

Dr. Evelynn

Fourth murder in just as many days. All victims male, with their throats corroded and their blood completely sucked dry. Each of them had a look of pure horror on their face with a hint of a smile upon their lips, one that hid the fact that maybe they had enjoyed what happened to them.

The other police officers did not see that of course, nor did Richard share it with them. Cases like these needed to be solved in private. Actually, it was almost identical to a case that he worked fifteen years ago. Yet the fourth murder still shocked him, even though he guessed how the murders were carried out. Even though he had seen it all before.

Most of all, because there wasn't a *single* victim this time. No. Half a dozen men lay upon the ground in the same sorry shape as all the ones that came before them. The rain battered the windows outside of the church as he and Marco surveyed the crime scene.

Other police officers gave them sidelong looks as demon hunters were still seen as occult by the common folk. Even the police.

"This one looks especially gruesome." Marco said. He was a... friend, of Richard's. If one could call him that. He was as scruffy looking as Richard was, though not as angry towards the rest of the people they had to work with.

"Because this one was a message." Said Richard dryly. "A message for me."

Marco looked at him for a moment before Richard continued.

"We will probably find proof that will lead us back to a certain alchemist. And into a trap."

"Why do you think that?" Marco asked quietly, so the other police officers could not overhear.

"It's the same, Marco. The same as the case when... Luca and Marion disappeared. Everything, from the methods to the faces stuck in horror. By the time I pinned the killer down I just walked into her trap. It was 15 years ago but I'll never forget what she said to me. That she will come back and claim her victory over me. I guess she finally decided to fulfill that promise."

His voice was as dry as it always was, but Marco could see hints of fear and sadness in those words. Richard never talked about his wife and son. The only reason even he knew about it was because they had been working together for 10 odd years and it was bound to come up at some point.

"What do you expect to find?" Asked Marco after he swallowed.

"I don't know. But I'll let you know when I find out."

The silence echoed around them as they were left alone in the church. It didn't take them long to find what they were looking for, now that they weren't restrained by the procedures of the police.

It was a single vial. Crooked and made of strange, dark glass with a single droplet of poison left within. Richard picked it up and handed it over to Marco, without even looking at it.

“Analyze the liquid. You’ll find her lair easily with it.” He then turned to Marco and stared directly into his eyes. “After you do, scout it out but do *not* confront her. Only report back to me. This time we will not go unprepared.”

Loki lounged back in his chair, legs propped upon the table in front of him. It, like the rest of his private office, was in complete chaos of take-away boxes, empty guns and worn, dirty and bloodied clothes. The loose trousers that he wore were probably the only clothes he had left that weren’t cut by claws of hungry beasties and demons of the night. Aside from them, he wore nothing. Though he did like showing off his chiseled body so the fact that he had nothing to wear didn’t really bother him.

A magazine with a cover filled with beautiful, naked, buxom, women rested across his face whilst he snoozed. It was clear that most of his days were like this. Lazy and hedonistic. But even in that lazy state he was not alarmed by the sudden opening of the front door, nor from the ring of the bell that announced a new arrival.

He knew it was a human and human’s did not bother him. If the visitor were a demon though, well, the runes would have made that intruder known long before this one came in.

“Loki.” He announced as he stood in front of the young man’s desk. There was no response, only the quiet sound of a man clearly asleep.

“Loki!” Richard yelled as he slammed the table. The hard wood almost broke and the hit echoed around the dirty office, yet the young man didn’t seem to care. He did sneak peek under that magazine though.

“Long time no see old man.” He said slyly as he flashed a grin.

“I need your help.” Richard said, clearly not amused by the bravado of the young demon hunter.

“Straight to the point?” Loki scoffed as he picked up the magazine resting upon his face and threw it at the pile in the corner. Flamboyantly, he leaned across the table and pointed his finger at Richard. His long blonde hair fell into his sharp, silver eyes. “You should have more fun, people might like you more.”

“I DON’T HAVE TIME FOR YOUR GAMES BOY!” Richard bellowed before his voice returned to his usual, grumpy self. “Will you help me or not?”

The outburst would have made many a man pause, but Loki just smirked, clearly unfazed.

“I am always looking for a bit of fun. Why not?” He said, voice all bravery and eagerness for blood.

“Good. Evelynn is back. I mean to kill her for good.” Richard explained.

“Oh?” Even Loki’s interest was peaked. “The one that did the missus in along with your kid? Count me in.”

Richard gritted his teeth, ready for another outburst, but Loki was already heading towards the door. His behemoth of a sword already in hand.

“So where’s boy wonder?” Asked Loki as they entered Richard’s office. It was a far cry from a neatly kept room, smelling of moist and sweat, with papers and food thrown about the place, yet compared to Loki’s it looked like a haven. Loki leaned against the door frame, with his arms crossed, whilst Richard went in to look.

Richard found a note, from Marco, a few moments later, telling him of his finds and explaining that he has gone back to find out more.

“He found her. But the idiot returned there.” Loki rolled his eyes and scoffed.

“Some boy wonder.” He mocked. Meanwhile, Richard opened a large closet door and pulled out a shotgun along with a box of bullets. It was a colorful box with writing upon it which said “Put the Belmont in me and let the demon free.”

“Catchy.” Loki joked as Richard ran pass him.

“We don’t have time to lose, follow me!” The duo drove for about an hour until they reached the edge of the city and entered a valley that looked completely out of place. With roots as large as houses and trees of a fiery red, all around a hut that seemed like it was pulled straight out of a Brother’s Grimm fairytale.

