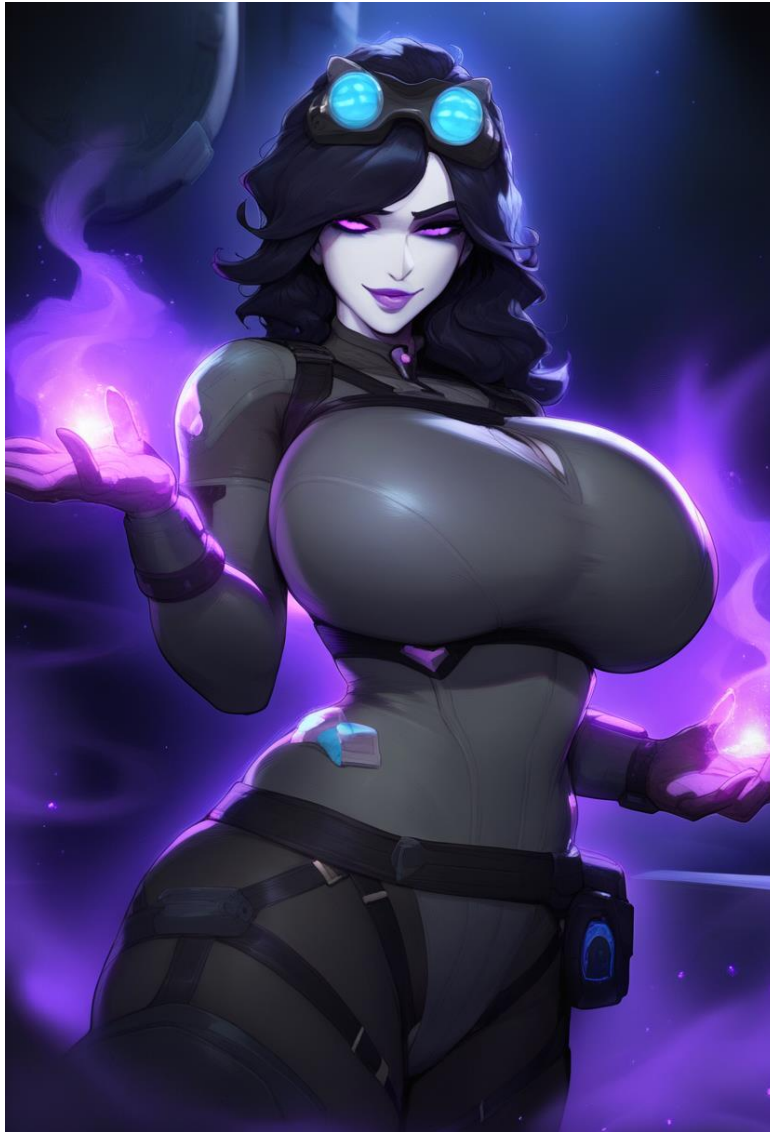


A Mesmerizing New Year



God, it was so easy, it should've been illegal.

Oh, wait. It was.

Not that she was surprised it was easy. After all, she was the Marvelous Madame Mesmer! Villainess extra ordinaire! Gorgeous seductress without compare! She flicked her dark hair over her shoulder, her form fitting black costume clinging to her gorgeous and generous curves, a window cut in the bust revealing the teasing valley of her breasts, the goggles pushed back on her forehead only accenting her beautiful face. Honestly, she probably could have

gotten the vault open just by flashing her tits. But hey! If you had mind control powers, then why not use them?

And she did love using them.

She laughed throatily as the dead-eyed bank guard finished unlocking the vault and stepped back. "Good boy!" she said mockingly, patting his bald head as she strode past him. The guard shuddered with pleasure, and she gave him a quick mental spike of endorphins to lay him out in blissful unconsciousness. After all, she didn't need him anymore.

Stepping inside, her eyes panned about the interior of the vault, taking in the dozens of safety deposit boxes all on the walls. All hers now.

"What a way to start a new year!" she giggled, snapping her fingers. Her two henchmen hurried past her and started yanking the boxes out of their slots, pouring their contents into bags.

