

SUPERHERO SEDUCTION

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is wearing a bright red superhero mask that covers her eyes. She is also wearing a red cape. The background is a solid light blue color. The title 'SUPERHERO SEDUCTION' is written in large, white, bold, sans-serif capital letters across the top half of the image. The author's name 'J. D. Tufts' is written in yellow, bold, sans-serif capital letters at the bottom left.

J. D. Tufts

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“Look at that girl over there,” I said to my friend Matt.

“Which one.”

“The tall one,” I said annoyed. “That’s her. It has to be.”

She was across the room, but you couldn’t miss her. She stood head and shoulders above everybody else, men and woman. She was wearing a bulky grey sweater and a pair of blue jeans, but the physique was not something that she could easily hide. She was standing near the bar talking to the male bartender, and her shoulders looked more than twice as wide as his. Her arms were as thick as his waist. Moving my gaze downward, her big round behind seemed to stretch her jeans to their limits, and then there were those thighs. They bulged with every movement and looked as big as tree trunks.

“That’s Glory,” I said pointing at her. “Who else could be that big?”

Glory was the newest member of The League of Champions, the most prestigious of all the superhero groups in the world. She was a young ingenue, and the Champions rarely let any superhero in that was not a proven veteran. With Glory, she seemed to just appear on the scene and within a month was offered membership to the Champions. There was a rumor that she was even stronger than Supra, the leader of the team, and the person that was thought to be the most powerful being on the planet. Glory sure made him look small when they stood next to each other in the team photos.

The rumor that Glory frequented this pinball bar in Seattle was one I had read on an online forum and I thought it was too good to be true. I lived in Port Orchard, and so traveling to this bar was relatively close. Superheroes tended to stick to New York and Los Angeles, it seemed, but Glory was apparently from Seattle. I had fanaticized about female superheroes for as long as I could remember. Their power excited me, the idea of being with a woman that was stronger than me being a turn on like no other. Glory was a female superhero whose strength seemed to dwarf even the strongest male heroes, and I knew that I had to meet her.

So, I had come down to Seattle for the weekend. Friday and Saturday night had been a bust, but it was Memorial Day on Monday, so I convinced my friends Matt and Lee that we should try and spot her again on Monday. They had agreed to this weird trip and trying to meet this superheroine partially out of support for me and my weird obsession, and partially because both found Glory as enticing a novelty as I did, though neither one of them wanted to admit it.

Now, there she was. “I’m going to go talk to her,” I said.

By the time I got to her I could feel myself trembling. As I got closer to her I realized just how much bigger than me she was and became both excited and afraid. I’m five-foot-nine, and as I walked up to her I could see that I came up to her chest. I had read online some speculation that Glory was six-foot-six, but I had rarely been in the presence of a man that tall, let alone a woman. Add to that her huge muscles and I felt like a child standing next to her.

She turned to me and I got a close look at her face. I had studied Glory’s pictures in the news obsessively, but she wore a mask and I wasn’t prepared for what a stunning beauty she was. Despite her size, her face was cute, and very young looking. I was twenty-four, but Glory looked to be still in her teens. She had gorgeous pale blue eyes that settled on me and made my heart skip, and my stomach do a little flip. Her adorable button nose was covered with a bridge of

freckles. She smiled as she looked down at me.

“Well, hello there, little guy, can I help you?” she asked me. Hearing her call me “little guy” made my cock start to stiffen and I thought I might fall over. I managed to recover myself.

“Sorry to bother you,” I said. My name is Vincent. This may seem like an odd question, but are you Glory?”

“Who?” she asked. Her question was mocking, and she put her hands on her hips. I knew immediately that she was playing with me.

“Glory?” I repeated, now feeling a bit embarrassed. “You know...the superheroine.”

She suddenly laughed. “My name is Amber,” she said. “Why would you think I was this Glory. Do I look like a superhero to you?”

