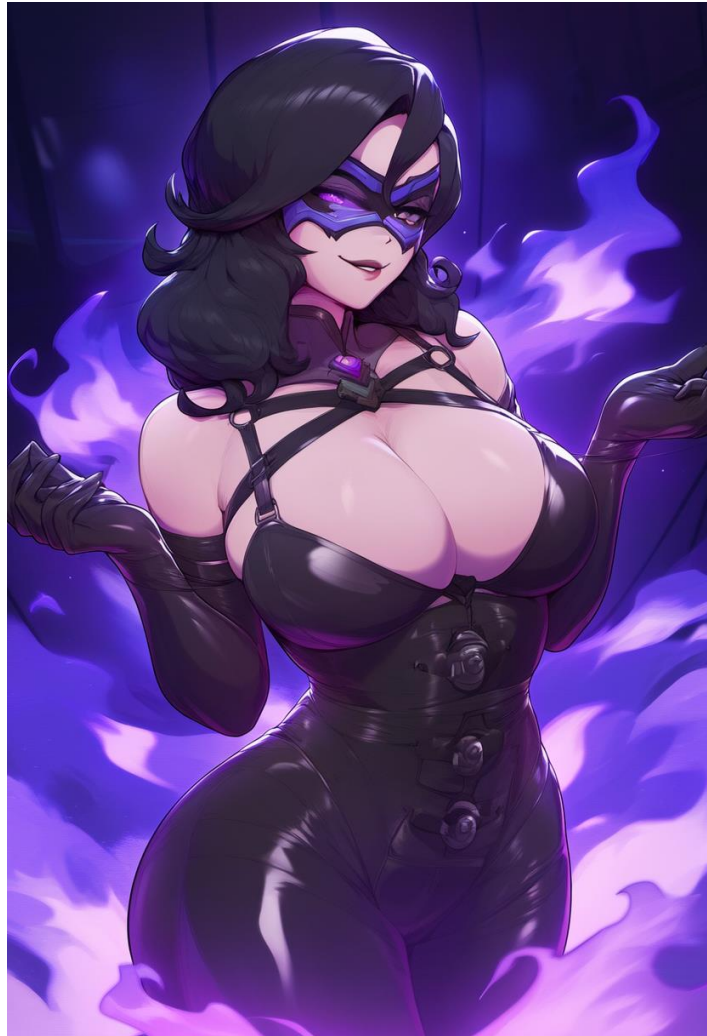


Intrusive Thoughts



Aaron Clarke, or Hammer to his coworkers, wasn't supposed to be here.

No.

He was supposed to be backing up the rest of the heroes in dealing with the remnants of the Kaxxon invasion of New York and LA. That was where his super strength would be put to actual use. That was why he was a hero.

But no.

Instead, he'd been assigned 'inspection' duty of the Mount Argo facility. Something even a civvie could have done.

“Absolute bullshit,” he growled as he soared over miles of forest. He didn’t even know why they were bothering. As far as he knew, Mount Argo had been a reserve bunker for the Planetary Heroes for years. One of their subsidiary labs doing test work for some hero tech or other. Not that he needed any of that. When you could break bricks with your face and fly, there wasn’t much extra gadgetry needed to make you a hero. Too bad the higher ups couldn’t see that.

Still, some Kaxxons had apparently hit the facility during the initial salvo, resulting in its evacuation. Who knew! Maybe there’d be some squads of the aliens he could take his frustration out on. It was a very tempting thought. Not the sort of thought a superhero should be having, of course. But fuck it. He was in a bad mood.

As he soared up the foothills and the face of the mountain, he soon spotted the facility’s entrance. The landing pad was crumpled and scorched from the impact of the alien ray cannon, but the heavily built blast doors seemed to have survived. He was tempted to just fuck off and report that everything had been fine, but if the blast had knocked out internal systems the Planetary Heroes would be on his case. Especially Omegaman, the dick.

“Waste of my goddam time,” Aaron grumbled as he landed and approached the doors. Sighing, he punched the password into the access panel, only for it to beep a bright red ERROR message and spark. “Oh come on!” he swore, stabbing the numbers in again, only for another ERROR to flash.

