

Hot for Heroes

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All characters appearing in this story are over the age of 18. This is a work of fiction and any resemblance to real people or situations is coincidental.

Index

[Muse](#)

[Mesmera](#)

[Dr. D'Cream](#)

[Desmoa](#)

Hero of the Hour



Can anything beat flying through the sky, the wind whipping through your hair and your cape flapping in your wake?

Of course something can. And that's being the hero you were born to be!

And you were born to be a hero. Born in a tragic accident when you slipped and fell into that vat of molten metal that had been bombarded with gamma rays. All of which gave your skin the hardness of solid steel, your muscles the strength of firing pistons, and your body the ability to fire rays of heat from your hands! You can also fly for some reason, which you've never really figured out, but is pretty cool, you have to admit.

And as you soar over the great, shining spread of skyscrapers, bodegas, and tenement housing known as Megacity, you hear the distinct ring of an alarm.

Hero time!

You swerve off your flight path and soar down towards a small street in the Diamond District. The jewelry exchange! Of course. Now, what nefarious villain is causing trouble?

Aha! Your eyes spot a figure standing on the sidewalk and you recognize him instantly. It's Pistol Shrimp! You'd know that carapace, ten-gallon hat, and duster anywhere. Several police cars have been drawn up around the exchange's front, but the bullets fired by the officers just bounce off the thick, armoured carapace of the villain's body suit.

"Outta my way, coppers!" the fiend shouts, lifting his arm where his augmented shrimp cannon resides. But it's not delectable seafood he fires from that devastating limb, but a blast of water so strong it's like a laser cutter!

Police dive out of the way as the jet slices through a cruiser like it was made of butter, the vehicle detonating a moment later, smoke pluming into the air.

This looks like a job for you!

"Halt, fiend!" you shout, landing on the ground, one arm thrust forward. "Prepare to be pinched, Pistol Shrimp!"

"Aw fuck! What are you doing here, Foundry?" the villain snaps as he trundles about to face you, duster flapping in the wind.

"I heard the sound of evil being done, and have come to stop it," you declare, hands on your hips as you strike the hero's pose. "Now surrender! Or face the consequences."

"How about you go fuck yourself!"

You grimace. Bah. Villains today have no good quips. Just crassness. You'd expect better from a man in a power suit made to resemble a shellfish. But standards have been dropping across the board, you suppose.

Oh well.

You bring up your arms. "Then you leave me no choice but to defeat you!"

"If you can!" the villain chortles.

[Clobber Him with Your Super Strength!](#)

[Blast Him with Your Heat Rays](#)

[Use the Power of Dialogue to Talk Him Down](#)

Clobber Him with Your Super Strength

“Very well, Pistol Shrimp,” you growl, crouching and bracing yourself with arms upraised. “You asked for it!”

“That’s my line!” the villain retorts, raising his claw-like cannon. He fires another lance of pressurized water, but you dodge the keening blast, kicking off the ground and charging him. Though you lack super speed, sheer strength sends you hurtling towards the villain, closing the distance in a matter of seconds.

Pistol Shrimp curses and tries to swing his cutting ray your way, but you easily evade it and are suddenly inside his guard. Pistol Shrimp abandons his cannon, his free arm rising with a whirr of servos, then comes down to try and crush you. You block his fist with your arm, your enhanced body taking the impact with ease.

Pistol Shrimp utters another oath not fit for print as he strains to crush you, but you merely laugh. “You cannot best me in a matter of strength, Pistol Shrimp. And now,” you growl, your free hand bunching into a fist, “face the iron hand of justice!”

You smash your fist into the villain’s chest, his armour crumpling from the blow. Pistol Shrimp buckles forward, machinery sparking and grinding as it breaks from the impact.

Releasing his arm, you plunge both your hands into his chest and tear it in twain with a mighty heave. His armour cracks open like a walnut, baring the scrawny man within, trapped in the now broken suit.

“There we are,” you say, releasing him and causing Pistol Shrimp to topple backwards with a bang, his suit sparking and whirring as it struggles to work despite its damage. “A peeled shrimp.”

“Go fuck yourself!” Pistol Shrimp snarls from below.

“Such vulgarity is very uncalled for,” you observe with disapproval. But even as you say this, you hear your earpiece crackle.

“Foundry, you finished down there?” a female voice asks.

You cock your head. Ah, if it isn’t Muse! Your trusty supporter. “More or less. What is it? Has another villain dared show their face in this fair city?”

There’s a pause as she seems to mull over the answer. *“...Sort of. You’d better get back to headquarters. I need to... talk to you about something.”*

You frown. Sounds serious, which means you can't waste a moment longer on this villain. Not that you need to. The police can take it from here. Gathering the strength in your legs, you leap into the air, willing yourself to take to the sky, and return to the Fortress of Justice!

[Return to the Fortress](#)

Blast Him with Your Heat Rays

You brace yourself, hands held at the ready, funneling heat from within your body to gather in your palms in a swirling mass of energy. “If you will not surrender, then it’s time for a good old fashioned shrimp barbeque!” you shout.

“Barbeque this!” Pistol Shrimp snaps, raising his arm, claw-like limb firing another jet of pressurized water.

Sounds like a good idea to you.

You thrust your arms towards the villain, letting loose the energy gathered in your palms. Twin rays of heat sear the air, meeting the water midair with a hiss and a flash of steam.

For a moment that stalemate holds. Then, your heat blast pushes forward and towards the villain.

You see Pistol Shrimp widen his stance, trying to channel more water your way, but it’s too little and far, far too late. Your heat rays hit his cannon, and it explodes with a boom, ripping apart the weapon and sending boiling water raining down around him.

“Fuck!” Pistol Shrimp swears, swinging his now smoking cannon with alarm.

“And there’s more where that came from, villain!” you declare, sending several more blasts of molten heat his way.

The rays hit his armour in key points, melting the joints and metal. Sparks and smoke explode from the areas, and Pistol Shrimp’s armour whines, dying with a low sound and sending the criminal to his knees.

You lower your hands, smirking in satisfaction as you survey your defeated foe. Another job well done. And just in time, as you hear your earpiece crackle.

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legs, you leap into the air, willing yourself to take to the sky, and return to the Fortress of Justice!

[Return to the Fortress](#)

Use the Power of Dialogue to Talk Him Down

“Listen to me, Pistol Shrimp,” you say, holding out your hands to try and calm the supervillain. “You don’t need to do this! I’m sure you have your reasons. Feel you have cause to lash out against an uncaring society. To seek attention, maybe after your mother failed to offer you enough love. Or your father walked out on you because you were a mistake. Perhaps your peers bullied you for your horrible acne and inability to connect to them emotionally.”

“Acne!?” the villain sputters. “What the fuck are you-”

“But it doesn’t have to be this way,” you declare, taking a step forward. “You can still turn your life around. Through therapy, love, and a decent career, perhaps in the trades, you can be rehabilitated and rejoin society. Find the girlfriend you never knew. The love you always sought in the crack pipe or gangs of your youth. What I’m saying is,” you tell him, pressing your hands to your chest compassionately, “if you need a father figure to put you on the right path, you can call me daddy.”

For a moment Pistol Shrimp just stares at you. Maybe you got through to him after all.

“You motherfucker!” he screams, jabbing his cannon your way.

Well, you tried.

The villain fires his pressurized water laser. You brace yourself and take it right in the chest. Ouch! It’s strong, even against your ultrahard skin, but though likely giving you a devil of a bruise, it doesn’t slice you in half.

Instead, you march into it, one hand moving to intercept the spray, letting it splash against your open palm as you close the distance with every forceful step.

As you draw near the villain retreats in shock, his boots banging on the pavement. But before he can do more you’ve reached him. Your mighty hand grabs his cannon and squeezes, crushing it with a shriek of metal and explosion of components.

“H-hey! Hold on!” Pistol Shrimp yelps.

“If you will not talk to me, then you can talk to a judge!” you declare, draw back your other arm and punch him with all the force of a steel piledriver.

Metal crumples around the blow, and Pistol Shrimp goes flying backwards. He slams into the wall of the diamond exchange, the brickwork buckling from the impact. Sparks explode from his armour, which is bent around the outline of your fist.

With a mechanical groan the villain topples, slamming into the pavement hard. You straighten, shaking your hand and head in pity. Poor soul. But perhaps this is for the best. He'll get the help he needs in jail. And maybe, once he's out, he can still find it in himself to call you dad.

The crackle of your earpiece distracts you from your thoughts of inner-city violence. *"Foundry, you finished down there?"* a female voice asks.

You cock your head. Ah, if it isn't Muse! Your trusty supporter. "More or less. What is it? Has another villain dared show their face in this fair city?"

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[Return to the Fortress](#)

Return to the Fortress

The miles of city flash by beneath you as you soar back towards the Fortress of Justice. In short order you see that pillar of heroism on the horizon. A vast, sprawling building taking up some seriously valuable real estate in the middle of Megacity. But then, why wouldn't it? After all, it's where all the local heroes operate from, speeding across the city to defend it against the many evildoers unleashing their criminality upon the helpless citizenry. Just the thought boils your blood.

You descend towards the gleaming roof of the Fortress, part of which slides back, admitting you inside. You land in a large chamber dominated by monitors on seemingly every wall, screens flickering with images about the city. Security cameras trained on battles other heroes are having with villains, much like you did. For this is the heart of the Fortress of Justice. From here your great city can be surveyed and heroes can respond to any emergency.

And here awaits the eyes which watch it all.

Muse sits in a chair suspended in the air by a metal arm curving from the ceiling. The whole mechanism whirrs as it lifts and lowers her to screens and systems, which she works at for a few moments before shifting to another.

The moment you land however the vast chair turns about, revealing the beautiful woman within. Muse is maybe in her early twenties, and is dressed in a white lab coat left open at the front. Beneath that she wears little more than a tight t-shirt that pulls against her ample chest, and below that is an almost scandalously short miniskirt. Her hair is soft, full, and a mussy gold, while a pair of glasses shade her eyes, which are themselves screens that run with additional data.

"Foundry!" she says as the chair lowers itself to the floor, bringing her level with you. She flicks off her glasses and puts them aside, giving you the full benefit of her undistracted gaze. "Glad you're here. Excellent work on Pistol Shrimp, by the way. The police have already secured him and are returning him to prison. Where he belongs."

"Thank you, Muse," you say. "It's always my pleasure to be a hero!"

"Right. About that," she says uneasily. "There's been some... chatter."

"Chatter?" you ask, instantly on guard. "It's not that fiendish Noise Complaint using sonic waves to rob the museum, is it?"

"Uh, no," Muse murmurs, squirming in her chair. "It's uh... something else."

“What?”

“So... you remember how I hacked into that dark web forum for villains?”

“Badguy.net. Of course! A true coup worthy of our brilliant mastermind!”

She blushes hotly, which is interesting. She seems largely aloof with other heroes, but often seeks you out and gives great stock to your compliments. Which just shows what respect you both have for each other. “Thanks,” she says, failing to meet your eyes as she tucks some hair behind her ear. “Wasn’t anything that big...”

“Did you find something of interest?” you ask.

“You... could say that.” Her chair swivels and Muse taps a few keys on the main console. “You’ve been featured pretty... extensively lately.”

“Really?” you ask with interest. “Villains quaking in fear, no doubt.”

“Not... exactly. More like, uh, drooling.”

Your brow knits in confusion. “Drooling?”

Muse clears her throat and hits one more key, causing the main screen to flash to a forum homepage.

You look at it.

Stare.

ANYONE HAVE THOSE PICS OF FOUNDRY SHIRTLESS?

AI GENERATED IMAGES OF NAKED FOUNDRY

FOUNDRY AND ME: OUR ILLICIT LOVE AFFAIR

DO YOU THINK FOUNDRY MAKES A BETTER SUB OR DOM? VOTE BELOW!

Your jaw slowly falls slack as your eyes run over the subjects of the posts, each more lurid than the last. You feel your face heating. “What... what is this?” you demand in confusion.

Muse coughs. “It seems like someone has been spreading some, um, rumours about you,” she says. “It’s looking like a bunch of villainesses have gotten... uh... the hots for you and aren’t being shy about expressing it.”

“W-why? I want to take down those miscreants! Not to... to do such... such things to them.” You peer again at the screen. “Especially that one! I don’t think it’s even physically possible.”

"I know that," Muse complains, pouting a bit. "But they don't seem to agree. A bunch of them have even formed a bit of a villain group. And are, well, looking into ways of making something happen. Or buy the stuff to do it."

"Something? What thing? What do you mean?" you demand incredulously.

Muse squirms. "I haven't nailed who started it, but the group calls themselves the Sirens. They seem to be running something of a bet as to who can get you, uh, randy for them. Brainwashing. Pheromones. That kind of thing. Put you into a state where you won't be able to help but, you know..."

You watch in horror as Muse thrusts an index finger into a ring made with her other hand. "But... but that's crazy," you protest. "Why would they want that?"

"I mean..." Muse gestures at you demonstratively.

You look down at yourself. True, you've always been in peak physical condition, and your costume has always played to that fact. But just the thought of a bunch of homicidal villainesses out for you? Looking to brainwash you or turn you into nothing more than a horny stud looking to fuck? It's... well...

Okay, maybe some dark part of you does find it quite hot. But still! You're a hero! You can't go around defeating villainesses just to fuck them. That'd be wrong! Not to mention tank all your sponsorships.

"They cannot be permitted to do this," you declare forcefully. "I must stop this before they besmirch my good name!"

"And turn you into a horny stud," Muse adds.

"Right, yes. That too. This cannot stand!" you declare, slamming your fist into your open palm. "I will put an end to this once and for all!"

"Right, yeah. Totally. But uh, before you do that," Muse adds, blushing as she runs a hand through her hair. "Maybe we can take some early... um... preventative measures. You know?"

"Measures?" you ask blankly. "Like a super suppression helmet of some kind?"

"Uh, I was thinking get you a bit calmer first. You know. Build up your resistance."

"How would we do that?" you ask blankly.

Muse clears her throat and shrugs her lab coat a bit more off, exposing her tight shirt and the suggestion of full, plump breasts under it.

“O-oh,” you say.

“Just a thought,” Muse says, cupping her breasts and shyly lifting them.

[Fuck Muse on the Console](#)

[Have Muse Get You Off with Her Breasts](#)

[Refuse Muse’s Help](#)

Refuse Muse's Help

"I appreciate the offer, Muse," you say gallantly. "But I cannot take advantage of you like that. It wouldn't be heroic of me!"

"Oh," she says, her face falling into a pout again. "Yeah. I guess so..."

"Excellent. Then--"

The wail of a siren has you whirl about and look at the screens, which flash red with alarms. "What is it?" you demand.

Muse has instantly swivelled back around to face the monitors, her fingers dancing over the keys. "It's Megacity's First National Bank. It's being robbed!"

"Fiends!" you bellow. "Robbing our hardworking citizens for their own gain? Well, not for long! For I am on my way!" you shout, instantly taking flight. Shutters whirr open in the ceiling, and then you're on your way, soaring across the city. For you are Foundry! And no villain will steal from your fair city while you can stop it!

[Mesmera](#)

Have Muse Get You Off with Her Breasts

You find your eyes wandering down to her plump chest. Well... if she was offering, wouldn't it be rude to refuse? And she does have a point. If there are villains out there looking to exploit some sort of... sick psychosexual influence to try and manipulate your mind, it behooves you to do whatever you can to defend against it.

"I suppose you have a point," you say.

Muse smiles, reaching down and hefting her chest. "You think so?"

You nod, licking your lips a little. "Yes," you husk. "I think you have the right idea. For justice of course."

She nods eagerly. "Yeah. Of course. Tooootally."

"And we're not getting too deep into... well, you know. Just something to take the edge off."

"You mean with my breasts?"

"Er, yes. That's right."

"Understood," she says, smiling as she rises from the chair. "Sit down and we can get started."

You do so, unsure but game for whatever is about to happen. Settling into her now vacant chair, you notice how comfortably plush it is. Which makes sense. After all, if you had to spend much of your day confined to a chair watching screens, you'd have made damn sure it was comfortable as well. In fact, is this thing heated?

Your curiosity about your seat is abruptly curtailed by what's happening in front of you as Muse shrugs off her lab coat, letting it fall to the floor in a flutter of fabric. Your eyes widen as she grabs the hem of her shirt and pulls it off, the fabric sliding up her trim belly, up higher until it catches on the globes of her breasts. Your jaw actually drops as it comes free, pulled up, off, and then cast aside, revealing the cradling white of her bra, the cups straining against the plump, pillowy heft of her breasts.

"Do you like them?" Muse asks softly, her fingers playing with the clasp at the front.

"Very much so," you say hotly.

"I noticed," she giggles, glancing down at the unmistakable bulge in your costume.

You clear your throat, flushing a little. "Ah, well, that is..."

"I don't mind, Foundry," she says, slowly getting down in front of you, her eyes glued to your crotch. "This is what I wanted. Remember?"

Your breath catches as she reaches out, delicately releasing the hidden catches that holds your costume together. The fabric parts, and the full heft of your cock fairly springs into the open, causing you to grunt.

"Oh wow," Muse gasps, staring. "You really are mighty. Those pics from the camera I put in your changing room didn't do it justice."

"Sorry, what camera?" you ask.

Muse gives you a startled look. "Uh, nothing."

"Because it sounded like yoooooh!" you groan as Muse suddenly leans forward, wrapping her breasts around your cock, squeezing your hot length in the wonderfully soft valley of her titflesh.

"Better get started, Foundry. No time to waste," Muse says quickly as one of her hands reaches into her pocket, coming out with what looks like a bottle of oil. She dribbles some onto your cock, the slickness making you gasp as it slides between her breasts, lubing your shaft gloriously.

"G-great Scott, Muse. That's... that's goooood!"

"Thanks," she says, putting aside the bottle and returning her hands to her breasts. "I came prepared."

"A good... good quality in a h-hero," you manage as she begins to bounce her breasts, your cock sliding between them with a wet schlicking sound. You groan, biting your lower lip, tensing in ecstasy as she does her work. Fuck. Oh fuuuuuck that feels incredible. Her breasts are smooth and warm. Soft and tender, and the sight of the head of your cock peeking free with every downward stroke, so near her intent face is unbelievably arousing. It's almost too much to bear.

But you try. Heavens but you try. You don't want to cum just like that. You have to have some self-control, blast it. If a bunch of crazed villainesses are out to brainwash you, then resisting their feminine wiles may be your only hope. You grasp the arms of the chair, panting but doing your damndest to hold back your orgasm. Even as her bouncing breasts bring you closer.

