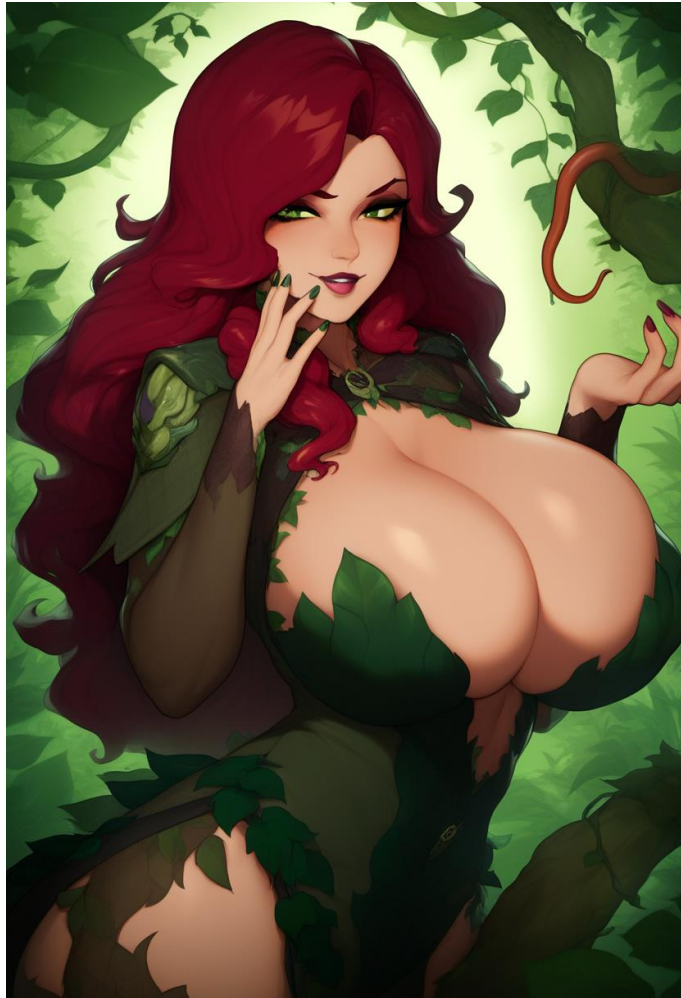


A Scent of Corruption



There were few things someone like Scott Lang dreaded.

But being called into Hero Management's office after a battle was up there.

With supreme discomfort he watched the grainy security footage on the screen begin to play. He saw himself in his white and silver costume burst through the front doors of the bank and take several steps forward, his voice barking, "Halt, villain!"

Mocking laughter met his declaration. Vines and ivy swirled about the woman sitting on a massive flower that burst out of the vault. Curvy. Lovely. She was dressed in only some ivy, with leaves covering little more than her nipples and pussy like some living piece of teasing censorship. The only other part of her disguised were her eyes, which were covered by a pair of leaves save two slits, while her gorgeous face was framed with a great tumbling of curly red hair.

"Come on, hero," the woman laughed. "Stop fighting. We could have so much more fun playing."

"You think this is a game, Chlorophyl?" he demanded.

"And what should I call the battle with the great hero Titan?" the green woman giggled. "It seems like we get into this every week. People are going to start thinking you have a crush on me."

"Not after today they won't, because I'm taking you in!"

It was a good speech, in Scott's opinion. A powerful one.

Sadly, right after it, everything went to shit.

Scott watched himself fly at the green woman. Vines lashed at him, only for him to catch them with ease, his enhanced strength tearing them from the plant that sheltered the villainess. She burst out laughing, sliding down off the flower.

"C'mere, hero!" she declared, opening her arms wide, her huge breasts giving a teasing wobble. "Gimme a hug!"

Scott winced as his hero self charged, knowing now that was a mistake. And was proven right a second later when the huge flower unleashed a spray of pollen.