Aaron growled and turned towards the doors. “Fine then,” he grunted, cracking his knuckles as he walked towards them. Drawing back his arm, he punched the metal hard. The bang of it echoed through the valley, three feet of solid titanium bending inward like it was made of playdough. Two more punches and the door flew off its hinges and into the expansive receiving bay with an echoing boom.

Frowning, Aaron shook his fist. That should have only needed one punch. Was he losing his touch? Could be. He hadn’t been sent out on a real mission for a while. All the more reason to get this thing over with. If he hurried, he might be able to join in cleaning up some of the alien battle bots still ravaging Europe.

As he moved into the loading bay some emergency lights flickered on, washing everything in a dull red hue. Aaron looked around, jaw tight. He wasn’t afraid, but the place had a distinctly creepy air that he didn’t like.

The doors at the end of the bay hissed open at his approach, and he made his way deeper into the facility. Walking into one of the labs, he found himself frowning. Woah. Place was a mess. Looked like the blast from the Kaxxon’s ray had done a fair bit of damage after all.

Screens were broken and equipment was scattered all over the floor. Huge tanks were cracked or shattered, oozing their thick, green liquid onto the floor.

“Ugh,” he grunted, sidestepping a puddle of the stuff. “What the fuck were they researching in here?”

Unsurprisingly, there was no answer. Shaking his head, he moved further inside, though now he felt the first tingles of unease. He wondered if this facility was run by Black Cape? Sure, it was only a rumour the Planetary Heroes had a secret section that did... ethically ambiguous research, but this whole place was just screaming ‘bad science.’ Maybe the rumours were true?

Aaron jumped as a voice crackled in his ear. *“Hammer? You there?”*

He slapped his hand to the receiver. “Yeah? I mean, Hammer here.”

“Good,” Sage, the league’s mission control head, said. Her voice was business-like but smooth. Not the worst thing to have speaking in your ear, although she wasn’t exactly personable. *“Have you reached Mount Argo?”*

“I have,” he said. “Looks like it took some bad damage from the shockwave of the attack. Whole facility seems powered down. What was being researched in here anyway?” he asked, floating into the air to avoid stepping on some green gunk. “This whole place looks ravaged.”

“There is no need for you to know that.”

Aaron’s jaw tightened. “Oh no?”

“No,” the stern voice said. *“Simply ensure that the main vault remains sealed and then you can return.”*

“And what’s in the main vault that’s so important?” he asked.

“That is none of your concern. And your belligerence has been noted. Do your job and report back. Sage out.”

The call ended before Aaron could reply, and it took considerable self-control not to crush the earpiece like a beetle. Aaron took a deep breath, let it out. It’s fine. It’s fine. Just finish the job and head back.

Only it wasn’t fine. Aaron knew this even as he tried the elevator and, unsurprisingly, found it unresponsive. This wasn’t why he had become a hero. He wanted to help people. He wanted to be seen doing good. Doing great. He wanted his name in lights! In headlines. Movies. Brand deals. His face on a box of cereal!

“Yeah, and all the kids look up to the glorified safety inspector,” he growled as he wrenched open the elevator doors and looked down the cavernous shaft. “Fuckers.”

He stepped over the void and began to descend, floating down deeper into the facility.

Alright, the red lights were really starting to bug him now. Felt intensely creepy, even though it would take a shot from a tank to even scratch his skin. But that was the thing about super powers. Didn’t matter how strong you were. There was always a weakness.

Which, of course, was why Aaron had worked so hard training. He had no intention of being sucker punched by a bad match up with a villain. If only he’d get an opportunity to show the fruits of that training. Some chance to show the world what he could really do.

Well, looked like he’d be waiting a while, he grouched as he reached the bottom of the shaft and another door. He wrenched it open and peered down the dark hall. Curiously, the lights in there were on, flickering to life with a pale luminance. The damage must not have reached this far. Or maybe it had a backup generator or something.

He tapped his earpiece. “Sage?” he said. “Looks like the basement lights are on. Does that mean the vault’s secure?”

Static met this question. He tapped his earpiece again. “Sage?” he demanded. Dammit. Looked like he was too deep for a connection. He considered heading back to the surface to make contact, but if he was sent back down it would just be a colossal waste of time. And if there was one thing he hated, it was wasting time.

