantasies that even he did not know he had. Who knows, maybe he didn't. Maybe those blissful ideas were implemented by her, to make him and mold him into exactly what she wanted. No matter the truth... he loved her now. All other people from his past paled compared to her. His friends, his sons and—even his wife.

Even in his weak, beaten state, sprawled on the floor like a used doll, he could not take his eyes off of her. She was just too perfect, too majestic. Juicy sat upon her throne of bubble gum and gooey marshmallows, with faces of her previous victims silhouetting upon the surface, for only the briefest of moments. Before sinking down, deep into hellish pleasure.

She wore her usual attire of white latex and nylon. The demoness twirled her foot in front of his face as drool dripped upon the floor from his hanging mouth. Her legs were encased in long, thigh high boots and silky, glittery nylon pantyhose. A leotard that barely held her chest in place decorated her torso, while her pretty arms had elbow length latex gloves upon them. Her whole outfit shone with a hypnotic, addicting shine to Abraham and, even if he wanted too, he simply could not look away. And he had stopped wanting to look away a long, long time ago.

Her pink skin looked as soft as ever and only complimented the rest of her outfit. It was torture, even looking upon her. Yet it was torture that he too, learned to love. Just as all of her previous victims did.

"What's wrong pet? Have something to say?♥" She teased with her chocolaty voice. But he dared not answer back. He knew better. Abraham, or what was left of him, only spoke when mistress

Juicy explicitly gave him permission to do so. Of course, that did not stop him from trembling at her words like a pathetic mutt.

His whole being yearned to answer, to be in any form of conversation with her. But that mental barrier that she had built in his mind not only stopped him from answering, but also made his cock as hard as a rock. It was pure masochistic pleasure.

And he yearned for more.

"Does it hurt slave? Knowing how thoroughly I have beaten you? Knowing that you have absolutely nothing left... but me?♥" He panted at her words that boiled in his mind. Melting his IQ and mental state further into sugary putty. "And soon... I will take even that away."

She added casually, as if she was saying absolutely nothing important. A cold chill ran down his spine, but his mind could not really comprehend, nor care, for what she had just said. He only knew that meant more pleasure and more obedience. And obedience has become his most addictive drug and source of pleasure.

"What a disappointment you turned out to be. I guess no matter what you humans do, all we have to do is kiss and cuddle for a bit before you give in." She giggled brattily. Abraham wanted to scream that wasn't true, that she drained his sons, broke his will, that he fought with all he had... but he did none of those things.

He just grinned happily at her.

"Pathetic.♥" She said sweetly and crossed her legs. The rubber and latex of her outfit creaking at the hypnotic movement. "Lick. Or stand up and fight. You choose."

Her candy coated voice drowned his thoughts in oblivion and bliss. Not a few moments later, the famed vampire hunter pressed his tongue against the latex of her boot.

"Come on, resist. Show me that you have more to offer, than just your soul." Her brattish behavior only fueled his desires for her as his tongue lapped at her boots. The sweet taste of her latex made his cock twitch and drip precum, but he did not cum. He dared not. Nor did he touch himself.

What little strength he had was used to hold him up so he could reach her dangling boot.

"Seems to be that you were just a huge pervert, not a vampire hunter.♥" Juicy said evilly.

I feel my mind and soul burning for her from just licking her boots. From her simply paying attention to me. Every lick of her boot massages my tongue into masochistic pleasure... I ca... I cannot stop...

"Since I brought you here you have shown nothing but weakness and perversion. I don't mind it though, I like breaking men. Especially strong men, famous men. But I have no idea where you got your fame from. There were heroes much stronger than you, who lasted for months.♥" Her humiliating words ruined him. There thought of his love having any other man in her life was

infuriating. He hated himself that he could not gain her approval and so he viewed himself as an enemy as well. Even his opinion of himself was trampled beneath her boot.

Abraham Van Helsing, was turned into nothing.

"Stop your licking." She ordered with a sly smile. He barely did. His soul burned for more of her boot and for more humiliation. But when Juicy ordered something, he obeyed. No matter how hard it was to do.

"The mark on your cock prevents you from cumming, pet. As you might have guessed by now. Though I have drained so much of your IQ that I would not be surprised if you didn't even know that.♥" She teased. "The only way you are ever cumming again, is if I make you cum."

Sweat poured down his brow as drool dripped from his tongue. With his heart beating faster and faster he looked up at his mistress, pleadingly. From where he was laying, he had a perfect view of her and the outfit she wore. Everything clung to her so tightly that it might just as well had been second skin.