She looked like nothing but a superhero. I stared up at her huge breasts jutting out from her sweater and looking as if she could bend over and smother me with them. Her hands were still on her hips and I looked at those gigantic arms. She could have broken me in half easily even if she didn’t have superpowers. This woman was immense, and I realized at that moment that my cock was pressing against my pants. I was fully hard now.

“You look a lot like Glory,” I said. “I was told that she hangs out here.”

“Would you like to come and play a game with us?” my friend Lee asked. He had come up behind me and I was startled to hear him speak. “Whoever you are we’re all here to play pinball,” he said.

“Sure,” Amber said and laughed. “I’ll play pinball with you guys.”

I was relieved that Lee had taken it upon himself to butt in. He had an easy charm in social situations that I never could match and could talk to women easily, even though he was skinnier than me and only five-foot-seven. Amber followed him to where Matt was standing waiting to play on a Ghostbusters pinball table.

Matt was easily the tallest of us. He was six-foot-two, and a muscular guy. Still, when Amber stood next to him, he looked small. I thought the estimate of her height had to be somewhat short. She was wearing sneakers, and she still looked like she stood at least six inches above Matt’s head.

“Man, you’re tall,” Matt said, as if reading my mind. “How tall are you?”

“I’m six-foot-nine,” Amber said. She smiled at Matt as if she loved to be asked the question. “I want to go last at this little pinball demonstration so why don’t you take the lead.”

“Okay,” Matt said looking up at her.

Matt started playing and Lee watched him closely, but Amber didn't seem very interested. She immediately turned her attention back to me. "So, you came here looking for this Glory girl, huh?"

I could feel myself blush but there was nothing I could do about it. I was turning red all the way to my ears, and I could feel them get hot. Amber had to be able to see it, but she didn't let on.

"She's famous," I stammered. "Who wouldn't want to meet a celebrity?" We were still playing this game that Amber wasn't Glory, and even though I knew who she really was I was powerless and had to play along.

Amber was looking at me with a sly smile on her face. She was only standing inches away from me, and I had an overpowering urge to reach out and touch her. Her size was so arousing, and those breasts were right in my face. They were the biggest I had ever seen on anybody. I had of course admired them looking at pictures of Glory, but her costume seemed to make them look smaller. In the tight sweater she was wearing, they seemed even more immense, even compared to the huge body they were attached to, and with them that close to my face it was obvious each one was much bigger than my head.

"So, you're saying you don't have any special interest in Glory?" Amber asked. "You just wanted to meet somebody famous?"

I knew I was blushing again, but I didn't know what to say. In my fantasies, I had imagined that I could possibly meet Glory and charm her with my winning personality, but now standing next to Amber I thought that as a pathetic delusion. What would this amazing woman possibly want with me? She could have anybody. I was a mere mortal standing next to a goddess.

“I always wanted to meet a superhero,” I said weakly.

Amber was looking at me as if she was turning an idea over in her head. Then she said, “Why do you think I’m her?” she asked. “I don’t even know who she is. I’m interested in why you would mistake me for a superhero.”

My heart began to beat faster. Why was she playing this game with me? Did she just enjoy the idea of torturing me? Amber looked at me expectantly and I knew I would have to give her an answer.

“Well, she is really tall.”

Amber stood up straight and looked down at me with a grin. “Yeah, that’s me.”

“She has blond hair.”

Amber ran her hand through her own hair. “That’s me again.” Here I paused, and my throat went completely dry.

“She...is very muscular,” I said reluctantly.

Amber put her hand over her mouth in mock surprise. “You think I’m

muscular?” she asked.

I could feel myself trembling from embarrassment. “You look a lot like her, that is all,” I said. “It isn’t worth going into.”

Amber was quiet for a moment and then narrowed her eyes. “So, she has muscles like this then?” she asked.

At this she peeled her sweater back from her right arm and then flexed her muscle. Unflexed her arm already looked as thick as my waist, but once she flexed it the most immense bicep I had ever seen sprang forth. It was an absolute mountain of muscle. I couldn’t even have imagined how big it was, but I knew that I wanted to measure it and find out. I thought I was going to come in my pants at the sight of it, but somehow, I held it together. She probably only showed it to me for a second, but it felt like that moment could last forever.

