

Keeping Up Appearances

by Wrestlr

[M/M]

Synopsis: Just an average day in the life of a logistics expert for the Super Villains Union.

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how realistic it may appear, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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The alarm wakes me promptly at seven o'clock. I know immediately today will be a good day--from the overall feeling of well-being coursing through me, to the sunlight streaming through the window, to the smell of coffee from the breakfast Alice is cooking for me. God bless her--who could ask for a better wife-bot? I get up, shower, shave, and dress carefully. My appearance is important; as an administrative employee of the Super Villains Union, Local 169, I have to set a good example.

I eat my bacon and pancakes drenched in maple syrup while I read the morning paper. For the moment the headlines cloud my good mood. All these muggings and murders!--This country and its villains and vigilantes are getting darker and more violent every day. It's sad, but I can console myself with the fact that, in my own small way, I'm making a difference in the trenches, fighting to help raise the standards of super-villainy out of the quagmire of self-loathing and twisted motives that seems to plague so many of the "darker" fringe players in both sides of the super community.

When I'm done with breakfast, I kiss Alice good-bye; she tries to slip her mechanical tongue in, but I keep my lips firmly pressed together. Alice may seem a little too 1950s Donna Reed and our wholesome

neighborhood a little too Norman Rockwell-esque for some people, but that's a great cover. Life is quiet here, and we aim to keep it that way. We want people to look at our little community and think of a happier, gentler time, when motives were simpler and people were more concerned with *keeping* up with the Joneses than *blowing* them up. Heroes were heroic, villains had grander ambitions than just nuking a city or two, everyone knew their neighbors by name, and people said hello to each other when they passed on the sidewalk. Elevating villainy out of the depths of existential angst into which it has sunk in recent years is the whole reason the Super Villains Union was formed. Not every villain can afford to live in a dark, brooding mansion, so the creation of safe places like this neighborhood for the more run-of-the-mill villains and the administrative staff is just one of the membership perks. Some of our previous residents objected to the emphasis on the admittedly anachronistic image we try to project here. They were gently *encouraged* not to renew their memberships and to find other places to live. We don't use harsh words like *evicted* here.

No one would guess our little suburban subdivision is home to nearly a hundred current and former super-villains, or that my beautiful wife-bot in her cheerful sundress and pearls has rocket launchers in her chest--one can never be too careful about home defense these days, so these spouse-bots are armed to the tits, literally, in case some superhero shows up spoiling for a fight. It's important to keep up appearances. Of course, appearances can be deceiving, and the Smiths down the block might be anyone, maybe even an undercover superhero. Can you imagine?--This neighborhood infiltrated by a hero! Wouldn't that get a laugh from the boys at the Union offices! But no, in this case the Smiths down the block are just Lord and Lady Destructocrat--lovely people, as diabolical villains bent on world domination go.

Outside I see Billy next door, working on the old muscle car he is trying to upgrade into his very first villain-mobile. *That kid!* I chuckle to myself. When he's not tagging along behind me like he has a man-crush or begging me for more stories about super-villains I've met in my line of work, he's bent over that engine, covered with grease and computer parts. Billy's father, the former Blue Weasel, used to be a minor villain; he's retired now, after that back injury from that fight with Captain Nuklor in the sewers downtown a few years back. Thank goodness the Weasel had medical insurance through the Union, or his family would have been financially devastated. Billy idolizes his old man, wants to be just like him and carry on the family tradition as the new Blue Weasel. His family has lived next to us for years, and I've seen Billy mature from a freckle-faced kid to the strapping teenager he is today. He's growing up so quickly! Why, just a couple of months ago he asked me to write him a letter of recommendation for the Super-Villain Academy where all the most promising young evil-doer hopefuls go to train.

Billy sees me walk out the door. He straightens up, waves, and calls, "Good morning, Mister Rogers!"

I wave back, smile, and walk over to him, thinking how *coincidental* it is that Billy just happens to be outside working on his heap yet again at exactly the time I'm leaving for the office. "Good morning, Billy," I say, grinning. "Still working on that bucket of bolts, I see."

"Bucket of bolts, my foot!" Billy sputters indignantly. "I bet I can out-race and out-zap any car in the neighborhood, *including* that overpriced heap you drive!"

We share a little laugh. What Billy doesn't know is the "overpriced heap" I drive has neutronium plating and armored windows. The Justice Brigade could blast away at it for a week with everything they have, and all they'd do is scorch the paint. An armored vehicle that looks like a mid-level Mercedes?--Just another perk of working for the Union.

"So how is the upgrade going?" I ask, leaning in for a closer look at the gun-mount Billy is bolting to a fender. "You ever get your Brain Blaster working?" That's the mind-control device he plans to attach to

the mount, if he ever gets it operational. These teenagers today!--Always wanting to tool around town in the fastest car outfitted with the hottest weapons tech!