Richard turned off the car a little ways down the road, so as not to alarm Evelynn and sneaked up with Loki following closely behind. His large, steel sword almost ringing against the air. They had a plan, or rather Richard told Loki of what they were going to do.

Sneak up, assess the situation and save as many people as they could, but killing Evelynn was a priority. And they did everything right, up to the point when Richard peeked through the window. Loki didn’t know what he saw, but his eyes widened in shock and horror, before he kicked down the door and ran inside.

Loki, cursing under his breath, drew his monstrous blade and followed suit. Not a moment later he was thrown out as a large, melted, latex wall formed between the two. It rammed Loki with a tendril straight in the gut and sent him flying out and into the night. He landed upon his feet but, by the time he looked up the house was already melting into the floor. Soon afterwards, the whole valley began to change and decompose.

He would never see Richard again.

“You... what have you... how could anyone do this?” He said as tears swelled in his eyes, full of rage. He pointed his gun at the scantily clad woman and pulled the trigger. Nothing happened. The shotgun barely clicked impotently before he threw it away.

“Richard... long time no see.♪” She said with a perked eyebrow and eyes shining with amusement. The alchemist was as stunning as she was when he last saw her. Clad in sharp heels, nylon dark stockings, a tight leather skirt with a slit on her right leg, a neatly tucked in white blouse which threatened to burst from trying to keep her perfectly rounded chest in check. And her face...

Dark eyeliner and lipstick made her sharp features look heavenly and the wild, dark haired, bob cut made every part of her look pristine.

Which only made the sight around her more horrific and diabolic. A young man, a woman and Marco were all tied to experimental tables with tubes in the dozens sticking out of their mouth, nose and ears.

“It’s them...” Richard seethed.

“Yes your family and, how did Loki call him? Your “Boy Wonder”, tied and used for my experiments.” He opened his mouth but Evelyn cut him off as she tapped her sharp nail against his son’s forehead. The young lad had his eyes rolled back in what could have been pleasure beyond measure or horrific pain. “I have had so many toxins pumped into them that only an antidote made by me would make all of this go away... but why would I give it to you, detective?”

“Please... I’ll do anything just... just release them...” He said.

“Begging already?♪” She chuckled evilly before giving him a feral look.. “You’re no fun. But there is something you can do to make me free them.”

“W-what?” He asked, not even aware that he had already given up.

“I will plug you into my machines just like them. Pump you with my poisons and, if you last an hour, I will free all of you. But if you don’t... if you get addicted and horny for me, I will keep you and have you as a guinea pig until you are of no more use to me.” That evil smile crossed her dark lips as she announced his fate.

Richard just accepted it. Seeing his family tied up like that broke the fight within him. Thus, he simply nodded and her smile turned into a menacing grin.

“Then, let us begin.♪” Evelyn announced coyly.

First, he was strapped, naked, to a table with his limbs tightly held by leather belts. Next, she had his cock strapped to a milking machine, the same as his son and Marco, before turning it on. It didn’t suck violently at his manhood, still he could feel orgasms piling up but never reaching that final threshold.

She smiled wickedly down at him as she placed tubes into his mouth and nose, before plugging up his ears as well. By the time she was done, he could barely hear or breathe yet the click of her heels resonated within him like a drum.

“Are you ready darling?” She asked before she clicked the button upon the table. Corrosive aphrodisiac began pumping into him, making him buckle and whine in his bonds. That only made Evelynn chuckle in amusement as she finally had him in her clutches. “Already liking it? Your organs will turn into mush and cum, making every spurt take away from you something that you can never get back. Over time even your brain and soul will disintegrate into nothingness and you shall become a disposable husk. But fret not, my pet...”

Evelynn teased and licked his cheek with an amused chuckle.

“Those days are far away, I will have you and your family used, as I drain you and remain young for decades to come. You won’t even have enough brain function to understand that I have disposed of you when that happens.♪”

As she explained his fate so lovingly, the heat within him rose and he looked up into her eyes with adoration. Thoughts of his wife and son, completely whipped from his mind and replaced by ruin, pain and pleasure.

Richard didn’t even notice that he was being lifted into the air along with the table that he was strapped to, before being dunked into a pool of toxic green liquid. Within, he would be edged and stimulated from within and from without, until the last remnants of his soul were shattered. Or, until Evelynn decided to play with him again.

Loki entered his parlor after a long night of trying to find his lost friend. To no avail. The world of Dr. Evelynn had melted away as soon as Richard had entered. He knew that this was yet another life he was not able to save.

And another nightmare to add to the pile.

He sighed deeply as he turned on the lights, only to see a stunning, young woman sitting upon his desk with her, shapely, nylon clad legs crossed. Loki drew his blade in an instant and pointed it at the woman.

“Surprised to see me?♪” She chirped. “Awww, what’s wrong, too deep in your wallowing to see that I was waiting around for you.”

He eyed her for a serious minute, going over the options he had, before he straightened. Loki gave her a knowing smile before he said “You’re hot.”

Evelynn played the charmed damsel perfectly as she pouted her lips and winked at him.

“Why thank you stud.” Her smile was hypnotic. “I’m glad you know I’m not here to fight.”

“Yeah I know.” He scoffed through a laugh. “Another threat from the league?”

“You know me too well honey. Loreline, The Duchess and the rest aren’t too happy with you. Woe what happens if they catch you.♪”

“Doubt that will happen. But what will happen is me ramming this sword through you and saving Richard and the rest.” He said, still smiling playfully.

She looked at him quizzingly for a moment.

“Ah, my new pet. I had already forgotten his name.” She looked at her nails absently. “And I cannot wait for them to get their hands on you. The look in your eyes as you break... oh, it gives me chills.”