“Hey, dude, its your turn,” Matt was saying to me. Amber had just pulled her sleeve back up and it seemed like neither Matt nor Lee had seen the incredible sight I had just witnessed.

Amber grinned at me as I forced myself to turn my attention to something other than her. I walked to the pinball machine and started my game. Technically, I was supposed to beat Matt’s score, but I couldn’t have cared less. Even though I tried to make it look as if I was trying to achieve the highest score I could, really I just wanted the three balls that I got to be lost as quickly as possible, and then I could get back to the conversation with Amber.

It fortunately didn’t take that long. I only ended up getting half the score that

Matt did. Lee came up to take his turn as soon as I was finished. “Make way for the pinball master,” he said.

I turned back to Amber who it seemed was involved in conversation with Matt. The whole time I was playing I had been wondering what the three of them were talking about, and I didn’t have to wait long to find out.

“She claims she isn’t Glory,” Matt said pointing at Amber. “She even expects us to believe it.”

“Why do you think I’m Glory?” Amber asked, feigning incredulity. “Why would I lie to you?”

“I don’t know why you would lie,” Matt responded. “I just know that there can’t be two chicks built like that.”

Amber bit her lip in an expression that looked like arousal. I wasn’t sure if Matt saw it, but I sure did. “Built like what?” She said it in almost a whisper and stepped closer to Matt as she said it.

Being that close to her hugeness seemed to freak Matt out a bit and he backed up. “I’m not playing games. You know what I mean.”

There was a long awkward silence while the three of us stood there, and Amber regarded us in a way I could only describe in retrospect as predatory. Finally, mercifully, Lee was done with his turn. “I only got 700k,” he said. His score was

a little more than that exact number, but the point was he didn't reach Matt's 965,450 score. Amber sauntered toward the pinball table and took her turn without another word.

"There is something off about this chick," Matt whispered to Lee.

"She's a superhero."

"She's claiming she isn't one. She told me that she isn't Glory, as if there are two seven-foot-tall women built like a tank in the world."

"Have you ever heard of a secret identity?" Lee asked with a chuckle.

While they talked, I was watching Amber play pinball, or more accurately watching her back and ass as she moved. Even with the gentle movements she made against the pinball table I could see the flexing of her massive muscles underneath her sweater, and the flexing of her gorgeous ass. It was huge, calling to mind the fullness of a mare, and probably pausing with more power. It was so shapely, yet obviously so strong. I wondered if I touched it would it feel like, soft or hard like steel.

"Dammit!" Amber said. I walked to the table and looked at her score. She had finished at 925, 865. "I almost beat him."

"You didn't almost beat me," Matt said. "You got the second highest score. That isn't the same as almost beating me."

“Why don’t we have a rematch?” Lee suggested, breaking into the conversation.

“I have a better idea,” Amber said. “Why don’t you guys come back to my place?”

I couldn’t believe my ears. Matt and Lee looked at each other. “Yes,” I said before they could say anything. I could tell Matt was uneasy about it, but he didn’t say anything.

It turned out that Amber’s place was a loft a few blocks down. She told us that she had walked to the pinball bar and we decided to walk with her. Nobody said anything and my heart was pounding in my chest the whole way to her building. We took the elevator up, and still nobody said anything until we walked into the apartment. The place was huge, and there wasn’t much furniture, just a couch and television in the living room area, a nice sized kitchen and a staircase leading up to where I assumed was the bedroom area.

Amber had ushered the three of us into the apartment ahead of her, and when she closed the door, she was standing behind us. “I want you all to strip,” she said.

The three of us turned to her in surprise. Her voice was different now, not the friendly young woman she had been at the bar. Now she was commanding. Her hands were on her hips again. She was blocking our only exit.

“I’m not going to ask you again,” she said.

Matt stepped toward her. "I'm leaving. I didn't agree to this."