Closer.

Closer to that glorious peak. Dear heaven, it's all you can do not to blow your load onto her bobbing face right there!

"You're so pent up," Muse says, the heat of her breath tickling the tip of your cock. "Good thing we're doing this. If we didn't, the first villainess would have you wrapped around her finger before you knew what hit you."

You want to deny it, but it's taking all you have not to cum right there. Only a groan escapes you.

"You can cum, Foundry," Muse pants. "Just let it out. Let it all out for me. Cum all over my big tits. I want it, Foundry. I want it so bad. Don't hold back. C'mon. Cum on..."

"M-Muse. I... I... Mnnnn!"

With that final groan you give in. With a shudder of pure ecstasy your body tightens, your balls throbbing as you surrender your load. Cum fairly gushes from your cock, arching into the air before coming back down, splattering onto Muse's breasts and her face.

The heroine moans, her eyes lidded, almost rapturous, which you'd be surprised at if you weren't currently sagging in the chair, panting hot and heavily with orgasmic relief and satisfaction.

Even when you start to recover you find that words fail you, for as Muse lifts her breasts off your crotch, she bends her head and begins to lick up your spilt seed.

"W-wow," is all you can think to say. "That..."

The sudden clarion whoop of alarms and flash of red lights jerks you from your post-orgasmic bliss and you sit up sharply. "What? What is it?"

Muse is instantly at her computer, her fingers dancing over the keys. She curses. "It's Megacity's First National Bank. It's being robbed!"

"It is?" you gasp, bolting out of the chair and hastily doing up your costume. "W-well, not for long! For I am on my way!" you shout, immediately taking flight. Shutters whirr open in the ceiling, and then you're on your way, soaring across the city. For you are Foundry! And no villain will steal from your city while you can stop it!

[Mesmera](#)

Fuck Muse on the Console

You lick your lips as your eyes run over her gorgeous figure. You can't lie and say you haven't thought about the prospect. And the fact that she's offering it so brazenly can't be denied. Well, it could, but she also makes a solid point. Are you really ready to go in to fight unprepared against a swarm of malefic maidens looking to turn you to evil with their feminine wiles? Can you justify going into that aroused? Possibly opening yourself up to their dark influence?

Nay, you say. Heroism would not allow it!

"Muse, I will gratefully take you up on that offer," you declare. "For the good of the world!"

"Yeah. Sure. Totally," Muse says. "Where um..."

"Sit on the console," you instruct.

She bounces out of her chair and eagerly steps up to the computer system. "Like... this?" she asks, suggestively leaning against it, legs crossed and chest thrust out.

"Perfect," you say, voice hoarse and thick as your eyes devour her figure, offered up to you like some feast of carnal desire. And hero though you may be, you are also human, and the sight of her lush, curvy body is having a very notable effect on you. Clearly, you did indeed need this. The consequences of facing off against those villainesses while so pent up could have been disastrous!

That in mind you approach her, your hands moving to grasp her hips. Muse leans into your touch, wantonly pushing her chest up against yours, the soft warmth of her breasts tangible even through your costume. You try and suppress the almost animal growl that rises in you, but when her fingers find the bulge of your manhood and give it a lazy stroke you can't resist a throaty grunt.

"Wow," she murmurs as her fingers run up and down the outline of your manhood. "Foundry. You're um... big."

"Too big?" you ask her.

She blushes. "No. Not at all."

"Good," you say, leaning in and kissing her.

Muse whimpers, melting to your lips as hers part, allowing your tongue to push into her mouth, wrestling with her own. You push forward bodily, one arm grasping her thigh, her rump eased further onto the console. Your free hand grabs the hem of her mini skirt and pushes it up, revealing the rich curve of her ass and the flushed pink of her thighs. You feel a quiver of desire course through her as you palm her mound through her panties, feeling the heat of her desire and the growing dampness of the fabric. She really wants it. Which is good, because at this point, you don't know if you could stop from giving it to her.

Your fingers hook in the band and pull. Muse whimpers as her panties are tugged away, revealing the tender slit of her pussy.

Even as you do this, her hands are busy, though a bit more fumbling. Nonetheless, the woman who designed your suit knows its ins and outs well, and within a moment the front of it slides open, and the full, hard girth of your manhood falls into her hands.

"Oh," Muse moans into your mouth as her fingers admiringly glide up and down your shaft. "Oh..."

"Ready for you," you grunt between kisses.

"Give it to me," she breathes.

And you do.

Gladly.

You push forward, her hand helping guide you to the tender folds of her pussy. You ease into her, and a throaty moan from your gorgeous lover is your reward. Well, that and the silky tightness of her depths as her sleek inner walls tighten reflexively around you.

"Ohhhhhh!" Muse moans, quivering as she hugs you tight as if to force even more of you into her, her legs wrapping around your waist. Squeezing you. "Oh F-Foundry, that's... that's so goooood!"

"And just... the start," you grunt as you draw back, then thrust forward.

The impact rocks her, and Muse cries out, a sound of such exquisite pleasure you can't help but go again. Again. Increasing your pace with vigour and desire as she gasps and moans and flexes around you with every thrust.

"Ah! Ahn! Yes! Yes!" Muse cries in absolute pleasure. "More! More! Oh fffffuck! Foundry! Fuck me! Fuck me haaaard!"

You accommodate. It's not hard. In fact, the only thing that is hard (aside from... you know) is holding back your super strength as you rut her onto the console, a few screens

flashing as her plump rear rubs against keys and buttons. Which might not be good for the system, but you know for damn sure you can't stop now. She's just so soft.

So gorgeous.

So wonderfully, perfectly, achingly fucking tiiiiight!

Nonetheless, you do your best. Try to resist giving in to her soft body as she grinds against you. Begging you to go harder. Deeper. More and more! But as you pump into her, you know it's inevitable. That you won't be able to resist her perfect body forever.

A fact which becomes all the more apparent when, with a shudder of raw pleasure, Muse's voice rises in a wail of ecstasy. Her pussy squeezing your cock, and she cums with your name on her lips, the sound ringing in the room.

The sudden tightness overwhelms your waning self-control. The feel of her orgasm is too much, and hurls you over the edge with her. You let out a groan of pure pleasure, your every muscle tightening deliciously as you thrust into her a final time, cumming in a glorious spasm of pleasure. Your balls tighten, your cock throbs, and you unload the full weight of your seed into your curvy lover.

"Mnnn!" Muse groans, her eyes positively rolling back as you stuff her nearly to the brim, her mouth open in a groan of bliss. For a time you remain like that, joined together, filling her. But finally, inevitably, you reluctantly pull back and out of her.

"That was... quite something," you gasp.

"Y-yeah," Muse sighs happily, her eyes lidded with sated pleasure, a smile hovering on her lips. "Wonderful..."

You feel a flush of pride and hastily clear your throat. "Well uh, Muse. Thank you for this. That was--"

The sudden clarion whoop of alarms and flash of red lights jolts you back to alertness and you look around sharply. "What? What is it?"

Muse growls in annoyance, and the rage on her face momentarily shocks you before she rolls over and taps some keys. She glares at several screens and curses. "It's Megacity's First National Bank. It's being robbed!"

"What?" you gasp, trying not to stare at Muse's rump in that rather suggestive position. Instead, you hastily do up your costume. "Well, not for long! No vile villain will rob the fine, hardworking citizens of Megacity of their money! For I'm on my way!" you declare, immediately

taking flight. Shutters whirr open in the ceiling, and then you're out in the sky, soaring across the city. For you are Foundry! And no villain will steal from your city while you can stop it!

[Mesmera](#)

Mesmera



You soar down to the bank in question, landing on the sidewalk in front of it. The alarm is still blaring but no police have shown yet. Odd, but not unusual. You do move fast, as a hero should. Besides, it's good there's no cops. Ordinary police must handle the more common issues of burglars and traffic citations. Super crime is best dealt with by superheroes!

That in mind, you step forward and burst through the bank doors. "Never fear, good citizens! For Foundry is... here...?"

You trail off in amazement at what you see. You expected to burst in to a hostage situation of some kind, but it's quite the opposite. Tellers, patrons, and even a few security guards are laughing and throwing mass of bills at one another like they're having a snowball fight. Not far, you also spot some people dancing the cancan.

It's... strange. To say the least.

And also clearly the work of a villainess of some sort. The who is answered a moment later as more cheers and singing reaches you from the open vault.

A crowd of patrons emerge, many hefting massive sacks of money, the rest looking upward rapturously, carrying a woman like she was some goddess come to earth. You recognize her in an instant and feel your every muscle tighten with alarm. Only one villainess wears such skin tight black fabric that swirls with hues of colour like a lava lamp bodysuit, stretching over jaw dropping curves of plump hips, large breasts, and a narrow waist. Her purple hair bounces about her head, and a domino mask frames eyes that glow with a violet light, as mesmerising as they are dangerous.

“Mesmera,” you growl, dropping into a fighting stance.

“Well well!” the villainess giggles, sitting up eagerly as she takes you in. “If it isn’t the fiery Foundry! You were quick.”

“Quick enough to mete out justice to you, villainess!” you shout and gesture at the partying patrons. “Release these people from your mental control and give yourself up at once!”

“Aw, now why would I do that?” she asks playfully as her bearers lower her to the ground like a parade of religious fanatics handling their idol. Several actually crouch down, allowing her to use their bodies as steps, which must have hurt like hell with heels like hers. Mesmera gestures playfully at them. “Can’t you see that they’re so much happier being my obedient love slaves? You should try it,” she says, casting a suggestive look your way, her eyes swirling with power. “It’ll feel soooo goood.”

You quickly look away from the villainess. If you recall from your mission briefings, Mesmera’s powers are tied to her eyes. If she can make eye contact, she quickly entrances her victims in a spell of helpless affection, turning them into her worshipping slaves. And the longer her control remains, the harder it is to break.

“Never, villainess!” you declare roughly, only daring to look at her from the corner of your eye. “Now surrender! Or you will face the full force of justice!”

“I cooould do that,” the menacing mesmerist giggles, petting a couple security guards like they were her adoring pet dogs. “But what if I made you a deal instead?”

“What kind of deal?” you growl.

“How about we trade. I’ll release all these nice people, if you offer yourself up to me instead.”

“What!” you sputter.

“Come on,” she says, grinning slyly at you, her eyes spinning faster with her power. “It’s what a hero would do.”

You hesitate, because she does have a point. What kind of hero wouldn't offer themselves up as a hostage to spare civilians the depredations of a nefarious woman like Mesmera? But if you did, then who could say what greater damage she could do with you until, inevitably, some other hero comes along and defeats her, freeing you from her control? It's a tough call, but one only you can make.

[Give Yourself Up](#)

[Refuse the Dastardly Deal](#)

Refuse the Dastardly Deal

Though the thought of leaving these poor people in Mesmera's influence any longer than absolutely necessary disgusts you, neither can you allow her to use you for some no doubt nefarious purpose.

"No deal!" you declare. "You'll not force such a choice on me, villainess. You're coming with me to prison whether you like it or not!"

"Ha! We'll see about that." Mesmera raises her hand and points imperiously at you, her eyes glowing hot. "Seize him, my lovelies! Bring him to his knees!"

Instantly the mood of the crowd changes from jubilation to savagery. With an almost feral sound of fury the patrons of the bank rush you in a mob.

[Push Through with Your Super Strength](#)

[Take Flight and Attack from the Sky](#)

[Blast Away with Your Heat Powers](#)

Blast Away with Your Heat Powers

You most certainly will not! You could hurt some of these poor people if you did that. And a hero would never hurt innocent bystanders, even if they are being controlled by a villainess.

[Fine. Use Your Super Strength](#)

[Then Fly, Mister Moral Hero](#)

Push Through with Your Super Strength

You rush forward, but the crowd meets you, slamming into you like a team of football players. Though individually not a one of them could match you in a contest of strength, their sheer numbers drag at you, their hands clutching at your costume and cape. Worse, you don't dare be too rough with them lest you accidentally hurt them. You try and shake them off, but they're as tenacious as a terrier with a rat, some even biting you, their weight beginning to tell as you're forced to walk at barely a crawl.

And still more cling to you. You shake off a few or toss them aside, only for another to take their place, piling on you. Dammit! Worse, you lost track of Mesmera in the sudden scrum. Did she run for it? You try and peer past the mind-controlled civilians for the insidious temptress.

And find yourself looking directly into her eyes.

You freeze, startled, Mesmera's eyes an inch from yours, the buxom villainess having secretly slipped among the civilians in front of you, using them as a screen to get close. She smirks, her lips almost touching yours.

"Miiiiine," she says in a teasing singsong.

You stare, and not even your incredible strength is able to break your gaze from those swirling violets. Your arms slowly stop pulling people off you. Your steps drag to a halt.

"That's iiiiiit," Mesmera coos, reaching out and cupping your face, her smirk widening in terrible triumph. "Just. Like. That. Good heroes give in sooooo quickly, huh?"

Your mouth opens. "I..."

"Ah ah!" she chides, her eyes flashing. "No talky walky! Now it's time to listen wissen."

Your mouth closes.

Mesmera giggles with delight. "Oooh, this is so fun! Okay, chewtoys! You can get off him."

Hands release you and bodies fall free, but you barely notice. The whole of your existence feels captivated by the swirling purples of the villainess's eyes. Like whirlpools sucking down every thought that dares pop into your head, instead instantly lost and leaving you utterly empty.

“Mmm. There you go. Tell me something, hero,” Mesmera coos. “Do you find me sexy? Be honest now.”

“Yes...” you admit.

She claps her hands in girlish glee. “Hehe! Really? Gosh! Isn’t that wonderful? And would you like to fuck me?” she asks, her hands gliding over her psychedelic costume, the colours swirling around her plump breasts and skintight figure. “Would you like to bend me over and just pound me raw with that big, mighty cock of yours?”

“Yes,” you admit, the confession coming easily, your body growing warm as your moral guardrails break down, leaving only pure animal instinct.

“Well golly!” Mesmera giggles. “If you did that, I bet my control would get even stronger. I bet you’d be even more under my sway. Under my control. I bet you’d do even naughtier things for me, like help me rob this bank and get away, huh? Would you like to do that? Would you like to pound my sexy pussy and then help me rob this bank?”

“Yes,” you say dumbly, barely paying attention to anything past the prospect of fucking her. She’s so beautiful. So gorgeous. Your cock is absolutely straining your costume, throbbing with need to fill this coy little bitch swaying in front of you.

“Ooooh! How naughty! Well, you talked me into it, hot stuff,” Mesmera giggles, pushing her ass back onto a teller’s counter, opening her arms with a blissfully manic and horny smile. “Fuck me, hero!”

“Yes,” you say, and even that monosyllable of a reply is almost more than you can manage as you move towards the villainess. As you do, your hand reaches down and releases the special catches on your costume, freeing the turgid, hot thickness of your cock. At the sight of your girth, Mesmera’s eyes sparkle and her face becomes absolutely gleeful.

“Oh fuuuuck,” she breathes, wriggling in excitement as she eagerly rubs herself through her costume. “That’s so good. Come on, big guy. Right here. Stuff me full of that!”

Her command rings in your head as she eagerly undoes the front of her costume, the strange dark fabric parting seamlessly, revealing the delicate pink furrow of her pussy. You say nothing. Words are meaningless. Only her commands exist. Only obedience matters. You must obey Mistress Mesmera.

You reach her, your powerful hands moving over her luscious figure, fingers cupping the heaving orbs of her breasts. Mesmera coos in delight as you gently massage them, the softness and heft of her tits incredible. Enthralling. You can’t seem to stop squeezing and bouncing them.

“Mmmm. Like those, huh? Everyone does! Almost as much as my eyes,” Mesmera giggles as she reaches out, wrapping her arms around your head and drawing you close. “Now pucker up, hero boy.”

Her lips meet yours, and you moan in pleasure as pure, purple pleasure explodes in your mind. Your lips tingle against hers, her lipstick tasting of strawberries, a taste that thrums through your body and vibrates in your core. Fuck. Oh fuuuuuck that’s good.

Mesmera seems to agree, the villainess moaning wantonly as her legs wrap around you, pulling you against her. You groan as you grind your manhood against the velvety folds of her pussy, your head thudding with lust, pulse hammering with desire.

“Fuck me,” she pants, her lidded eyes still gazing into yours. “Fuck me, hero! Be mine. Be all fucking mine!”

With how desperately aroused you are, you’re not sure you’d be able to resist even if your mind was still your own. And as things stand now?

Well, no contest there.

You seize her hips and lift her bodily, earning you a startled gasp, then a groan as you push the throbbing head of your cock against her entrance. Looking up into her eyes, her hands resting on your shoulders, you stare into the swirling purples, drowning yourself in their addictive glow.

Then you push her down, and your cock up.

“Ohhhhhh!” Mesmera moans, shuddering as your manhood fills her in a single stroke. You groan with her, jaw tightening in pleasure as her hot, tight inner walls seize at your shaft. She pants as you start to bounce her, thrusting up into her, fucking that gorgeous, sadistic villainess. Her hands clutch at your back, her breasts almost shoved into your face as you plow her, bouncing her on your cock, fucking her against the teller’s booth.

“Yes!” Mesmera gasps. “Oh f-fuck yes! Deeper. Deeper! Mnnnn! So... so big. So fffffffucking big! Yes. Yes! Everyone... everyone in the group is gonna be so... soooo jealous! Ah! Fuuuck!”

You barely listen. Your whole being is focused only on fucking her. On giving her as much of your cock as you can. On mating this incredible beauty as she clings and writhes atop your cock, impaled on your virile length as you rut into her with ever growing urgency.

You can feel her getting close. So are you. The heat of your mating almost overwhelming you. Surging up in you. You pant, gripping her tight, driving her down onto your cock with growing urgency and power. Closer. Closer. Closer!

“Yessssss!” Mesmera screams, a halo of psychic power crawling around her, buzzing in her hair like purple lighting as her lips part and eyes blaze with euphoric delight. The burst of her orgasmic psychic power slams into you like a freight train. You jolt, and between that and the sudden tightening of her velvet pussy, you’re done.

“Ohhhh!” you groan, slamming up into her a final time, your balls tightening, your powerful form flexing as you cum, your cock throbbing, pulsing, unloading the mighty heat of your heroic seed into the villainess’s curvy frame.

