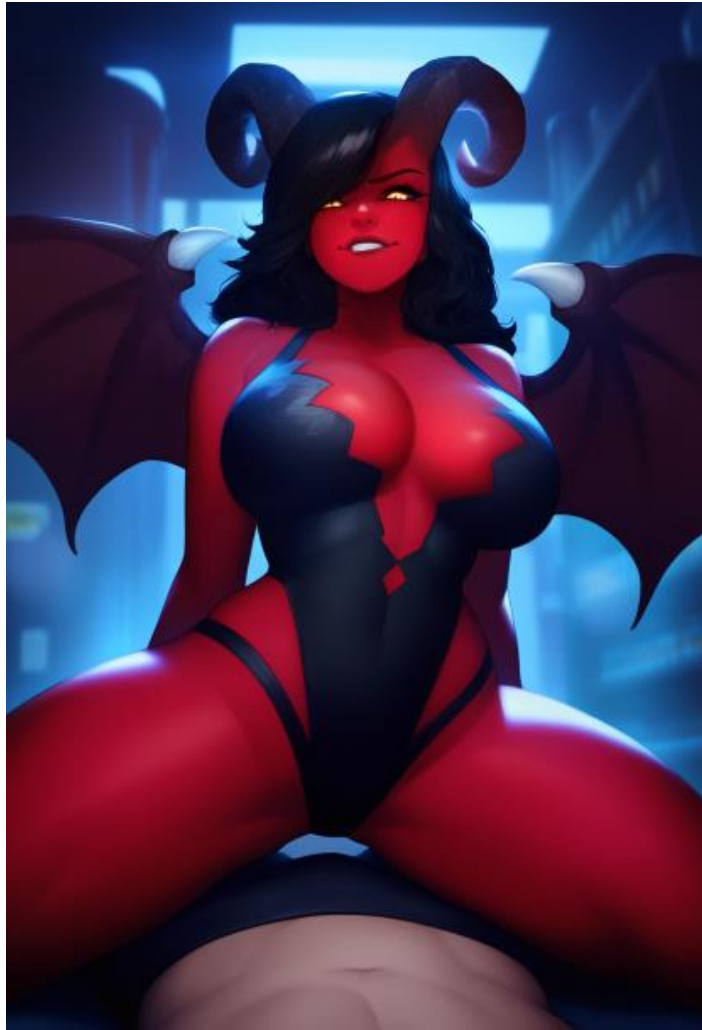


Mind Games



Mark Edwards, better known as Night Hawk, stood across the table from The Mighty Rivet and looked down at the hero. The man in his metal clad costume squirmed, which made an annoying grinding sound, but Mark paid it little mind as he inspected the other super.

Pupils looked fine. No dilation.

His skin, while faintly coppery, was just a consequence of his hardening power.

He showed discomfort, annoyance, agitation, but no more than should be expected in the circumstances.

"He seems fine to me," Mark said, turning to his companion.

"That's what I've been saying," Rivet protested. "I'm—"

"He's not," Claire O'Donovan said. The representative of the Hero Society stood grimly beside Mark in her tight fitting suit and tie, her blue eyes glaring over her thin sunglasses at Rivet. "He's the latest of nearly a dozen heroes who've been bested by this new villainess, Succubae. And we're getting tired of it."

"She got the jump on me," Rivet protested. "That's all. I'll get her next time."

No slurred speech, Mark noted idly. "You really think this villainess brainwashed him?"

"And a dozen others," Claire said. "And it persists."

"I'm fit as anything. Good as if I just rolled off the assembly line," Rivet said indignantly.

Claire finally deigned to look at him. "Oh?"

"Yeah! Why, just show me that bitch and I'll--"

Claire reached up, grabbed her shirt, and yanked it open. Buttons popped free, and her breasts in a lacy dark bra fairly burst into the open.

