

Juicy's Latex Throne

"How long can you keep your mind from falling apart?" Juicy asked. She was lounging in her latex throne, one gloved hand upon the face that was silhouetted behind her. The sadistic succubus crossed her legs, the latex of her thigh high boots creaked as she did so. Shiny, white pantyhose adorned what could be seen of her thighs as a bodice enveloped her large breasts. "Why don't you just surrender to the pleasure sugar?♥"

Her scent was intoxicating, similar to strawberry and cherries while the aura of the demoness seemed to shimmer in and out of reality. The succubus had small horns upon her head and her tail coiled around her boot as it grinned a foul grin.

Once a famous bounty hunter, the man wriggled inside of the throne as liquid latex poured over his body in the pocket dimension. With a gentle touch to her latex covered lips, his voice returned for a moment.

"Fuck off." He barked as Juicy licked her lollipop. "Just because you have me trapped doesn't me-"

His voice fell silent in an instant as Juicy's finger nail touched his lips again.

"Hush now honey, you talk too much. Yearn to be free instead. Yearn to lick my boots and bask in my beauty." The demonesses bratty demeanor made his cock stand at attention and the fact irritated him to no end.

Her voice sent strange tremors through his mind as the liquid latex seemed to melt into his reasoning, molding all of his senses into pleasurable signs of submission.

"You aren't a man." She purred and chuckled. "When it comes to me, I much prefer you to play the part of a mindless, empty, hollow slave. A slave doesn't think, doesn't have feelings, that's totally foolish isn't it?!"

Resist. This is their only weapon. Resist her now and you will find a way to escape.

Again his power of speech returned and he wasted no time.

"And when it comes to women like you... I prefer you chained and gagged." He said through a mocking laugh. Juicy purred into a laugh of her own, ridiculing his barks of defiance. Again his voice was taken away as the liquid latex poured into his mouth, yet his breath was not taken away. He could breathe normally. Though, normally was probably not how he would describe it as all he could breathe in was candy and sugar.

"A slave is an object that doesn't think for itself. So that petty resistance you have is nothing but another part of you that I will trample beneath my boot. You know what an slave is good for though? For me to drain life energy from from! That's how I prefer you sugar♥. If you want to make a good impression, you should take this information and put it to good use, trust me when I tell you that it is better for you to be obedient and docile. Simply start thinking this way about your predicament: I have no needs or desires but those that **Juicy** wants. More about how greedy I can be and how much I will take from you every time you cum, and how happy it makes me when you satiate that greed. It's all about me sugar, taking from my mindless slaves while they wither away or... if you are lucky... if I turn you to candy. An object. I'll drain you, leave you, then come back once your supply is replenished and all the while you will think of me and plead through your gagged mouth for me to touch you. Then I'll drain you all over again. That's your purpose! That's your use! That's a good mindless slave... until you cannot be drained anymore that is."

Again with rush of pleasure his voice returned and with the same defiance he spoke to Juicy once more.

"I will resist you!! Do you hear me! And when I do am out of here! But the next time you see me I-" Again she cut off his words with a gentle touch and a sneer whilst enjoyed her lollipop, licking it in a teasing manner.

"Do you feel excited about the idea of spending the rest of your life in bondage, being edged for as long as I wished for you to be? That is what will happen to you my little candy if you don't stop resisting."

He was expecting his voice to return... but it did not. The pink skinned demon simply sat in silence and enjoyed her lollipop. The bounty hunter raged inside of the throne, as the latex massaged his muscles and mind into deeper state of surrender.

Then, without looking back at him, she stood up and walked out of the dark room.

Time was strange inside of the throne. For his melting and molding mind it felt like days had past yet for his remaining sanity it felt like minutes had past. In the endless pocket dimension that he was stuck in the latex entered and left his body in the most pleasurable ways as he drifted in and out of a blissful sleep. And in his dreams she did things to him... things he thought no person could ever wish for. Leashed, bound in bondage and sucked dry. He would wake from those dreams with a start... and a part of him would wish he did not wake at all.