“Fuck it,” he grunted, floating forward. He’d just polish it off now and-

Alarms whooped down the hall, strobing it with red lights. Aaron froze, tensing, looking around in just before several hidden panels in the walls opened up, revealing the barrels of weapons.

“Oh you gotta be shitting me,” Aaron growled.

A pair of machine gun opened fire, pelting him with high caliber rounds. Aaron flung up an arm to protect his face, wincing at the sting of the bullets thudding off his body. Another panel slid open to reveal a flamethrower that spewed a column of flame onto him.

“Fuck! Hot! Hot!” he swore, crouching down and ramming his hands into the floor. He heaved it up, metal ripped apart as he wrenched it into a makeshift barrier. Relieved for the moment, he grabbed another piece of the floor and tore a chunk off. Drawing it back, he jumped, spotting the flamethrower, and let the panel he’d yanked free fly like a frisbee.

The discus of metal tore through the flamethrower and causing it to explode. With that out of the way, Aaron shot through the air, swerving from the path of the machine guns as they tried to track him. He slammed into one, ripping it from its moorings with a crackle of sparks. Spinning about, he hurled it at the second turret, the impact causing it to explode.

"Fucking hell," he growled, landing on the floor as smoke suffocated the corridor.
"Thanks, Sage. Really appreciated the warning."

"As if you didn't enjoy that."

He blinked in surprise and cocked his head at the voice in his ear. "Sage?"

"Excellent work, Aaron. I'm impressed."

"Uh, thanks," he said, thrown off by the smooth throatiness of the normally business-like heroine's voice. Not to mention her using his civilian name. Something he'd normally be pissed about, though the way she said it was so... intimate. "And thanks for warning me about the security system," he added gruffly. "If it was anyone other than me, they'd probably be dead!"

"But it wasn't, was it?" Sage chuckled. *"Besides, I figured you'd appreciate the chance to stretch those muscles."*

Aaron snorted, but despite that he found himself smirking a little. "Not exactly much of a challenge," he noted.

"True. Not for a mighty hero like you," Sage replied. And was it just him? Or was there a husky note there. *"But you're not quite there yet, are you?"*

"No. I guess the vault's still past this. But doesn't this mean it's secure?"

"Not necessarily. This could be an emergency measure malfunctioning. And if so, we'll want to make sure all the traps are deactivated before we send some innocent technician down there to poke away at things."

"Fair enough," he said with a scowl.

"I really would be... immensely grateful if you did make sure of it," Sage said.

Aaron's eyebrows flicked up. The way she said that carried a lot of implications. A lot of... tantalizing ones.

"Yeah?" he asked, resuming his journey forward, listening intently. "How grateful?"

"Oh, you want details?" she asked, amused.

"Might help motivate me," he said.

"Mmm. Too true. Well, Aaron-"

"Call me Hammer," he growled.

"Mhmm. Well, Hammer, I know you've always been a bit partial to my breasts."

Aaron stumbled in shock. Holy shit! Didn't Sage realize this was on a recorded line? "I uh..."

"And personally," she murmured, and holy hell, he could downright envision her tongue teasing along her soft lips, *"I've always liked it when you stared."*

"Y-you did?" he asked.

"Oh yes. You look like a man who really knows what to do with a pair of tits. Your big, strong hands perfect to hold them. Fondle them. Give them a bounce. And squeeze. And play with my thick, perky nipples..."

Aaron swallowed, feeling his face warm. Holy shit. Ho-ly shit! Was this seriously happening? Well, if it wasn't, he was having a hell of a hallucination. "Yeah," he said as he reached the end of the hall and a security door. "I think I could handle those breasts. I've got plenty of experience."

"I know, Hammer. Such a strong man. A powerful man. So many women just fall over themselves for you. Just ache for you. And I'm one of them. Sometimes, when I'm here, all alone, I'll pull up videos of your fights and watch them. Watch your body move. Watch you conquer and destroy your enemies. And my hand will slip down between my legs. Start rubbing myself through my pants. Imagining what those powerful hands of yours can do. Imagining myself sinking down to my knees in front of you. Taking your big, throbbing cock in my hands. Kissing my way up and down it..."

Aaron felt his face glow. And hardly just that. His whole body was hot and his pulse thudded with lust. Who knew Sage was such a freak? But he certainly wasn't complaining.

"You have quite the ah, imagination," he observed hoarsely.