The movement surprised Mark, but the real shock was Rivet. His jaw fell slack, his eyes dimmed, and he stared at her breasts raptly like it was the most enthralling thing he'd ever seen.

"The hell?" Mark demanded.

"They're all like this," Claire grunted, grimacing as she crossed her arms under her bust. "They seem fine, but as soon as they see a pair of breasts they go into this fugue state. Watch. Rivet?"

"Uh huh?" the hero slurred.

"Say you're a good boy."

"I'mma good boy," Rivet droned.

"Bark."

"Woof! Woof!"

"See?" Claire said, turning back to Mark.

"I do," he said grimly, scrutinizing the hero. All the signs of brainwashing were clear now. Incontrovertibly. "It's quite deep, and with an added trigger. We may be able to break it if we knew how it was done..."

“We need to know,” Claire growled. “It’s bad enough they didn’t catch this Succubae. But you’ve seen villainess costumes. The last thing we need is any bitch with a decent enough rack being able to turn a hero into some zombie fuck slave.”

That was a problem. One Mark was particularly aware of. He moved his hand towards Rivet, and a violet glow stretched from him and to the hero. Rivet said nothing, not even noticing, but Mark’s eyes narrowed as he felt the other’s mind like a second set of thoughts floating at the corner of his own. Normally, even the most basic mind would have a layer of natural defence. A sense of self and ego that psychics needed to break down to get to the good stuff.

Rivet, however, was more open to anything than a sophomore on Spring Break. And only one thing kept repeating in his mind.

Good Boys Obey Tits.

Good Boys Obey Tits.

Good Boys Obey Tits.

“Hell,” Mark growled, pulling his powers back. “This is bad.” He turned back to Claire. “What do you have on Succubae?”

“Not much,” she admitted, passing him a dossier.

Mark flipped through it, frowning as he went. It wasn’t very extensive. Usually a villain this well known would have been caught at least once or twice by now. Often they were crooks before falling in some acid, or accidentally melting their third grade teacher when their mutant powers awoke. But there was nothing on Succubae, which wasn’t to say there wasn’t an extensive rap sheet. It only went back eight months, but it seemed Succubae got around. In more ways than one.

Not that she did any particularly noteworthy crimes. Mainly she was known for robberies, other thefts, and raiding certain gaming companies for... some reason. And she'd been confronted by heroes over a dozen times.

And yet she escaped each one.

Mark frowned. But he really scowled when he reached her powers.

ABILITIES: Psychic Influence.

“Just psychic influence?” he said.

Claire shrugged, which made her chest bounce and earned a drooling moan from Rivet. "As far as we know."

"What do you mean?"

Claire huffed. "The thing is that we're not entirely sure what her technique is. Despite her attacks, we haven't been able to nail it down. We don't believe it's pheromones, or drugs, or other such physical abilities. It doesn't seem to be eye contact, and we don't think it's sonics, though we haven't entirely ruled it out. So the best bet we have is psychic powers, though nothing has shown up on brain scans either. She hasn't altered the mind. Heroes just kind of... lose themselves to her tits."

"I get. I get it," Mark sighed. "But I'm surprised a mechanical hero hasn't dealt with her already."

"They have tried, but have been unable to overcome her. In fact, several of our cyborg heroes have, well... fallen victim as well."

Mark frowned. That was odd.

"Did she give any clues?" he asked.

Claire shook her head. "From the recordings we've been able to scrounge up she claims it's magic."

Now that got a chuckle from Mark. He couldn't count the number of villains who'd claimed they had magic powers. Naturally they were all liars. Every time he defeated some 'sorceress' they'd turned out to be using illusion, holograms, a manifestation of psychic powers, or some other sufficiently advanced technology. If there was magic out there, he'd have faced it by now. That he hadn't just meant she was using some secret technique.

"Alright," he said, shutting the folder. "I'll take care of this."

"How?" Claire asked.