Billy pouts. "Fuck, no--"

"Watch your language, young man," I scold, narrowing my eyes to communicate my disapproval. "You know we don't allow curse-words here. This is a *nice* neighborhood."

The lad looks suitably aghast at his slip-up. Enough demerits recorded by a Union employee like myself, and Billy's dad could lose his membership, disability pay, and home in our terrific little neighborhood. Demerits logged against Billy himself might prevent him from joining the Union when he's ready to apply for full super-villain status.

"Uh--sorry, Mister Rogers. I meant--uh--no, sir, I haven't got it working yet. I can't figure out what the problem is." That Billy!--Always so polite, calling me *mister* and *sir* even though I'm only ten or twelve years older than he.

I smile, and then he smiles. Good moods restored all around. See?--No need for bad attitudes in *this* neighborhood.

"Well, mind control can be tricky," I say encouragingly to make up for reprimanding him, even though the basics of mind control is one of the first things aspiring villain-trainees are taught at the Academy. "Why, just the other day, my pal Minion Master--"

Billy perks up. Minion Master is another of his idols.

"---was telling me how he struggled to complete his first mind control device, way back when he was about your age, I'd say. Said he stumbled upon the key quite by accident when the device he was working on activated. It kept him entranced for nearly an hour before the battery ran out and the effect wore off. The way he tells it, that first episode of being enthralled by his own device was what helped him understand how mind control devices should operate. And look at him now! He's one of the most famous villains around."

"Jeepers!" Billy exclaims. "That's a swell story, Mister Rogers. I wanna become an expert in mind control too, just like Minion Master! Do you think being mind-controlled would help *me* understand what my Brain Blaster is missing?"

I chuckle. "I have no doubt. You'll have plenty of opportunities to find out once you get accepted into the Super-Villain Academy, my boy. I hear every new student has to take at least one mind control class in his first year."

"Gosh, that'll be so fu--I mean, really cool! They're supposed to notify the applicants next week. I can't hardly wait!"

"I'm sure you'll be accepted, Billy."

"Thanks, Mr. Rogers. By the way, aren't you going to congratulate me?"

"Congratulate you? For what?"

Billy rolls his eyes. "Gosh, you didn't forget, did you? Yesterday was my eighteenth birthday!"

I frown at him. "Really? You're eighteen already?"

"Didn't I just say that?" Billy nods, rolling his eyes with an exasperated sigh. He gives me a sly grin, and then--the little flirt!--his eyes flick at my crotch. "You know, it's not too late for you to give me a present."

So he has finally worked up the balls to ask for what he's been panting over, eh? I give Billy a long, hard look. With a shock I realize what a handsome young man he's grown into. Blond hair, recently cut. His torn, greasy T-shirt fits his muscular torso like a second skin, and I can see how well the swell of his pecs pushes against the thin fabric, how his biceps bunch up and ripple with each movement of his arms. He's wearing cut-offs that he's clearly outgrown; his taut young ass strains against the confining denim, and the bulge in his crotch threatens to split the zipper-fly wide open. I think about all the hormones and juices surging through his tight, muscled young body. I feel my throat constrict and my dick stir, hardening.

"A present, huh?" I muse aloud. What the hell? I still have a little time before I have to be in the office.

"So, Billy," I say as I pull out my keys, "are you certain about wanting to make mind control your life's work?" I start sorting through the fobs attached to my key ring. Mini-laser?--No. Pocket antimatter grenade?--No. Where is it? Ah, here we are!

Billy nods. "Yes, Mister Rogers. You know I'm completely serious, sir." Such a polite kid.

"And you think what worked for Minion Master might work for you?"

"Well, sure--if it worked for Minion Master ..." Billy says nodding again. Then, as I hold up the little tubular silver fob, smaller than my thumb, he says, "What's that, Mister Rogers?"

"It's a Junior Hypnotron," I say as I activate it, "given to me by Minion Master himself." The end lights up, but that end is pointed away from me and toward Billy, who receives the full effect. "Just look into the light, my boy. Just look into the light."

"Jeepers ..." Billy starts, but the device does its job in under two seconds and his expression has already gone slack.

"That's a good lad," I say. I reach over and squeeze his crotch. There's something thick in my grip, and I feel it hardening. "I'll give you a present, you sexy little bastard," I growl. "Follow me into the garage and close the door behind you."

Billy's mouth works slowly. "Yes, sir ... Mister Rogers," he says.

Billy stands in the shaft of sunlight that streams in through the garage's one window. Dust motes drift lazily around him. I look at him: his firm, muscular body, beautifully proportioned, with just the slightest padding of baby fat remaining; the smooth face; the wide, vacant eyes. *Young, dumb, and full of cum--just the way I like 'em*, I think as I sink to my knees in front of him and jerk down the zipper of his cut-offs. Billy's dick spills out, already three-quarters hard: thick, missile-shaped, nearly eight inches long at least. I reach inside his fly and pull out his balls as well; they fill my hand nicely: creamy-fleshed, plump, furred by light blond hair. Squeezing them, I look up into Billy's slack sky-blue eyes.