The orgasm seems to empty you of thought. Draining you even more as you breathe hard and slow, gently lowering Mesmera so her face is level with yours, your cock still buried in her pussy.

“Ohhhh fuck,” the villainess moans, smiling euphorically as she looks into your eyes. “That... that was amazing!”

“Yes,” you agree, short and simply. “Good.”

She giggles and pats your cheek. “Sure was. Now, you remember your promise? To be an obedient minion to your sexy mistress if I let you cum?”

“Yes,” you say, not actually remembering that agreement. Or anything else for that matter. But none of it is important. Mistress is talking.

And it’s so good to obey the mistress...

[Mesmera’s Minion](#)

Take Flight and Attack from the Sky

You tense as the crowd swarms you, but before they reach you, your powers lift you into the air. Hands clutch at your feet, but already you're out of their range. Mesmera looks up in alarm as you float above her, and with a force of your will, you hurtle towards her.

The psychic beauty yelps and tries to scramble away from your grasp, but you crash into her, seizing her in your powerful hands. She squeals and tries to struggle free, but though her mental powers are mighty, her physical ones are that of a twenty something woman who's never had to fight a day in her life.

You carry her into the air with you, keeping her and her mesmerising gaze facing away. "Now release these poor citizens from your control!" you order.

"Or what?" she demands haughtily. "You're gonna kill me? Ha! Not likely, hero!"

"I won't kill you," you say, feeling her relax smugly. "But," you add, and smirk as you feel her tense up again, "the only other way to release them is for you to lose consciousness. And I am willing to make that happen if you don't cooperate."

"You... you wouldn't!" she squeaks.

You give her a firm squeeze. "Try me," you growl.

You see her hesitate, then feel her slump in your arms. "Oh... fine," she grumbles, and you feel the subtle static of her psychic powers fade from her skin.

Instantly, the people below you stop trying to grab your legs, the purple light fading from their eyes. They lower their arms, looking at each other in stunned uncertainty, and you let out a relieved sigh.

"Good people!" you declare, descending back to the floor, one hand covering Mesmera's eyes. "You are freed from the control of this vile villainess! Rejoice!"

There's some cheering at that, though you notice it's a little muted from what you'd expect. Nonetheless you don't let it bother you, and snag a scarf from a woman before blindfolding Mesmera with it, ensuring she can't enthrall anyone else.

"Good job, Foundry," Muse says through your communicator.

"Thank you, Muse," you reply as you push Mesmera out of the bank, a number of police cruisers finally pulling up. "Where were you, by the way?"

"It's insanity over here, Foundry," she says, exasperation making her voice rough. "We've got super crimes happening all over the damn city! I'm scrambling every hero we've got, but I need you over at the Megacity Museum asap. The burglar alarm just went off and all the cameras cut out a minute go."

"The museum? Great Scott!" you exclaim in sudden shocked realization. "The Pink Cow Diamond is on display! Such a treasured heirloom of the Sheikh of Arazzan was entrusted to us. We cannot let some foul miscreant seize it! Don't worry, Muse," you say as you shove Mesmera into the bewildered hands of the police. "I'm on my way!"

"Hurry, Foundry!" Muse says. "I need you elsewhere as soon as you can. The whole fucking city is going insane right now!"

"The foul language is not necessary, Muse. For never fear! I'll get there at the speed of justice!" you declare, thrusting your fist into the sky as you take flight once more, soaring off to save the day once again.

[Dr D'Cream](#)

Give Yourself Up

Though the idea is abhorrent, you cannot allow this sadist to continue to further victimize the citizens of your fair city. And besides, she's bound to be quickly dealt with by some of your fellow heroes before she can sink her mesmeric tentacles too deep into your mind. The average villain is only free for about thirty minutes after committing a crime.

"Fine, you malevolent mesmerist," you growl, hands tight fists at your side. "I will submit to your whims, for now."

"Ooooh! I just love that word," Mesmera giggles, kicking her feet impishly as she wriggles with pleasure. "Submit. It's sooo sexy to hear you say it, hot stuff. Gets me even friskier! Now, come here, baby. Let momma make that magic happen!"

"Release your hostages first," you demand.

"Nuh uh," Mesmera coos, wagging a finger your way. "I know how this works. I agree, release them, and then you double cross me. You come here, get down on your knees, and let me do my thing. Then I'll release them."

Damn her! But you have no choice. Reluctantly you obey, stepping up before the haughty minx, and though it pains your heroic soul to do it, you slowly get down on your knees before her.

Mesmera positively soaks in the moment, her cat-like grin dimpling her cheeks. You swear, the shudder that visibly goes through her makes you wonder if she orgasmed at just the sight of you humbling yourself before her.

"Mmm. Now that's how it's done!" she giggles, reaching out and cupping your face, turning you towards her. "Now, look at me, baby. And let's make you all **miiiiine**."

A shiver of something works through you. Disgust, no doubt. Certainly not some shameful lust that races through your veins before the swirling violet of her eyes capture your attention.

Your sight.

And... and...

...everything...

You feel your jaw go slowly slack. Your eyes widen as you gaze into the psionic swirls of her eyes. You feel the pulse of her influence snake into your mind. Violet tendrils that wrap

around your thoughts. Squeezing them. Massaging them into indistinct puffs, soon to be sucked away into the whirlpools of her gaze.

"Aaaaaall miiiiine," Mesmera giggles in wicked glee.

"Youuuuuurs," you hear yourself say, and think nothing of the fact you did. Not a thought enters your head. As if Mesmera took a spoon and scooped it empty. You only know you have to watch.

Have to obey.

Obey the gorgeous Mesmera.

And it's strange. As you stare into her eyes, your mind as empty as a bucket with a hole in it, your other brain functions begin to assert themselves. And with an unspeakably gorgeous woman right in front of you, her skintight outfit swirling with patterns like Freud's favourite Rorschach test, it's no wonder your libido is leading the charge. Your pulse quickens from the dazed sluggishness of before. Your cock throbs, stretching the restricting fabric of your costume. But you don't act on it. No no no. Not without the mistress's okay.

Not without Mesmera's command.

"You gonna be a good boy for me, baby?" Mesmera asks you teasingly.

"Yes," you drone.

"Yes what?"

"Yes... mistress," you say, the word tingling on your tongue. A thrill shooting through you from head to toe.

Mesmera's smirk widens and she giggles gleefully. "Oooh! That's so perfect!" she cries, squishing your cheeks adoringly. "Just perfect! But we better be sure, right?"

"Yes, mistress," you reply.

"Great! Then pants down, big boy," Mesmera says, releasing your face to spin around, bend and stretch herself over a desk, her ass in the air like a bitch in heat. "Because it's time to stuff this slut with that hero cock!"

Your eyes are riveted to the wiggle of her plush rear. "Yes, mistress," you say, rising ponderously to your feet. Your hands reach down, awkwardly undoing the connector of your costume's front. You're so hard your cock absolutely bursts free of the fabric, throbbing with arousal. Pulsing with your need.

Mesmera's eyes shoot wide open and she takes a shuddering breath. "Oh fuck yes," she breaths. "Guess those forum sluts were right. Just thought they were size queens with wishful thinking, but daaaamn! Oh baby, this is gonna be so goood," she breaths, reaching down between her legs, wantonly lifting her rump as she slides her finger along the blatant outline of her pussy, the strange black material of her costume parting at her touch, baring the lush, pink folds of her slit. "Now come on," she commands, two fingers brazenly parting her lower lips. "Stuff this slut full of that manmeat, hot stuff!"

"Yes, mistress," you say, mindlessly approaching. It's so easy to obey the mistress right now. So easy to fulfill her commands when they refer to literally the only thing you can think of. You can't look away from her ass or her dewy pussy. The wag of her rear is almost hypnotic. In fact, it probably is.

Which doesn't matter to you now. Nothing matters to you. Nothing except fucking your mistress until she's stuffed and satisfied.

That in mind you get to it, grasping her lush hips, causing your formerly fiendishly feminine foe to whine in excitement, the head of your cock rubbing against her folds, slickening up your shaft.

"Fuck me, baby," she growls.

"Yes, mistress," you grunt, and push home.

Mesmera rocks forward as your cock stuffs her. Her head jolts back and a cry of pure delight escapes her as the hot heaviness of your dick fills her.

"Oh fuuuuuuck yesssss!" she wails. "Fuck me, baby. Fuck me hard!"

You obey, naturally. Starting slow but quickly building your pace, your hips spanking off her shapely ass, the table shuddering under every thrust as you plow the gorgeous villainess with the single-minded urgency of a machine.

"Nnnn! Yes! Yes!" Mesmera cries, clutching the table, rocking back to meet your thrusts as your hands grip her shapely hips for purchase. "Ah! Nnnn! Fuck! Fuck me! Fuck me hard! D-do it! Take me you fffucking stud!"

"Yes, mistress," you grunt, the words coming hoarse and thick as you push into her harder, holding her tight as her inner walls quiver and convulse around the thrusting of your cock.

"Yes!" Mesmera cries as you rut her into the desk. "Yes! Cum! Cum in my tight little pussy! Shoot out that hot hero spunk in me! Stuff me. Fill me! Oh fuuuuuuck! Baby, baby I need it! Need your cum! Need you to... nnn... fucking... cuuuuum!"

Her pleased wail precedes her orgasm, her inner walls convulsing around you. Rippling in her shameless high as she cums. Psionic power crackles across her like purple lightning, rippling through the room. When it hits you there's no hope of holding back. You groan a final time, burying your cock deep inside the tightness of your mistress before you release a bellow of pleasure, giving her what she's begged for. What she needs.

And she gets her fill.

Her teasing has driven you far. Deep. It feels like you cum buckets into the supervillainess, and she clearly enjoys every second of it. Moans and breathless whimpers escape her as she sags atop the table, your cum drooling from around your cock.

"Ohhhh fuuuuuuck yesssss," Mesmera moans.

"Did mistress... enjoy?" you ask.

"Sooooo much," she sighs.

"Mesmera!" shouts someone from outside the bank, their voice scratchy from the distortion of a megaphone. "Surrender at once and come out with your hands up!"

Mesmera groans and lifts her head, glancing back at the bank's frosted windows, through which you can make out the strobing red and blue of police lights.

"Awww fuck, the cops?" Mesmera groans.

"Does mistress want me to kill them?" you ask.

Mesmera considers that for a moment, then shakes her head. "No way. We shoulda been gone long ago anyway," she says, pushing you back and standing. "We'll go out the back, and my darlings," she added with a sweeping smirk at the brainwashed patrons hanging on her every word, "will cause a little distraction. That okay with you, baby?" she asks, puppy dog eyes of psychic potency aimed right for your prefrontal cortex.

They hit you like a freight train and you nod, eyes glued to hers when not staring at the breasts straining her tight, black costume. "All okay," you confirm happily.

"Great!" she giggles, patting your cock and tucking it back into your costume, though her hand lingers admiringly. "Mmm. And we better move fast. Don't know how long I can last without this big boy inside me."

"Understood, mistress," you drone.

"Perfect! Now, this way, hot stuff," she says, a crooked finger compelling you after her as surely as if she was holding a leash. "Don't want to get in the way of the bullets, now do we?"

“No, mistress,” you say, already forgetting about the enthralled civilians, even as they rush out the front of the bank, howling for blood and attacking the panicking officers. They don’t matter. Nothing matters.

Nothing except serving your wonderful, perfect mistress...

[Mesmera’s Minion](#)

Mesmera's Minion

The shrill cry of the bank's alarm cuts off suddenly at a blast of heat from your hand. The patrons fled the second you arrived, and for good reason. For no one can stand against the potent power of Hot Stuff!

You adjust the sacks of money hauled over your shoulder, your eyes scanning the bank through your domino mask. A number of police cruisers have drawn up outside but you merely scoff. As if they could stop you.

"Woo hoo!" your mistress herself giggles, flinging bills into the air as she prances ahead of you, her psychedelic costume shimmering with hues. "We're rich, baby. Rich as fuck!"

"Yes, mistress," you inform her huskily.

"Aw, you mad we have to wait until we're back in the lair for your reward?" she asks coyly, reaching down and cupping the very blatant bulge in your new costume, which is far tighter and more revealing than your old one. Which is fine. It's what Mesmera wants, and what she wants she gets.

You grunt, your cock swelling against the confining fabric as her hand squeezes. "No, mistress," you growl. "But the police have arrived. And heroes are bound to be behind them."

Mesmera pouts and glances out the glass doors petulantly. "Fuckers," she sighs. "Fine, we can go. But blow up those cruisers on the way out. Make them pay for bothering me."

"Yes, mistress," you say, heading towards the huge glass windows.

You step through the hole you melted to provide access and onto the sidewalk. The street is largely cleared, aside from a half dozen cruisers drawn up in a crude barricade. Megacity's finest crouch behind them, weapons trained on you. As you emerge, one of the cops shouts, "Freeze!"

"No," you say, raising your arm, red energy swirling in your palm. "Hot."

The blast of heat spears a cruiser, causing it to explode. Several of the police open fire, but their bullets are less than annoyances, pinging off your skin uselessly. Methodically you turn in place, blasting the remaining cruisers to burning chunks of metal and rubber, the police retreating to a safer vantage point.

Cackling with glee, Mesmera prances out from behind you. "Ha ha ha ha! Look at them burn!" she says, the flickering flames reflecting in her glowing eyes as she smirks at them. She

wraps an arm around your neck, tugging herself against your powerful frame as your arm loops around her, cradling her ass as you lift her against you. "Later, fuckers!" she says, flipping off the crowd and terrified cops, even as you look up and rise into the air.

You soar swiftly away from the scene of your crime, shooting through the sky like a meteor. Mesmera giggles in glee, snuggling up against your chest and stroking your square chin adoringly. "Love you, Hot Stuff," she says, kissing the corner of your mouth.

"Love you, mistress," you say with absolute honesty. Your love and desire swell in your chest like a hot balloon as you look adoringly down at your mistress's face, the mesmerizing hues of her eyes blanking your mind, even as her beauty blinds you. You can't imagine what you did to be rewarded with her love, but you also can't deny that it's a glorious thing. Over the last year or so, you had moments of doubt. But never for long. You belong to mistress. Mistress is everything.

You love to serve your mistress.

In moments you've made your way across the city and to the night club where your mistress keeps her lair. It's active, of course. Mesmera loves having plenty of music and activity around her, but there's no risk of discovery. The owner is utterly in her thrall, along with security and all the staff. And even if she's discovered, so what? She can always make a new lair anywhere she wants. Something that has been done a few times. Mistress is hardly subtle, and is inevitably discovered. But never caught. You'd never allow that.

You land on the club's roof and escort her down the steps, emerging into the private VIP lounge above the club. It's dark within, the only light a neon glow through the encompassing window looking down on the dance floor. The light pulses in time to the thudding bass from below, bodies moving down there. Shadowy figures that writhe and gyrate suggestively. The perfect backdrop for mistress, in your opinion.

"Put me down on the bed, lover," Mesmera orders.

"Yes, mistress," you say, gently depositing her on the huge, circular bed in the middle of the room.

"Now," Mesmera says, holding up her arms to you, her eyes flashing and smirk widening. "Money bukkake me, stud!"

"Yes, mistress," you intone, lifting one of the money sacks and pouring it out onto her.

Mesmera laughs in riotous glee and writhes in delight as hundred-dollar bills flutter down onto her. A literal fortune raining down on her sexy figure like some pop star in a garish

music video. "Ohhhh fuck yesssss!" she laughs, fisting masses of money and throwing them above her again. "Hell yessss! We're rich, Hot Stuff. Rich! Hehehehe!"

"Yes, mistress," you agree, admiring her lovely figure as she squirms with shameless joy. Naturally, you know the money won't remain long. Mesmera has expensive appetites, and after a week or so of her spending, she'll need to go out and rob another bank, funding her childish excesses for another period.

But you don't worry about that. Your only concern is making the mistress happy, and you're more than willing to do so. She is your world. Your everything. Whatever she wants or needs, you'll do. All for mistress.

Wonderful mistress.

After a few minutes of this Mesmera flops where she lies, breathing hard, her large breasts heaving in the tight confines of her costume. Her eyes meet yours and you see fires of desire kindle to a blaze in them.

"Mmm. That was great, baby," she says, shifting to her hands and knees and crawling towards the edge of the bed, her smirk smoky and eyes hotter than your energy blasts. "You did such a good job, I think it's time I gave you your reward."

"Serving mistress is my reward," you say sincerely, though your voice has grown huskier as you watch her crawl towards you.

"Oh, I know, baby," she purrs as she kneels in front of you, her hands coming up and cradling your absolutely throbbing bulge. "Mmm," she hums, nuzzling your manhood through the tight red fabric. "But this is my reward too."

You don't argue. Why would you? If this is what the mistress wants, it's what she'll get.

You grunt as she pulls down your costume, your length bouncing up, hard and throbbing. Mesmera practically drools as she beholds it, panting wantonly as her eyes run up and down your massive manhood.

"Oh yeah," she breathes, her hands coming up and stroking you. "Oh fuck yes. This is what momma neeeeds," she breathes, inhaling your musk deeply, shuddering like an addict given her fix. Her tongue slides up your shaft, a throaty moan escaping her as she does. A similar but much rougher noise comes from you as she works, Mesmera's hands and tongue absolutely worshipping your cock. She even gives your balls some attention, her soft lips lewdly kissing them.

By the time her mouth moves to your tip, you're absolutely struggling to keep from exploding into her mouth. A groan comes from the ravishing mesmerist as she begins to bob,

showing amazing skill with her throat as she takes you deep into her mouth, her glowing eyes rolling with ecstasy as she swallows your cock.

Your jaw tightens, hands fisting as your body tenses, resisting the urges thudding through you. Begging you to cum. Mistress likes it when you hold back. When you absolutely choke her on your seed. And she'll get it.

But not even your superhuman endurance can resist the hot suction of her mouth for long. You stare into Mesmera's eyes, and into your mind comes her voice, reverberating with psionic pleasure that shoots fingers of ecstasy down through you.

Cum, baby. Cum for me. Choke me with that hot super seed. Stuff me full of it. Gimme that hot load. I waaaant it. I neeeeed it. So come on. Fucking gimme. Give it all to fucking me!

"Yessssss!" you groan as those sparks of psionic bliss reach your churning balls. As your cock throbs, and with a great moan you give mistress what she wants, your cock downright fire hosing your seed into her.