She strutted past her goons, heading deeper into the vault. A few streets over she knew the crowds would be chanting, cheering on and getting ready for the countdown to midnight. A radio on the guard's desk attested to this, playing a crackling live feed from the celebration, and normally Mesmer would be all over that shit. Nothing beat getting absolutely railed by some rich, brainwashed idiot while in his pent house, watching the big ball descend to ring in the new year. Then she'd fuck off in the morning with the contents of his safe, all while her latest plaything soaked in a literally mind-melting afterglow. But tonight was also the perfect time for a robbery. All the goody goody heroes would be too distracted by the crowds and keeping them safe to stop her.

Not that she was afraid of heroes. No. Not at all. But you know, why take the chance? She was far too pretty to go to jail. And even if she did, she'd, naturally, be running the place within ten minutes. But freedom had so many more appealing things. Like beaches and good wine and masseuses who could really help with her back pain.

"Fuck!" Mesmer giggled as she ripped open a safe deposit box and grabbed a fistful of the jewels stuffing it. "I am amazing!"

"An amazing criminal!"

Mesmer whirled, heart flying into her throat as she saw a man float into the vault. Her eyes flicked up and down him. Ho mama, what a stud! She had to fight not to drool over the sight of those spandex-defined abs, and she just knew that costume hid a bulge that was worth staring at. Tightly combed blonde hair, a cape, and even a banner of a big shield plastered on his broad, powerful chest.

What a beef cake!

Unfortunately, she couldn't completely enjoy that feast of the eyes because she knew only too well she was looking at a goddam superhero.

"Fuck!" Mesmer swore. "How the hell did you find me?"

"The silent alarm pinged when you forced the door," the hero said.

"There was a silent alarm?"

The hero gave her a flat look. "You're not a very good villain, are you?"

"Hey!" Mesmer snapped, drawing herself up, breasts wobbling in her latex-tight top. "I am a brilliant villain! And who are you to talk anyway?"

The hero smirked, hands on his hips. "I'm Knightguard! Hero of our fair city!"

"Never heard of you."

His grin faltered a little. "I'm new," he informed her brusquely.

Mesmer snorted. "Yeah? Well, you're also done," she said, looking to her henchmen. "What are you morons waiting for? Shoot him!"

The pair jumped and grabbed their weapons. Mesmer rolled her eyes. Fucking idiots. Good help was soooo hard to brainwash these days. The pair ratcheted their machine guns and opened fire.

Knightguard just raised an eyebrow and pushed out his chest.

With a chattering roar a rain of bullets hammered him, only to ping off his body and around the vault. Mesmer shrieked, ducking under the metal table as her minions quickly ceased fire, the last few bullets embedding themselves in the safety boxes.

"My turn," Knightguard said, suddenly shooting forward. He seized the weapon of one of the henchmen and crushed it like paper mâché.

"Oh shit," the goon gasped seconds before Knightguard grabbed him and his partner by the heads and cracked them together. Mesmer winced as the pair slumped to the floor of the vault.

Crap.

Rising warily, Mesmer scowled at the hero, who just smirked at her and held out his hand. "Now," he said. "Are you going to come quietly?"

Mesmer snorted. Joke was on him. She never did anything quietly. Especially not coming.

Besides, the real fight started now.

“Why?” she asked, pushing out her chest, smirking. “So you can take advantage of me?”

Knightguard blinked. “I... beg your pardon?” he said.

“Oh yes, I know only too well how this works,” Mesmer said with a lazy flick of her fingers, her heels clicking as she rounded the table, her pendulous hips rocking with every step. “You heroes take down the gorgeous villainess, then make the offer that if they suck you off you’ll let them ‘escape’ into the night. I’ve seen it before.”

“What?” Knightguard demanded, looking genuinely affronted. “I’d never-”

“Or you’re the type,” Mesmer continued as she strutted towards him, her voice dropping to a low, throaty hum, her eyes glowing as her powers seeped towards his mind, “to get into this business for the specific reason of fighting us gorgeous, sexy, bad girls in the hope of getting a chance to grope these big... fat... milker tits of ours. Hm?”

Mesmer smirked, crossing her arms under her breasts, hefting them up with a wobble. She caught his eyes flick down to them quickly before going back to her face. Ha. Knew it.

