

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.

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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.

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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!

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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.

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

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

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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?"

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."*

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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.

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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!

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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!

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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!

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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 goooood.”

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.

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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](#)

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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.

To be Continued

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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

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