"Don't ask my methods," he replied, glancing back at Rivet, who seemed to be stroking himself under the table as he stared mindlessly at Claire's chest. "Just give me anything else you have on her, and I'll take this Succubae down. For good."

. . .

It was a chilly night, but Mark didn't mind it.

This was partly because his costume had a special polymer that helped preserve his body heat, with the added benefit that it blocked any liquid or touch from hitting his skin. Lots

of mind-controlling villains used such things to try and drug heroes, and too often even skin capable of stopping bullets couldn't defend against it.

But that was never the end of it. Gases. Ocular influencers. Cumbersome and stupid looking hats. There truly were a million and one ways to control a person's mind.

And Mark had a way around all of them.

Because there was nothing worse, in his opinion, than mind-controlling villains. There was something more than dangerous about them. Their abilities might not be as dramatic as, say, Fat Boy's nuclear powers. Or Typhoon's weather controlling mutation. But a mind controller could cause untold chaos if left loose. They could take over heroes. Politicians. Bankers. More. The very underpinning of society was that people were able to act of their own free will, and a mind controller took that away. It disgusted Mark, and it couldn't be allowed.

It was why he'd made his career taking them down. Eliminating those mental threats before they could cause real damage. Sure, Succubae hadn't done anything too bad yet, but it was only a matter of time before she got it in her head to cause some real trouble.

Well, he wouldn't let that happen.

After taking a look at her file, he had a reasonable idea of what he was dealing with, and where she'd strike next. Like most dumb villains, she had a tendency to hit easy marks. Banks. Armoured trucks. But she also had a particular interest he'd quickly spotted. She liked to hit up pop culture and memorabilia places. She'd steal old movie props, comics, and other valuables of that kind. It was a bit odd, but not overly so. Many villains tended to rob to a theme.

Based on all that, he had chosen to stake out Hero Collectibles, a hobby shop with some truly rare and unique items. Specifically, the Bloodstone Diamond. It had apparently inspired some famous item in a classic dungeon crawler called Bloody Heart, and was valuable both as memorabilia and for being a big chunk of diamond. For two days he'd been lurking on the roof opposite the building. And then, after midnight, one of the motion sensors he'd hooked up to the roof went off.

The instant the alert pinged in his helmet (whose lead lining kept him safe from most psychic assaults) he jerked his attention to the roof. Through lenses tinted and inlaid with designs to defeat hypnotic patterns, he spotted a winged figure land above a skylight window. Switching to night vision, he made out the now familiar figure of Succubae.

Backlit by the moon, she was attractive, there was no question of that. She was dressed in a leotard that was little more than two V's along her front and back, and whose slimness did little to hide her plump breasts or lush bottom from view. Bat-like wings fanned out behind her, and a spaded tail like a whip swayed above her pert ass. A perfect hourglass figure defined her,

and not even Mark could fully resist staring at her body as she squatted down over the skylight, grabbed the rim, and pulled it partly open.

"Gotcha," he murmured as she hopped inside.

Rising, he let his psychic powers envelop him and lift him off the ground. With barely a thought he compelled himself across the street and down onto the roof of Hero Collectibles. The second he'd known it was Succubae, he'd remotely killed the alarms. He had no intention of trying to take down a manipulator villain with a bunch of cops or other heroes bungling into the scene and giving her fodder. A nice, empty place in the middle of the night was perfect. It was almost like she was making it too easy.

Mark stepped up to the skylight and flicked his eyes below. He instantly spotted Succubae moving among the exhibits and to the video game section. With a dark look, he floated over the edge and descended.

He landed lightly a few yards from her. Succubae had approached the Bloodstone Diamond in its glass pedestal and was eying it with obvious glee.

First thing first, Mark glared at her, sensing her mind. Like most, he saw her thoughts as a sort of pink glow around her head, but he was surprised to note that it was remarkably solid. He couldn't see a way to easily penetrate her mind.

Then, to his surprise, she stopped and turned about sharply.

