

Juicy and Van Helsing 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 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 her 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.