His lips tightening, he watched himself on the camera stumble back, groaning and shaking his head, the entire screen blurred by clouds of pink pollen. The video paused. There was nothing else to see, other than when Scott managed to stagger out of that cloud several minutes later, the only thing he had to show for the battle a big, fat red lipstick mark on his cheek, and the frustratingly clingy scent stuck to him. Even three showers and a trip to decontamination hadn't been able to entirely get rid of the fruity smell.

From the other side of the desk, Firebug turned his goggled eyes from the screen and back to Scott. "...So," he said, folding his hands in front of himself. "Want to talk about what happened?"

Scott sighed, rubbing his face. "I honestly don't know," he admitted wearily. "Look. We all know Chlorophyl's powers allow her to control and grow plants. I knew it too."

"I'd hope so," Firebug said. "This is hardly the first time you've faced her."

Scott scowled at the reminder and waved it off. "I know. I know! I should have been prepared. I'm not sure why I charged her instead of using my heat vision. Once I got into the bank, I just... I felt my head get a bit foggy. I have a strong resistance to her pollen, so I guess I assumed I'd be fine. But maybe it affected my judgement a little here."

"Maybe," Firebug said, his goggles glinting as he nodded along. He lifted his head and eased back into his chair. "Look, Titan. You're a good hero. One of the best. You've taken down dozens of really powerful villains. But this Chlorophyl... Well, frankly, some of the other heroes are getting a bit worried. Right?"

"I can take her down," Scott said firmly. "And I'm the only one who can. I know it and so do you. Remember what happened with Shockwave?"

"His rehabilitation is going well," Firebug said uncomfortably.

"He was a drooling mess after she got her toxins into him. I'm the only hero who can take her on, let alone down. She's slippery, but I did manage to keep her from getting away with most of the money."

"I know. I know," Firebug said with a soothing motion. He sighed. "I just... worry, Scott. I think she might be targeting you."

That got a start from him. "Targeting me?"

"It's not unknown. Many villains go looking for an archenemy. And you're one of the highest profile heroes in the city. I wouldn't be surprised if that was her angle here."

Scott hadn't really considered that. "I doubt it," he said at length. "She's just another villain. That's all. And I will take her down. Sooner or later, I will."

Firebug shook his head. "Well," he said with another sigh. "No civilians were harmed and most of the money was saved, so that's good. I guess we can call this a win."

"It was," Scott said firmly.

Firebug nodded. "Good. I'll get the word out to the presses about it. Thanks for coming in. And... don't spend too long mulling on this thing. Right? You'll get her eventually."

"I will," he said, rising. "Count on it."

Yet as he left the office, he still felt the bitter disappointment of his failure. And when he got back to his desk, he found himself downloading the footage and rewinding it, watching it again and again, trying to pinpoint that moment the whole heist got away from him. He glared at the smirking face of the green villainess frozen on the grainy footage. His fist tightened. Dammit. It seemed like whenever he crossed that bitch's path she managed to escape justice, leaving nothing but a mess and that strangely sweet-smelling perfume in her wake.

Scott shook his head again, shutting off the video. He really didn't have time for that. Because the worst part of a villain escaping, beyond their ability to threaten civilians later was, of course, the paperwork.

He spent several hours after that filling out reams of forms accounting for the engagement. Insurance premiums. Use of force considerations. And of course, the after-action report where he broke down the battle piece by piece. He knew how important it was. How the data of his fight could be used to better defend against the next battle against such a villain.

But it didn't make it any less a pain in the ass.

Night had fallen by the time he was able to drag himself out of the Hall of Heroes, once more in civilian clothes as he climbed into his car. Wearily, he took off uptown, cruising through the lower-leveled mixed-use buildings whose garish neon signs glowed against the dark.

In time he made it to his own place, which was settled in a high-rise near the river. Parking in the underground garage, he got out and made his way over to the elevator before hitting the button for the penthouse suite.

