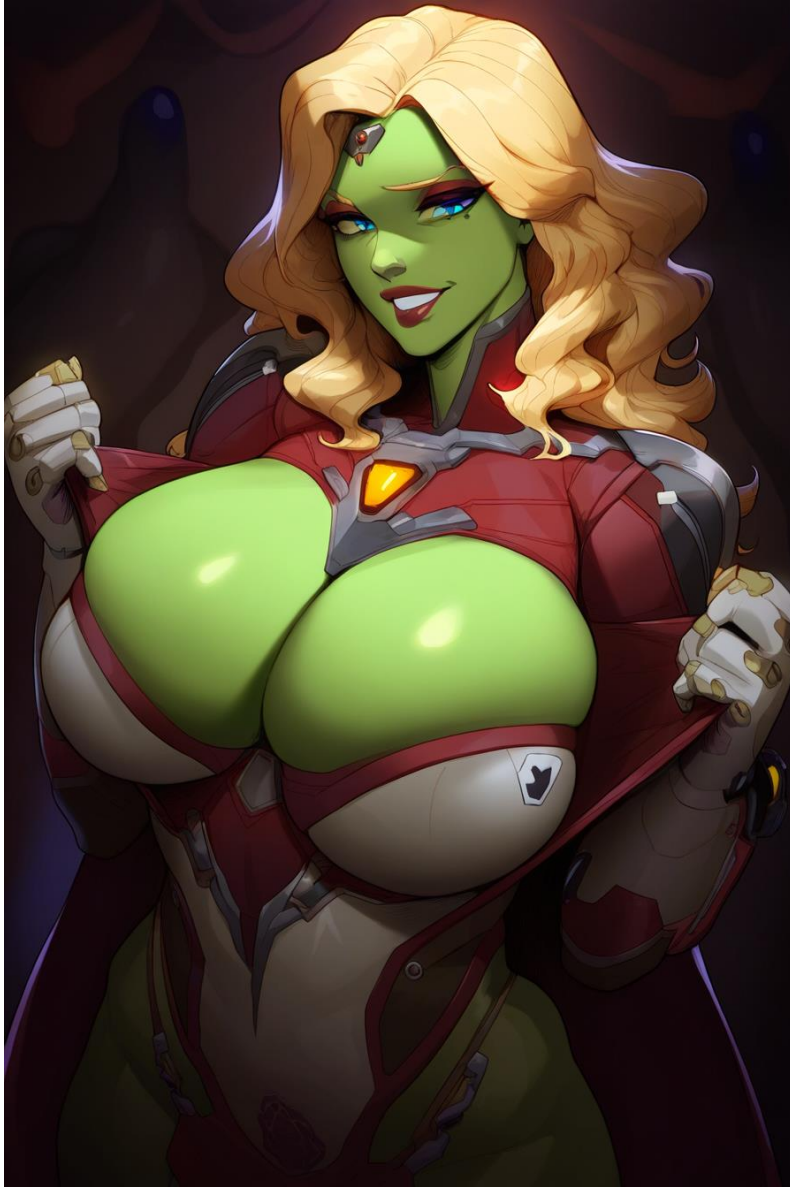




Iron Virtue tapped the microphone, winced as his super hearing picked up the squeal of feedback, then cleared his throat.

“Thank you all for coming,” he declared to the sea of costumed figures spread out across the grand marble floor of the Pillar of Justice’s briefing space/ballroom. “It’s so wonderful to see so many of our fellow costumed heroes come to pay our respects to our new heroes and heroines joining the Society of Justice. It brings me great hope to see so many men and women who personify the virtues of our organization. Of goodness. Of strength and courage against injustice.

“We’ve had a rough year, but with the defeat of Megalomaya, I can feel society truly turning around. And with the induction of so many deserving heroes into our group, I know the future of the world is in good hands. So, I’d like to ask our newest member, Road War, to address everyone here.”

Polite applause came up from the crowd as Iron Virtue stepped aside, making room for the burly Road War in his scrap metal armour. Moving to the back of the stage, crossing his arms, Iron Virtue watched things progress with approval.

"A wonderful speech, Virtue."