Every once in a while he was certain that he heard a faint sound of heels in the distance but now he wasn't even sure the sound was coming from the outside. That is until he blinked through the darkened vision of pleasurable latex... and saw her again.

He jumped, as much as he could in the void, from surprise and a sudden rise of excitement... and fear. Fear that the white eyes of the succubus will go away and not return. The pink skinned succubus had a wide, friendly smile upon her lip, one that alarmed his mind but in what way... he wasn't entirely sure.

His manhood stiffed in such a way that he thought his thighs would give. He was as hard as a rock since the moment she put him inside but now... the hardened bounty hunter humped the latex that devoured him.

"Do you even remember me sugar?♥" She asked in her metallic voice that caved a wall of two of his sanity.

Juicy...

The name brought another hump into the latex as he feebly tried to speak. The demon swung her chest in a hypnotizing manner as he repeated her name inside of my head.

"Oh... right, you cannot speak." She gently touched his latex covered lip again. "*There* my little pet. Enjoy the freedom of speech while you have it."

As the sadistic succubus waited for him to answer she unzipped her white, latex bodice and from between her round, bouncy breasts, brought out a bubble gum. It was pink, just like her soft, milky skin with a strange face of a man stuck in pleasure upon it. With a flick she placed it inside of her mouth and chewed upon it with pleasurable sighs.

Fuck... that is so... hot...

"Juicy... you are Juicy... and I... have to escape you." He said with slippery confidence. A tiny giggle escaped her lips at his words. The hunter beamed at the succubus through her throne, in awe of her beauty.

She is so curvy... so... slender and perfect...

"That is right my little candy." She said and patted what could be seen of his face with her gloved hand. "And have you come to a decision that I will like?"

The answer was simple, he did not. He was too strong and prideful for that... yet it was like a thick wave of bliss and content had fallen upon his mind. The latex twirled between his legs and inside of his ears, piercing his mind and soul. It was... docile content.

It just felt so... goooooood to listen to her, and to obey her and...

NO!

Juicy cocked her head and pouted innocently.

"No answer for me sugar? Hm?♥" Her voice that of honey and chocolate.

"I... will not let you play with me..."

"You will let me play with you? But what if I don't want to?" She giggled slyly.

Was that what he said? And why... why would she not play with him he...

What is happening...

It was becoming hard to think, her symphonic, delicious voice, combined with the sticky, cold yet sweet latex that coiled in and around the hunter broke him apart bit by bit. His situation was very wrong, he was aware of that and yet he could not get a hold of the part of himself that would have gotten him out of this situation. The allure of her outfit, bouncy breasts... did not help the matter as he tried to move his eyes away.

"Um... I... no that isn't what I said..." He blurted.

"Oh? What did you say than sugar?" She asked and blinked prettily. His heart raced again, like she gave him a new opportunity to get a reward that she was dangling in front of him. The hunter tried to tell her the same thing he did before but all of his memories became distant and foggy as if they had never happened.

"I... you will play with me?" He asked, trying to stall for time and recollect his mind.

"Yes... but you have to beg for it." The demon said with an evil grin starting to show at the tips of her lips. Her white eyes beamed at him, dominating his mind further as he fought for an answer.

He tried squirming inside of her throne but that only gave a rush to new tingles and sweet desires that Juicy had promised.

"No... that is not...no!" Blurting his answer did nothing to his confidence but place more doubt upon it.

"Why don't you start pumping your cock.♥" She whispered. It felt like an echo inside of the eternal darkness of the pocket dimension, one that seemed to resonate with a yearning for submission deep inside of his soul.

"Never..." He whimpered.

"Look down... sugar." Juicy said with a husky voice. He did... and gasped in surprise. Right where the latex pillow for her plum rear was, his cock was sticking out like a pole. "Now... imagine if I sat down."

Her mocking tone broke something inside of his mind and he whimpered, imagining what it would feel like. The sensation the latex chair and liquid were giving him were terrible and addictive enough... but feel her nylon ass upon his cock...

