Hunting her.

By : UndefendedImagination

A moster hunting therapist, kidnaps a monster magnet. He uses her as bait, until he realizes he can use her for other things.

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Hunting her. : Chapter 1

"Lay down." Marceline Laid down on a curvy red velvet coloured futon. I handsome man sat in a giant mobile chair, the same colour as the furniture, Marceline was laying on. "Okay, Miss Perez, I'm Doctor Brown." Marceline nodded, already annoyed. She blew hair out of her face, and starred daggers at him. "So your husband tells me, you're obsessed with the supernatural. Is this true." "No." Doctor Brown folded his legs, and pulled the clipboard to his knees. "Alright, then what is it? Why are you here?" He pushed the loose brown hair, out of his face, and looked down at Marceline. "They think I'm crazy." Marceline crossed her arms, and starred at the ceiling. "They think I've lost it.. I'm not ever sure anymore doctor.." Doctor Brown pulled at his tie. 'Why is it so hot, all of a sudden?' He saw Marceline's eyes glaze over, and then shift away from a scented candle across the office. The room's temperature changed as a bead of sweat fell from her forehead. Doctor Brown's eyes grew, and he slowly walked to his desk. Marceline watched as he fumbled about, and then smiled. 'Oh, I've freaked him out. What a shame,' She thought to herself. He put some things into his pocket, and he sat back down. "So, have you been having, any hallucinations? Maybe livid dreams?" "Well, Doctor Brown,-" "Call me Matthew." He interrupted. "..Matthew, I've been seeing people. People as their true forms.." Matthew leaned foreword, in his chair. "How so Marceline?" Marceline looked him up and down before answering. "When I look at a person, I can blink and see who they really are, but when I blink again, they're normal." Matthew licked his lips, and was breathing heavy. "Who are they really Marceline?" Marceline blinked her eyes forcefully, at Matthew. "Monsters." Matthew pulled out a small bottle, and began to write on it. As he wrote, Macreline continued,"I know I sound extremely insane, but I'm telling you the truth. You believe me, don't you?" When Matthew looked up, he saw she was standing above him. As he sat in the chair, he looked at her from atop his glasses. A lustful smell came from seemingly nowhere, and he shot out of his seat. Marceline smiled, and allowed him to wrap his arms around her. His eyelids dropped, and his voice was husky. "Your.. husband.." And with those words, his trace was lifted, and when he blinked he was again sitting, and Marceline was in the exact spot she was in before he was writing on the pill bottle. She looked somewhat tired, so Matthew decided to end the session. He wasn't sure if what he thought just happened, actually happened, but he knew Marceline was what he needed. He stood up, and walked towards the door. "G-good session, Marceline. We mayof just made a break through." As Matthew shook Marceline's hand as she left, he smelled it again. That lustful fragrance, filled his senses, and he slammed the door behind Marceline, before he tried to do anything to her. He sat down, on the futon, and thought to himself, 'Monsters, eh?'

Chapter 2: Dreaming

Matthew cleaned up his office, and turned off the lights. The scent still lingered, but it was barely effective. He knew what she was, or atleast hoped. There could be two possibilities, the first: A witch, and then second.. The second was something he didn't want to think about. Matthew walked out off his office building, and waved away the homeless beggar that lived in the alley by his office. He climbed into his car, and headed home. Matthew was fidgety, and tired. He nearly fell asleep at a stop light. He slowly made his way into his driveway, and relaxed. He opened his car door, and was thrown out of the car. He landed on his hands, and was terrified. He sworn he had heard someone yell out to him, but now it was silent. He locked the car, and headed to the front door of his house. He grabbed the knob, and turned it. As he walked in his froze. 'Unlocked?' He thought. He yawned, and kept walking. He threw off her shoes, and seemed to float upstairs. When he reached his bedroom, he smacked into the pillow, and slept. Deeply. His eyes shot open, and he could hear a girl humming. "Who's there?" Matthew walked towards the bathroom, and opened the door. He saw a beautifully curved woman standing, looking, at the mirror. She brushed her long brown hair, and Matthew watched the brush trail down her back. "Marceline?" Marceline turned around, and Matthew noticed her nudity. He stepped back, and turned his blushing face. Marceline smiled, and grabbed his hands. "You were wonderful, Matthew." Matthew's head twitch in surprise. "What do you mean?" Marceline laid Matthew's palm on her bare breast, and cupped it also with hers. "You did things to me, that I'll never forget." Matthew's blood was raging, and he rolled his palm on her breast, kneeding it. "Really? Are you serious? We slept together?!" Marceline nodded, and started to pull at Matthew's shirt. "Why did you get dressed? You won't be needing these, I'm not done with you." And then he was naked, and laying on his back, on the bed. Marceline climbed onto his lap, and held his hand. She leaned into him, and kissed him on the mouth, her tongue sucking on his. "I want you so bad." Matthew's hips involuntarily began to rise, and fall. "I want you too, baby doll." Marceline backed up, until Matthew's hard on was pressing against her bare ass. "No you don't.. " Marceline could feel his member twitch at her feel. "Y-yessss, I'll swear to any God you worship! I want to screw your brains out!" Matthew was panting, and pre-cum was leaking from his shaft. Marceline laughed, and kissed him again. She pulled at his hair, and leaned his head away. She kissed his neck, and nibbled. Then an evil cackle filled the air, and the lustful scent arisen. Marceline began to rip open his throat, and Matthew screamed. He awoke with a jolt. He was sweating, and opened his night stand, and grabbed his gear. It was an especially designed gun, that all the monster hunters used. It had neon green veins, that outstretched throught out the gun, and the tip was jaded, in case the hunter ran out of bullets. Matthew waved the gun around his bedroom, still breathing heavy. As he settled down, he had decided it was time. His next session with Marceline, was when he took action.