How, he wondered again as the elevator hummed, how did Chlorophyl keep besting him? Sure, he'd never actually been defeated by her. But he'd never managed to catch her either. And that was pretty important for a hero. Fighting to a draw didn't mean that justice won. Only that evil didn't either. The villain still escaped to menace another day. And all he got out of it was a need for a long bath.

He groaned, rubbing his face.

"Dammit," he muttered.

But at least it was over. And now he could relax.

The elevator dinged, doors sliding open, and he smiled, actually feeling some of the tension ease from his shoulders as he walked into his home.

The lights were on and warm humming came from the kitchen. As he walked inside, a woman leaned over and into the hall.

And what a woman.

Rose had the kind of figure that models would kill for. Her large breasts strained against the frilly apron she wore, which, Scott realized with an ache of lust, was all she wore. Her hips curved from behind the filmy fabric, her skin a delicate pink. Her hair was a tumble of red curls that framed a face of such jaw-dropping beauty it literally took his breath away. He swallowed hard, feeling that familiar ache of desire as her perfume reached him, filling the apartment with its heady scent.

God, what had he done to deserve her?

"Hey, hero," she said, smiling warmly his way. "Home late, huh?"

"I'm sorry," he said as he made his way over to the couch and collapsed into it with a sigh, sinking into the softness of the cushions. God, that was exactly what he needed. "Long day."

He heard her putting something away in the kitchen, then the soft sound of her footsteps. "Aw, my hero. What happened?" she asked as her gentle hands landed on his shoulders.

"I had her this time," Scott muttered bitterly, holding up a fist. "I had Chlorophyl right in the palm of my hand. Dead to rights. Had that bitch practically at my mercy. And then she just..." Words failed him, and he could only open his fist helplessly.

"Aw. There there," Rose murmured, massaging his shoulders soothingly. "It happens. But it's over now. Just relax, honey. Just breathe..."

Scott shook his head, but despite himself felt that tension continue to unwind in him. He inhaled deeply. Exhaled. Slow. Steady. Feeling the anger and tightness and stress melt away, sinking him deeper into the couch.

"I just don't get it," Scott said wearily, resting his forehead in his hand. "She always gets away from me. Always manages to pull out some trick I never saw coming. I just..."

"My poor hero," Rose murmured, leaning in closer. Scott sighed, inhaling her floral perfume. The heavy, sweet scent soothing his anger and leaving only a vague sense of disappointment in himself. "Maybe she's just too smart for you?"

"Smart?" he scoffed. "That bimbo?"

"Why do you call her a bimbo, sweetie?" Rose asked.

"Well, you know..."

"Is it because she has big tits, like me?"

Scott cleared his throat as said tits pressed against the back of his head, his face growing warm and his pants tight. "Well, ah..."

"Is it because she's so flirty with you, like this?" Rose asked, leaning in closer, wriggling against him affectionately.

Scott cleared his throat. "I uh..."

"Is it because she makes you so hard. Like... this...?"

Scott sucked in a breath as one of her arms stretched over his shoulder, her hand coming to rest on his crotch, her fingers cupping his bulge and giving a teasing squeeze. "R-Rose, that's not..."

"You can be honest with me, my hero," Rose giggled, kissing the top of his head, her perfume wafting over him like a wave as her hand continued to massage his shoulder and cock. "I don't mind."

He quickly turned his head around to face her, and almost got lost in the curved topography of her bust before his eyes managed to drag themselves up to her face. "No!" he assured her. "No, Rose. Not at all. You're the only woman who can... you know. Make me ah... get aroused like that."

"Really?" Rose said with a teasing smirk.

"Really!"

"Really really," she purred breathily, gently massaging his cock as she leaned in closer, almost shoving her breasts into his face.

"R-really," he stammered. Though something... something about the way she said that tickled his mind in a strange way...