Mesmera moans, her eye rolling back as she swallows greedily, the sound and her psychic pleasure thrumming through you like a hot flash of pure pleasure. You give her the fullness of your churning load until at last you soften, and Mesmera lifts her lips off you, literally panting, mouth hanging open as she kneels there in rapture.

"Oh fuuuuuuck," the psychic villainess gasps, rubbing her stomach adoringly. "That's... that's the goooood shit."

"Yes, mistress," you breathe.

She swallows again, licking her lip as she stands. Her hips begin to sway and her eyes burn hotter. "You ready for... for round two, baby?" she asks, her hands wandering over her stunning figure, the hues of her costume shifting and swirling over the curves of her breasts and the delta of her mound, her fingers teasing open the fabric, lazily stripping it off before your enraptured eyes.

"Yes, mistress," you say hotly, and indeed your cock does arise anew at the prospect, twitching at the thought of claiming this gorgeous woman once more.

She giggles and pulls off the rest of her costume, baring her flushed figure, nipples needy nubs topping the plump orbs of her tits. She spreads her arms for you, back arching, giving herself to your hands and lust. "Then come on, baby. Make me fucking scream!"

You do.

Repeatedly.

You fuck her doggy style, her tits pressed against the glass as she watches the dancers below, the force of her orgasm radiating outward with her psychic powers and starting an orgy down there.

You pound her against the walls until plaster flakes off and she cums again, screaming in delight and begging for more.

More.

More!

And you give it to her. As much as she wants. As much as she desires. It's your purpose. Your reason to exist. Anything for mistress. Everything for mistress.

Finally, after hours, you lie, naked with her on the pile of her ill-gotten gains, Mesmera nestled in the crook of your arm, sweat gleaming like diamonds on her skin as she grins triumphantly at the ceiling.

"Fuck yes," she manages to say. "Fuuuuck yes. I can't wait to tell that bitch all about this. Ooooh, she's gonna be soooo jealous," Mesmera giggles.

"Who will, mistress?" you ask.

"Oh," she says dismissively. "Just some slut that put together our group and thinks she should get a piece of you just because she moderates a forum. But fuck that! What's she going to do? I've got my hunky man to protect me," Mesmera coos, wrapping her arms around you and kissing your cheek. "Mmm. And he'd not gonna let anything happen to me. Are you?"

"No," you agree, arm tightening protectively around your mistress.

"See? Now, I'm gonna order some takeout and give the delivery guy a big tip. And then you, baby," she says, hand again moving down and giving your cock a teasing squeeze, "are going to give me a really big tip!"

"Yes, mistress," you say obediently, settling in as Mesmera orders her sushi, patiently waiting for her to finish so you can give her another rough fucking.

Because whatever the mistress wants, the mistress gets...

Bad End

[Index Start Over](#)

Menace at the Museum



As you shoot through the sky, you're hardly surprised some villain is hitting up the Megacity Museum. It's a popular spot for a supervillain to steal something, be it an ancient artifact to use to some nefarious purpose, a showpiece on display that thematically matches, or just some relics to sell for a quick buck.

The Pink Cow Diamond could, honestly, be any of them. An ancient gemstone with a long and often murderous history behind it. Normally the museum would be protected by a few heroes at all times, but given the apparent chaos happening across the city they'd likely been called away.

Which leaves it up to you.

You land outside the museum, tense. The signs of break in are pretty obvious, with the front doors smashed in and alarms still clanging, revealing at least how your latest foe broke in. Dastardly menaces that they no doubt are. To think! Stealing the nation's cultural artifacts. Disturbing the public in their efforts to learn and expand their cultural horizons. You feel righteous anger boil in you, your hands clenching as you stride through the breach.

The museum is a huge building with a large, open design at the front. Several dinosaur skeletons flank the way in, and the reception desk stands empty. You move in slowly, glass

crunching under your shoes as you scan the interior, your fists glowing with your heat powers, your eyes training for any movement and ears keened for any sound.

You hear a heavy grunt and look quickly towards it, spotting a bulky form moving out from an adjoining hall before hesitating.

“Show yourself, villain!” you bellow, dropping into a fighting stance. “You face justice this day!”

There comes a snort and the figure moves into the light, and hoo boy, you did not see that coming.

For one, he’s big as hell, with more muscle than a roided out weight lifter. For two, he’s got a pair of horns and a bovine muzzle, while thick curly fur covers his frame. Unless you miss your guess, you’re looking at a literal minotaur, and he does not look happy. Shreds of clothes hang off him and as he straightens he gives a great bellow of a moo, and charges you.

You waste no time when faced with such a foe and thrust forwards your palm. A blast of heat energy slams into the monster man, staggering him and sizzling his fur, but with another roar he comes at you again.

His head lowers, the points of his horns gleaming, but just as he comes in you slam your fist into his forehead. The impact judders down your arm and your feet skid across the polished floor, grinding grooves in it, but you hold your ground.

The minotaur not so much.

The beastman staggers back, swaying a bit. Then his eyes cross, and with a dazed moo he flops to the ground, out cold.

“Ouch,” you curse, shaking your fist. Hells, that hurt! But it was worth it. The dastardly creature is no more. And you are...

Hold on a second.

You crouch down, eyes narrowing as you look closely at your downed opponent. Though most of his clothes are less than rags, his pants and belt have survived. They usually do when a villain transforms, for whatever reason. It helps to preserve modesty, which is always greatly appreciated. But the badge clipped to the beastman’s belt draws your notice. You remove it and inspect it, discovering the image of an old man in a security uniform for the museum. Hold on... Was this...

“A guard?” you ask in befuddlement.

There’s a crackle and sudden hum of power. “*That’s right, Foundry!*”

You whirl to see one of the screens that would normally be playing a welcome message to children coming to tour the museum flash to life, showing a decidedly less welcoming image. A woman is projected upon it. She stands triumphantly in the heart of the museum, behind her the display of the pink cow diamond rises up, and she herself is very bovine too. She's beyond busty, almost absurdly curved in all the right ways. A fact that her tight white lab coat is at pains to demonstrate. A pair of dark goggles are propped back on her forehead, and she's flashing a smile of pearly white teeth at the camera and you. Manic blonde hair frizzes around a gorgeous face filled with malevolence and the madness that only a deep delve into science can awaken in a woman.

Unfortunately, you also know her.

"Dr. D'Cream!" you declare with a growl. "You!"

"Yes!" the good doctor cackles. *"Me! The brilliantly busty Mistress of Moos! The Cunning Cow! Ever since I was young, I chafed in a world built for women with a chest lower than a double D. I seethed to see the fairer sex forced to endure slim waists, button noses, and the prison of a C cup. How I raged that my plastic surgery practice couldn't solve this! They say I went mad when the nip and tucking of a mere one woman at a time wasn't enough anymore. But I will show them all. For I, the brilliant Dr. D'Cream, have solved it!"*

She suddenly whips out a massive ray weapon from behind her back, holding it at ease against her hip with a savage grin.

"With this! My Bovination Ray, no woman will be trapped in the wretched form of society's expectations. We need bustier women! Fertile women! Women unashamed to show off their huge, milky tits and get the love they need from powerful, muscular men built like breeding studs! And with my device, it's no longer a dream!"

She steps aside, and you see a woman strapped to a chair. She looks like a museum patron, judging by her summer dress and terrified expression.

"And now, my dear," D'Cream declares as she takes aim with her ray. *"Are you prepared to get busty?"*

"Um-"

"Then behold!" D'Cream cries, pulling the trigger.

Her ray hums and a blast of pink energy erupts from the barrel, engulfing the woman on the chair. She shudders as the beam crackles over her, a moan escaping her. Great Scott! Your jaw drops as you see a pair of bovine horns sprout from the woman's head, curving into the air. She arches, crying out as the ropes which bind her stretch and then snap under her swelling

bust. Her buttons aren't far behind, shooting from her top like bullets as her bra strains to withhold curvy, pale double D's. Then F's!

"Oh!" the woman cries. "Oh! Ohhhh mooooooooo!"

The ray dies with a hum, leaving the newly buxomed girl in the chair, swaying with a dazed expression. D'Cream laugh riotously. *"Behold! A new bimbo huco!"*

"Fiend!" you gasp, trying to ignore the way your costume strains around your crotch area. You thrust a finger towards the villainess. "Mark my words, D'Cream. You and your madness end here!"

"Then come get me, hero!" she challenges, smirking. "I'll be waiting to make you a true breeding bull! But only if you can get past my minions. Ha ha ha ha!"

The screen goes black and you curse, hastening over to a map of the museum. Seems you can get to the Pink Cow Diamond and this hateful heifer by going through the Greek exhibit. But you just know she'll have some dastardly trick waiting for you.

Sadly, nothing for it, but to head on, and deal with her.

[The Guardian Bulls](#)

Confronting D’Cream

You burst through the doorway and into the chamber with the diamond. “D’Cream!” you bellow. “Show yourself!”

“Oh, I’m not hiding, hero!”

You look quickly towards the center of the room, where the glittering pink diamond rests on the cushioned podium, displayed beneath a glass dome. Standing not far from it is the menacing doctor herself, salaciously hefting the bulk of her Bovination Ray.

“You may have defeated my lesser minions, Foundry,” she purrs, stroking the barrel of her weapon. “But you don’t stand a chance against me! Now, prepare to be cow’d!”

She swings about her ray, the barrel humming with energy.

[Fly at D’Cream](#)

[Blast the Ray](#)

[Take Cover Behind the Diamond](#)

Take Cover Behind the Diamond

Seeing D’Cream depress the trigger you immediately dive out of the way, taking cover behind the podium holding the pink diamond. No sooner have you done so than a blast of light strikes the podium.

And the diamond.

Instantly the beam refracts, shooting in every direction and strobing about the room like some pink disco ball.

“Oh,” you hear D’Cream say, her voice suddenly small and shocked. You peek around the podium, just in time to see one of the refracted beams strike the busty cow woman.

She screams as her impressive frame is wrapped in a pink glow. Her legs quiver and she falls to her knees, dropping her ray which shuts down at once. But the refraction remains, seeming to pour into the supervillainess even more.

And it’s certainly having an effect.

D’Cream moans, grabbing the immense orbs of her breasts as they swell even further, beyond even her earlier hefty size. Her head lolls as her breasts positively tear out of her lab coat, wobbling in her hands, nipples leaking a rich cream. Her horns grow even larger, her body swelling as well. Not nearly as much as her bust of course, but still to an impressive size, at least a head taller than you, if not more.

“Ohhhhh!” D’Cream moans as she squeezes and massages her breasts, the light of the ray finally fading, though the changes remain. “Mooo. Muuuust moooo!” she moans.

You step out warily from behind the podium, approaching the busty scientist. She watches you in dull-eyed interest, her hands still working her breasts like they’re the sum total of her existence.

“Moooo?” she lows questioningly.

You bend down, picking up the ray and examining it. It’s not exactly a complicated device from a user’s perspective. There’s a trigger. A barrel. And on the side is a dial with two settings: *Glorious Moo* and *Itty Bitty Titty*.

You switch the dial to *Itty Bitty Titty* and turn towards the civilian D’Cream transformed over the live feed. Taking aim, you fire.

The ray engulfs the girl, and she groans as her body shrinks back to her original figure. Her eyes clear and she looks down at herself in wonderment.

“Wha... what?” she slurs.

“Miss!” you declare. “You are safe now. Please, exit the museum post haste and direct the police inside when they arrive.”

She looks at you in momentary bafflement, then nods. “Uh, right. Sure,” she says, standing on shaking legs before scurrying out of the room the way you came in.

Which just leaves you with D’Cream. You look back to the bovine supervillainess, her warm eyes pleading as she massages her sloshing chest. “Moooo?” she moans. “Milk moooo?”

It’s truly no less than the villainess deserves, but what she said about the forum niggles at the back of your mind. You need information about this swathe of crime overtaking your fair city, but in her current state she might not be able to answer many questions. What to do...

[Change D’Cream Back and Question Her](#)

[Leave D’Cream as She Is](#)

Change D'Cream Back and Question Her

Though she is far more dangerous in her true form, she's also capable of more than mooing. First, however, you make sure you lock her arms behind her with a pair of cuffs, something no true hero would ever be without. One never knows when they'll need to suddenly arrest some fiendish villain.

D'Cream offers no resistance, though she gives a plaintive moo when you take her hands from her bust. Then you step back, take aim, and fire her ray again.

The light engulfs the bovine villainess, and with gratifying quickness she is returned to her original frame, though she still looks a bit addled while her costume, unfortunately, didn't restore itself, leaving her in nothing more than some rags.

"Ooooh," D'Cream groans before shaking off the last of her befuddlement. Her eyes focus and she glares up at you.

"Well!" she says, lifting her chin "Do you expect me to thank you for making me less busty and milky? Ha! You'll be waiting a long time."

"No longer than you will to get out from behind bars," you retort brusquely. "Now tell me everything you know about this wave of crime, and what it has to do with me?"

"And why should I do that?" she asks snidely. "Out of my sense of civic duty?"

"If not that, then if you cooperate, I will ask the judge to be lenient with you," you say. "Turn from this dark path, D'Cream. Your knowledge and technology can do good, not evil. Renounce this quest to make all women busty babes and men ample studs. You can do so much more in this world. Yes!" you declare proudly. "With your technology and expertise, there's no limit to the good you could do! You could revolutionize the plastic surgery industry. Cure new diseases! Create a more moral dairy industry. Yes, D'Cream. You have the power to become a hero!"

"And not turn people into human cows?" she asks.

"You'd have to stop that, yes."

"Ha!" D'Cream scoffs. "As if I ever would give up my true life's work! Your laws and prison cannot hold me. No no no, Foundry. If you truly want me to talk, you'll have to give me something in return. Right here. Right now!"

"And that is?" you ask guardedly.

She grins. "Milk me!"

"I... I beg your pardon," you stammer.

"Yes!" D'Cream crows, thrusting forward her jiggling chest, tilting her head and giving you the royal suite of bedroom eyes. "Milk my immense breasts and rut me like the stud you are. Only then will I tell you what you want to know."

"I... I would most certainly not!" you sputter, face flushed even as you find your eyes glued to her heavy chest. "That would be... I would never... the idea!"

"That's my final offer, hero," she croons, giving her chest a teasing bounce. "Make your choice!"

[Milk the Mad Genius](#)

[Jail this Loon](#)

Jail this Loon

Though the information she has is, doubtless, valuable in the extreme, you're not about to sacrifice your self-respect to get it out of her. Regardless of how tempting her figure is. Nor how your cock is doing its level best to tear its way right out of your costume.

"No deal, you horrid heifer," you declare. "My only love is justice! And I would milk that lovely lady every day and all day."

"Huh?" D'Cream says.

You don't spend another moment explaining the niceties of morality to the likes of her. Instead you grab her, heaving her to her feet and force marching her towards the front of the museum.

By the time you arrive a number of Megacity's finest have made their appearance and were readying to charge the doors. Your emergence forestalls them, and you shove D'Cream into their stunned hands.

"Here you are, officers," you say, passing them then her ray. "And here. This nefarious monster's ray. A number of civilians within have been transformed by her. A quick blast of this will set them straight."

"Thanks, Foundry. We'll take it from here," one of the cops say.

You spare him a nod, but no more. There's not a moment more you dare waste, and looking skyward, you take flight once more, soaring into the heavens and away from the museum. There is justice yet to do, and this city needs you more than ever.

[Demon's Club](#)

Milk the Mad Genius

Under normal circumstances, you'd never dream of performing such a degrading act. But the fact remains that these are not normal circumstances. Which means that if you want to save the city, then you will have to pump this dastardly villainess not only for information, but for as much milk as you can.

Which is totally only for justice. Certainly not because you've had a number of quite racy dreams of getting your hands on a pair of tits like D'Cream's. Yep. This is totally a legitimate and reasonable use of your time and virtue.

Yep.

Totally.

"Fine, D'Cream," you say, setting down the ray. "I'll play your game for now. But you'd better be willing to spill."

"Oh, I will, Foundry," the buxom villainess coos, her eyes lidded with desire. "Believe me, I'll spill everything for you..."

You grimace at the suggestiveness in her tone, but know that it's too late to back out now. You move around behind her, and she arches suggestively, legs parting as she thrusts out her curvy rear. "Give it to me, hero," she moans lustily, wiggling her ass. "Give it to me hard and deeeeeeep..."

"You're not helping," you grumble, which is a lie. To your annoyance, her wanton motions are doing great work in inspiring your cock to full hardness. You undo the front of your costume, your manhood positively bursting free, twitching with desire to taste this madwoman's pussy. But you can't bring yourself to do it. Not yet. Instead, you get down on your knees behind her, reach around and fill your hands with the plump heaviness of D'Cream's chest.

"Ohhhhhh!" D'Cream moans, thrusting the softness of her ass back against your crotch. "Yes, milk me, hero. Use those big, strong hands on my sexy breasts."

"Please stop talking," you grumble, but nonetheless find yourself beginning to bounce and pump her ample chest. Squeezing and massaging her immense tits in slow, gentle motions. You find it strangely intuitive, and you quickly develop a rhythm, one which the hucow seems to enjoy tremendously.

“Ah! Mnnnnn! Oh yesssss,” D’Cream groans as her ass grinds against your cock, her breasts bouncing and sloshing in your hands. “Yesssss! Milk my fat... mnnn... breasts. Ohhhh, I’ve got so much... ha... so much creeeeeeeam for you, hero. Nnn. So full. Ah. So biiiiiig!”

“E-enough chatter,” you grunt, your face burning as you roll her teats in your hands. As your fingers tweak and massage her plump, needy nipples until milk drools and spurts from them. “Tell me what you know about the group coming after me.”

“Mmm! I will. I will once... ah... once you s-stick your c-coooooock in moo. In moo! In m-m-meeeeee!”

You roll your eyes, but if that’s what it takes to bring justice to these villains, then so be it. You shift, pushing your cock between her legs. D’Cream gasps as she feels the hard slab of your manhood rub against her lower lips. “Yes!” she cries, wiggling her hips frantically. “Yes! In me. Like that. Put it i-in m-mooooooooo!”

That heavy lowing comes as your cock finally manages to find its way into the molten heat of her pussy. With a throaty moan that seems to echo about the room you finally manage to stuff the eager holstaur, her inner walls tightening deliciously around your length.

“Nnnn!” you groan as her tight slick depths clamp down, her voice rising in a needy whine that causes you to grunt and begin to furiously thrust, sawing your cock in and out of her sopping pussy.

