

Juicy and the Vampire Hunters

Chapter 3

“Have you fallen for me already?♥” She teased mischievously. Lucius opened his mouth to speak but nothing came out. For one, long, frightening moment, he thought that he was done for. That his body had given up. Thankfully, in that darkest moment, like every time before, his master came to his rescue.

“Fight it.” He seethed. “Lucius there is a reason that demoness wants you to herself don’t you see?! She-“

“Silence.” Sizzle said coolly as she lifted her gloved palm and toxic, green electricity burst from her fingers and zapped his master.

“Well?” Juicy chimed. “Will you give up? Or can our game begin?♥”

“No way!” He yelled before the sultry demon even finished her sentence. “I will save the both of them and have your head on a pike!”

For a moment, a long moment that stretched into eternity, they looked at one another and Lucius became aware just how much he was bluffing. The sight of such an attractive woman, even though she was a demon, in tight latex and pantyhose drove him mad. He never had too much experience with women, yet somehow she alone made his heart flutter like a little school girl.

Thankfully, Juicy chuckled girlishly and tugged the leash of her pet. His sister.... And he could feel his temper rising.

“Then come and get me toy.” She said in amusing tones.

It was infuriating. Being taunted but such a goddess, knowing that even if he gave into her she would just kill him, snuff his life out and discard him. Why couldn’t she be a human? One he could love for the rest of his life? Indulge in, spoil.

What are you thinking you idiot! She has your sister on a leash, enslaved! You should be rescuing her.

Whip in hand, Lucius strode towards her, his confidence returning, his bravado reaching a peak. He could see it, visualize it. Her head stuck in pain and horror for eternity, a reminder that any and all demons who stood against his family would meet the same fate.

If I cannot have her at least I will kill her and rid this world of her. Of another demon! That way... I will make sure she shares her bed with no one else...

He felt shame at his thoughts but fought them off. He had no time for such thinking.

Then it all melted into oblivion as the demoness chuckled.

“Silly boy.♥” As her hypnotic voice echoed around the hall, a whirlwind of power began sucking him into one of the paintings to his right. It was impossible to fight it, impossible to hold on. Even worse, the demonesses around him laughed at his predicament, clearly enjoying what had befallen him.

As his legs were lifted from the floor he grabbed on to the carpet but that did little good.

“Bye.” Sizzly mocked from behind him as the vortex finally swallowed him. The last thing he saw was the cheeky grin of the obsidian, neon green succubus.

Lucius woke with a ringing in his ears that died down the moment his eyes adjusted to the sight around him. It was a cell... or something akin to it. Dark walls of rubber with no windows or doors. Still, he could clearly see even though he was trapped in such a dark, foreboding place.

Even the air felt off.

Cool and smelling of latex with a damp yet addicting smell that tickled the back of his ego and identity.

“Kind of reminds you of me, doesn’t it?♥” He spun on his heel and fell backwards. His cock twitched and became rock hard at the sound of her voice and, by the time he saw her again, in all of her glory, he was almost panting like a horny dog. “I like how you react to me. So boyish and innocent.”

It was Juicy, in all of her latex glory. In the darkness of this cube he was stuck in, she looked radiant in all of that white rubber. Angelic almost. Safe... safe compared to the oppressive atmosphere of the cube.

“Where have you taken me... what is this place...?” He said through gritted teeth. Though, strangely, the bravado and the fury he had felt was absent. Instead replaced by a need to feel that tail of hers upon his cock. To submit.

“This is a pocket dimension I had created. With the doorways being the paintings in your hallway.” She smiled girlishly... innocently. As if she were explaining her homework and not a deadly row of traps. “This is the first one. The most simplistic. I really cannot bother with you if you cannot even escape from here... but if you do the other worlds are rather interesting.♥”

She explained and licked her lips hungrily. It was clear that it would be more fun for her to defeat him in one of the other worlds.

“So I hope we get to play there. Buuuuuut...” She tapped her lip with those shiny, rubber gloves. “If I drain you here that would only mean you were a boring toy. And I don’t need those. I want you to love me, I want you to think of me as your soul mate... before I break you, drain you and discard you.”

Her voice turned to that of a spoiled brat.

Without giving him a chance to talk back, her snake like tail rushed him, biting at his neck and mid rift. Lucius dodged as best as he could, fighting both the demoness and the urge to submit. But he could not hold out like that for long and he knew it. It was just a matter of whether he would submit to this fetish goddess in front of him, or if he would tap into his training and beat her.

Ending 2

He pondered the idea of surrendering for just a second too long. By the time the snake teeth bit into his neck he could feel his knees growing weak before giving in. He fell upon all fours upon the cool floor of the rubber cube. Juicy walked over and stood in front of him victoriously though with an honest pout upon her white lips.

“Boring. You really are a weakling. And here I was thinking I could use you as a sacrifice.” Without another word Lucius felt her tail bite down upon his cock and the whole of his identity began falling apart.

With her hands crossed beneath her breasts, she looked down on him like a child looking down on a broken toy. Contempt and disappointment crossing her white eyes and pinkish face. He opened his mouth to speak, yet only a pathetic whimper came out.

Lucius fell forward and held himself steady against her. He could feel the latex of her outfit upon his fingers and palms, sending shivers down his spine as the tail drank from his cock and mind, just as the first orgasm hit. It was like an ocean swallowing him whole yet still burning him from within.

First it was his identity. He could feel his ideals and morals burn from the pleasure and burn to a crisp. His duty became submission, his honor became masochism and his love of family was twisted into a sick adoration for his mistress.

Then it was his memories.

Lucius’s first memories with his sisters and father were morphed into emptiness that was his life without Juicy. His master was turned into a nobody that could not compare to her perfection and his first swings of a sword were corrupted into sadness as he was not jerking his cock to his owner.

All of it became hers.

She cupped his chin and the cool material sent even more bolts of pleasure as he grew smaller and smaller after each orgasm. By now he was as thin as a twig. Lifting his chin she peered into his eyes and smiled evilly.

“Do you understand the difference between us?”

“Please... keep me...” He whimpered as tears swelled and fell over his dusty cheeks. For dust he was becoming.

“Nope.♥” She giggled like a brat. “Silly. I don’t need a toy like you.”

Despair and obsession. That is the only feelings he had left within him. And all he had to show for it was a demoness sneering down at his pathetic form.

“Actually...” She said teasingly. “I won’t even drain you dry.”

She stepped back from him and her snake like tail let go of his cock.

Cold.

That is how he felt.

Cold and abandoned.

He fell forward and upon the floor. Feebly, he reached out to her, trying to get one last touch. She stomped down upon his palm with her heel and laughed.

“I will leave you here pet. The cube can be your tight prison In the darkness of denial. Live for eternity knowing that I don’t need you.♥” Juicy continued laughing as a door appeared on the far side of his tomb. Her hips swayed and her heels clicked and that was the last he saw of her.

Not a moment later the cube began shrinking around him until it formed a perfectly fitting form around his body. It held him tightly, snugly, so much so that he could not move and inch as the latex penetrated his mouth and nose, filling him from the inside.

It felt like an aphrodisiac which burned his lust aflame and his yearning into insanity. He knew that the dregs of his mind would not last long. He was trapped for eternity in darkness, longing for the touch of his mistress and the pleasure only she could provide. But never again being allowed to feel any of it.