

Juicy and Van Helsing

Part XI

Final

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.

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.

"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 giggle 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. "Awww! 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 dust. "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