You grit your teeth to resist the pleasure that absolutely throbs through your cock at the slick tightness of the villainess’s wanton pussy. You refuse to be overcome so easily by the villainess. For one, because she might use your post-coital weakness to escape. Therefore... therefore you cannot cum before her. D’Cream must cream first.

“Yesssss!” D’Cream moos. “Yesssss! Like that. Just like thaaaaat! Oh. Ohhhh fuuuuuck! Mnnn! Fuck me! Fuck moo! Moo! Moooooooo!”

Milk positively gushes from her heaving breasts, spraying across the floor in thick, creamy spurts. You squeeze and maul her breasts, driving the whorish mad scientist absolutely mad with pleasure as you take her with savage thrusts of your hips, pounding her pussy with ever greater force and pleasure. Willing her to cum. Urging her to give in.

“Yes!” D’Cream cries, quivering in pleasure. “Yessss! Fuck meee! Milk moooo! Oh. Ohhhh! So close! So... nnnn... close. I... I’m gonna... gonna... m-mooooo!”

With that final wail of pleasure you feel her inner walls tighten, her breasts giving a sudden fountaining of her rich cream as she cums.

You groan as the busty mad scientist gives in to her bliss. As she orgasms with a wail of purest pleasure. And with it, you are given relief. You are given a chance to cum as well, groaning as you're your jaw tightens, eyes lidding with pleasure as your cock absolutely throbs and stuffs her with what feels like gallons of your thick, potent seed. Your whole body flexes with the tightness of pleasure. With the thrill of orgasm.

The sensation seems to send a second shock of pure bliss throbbing through D'Cream, another burst of milk pulsing from her quivering titflesh as she sags beneath you, groaning in satisfaction.

Breathing hard, you ease D'Cream down to the floor, drawing your cock from the molten heat of her depths with a grunt. "N-now," you gasp, quickly tucking your manhood back into your costume. "Talk, D'Cream."

"Mooooo," the cowgirl groans, arching lazily amid the spilled remains of her pleasure. "Ohhhkaaaay," she moans. "Your cock is... mm... aaaamoooooozing."

"I meant about the villains coming after me," you grouse, though do preen a bit at her praise.

Hey, you're only human.

"Mmm. Yes. There's... there's a bunch of them. And... and all of them are after you. Want to make you their fuck lover."

"I knew that," you grouse. "What about who? Who are they?"

D'Cream giggled. "Now that's... that's funny. Using your real name on the internet. Who'd be that duuumb. I don't know who they are."

"Please tell me you're joking," you say.

"Nooooope," D'Cream chuckles.

"Then I milked you for nothing?" you protest.

"Not nothing," the bovine scientist groans, wagging her rump tantalizingly. "Got your... your rocks off, right?"

Dammit! You can't believe you fell for that. "You're a bad cow," you tell her sharply.

D'Cream's body twitches, her ass quivering like you just spanked her. "Oh," she gasps. "N-nooo! I'm a goooood cow..."

You roll your eyes at the wantonness of the mad scientist. Even as you do you hear hurrying footsteps coming through the museum. You look up sharply as several of Megacity's police officers burst through the entrance, guns drawn. "Freeze! We... Foundry?"

"Ah, officers," you say, grabbing D'Cream and hoisting her to her feet. "If you would be so kind as to take this very bad cow to jail, I would obliged."

"Mnnn!" D'cream groaned, shimmying in shameful pleasure.

"And there," you add, nodding at the ray on the floor, "is the tool of this evil. Use it to return these poor people to their original human forms."

"Sure," one of the cops says, warily picking up the ray before looking at you. "But what about you?"

"Me?" you say, rising into the air with a push of your powers. "I still have work to do. A city to defend! Farewell, gentlemen!"

So saying, you take to the sky in a burst of speed, tearing through the museum's dome and into the open sky. Off to face whichever next villain is taking part in this nefarious crime wave...

[Demon's Club](#)

Blast the Ray

You have no intention to play a game of tag with a mad woman and her mutating ray. Fortunately, you have a solution.

“Not this day, fiend!” you declare, raising your arm as energy swirls in your palm.

D’Cream’s eyes widen in horror. “No!” she cries. “Foundy, wait!”

You don’t.

A blast of searing energy rips through the air and smashes her ray. D’Cream shrieks as the weapon explodes, a wave of energy radiating from it.

“Aha, vile villainess,” you declare as the smoke clears. “Now you shall...”

You trail off, for D’Cream is positively glowing. And that’s not hyperbole. She’s staring at her hands, her whole body lit up with a strange pink light like she’s irradiated with bubble-gum.

“Oh,” she gasps, looking up at you. “Oh. Ohhh! Mooooooooo!”

Your jaw drops and you take a wary step back as D’Cream begins to grow, her body tearing out of her lab coat and the strips she called underwear. She gives a great, lowing bellow as she continues to swell in size, soon towering over the whole room, her horns scraping the dome, her naked curves a Rubenesque image of downright divine bovinity.

“Good God!” you gasp.

D’Cream’s eyes lock onto you. “Moooo!” the kaiju-sized holstaur bellows, smiling in dim-witted glee as she reaches down for you.

Alarm zings through you and you try and duck out of the way, but her hand comes on. You leap into the air, evading her grasp and sending blasts of heat at the holstaur, with all the success of a mosquito attacking a cow.

“Mooo!” D’Cream bellows, a pout on her dull face as she suddenly swings her hand. You try and dodge, but she has you this time, her fingers snatching you out of the air.

“Moooo,” D’Cream says in satisfaction, holding you close to her chest.

“U-unhand me, fiend!” you shout, trying to struggle from her grasp, but even with your super strength you find no success. “Villain! When I get free, I swear to bring justice to you... you...”

You trail off, eyes widening as you see D’Cream’s free hand heft her breast and begin to fondle it. “Mooo,” D’Cream moans as she squeezes and massages her teat. “Moooooo!”

“N-no!” you gasp in sudden realization. “Wait!”

She doesn’t.

Before the syllable even has a chance to leave your lips an absolute geyser of cream bursts from her nipple. It sprays on you, causing you to sputter and writhe, her cream warm.

In fact, you’re warm.

Really warm!

Warmer than even your powers should cause. You gasp, your head... head throbbing. Body feeling... feeling tight. Feverish. Hot. So hot. You... you...”

“Ohhhh!” you groan, flexing, finally freeing yourself from D’Cream’s grasp. You land heavily on the floor, staggering shakily, your head pounding. Body feeling... feeling big. And clothes so... so confining.

“Hr... Hrrrrr!” you groan, grabbing the fabric, tearing it free with a bellow. Shredding your specially reinforced costume without a moment of hesitation. Your muscles have swollen with unnatural strength. Your frame growing to accommodate it. Bulking like you’ve just taken a dump truck’s worth of whey protein. You bellow, panting, heaving. Your body dripping with cream. And big. Huge! In fact, looking at D’Cream, she doesn’t seem like such a giantess anymore. Sure, she’s still massive, but hey! So are you!

Your eyes run up and down the gorgeous hucow, your tongue licking your lips and tasting the milk still soaking you. Your nose twitches as you inhale the pungent sweet scent of her cream and body. Her sex and arousal. Your cock twitches, throbs, and swells from your crotch. Huge. Almost flared.

D’Cream’s face lights up and she sits down, the floor shuddering under her as she leans back against the wall, opening her legs eagerly. “Moooo?” she asks.

“Fuuuck,” you groan, stomping your way towards her. “Fuuuuck coooooow!”

“Mooo!” D’Cream says, nodding eagerly.

You barely reach her waist, but it doesn’t bother you. The only thing on your mind is the absolutely cavernous pussy of the cowgirl. One which you seem specifically equipped to fill. You grab her inner thighs, pushing them open as you line your cock up with her depths. Meeting D’Cream’s eager eyes, you pull back.

And thrust!

“Mooooo!” D’Cream moans as you impale her on your cock, plow her sopping pussy, the slap of your hips off her echoing in the cavernous chamber. “Mooo!”

“Goood cow!” you bellow. “Gooooood coooooow!”

D’Cream seems to agree, squirming happily, the movements causing droplets of milk to splatter from her udders. You waste no time in grabbing one of those titanic teats, your lips locking onto a fat nipple.

Instantly milk sprays into your hungry maw and you guzzle down her cream, moaning in pleasure as the sweet, warm milk splashes into your stomach, the heat of it seeming to spread through you in a wave. Your cock throbs as it swells yet further, your body growing as you furiously pound into your giantess of a lover. You’re still smaller than D’Cream, yet every gulp brings you closer to her height. To her size!

“Mmmmm!” you groan, the whole building shaking as you fuck the buxom holstaur against the wall. “Mrmmm!”

“Goooood! Moooo!” D’Cream lows as she eagerly takes the full heft of your massive cock. “C-Cream... good... mooooo!”

She bellows with pleasure as she cums, her pussy rippling around your cock. The feel of her orgasmic high is too much for you to resist, and pulling your lips from her drooling nipple, you throw back your head and bellow with raw pleasure. A sound more animal than man, your hands grab her huge hips as you saw into her orgasming pussy a few final times, then bury yourself as deep as you can and cum.

Cum.

Cum like a fountain! Cum what feels like gallons of thick, virile seed.

“Mooooo!” D’Cream cries in bliss, her pussy drinking the bursts of your cum in rippling pleasure, her breasts quivering as she seems to swell with every drop you give her.

In fact, she is swelling! Growing even larger. Feeding off your cum until the wall and ceiling crumbles against her, her body falling through and onto the street on the other side.

Your barrel chest heaving, you look out onto the street of the city, barely visible past the huge orbs of the cowgirl kaiju’s breasts. As the haze of post-coital calm settles on you, you snort in satisfaction, looking back down on the groaning but contented cowgirl still impaled on your cock. The future is a blank for you. Your past less than a thought, wiped away by the pleasure

and joy of your size and strength. What you'll do beyond fucking this gorgeous cowgirl you don't know.

But, grinning as you lean over and latch on to her unmilked teat, sucking hungrily, you know it's going to be a lot of fun...

Bad End

[Index](#) [Start Over](#)

Fly at D’Cream

“Your reign of terror ends now, D’Cream!” you shout, hurling yourself at the mad genius, your powers propelling you towards her like a missile of justice!

“Oh no, hero!” the mad cow declares as she pulls the trigger of her ray. “We’re just getting started! Ah ha ha ha ha!”

You try and swerve out of the way, but her ray hits you head on. You rear back, stopped in your tracks. You grit your teeth, feeling waves of... something washing over you. Something strange. Something... potent! A heat, but one utterly different from your powers. A heat like a fever!

You groan as you fall to the floor, crushed under the crashing waves of D’Cream’s ray gun. Your head spins, your focus addled.

“What’s the matter, hero?” D’Cream cackles. “Having trouble thinking?”

You lift your head, a witty retort on your tongue.

And there it dies. Because then you see her breasts.

Her breasts.

Her huge, heaving, sloshing breasts.

Great Scott. You’ve always considered yourself an appreciator of a good pair of tits. But the ones on D’Cream are beyond stunning. Absolutely incredible! The mere sight of them is enough to stun you. Your mind going blank.

They’re just so... perky.

So full.

So...

So...

Perfect.

You forget about everything else. About anything but those breasts. But those glorious milkers. Those ample udders. You don’t even notice as your body grows beyond the confines of your costume, shredding the fabric in a moment. Your brow throbs and you groan, tilting your

head back as a pair of bull horns split from your head, spearing into the air. Your arms throb with muscles. Your legs pulse with strength.

You slowly rise to your feet, the trickles of the ray fading. You snort, looking down at yourself. You're huge. Muscled. An absolute slab of pure beefcake. Literally. Even your cock has grown, and taken on a distinctly bull-ish flare.

"Oh yes."

You lift your eyes towards D'Cream again and are immediately gobsmacked anew by the sight of her bust. Her breasts are just so... perfect...

D'Cream smiles at you and puts aside her ray. "Come, hero," she purrs, grabbing her lab coat and ripping it open, her naked breasts wobbling as they're freed from the confining fabric. "Give the cow her breeding bull!"

You don't need to wonder what she means. A single breath brings you the sweet scent of her fertile pussy, begging for a good, thorough fucking. You grunt, stalking forward, bestial urges quashing any remnant of conscious thought. You want to fuck. You have to fuck. You need to bury your fat, thick, virile cock in the fertile depths of this gorgeous cow woman without delay.

D'Cream moans as your thick hands seize her, sliding down to her hips, filling your palms with the softness of her ass. The bovine scientist gasps as you heft her against the pillar housing the Pink Cow Diamond.

"Yes!" D'Cream cries as you bury your face in her bust, inhaling the scent of her chest. "Yes, my stud. That's iiiiiit. Fuck me. Breed me! I'm your fertile cow. You're my breeding bull. Now show me. Show me your might!"

You can do that.

You lift her above your cock, your tip rubbing against her folds. D'Cream moans in delight as your flaring slab of manhood splits her, the gorgeous D'Cream slowly being lowered onto you. Sheathing you into her slick, tight, fertile depths.

"Mnnnnn!" D'Cream groans. "Yessss! Sooooo big! Ah! Mnnn! Yes! Fill me! Stuff me! Take meeeeeee!"

You do.

Without a moment more of hesitation you begin to bounce the mad cow on your cock. Your heavy, swaying bollocks smacking her ass with every thrust as you shove your manhood deep into her eager, hot pussy.

“Ah!” D’Cream cries, clutching your head to her bust, your horns used as handles. “Oh! Oh yesss! Fuck me, my bull! Nnnn! Milk me! Yes! Yes! Take me! Mate me! Breed me n-now. Now! Moooooooo!”

You do what she wants. Because it’s what you want. Everything about the moment working out so well. So perfectly. With such a satisfying completeness. Fuck, but this cow is smart. She knows exactly what you want to do. She’s got everything a bull could want. What could be better than fucking her? What could be more satisfying than mating and breeding this gorgeous cow-girl?

Nothing.

Nothing could be better.

And you intend to enjoy it.

Grunting.

Snorting.

Plowing D’Cream with growing urgency. Growing fervour.

The wet slap of flesh on flesh fills the room. D’Cream wails and moans, writhing atop your cock as you pound up into her. Her cries of pleasure building. Breath hitching every time she bottoms on your massive cock. Her breasts bounce around your head until your lips manage to find a nipple. Greedily you suckle from her bouncing teat, cream spurting into your mouth, urging you to go harder. Faster. To claim her.

“Yes!” D’Cream cries, slamming her head back against the display case of the Pink Cow Diamond. “Yes! Yes! Oh! Moo! Moooo! Milk mooo! Fuck moooo! Make... make.... Oh. Oh! Moooooo!”

D’Cream wails with that final peak. That last high of pleasure. Her pussy tightens. Squeezes. Milks your cock as you milk her breast. With that final sweet orgasm you feel your own release. Groaning as you drop her, stuffing her a final time as your cock throbs, pulses, and explodes within her.

“Ohhhhhh fuck yessssss!” D’Cream wails, head slamming back, shattering the protective glass dome around the diamond as you cum in her. Stuffing her with a hot burst of your thick, monstrous cum.

“Ah,” D’Cream moans, panting, relaxing atop your cock as she soaks in the glorious aftermath of her orgasm. Lazily, almost idly, she reaches back and plucks the jewel from its

shattered case, admiring it. "Mmm. A pretty prize. Something to remember this moment for the future, eh, Foundry?"

"Hr?" you grunt.

D'Cream just titters and pats your head. "Don't worry about it, sweet thing. Now, let me down. We need to gather the rest of our friends. For we have a world to change, my dear stud. Men to free from their scrawny forms. Women in need of breasts, busts, and bovine beauty! Let's go!"

You grunt again, slouching after D'Cream as she recovers her ray and strides off. You barely paid attention to her words, your eyes glued to the way her coat stretches against your ass. Hell, you'd follow that ass anywhere...

[Bulling Forward](#)

Guardian Bulls

You hasten towards the Greek Wing of the museum. The sooner you deal with this mad cow, the sooner you can get back to more important business.

As you enter the exhibit you take care to move quietly. You hear snorting and grunting from not far, and on peeking around a corner you're confronted with the unwelcome sight of damn near a dozen minotaur bullmen snorting around the area. All of them are wearing the tattered remains of clothes, marking them as victims of D'Cream's ray. They mill around the exhibits like some ill-conceived attraction, and beyond them you can make out a doorway with a sign celebrating the Pink Cow diamond.

You roll your jaw thoughtfully. You're not too worried about hurting these bullmen. The one you took out earlier was able to weather your fist without his head caving in.

But they are simply victims of D'Cream's power. Can you really justify force against the innocent?

[Use Force](#)

[Use Your Words](#)

[Try and Sneak Past Them](#)

Use Your Words

Though they may have been transformed by the mad cowgirl, there's no reason you should assume their minds are overcome by her powers. Perhaps there's still space to speak to them.

You step into the open and loudly clear your throat. "Citizens!"

Instantly every bullman's horned head swivels your way.

"Let me pass," you command. "So I might deal with the nefarious woman who has turned you into these monstrous forms, and free you from them to be men once more!"

The bullmen exchange a look.

"Moooo!" one bellows, pointing at you.

The bovine cry of rage is picked up by the rest, and in a mob they charge you!

Oh well, you tried.

You leap into the air as the first bullman tries to tackle you, only to miss and slam into the floor with a heavy grunt. You spin firing a heat blast at another who tries to leap and take you down, striking the transformed human in midair and sending him spinning out.

A sudden weight jerks you down as a powerful grip closes on your ankle. You look down sharply to see a third bullman has grabbed your leg. His beady black eyes glare up at you as he opens his mouth and bellows a challenge.

"Get! Off!" you shout, trying to shake him free. But when that doesn't work you simply shoot him off with another heat blast.

But that distraction proves costly, and several more bullmen leap onto you. You bob in the air under the sudden weight, trying to shake them off, but their presence forces you down where several more of the beastmen wait. Large, furry hands grab your legs, slamming you down onto the floor. You try and get up and heave them off, but a furry fist grabs you by the hair and smashed your face into the floor.

Again and again your face meets hard cement. Your durability spares your pretty looks a broken nose, but not even your mind can't take being violently shaken about your skull without some reaction. Your vision dims and your body doesn't seem to answer your mental commands anymore. You barely notice when the beatings stop, and your arms are hoisted between two minotaurs. You blink groggily as you're dragged towards the exhibit hall beyond.