"But I will only allow you to cum, if you beg for it slave. Just know that will also mean the end of our playtime." She giggled. "I will drain your soul and you will finally meet the humiliating end that you have been promised. And if there is a single piece of you left that wants to endure and thinks that by refusing to debase yourself one final time, you will be fighting back... know this. If you do not beg, you will just become another soul in my throne. And that is if you are lucky.♥"

Juicy smirked evilly as her sweet voice made him love her even more.

"So... what will you do?" The latex clad demoness asked finally.

There is no way... right?

I want to cum.

That I will do something like that?

Cum!

To have my life end in such a way?

CUM!!!

At the feet of a demoness! One of thousands that I have slain.

I want to cuuuuuuum.

The oppressive, masochistic desires burned within him, weighing down hard upon his broken mind. His eyes were locked with hers and, even after everything that she had said, he could only feel one thing.

Love.

Yes... at her feet... I will die at her feet. As a slave, a pet. As nothing more than exactly what she wanted me to be. Yesss.... cum... I want to cum... cum... cum... cumm!!!!!!

He prostrated himself at her feet, his forehead not an inch away from the tip of her latex boot. As he began speaking, he felt raw pleasure and masochistic desire burn everything he had left to a crisp. Juicy was all...

"I am defeated, Mistress. I-I beg of you... drain me dry... take everything from me..." He whimpered in a coarse voice. If he expected a grand reaction from his mistress at his final defeat, he did not get it.

Instead, Juicy smirked victoriously down at him and lifted her boot, placing it on his head. Her lithe, latex coated legs, remained crossed.

"That's cute. Pathetic. But cute.♥" She sighed with a villainous shine in her eye. "Now, let me give you your final sentence."

Juicy did not move from her throne, but her tail suddenly slithered from beneath her and all the way up to her slaves ass. Without a second word, the tail thrust deep into his back hole, penetrating the places of pleasure he did not even know of.

The helpless feeling set his pleasure aflame as the tail ravaged him from the inside. Yet it all felt sooooo goood. His eyes turned to the back of his head as the tail neared his throat. Then, just as suddenly as it had assaulted his ass, so too did it burst from his mouth. Covered in drool, the tail danced before his eyes as he was constantly edged near the orgasm that he craved so much.

His whole body felt as if it was burning with salivated pleasure. He cowered beneath her boot with a half, dopey, smile crossing his face. His chest heaved in pleasant exhaustion, enthralled by the sanity, draining pleasure she was bestowing upon him.

Now, completely supplicant to his mistress, the slave could do nothing but whine and whimper, shiver and shake at her feet. Then her tail began thrusting at his ass as cruelty shone upon her lip and glare.

Help me...

Was the final thought Abraham Van Helsing had, the last part of his sanity that was ravaged by the succubus. Then... nothing.

"That was amusing... but now it is time to end this. But there are so many ways to do it... hmm... decisions, decisions.♥" She giggled as she mocked a pout, before deciding on Abraham's fate.

Ending I

"Ahh... ahhh...." Abraham panted as he felt the changes spread through his body. They felt as good as her tail did, still writhing within him, massaging his whole body into a mind breaking stupor.

If Abraham had any sanity left he would have noticed that the whole of his body had begun turning into candy. His skin was becoming the same pinkish color as Juicy's skin was. Yet, there were few horrific differences.

"I doubt you will be needing your hands and legs anymore.♥" She cackled brattily as both his legs and arms crumbled into glittery dust. The sensitivity of his whole body had increased tenfold and the relics of his mind were buried so deep within him that no magic could save him now.

"I knew you were a natural born slave." She giggled. "But what about your orgasm hm? You submitted so that I could allow you one final spurt of your pathetic cum before I ended you, right?♥"

Juicy's amusement knew no end. Her fangs were on full display as her sadistic laughter never wavered.

"I guess I lied." She said and stuck out her tongue before uncrossing her legs and standing up. The slave shivered as her tail lifted him into the air, the final candy crumbs of his limbs falling to the floor. The demoness grinned at his state and placed her hands upon her hips.

"You would do as a nice little decoration I think. A candy coated bust." She taunted. "I love it when my slaves enjoy their demise. Look at you... you are so pathetic.♥"

"Ghhhgghhh... ughhh... aghhhhhh!!" He gurgled as her tailed continued to toy with him.

"But if you are to become a decoration, than you need ornaments, right?" She laughed before snapping her fingers. "Awwww! Look how they suit you!♥"

As she posed victoriously in front of the famed hunter, with a sinister smile upon her lips, rings, connected by chains, appeared upon his nipples and cock. If his mind had worked properly, he would have noticed the increase in stimulation coming from his cock and his nipples, but alas in his broken state the only difference was that his cock of candy now stood rigidly into the air.