He looked sideways in surprise to find his eyes level with a pair of firm, round breasts pressed to dove white fabric. He hastily raised his gaze to a radiantly motherly face, framed by long strands of blonde hair. Taller than him by nearly a head, her skin was a vibrant green and her lips ruby red. She was large, though not fat, instead possessing ample curves that made her the subject of one of the largest superhero fan clubs in the world, along with the tag 'mommy milkers' on a number of message boards.

He smiled and nodded in greeting to the alien heroine. "Milky Way," he said before looking back to the floor. "Thank you. Practice makes perfect."

"Your favourite saying," she said, moving up beside him.

Virtue forced himself not to gawk at her, or show his arousal in her presence. Both difficult things to do. The heroine was unbearably beautiful, but he had firmed himself against getting caught up by such a beauty. "True though," he noted.

She laughed throatily. "Very. I give my daughters the same advice whenever I can. And thank you, Virtue, for bringing them into the Society of Justice."

Virtue's eyes wandered to the two girls in question, though girl was putting a stretch on it. The Society of Justice had a strict policy of not recruiting minors, meaning one needed to be eighteen to join, and the two below had only just reached that. They were managing the open bar, both young heroines crowded by heroes and heroines, and for obvious reasons besides free alcohol. Both were as beautiful as their mother, though in a different way, possessing the attractiveness which only the ripeness of flowering womanhood could possess.

Tauria was blonde and as hefty in the chest as her mother. She wore a cowbell and her costume sported a rounded hole at the top to give a teasing glimpse of her cleavage. Evidently the sweeter of the sisters, her brown eyes were warm and her smile affable as she chatted with another sidekick, even as she slid a cup of booze into his hand.

Desiree was slightly smaller than her sister in the chest department, but had an ass to die for. Her tight leotard-like costume formed a V of fabric that barely covered her breasts, and some of the younger heroes she'd zeroed in on were having a very hard time enduring her teasing, yet couldn't seem to stay away, gulping down their drinks in order to have an excuse to chat her up some more.

"I'm sure they'll be wonderful assets to the cause of hope and justice in the world," Virtue observed.

"Of course. I raised them well," Milky Way said, her chest puffing up a bit with pride. Which was not doing Virtue's efforts not to stare any favours.

He cleared his throat instead. "Still, I'm surprised they volunteered to run the bar."

"I do try and teach my girls the virtues of helping others. 'To serve the people' is the Society's motto, after all."

He nodded in approval. "That it is. And they're certainly popular. I think they've had to take away that keg to fill it up five times now. What was it you're serving anyway?"

"A special drink from our homeworld," Milky Way said, her eyes sparkling. "Very popular there as well. We use it for our celebrations to the goddess. Seemed appropriate we bring it."

"I'm not seeing any complaints. Ah," Virtue said as he saw Road War wrapping up his address. "Looks like the speeches are over. Finally. I'd better head back to my office."

"Already?" Milky Way said with some amusement. "There is more to life than work, Virtue."

"Justice can't sleep," he said automatically.

"Yes, yes. I know," Milky Way said, her hand resting on his shoulder and giving him a gentle squeeze. "But I keep telling you, you need to relax now and then. Nothing wrong with it."

Virtue tried to repress the shiver of delight that rushed through him at her touch. "Maybe some other time..."

"Of course," Milky Way said, patting him affectionately. "Later."

Virtue nodded, trying not to think too hard about how much he wanted to stay and feel her hands elsewhere on him. Forcing down the reluctance, he pulled away and headed to the elevator.

And never saw the way the alien heroine licked her lips as she watched him depart, and lazily stroked her plump, ample breast.

#

Red Robin was starting to wonder about the party.

Things seemed... off to the young hero. Admittedly, it was his first year attending the festivities at the Pillar of Justice. Newly recruited, he'd been looking forward to showing what an unpowered hero could do. Investigation was his real strength, and maybe it was just him, but he felt like these sorts of official events weren't usually so...

Well, to put it simply, horny.

He maneuvered across the floor, casting glances around. He wasn't the world's greatest detective or anything, but he spotted more than a few heroes and heroines not just flirting, but practically making out.