"Don't think I can back it up?" the female super purred.

"Well..."

"You don't think I'd let you play with my big tits? Mold and massage them like pieces of dough? Squeezing and pumping like I was a cow in need of a good... firm... milking..."

Aaron licked his lips, having reached the end of the corridor. It was hard to focus with the mental images being conjured in his mind. "And you're... you're serious about all this?"

"Why wouldn't I be?" Sage asked sweetly. "Aren't you worth it? Don't I need it? Don't we both deserve you bending me over and just. Fucking. Ploughing me?"

"Well, the thought had crossed my mind."

A throaty chuckle rang in his head. *"I bet it did. I just bet it did. And I can't wait to drizzle some honey all over me so you can lick it up."*

"Lick it up?" he asked as he jabbed the OPEN button on the door, and got a big flashing LOCKDOWN warning.

"Think you're too good to do it?" she asked coyly. "Too proud to use that clever tongue to kiss and take every golden drop off my heaving tits while your fat cock pounds my pussy into a moaning fucking mess?"

"Wouldn't... wouldn't say that," Aaron said hotly, jabbing the open button again, each time getting the rejecting flash. Fuck it. Shoving his fingers into the door, he wrenched the whole thing off to reveal another ruined lab.

"I know," Sage breathed, and fuck, he swore he could almost feel her breath ghosting over his ear. "You're a strong, brave hero who just loves saving damsels in distress. Getting to kiss the girl. Getting to do anything for her. Anything to her. Such a mighty hero. Such a manly hero. Such a hot... fucking... stud of a hero."

"I am that," Aaron said as he floated into the room, looking around. "Can't wait to see you and do it. Looks like the place is secure."

"Is it?" Sage said, a teasing question in her voice. "Did you check everywhere?"

"Looks like it."

"Even... that big door... at the end of the room?"

He glanced, blinking. There was a door there. A huge, heavy mass of metal that was probably some incredible alloy built by dwarves or some shit. "Uh, looks secure."

"But how do you know?" Sage's voice crooned in his ear, and fuck, the heat of her voice made his body tingle like wanton hands were gliding over his skin. Stroking him. Working their way down towards his crotch... "Better check, Hammer. Better make absolutely sure."

"Are you sure?" he said uneasily. "It looks pretty... secure and solid."

"Don't you trust me, baby?" Sage murmured, a pout in her voice. The feeling of a touch lingering around his crotch. Circling it. Stroking it until his cock bulged against his costume. "Won't you do it for me? You can do what I say. I wouldn't steer you wrong."

Aaron raised his hand towards the door, but hesitated. Was... was it just him? Or did this not sound like Sage at all? Not just what she was saying. But her voice. Her voice seemed... different. It could just be interference.

But... come to think of it, why was the signal so good down here? He had to be a couple miles in the mountain. But Sage's voice was clear as a bell. Sultry as a promise from soft, red lips begging for him to kiss them. Fuck them. Make her moan and squirm and... and...

Something was glowing beyond the door.

He blinked, coming back to reality. The thick window was almost opaque. But something was glowing in there. Two somethings. A pair of almond-shaped purple eyes, burning with violet fire.

"Open the door, Hammer," Sage's(?) voice purred in his ear. "Open the door so I can do so many things for you."

Aaron stared, drifting closer. As he did more details became clear. Through the tiny window was a cell. A woman was in there. She was shapely. Tall and curved in all the right ways, her breasts positively huge, her hips lush, her legs long. He could see all this because straps of something bound her from the neck down like some high-tech straight jacket, dangling her in the air.

Her lips rose, her soft lips moving. Moving to the words echoing in his ears.

No.

Not his ears.

His mind.

"Open the door, Hammer," the woman breathed. "Open it up and let me do so many things for you..."

Aaron stared, struck between horror and awe. "You," he gasped. "Who are you?"

A giggle that tingled through his every nerve came. *"They called me Subject 271," she said. "But I always loved the name Mindfuck. So... descriptive. And I'm a very bad girl, Hammer. A naughty, naughty girl who'll do so many things. Things to you. Things for you. I'll make you feel so good. Feel so amazing. I'll make you all the things you deserve to be. Admired. Feared. Adored. Famous. Everything you wanted I'll make you. All you gotta do... is let me out..."*

Aaron shuddered, the words heavy as a promise. Each one accompanying the phantom hands stroking him. Touching him. Admiring him.