Chapter 3: The next session.

Matthew hurried into his office, as he ran late. He purposely lost track of time, to make sure his dream didn't come true. As he was about to call Marceline in, for their session, she marched in. Matthew took a deep breath, and was expecting the scent, but only smelt his after shave. "Doctor.." The familiar tone in Marceline's voice made him shiver. 'It's almost time..' He thought, to himself. Matthew pointed at the futon, pretending to be extremely busy. As Marceline walked towards it, she swung her hips, alittle more than necessary, and Matthew couldn't help but notice her tight mini skirt. She looked back at him, and he coughed. "I'm going to try something.. different." He told her. "How so, Doctor?" Matthew pulled out a stop watch, and gave it to her, "Hypnotism." Marceline's eyebrow's raised, and she giggled. "Okay Doctor, whatever cures me..." Matthew went, and dimmed the lights. "Close your eyes Marceline." She did as told. "Now, I am going to talk you into unconscious, and you will reval, the answers I ask, understand." Marceline nodded. Matthew walked slowly, and sat in his chair. "Good, now relax. Breath slowly until I count to zero." She nods, slowly and sleeply. "10... 9... 8... Deeper breaths Marceline." Her chest raises, and falls slowly, and her fingers tingle. "7... 6... 5... Sleepy, yet?" She didn't respond, this time. "4... 3... 2..." Matthew leaned forward. "1... 0." Marceline's limbs, went limp. Her head turned towards Matthew, and a slight snore was heard. "Marceline, I need you to answer my questions, okay?" She nodded softly. "Last night.. last night what did you do to me?" Marceline tossed a bit, and she answered,"I.. sent you a charm.." "What kind of charm Marceline?" "A.. a.. l-.." "What kind of charm, Marceline?!" "Lust..." She turned her head, and faced a window, on his left, her right. "But.. it went wrong.. I wasn't.. hurting.. I didn't mean to.. they.. they're.. interfering with my spells.." "So you are, you're a witch?" Marceline nodded. "Who is 'they'?" "The.. monsters.. " "What monsters, Marceline? Where are they?" "They.. hide in your nightmares.. and.. and those sounds that.. you're not sure of.. they control.. us.." "Us?" Matthew touched Marceline's cheek, and remembered the charm he experienced last night. "They need me.. to.. survive.." "Why?" "I'm.. the last.. fertile female..." Matthew's jaw dropped. Every monster hunter's dream was about to come true. If he got rid of Marceline, the monsters that ruined the world, would vanish. Eventually, anyway. That smell.. "Not again!" Matthew cursed under his breath, and allowed the smell to disturb his thoughts. 'Well, she is to pretty to kill.. I could take her away.' His thoughts were changed, by the lustful scent. His mouth watered, and he crawled on top of Marceline. "Baby doll.." Marceline woke up, and nearly jumped. She didn't expect Matthew's approach, this time, but welcomed it. She kissed him neck, and wrapped her arms around him. Matthew bit at the soft flesh on her shoulder, and got a small shiver out of Marceline. She kissed a trail, from his ear to his mouth, and teased his tongue with hers. Marceline's tongue explored deep into his mouth, and retreated, forcing him to push into her, trying to catch up her tongue. Matthew's breathing was raggid, and he started to pull off Marceline's silk top. But she stopped him. 'No, then the game is over. I can't tease him, and drive him as mad as me.' She thought, as she pushed him off. She called back the scent, but it was too late. He grabbed her arms, and pinned them above her. "Stop, Matthew!" He ignored her, and ripped off her shirt. One of his hands slid to her hip, and his finger slipped under the waistband. "I know you want it, witch." His torture of her, gave him an instant hard on. Being in control, of a half willing girl, set him off. "If you're good, baby doll, I'll stay between your legs for hours." Marceline gave up. She relaxed her arms, and desperately wanted him. Matthew pulled up her skirt, and pushed her panties to the side. His fingers explored her insides, and she clung to him. "Ahh.." All was silent in the room, except for small moans coming from Marceline. Matthew turned his hand, and used his thumb to rub her clit. Marceline's hip rose, and she clawed at his back. "DOCTOR!" She was dripping for him, but when she screamed to him, it snapped him back. He completely stopped, and stood up. "C'mon, we're leaving." "Um.. to where?" Matthew walked to his desk, and the grabbed Marceline. A knife was cutting into her slightly, and she looked in Matthew's eyes. "Where ever the fuck I say, witch!"

Hunting her.

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