In fact, that was exactly what was happening with Silken Steel and Hammertime. He tried not to stare as the svelte heroine fairly wrapped herself around the heavily built hero, her arms around his neck, one leg about his waist as she practically humped him.

Red Robin looked about uneasily. There was something very wrong happening here. And he was pretty sure he had a good idea on the source...

Subtly, the newly minted hero watched as the bar continued to hand out drinks, the two heroines running it doing fantastic business. As far as he could tell, every hero currently in the process of creating the beast with two backs had at least one glass of the strange drink with them. Red Robin raised his own to his nose and gave a quick whiff. Potent stuff, but no liquor he'd ever tried. He gave it a delicate sip but didn't detect any poisons. At least, none that he was familiar with. Though, the creamy texture was a little... unusual.

Very strange...

Subtly, he hovered near the bar, watching as the large keg was steadily drawn down. He shifted when Tauria removed it and hurried into the back room to refill it.

Perfect.

Red Robin had always been proud of his stealth skills. And for good reason, considering he was dressed in a glaringly red and black suit, but he didn't need to try particularly hard this time. Desiree was quite busy flirting with some other heroes while she waited for her sister to return. Taking advantage of that, Red Robin subtly moved after Tauria, slipped behind the counter and through the door.

Gloom met him within. The kitchen was dark as he softly shut the door behind him, peering about. He didn't see Tauria, but he did hear something from deeper inside. Making no more noise than a shadow he moved towards the sound. It almost sounded like...

Mooing?

The door to the pantry was partly open, and he quickly zeroed in on it being the source of the sound. As he drew nearer he could hear Tauria panting. Stopping by the pantry, Red Robin very quietly eased it open a bit more, peeked inside.

And stared.

Tauria was within, sitting cross legged on the floor. Nestled between her legs was the keg, the lid screwed off and sitting on a shelf. The alien's lovely face was rapturous, her costume shoved down around her waist, and her breasts were in her hands.

Hands that were squeezing.

Pumping.

Bouncing.

Massaging her heaving teats, moans escaping the gorgeous alien as milk spurted from her and into the keg.

"Ohhhh yesssss," she moaned happily, nibbling on her plump lower lip as another burst of cream spurted into the tank, gushing as it quickly swirled and filled with the intoxicating brew.

"Holy fuck," Red Robin breathed.

"I know. She's so productive."

Red Robin whirled about, a robin dart instantly in his hand, ready to throw.

Looming over him, Desiree glanced at his weapon, smirked as she folded her arms under her own ample chest. "Really?"

"Stay back," he warned.

"Anything you say, handsome."

"G-good," Robin said. Her jerked his head at the doorway. "What are you two doing? What's going on here?"

Desiree smirked, a look of benign amusement on her lovely face. "Why, what else? Our drinks have been so popular, we needed to refill them. Nothing particularly complicated."

"Refill them! You mean... all this night..." Robin gasped.

Desiree giggled. "Oh yeah," she breathed, one hand rising, cupping one of her own plump teats and giving it a lazy squeeze through the taut fabric of her costume. "So many drinks down those silly super's throats. They just couldn't get enough. And all that sexual tension swirling around here? I mean, it was inevitable. We just gave them a little... push!"

"Why?" Robin demanded. "What nefarious reason?"

Desiree cocked her head. "Nefarious?" she said, then giggled again. "You're so silly. We aren't, like, out to conquer the world or anything."

"Wh-what? Then-"

"We just wanted our own studs," Desiree cooed as she lazily squeezed her breasts together, nearly making them pop out of her top. "Us Lactians don't have males of our own, but when we found out about the ones you humans have been hoarding, we just had to get some. And you supers are always so firm. So strong. Such perfect specimens of male sexiness, how could we resist? And sure, the other girls will be all over those boys too, but heck! We don't mind sharing. And having a harem of supers to finally satisfy us is going to be so good."

"Y-you're insane!" Robin gasped, backing up. "I won't let you!"

Desiree laughed throatily, which made her bust bounce in a very distracting way. "That's so cute! You think you can. But tell me something, hero. How many drinks have you had tonight?"