"Oh Scott," Rose purred, sliding around the couch. He watched her move, his eyes glued to the way her hips swayed. Her chest bounced as she knelt in front of him, meeting his eyes with her own green ones. "My hero," she breathed as her fingers teased along his bulge, undoing his pants. "That's so sweet of you. And I love a sweet hero. Makes me want to spoil him. Make him feel so good..."

Scott sucked in a breath, stiffening in a number of ways as she opened his pants and pulled down his boxers. She shot him a flirty wink as she drew out his manhood, her touch gliding up and down his thick, throbbing shaft. "Mmm. Is this for me?" she purred.

He chuckled throatily. "You know it, darling," he said.

"Mhmm. Thank you, hero," she said, giving him a wink before she tilted his shaft towards her, parted her lips, and took him into her mouth.

Scott groaned as he felt her lips slide up and down his sensitive shaft, her tongue stroking his length with every bob. Lust throbbing through him. Fuck. Oh fuck, this was just what he needed. He groaned as every muscle seemed to turn to rubber. As all the tension in him seemed to surge into his cock as Rose sucked him off. He inhaled deeply, her scent so strong he could nearly taste it. So powerful. So potent and headier than the finest wine. Yet... familiar too. Strangely so.

Again that flicker of unease wormed in his thoughts. Almost lost in the thrill of pleasure as he felt Rose's mouth glide up and down his cock. Her fingers cradling his balls as he sucked him with a slow, gentle insistence that zinged through his veins and made him quiver in desire.

Where... where did he know that scent?

Where...

Where...

"R-Rose," he panted, looking down at her.

"Mmm?" she hummed.

"Rose, please," he gasped.

With a slight pout she lifted her lips from his cock, though her hand continued its teasing stroking. "Yes, hero?" she cooed.

"Your... your perfume. Where... what is..."

"Oh! Do you like it?" she asked, smirking with a look beyond mere coyness. It was almost... predatory. Hungry. He felt his heart skip and his cock throb in her skilled hand. Scott bit his lip as he fought to focus through the pleasure aching from his cock. From the soothing lethargy that swallowed him.

"Your... your scent. It's... it's familiar. Different from your usual... um..."

"It's wonderful, isn't it?" Rose cooed impishly. "Very special."

Scott nodded, his brow crinkling with the effort of concentration. Fuck. Every fiber of his being was just begging to relax. To stop worrying. But he fought it. Struggled to think. "Where..." Realization slowly dawned. That scent was familiar. So familiar.

Because he'd been reeking of it since the robbery.

"Were you in... in the bank today?"

Rose paused her stroking as she looked into his eyes. Her smile slowly grew. "Oh, hero," she giggled. "I was. Didn't you see me?"

He swallowed. "See? But... I..."

"Think back, my handsome hero," Rose purred, her hand resuming its stroking as she rose from her knees. Climbed into his lap. Her breasts filling his vision as she leaned in, her breath warm and scented teasingly, her bust pressing against his chest. So soft. So powerful. So big... "Think haaaaard."

Scott grunted, fighting through the pleasure. It would... it would be so much easier if... if Rose would stop stroking him. But she didn't. She almost seemed to relish his struggle. Her smile widened. Her eyes lidded.

That look.

That... that look.

Recognition hit like a thunderbolt. Scott's eyes widened in horror. He knew that smile. Knew that look. He had seen it. Seen it at the bank.

Seen it on the woman who'd been robbing it.

"Chlorophyl," he breathed in stunned wonder.

No denial came from Rose's sweet lips. Instead, laughter bubbled forth. Grew. She threw back her head and laughed in his horrified face.

"Ohhhh, you got it! I just knew you would. What a clever boy you are, hero. Such a strong will. Almost as strong as your cock," she said, giving him another lazy pump.

Shock paralyzed Scott, though the pleasure of her hand on his shaft surely helped too. He hissed as another ache of pleasure shot through him. "But... but I don't u-understand," he gasped. "You... all this time..."

