

Juicy and Van Helsing Part 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 smack 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 an 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 S2.

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 heel, 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 below 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 be 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.