"I... O-only one o-or two," he said defensively.

"Really? Ooooh, that's no good," Desiree cooed, grasping the front of her costume. "You deserve way more..."

She suddenly pulled, and Robin's eyes nearly bulged from his mask as the full heft of her green breasts spilled into view. Firm. Flawless. Bigger than watermelons and equally firm. Filled with a youthful bounce and a sloshing that made him harden in his now very apparently tight pants.

Desiree cooed at the sight. "Mmm. There we go. I knew you wanted a sip of my cream."

"S-stay back," Robin cried, retreating several steps before suddenly hitting a wall.

"Now why would you say that when it's so obvious you want me to come closer?" Desiree crooned, lazily striding towards him, her hips swinging, her breasts swaying as she smirked down at him. "Look at you. Such a cute hero. You know? I've had my eye on you. So muscular. So daring and brave and sweet. I just couldn't wait to have you between my big tits, sucking me dry as you fuck me hard."

"I... I..."

"Go on," Desiree breathed, suddenly so close, her breasts a mere inch from him, her nipples plump, needy, and... and dear God, he could see a bead of cream moisten them. "Gimme a suckle. Be my hero... and save me from being so... pent up."

Robin shuddered, a wave of desire rushing through him. Weakness quivering in him, radiating a warmth that was impossible to deny. He couldn't look away from those breasts wobbling before his eyes. Teasingly inching closer. Closer. It would be so easy. Just open his mouth, take it between his lips and... and...

But... but he had to resist. He couldn't give in that easily. Even as he felt his strength waver, drawn down into the throbbing thickness of his cock. His mouth so dry. His pants rasping.

Even as he felt Desiree's hand reach out and grasp the back of his head.

Ease him forward.

Into the warmth of her breast.

The firmness.

And then...

Then...

He just... couldn't anymore...

It was almost an accident. As Desiree cooed and rubbed his face against her breast, he realized his lips had started to kiss them. His hands risen to sink into the warm softness of her titflesh.

And when he brushed against a nipple, he didn't think. Just latched on, and gave a gentle... needy...

Suck.

"Mooooooo!" Desiree moaned in glorious pleasure, a sentiment echoed by Robin as a burst of thick cream flooded his mouth, drowning his tongue and forcing him to swallow. He shuddered as that sweet, addictive warmth rushed down his throat and into his stomach. As languid, wonderful, heady pleasure flooded him with endorphins and surrender.

His hands lost their uncertainty, growing more fawning. Adoring. His moan thrumming in his throat as he greedily milked and pumped the gorgeous alien, every gulp of cream filling him with new strength. Every spurt sinking his thoughts.

And that was before he felt her hand on his crotch.

“Oh baby,” Desiree gasped, burying him deeper under her cleavage as she pushed him against the wall, nearly smothering the young hero. “That’s it. Fuck. Milk me. You heroes... mmm... so much sssstamina. Oh fuck. Been wanting this for so long, baby. Gonna be mine. Gonna finally... ah... finally be mine...”

Robin didn’t argue. Didn’t resist. In fact, he eagerly thrust forward, rubbing his bulging crotch against her hand as she fumbled him. Teasing him. Stroking him. A throaty groan escaped him as he felt her finally open the front of his costume, his cock fairly bursting out and into the cool air. Well, cool until Desiree’s hand grasped him, making him grunt and whimper as she began to stroke him.

“So big,” Desiree breathed. “Oh baby, you’re so big. Big for me. Mmm. Keep drinking, baby. Keep it up. Going to make you even bigger. Thicker. Hotter. Oh fuck. Oh fuuuuuck. Can’t... can’t hold back anymore. I gotta... gotta have you baby. Just... mn... just gotta.”

Robin offered no argument. He couldn’t think of one. Any reason this might be wrong or should stop had long ago vanished in his mind. Buried under a sea of cream and lust that begged for satisfaction. And Desiree was offering that. Gladly giving it to him.

He felt her push in closer. Felt her guide his cock towards the slick folds of her hot pussy. He pushed towards it, moaning as he felt his manhood sink into the velvety softness of her depths. The ecstasy as she tightened around him, her breasts wobbling with a needy gasp.