“I would never do something like... that,” Knightguard declared. “Now, are you going to surrender?”

“And if I don’t? What are you gonna do, hm?” Mesmer asked, her voice dropping further. Becoming a sultry purr that seemed to thrum in the air. “You going to manhandle me? Grab me and throw me down? Press your big... muscular body against me and fill your hands with my big... heavy... tits...?”

Again his eyes flicked down to her chest. Again Mesmer breathed deep. Let it out. Let her breasts bounce subtly on her chest.

She saw his adam’s apple bob.

“I’d never do... that,” he said roughly.

“Oh! So you’re not going to take me to jail?” Mesmer asked slyly.

He glared at her, blinking a bit to try and clear his fogging mind. “That’s not what I meant.”

“So you are going to grab a handful of my massive breasts? Oh you dog you! Not that I can blame you. Look at these girls. Men just... fall for them.”

"That's not... You know what I meant," Knightguard snapped.

"Do I?" Mesmer asked innocently, her words humming with psychic power. Wrapping around Knightguard's mind as she swayed before him. Her control seeping into his thoughts like a poison fog. "Because to be honest, it sounds like you're just suuuuper confused. Not too surprising. Men can get so dumb around me. It's my tits, you see. Men just get so horny they can't think straight!"

"I find that doubtful," Knightguard growled, though his eyes lingered on her breasts now. Watching them rise and fall.

Rise.

And fall.

"Yeah?" Mesmer asked breathily. "You don't love my tits? Then are you an ass man?" she asked, turning about, spanking a hand against her luscious rear. "A leg man?" she asked, bending over and stroking her thigh. "C'mon, hero," she said, glancing back at him with a smirk. "What gets the good guy's rocks off?"

Knightguard stared at her, his mouth open, lips twitching like he was struggling to find the words to refute her. Mesmer smiled wider.

"Well?" Mesmer cooed, her voice growing deeper as she straightened and turned around, moving lazily. Sensually. Her voice growing stronger. Resonating with a thrum of psychic power as she brushed his mind with compulsion. "Aren't you gonna arrest me, hero? Or... maybe you wanted to do something else to me?" she said, planting her ass against the steel table and throwing her shoulders back and chest out. "Maybe this whole... hero business was just a way to find a girl like me, hm? A girl with big.... heavy... breasts. A girl who knows what she wants. A girl who loves a hot, studly hero who can't resist a pair of tits. Who finds them just... enchanting. Just... enthralling. A hero who just... can't... stop himself from grabbing a handful and giving them a squeeeeeeze."

The way she lingered on that word stroked his mind in a sinful caress. She could feel the steely defences of truth, justice, and all that other bullshit bend under the physical desire for her. Crack as her mental powers squeezed his brain with hot lust. It wasn't even that hard. Men couldn't help but want her. And that was always the way in. The way to unlock them. Men were all slaves to their cocks. Unable to resist the allure of a gorgeous girl in tight latex. Her smirk widened. Her eyes glowed as she pressed her powers, massaging his mind. Stirring his thoughts to a confused lather of arousal, hormones, and hot primal lust.

"Go on," she breathed, smirking. "Take off that costume, hot stuff. Show me if those abs are rubber or true to life."

"You..." Knightguard breathed, stepping forward.

"Yeah?" Mesmer cooed, smirking as she leaned in.

"You're..."

'Uh huh," Mesmer breathed, shaking her shoulders so her breasts bounced and wobbled.

"You're... under arrest!"

Mesmer's grin dropped. "Huh?"

Knightguard grabbed her by the shoulders and slammed her back onto the table, making her start. Fuck! Was he resisting her powers? She looked into his eyes and saw the pink highlights that showed her psychic influence. She relaxed. No. No, it was working. But he was still resisting. Stupid dogooders. Fine then. It looked like she needed to bring out the big guns.

Mesmer pushed her hips forward and her crotch smacked against the hard bulge in his costume.

Knightguard froze, sucked in a breath as his eyes widened.

"Oh?" Mesmer cooed, her eyes lidding, her smirk mocking and teasing as she rolled her hips, rubbing her mound against his straining cock. "What's this? Is my hero horny?"

"I..."