"A wonderful body," Mindfuck purred. "So strong. So powerful. So wasted. I know what you can do, Hammer. I know what you deserve. They fear us. Hold us down. But together we can do so much. We can become all we were meant to be."

"It... this is wrong..."

"Does that matter?" Mindfuck whispered, pushing her chest out, the straps binding her straining, her nipples hard nubs in the seamless fabric. "I'll make it feel so very right."

Aaron was breathing hard. Fast. The hands had never let up. His cock was so hard it was a wonder it hadn't ripped right out of his costume. Every beat of his heart made his cock throb. His balls ache. And... and she was right. He'd been used by the Planetary Heroes. His talents wasted. He'd never become more than cleanup for them.

What did he owe them?

What did he owe anyone?

"Exactly," Mindfuck purred. "The world owes you, Hammer. And so will I. Let me out, and I'll make everything just... incredible..."

Aaron grit his teeth. Pride and rage warred in him. Why not? Why the fuck not?

His fist plunged into the door with a thud of metal. His fingers tightened, seizing the interior. He pulled, grunting, metal groaning.

"That's it," Mindfuck breathed, her voice eager. Frantic. Her eyes burning. Her chest heaving and breasts bouncing. "Rip it out. I'm right here for you, Hammer. I'm here to be yours. Do it. Do it for me! Do it for Mindfuck!"

"Rrrraaaaa!" he roared, yanking his arm back. There was a great tearing of metal and the door was wrenched free. He hurled it aside, letting it smash through consoles and equipment before hitting the wall so hard it embedded there.

"Wonderful," Mindfuck purred, her voice echoing in his ears and mind. The sound like a soothing, adoring balm. Like he was being dipped into molten chocolate. He shuddered, a moan escaping him as her voice washed over him. "What a good boy you are. Now, take these off me, pet. These ropes are so... constraining..."

"Y-yes," Aaron breathed, floating forward. "Yes, Mindfuck."

His hands seized the straps and tore them free. Sparks spat and crackled where they were ripped out of the walls.

In moments every strap fell to the floor, surrounding the psychic villainess. She groaned, stretching, the last of them sloughing off her, revealing her naked body. A nimbus of purple power radiated from her skin like violet flames, her eyes lidded with suggestive heat, a smirk rising on her luscious lips. "Mmm. Much better," she hummed, her eyes locking on to him. "And here's my hero!" she cooed, opening her arms. "My big, strong hero."

Aaron said nothing, merely staring at her. Overwhelmed by her beauty. It felt like his thoughts were being scorched away by the purple flames of her body. She stepped forward, her hand rising, resting on his chest. Her eyes flashed, and in an instant his costume disintegrated off him.

Aaron jolted at the suddenness of it, but almost instantly settled, forgetting it happened, still staring at her. Still admiring her. All of her. Gorgeous her.

Glorious Mindfuck.

"Kneel," she purred.

He knelt, legs dropping from under him.

Mindfuck laughed and moved forward, her hand stroking his hair. "What a good boy. And good boys get rewards. Would you like to lick my pussy, pet?"

"So much, Mindfuck," he gasped, and indeed he did. He couldn't think of anything better. Anything more wonderful. The need to taste her had his tongue lolling like a dog's.

"What a good boy," she giggled, and pulled his face against her mound.

Instantly Aaron began licking, his tongue stroking the delicate folds of Mindfuck's pussy. Tasting the sweetness of her desire. God. Holy fucking God, it was incredible! He kissed and adored her slick pussy, the taste dancing on his tongue, shudders of ecstasy throbbing through him as he went. Sweet, sweet endorphins oozed from his brain at his servitude to Mindfuck. His adoration of his mistress. His goddess.

"Mmm. That's iiiiiit," Mindfuck moaned, head lolling as her hips rocked, riding his face with ecstasy, his nose crushed up against her mound. "Oh fuuuck! It's been toooo long since I had... ah... had such an eager pet lick me out. Fuck. You have no idea... no idea how much I needed this."

Aaron didn't. But her praise urged him on further.