“Ohhhh,” the alien moaned. “Oh yessss! Good boy. Oh fuck yes, good boy.”

Robin whimpered helplessly, far beyond resistance. Beyond caring. Beyond thinking of anything but how good it felt to have her hot pussy massaging his cock, sucking him into her as he began to furiously thrust home.

“Give it to me, baby,” Desiree gasped, pressing him beneath her tits so hard he could barely breathe. “Give it to me! Cum for me, cutie. Cum those silly brains out. Cum for mistress. Cum for... for... meeee!”

Those last words were wailed in pleasure, escaping her in a sweet cry of naked ecstasy as her pussy tightened deliciously around his cock, milking him in sharp, glorious bursts of orgasmic bliss. Robin cried out, the sound muffled by the mounds of titflesh pressing down on him, his cock throbbing as he came in shameless gushes, pumping into the hungry depths of the busty alien’s pussy.

He found himself floating, every spurt of his cock seeming to suck away his thoughts. His mind. The lingering uncertainty of resistance and pleasure as he gave in to sweet surrender. He moaned, uncaring, unaware of what was happening. Only how good it felt. How full he was.

How much he loved mistress’s milky tits.

“Oooh, looks like you found a plaything sis.”

Robin heard Desiree giggle. “Sure did. Which means I’m taking my break.”

“Making me do all the work as usual, huh? Fine. But when I find myself a big, buff stud, you’re on table duty.”

“You got it,” Desiree crooned, stroking Robin’s head as he lazily gulped and mindlessly pumped into the gorgeous alien, all thought of resistance and battle utterly gone. Only happiness remained.

Only the cream.

Only Desiree...

#

Milky Way smirked as she watched the room descend into debauchery. Everywhere she looked, heroes and heroines were embracing. Stripping down. Lips were locked and bodies ground against each other. More than a few had pulled away into side rooms, but many didn’t even bother with that, rutting with each other right on the floor.

Milky Way sighed happily, the waves of emotional bliss washing over her in a pleasant tide. It was so easy. But then, get enough people of peak physical perfection an unresolved drama together, and was it really a surprise?

Though, they had needed a little... nudge.

And speaking of.

Setting aside her cup, adjusting her costume, Milky Way turned and slipped out of the room, shutting the door behind her. She knew where Iron Virtue would be, of course, and headed straight there, taking the elevator up to the Watch Post.

Ah, Iron Virtue.

She shivered, her immense breasts wobbling as she hugged herself. How long she’d waited for this chance. How hard it had been to hold herself back. But there would be no more of that. There was no need. Now was the time to show him the future.

And it was bright indeed.

The elevator slowed, binged, and the doors slid open, revealing a vast room of monitors, maps, and blinking computers. From this room, heroes could be called and deployed all over the world to respond to disasters, threats, and villain menaces wherever they were needed.

Milky Way smiled at the sight of Iron Virtue inside, bent over a large table in the middle of the room, his eyes searching the projection for threats to people and liberty. Such a hard worker, she mused. Never a day off.

He lifted his head at the sound of the elevator and a smile touched his lips at the sight of her. “Milky Way,” he said, straightening. “What are you doing up here?”

“I could say the same about you,” she remarked, striding into the room, her immense breasts faintly bouncing in her tight top, instantly drawing Virtue’s eyes. Milky Way hid her smile.

“Yes, well,” Virtue laughed, hastily looking away from her chest. “Crime doesn’t rest.”

“And neither do you,” Milky Way said, stopping on the other side of the table, leaning over as if scrutinizing it, but really to give the hero a fantastic glimpse at her bust. She stole a glance at him and

smiled wider as he stared in awe at her cleavage. "Such a shame," she purred, her voice seeming to vibrate in the air.

Virtue looked up, but it took him a bit longer that time. "What is?"

"You must get so very tired of it," Milky Way said, cocking her shoulder, her breasts wobbling.

"Oh, well, I..."

"Always the hero. Always working so hard. So very hard. Trying to save so many people and poor souls down there. And never taking a break. Never accepting a reward."