"Oh hey!" she said, grinning evilly. "Lookie here. Another hero! How fun."

Though startled and annoyed to lose the element of surprise, Mark let it go, his mental powers manifesting a mind spike like an arrow of light to drive into her head and rip her mind to bits. "Surrender, Succubae, and I won't have to hurt you."

"Ooooh, you're a dark one. I love me an antihero style," she giggled, her tail flicking with a sound like a whip. "Your type is so much fun to tame!"

"You were warned," Mark said, and fired off his mind spike in a violet flash. It smashed into Succubae's head.

And shattered like porcelain on the kitchen floor.

For the first time in a long time, Mark was actually shocked.

"Awww, did you do something?" Succubae giggled. "Dummy! Succubi have a plus 8 to mental resistance."

"What the hell does that mean?" he demanded, even as he formed another spike.

"It means I'm too smart for you, dumb dumb," she giggled.

Alright, no more mister nice guy.

Mark's brows knit as his concentration hardened the second spike like a bullet of mental energy. With a grunt, he released it, sending the streak of mental power across the room and into Succubae.

Only for it to break against her again.

"Whoopsie! Looks like you're rolling all ones tonight," she giggled.

Mark growled. Bad enough she was resisting it, but her being such a bimbo only made it acutely annoying. Still, he had other methods of using his powers. If he couldn't reach her mind, he'd influence the body.

His hand snapped out towards her, and with it he sent his powers out like ropes of mental energy. They wrapped around the demonic woman, who yelped as her arms and legs were suddenly pinned to her sides.

"Wha- Hey! If you wanted to tie me up, you coulda at least used real rope."

"Shut up," Mark grunted, hand still outstretched as he stalked towards her. "I don't want to hear it. All I want to know is how the hell you're doing this?"

"What? Being such a hottie that every hero I come across can't help but want to fuck me like a horny dog?" she asked impishly.

"You know what I mean," he snapped, stopping in front of her. "Now talk!"

"Mmmm. I could do that, but I could also show you instead!" she chirped, her eyes flashing. "Too bad for you I can cast even with a paralysis effect!"

"What-"

"[Seduce!]" she cried, hearts pulsing in her eyes.

Mark jerked back reflexively, but nothing happened.

Succubae though laughed gleefully. "Aw, look at that! You'd never know that spell only has a 5% chance to hit. You heroes have literally zero defence at that. It's soooo much easier than back in my world."

"World? What are you talking about?" Mark demanded.

"Aw, you really want to know? Or do you wanna see my titties bounce?" Succubae asked, hopping in place.

Instantly Mark found his attention drawn to her breasts as they wobbled on her chest.

Realizing what he'd done he shook it off and glared at her. "What do you think you're doing?"

"Isn't it great?" Succubae giggled. "Oooh, and your resistance is super weak. Just like all you heroes. It's soooo funny! I mean, back in the Dungeon of Doom, I couldn't even hit a hero with my spells before they'd kill me. But since I manifested in this world, I can cast it and bounce, bounce, bounce, all I want, and you silly heroes will just stare like a bunch of dummies!"

Mark almost missed her words, for with every 'bounce' she hopped, her breasts wobbling in the tight fabric of her costume. Her tits jiggling on her chest up and down.

Up and down.

"Isn't it funny?" she giggled. "I mean, back in my game, I was just some chunk of XP for a hero to kill. But here? Here I'm unstoppable!"

"You're insane is what you are."

"Yeah? High talk for someone who can't look away from my bouncy titties!"

Mark scowled, trying to refute it. But even as he thought it, he realized he couldn't look away from her tits. From their bounce. Their wobble. The way they swayed up and down.

Up and down.

Up and down...

Mark swallowed. He... he really shouldn't be watching her breasts bounce like that. She was clearly up to something. But it was oddly hard to pull his eyes away. Was it her voice? She couldn't really be using magic, right? Magic wasn't real. It was fake. Just trickery of science, and he had... he had ample resistance to that...