"Fuck," the psychic gasped, yanking him by the hair out of her pussy. "Fuck! That's enough. I need that cock. I need it now! It's been so fucking long. Now fuck me, stud. Fuck me, slave!"

The command thrummed through him with the strength of gospel. "Yes," he gasped, rising to his feet, his cock throbbing. "Yes, mistress."

He grabbed her by the waist, his touch firm but gentle. He lifted her, pressing her back against the wall. Mindfuck smirked down at him, her hands moving down, cupping his upturned face. Her lips parting, she leaned down, kissing him, tasting herself on his tongue. The nectar of his adoration.

Fuck me, thrummed the order in his mind.

He obeyed.

His hips drove forward, spearing her atop his manhood. Filling her with the thickness of his cock. Mindfuck moaned into his lips, her eyes lidding, the fire of her power bleeding past the lids as her grip tightened on him. Her arms moving around him, pulling him closer, pressing the heavy softness of her breasts into the iron hardness of his chest.

Fuck me.

He started to thrust. Unthinking. Adoring. His body bucking as he pushed deep into her. Feeling the delicious tightness of her pussy around him. The moans of her pleasure escaping her lips. Tingling in the folds of his mind like deft fingers were stroking his very brain. It felt strange. Amazing. Confusing. New and uncertain but absolutely incredible. Aaron had never felt the like. But he knew he wanted more. Needed more. Would do anything for more!

"Yes," Mindfuck gasped into his mind. "Yes! Fuck me. Harder. Harder! Don't stop. Don't ever stop! Fuck your mistress like the stud you are. Give me your cock. Give me your seed! Fill me with it. Stuff me with it! I want it. Want it all! You're going to be mine. Mine! All fucking mine!"

He was already hers. He knew it innately. Intently. He was utterly hers. Everything he did would be for her. His every thought was of her. He adored her. Loved her. Lived for her! Everything in his life had let up to her.

Her.

Her!

The slap of flesh on flesh echoed in the room that once served her prison. His thrusts took on a heavy urgency. He could feel her psychic powers buttressing her. Reinforcing her. Allowing him to use his true strength for this. Every thrust made the mountain tremble. He didn't need to hold back. Not with her. Not with mistress!

They panted hotly. Tongues entwined. Bodies moving in tandem. Her breasts bounced and rubbed against his chest. Perfect softness. Flawless bounciness. His hands abandoned her waist, went to her tits and were filled with them. Massaging them. Squeezing them.

“Ah!” Mindfuck mewled, head tossing, hair tumbling as a stab of pure ecstasy sliced into Aaron’s mind from her pleasure. “Yes!” she gasped. “Yes! Fuck me! Fucking rut me! Play with my tits! Oh fuck. Oh fuck! Pet... Pet, I’m almost... almost... ah... ah! Anhhhhh!”

Her final moan rang out. Her inner walls flexed, tightened, and with a wail of pure pleasure she came.

A wave of psychic pleasure washed over Aaron like a tide. He groaned in ecstasy, dragged along with it. Battered. The old him washed away in the purple flames of her orgasm. Never had he felt its like. Never had he dreamed it was possible to feel so good!

His own orgasm was lost in it. Drowned in it. The spike of pleasure only noticed because as the thick heat of his cum rocketed into the gorgeous villainess she came again, his orgasm a capstone to her own pleased bliss.

“Oh yesssss!” she wailed.

Aaron stared with rapture at her face, his mind blanking. Emptied. Burned away in that moment that seemed to last for years.

Panting, her breasts heaving as her breathing slowed, Mindfuck lowered her eyes, a shuddering sigh of satisfaction leaving her. She smirked down at him, her hands resting on his cheeks, squeezing them fondly. “Mmmm. Did you enjoy that, Pet?” she asked sweetly.

“Yes, mistress,” he said dully.

She giggled and patted his cheeks. “Good boy. Now, shall we go? This lab is sooo stuffy, and I can’t wait to see the sun again. And then,” she purred, her hand reaching his ear and plucking the transceiver from it. “Then,” she smirked, crushing the device between her fingers, “you can tell me all about your fellow heroes who might try and lock me away again.”

“Yes, mistress,” Aaron said, smiling happily. Joyously. Knowing with utter certainty that if anyone tried to harm the mistress, he would destroy them.

For he was her slave.

And soon, all would learn her name.