"How nauuuuuughty," Mesmer cooed. "Getting all hot and bothered at the thought of your sexy enemy. Getting turned on by her body. How sick. How pathetic. Look at you, hero. You can't keep your mind off me. You can't stop thinking about plowing me. What kind of hero is that? Sounds more like a dumb stud."

Every mocking word hammered at his control. Chipped at his mental defences. She could almost taste his mind underneath. So innocent. So helpless. She could feel her powers squeeze and mold it. Squeeze and massage him.

"You want me so bad," she breathed, her words soaking into his mind. Thrumming with such power the metal in the room resonated and vibrated. "You just can't help it. I'm just too sexy. Too lovely. Too perfect that you need to fuck me. You can't even think straight. Not with me here. Not with my body. Every time you see me it just makes you want to kneel. And kiss. And stroke your fat cock."

A shudder worked through the hero. "N-no," he gasped. "N-never..."

"Liar," Mesmer said, smirking. Mocking him. "You're no hero. Just another horny stud. You can't resist it. You gotta cum. You gotta fuck me. You're not a hero. Just a stud. You can't resist me. Only heroes can. And you're already falling. You can't look from my tits. Just a stud. You're all mine. Not a hero. Just a stud. Studs don't think. Studs fuck. Good studs are dumb. Good studs get to fuck."

She felt his grip on her loosen. Saw the helpless uncertainty in his eyes. His thoughts tumbling in the confusion of her mantra. Her smile deepened. Terrible triumph glowed in her as she reached up, put her hands on either side of his head. Channeled her power into him like a flood.

"Just obey," she breathed.

Knightguard shuddered, his eyes fogging as pink pleasure washed through him. Drowned his thoughts. His will. "O-obey?" he said dumbly.

"Just give in," Mesmer cooed.

"G-give... in..."

"Touch my breasts, big boy," she cooed. "Touch me. Fill your hands with my big tits. You know you want to. You know you have to. I'm still your prisoner if your hands are on me. I'm not going anywhere as long as you're touching me. Go on. Touch me. Feel me..."

He hesitated. She saw it. Saw his mind trying to think through the haze of her powers. The heat of his arousal. But his hands moved from her shoulders to her arms. Down. Down. And onto her breasts.

Mesmer gasped, moaning softly as his strong fingers sank into the plush softness of her tits. "Ooooh yessss," she moaned wantonly. "That's iiiiiiit. Touch my big, soft tits. Give them a nice, tender massage. Gentle now. Nice and slow. They're sooooo big, aren't they? Sooooo soft..."

"Y-yes," Knightguard breathed as his hands gently squeezed her breasts, his palms rubbing the hard nubs of her nipples stretching against the tight fabric of her costume. "Soft..."

"Soooo soft," Mesmer cooed, sitting back up. "Mmmm. And your cock is soooo big" she said, her hips rocking again, rubbing herself against his crotch. "You're sooo horny. We gotta deal with that. I mean, a hero running around with a big... fat... erection? How naughty. Why, that doesn't sound like a thing a hero would do. Come to think of it," she added with a look of mocking contemplation, "I don't think a hero would be touching a villainess's tits. I don't think a hero would be so hard. But you know who might be?"

"Wh-who?" Knightguard asked, his hands still palming her breasts.

"Mmmm... I know!" she giggled evilly. "A big, dumb, mindless stud slave!"

Knightguard stared at her dully. "A..."

"Yeah," Mesmer chuckled, rising, still holding his head as she came to stand in front of him once more, but now she loomed over him, her eyes staring into his. Drinking his thoughts. Emptying his head. Leaving nothing to stand in the way of the fire of biological lust thudding in his veins. "A big, horny, stud boy would be doing that. And I think that's what you are, aren't you? Because you'd do anything for more, wouldn't you? You'd do anything for me. For me to play with your cock. Make you cum. Make you happy. Wouldn't you?"

"I..." Knightguard gasped, a flicker of resistance igniting in his gaze. "I..."

"Kneel," she said, the word throbbing in the air with such strength the strongboxes rattled in their slots.

Knightguard stared at her, his eyes emptying.

And slowly he sank to his knees.

Mesmer hummed with terrible satisfaction, her hands still holding his head, tilting it back so he stared up at her, barely able to see her past her bust. She soaked in his worshipful blank gaze. His mindless stare as she loomed above him. Beautiful. Wonderful.