"Oooh, someone's loving watching my big tits," she cooed. "Look at you! You can't look away. You're already almost totally brainwashed by my fat tits!"

"I-I'm not," Mark snapped out, annoyed by the faint whining tone in his voice.

"Sure you are! But don't feel bad. Poor boys always find it suuuper hard to look away from big tits. They're just so... mesmerising. So... enthralling. So easy to stare at. To want. To feel yourself falling for them..."

Mark shook his head viciously to clear it, but the moment he looked back at her he found his eyes on her breasts again. On her tits.

On how they bounced.

Bounced.

Bounced.

"Silly hero," Succubae cooed. "Can't help but want my tits. Can't help but stare. As every bounce melts your mind. As every bounce sinks you deeper. Deeper. And look! You're getting so distracted you can barely hold me."

Was that true? No. It couldn't be. His powers were still holding her fast. He was sure of it. He should check. He should... should definitely check. With effort he managed to pull his eyes away from her breasts and to her body, and he smirked when he saw the telltale glow of his psychic power still wrapped around her.

"Nice try," he said. "But I've still got you."

"Yeah! Which means it's fine to stare at my tits some more. Right?"

"Right," Mark said, his eyes wandering back to her chest.

"Fine to relax a bit while watching my boobies bounce."

"E-exactly."

"Fine to just sink. Just relax. Just let your body feel how hard you are. How fat your cock is. How heavy your balls are. How much you want to just... fucking... rail me..."

Mark felt heat grow on his face. He'd been doing a good job ignoring how hard he was up to now, but at the reminder he couldn't help but feel how tight his costume was with his cock. Fuck, he was hard. Horny. Throbs of arousal radiating from his cock.

"Go on. Touch it," Succubae cooed. "Grab that fat slab of man meat and just stroke yourself to my bouncy titties. I'm tooooooally at your mercy. I don't have a prayer of brainwashing you. And you're soooooo fucking horny, I bet you might start losing your grip on me soon! And that'd be aaaaawful. That'd be baaaaad. And you wanna be a good boy, right? You wanna be a good hero, huh?"

"I... I ah..." Mark stammered, blinking rapidly, having a hard time formulating an answer. "I a-am!"

"A good boy?"

"R-right. Yes."

“Oh I know! And good boys get to touch their cock while I bounce my tits. Good boys don’t let how needy they are distract them. Good boys rub their cock to get all that naughty horniness out of them. Good boys do it. Do it... now...”

Mark swallowed, his throat thick. But his mind felt so foggy. His cock was so distracting. Maybe... maybe it wasn’t such a bad idea. Maybe he... he should t-touch himself a... a little...

“I ah...”

“Touch your big cock,” Succubae cooed as she swayed. “I’m not going anywhere.”

That... that was true. He... he could t-touch his cock. Could get some... some relief. Like a g-good boy.

His free hand slid to the front of his costume. He sucked in a breath as he brushed his bulge. Fuck, was it really that obvious? Holy hell, he was horny. Needy.

Needed to stroke.

“Gnn,” he grunted as he started rubbing himself though his costume. Slowly at first. Then a bit faster. Pleasure ached through him like a warm balm. His muscles twitched as shocks of pleasure burst through him. Oh fuck. Fuck, that... that did feel good. Good to stroke. Good to rub.

Good to do it while watching Succubae bounce.

“That’s right, hero,” she cooed. “Touch yourself. Stroke that cock while my titties bounce. Look at how horny you are. How needy. Hells, I fucking love it up here! All you peak males and hot, sexy females. All of you so helpless to be my titty slaves. My booby toys. It’s sooooo pathetic!”

“I’m not-”

“What?” she asked, bouncing again.

Mark blinked, his mind derailed.