"H-h-h-how?!" The bounty hunter asked, fully aware of what would happen if she did as she threatened.

"Easy, my little plaything. I control everything inside of my dungeon, even that little pocket dimension of yours. And once I am done with you, you will be an empty minded, broken chair to be used by me." Her dominating voice and her eyes drowned him in the latex of the dark void. He tried to breathe and steady himself but that was impossible now.

With the force of a wave, a neediness washed over him. A desire for her to sit upon the bulge that was his cock and let him cum and cum and *cum* and CUM!

A smug smile crossed her lip as she held her dominant gaze. "Want me to sit down?" She asked with a devilish giggle.

He enjoyed it.

He realized.

He enjoyed that she was playing with him, pulling her strings and him dancing to them.

"Yes..." Her future slave whispered gingerly.

"I didn't quite hear that." The demoness mocked as she licked her lips hungrily.

"Yes! Sit down!! I... I want it..." He blurted.

"Beg. Like. I. Said.♥" Each word was filled and dipped in honey and chocolate, in the tastiest sweets he could imagine. Juicy burst a bubble of her gum while she waited for him to find his words.

"Please... Please Juicy, sit upon my cock I... Please..." He whimpered through the latex. To admit defeat in such a way had a striking effect upon his ego. Juicy swayed her ass while she turned her back to him. An uncontrollable desire washed over him as his eyes were now half open. His mouth would have drooled were it not filled with cold, sweet latex.

But then she moved away. Her nylon clad, shiny ass that was inches away from his cock, slipped painfully away and he tried humping into the latex of the pillow. But found out that his body was completely frozen... locked inside of the latex.

Juicy leaned in, placing her palms upon the armrests of the throne and batted her eyelashes. "Beg. More."

His nerves seemed to burn with bliss. He was trembling, his mind was ablaze and he could barely connect two thoughts together.

"Please!!! I am begging you Juicy, sit upon my cock!!!" He yelled his stupid brains out and she let out a victorious laugh.

"Now, are you a person... or are you a chair?" She asked with a sweet lick of her lips and blew a bubble of her gum. "Have you been broken and pacified my little chair?♥"

"Yes... yes mistress... I have been... I... I am a chair... I am your chair... I am your chair." He repeated as his mind sank into a sugary, soft pillow.

"Now, make your submission to me complete. Beg me to be my chair, beg me to break you, beg me to turn your mind into mush and trap you in an eternal prison where you will be forgotten." Her laugh was hypnotic and sweet, like a cake.

"Please Juicy... please mistress, let me be your chair... break me... just... break me and make me yours..." He pleaded through the latex as his silhouette shivered with anticipation. With a triumphant smile, she turned and gently placed her nylon clad rear upon the tip of his cock. The intensity upon the head of his cock was unbearable, an denying edge to his orgasm.

Combined with the lustful stickiness of the latex that had him trapped inside of her throne, he felt helpless, docile... ready to serve. Her look was hungry, sadistic and his eyes were barely open. The pleasure was binding and heart breaking. He felt Juicy's ass for barely a minute upon his cock and he felt like exploding into oblivion.

Even through the latex he could feel the tingly, silky nylon of her white pantyhose, which turned his heart and mind into putty in her palm.

"I will sit upon your trembling cock now, chair. But do not cum until I order you to.♥" She said, her voice trickled over him like poison and sugar.

"Yes... mistress Juicy..." He barely said. It felt so good to look at her... to feel her... to obey...

With a slight, hypnotic shift, she sat upon his rocking member.

CRACK.

Something went... broke, deep inside of him. Something that he knew would never be repaired again. Something that gave her an in... and right where the crack had broken a sweet, pink ooze had started to spill and boil.

His whimper was more like a cry, a plead for mercy than anything else. Her face was angelic as she turned to look at him whilst crossing her legs. The silky sound of her pantyhose clad legs echoed in unison with the creak of latex of her thigh-high boots.