"That's right, hero," she giggled, cocking her head as she shrugged her shoulders, her breasts bouncing, and how he did wish he could have looked away from them. "All this time, I was your sworn enemy. And oh, how much fun it was letting you fuck me every night. Kissing you every day. Telling you how proud I was of my big... strong... hero. All the while you huffed and breathed in my sweet, mind melting pheromones."

Incredulity paralyzed him. "N-no," Scott gasped. "No. It can't be... I... How did I... how could I not n-notice?"

"Mmm. Never doubt what a man will overlook for a big pair of tits," Rose said with a wink and another bounce of her breasts. "But my special scent helped a lot. My rich perfume and pollen laced pheromones. It fogged your silly mind whenever I needed it to. And your libido did the rest. Honestly," she giggled, fingers swirling up his cock, squeezing a shuddering moan from him. "Men just can't help but think with their cocks. They're just enthralled to them. And I've got yours in the palm of my hand. Figuratively," she added with another sly pump, "and literally."

Scott shuddered, body bucking as another wave of pleasure washed through him. Another throb of aching weakness. "I... I never..."

"Oh no," Rose giggled. "You figured me out a bunch of times before."

"Wh-what?"

"Yes," she cooed slyly, her eyes shining evilly. "But every time I made you forget. Made you submit. Wrapped you up in my perfume. Made you so compliant. Pumped and milked your cock until you were so weak and helpless I could put any old thought in your head. Erase any naughty memories of me being your sworn enemy so you could just... fucking... rail me again and again. Though," she added with another giggle, "it wasn't like I tried too hard. I never wiped your mind totally. I always gave you a way to break through again."

"You... you let me... let me remember?" Scott gasped in confusion.

"Of course, silly," Rose giggled as her free hand stroked his face. Her touch so warm. So loving. It made Scott shudder, half in revulsion, half in naked need. "It's so very fun watching you work so hard to figure it out again and again. Get all up in arms with your justice and good and assorted crap like that. And then I get to show you all over again how much you love being my dumb horny hero."

Scott grit his teeth. "I... I won't!"

Rose cried out in delight, clapping her hands as she looked down at him with glee. "Ooooh! There it is! That defiant glare! That courageous denial! That certainty that I can't turn you into the hopeless, lovestruck stud that you so adore being. Oh, I love it, Scott. It makes all of this so worthwhile!"

She suddenly leaned down and kissed him, and Scott groaned as he was forced to inhale another lungful of her perfume. Her pheromones. His head spinning and floating and his cock throbbing and aching as her tongue slid into his mouth, deepening the kiss until his toes curled.

"Oh Scott," Rose breathed, pulling back before kissing his face again, leaving a huge, red mark on his cheek. "I love it when you resist. You try so hard not to be mine. But you know you want to be. You want to just give in. Just surrender. You love to be owned. To be used. To be turned into a dumb, lovey dovey stud too fuck dumb to resist a pretty girl."

"N-no. No!" he gasped even as his body ached for another kiss. His mouth tasting of her tongue and breath. His face burning and head fogged and body so weak and heavy.

"Want me to show you?" she asked teasingly, reaching back, undoing her apron.

Scott stared, his jaw hanging open as she let that filmy bit of fabric flutter away. Her breasts wobbling heavily as they came free. Full. Plush.

Perfect.

He heard a whimper, and realized it was him as he watched her breasts heave.

Bounce.

All as he inhaled her sweet, cloying, compelling scent.

“Mmm. There we go,” Rose cooed, folding her arms under her breasts, hefting them teasingly. “Isn’t this what you want, lover boy? My big... soft... tits? All plush and ready for you to bury your face in? And just think! If you brought me to justice, you’d never get these again. You’d never get to lick my big, soft titties. Never get to suckle my perky, needy nipples. Never get to just... sink... into my big... soft... boobs...”

Scott shuddered, his very soul recoiling from that thought. From never getting to enjoy her breasts again. Even as he did, he felt a visceral disgust at himself for being so weak. So pathetic. Would he really abandon justice? Betray the public’s trust for those breasts? For his own shameful libido?

