

# Juicy and Van Helsing

## II

The Doctor awoke, tied to a chair, his head feeling heavy and lazy. His first thought was to move and stand up, but much to his dismay he had been tied by a strange violet *rope* that held him firmly in place. Only then did he notice, that he was in fact completely naked.

Rattled by the situation he tried budging again but a strange tingle echoed around the darkened room. For a short moment he didn't know where it was coming from, but then he shook his neck just to check... and felt strange metallic movement. It was a collar. One put on dogs and slaves.

The humiliation rose with his temper as he finally understood his predicament and just what the succubus wanted to do to him. As he contemplated his next move, and the gravity of his situation, an arm slid over his chest from behind him and a husky voice whispered in his ear.

"Like the collar?♥" Her husky, sugary voice purred into his ear sending bolts of sensations through his bound body.

"Succubus!!" He yelled and yelped. "Free me this instant!"

The doctor rattled his bindings again but much to his irritation, they did not budge, the only thing that could be heard, besides her teasing giggles, were the dangles of his collar.

"I don't think I will." she said kissing his cheek tenderly. "Do you like my sugary bindings?"

The Doctor pulled uselessly on the ropes again as Juicy brushed her lips against his neck.

"It's candy floss. My special, demonic, candy floss. Not a single Hero has managed to break free of it... do you think you will be the first?♥"

"Let me go!" he snapped. "My sons will come for me!"

"And what will they find when they do, I wonder. A brilliant hunter, desperately holding on to his sanity... or a broken shell of a man, leashed at my feet."

Juicy sneered contemptuously.

"You will not break me demon! Many of your kind have tried worse than you can fathom and yet here I am!" He barked.

"Yet her you are." The demoness giggled in his ear. She slid her gloved down his muscular chest and softly touched his cock. Abraham gulped as she curled her fingers round his manhood, the latex of her gloves adding to the increasing pleasure the demoness was giving him. Juicy brushed his ear with her lips and slid her tongue inside, vibrating it gently from side to side.

"You have killed many of my sisters, hunter." She said with honey dipped words... yet there was venom in them as well. "I am sure you are very well versed in what we do to those who kill our kin?"

He shivered.

"I've waited patiently for this," she purred. "I will not kill you. No. I will train you and drain you into a messy, melted, oblivion of bliss and surrender... and then I will do it again and again and *again*. I will make your sons forsake you as they kneel in front of me, turn them into sweet, mushy messes dribbling cum and pathetic please for mercy, and then give them to my sisters to play with. Then, and only then, I might end your torture. But by that time, you will grow to love it, you will not wish for my sadistic training to end. I will make you beg for more and when, you are given hope that I might actually care for your pleasure... that I might keep you, then I will slurp you soul up.♥"

The famous hunter tried desperately to fight off her sexual advances but despite everything he could feel his cock begin to harden under the sensual touch of her latex clad fingers. Juicy grinned at his struggles and giggled into his ear.

"You like those ideas don't you?" She laughed. "See, you do want me Abraham"

At her words his cock trembled and her touch only served to drive her points further. He groaned as Juicy began massaging his shaft.

"I will... hold on..." He blurted at the demoness. Her evil laugh shattered those claims rather quickly. His head lolled back onto her shoulder as she increased her rhythm. The veteran hunter could feel the white latex of her bodice upon his lip, cherishing the material more after every pump. All the while Juicy nibbled into his ear, vile pleasure melting his mind into a chocolaty syrup.

"Surrender.♥" Her order was tender and loving, yet even Van Helsing, who was by now lost in the candy coated pleasure, knew that poison and venom were hiding behind her every action. Finally he could take no more. Van Helsing felt his balls clench and then his juice spurting furiously into the demons hand. His body rocked, while he tried to wash his shame out with words of defiance. None came out.

She licked his neck with relish as she continued pumping and pumping, until she'd milked every last drop from his exhausted body. His heavy breathing and whimpers were the only sound that echoed through the chamber she had him in.

"Oh hunter, this is only the first orgasm that will bring about your surrender. The perverse things I will make you do will be sung through the history of both of our worlds. Your fall will be legendary.♥"

She patted his throbbing cock and finally let it go. Her heels clicking, she stood in front of Van Helsing as his weak stare took her in. The succubus wore the same outfit she did the night she defeated him... but there was a different, lust filled glow around her that the hunter did not notice before.

"This... is not over..." He tried to sound defiant, but his shallow breathing only made his words seem pathetic.

"Of course it isn't." She giggled playfully, cocking her hips and placing her palms upon them. Her pose one of sexual perfection. "And it won't be for a very, very long time my pet. I have thought about making you my slave for so long, but to have you finally here... at my mercy. Well, you can still make a girl wet, Doctor.♥"

Her laughter battered his mind as he gritted his teeth in humiliation.

"I will not be broken easily. I will last until my sons arrive." He snapped.

"I shall make you surrender to me time and again before I break them, pet." Finally, his head drooped as weakness finally took hold. "Cumming for a succubus can do that."

He slipped into an uneasy, exhausted sleep as the sound of her boot heels disappeared into the distance, her laughter penetrating even his dreams.