"Doing the right thing is its own reward," Virtue said, the words coming easily off his tongue. But his eyes... oh, his eyes were utterly glued to her chest. She saw his nostrils flare, inhale her pheromone laden perfume. Her smile deepened.

"So they say," Milky Way breathed, straightening, her breasts bouncing.

Wobbling.

Straining her costume as she began to lazily stride around the table. "But I find that tangible rewards are good too."

Virtue swallowed hard, and she saw the beginning of a flush in his face as he breathed in heavily. "D-do you?"

"Of course. And you do so much for this world, Virtue. You work so very hard. It seems so unfair you never get a break. Never get to relax. Never get... to just... take it easy..."

"I'm... I'm not sure I..."

"Understand?" Milky Way giggled. "Oh Virtue, surely you must have noticed how much attention I've been giving you? Those subtle looks? Those needy stares. Surely you must have realized how much... I want you..."

Virtue gave a start, as if just realizing she was in front of him when she stopped moving. She was taller than him. Always had been. But for the first time he seemed aware of the fact. Aware of her. Of how big she was. How soft.

How lovely...

His eyes trailed up her body, almost needing to be physically forced off her chest and to her face. "M-Milky Way, I... Well, I wasn't... ignorant of that, of course. But, well... fraternizing with fellow heroes... it's frowned on and never works out well..."

"I don't think we'll need to worry about that anymore," Milky Way breathed, reaching up, teasing the connector of her costume.

"M-Milky, I-"

"Yes," Milky Way breathed as she slid the zipper down, her immense green breasts fairly spilling out of the slit in the fabric, bouncing with heft and sloshing with volume. "I am milky, Virtue. So very

heavy... and milky... and rich with cream. Wonderful cream. And since I first arrived on this planet, I've been looking for a man to milk me. To make me his. To be able to handle me and how badly I need to breed."

"B-breed!" Virtue gasped, his face even redder.

"Yes. Because that's the problem with your heroes," Milky Way cooed, cupping her chest, gently kneading the plump orbs, beads of milk drooling from her dark nipples. "There's so few of you. We need more. So many more. That's why my daughters and I are going to help. We're going to turn the Society of Justice into a breeding house. A nursery. We're going to fill it with superpowered children and make sure there's more than enough heroes to handle any threat. Studs and breeders rutting in a new generation of supers every day."

"Th-this is a joke, right? Milky Way, I..."

"I'm not joking," she moaned, leaning in, planting her hands on either side of him, trapping him between her and the table, her eyes lidded, hot, dark with passion and need and alien desire and purpose. "Every superheroine will become a fertile breeder and every hero a handsome stud. They'll still fight crime, but all the while preparing more. So many more heroes. And my daughters and I will tend to those darling children. Because ours will be there too. My daughters have already chosen their studs."

"And I," Milky Way breathed, her hand rising, touching his chin, tilting his head so he was staring into her eyes, "have chosen mine."

She saw his mouth open, try and form words, and despite the fact that the man before her could crush boulders with his bare hands, he made no move to push her away. To force her back. She could sense the heat of desire in him, and her soul thrilled that even now, even so close to her, he still tried to fight it. Tried to think and reason. Goddess but she wanted him even more.

"You... this... that's insane," Virtue finally managed to gasp. "You couldn't possibly..."

"But I can. I have," Milky Way purred as her hands rose, touched his costume, deftly finding the hidden connectors and undoing them, peeling the blue bodysuit off him, fairly drooling at the toned, muscular flesh revealed. "I've been priming the entire Society since I arrived. Especially you."

"M-me?"

"Oh yes. My daughters are still young, and need their milk to truly put a hero under. But not me. You see, Virtue, when I told you my powers were invulnerability and super strength, I may have lied a teensy bit. I have another power."

"A-another?"

"Oh yes," Milky Way repeated throatily as she moved over him, her presence crowding him. Her beauty enrapturing him. "My empath powers allow me to key into the emotional state of those near me, but I can't affect them. Unless, of course, I'm touching them. Like with a kiss. Or with my big... breasts..."

She arched above him, and his breath caught as he beheld the immensity of her bust. Overwhelmed by it.

Enthralled by it.