Yes, a mocking part of him whispered. You already have. Repeatedly.

Scott shook his head furiously. “N-no,” he gasped. “You’re l-lying. I wouldn’t... I couldn’t... I... I have to... to stop you...”

“Oooh, that’s right, hero,” Rose giggled, grasping his shoulders. “Fight it. Fight your need to stuff that cock in me. To worship my tits. Get yourself all pent up. It makes the moment you give in so good. Makes you just explode when you finally cum in me like the naughty slut I am. Ohhhh Titan,” she moaned, settling into his lap, Scott whimpering as the gentle folds of her pussy rubbed against his throbbing manhood. “It’s so fun to make you all mine again and again.”

He winced as he felt his cock respond to the slick wetness of her pussy pressing down on his length. Pure lust ached through him. Pure need wracked him. “I... I won’t...” he managed to whimper.

“But you have,” Rose purred. “So many times. What’s one more? You’ll get another chance. A hero is never out. Just down. Down under me. Under my hot breasts. My slick pussy. Getting fucked and loved and pleased as you whimper and moan. Don’t you want to, lover? Don’t you need to, hero?”

God, he did.

Holy fuck did he ever.

It was this realization that was the worst. That he really did want it. He could feel the yearning in himself to give over to that opportunity. To become her rutting beast. To just

surrender to the pleasure and the moment. A sort of shameless desperation throbbing from his cock and balls.

And her pheromones only made it worse.

Every breath huffed up another pink cloud into his head. Sent another ache of need into his cock. He whimpered in helpless, hopeless arousal. Fuck. Fuck, he needed it. He needed it so badly.

It would be so easy.

So easy to give in.

To stop fighting.

To just enjoy it.

Submit to it.

To her.

It'd be so good.

His body knew it would be so good. Experience ingrained in every fiber of him.

"I... I... can't," he whimpered.

"Of course you can, baby," Rose cooed, her hand moving to the back of his head. "Just... like... this..."

She gave a gentle push, urging him forward.

Urging him in.

In to the softness of her breasts.

A moan escaped Scott as he found himself buried between those huge, heaving breasts.

Smothered between her tits.

Trapped beneath his lover, all of his strength worthless. His body so relaxed. So happy to submit. To be weak. To jolt as another throb raced through him from his needy cock.

Wracked him with desire.

"Just breathe, hero," Rose cooed as she stroked his head. As she rocked her hips and ground herself on his aching cock. "Just breathe in my scent. Just sink. Sink into my tits. Sink into my perfume. Just give up. Just give in to me. It's gonna be so good, baby. Gonna feel so

incredible. Just be mine. My stud. My bimbo. My hot and heavy stud. You're gonna love it. You always love it. Just give in. Just. Give. In."

He groaned in despair, wanting to deny it. Wanting to resist it.

But he knew he couldn't.

Knew he lost.

Knew the moment he'd felt her breasts he couldn't stop from grinding against her.

Rutting against her pussy.

Panting.

Moaning.

Whimpering.

"Good boy," Rose cooed, lifting her hips. Teasing her slit with the twitching tip of his cock. "Gooooood booooy."

And she sank down.

A great groan of bliss escaped him as her inner walls enveloped him. Squeezed him. So perfect. So lovely. So fucking wonderful and good. He moaned, the sound lost in her breasts as she began to bounce.

Bounce.

Bounce.

His face locked between her breasts as she did.

His cock trapped in the wet tightness of her pussy.

"Yes," Rose gasped hotly. "Ohhhh yesss! Fuck, sweet thing. You're... mmf... Oh fuck yes. Come on, hero. Fuck me. Be a good boy and fuck me. Fuck me hard!"

His shaking hands grasped her hips, a part of him wanting to throw her off. Fling her aside. Be free of her temptation.

But that was such a small part.