“I-I d-don’t-”

“Don’t what?” Succubae asked, giggling as she swayed. As her breasts bounced. “Oh! Don’t wanna look away? That’s fine. No one ever does.”

“No! That’s not-”

“Bounce!”

Mark shook his head as his thoughts were scrambled once more. It was getting so hard to concentrate. But this... this bimbo couldn't be brainwashing him. That was insane. He had so many techniques to resist. There was some trick to it. Something else. He just needed to figure out.

Just had to concentrate.

But it was so hard.

His mind so foggy.

And his pants so tight.

Mark felt himself flushing more. Panting a little. His voice rasping in his helmet as his hand continued rubbing his cock. Fuck. His helmet was so suffocating.

"Take it off, booby boy," Succubae cooed. "Take it all off."

"I... N-no," he gasped. "Can't..."

"Oh? Then let me."

He blinked as he felt someone touch his helmet. Who... but... He gasped as the helmet came off with a depressurizing hiss, and he found himself inhaling fresh air. Fresh air tinted with a heavy, tantalizing scent that shot straight to his cock. Somehow he managed to lift his eyes and found Succubae smirking down at him. When... when did she get so... so close? What...

"Now now," she giggled, patting his head, pushing his gaze back down where it was arrested by the bounce of her breasts. "No thinking. Just watch. Watch my titties. Watch them bounce."

Mark did so, his eyes once more glued to her breasts. So big. So firm as they bounced on her chest with her little hops.

"Oooh, you're doing soooooo good, hero," Succubae cooed. "But you're never gonna get off rubbing yourself like that. Here, let me give you a hand."

"I... we sh-shouldn't..."

"But you want to," she cooed, stepping in closer, filling his space.

Fuck, he did. He really really did. He felt her finger glide down his chest, her nail splitting his costume seamlessly. He gasped as his cock fairly burst free of the confining fabric, so sensitive the cool air made him shiver. Then her hand was on him. Enveloping his cock.

And she was pumping him.

Stroking him.

All in time to the bouncing of her breasts.

Bounce.

Bounce.

Bounce...

"Wanna know the best part?" she breathed as she stroked him.

"Wh-what?" Mark panted, thrusting mindlessly into her stroking hand.

"The more I seduce you big, brave, powerful heroes, the more powerful I get. The sexier I get. Every time one of you cums in me, I get more experience. Better stats. And pretty soon, I won't even need to hunt you studs. I'll be able to claim you totally. I'll be able to make you mine for good! Just my hot, sexy super studs eager to fuck me and serve me and tell me how amazing I am. Won't that be wonderful."

"I..."

She blew a kiss into his face.

Mark blinked as something almost... pink engulfed him. Surrounded him. And he felt his worries drain away. His face go slack as his mind clouded over with pink.

With happiness.

With the joy of being a good boy.

"Yes," he gasped, smiling dumbly. Happily. Dimly and delightedly. "Sounds... s-sounds good! Sounds wonderful! Good to be... be yours. Good to be... ah... good to b-be-"

"My brainless bimbos?" she giggled. "My super thralls? My hot, horny, sexy brainless boytoys who'd do anything to fuck me?"

"Yes! Yes!"

"Then beg for it, hot stuff," she pressed, pushing in closer, grinding her pussy against his cock. She grabbed him and pushed him down. He landed on his ass, the was pushed onto his back as Succubae straddled him, smirking down at him. His cock trapped between them. Rubbed as her hips rocked atop him. "Beg to fuck me. Beg for the privilege to put that super dick in my hot pussy. Plead for the privilege!"

There was no question of it. No purpose to hesitation. "Please!" Mark gasped, hearts throbbing in his eyes as he looked up at her, entrapped by her beauty. Her figure. Her loveliness.

“Please! Let me f-fuck you! Gotta... gotta fuck you! Need to fuck you! Please! Mistress! Pleeeeeease!”