"Yes," Milky Way cooed as she reached down, took his hands, drew them up and pressed them to the green globes of her breasts. Virtue said nothing, his eyes glued in shock as his hands began to reflexively squeeze and massage her perfect tits. Bounce and knead the soft orbs of flawless flesh. "Oh goddess yesssss. I've been prepping you since the day we met, Virtue. I've been priming you to love me. Adore me. Fuck and mate me like I'm your beautiful breeder bitch. You have no idea, Virtue, how hard it was. How hard it's been not to press you down and pump you full of my cream until you were pumping me full of your cum.

"But I wanted the man," she continued, her hands coming to his head, tilting it back so he looked at her. So he would see the sincerity in her eyes. "I wanted you. All of you. I wanted you to know. To see what I was doing. To understand and give in all the same. To realize that you want this. Want to fuck and breed me. Want to mate me until I scream and cum. Take me all night every night. To be able to rest in the arms and massive breasts of your gorgeous alien bride.

"So come to me, Virtue," Milky Way breathed, leaning down, her soft lips forming every syllable, her breath hot and tantalizing and scented in ways that made the hero's cock throb in the tight confines of what remained of his costume. "Come to me. And breed me. Hard."

His mouth opened again, but she could already see it. See the knowledge settle in him. The realization that he did want it. That he dreamed of it. That he'd always wanted what she offered but never dared take. She saw this, and her heart fairly burst with adoration for the hero.

Then she kissed him.

Felt him taste her intoxicating saliva.

And melt.

Virtue moaned, a sound of mingled despair and delight as he recognized the same. She groaned as he began to pump her breasts with greater urgency. No longer holding back. His tongue dancing with hers before she pushed into his mouth, tasting him, fairly devouring him in her urgency to have him.

Hers.

All hers.

Forever hers.

All her hard work, her patience, all of it coming to fruition. She pushed him down onto the table screen, the holograms of the world blinking, fading, shorting out as she fairly tore his costume off him. She broke the kiss, rising up, soft and curvy and perfect as she looked down at his powerful frame, naked beneath her, panting with desire.

"Goddess," she breathed, climbing onto the table, straddling his hips. "Our children will be so beautiful. So powerful. Goddess," she gasped, yanking off what remained of her costume, baring the full glory of her green curves. "Goddess, I want you, Virtue. Do you want me? Do you want to fuck me? To breed me?"

"Yes," Virtue gasped, the word escaping in almost a mumble of awe.

"Do it every night? Every day? Every free moment having you inside me?"

"Yes!" his reply came, more urgent. More true.

Milky Way shuddered with delight. "I love you," she breathed.

And went to prove it.

She kissed him again. Hard. Drowning him in her passion. Her breasts mashed against his chest, milk spurting onto him and the screen. His powerful hands gripped her teats, and she moaned as he pumped and massaged her. She lifted her hips, her hand going down between them, finding his cock. She shivered in ecstasy as she felt its warmth. Its length. Its throbbing heft. Finally in her hand. As wonderful as she'd imagined it. She aligned it with herself, rocked forward.

And took it deep inside.

"Mmmmm," Milky Way moaned, her eyes lidding, her body trembling.

"Mnnn!" Virtue cried out under her, jolting as the sweet heat of her pussy enveloped him.

Her body moved automatically. Rocking atop him. Riding his cock. Bouncing on him and driving his manhood deep into her tight depths. Oh goddess. Oh goddess it was so perfect! She felt her soul sing as they kissed and stroked one another. Touching and adoring each other's body in an ecstasy of pleasure.

"Virtue," she gasped when she had to breathe.

"Milky," he moaned as he rutted up into her.

She felt her climax nearing. Every time his human cock plunged into her she felt herself come closer to that peak. She bounced atop him more urgently, the force of their mating cracking the screen under them, shorting it out with a crackle. Fuck it. She'd fix it later. She'd make them a love nest in her quarters and never let him leave until he'd fucked another daughter into her. It would be perfect. So perfect. Just the thought... just the thought and... and...

"Yesssssss!" she cried, breaking the kiss, arching atop him as she came, her inner walls clamping down on his cock, squeezing him in glorious climax.