An unimportant part.

And the rest of him started to bounce her.

Bounce.

Bounce.

Bounce her atop his cock. Fucking her as he panted, inhaling the sweet scent of her perfume. Feeling it stuff and fog his mind. Cloud it. Smother his thoughts much like her breasts smothered his face. He sobbed as he understood the depth of the degradation. What he was doing, but those sobs quickly turned to moans.

To pants.

To desperate, eager rutting as he pounded the villainess like the good super stud he was.

“Oh fuck yesssss!” Rose cried from atop him. “Yes! Yes! Fuck me! Rut me! Cum your dumb bimbo cock in me! Forget it all, hero. Just love me. Love me! Dumb stud! Dumb bimbo! Fuck! Fuck! Yes! Yes! Ohhhh fuuuuuuck!”

He felt her cum. Felt her inner walls tighten and ripple around his cock. With a great moan he thrust upwards a final time and gave in. Surrendered. Gave her everything he had. His cock throbbed as he came. His balls clenched, emptying himself in her with shuddering bursts of pleasure. His mind growing dim. Memories foggy. Fogged by her pheromones. Fogged by her scent.

Sinking him deeper.

Deeper.

Deeper into such wonderful, glorious submission to mistress...

#

The shrill ringing dragged Scott from his weary slumber. He cracked an eye open and winced at the daylight pouring through the window.

He... he was in his bedroom.

It was morning.

He groaned, touching his head. Fuck. He must have been drinking something heavy last night. His head felt so fogged.

But his body felt good.

He heard a moan and he turned his head, his face melting with love when he saw Rose sleeping next to him, the sheets clinging to her curvy frame.

Ah, well. That explained why he felt so wonderful despite being exhausted.

He chuckled, but the ring of his phone called his attention. Wearily, Scott rolled over and dragged it out of his pants. It beeped as he finally answered, cutting off another ring. "Yes?" he grunted.

"Titan! Finally. Listen, The Fiendish Five are robbing the Central City Mall! We need you down here asap."

Scott groaned. Dammit. But duty called. "I'm on my way," he said.

Hanging up, he pushed himself out of bed, grabbing his costume where it had fallen by the wayside last night. No surprise. He felt thoroughly fucked out. If he was feeling this tired, no wonder so much of what happened last night was hazy.

"Mmm. Heading off?"

He looked back at the bed as Rose sat up, smiling contentedly at him, blankets pooling around her waist, her huge breasts revealing themselves like the dawning sun.

Now those he remembered. Scott grinned, a sense of ease and relaxation rolling over him in a warm wave. "The city is in danger," he said. "I have to."

Rose laughed softly, rising out of bed, and for a moment Scott could only stare at her, enraptured by the soft curves that defined her. Her huge, pendulous breasts. Her teasing smile.

"That's my hero," she said.

Hero...

Scott blinked, wavering. Something... something about how she said that tickled a memory in the back of his mind. Something he felt was important but he just couldn't put his finger on.

"R-Rose," he said muzzily. "What..."

"Now now," she cooed, leaning in and kissing his cheek, brushing his hair back. "Don't wait here, sweetie. A hero's work is never done."

Scott blinked, inhaling deeply as she leaned in, her perfume washing over him and instantly soothing his worries. Smoothing those bumps of concern. Relaxing every muscle and thought he had.

He smiled. "You're right," he said happily. "Mustn't delay."

"That's my hero," Rose giggled, leaning back with a knowing look. "Now, get out there, cutie. Sooner you deal with those baddies, sooner you can come home to me. Me," she said, winking as she cupped her breasts and gave them a bounce, "and the girls."

Yes, Scott thought as he mindlessly watched her breasts bounce, his hands distractedly pulling on his costume. Yes. Must be quick. Had to come back to her. He breathed in deeply, relaxing even more as he took in her sweet scent. Yes, he thought as he tugged on his cape. He was a hero.

And a hero never let injustice stand...