Fucking perfect.

"Mmmm," she hummed happily, smirking. "That's it," she cooed, her hand moving from his face to her costume. She slid her finger along the front, her touch disconnecting the suit's automated zip threads, parting them seamlessly to reveal the creamy glory of her figure, her breasts fairly bursting from the tight fabric until she'd opened it from chest to crotch, revealing her toned tummy and the slick, pink gash of her pussy. Her hands moved down, her fingers framing the slickness of her lower lips. "Now lick me out, hero. Show mistress you know where you fucking belong."

Knightguard hesitated. Mesmer raised a brow, amused at the tingle of heroic spirit that flickered in his mind. "I..." he gasped. "I... c-can't..."

"Awww. Don't fight it, hero," Mesmer crooned, her hands moving back to his face, stroking him as her hips lazily rocked, grinding her mound against his nose, brushing his lips with her pussy and leaving a delicate streak of her juices in its wake. "Fighting is soooo hard. And being my plaything is soooo easy. Sooo good. Don't you want to lick my pussy like a good hero? Stroke my lovely cunny with that tongue until you make me moan and cum? Don't you wanna make me happy?"

"D-do. I w-want to make... make you happy," Knightguard gasped, gazing up at her. Helpless. Hopeless. His eyes filled with the pink glow of her psychic domination.

"Then lick, handsome," Mesmer cooed, smirking as she pressed his face to her mound. "Lick me out like a dog!"

She could feel the echoes of humiliation in him. The sense that this was wrong. That it was pathetic. That he shouldn't be doing this. But none of it could match the lust firing his veins. The need consuming him. None of it could stop his tongue from pushing out and running up along the delicate folds of her pussy.

Mesmer moaned, shivering as his humiliation washed through her like the finest aphrodisiac. Her hands fisted his blonde hair. Her hips rocked forward, riding his face. She could feel his tongue stroking her. Teasing her. Adoring her.

Fuck it felt so gooooooood!

Mesmer let her head fall back, a throaty moan and a laugh escaping her as he licked her out. Fuuuuuck this was so good! So fun! So fucking easy! "Oh yes," she breathed, breasts heaving, nipples peaking shamelessly. "Fuck. Look at you! What a pathetic excuse for a hero. Licking out a villain like that. How sad. How... mf... pathetic. Oh fuck yes. That's it. Keep going, pretty boy. Flick my clit. Ah! Stick your tongue right... mf... up in there. Fuck, you're such a horny stud. You'd do anything to fuck me, wouldn't you?"

"Mph," he managed, but she could sense his agreement in his mind.

"Yeah," Mesmer panted, grinning down at him as she ground her pussy down on his face. "You'd do anything to get that fat cock in my pussy. You'd be my slavish boytoy, wouldn't you? You'd kiss my feet and... mmn... lick my ass, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," Knightguard gasped between laps of his tongue. "Yes!"

Mesmer laughed, a sound lost a moment later in a throaty moan as his tongue toyed with her clit, strumming it. "Fuuuuuck! Yes! Yes, you would. Because I'm nn... I'm amazing. I'm ah! Fantastic! I'm the fffffucking Marvelous... Madame... Mesmerrrrrrrr!"

Her voice rose in a peal of pure pleasure, her fingers gripping his hair so tight she was amazed she didn't pull some clumps out as she shoved his face against her mound, her hips bucking as she came, spurting bursts of her juices all over the hero's hapless, dazed, worshipful face.

Panting, breathing hard, Mesmer shoved Knightguard back from her pussy. She took a moment to admire him, her eyes finding their way down to his crotch. She laughed at the sight of his bulge, unable to be hidden any longer and throbbing with arousal.

"Mmm. Now that's a nice sight," she said, slipping a foot from her shoe, pressing her stocking-clad toes against his cock. Knightguard grunted, moaning as her toes played with his cock, squeezing the tip through the fabric. Pressing down and massaging him. "You ready to fuck me, hero?" she asked mockingly. "You ready to pound my pussy with your fat hero dick?"

"Y-yes," Knightguard breathed.