"Loooooove youuuuu!" Virtue howled, his hands clutching her thighs as if to anchor himself to sanity as he came, his cock throbbing, pulsing, unloading a hot burst of pure pleasure right into her clutching pussy.

Milky Way felt like she was going mad. The sheer pleasure of feeling his cum bathe her molten womb made her melt with delight. Quiver with ecstasy, her breasts wobbling with her ragged panting as her pussy milked his cock.

She rode out her orgasm, relishing it. But even better, she thrilled as she felt him twitch within her, and knew that he wasn't done.

"Goddess," she breathed, rising off him, moving backwards until she was kneeling on the floor.

Iron Virtue sat up groggily, his eyes misty with pleasure, his legs over the side of the table so he was sitting up. The perfect position for her to grasp his cock and gently stroke it.

“Ohhh,” the superhero groaned, looking down at her. “What...”

“You’ve still got energy to go,” she said, winking as she half rose, cradling her breasts. “Let me get you ready for it.”

“Wha... Mnnnn!” the superhero gasped as she pressed her breasts around his cock, the slick softness enveloping him as she began to bounce her titlesh around him.

“Feel you getting hard again, Virtue,” Milky Way breathed, her eyes glowing in excitement as the hero’s shaft thickened between her breasts. “Feel you getting all hard and hot and ready to fuck me again. Knew you’d be perfect. Be able to keep up. So strong and horny for me.”

“F-fuck. Milky Way, I... I ah...”

“Are my big, soft breasts good, darling?” Milky Way asked teasingly, stealing glances at his face. “Do my big tits make you want to cum again and again? Fuck me raw and hard and make me scream as you breed me?”

“Yes. Oh fuck yes!” Virtue gasped.

Milky Way giggled, rising, her breasts dragging off his cock with a wobble of ample flesh. Turning about, she planted herself atop the table, pushing out her glorious soft rear. “Then do it,” she breathed. “Mount me. Plow me. Fuck me and breed me, Virtue. Make me yours. All yours...”

She could see his love for her in his eyes as he heaved himself off the table, as if hypnotized by the sway of her ass. And in a way, he was. Drunk on her perfume. Overwhelmed by the empathic throb of her lust for him. He couldn’t resist. Couldn’t stop. He needed to fuck her. She could feel it radiating off him in pulses of desire.

She crooned as his strong hands dug into the soft flesh of her hips. As the tip of his cock rubbed against her slick entrance.

“Give it to me hard, darling,” she breathed. “I can take it.”

She felt the flexing of his fingers at those words. The leaping of his pulse. The excitement. No woman could handle his full strength. No woman could bring him to such heights of pleasure and take the unvarnished might of his cock.

But she could.

She would.

And she did.

She moaned as her hero thrust into her, filling her again with a stroke. His hips slapped off the soft curves of her ass as Virtue began to rut into her, moaning in passion. Panting as he fucked her frantically. Eagerly. Desperately. Every jolt of his hips growing surer. More driven to mate her and breed her. She could feel it. Feel him devoting himself to his new purpose. A hero, yes. But a husband. A mate.

Hers.

All hers!

“Yesssss!” Milky Way cried in ecstasy, clinging to the console as Virtue fucked her against it, the metal groaning and buckling under the force of their mating, milk spurting from her shameless nipples. “Don’t stop! Don’t... ah... mnnnn stop! Breed me, Virtue. Breed me again and again! Fuck me full! Fuck me stupid! Fuck me. Fuck me! Fuck meeeee!”

“Love... love... L-love youuuuu!” Virtue howled, hiltling in her a final time, filling her with the iron thickness of his cock before he came again, filling her anew with the hot gushes of his seed.

Milky Way cried in ecstasy as her womb drank his cum. Sucked him dry. As he pumped her full with hot, heavy pulses of his cock. Her own orgasm consumed her as he came. Washed over her in a rush of sweetest ecstasy as she took his superior seed. Euphoria filled her. Knowing she’d done it. Years of work, of waiting, all paying off. No villain succeeded in conquering the heroes. But with love she had. With love she triumphed.

Love.

Love giving her him.

Her husband.

Her super powered breeder stud...