"With your limbs stolen, being humiliated by the accessories as you are and being utterly dominated by me, I should be satisfied right?" She said haughtily. His sensitivity grew with every word she spoke and with every yank of the chain that connected his cock to his nipples. And with every thrust of her tail, his body transformed further into an object of pleasure.

"But no. Before I place my new bust in my dungeon there is one more thing I want to do with you.♥"

At her words, Juicy's tale slithered inside of him and his mouth became free. Soon afterwards, her tail popped from his ass as Juicy levitated him in the air with her magic. She gently tapped his trembling lip, with the tip of her sharp nail, before a piece of gum spread across it. But it did not stop there. Soon the rubbery bubblegum face hugged all but his nose and eyes, so much so that his features were not even recognizable anymore.

"There... good boy." She giggled brattily. With a snap of her fingers a collar appeared around his neck with a leash that ended in her palm. "Now, let me take you to your final resting place.♥"

He levitated slowly behind her as she held him by the tight leash, his eyes turned to the back of his head. The famed hunter was turned into a parody of bliss and masochism. With his limbs missing, the rest of his pinkish skin resembled marble. While his face was hugged and smothered by her bubblegum, removing any sense of identity from him.

Finally, Juicy stopped at one corridor or the other of her dungeon, where many other heroes and warriors decorated her walls. She lead him by the leash and placed him on the empty spot before she gave him one final look.

"Remember, this is what you begged for.♥" She giggled evilly before blowing him a kiss. The click of her boot heels echoed into the distance as she left him there, never to pay any attention to the famed hunter again. He was nothing but her blissfully broken property now.

Ending II

With a slurpy sound, the tail finally stopped violating Abraham's ass and he fell heavily upon the floor. With a playful step, she walked over to his side and placed the tip of her boot beneath him. After a light nudge, she rolled him over and he lay upon his back. He could not even focus his glassy, broken stare upon his mistress.

"Well you did beg oh so sweetly for one final orgasm. I should be a merciful mistress and allow it, right?♥" Juicy said with a devilish smirk before she stepped over his head. The view, if he had any sanity left, would have been mind shattering. The pure, snug way, the latex of her boots fit her frame and shapely legs was unlike anything Abraham had ever seen.

As she posed dominantly above him, the demoness began lowering herself upon him one final time. It was agonizingly slow, infuriatingly so. It wasn't that Abraham needed her to sit upon his face, he had no mind left to want something like that. No, it was the training that she had instilled inside of his mind, body and soul. The addiction alone was enough for the core of him to need her without his brain functions.

And then it happened. Her latex covered ass covered his face completely as he felt the latex of her boots and the nylon of her uncovered thighs press against his chest. Before his nerves could burn into an oblivion of pleasure, her hungry tail bit down upon his rigid cock.

His hips buckled as the teeth sent him over the edge in an instant, yet the only sound that echoed inside of the dungeon of the demoness, was her evil cackle. Juicy drank his cum, and his life away with every gulp, and she could feel the broken pride and honor the hunter had, slowly turn into dreamy specks of his soul within her.

"You might have been a bad toy, hunter, but at least you are tasty.♥" She said girlishly. "I did promise you one orgasm. Too bad it will be your *last* one."

Juicy stuck out her tongue childishly, whilst Abraham's frame grew smaller and smaller. But even if he was sane, he would not have fought against his mistress. His face was engulfed snugly between her latex ass cheeks and the pheromones and the sugary perfume of the succubus would have bound him in the strongest bondage. Both his body and his soul.

Abraham's nerves were burned and then snuffed out, all of his tastes and senses turned into a grey, empty feeling. All of his hopes, dreams and the happiness he had in life, Juicy drank it all. Even if she had stopped then, he would have been nothing but a lobotomized plant.

And so Juicy drank and drank until he was nothing more than dust beneath her, with only his skull remaining, firmly trapped beneath her. With a victorious giggle, Juicy stood up and looked upon the remains of the former famous hunter.

With a coquettish smile, Juicy placed her boot gently upon the skull.

"I told you. All that will remain of you will be dust." With a giggle she pressed down upon the skull with her boot and it too, turned to nothing but ash. "And your soul will remain in pleasurable limbo, deep within me. I have won, Abraham. I have broken you, destroyed your line and made you a puppet upon my strings. Soon, you shall be nothing but a story and then... you shall fade into nothingness. No one, will remember you.♥"

The sadistic succubus said, almost coldly, before strutting out of the chamber. Of course, she made it a point to walk across his ashes, right before the hungry floor devoured them as well. Thus, Abraham Van Helsing became nothing but another victim of Juicy and her sisters. Even she would forget him as she played with more toys and victims. After all, he was nothing but another victim beneath her heel.

The End