[Meeting D'Cream](#)

Use Force

You crack your knuckles. Civilians or not, they're under the malign influence of a supervillainess! And you'll take care of them as you must.

Without a moment to waste you use your flight powers to rush into the room. "Face my fists of justice, fiends!"

"Moo?"

The first bullman turns blankly, and meets your fist right between his eyes. The bullman topples like a felled ox, and the second one is so shocked by your sudden appearance he does no better as you clock him so hard he spins around twice before collapsing with an audible thud!

But after that the rest realize what is happening, and with a bellowing roar half a dozen survivors attack.

"Have at you!" you declare as they bull rush you. The first takes a swing at you, but you duck, causing his punch to merely crack a pillar. Then your fist slams into his gut, and not even his washboard abs can prevent him from doubling over with a groan of pain.

Another brute tries to fling himself onto your back, arms going around your neck, but you grab him and flip him over, driving him down onto the bullman you punched in the stomach, both of them going down with a boom that echoes in the room.

Another leaps at you, but a sudden blast of a heat ray sends the bullman flying back with a, "Mooooo!" of shock to slam into the wall so hard he craters it. And his fall to the floor leaves him an unconscious mess.

Three more remain, and they come at you together. You kick one's feet out from under him, but the other two manage to grab your arms and try and wrestle them back behind you. The one who fell rises to come at you again, but as he does you flip up and slam your foot into his chest, sending him flying across the room, shattering several displays before hitting a brass gong so hard the sound reverberates through the room.

The two behind you snort and try to twist your arms out of their sockets. For your foe's trouble, you open your palms and send two concussive blasts of heat right into the minotaur's crotches.

"Moooooo!" the pair bellow in pain, abandoning your arms to clutch their groins. Immediately you spin about, grab their heads, and crack them into each other. Black eyes roll

back and jaws go slack, the two bullmen falling against each other before sinking to the floor, drifting off to a dreamland of green fields and busty heifers.

You nod in satisfaction as you look over the battlefield. The minotaurs are down, and you stand victorious. Brushing some dust from your shoulders, you straighten your cape, and cross the room. Time to deal with D’Cream herself...

[Confronting D’Cream](#)

Meeting D’Cream

As you’re dragged into the exhibit for the Pink Cow Diamond your head begins to clear. When you hear the words, “Well well! If it isn’t the hero,” you snap back to yourself.

You look up sharply to see D’Cream looming before you, smirking from the middle of the domed chamber. The woman you saw tied to the chair is in the corner, and the Pink Cow Diamond is near you.

“F-foul fiend,” you gasp. “You’ll not get away with this!”

“Of course I will,” the mad cow laughs as she hefts her ray. “I already have!”

Recognizing the danger, you summon a burst of strength from deep inside you. With a shout you heave to your feet, hurling the pair of startled bullmen off of you and sending them crashing to the floor behind you.

But it’s already too late.

D’Cream’s ray fires, a blast of energy crashing into you even as you move to take a step towards her. You rear back, stopped in your tracks. You grit your teeth, feeling waves of... something washing over you. Something strange. Something... potent! A heat, but one utterly different from your powers. A heat like a fever!

You groan as you fall to the floor, crushed under the crashing waves of D’Cream’s ray gun. Your head spins, your focus addled.

“What’s the matter, hero?” D’Cream cackles. “Having trouble thinking?”

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So full.

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“Hr?” you grunt.

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You grunt again, slouching after D’Cream as she recovers her ray and strides off. You barely paid attention to her words, your eyes glued to the way her coat stretches against your ass. Hell, you’d follow that ass anywhere...

[Bulling Forward](#)

Bulling Forward

Your mistress is a genius.

Even someone as dumb as you can recognize that. The fact you are dumb doesn't bother you. A good bull doesn't need to be smart. That's what a cow is for.

And your cow is so very smart.

Who else could have figured out a way to build a ray able to turn every human on earth into studly bulls and busty heifer babes?

Who could have realized she could enhance the power of her ray by bouncing it into various transmission satellites so they poured out of every screen in the country?

And who could have set it all up by seizing control of the Center of Public Broadcasting, adjusting the relays, and be on the cusp of achieving her dream?

"I alone!" D'Cream declared triumphantly as she hooks her Ray into the vast apparatus that fills the room. "Yes! I alone had the vision and genius to see it through!"

"Yes, mistress," you grunt agreeably, glaring at the scientists she'd kidnapped and ensuring they're properly cowed. Both literally and figuratively. They're all women, which makes sense, as D'Cream's ray doesn't make women dumber. Well, not so long as their libidos remain satisfied. Something you have ample experience providing. Steel cables groan across your immense frame as you cross your arms, glowering at them.

Which is menacing, true. Your massive frame and the electric whips mistress has equipped you with gave you the creative name of Bullwhip. But you don't need to menace these women. They're more than happy to help mistress. Ever since they felt the kiss of the ray and discovered how good it was to be busty, creamy hucows able to take even your absurdly girthy cock, they've gladly embraced D'Cream's dream.

"Exactly!" D'Cream declares as she slams the securing locks into place with a crackle. "Only I, the brilliant Doctor D'Cream, could have envisioned it. Only my brilliance could have brought us to this point! Only I, my dear Bullwhip, had the will, the courage, and the bust to see this plan through!"

"Yes, mistress," you agree, flexing a bit for the cooing DD scientists.

“Exactly!” D’Cream cackles as she bounds off the apparatus and joins you at the main console. “And with this, none will be able to defy my genius! And now,” she grins, looming over the big red button. “Now, the world shall know it too!”

She slams her fist down on the button. Klaxons hoot and bellow while red lights strobe, the whole room humming with power. You look up dimly as your eyes are drawn to the wall of screens projecting the results of your mistress’s genius. From cameras on the roof you watch as the huge satellite atop the building sparks. Glows. And from its dish bursts a surge of pink light that fills the sky.

“Yes!” D’Cream cries, flinging her fists triumphantly into the air, her face glowing in the pink light of the screen. “Yessss! It’s glorious Bullwhip. Glorious!”

“Yes, mistress,” you say, your eyes briefly roving about the screens, where live feed from various new channels show the anchors writhing as their bodies are changed by the pink light spilling into them. Men bursting their tailored suits with muscle and horn. Women moaning as buttons shoot off like bullets from blouses struggling to contain a sudden increase in cup size.

D’Cream cheers again. “Victory is miiiine!” she cries, jumping in glee.

You grunt in agreement, ignoring the screens, your whole being focused on the mad doctor before you. The way her breasts heave in the tightness of her lab coat. Bouncing and sloshing...

Not even the culmination of her ambitions can distract the mad genius from the heat in your gaze. She glances back at you, and you’re delighted to discover your desire mirrored in D’Cream’s eyes. She turns, stepping towards you. “You know?” she breathes, resting her hands on your chest. “I couldn’t have done it without you, Bullwhip.”

“I serve mistress,” you say in answer, though your hands do move around her, your palms filling with the plumpness of her ass.

“That you do,” she coos, turning about, pushing her rear into your bulging banana hammock, whose stretching fiber is being put to the ultimate test right now. “And thanks to you, I have achieved my dream! So join me in this moment, Bullwhip. Join me in my triumph!”

You can get behind that.

And since you’re already behind D’Cream, you push forward, causing her to bend over, her hands landing on the console, her ass pushed back against your throbbing bulge.

She gasps and glances back, eyes molten with heat. “Yes,” she breathes, grinding back against your cock. “Excellent idea, Bullwhip. How better to celebrate my great triumph than with a proper breeding! Now fuck me,” she commands, her eyes glued to the screen as scenes

from across the world play across them, showing more scenes of transformation from every major city. "Fuck and breed me in this, my moment of triumph!"

You can do that.

Your large hands grasp her lab coat and flip it up over her rump, revealing the plump curviness of her rear. You grab the thin cloth of her panties and yank them down, revealing the delicate gusset of her pussy.

"Mmm. That's it," D'Cream purrs, her hips rocking back, rubbing the heat of her pussy against your crotch. "Fill me, stud. Fill me, just as all those men out there will be doing to their new cows. The world will thank me, Bullwhip. For I have done what no government program or societal reform has accomplished: restored the birth rate!"

"Good, mistress," you grunt, yanking down the tight fabric around your cock, your slab of manmeat slapping D'Cream's ass lewdly.

"Yessss," the mad cow moans, gripping the console with a gasp, her eyes glowing with the light of the screens. "They call me mad now, but history will vindicate me!"

"Uh huh," you grunt as you remove your cock from her ass and align it with her slick pussy.

"The world will thank me!"

"Mhmm," you growl, teasing her folds with your fat length until your shaft is slick with her desire.

"Who knows! They may even give me the... ah... the Nobel Peace... Priiiiiiiize!"

D'Cream's voice hitches with a moan as you push forward, filling her with your thick cock. You grunt as her inner walls clamp down deliciously, squeezing your cock with sensuous pleasure.

"Ah," D'Cream gasps, her hands gripping the console tight. "And... and why not? Don't I... I deserrrrrve it!"

"Yes," you grunt, beginning to saw in and out of her pussy.

"Ex... exactly!" she gasps, rocking back against your thrusts, her ass spanking off your hips as you plow her with sharp, heavy motions. "Ah. Mnnn! Yes! I deserve... deserve my dues. I deserve... ohhh... r-recognition. I... ah... deserve... mnnnn... worshiiiiip!"

“Yes,” you say hotly, leaning down, arms abandoning her hips to wrap around her. Your hot breath steams the back of her neck and ear as your hands engulf her plump, milky tits. Fondling them as you thrust heavily into her rippling pussy.

“Mmmf!” the bovine beauty pants as you rut her against the console. “Yes. A fucking... fucking award. My name will... will go down in hi-history! Genius not... not understood or... orrrrr respected at first. But I... oh f-fuck. But I...”

“Yes?” you grunt as you increase your pace. Pounding into her. Your hips slapping lewdly off her bottom as you ruthlessly fuck her, milk spurting from her plump nipples as you squeeze and pump her tits. Her hips slamming against the console, shaking the screens.

“But I... I... Ohhhhhh fuuuuuck!” the busty bovine cries, her inner walls tightening, her body arching as every muscle tightens with the sudden sweetness of orgasm. “Moooooooo!” she bellows as milk spurts and sprays from her plump nipples, pumping onto the console and making it spark and crackle. “Mooooo!”

The sound of her pleasure. The feel of her squeezing pussy. The scent of her cream is all too much for you. With a throaty bellow you slam your cock home a final time, filling her to the brink before you cum like a firehouse. What feels like gallons of your seed pulses from your twitching manhood, stuffing the gorgeous hucow with your hot cum.

D’Cream moans in satisfaction, flopping atop the console as if every muscle has given in at once. You say nothing, merely grunting as you continue to lazily thrust.

“I’m a... a geeeenius,” D’Cream moans.

“Hrrr,” you grunt in agreement, though your eyes are drawn to security cameras on the outskirts of the building, and the group of busty heroines charging the building. Looks like you have visitors.

But you grin as D’Cream stirs and your cock twitches with renewed hardness. Well, you’ll deal with them soon. For now, looks like you have enough time for one more fuck with your mistress...

Bad End

[Index](#) [Start Over](#)

Leave D’Cream As She Is

You consider the ray, then dismiss it. The punishment here surely fits the crime, though if the judge decides otherwise, that’s for justice to determine. She’ll surely be easier to rehabilitate like this. Maybe give her work on some pleasant farm up state.

“Talk, D’Cream,” you growl. “Who’s backing you?”

“Mooo?” the hurow moans with a doleful look your way.

“What is behind the sudden increase in criminal activity throughout the city?” you say. “What is this secret forum about me to do with it?”

“Foorum?” she asks blankly.

“What do you know?” you demand.

Her brow crinkles. “Knoooooow... Moo knooooow...”

“Yes?” you prompt, leaning in. “What does moo know?”

“Moo... know... miiiiilky,” she says, her face lighting up in satisfaction as she gives her breasts a lazy bounce.

You slap a hand across your face and sigh. Well, you tried. “Alright,” you say, moving up behind her and pulling her arms behind her back. “Let’s go.”

“Goooo milking?” she asks hopefully.

“We’ll see,” you hedge.

D’Cream beams happily and allows you to guide her out of the room and through the museum’s exhibits. She looks at the unconscious minotaurs blankly but doesn’t seem too bothered, and you manage to guide her into the lobby without incident. Just as a squad of Megacity cops creep through the entrance with weapons drawn. They draw up short at the sight of you and the impossibly busty woman in your care.

“Foundry!” a detective shouts in shock. “What are you...”

“Your museum thief, detective,” you say. “Unfortunately, she got a powerful taste of her own medicine. Here,” you add, giving the man the ray gun. “This is the tool of her evil. It can be used to restore the others she’s turned into beastmen. Can you take it from here?”

“Sure, sir,” the detective says, taking the ray as several officers uncertainly secure the busty villainess, who merely moans and moos in their grasp. “We’ll uh, handle it. But what about you?”

“Me?” you say, rising into the air with a push of your powers. “I am needed elsewhere. Good luck, gentlemen!”

Turning, you soar out the broken doors and into the sky, hastening away from the museum. For you know only too well your powers are needed elsewhere. Your city needs you, and it’s time to serve.

[Demon’s Club](#)

Try and Sneak Past

There's a lot of minotaurs in there. Though you're confident in your powers, taking them all on might be a bit much. Besides, they are also formerly civilians. Beating them to a pulp just to get past them would leave a bad taste in your mouth.

You wait for an opening when the bullmen aren't watching, then slip around the corner and behind a display of a greek armour from the Trojan War. Silently as you can, you slip through the room, trying to avoid any of the bullmen or their sight. It's tricky going, seeing as there's easily eight of them, but you're making good progress.

You're halfway across the room when one of the minotaurs suddenly lifts his head, nostrils flaring as he sniffs heavily. The bullman's eyes narrow and he inhales again, as do several others. What are...

Oh no.

Several horns heads swivel your way. "Mooooo!" the minotaurs bellow, charging your hiding place, the others instantly alert and looking your way as well. Shit!

You burst to your feet from behind the display of several fantastic Greek vases, whose historical significance is lost on the minotaurs, one of whom throws himself through the display to tackle you. He smashes through the glass and millennia old pottery to slam into your stomach, throwing both you and him to the floor.

The impact is hard, but your super durability saves you from anything more than getting the wind knocked out of you. As you recover your breath you swing your arms up, interlock your fists and slam them down on the minotaur's back.

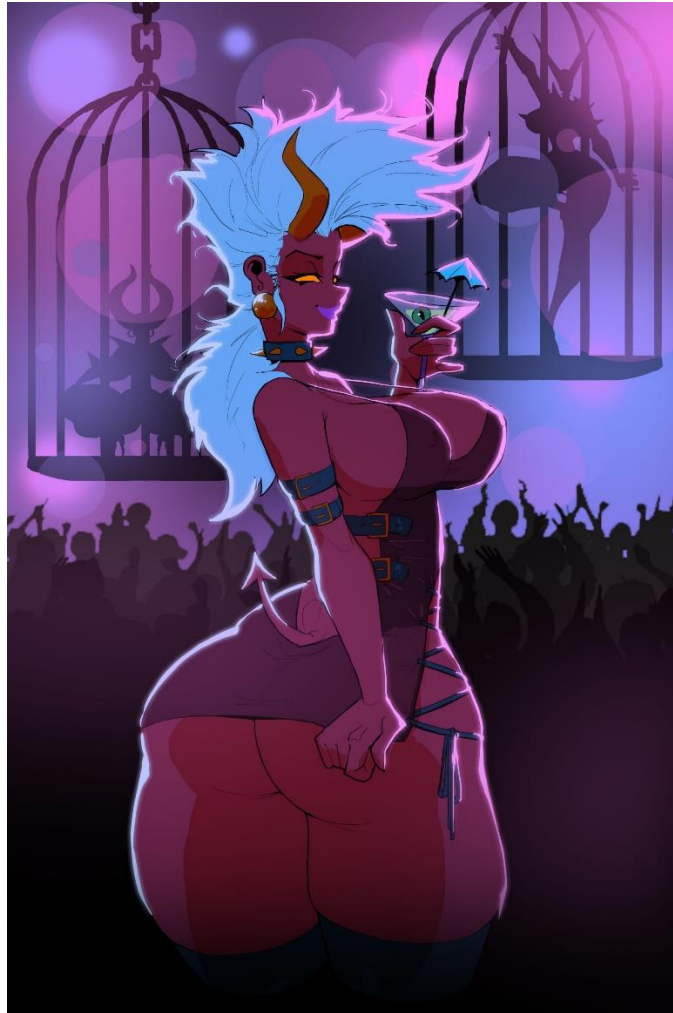
The impact hits him hard, and the beastman shudders, flopping limply atop you. You begin to rise, but before you can the rest of the bullmen arrive, pummeling you furiously.

You try and block your head from taking the blows, but the sheer number of fists and strength overwhelm you. Your head is bashed around, and despite your durability your vision smudges with the beginning of unconsciousness. Your arms grow weak and fail to answer your brain's garbled commands.

The blows stop, but you're so addled you can't take advantage of it, or even do more than groan as cruel hands grab you, heave you up, and drag you bodily towards the door to the Pink Cow Diamond's display...

[Meeting D'Cream](#)

Demon's Club



No sooner are in the air than your earpiece beeps anew.

"Foundry!" Muse gasps. *"Bad news."*

"What is it?"

"Saint Anne's Nunnery just reported a robbery of one of their relics, the Skull of Radigan!"

"A relic?" you say, puzzled. *"Strange. Were there any clues?"*

"Just one. Someone marked up the wall behind the relic's case. A D with a pair of horns on it."

Damn! You know that sign. It can only belong to one person.

"Desmoa," you growl.

"Looks like it," Muse agrees.

You curse. "I thought she was in a cult deprogramming collective upstate?" you say.

"She got out early on good behaviour," Muse admits uncomfortably.

Ha! You bet she did. More likely she seduced her social worker to falsify her records. You warned them she required prison, but the judge seemed to think she could be rehabilitated. Which isn't to say you don't think rehabilitation works. You just think that sitting in a circle, talking about feelings isn't going to cut it when the criminal is a literal demon from hell.

Not that she always was. You've run into the fiendish cultist more than a few times. Once just a simple theological student, she fell into a group of rogue philosophy majors and dived into forbidden powers. Having studied the demonic arts, she gleefully went further than her compatriots, sacrificing her fellow students in order to gain infernal favour and form. Now, she seeks to corrupt the world further to please her dark patrons, often stealing artifacts or performing dark rituals to achieve her goals!