"Aw," Mesmer said with a mocking pout. "But, if you do that, you'll cum away all your smarts! Because a man's smarts are all in his cum. All in his balls. And if you cum in me, you'll be giving all that up. You'd just be a dumb fuck stud for a villainess. Would you reaaaally do that?"

"Yes," Knightguard cried, jaw tight with strain, his cock throbbing under her foot. "Yes! God y-yes!"

Mesmer giggled with glee. "Ooooh! That sounds fun. Okay, stud," she said, taking her foot off his cock. "Then do it!"

With a cry Knightguard surged to his feet. Mesmer shrieked with delight as he practically tore out of his costume, his cock lurching up, throbbing with repressed arousal. He grabbed her, slamming her back down onto the table.

"Fuck yes! Give it to me!" Mesmer demanded greedily, her legs wrapping around his waist. "Fuck me!"

"Yes!" Knightguard groaned. "Yessss!"

He pushed forward, his cock finding her pussy, plunging into her. Mesmer cried out in ecstasy as he filled her with his hot, powerful length, her voice ringing in the metal walls of the vault as Knightguard started to thrust, her tight inner walls rippling around his cock. Squeezing him as he frantically pumped into her, fucking her like he was mad with need. With desire.

"Yes!" Mesmer cried. "Fuck! Fuck me! Kiss my tits! Lick them, slave boy!"

"Yesssss," Knightguard moaned, dipping his head, his lips kissing her breasts. His tongue stroking her hard nipples as he pounded her on the table, the feel of his hot, heavy cock in her incredible. Delightful!

"Oh fuuuuuck!" Mesmer moaned gleefully, her arms wrapping around him, her nails digging into his back as she was bounced atop the table, her legs pulling her in to meet his thrusts, taking his cock as deep as she could. "Yes! Fuck! Fuck me! Fucking ruin me, hero! Gimme that cock! Gimme that cuuuuum! Fuck me! Cum in me! Cum all those stupid brains out! Fuck yourself dumb for me! Fuck... fuck... fuck meeee!"

"Yes! Yes! Yessss!" Knightguard moaned as he frantically thrust into her.

Over the slap of flesh and pants of their shared pleasure Mesmer could hear the radio in the other room. Hear it as it counted down to the new year.

“5!

“4!

“3!

“2!

“1!”

“Z-zerooooooooo!” Mesmer wailed, every muscle tightening with the sweetness of orgasm.

“Fuuuuuuck!” Knightguard moaned, pushed over the edge by her pleasure. A final thrust burying him to the root in her tight pussy as his balls throbbed, his cock pulsing and he unloaded his seed into her depths. His face grew slack with pleasure as he submitted to that final surrender. That final high of pathetic pleasure.

Mesmer panted, soaking in the afterglow, smirking as she listened to the cheers over the radio and the familiar tinny sound of New Year’s music playing. Fuck, she loved being such a bitch.

“Mmm. That was great, stud,” Mesmer giggled, flicking Knightguard’s sweaty hair as he stared dumbly down at her. “Now, what’s your secret identity anyway?”

“Secret...”

“Yeah, your real name, dummy.”

“Oh,” her new thrall droned. “Travis Scott.”

Her eyes flashed with glee. “The billionaire?”

“Yes, mistress.”

Mesmer squealed in delight, clapping her hands before her wobbly breasts. “Oh, this is too good! And I bet you have a mansion or something on the beach, right?”

“Yes, mistress.”

“Perfect!” she giggled. “I was just thinking how the best way to start the new year would be on a private beach with a hot, super powered boytoy happily waiting on me hand and foot, and giving me the sort of raw fucking only super stamina can. Now, pull that costume back on, stud, and grab those sacks of jewels. We’re outta here.”

“What about them, mistress?” Knightguard asked, nodding at the two unconscious thugs.

“Pfft. Who cares! They were just some rent-a-henchmen. Now hurry up, boytoy,” she said, waving him towards her prizes as she zipped her costume back up. “I need a good fucking, and that table is too hard.”

“Yes, mistress,” Knightguard said, hurrying to obey.

Mesmer smirked, watching her new plaything work. Her eyes lingered on his ass and the way his muscles moved. She licked her lips hungrily.

Mmmm.

What a perfect way to start the new year...