Amber reached out to him and tapped him gently with a single finger. Matt went flying back onto the floor, and even slide another foot on the hardwood. She had barely touched him.

"Are we going to have a problem," she said.

Lee and I began taking off our clothes immediately, but Matt still stared up at her, his eyes blazing. The two looked at each other without saying a word. Amber smiled at him, and then she reached her hands to the bottom of her sweater before tugging it off. Once it was off, she dropped the sweater to the floor.

Under the sweater she wore a black tank top. Her huge arms were exposed completely for the first time. I stared at them in awe. Even unflexed her biceps looked as big as cantaloupes, and her triceps were larger than most people's whole arms. I could see her thick shoulder muscles for the first time and longed to look at her bare back after I had been watching her muscles dance all night through her sweater. Once I had torn my eyes away from her muscles, I saw to my surprise that she wasn't wearing a bra, but her breasts were so firm and well-shaped that it looked as if she was wearing one. Her erect nipples jutted out.

Amber suddenly made a double-bicep pose and I watched as her arms erupted with power. They seemed to almost double in size, and the muscles on her shoulders began to stand up, and her breasts push out even further atop her huge pecs. The bottom of her tank top began to creep up and I could see her abdominal muscles. They were as big as billiard balls, and flexed as if they

threatened to burst from her skin at any moment. The look on her face was gleeful, almost maniacal in the pleasure she was taking.

My cock was hard, and I couldn't take my eyes off her, but when she finally stopped and relaxed her arms she spoke again. "Now you're being sensible," she said.

I turned, realizing that she had been talking to Matt and he had stripped himself naked while I had been watching Amber. Like me, Matt was hard. Despite his resistance to Amber, and the fact she seemed to scare him, she seemed also to turn him on.

"So, why did you guys come searching for me?" Amber asked. "Tell me the truth. Why don't I start with you Vincent?"

I stared at her, slack jawed, my throat dry and finally willed myself to speak. "I think you're beautiful," I said. "I think you're the most beautiful woman in the world."

"Why?" Amber asked, and her tone was almost mocking now.

"I...I..." I just stammered and lost my train of thought. I turned my head down to the floor. Amber walked up to me and placed a finger under my chin.

"Tell me," she said.

I began to breath deeply, and my cock was so hard I thought I might come right there. “Because you’re so strong, and your muscles are so big,” I said.

She put her right arm in front of her and flexed it for me. It grew to its huge full size again. I was convinced it had to be the biggest in the world. I would have guessed it to be at least fifty inches thick.

“Do you want to feel it?” she asked.

“Yes,” I whispered. I waited for her to nod her approval and then I reached over and put my hand on that muscle. I was in a trance as I felt the strength and power in just that one arm, knowing that she had hundreds of time the power of my own body just in a single bicep.

“That’s enough,” she said gently and moved me away with her hand. I wanted to protest, but knew it would be futile, and so I reluctantly moved away as she went over to Lee.

“What about you there, buddy?” she asked.

“I just came with Vincent,” Lee answered.

“Oh, really?” Amber asked. She gestured toward his hard cock. “It looks like this excites you as much as anybody.”

She walked toward him, looming over his head. Lee was the shortest of the three of us, and as Amber's shadow fell over him, he began to shiver.

"What is this?" she asked, and she reached down to rest her finger on the head of Lee's penis.

Lee began to cry then. The tears came first and then the outright bawling. I couldn't believe it. Lee had always been so self-confident, and easy going. I would never have expected he would be reduced to a helpless blubbering mess so easily.

Amber laughed. "I haven't even touched you, you little simpleton," she said. Then she turned gentle and reached for Lee. He flinched away. "Just relax, little guy," Amber said. "Everything is going to be okay."

With that Amber began to strip. First, she took her tank top over her head and revealed the incredible muscles of her upper body. Everything pulsed and rippled for all of us to see. Her huge breasts were on display for the first time. They were magnificent. They managed to be both bigger than my head and of such incredible firmness that they held their shape entirely. I had never seen breasts that looked so perky, even despite their size.