Yes, a fiendish woman. The only good news is you have a pretty good idea where she is.

"I'm on it, Muse," you say, diverting your flight immediately.

"Be careful, Foundry!" Muse says. *"Who knows what she's up to with that thing."*

You definitely will be cautious here. Because you don't have to just worry about a rogue cultist villainess, for Desmoa is surely heading back to her old haunt. Namely, the Devil's Dance Floor!

It's in the old warehouse district, which has surely seen better times, specifically before globalization closed most of the factories in the city. It's an area so depressed it's on suicide watch. These days, there isn't a wall not sporting at least three layers of graffiti. But some of the old buildings have been renovated into more seedy and illicit businesses.

You land outside the Devil's Dance Floor grimly. You know you've got the right place because of the huge, garish neon sign blazing at all hours through the smog. Also, the large demonic bouncer standing outside seems like a good indicator. You've never approved of the city allowing demons to operate in the city, but your objections (and those of the voters) weren't considered. You know for damn sure a lot of money changed hands and were funneled to various important people to make it happen, but bringing it to light hasn't exactly been easy.

Sadly, demons aren't just good about sin, but about covering it up when convenient. Copious amount of blackmail was surely involved.

The burly demon eyes you through his tinted glasses. "Name?" he asks.

"The Mighty Foundry," you declare. "Scourge of evil! Enemy of--"

"Alright, come in."

You're momentarily taken aback. "Really? Just like that?"

"Man, I don't get paid enough to fistfight heroes like you," the demon grunted. "Besides, Desmoa says if you show up, send you in."

"She did?"

"Yeah. She's in the subbasement." He smirks. "Have fun."

That's... a tad troubling. Desmoa is well known for her fiendish plots and powers. That she wants to see you bodes nothing good. Seems likely she's part of whatever chat board has been conspiring to seduce you. Well! She'll soon see the error of her ways in that at least. No way you'll fall for the wiles of some insidious succubus.

You're tempted to interrogate the bouncer, but you can hardly lay out a man not obstructing you at all, even if said man has horns and smells of brimstone. With that said, you keep an eye on him until you pass through the door and into the suffocating darkness of the club.

Now, you don't, exactly, have a problem with people living their lives so long as they're not hurting anyone or doing anything illegal. You like to think of yourself as a modern hero and have an open mind.

But what you're looking at right now is putting that to the test.

Debauchery doesn't begin to describe what you just walked into. Depravity isn't just tolerated between the walls of the Devil's Dance Floor. It's the main attraction! The lights are almost nonexistent. The air is heavy the scent of narcotics, sweat, and arousal. Neon strobes to the thudding pulse of the music. Bodies writhe on the dance floor and, more obviously, in cages hung from the ceiling. Often several, and though it may be called dancing, it seems like sex is the main aim of those gyrations. Demons, mortals, it's hard to tell which is which. Tattoos, garish costumes, and sometimes no clothes at all heave among the bodies scattered across the floor. Others populate booths in the corners of the room.

At least you don't stand out in your costume.

Setting your jaw, you start across the floor, heading for the far end. Desmoa will be lurking deeper in the club. You're tempted to just smash through the floor to get there, but there's innocent people in here. Presumably. Probably not that guy lying by a booth, drinking booze being poured down a woman's naked front to drool into his mouth after passing her pussy. Or that woman with a mohawk, leather jacket, and holding the leash of a naked man and woman, both of whom crouch at the punk's feet, nuzzling their owner's leather-clad legs.

You shudder. This is not a place for you. Though some of the displays are so egregious, you can't help but linger on them a bit.

Nonetheless, in short order you find your way to the back of the club. You push open and Employee's Only door, inwardly cringing at breaking an ordinance, even if it is a club populated by literal demons. But it's for a greater good. Unless you're wrong, in which case you'll turn yourself over to the proper authorities.

Your conscious soothed by that assurance, you pass through the door and find your way to a door labeled 'Basement and Fuck Dungeon.'

Bit ominous.

You ease open the door and peer down. Steps of cement descend into the earth, the walls and ceiling lined by pipes and also some torches, which have got to be a fire hazard. Molten heat glowing in your fist to better light your way, you begin your descent down.

Down.

Down into the depths of the fiend's lair.

As you go, you begin to hear sounds. Whispers that murmur just at the edge of hearing, but which seem disturbingly suggestive. Of just what you can't be sure, but you have a feeling it's not tea and cookies. You feel your skin shiver and your manhood thicken with some nameless lust, and you tighten your jaw, doing your best to ignore the sounds.

At the bottom of the steps the whispering grows louder, but now it's joined by a more human voice. Something almost a relief. You creep forward, a glow washing from beyond a pair of curtains which bar your way. You tease them aside and peek through warily, your eyes lighting up triumphantly at the sight before you.

The room is swathed in darkness, save the middle where a slab of stone has been arranged in some devilish altar of leering faces. Atop the altar is what can only be the Skull of Radigan, its horned crown glistening in the low light. A ring of red has been painted around the altar, and filling those rounded lines is the five points of a pentagram. Candles burn at each

corner, illuminating the dark scene, including the half a dozen robed young women standing about the circle, candles in their hands as they softly moan and hum in what sounds like Latin.

The woman standing at the head of this congregation and the peak of the diagram is of particular interest. You'd recognize that somewhat mousy hair and beautiful face anywhere. Desmoa is a lovely creature, which may be because of a dark pact with demons or, perhaps, just good skincare routine. Her lush red pigment implies the former, as do the horns sprouting from her brow. You know her figure is a sight to behold, though at the moment it's hidden under the expansive folds of a crimson cloak. Her face is cast half in shadow by the fluttering candles, her eyes shining, her lips soft and pouty as if made for kissing. Currently, they're moving as she chants along the others, and you see flickering lights burn in the eyes of the horned skull.

You tighten your hands into fists. Alright. Time to crash this party!

You burst through the curtain and into the room, soaring over the first few cultists. You land on the altar and before Desmoa. Cultists shriek in surprise and run off even as you reach down and swipe up the horned skull off the altar. You rise up before Desmoa, towering over her with all the authority of righteousness. "Halt, Desmoa!" you declare, hand thrust out, heat powers swirling in your palm. "Or face the fires of justice!"

The robed woman looks utterly unperturbed by your abrupt arrival, and merely lifts her chin to gaze into your eyes with amusement. "Well well. If it isn't Foundry. How have you been?"

"Well! Especially now that I have the relic you stole! Whatever your fiendish plot was, it ends now!"

"Does it?" she asks with a smirk and a lifted brow.

You frown at her. "What-"

The weight hits you like a hammer from the heavens. Your legs instantly shift to bear it, but not even your incredible might seems equal to the sudden pressure on your body. Your eyes shoot to the skull, and you see its sockets burn with a hellish fire of black and red. You grit your teeth, trying to straighten as you look back at the smirking cultist. "F-foul fiend! You think... ah... that this will be enough to s-stop me?"

"Not at all," Desmoa says, lazily flicking some of her dark hair back behind her ear. "Not the mighty Foundry! So large. So strong. So filled with hot power! Such a shame your flames only serve truth, justice, and blah blah blah. Especially when sinning is so much fun."

"I'd n-never lower myself so," you growl.

"No?" she asks, and shrugs.

Her cloak slides off her as if kissing its way down her body. And what a body! Sweet justice, the sluts who populate the club are one thing, but Desmoa is in a league of her own. Her breasts are firm, full and perky. Her ass is taut, lush, and provides perfect counterpoint with her breasts. Her dark curls tumble over her shoulders and her eyelashes flutter like batwings, shading her eyes with lewd temptations. All of this is blatantly clear, because she wears a series of black leather straps and nothing else, the material crisscrossing her body in pentagram patterns that highlights and frames her nipples, pussy and trim tummy.

You can actually feel your jaw drop at the sight of her, recalling yourself only once you hear her laugh. "Like what you see?" she asks, turning in place, a spaded tail swishing in the air.

"N-no!" you gasp.

"Oh really?" she says, giving you a coy look. "Then my little ritual shouldn't affect you."

"Ritual?"

"Of course! I was trying to summon a demon, you were right there. But I wasn't going to be its host. You are! Your every step through here awakened your lust, weakening your defences against its hellish presence. And once you have fallen to its power, your mind and body corrupted with its infernal malice and powers, you will become a demon lord. And I will be your devoted sex slave, bearing you deeper into the realms of sadistic pleasures!"

"What!" you yelp. But even as you do, you feel the insidious presence around you. A whispering emanates from the skull, and you see a shadowy strand wrap around your arm, down your torso. Its touch is a sinuous, slithering stroking that seems to caress you. Stir you. Your manhood thickening and throbbing in the tightness of your costume. "D-damn you, Desmoa," you gasp. "You.. you fiend!"

"I am," she purrs, eyes flashing. "And soon, you will be one too. Now surrender, Foundry. Surrender to the pleasure of hell itself!"

You grit your teeth. You... you mustn't. You... you...

[You Resist](#)

[You Can't Resist](#)

You Can't Resist

You tremble as you try and deny the insidious presence. It's taking all your focus to keep it at bay. But that's more than you can manage with Desmoa tantalizing you like she is, her figure seeming to shimmer in the flickering red of the candles as she spins round and round, her long lashes fluttering suggestively at you, a smirk hovering on her lovely lips.

"Mmmm. That's right," she purrs as her hands glide over her figure, her hips rocking. Her breasts bouncing on her chest. "Give in, Foundry. Give in to your lusts. Give in to the darkness that lurks inside you. I know you can feel it. Feel it surging in you. Pulsing in you. Telling you it's alright to give in to your worst instincts. Give in to lust. To wrath. To pride and cruelty."

"N-never!" you gasp, a word that feels weak even to you. Especially with the throbbing lust radiating from your heavy balls. Your aching cock. A lust that thumps in your veins, urging you to give in. To not resist. To just seize this cocky bitch, bend her over, and make her yours. Make the world yours! It would be so easy. So easy to just give in...

"Do it," Desmoa purrs, her molten eyes hot with desire for you. Her hands stroking the firm, lush orbs of her ass. "Give in and fuck me. Give in and just. Fucking. Rail me!" she gasps, delivering a spank to herself that makes your whole body jolt with desire. "Make me yours. Make me your bitch. Your slut. I'd do anything for you, Foundry. Anything for my demonic master. I know you want to. I know you've got to."

Yes.

Yes, you need to.

N-no! No you don't!

But you want to.

You want to shove her face into the floor as you saw your fat, thick cock into her fertile pussy. You want to mate her. Breed her! Fucking ruin her! Take what you want. Take what you deserve! You deserve everything. You deserve it all!

And you can take it. You have the power. The strength. The might! You just need the will.

But you mustn't.

But you can.

No.

Yes.

No... no...

Yes. Yes! YES!

“Yesssssss!” you bellow the pressure that once pressed down on you suddenly gone. Now it seems to rush into you. Fill you! Swell you with energy and need and purpose. Your costume tears around your body like you grew two sizes in an instant. Naked, uncaring of that fact, you surge forward, grabbing Desmoa. She gasps as you shove her up against the wall. Your hand on her head, you relish the power of that moment. The ability to break her if it so suits you. You know it. She knows it.

And she loves it.

“Yessss,” Desmoa gasps, her body rocking, her hips pushing her ass back and against the throbbing length of your cock. “Fuck me, master. Make me yours!”

Her eager submissiveness sends heat coiling through you. It pumps in your veins as you press forward, the thick slab of your cock pushing her legs apart, slickening her thighs as you grind yourself between her legs and against her pussy.

“You want this?” you growl.

“Yes, master,” she gasps.

Fuck but you love how she calls you master.

The heat that burns within you seems hotter than ever. Radiating through your flushed body. You can actually see flickers of flame burning across your skin, as if your lusts are being given physical form. “You were such a fucking tease,” you say as you press your tip against her pussy-lips, holding yourself back from filling her, even as she whines and wriggles eagerly to taste it. “Such a slut. Is this what you wanted? Is this what it was all about? Getting this fat, fucking cock inside you like the slut you are?”

“It was. It was, master!” she gasps, the shameless need in her voice stirring you even further. “I’m just a slut! A shameless whore for you!”

You lean in, steam hissing from between your clenched teeth and into her ear. “And don’t you fucking forget it.”

And with that, you thrust home.

Desmoa screams in ecstasy as your cock fills her to the brim. As you draw back and drive into her again. Again! The tightness of her rippling pussy urging you into her. To thrust. To fuck! To mate this bitch like the slut she is. To turn her into your personal cock-sleeve!

And you're going to do it.

You're going to take her.

Fuck her.

Fill her so she never forgets it. Never forgets how it feels to be under you. To be fucked by you. To be owned by you!

Because this is what you are.

This is what you deserve.

And it's.

All.

YOURS!

"Yesssss!" you roar, heat radiating from you, fire licking across your flame. Horns sprouting from your brow and demonic wings of living flame ignite upon your back, stretching wide with your power and triumph! You drive forward, rutting into Desmoa's tight body so hard the foundations of the club shake. "Yes! Take it, whore! Take your master's cock!"

"Ah! Nnnn! Yes! Yes master! Your s-slave loves it. Loves it! Loooooves iiiiiit!" Desmoa wails in shameless bliss, the buckles of her straps jangling as she thrusts back against your cock, riding it with blissful moans and whimpers and wails as you utterly dominate her. Utterly use her! Fuck her. Take her! Make her yours!

And she knows it. Fuck, she loves it! You feel her pussy tighten and flex as you plow her. Fuck! Was this what you were missing out on? Was this what you'd been denied for so long? Well, no more. No. Fucking. More! You're going to do whatever you want from now on. Use your power how you like it.

Starting with breeding this bitch.

And then?

Oh, you've got plans.

You grin savagely, Desmoa's moans hitching every time you stuff her anew with your cock.

Oh yes.

You've got big... big plans...

[Rise of Hellforged](#)

You Resist

You tense every muscle in your body, hands tightening to fists as you struggle to defy the demon its purchase on your body and soul. You will not become its tool! You will not surrender yourself to its dark power. You are a hero! And you will remain so.

Desmoa pouts as she looks you up and down. “Hmm. Seems you had more control than I thought,” she says.

“Of course,” you gasp. “I will never submit to your malign influence!”

“Oh really? Not even if I do... this?” she asks, stretching out her hands and beckoning.

Giggling, two of the cultists who’d been hiding behind the room’s pillars prance up to their dark mistress, shedding their cloaks to reveal slender, nubile figures of blossoming womanhood in utter, unashamed nudity. One a blonde, the other a brunette, both almost painfully beautiful.

Oh no.

You feel horror and arousal rise within you as the two beauties fall into the arms of Desmoa. She smirks at you, tilts her head and begins kissing the blonde acolyte. The girl moans in shameless bliss, shivering in carnal pleasure as her lips meet her mistress’s. The brunette whines in need until Desmoa switches, dipping her head to kiss her too, her hands stroking the two beauties as their own explore Desmoa’s curves.

As you watch you feel your control slip. A sudden surge of the demon’s powers. Quickly, you...

[Close Your Eyes](#)

[Keep Watching](#)

Keep Watching

You can't tear your eyes from the lurid scene. The way those female bodies move. How they grind and rut and wriggle against each other. The way the cultists whimper and writhe in Desmoa's grasp. How her hands stroke them, teasing them. With the brunette she kisses, she works one hand around the girl's chests and to her breasts, squeezing and massaging those plump orbs. With her other hand her fingers glide between the blonde's legs, delving into the lush delta of the cultist's fluttering pussy, stroking the girl's slick lips teasingly.

"Ohhhh mistress! Your fingers are... are in my nnnn!" the blonde being masturbated by Desmoa cries.

The villainess chuckles, cupping the breasts of her partner and pinching her helpless, puffy nipples.

"Ah!" the brunette cries in blissful pain and mingled pleasure. "Mistress! P-please, pinch my nipples more."

You feel the pressure of the demonic presence press further into you as you grow aroused by the scene. You tighten your resolve and feel it stall. As you do, you catch Desmoa's eye, and she smirks playfully.

"Oh my pretties," the succubus purrs insidiously, her hand leaving the brunette's breasts to glide down the girl's ass, a finger rubbing against that dark star. "Mmm. I see you're been stretching properly. Your ass is so tight yet so... mmm... flexible. Here, get down on your knees, babies. Mistress's pussy needs some deep... deep and loving attention."

The pair giggle. "Oh yes, mistress," they moan, sliding down to their knees, every inch of their journey marked by their lips pressing adoring kisses to Desmoa's naked flesh.

The pair come to their knees before Desmoa, and you feel your breath hitch at the sight of them squatting like pets before their lovely mistress, their deft tongues beginning to stroke and lap at the gash of her pussy, their rumps wiggling shamelessly, pushing against each other as they jockey for a better spot licking out the succubus.

"Oh yesssss," Desmoa moans in careless pleasure, her hands resting on the pair's heads, pushing them harder against her pussy. "That's iiiit. Such goooood girls I have. Mmmm. Mistress is so pleased."

"Mmm. Mistress. You taste so good."

"Mmm. She is. She's so good."

Your chest heaves with your breathing. Your cock throbs against the tight fabric of your costume. You feel again the dark presence slip further into you, taking advantage of your loss of control. Its insidious presence fills your arms and legs like sand being poured into your limbs. Stretching through your chest. You grit your teeth, trying to fight back against the presence.

But it does you no good.

Not with the sight of the trio shamelessly pleasuring each other before you.

Not with their pants and moans and whimpers filling your ears.

Not with the scent of their bodies and sex thick as a miasma in the air.

Not when you feel so hard. So horny. Every breath coming in a ragged gasp. Your muscles straining against the pressure of the demon's control. Jigging Jehovas you're hard. So fucking hard. So horny. If only it was you... you between those gorgeous girls. You taking your pleasure from Desmoa's pussy. You fucking her. Rutting you. Seizing the pleasure owed to you.

And why not? you wonder as you feel your breathing grow hot. Your body hotter than ever, like the furnace which burns within you is blazing to a new intensity. *Why shouldn't you get that pleasure? Who cares if Desmoa is a villainess? Who cares if she trades in pain and suffering?*

In fact, you think as your costume burns away, your skin turning a reddish hue, your muscles bulging almost grotesquely as fires seem to ignite on your very skin. In fact, maybe she's right. Maybe it's right. You're so strong, you could have anything you like. Anything you desire! And you desire her.