Succubae burst out laughing, the mocking tone making him flush, but only made him hornier. “Oh my gosh! You are sooooo pathetic! You dumb dumb hero. Mmm. But I love it! Alright, cutie. Fuck me! Gimme that seed!”

And her hips sank down.

Sheathed his cock in her.

And Mark was in heaven.

All the events of the night led up to that. His whole life was for this moment. This feeling of her impossibly silky, wet, and tight pussy wrapped around his cock. A shuddering moan was wrenched from him. He clutched her hips as she began to bounce on his cock, her breasts swaying above him. Captivating his eyes. His mind.

His every ounce of being.

Mark moaned in delight. In ecstasy. In love! He loved mistress so much. Mistress was so kind to fuck him. Mistress was so good! He loved her. Loved her!

“Love you!” Mark gasped as he feverishly thrust up into the winged seductress bouncing atop his cock. “L-love youuuu!”

Succubae giggled atop him. “Oh I know, hot stuff,” she gasped. “I... Fucking... Knoooooow!”

Her voice rose in a sharp keen of pure pleasure as she dropped down, hilding him deep inside her. The sudden rippling of her orgasm clenched around his cock, and there was no hope of resisting that peak. That surge of purest ecstasy. With a helpless cry Mark burst inside of her, his balls tightening, his cock throbbing as he unloaded every drop of his seed into the tight depths of the seductive villainess. Relishing the high of that orgasmic moment without hesitation or resistance.

It was just too good.

Too wonderful.

Too perfect to cum for mistress.

Mark exhaled heavily, sagging on the floor under Succubae. The demon girl hummed in pleasure, wriggling atop him with satisfaction.

“Mmm,” she purred. “That was goooood. You heroes really are just delicious!”

The warmth of happiness spread through Mark and he beamed up at her. "Th-thank you, mistress," he gasped.

"You're welcome, stud," she giggled, the tip of her finger tapping him on the nose. "Mmm, and you are just so much fun! And hey! I just levelled up. And you know what that means?"

"No," he said.

"Duh! Of course you don't. You're just a brainless dummy. Which is why you're so lucky that I'm so smart!"

Mark nodded happily. She was so right. He was way too much of a dumb dumb to figure it out. And he was oh so very lucky Succubae was so smart. So much smarter than him.

"But it means I can multi-class!" Succubae chirped. "Which means I can get the [Tamer] class and make you my personal pet. Would you like that, big boy? Would you want me to make you my super-slave?"

Mark shuddered and moaned as her pussy flexed around him. "P-please!" he gasped. "L-love to be yours! Want to... want to be your pet!"

She giggled. "I know you do! And I'll even let you loose, cutie. You can go on being a hero. But then I'll put in all these fun little triggers. And whenever I want, you'll come running to me and give me a good... rough... fucking! Just be my personal stud on call all the time. Isn't that fun?"

"Yes! Yes!" Mark gasped, uncaring of the conditions. Only knowing he had to have more of her. Had to fuck her further. Do anything to get to serve his wonderful, gorgeous, perfect mistress!

"What a good boy!" she giggled, grinning, beginning to rock her hips again as her hand moved. A screen buzzed into existence before her, and she tapped a few buttons written in a language Mark couldn't read. A sizzle coursed over Succubae, and in its wake new clothes took shape on her. A fur trimmed coat. New, longer, curling horns. Belts hanging off her waist.

And a leash, leading down, down, and to a collar that manifested around his throat.

"Oh fuck yes," Succubae moaned as her hips moved with greater urgency, her pussy devouring his cock with every bounce. "Yes. Fuck yes! This is what I wanted. Oh baby. Oh fuck! Fuck me, hero! Fuck your owner like the good pet you are!"

Tingles surged through him from his collar, and Mark eagerly began to thrust into the beauty atop his cock. Pants escaped him. Yes. Yes! Had to fuck mistress. Had to be a good boy.

A good stud.

A good pet for his precious, wonderful, lovely Succubae...