Next, she stripped off her jeans. Again, I thought I might come, but somehow managed to retain control of myself. Her thighs were impossibly thick. They looked as if they were as big as two of me. Her calves were as big as apples and danced rhythmically as she moved. I thought how easily she could break any one of us, or all three of us, between those legs. The only thing she had on now was a lacy blue pair of cotton panties.

Amber placed her right hand under Lee's butt. Lee trembled, and obviously wanted to get away, but he didn't dare defy her. She lifted his gently with one arm and took his head to her chest. His feet were dangling off the floor, while his head was level to her breast. She was cradling him as if he was a small child. She offered him her nipple.

"This should calm you down," she said.

Lee took the nipple, somewhat reluctantly, eyeing Amber as if she would snatch it away from him at any moment. "There," she said warmly, and she started to stroke his hair. Lee relaxed and closed his eyes as he continued to suck.

I was jealous. Why did Lee get such treatment when Amber had only allowed me to touch her arm for that brief moment before she took it away? I wanted to cry out in frustration. Both my cock and balls ached to feel Amber's muscles, but instead she was letting Lee nuzzle against her. It was so unfair!

Amber turned her attention to Matt now. "So, Mr. Defiant. Why did you come looking for me?" Matt stared at her, his eyes were blazing, but he said nothing.

There was a long silence and Amber smiled a maniacal smile. I felt bad for Matt. Didn't he know what she could do to him? Of course, he did but he didn't obey her anyway. It was madness.

Amber pointed to her free nipple. "You want to be right there, don't you?" she said to Matt. Matt didn't say anything. He continued to stare at her in silence.

Amber began to shake her head. “Yeah, I know you do.”

She looked at Lee, who she was still effortlessly holding in her arms as he kept sucking. “Doesn’t he look so content right there. Don’t you want to be right next to him. I have one more open for you.”

She smiled at Matt, that maniacal and triumphant smile. “All you have to do is say it,” Amber coaxed him. “Say you want to serve me.”

Matt’s stare changed. It became less hard and he almost looked as if he wanted to start crying just like Lee had. “Just say it for me,” Amber cooed one more time.

“I want to serve you,” Matt said. His voice cracked a little. “I want to serve you more than anything.”

Amber pointed to her free nipple again and beckoned him. “It’s right here, baby,” she said.

Matt started to walk toward her and as he did so the tears came like they did with Lee. Once he got to her, Amber wrapped her arm around his butt and lifted him up and he began to work on her other breast. As I watched them both sucking on Amber’s breasts and being so close to her muscles that feeling of jealousy returned. She looked at me, still hard and standing in front of her.

“Feeling left out, Vincent?” she asked. I nodded. “Why don’t you come over

here and get on your knees.”

What else could I do but obey? I walked over to her, slowly, as to take in the hugeness of her body in front of me. Then I kneeled in front of her. My face was about level with her crotch in this position, with my eyes just about at her bellybutton. I knew immediately what she had in mind before she said it.

“Take off my panties,” she said.

I did what I was told, as slowly as I dared in order to savor every second of it. Moving over her gargantuan thighs was a pleasure. I wanted to kiss one of them, to run my tongue over the grooves and valleys of her huge muscles, but I had no idea how she might react, or how she might decide to punish me. When I moved the panties down to her calves I touched them for exquisite seconds while she lifted her feet to allow me to take them off.

“Now,” she said with a demented smile. “I want you to eat me.”

I complied at once. Her pussy was trimmed neatly, a thin patch of blond the only hair there was, and as I parted her labia, I could see that it was beautiful. “Find my clit,” she instructed softly. I licked with my tongue and probed until I found it.

There was no mistaking it when my tongue found the spot I was looking for. She moaned, and her legs shook slightly. I was afraid that with the differences in our strengths she might hurt me accidentally, but part of me craved to be hurt by her, to feel her strength, even as I knew the smallest bit of it might squash me like a bug. As I moved my tongue in a circle, more intensely and then slower, changing

my rhythm as I thought it pleased her, I looked up at her above me, her face blocked out by her gigantic breasts that loomed over me.