Yes. Yes! The thoughts fill your head as a dark smirk finds its place on your lips. As horns sprout from your brow. Unholy might filling your thews! She's what you deserve. Who cares about heroism? Who cares about justice? You should just take what you want!

And you.

Want.

HER!

"Raaaaa!" you bellow, straining, roaring, the pressure that once bound you shattering like chains. Flames roar from your frame. Wings of them igniting and stretching from your back. A crown of fire blazing between your mighty horns. You're strong. Powerful! Filled with unhallowed might!

Desmoa gazes at you, her eyes alight. Excited. Delighted! And so she should be. You lower your arms, feeling the strength within you. Strength beyond the mortal. Beyond the

human. Beyond even the superhuman you once were. You're more. More everything. More powerful. More manly. More lustful! And finally, finally! You're willing to take what you want.

"Master," Desmoa says, shoving her two supplicants away before dropping to her knees before you. "How shall we serve you?"

You snort. "I think you know," you growl, gesturing at the almost inhumanely hefty girth of your manhood.

You see a shudder of pure excitement wrack Desmoa. "Oh yes," she breathes, crawling forward. "Oh yes, master."

You grunt as she hefts the thick, molten slab of your cock, her lips beginning to kiss their way up and down it, adoring you. Downright worshipping your throbbing length.

And she's right to.

You deserve it.

In fact, you deserve more.

You deserve riches.

You deserve power.

You deserve everything. You look back on the morals that held you back and sneer. You think of the preaching that confined you from your destiny with disgust. To think! You had all this power and were content to serve humanity.

But no.

You deserve more.

You deserve to rule over them!

You smirk as you settle into this realization, Desmoa gasping and panting as she's overwhelmed by the lurid scent and heat of your cock. You notice that it's not her mouth alone that's adoring your manhood and glance down to see her two cultists kneeling before you as well, their lips also lewdly kissing and worshipping at the unholy altar of your cock.

Mmm. Yes. The first of many...

But far... far... from the last...

[Rise of Hellforged](#)

Close Your Eyes

You slam your eyes shut, knowing this is the only way. But though you cannot see, you can still hear.

“Ohhhh mistress! Your fingers are... are in my nnnn!”

“Ah! Mistress! P-please, pinch my nipples more.”

“Oh my pretties,” you hear Desmoa purr. “I see you’re been stretching properly. Your ass is so tight yet so... mmm... flexible. Here, get down on your knees. Mistress’s pussy needs some deep... loving attention.”

“Oh yes, mistress!”

You hear the shuffle of bodies. The moan of pleasure.

“Mmm. Mistress. You taste so good.”

“Mmm. She is. She’s so good.”

“Naughty girls. Look at you, fighting to be the ones to lick me out. And Tara! I saw you shove her like that. Naughty naughty. Here. Climb up on my leg and suckle my breast as I spank you.”

“Yes, mistress. Ah!”

You flinch at the sharp crack of flesh on flesh.

“Naughty girl. Have you been naughty?”

“Yes! Yes mistress! Ah! Naughty! Your slave has been sooo naughty! P-please, punish me. Punish me moooooore!”

Again and again you hear the crack of flesh on flesh. Almost drowning out (but never quite) the gentle lapping sound of a stroking tongue. The heaving pants that begin to grow with Desmoa.

“Yes,” the conniving succubus moans. “That’s it, girls. That’s iiiiiiit. Oh fuck. Oh fuck yess. Yessss! Oh fuck yesssssss! Mnnnnn!”

You wince as you hear her wail of orgasm. But you’re firm. You’re your own man. You will not fall into her fiendish clutches of pleasure!

And even as you think this, you sense the hold on you weaken. The demonic grasp that clung to you slipping away, the whispering voice of the infernal power hissing in fury as it recedes from you. The weight lifts from your form, and you stagger as you suddenly feel free of its dark influence.

Your eyes snap open and glare at Desmoa, who lies there on the floor amid her two thralls in obvious satisfaction. She pouts when you step towards her and loom above her.

“Drat,” she huffs.

“That’s right, fiend!” you growl, reaching down and dragging her to her feet by the straps covering her chest, ignoring her sycophant lovers who scurry away into the shadows. “Your ploy has failed! I remain free!”

“Mmm. True. And I love it when you’re rough with me,” she purrs.

You curl your lip in disgust. “You’re depraved, Desmoa. Sick!”

“You’re sooo right,” she sighs, head tilting sideways, her body beginning to wriggle suggestively. “I’m a very bad girl. Such a naughty, naughty bitch scheming like this. I definitely need to be punished.”

“Damn right you do,” you snap.

“Uh huh. And I think I’d reaaaaally learn my lesson if you helped.”

You scowl, instantly suspicious. “What?”

“Yeah. If you punished me for being sooooo naughty, like with a thorough, heavy spanking, I bet I’d be a much sweeter citizen,” she said coyly. “Why, I might even feel so regretful, I might drop a bit of info. About a certain chatroom.”

You narrow your eyes. “Would you now?”

“Absoluuuutely,” she purrs with a flutter of her lashes.

[Punish this Villainess](#)

[Let the Courts Punish Her](#)

Punish the Villainess

You know it's a bad idea, but if you can glean some info from the demonic temptress, then it's surely worth it. And, well, you'd be lying if you said you hadn't thought about doing something like this now and then. And to have the opportunity to go through with it with such a voluptuous villainess? Well...

"Very well," you growl, taking a seat on the altar and laying Desmoa on your lap. "I will see you punished."

"Oh yesssss," Desmoa moans, wriggling on your lap and giving you a lewd glance. "Punish me. Punish me haaaard."

"This is not for your enjoyment," you growl, raising your hand. "This is for your misdeeds!"

Your hand comes down. Not too hard. But firmly. Strongly. And with stern vigour. The sound of your palm spanking her lush bottom echoes in the infernal lounge, Desmoa rocking forward on your lap with a cry of pure bliss.

"Oh yesssss!" she moans. "Again! Punish me again!"

"Oh, I will," you growl huskily, trying to ignore the way your cock throbs in your pants, stretching your costume and pressing against Desmoa's stomach. "I'm going to teach you a lesson you'll never forget!"

Again your hand comes down, striking her ass vigorously. She cries out in bliss as you do, every blow making her moan and writhe in downright masochistic pleasure. You can actually feel her arousal drool from her pussy and onto your leg.

"Yes! Yes! Nnnn! Bad girl! I'm a baaaad girl! A naaaaughty girl! A stupid slut! Oh fuck... fuck yes. Punish me, master. Punish your bitch!"

"Talk first," you grunt, your breathing grown hot, your mind almost forgetting the whole point of this exercise isn't to get this slut off, but to pump her for information. "What do you know about this crime wave?"

"Mnnnn. I... I know a lot. So f-finger me too. I'll tell you everything if you just... ah... just shove those fingers in my whore pussy!"

“Oh no,” you growl. “I’ll do that only after you talk. Now tell me, you vile slut!” you command, another stinging blow of your hand cracking across her ass. “Tell me about this plot against the city and me!”

A wail of bliss escapes the sultry cultist. “Ohhhh! Yes! Yes, master! Ah... I don’t... don’t know who put the board or group t-together. But I got... got a DM from the mod that today... today would be the day we all strike. All to... ah... all to get you.”

“So they were all after me?” you say.

“Mmmm. Yes. Whoever defeats you gets to... to keep you as a stud. But... but we also agreed we’d share you around too. Every girl... ah... every villainess gets a... a taste of your cock if we participate.”

“But who?” you press, gliding your hand along the crease of her rump, finger sliding down between her legs and stroking the lips of her pussy. “Who is the one who arranged all this?”

“Mnnnn!” Desmoa groans, quivering in ecstasy. “Her... her name is... her name is...”

“Yes?” you ask, breathing hot. Heavy. Your finger teasingly stroking the slick lips of her pussy, absolutely drooling with her arousal. “Say it.”

“It’s... Miss Deeeeeeds!”

“Miss Deeds?” you say. It does have the ring of a villain’s name, but you can’t place it. “Never heard of her.”

“Me either. But... but she put this all together. So please! Pleeese make me cum, master! I told you everything I know!”

You wonder if that’s true? But odds are you won’t be able to get anything more out of her that isn’t whorish begging. “Fine,” you grunt. “Then here’s your reward.”

You push two fingers forward and into her. Desmoa groans in shameless pleasure, her inner walls squeezing your fingers in ecstasy, coating your digits in her hot arousal. “Yes!” she gasps. “Oh yessss! By the hells... ah... Fuck me. M-make me cum, master. Make your slut cum! I’m a bad girl. A baaaad girrrrr! I deserve nnnn! Deserve to be punished! Ah. Ah! Yes. Oh yessss! Bad girl wants to cum. Bad girl needs to cum!”

You force yourself not to answer her, instead driving your fingers in and out of her. Stroking her as she wriggles, whines and moans. Degrading. Humiliating. Yet it’s so unbearably hot you can barely stand it.

“Yes! Yes! Oh. Oh! Ohhhhh fuck yessssss!”

Her final wail signals the end. With a shuddering moan she cums, her juices spurting onto your leg as she bucks with the rippling bliss of her orgasm. You milk it from her, slowly and firmly, massaging her pussy until she flops, boneless and spent on your legs.

You pull your fingers from her with a lewd, wet popping sound and hastily wipe your hand on her thigh. “W-well,” you cough as you stand, hoisting Desmoa over your shoulder. “I... certainly hope you learned your lesson, you fiend.”

“Ohhhh yesssss,” she moans, spaded tail swishing happily.

“Good,” you grunt, flushing a bit at the carnal act you’d just performed. But it may just have been worth it. You now know for sure this wave of crime hitting your fair city was a ploy all along to get you. And you also have a name for who was doing it. Miss Deeds was it?

Interesting...

Clearing your throat, you waste no more time hurrying out of the club. No one tries to impede you, too locked in their private debauchery to pay you any mind. Soon enough you exit the club and immediately fly for the nearest police station.

As you do, you contact Muse and relay what you’ve learned.

“Miss Deeds, huh? Never heard of her.”

“Me either. But see if there’s anything in the database.”

“I’ll try, Foundry. But things are crazy here.”

“Just do your best,” you say as the police station comes into view and you land outside of it. You get a few stunned looks from some civilians passing by, but you ignore them and quickly head inside.

The station is almost empty, which, given the current civic emergency, isn’t too surprising, and you gladly fork over Desmoa to the remaining cops. Even as you do however, you hear the familiar crackle in your ear.

“Foundry! We’ve got trouble!”

You turn away from the satisfying sight of Desmoa getting the cuffs slapped on her and put your hand to your ear. “What is it, Sage?”

“It’s Lady Starburst! She’s in trouble!”

To Be Continued

[Index](#) [Start Over](#)

Let the Courts Punish Her

You shake your head firmly. "I'm not falling for that one again," you growl, tucking her under your arm.

"You're no fun," Desmoa whines, kicking like a brat, though unable to escape your super strength.

"Justice isn't supposed to be fun. It's supposed to be satisfying and encouraging to exist as a model to others!"

"Ugh," Desmoa groans, rolling her eyes. "Just take me to jail."

You do so, quickly departing the club. No one tries to impede you, too locked in their private debauchery to pay you any mind. As soon as you're free of the place you immediately take to the sky, heading for the nearest police station.

You get some odd looks from civilians passing by when you land, but you ignore them and head into the station. It's almost empty, which, given the current civic emergency, isn't too surprising, and you gladly fork over Desmoa to the remaining cops. Even as you do however, you hear the familiar crackle in your ear.

"Foundry! We've got trouble!"

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"It's Lady Starburst! She's in trouble!"

To Be Continued

[Index](#) [Start Over](#)

Rise of Hellforged

Turns out world domination is a bit harder than you thought.

It takes time. Investment. Effort.

And sluts. Can't forget the sluts.

"Let me get this straight," you growl as you lounge in your throne, carved from the very bedrock of the formerly extinct volcano. "You want all of Europe?"

"Is that too much to ask?" the villainous Miss Deeds asks. *"After all, it's not just for me, but for all the lovely ladies I can bring to the table. And you do want that, don't you?"*

You frown at the screen and the woman on the other side. You do want that. But saying so seems a bit weak. Especially to someone like Miss Deeds. Desmoa explained all about the villainess to you after you gave her a thorough breeding weeks ago. Apparently the woman before you led the little alliance of villainesses who'd conspired to claim you as their own.

Obviously, that didn't really work out. After all, you're now here. In command of a stolen island in the South Pacific. And unspeakably powerful, with a literal cult of beautiful women all clamouring to be the first to get a taste of your cock. But once you'd established your evil lair and set yourself up comfortably, you started to think about broader schemes. Like world domination. And as amazing as you are, it would surely be easier to conquer the world with more minions. So you got Desmoa to contact Miss Deeds. And now comes the bargaining.

And sure, on some level, you're annoyed that the woman before you had the gall to think of claiming you for herself and her coterie. But on the other hand, she is quite hot.

Your eyes drag up and down her. The apparently tech-based villainess isn't afraid to show off her body, to judge by the skintight costume, her curves lit up with the glow of data streams threaded through the white fabric. Her blonde hair spills down her shoulders, and though she does wear an encompassing mask that hides her face utterly, you're willing to bet on her being beautiful too. You stroke your flaming goatee thoughtfully, your cock giving a hungry throb, and not just because of the lips currently adoring it. Maybe there's something that can be done here...

"Alright," you say slowly. "I'm willing to let you and your little... organization claim Europe. But there's going to be a condition."

"Which is?"

You grin. "You can each have a country in there. But you'll all rule on my behalf, as my queens."

"*Your queens?*" she says, amusement plain in her voice.

"My queens," you growl, leaning back in with a smirk. "And as my queens, I'd naturally be in charge of ensuring you had plenty of powerful heirs."

"*So not only would we be under your rule, but we'd be your brides and sluts?*" Miss Deeds asks wryly. But despite the demand, she seems more amused than angry.

"Will that be a problem?" you grunt.

A discordant chuckle comes from the villainess's altered voice. "*I don't see how. In fact, I think some of my associates will see that as a bit of a bonus.*"

"As they should," you grunt, settling back in your throne with a lazy smirk. "Make the offer to your women, and get back to me. I'll arrange for a meeting date in my lair. To discuss matters and... demonstrate the benefits of belonging to me."

"*Looking forward to it,*" Miss Deeds says, and not even her voice changer can hide the heat in her tone.

"Me too," you growl, and with a gesture shut off the screen.

"Sounds like... that went well... master..." Desmoa says from beneath you.

"Less talk, more tongue," you growl, reaching down and pushing her back into your balls.

The lesser demoness obeys readily, her tongue returning to its task of polishing the hefty orbs of your bollocks. You groan in pleased satisfaction, tilting back your head, wings of flame lazily flapping with your pleasure. Yessss. This is the life. The dream! To be mighty. To be powerful. To conspire about world domination while a gorgeous woman polishes your cock and balls, your throne room littered with lesser sluts you've already had the satisfaction of pleasuring.

You gaze lazily about your hellish throne room. A dozen of the most beautiful women in your cult lie sprawled about, moaning and limp after the absolute punishing fucking you gave each of them. And soon, you'll have over a dozen literal villainesses at our beck and call. Not just that, though. There's a good number of stunning heroines out in the world, and it would be a shame to kill them once you conquer the place.

In fact...

"Desmoa?" you growl.

“Mhmm?” the succubus hums as her tongue glides along the heft of your ball.

“That ritual you did with me. Would it be possible to do the same with a heroine? Fill her with a demoness and turn her into my eager, fertile slut?”

“Mhmm,” Desmoa moans in confirmation, kissing her way up your turgid shaft, each press of her lips leaving purple marks of lipstick along your veiny length.

You growl in anticipation. “Good,” you grunt. “Very good. And you can do it?”

“Mmm hmmm,” she hums, delivering a particularly adoring kiss to the very tip of your cock.

“Perfect,” you growl, lazily looping your hand in the leash leading to her spiked collar. You give it a tug, dragging your first bride off your cock, tugging her against the base of your throne as you gaze hotly down into her eager eyes. “Enough of your mouth. Ride my cock, slut. I want to feel my cum stuffing your womb again.”

“Ohhh, with pleasure, master,” Desmoa breathes, panting and trembling in slavish anticipation.

You know it is. You give her leash another tug, pulling her to her feet. With downright reverence Desmoa climbs onto your lap, straddling you and positioning herself right above the turgid thickness of your manhood. The thick, heavy head of your cock nudges against her slick folds, and with a blessed moan Desmoa begins to feed your girth into the tightness of her pussy.

You groan in pleasure as you feel the slut get filled with your cock. Hells, you don’t know how she manages to stay so tight, but every time you stuff her is like the first time. It’s like she made herself perfect for your cock. In fact, that may well be what she did. It would hardly surprise you. In fact, it would only delight you more.

“Ohhhhh masterrrr,” she groans. “You’re so... mnnn... so biiiiiig.”

“Thaaaat’s right,” you grunt as your huge hands grasp her shapely hips. “And it’s your big reward... for being such a good slut.”

“Th-thank you, master,” Desmoa gasps, her eyes shining with bliss and love as she gazes down at you in worship. “Thank you... Thank you masterrrrrr. It feels... mnnn... feels so goood! Can I... ah... can I r-ride you now, master?”

You mull it over, drawing out the moment, enjoying the feeling of her shuddering and wriggling, impaled atop your cock like some carnal figurehead of a ship. At last you give a nod. “You may,” you say, and to prove how generous you are, you even lift her by the ass, your massive cock sliding out almost the entire way out of her before you drop her back down.

“Ah!” she cries in bliss as she hiltz you again, her inner walls tightening with a glorious flex of pure, fluttering pleasure. “M-master! Thank y-you masterrrrrrr!”

You grunt, bouncing her atop your cock, the wet slap of your balls impacting the plushness of her ass soon filling the chamber. Her moans and cries of slavish pleasure devolving into wordless ecstasy

Groaning in satisfied pleasure, you settle back in your throne, admiring the sight of your eager demonic slave riding your cock. Though she may have transformed you into what you are now, what the future holds is utterly in your hands. You may have been one of the world’s greatest defenders as a hero, but as a villain, you will be its greatest threat.

And once you have broken all of Miss Deeds’s allies upon the pillar of your cock, nothing will stop you from taking Europe. America. The world!

For it is what you deserve...

Bad End

[Index](#) [Start Over](#)