She was shining like an angel and her white lips were crooked in a smile of a demoness straight out of hell. How silly of him to think he could fight her. How stupid of him to think he could resist her.

Everything was so sweet... and delicious and... oozy... everything tasted like candy, like sugar, chocolate and honey. Everything... was perfect. His eyelids were fluttering from the immense pleasure she was giving him.

"Now... how goooood does it feel to be such a goooood booooy." Juicy whispered into his ear, sending shivers and spasms of pleasure. Tingles of insanity nuzzled into his heart as he continued to fall in love with his captor. Utter infatuation bound him just like the latex did, just like her words did. The longer the denial lasted the more he seemed to grow weaker and the less he shook in his bonds.

"P... perfect... I love it... I love you..."

It was.... so nice... to submit...

His compliance made Juicy shine with glee, her kissable lips still curved into a sadistic smile. Even her dizzying perfume seemed to make his mind sluggish and weak.

"You are mine now, chair. And I think it is time for your reward. Your final... reward.♥" Her evil giggles made him smile stupidly inside of the latex throne. "Now, once you cum you will sink down, your silhouette will remain right where it is but your mind will sink. Deep into the dark void of pleasure. There you will remain until I need you again... *if* I need you again."

He mewled helplessly inside of her throne, like a baby wanting its milk. "Yes... yessssss.... YESSSSSSS!!!" The chair pleaded, having long forgotten his true identity.

"Only good boys get to cum. You are a good boy, aren't you chair?" She asked, ready for the final stroke.

"YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!" He tried screaming but it sounded more like a whimper.

"At the count of 3 I want you to cum your mind and ego into a fuzzy oblivion. Are you ready?" Juicy teased.

"YES!! GOD YESSS!!!!"

"3"

She counted and uncrossed her legs.

"2"

A mischievous look shone in her eyes.

"1"

His mind was ready, his soul, heart and body... but the orgasm didn't come. Juicy laughed and cackled to her heart's content as she stood up from the throne. The bratty, cruel demoness lifted her booted foot and placed it upon his cock.

"I told you, you will end up broken beneath my boot.♥" She said with joy and sugar in her voice. Lazily she adjusted her latex boot with her gloved fingers and smiled cruelly at him. "I love it when humans think they will cum. It breaks something inside of you that I find... ravishing. What a fun game we had don't you agree? One that you were never supposed to win sugar."

"I... ugh... hhhghhhh..aagh..." His mind had blown its last fuse. The eyelids of the human chair were fidgeting while he tried to grasp a single sentence. Juicy placed a single finger upon the tip of her boot, right at the middle of her thigh. Slowly, she trailed the finger to her waist, the sound of her pantyhose tickling his cock into further submission. Dizzy, breathless and broken, he gave up on saying anything as his mouth was simply stuck like that, open.

Her head bobbed in girlish agreement at his pathetic form inside of the throne, beneath her boot. She pressed her heel against his cock in a sinfully pleasurable way that made his mind go blank and fuzzy. What little was left of him, was now truly and utterly... gone.

Juicy blew a bubble of her gum and smiled sweetly at him. "Now why don't you sink back inside of my throne.♥ I don't need broken toys for my candy."

"P...p... phglesshe...." A sound left his mouth but even she could not understand what the blubbering slave was saying. Soon enough his silhouette was gone and her latex throne had gone back to its normal look. With enthusiasm, Juicy removed her boot from the pillow and sat herself, ready for her next plaything to arrive.

She happily crossed her legs and snapped her fingers as a book materialized with a puff of pink smoke. The demoness grabbed it and began reading as a head of another broken slave stuck out of the floor. The fleshy ground held him tight and in place, trained to wait for his mistress to speak. Her heel was right in front of him.

"Lick, slave, I want to enjoy my book. Sweet, devilish torture methods reside inside and I cannot wait to use them on my next victim.♥"

The broken slave beneath her licked with eagerness at his mistress's boot, happy to be finally let out of the sadistic tortures and endless orgasms that the demoness had trapped him in. Happy to please his goddess until he bores her as well.