Of course, my two best friends were busy suckling those breasts. While I pleased her, I noticed that she was doing something else. She had started to stroke each of their cocks. Neither of them stopped what they were doing, putting her pleasure at having her nipples sucked before their own, but with just a slight gentle grip of her fingers, Amber was bringing both men to climax as I pleased her.

“Don’t come until I say, boys,” she told them, looking to Lee first and then back over to Matt. “I will tell you when it is okay for you to come.”

My jealousy fired up again, but I put that energy into eating her with the greatest intensity I could muster. She seemed to enjoy it, and her moans became a little louder. I could see her gigantic muscles flex as she breathed deeper and let herself experience what she was feeling. Her little slave was going to make her come, I thought with pride. The thought of it kept me working for what seemed like fifteen minutes, sure that the climax would come if I just kept going and seeing ever moan Amber made as encouragement.

She did come, but in the moments leading up to it, when her breath quickened and her moans deepened, she did something that I did not expect. “I am going to come boys,” she announced. “Come with me. Do it now!”

Lee and Matt obeyed. Being that close to her muscles, and with the constant stroking, they were probably holding it back for a long while. Amber held their cocks as they did so and pointed them in my direction. As I heard my goddess reach her climax and let out an ear-piercing scream, I was also drenched in the cum of my two best friends as they ejaculated at her command. I continued to eat

her as if nothing had happened.

When her own orgasm had finished, Amber brushed me away from her gently. I looked up at her, now being able to see her face, and the pleased look that was there. I was still jealous of the fact she had given both my best friends one of her breasts, and let them feel her muscles, before jerking them off, but I knew I served at her whim. There was no use arguing with her desires, and for now this was what she had wanted.

Amber removed both Lee and Matt from her breasts and set them down on the floor. “Okay boys, the show is over. I want you to get on your clothes and hit the road.”

“But...” Matt began to protest as Amber turned to him with a fierce look and he immediately shut his mouth. Both began to comply at once.

I felt as if I would start to cry. It was over. She was dismissing us, and I hadn’t even gotten to feel her muscles. I hesitated for a moment but knew that if I argued she would only punish me. I reluctantly started to get to my feet.

“Not you, Vincent,” Amber said. “You and I are going to play some more.”

I retuned to my knees, and looked to Matt, who was not fully clothed. He was the jealous one now, but of course he wouldn’t say anything. He and Lee walked out the door, having now experienced something that almost no other man on earth had ever experienced. Still, they would envy me. I was alone with her now. What games did she have in store for me?

“You were the one who sought me out,” she said. “You brought the other guys along for the ride. You wanted to know what it was like to be with a superheroine. Is that correct?”

“Yes,” I said. “It has been a dream of mine for my entire life.”

“Well, dreams do come true,” Amber said with a laugh. She stood before me, a massive mound of muscle, her hands on her hips. “I’m going to show you what it is like.”

Within seconds she had reached down and plucked me from the floor. I was powerless of course but being held in the air like that like a child made me realize just what it was like to be so powerless. She kissed me, her tongue entering my mouth and probing it with a greed and carelessness I had never experienced. I was just a toy to her. She did not care what I wanted.

After kissing me for a minute or two she took me and inserted me inside her. Holding me in her arms she pumped me in and out of her pussy, feeling my hard cock inside her. “Is it everything you dreamed?” she asked.

“Yes,” I panted breathlessly. While she fucked me, I savored the feelings of her muscles. I ran my hands up her huge biceps and felt the powerful ridges of her abdominal muscles as my soft fragile body was being pressed against them. My hands wandered around to feel the power of her broad back and explore the muscles there as they danced for me. I slide my hands down to feel her rock-hard glutes as she continued to pump me in and out.

“Don’t you dare come until I say, or I’ll kill you,” she said. I nearly came at the thought of it, but I was able to stop myself just in time. “That excites you doesn’t it?” she asked. “I could kill you so easily without even trying. I am so much stronger than you that I have to be careful not to hurt you while we are fucking.”

My cock felt like a steel rod inside her, and I thought I could feel the cum moving up my shaft, threatening to shoot out at any second and ending me. At that moment I could think of no way that I would rather go.

She kept pumping me for what felt like forever. It was probably only a few minutes, but it might as well have been hours to me. I was trembling, sweating, trying to will myself not to shoot my load to the point that it was painful. My life depended on it! Finally, she took pity on me.

“Come for me,” she said, and I exploded inside her. It was the most intense orgasm of my life. It felt as if everything inside my body was turning inside out and being sent straight through my penis. I began to scream from the pleasure of it, pleasure that spread from the tip of my penis all over me until it felt as if I was having a full body orgasm. When it was all over, I was shaking, my penis still inside her, and clinging to her huge muscular body.

Amber ran her hand through my hair and held me gently. I found that I was crying, first the tears and then the sobs that began to come after that incredible release. “It’s okay, you weak little man,” Amber said. “Everything is going to be fine.”

She removed my penis from inside her and lifted me so she could gently kiss me again. This time she not only kissed me on my lips, but kissed my face, as if she was kissing all my tears away. Then she took me in her arms and cradled me as if I was an infant.

“Let’s go to bed,” she said. She carried me up the stairs to the upper level of the loft where there was a large bed. She dumped me onto the mattress. “I can hold you all night if you want me to,” she said.

“Oh yes,” I said. “I would like that so much.”

Holding that big muscular body that night I had never felt safer. When I had come looking for Glory, it had been a fantasy that anything like this could ever happen. At best, I thought I would get to meet her and get a taste of what being near such a powerful being was really like. Now I was in bed with her, feeling that body against me, and knowing that the overwhelming power she possessed could be unleashed on me at any moment, and I would have no choice but to serve her whims. I fell asleep thinking that I had fallen in love.

In the morning, Amber was up before me. She had a huge white robe on concealing her body and was eating breakfast. She had made some for me as well, I saw as I came down the stairs, still naked. “You can put your clothes on if you’re cold,” she offered.

I did that and sat down across from her for some bacon and eggs. It seemed like Amber was back to the way she was in the pinball bar, friendly and far less dominant. “Last night was amazing,” I said to her.

She was drinking coffee and nodded to me. “I had a good time,” she said.

I was waiting for her to add something else, but an awkward silence held in the

air. “When can I see you again?” I asked bravely.

Amber’s face remained placid, and then she took another drink of coffee in order to stall for time. When she swallowed, she said, “Last night was supposed to be a one-time thing. I never intended for you to get another impression. You and I are from two different worlds.”

I tried not to show the hurt in my face, but I wanted to collapse. Amber had shown me my greatest fantasy at last, and now she was going to take it away just as quickly. “I thought that was the point,” I said. “I serve you.”

Amber laughed and then when she saw how mortified I was, she composed herself. “Oh Vincent, I like to play with weak little boys, but I wouldn’t have a relationship with one. First, they are far too fragile and second they are a dime a dozen.”

“I thought there was something special. You told the others to go.”

Amber nodded. “You came looking for me. That took some guts. I found that to be something I thought deserved to be rewarded.”

“That was all,” I said.

I must have looked deflated. Amber suddenly seemed sad. “I’m sorry you got the wrong idea, Vincent.”

We finished our breakfast in silence. When I left, Amber went with me. She explained that the loft was not her place, but temporary housing she had rented while she was in the city and now she was going away. It went without saying that we were never supposed to see each other again.

“It was nice to meet you, Vincent,” Amber said as she bent over and gave me a hug.

I mumbled something to her, but I was barely paying attention to what I was saying. My thoughts were elsewhere. I had decided that this situation was unacceptable, and I was going to see Amber again whether she wanted it or not. If she couldn't accept me as a slave, then maybe she would have to face me as a villain. As I watched her muscular frame walk out of sight, and my thoughts obsessed over the night before, I began to scheme.