"You got a big load in there for me, Billy?" I croon. "Some nice sticky cum you can splatter against my face?"

"Yeahzz ... surrh," Billy slurs.

I open wide and slide my lips down Billy's dick. Billy groans, and his dick immediately swells to full hardness. Eight inches, my ass!--That crotch-rocket's got to be at least nine, maybe more, and it's primed for lift-off. Billy's mind is entranced but his instincts work just fine: his body begins pumping his hips, fucking my face with slow, lazy thrusts. My hands slide under his T-shirt, kneading the muscles of his young torso. I find his nipples and give them a good squeeze. Billy groans loudly.

"Sure feels good," I come off his dick to say, "doesn't it?"

"Yuh ..."

I put my mouth back on his rod. I lightly slide my hands down Billy's back, feeling the play of muscles under my fingers, and across his tight young ass. His cheeks are smooth and warm, hard as sunbathed stone. I burrow my fingers into his ass crack until I find his hole, then push lightly against it.

"Urgh ..." Billy moans. His dick is deep down my throat now, his balls pressed against my chin. His body on auto-pilot grinds his hips against my face. I work my finger into his ass and push, sliding up the warm, velvety chute. I massage Billy's prostate. He groans loudly, shudders violently. The young man has a teenager's hair-trigger. I wonder for a quick second whether he was still a virgin before now. If so, I'm pleased to be his first.

I barely have time to spit his dick out of my mouth, since I want to see him shoot, before his creamy load of jizz explodes out. It spurts against my face, coating my cheeks, my mouth, my chin. I close my eyes and feel the warm, sticky drops slide down.

I look up, and my gaze meets Billy's glazed eyes. "Happy birthday, Billy," I say, smiling. "And you might think about how manipulating the gamma oscillations in the brain can lead to a suggestible state of consciousness, much like the one you're in right now. That might be the key to making your Brain Blaster work."

Billy, still entranced of course, just sighs.

"Now, Billy, say thank you," I order as I check my watch and discover I don't have time to get myself off. I have hardly enough time to dress and drive to the office.

"Thank you ... Mister Rogers ..."

I think to myself, *What a good kid. He's going to make a great super-villain someday.*

I just barely arrive at my office in the Union's Logistics and Approvals Department on time. I'm glad I left home a little early this morning. The android receptionist, an exact replica of my wife-bot only with darker hair and office attire, smiles at me as I walk in. "Good morning, Mr. Rogers," she says brightly.

I smile back at her. "Good morning, Stacy."

I sit down at my desk and log on to my computer. Seventeen proposals and blueprints wait in my "to do"

box--the usual plans for world domination, submitted by the Union's members for approval. I open the first one, scrolling past the opening *blah-blah-blah* fluff talk about how this plan is certain to succeed, and go straight to the details. Crap, another proposal that involves building an army of giant robots to be unleashed in a crowded metropolitan center?--Can't these villains ever come up with an original plan? Don't they realize the number of property damage and personal injury lawsuits they're just asking the survivors to file against the Union?

I read the plan carefully, my hand on the mouse, ready to highlight and comment. In the middle of the proposal, the villain discusses his plan for capturing and depowering Mondo Speedy, one of the local Justice Brigade members, as the giant robots smash buildings downtown to occupy the law enforcement officers and any other heroes who might drop by for a team-up. The villain plans to lure Mondo into an abandoned warehouse where the walls are lined with slowtronium, an exceedingly rare substance that robs Mondo of his super speed. Once Mondo is depowered, the villain will bind him with an ordinary telephone cord and rape him in various degrading ways as revenge for their previous encounters. In spite of the stereotypical plan, my dick springs to hardness, but I ignore it. I check the Union's nemesis wiki page and learn this villain has launched seventeen plans that involved giant robots, ten of which were foiled by Mondo Speedy, and most of those in less than thirty seconds--which seems the logical outcome of any villain-versus-hero fight when the hero can move at nearly the speed of sound. I highlight the section about slowtronium and draw a giant red "X" across it onscreen, adding a polite but pithy comment in the margin about the prohibitive cost of acquiring what would probably amount to the whole world's supply of the substance. I drag the proposal to the "Reject" box to send this villain back to the drawing board, and I open the next one.

I'm edgy all morning, my dick either hard or threatening to get hard at the least provocation. I realize that my encounter with Billy has merely whetted my appetite for more. After all, Billy was the one who shot his load, not me.

Ty from the Risk Management department sticks his head into my cubicle. "G'morning, Dan," he drawls with his trace of a Texas accent. "Got a second?"

I swing my chair around to face him. "Sure, Ty," I say, smiling. "Come on in."

Ty sits in my one free chair. "Mah kid's selling tickets for his Junior Villain Scouts troop raffle; they're trying to raise money to help Evil Evan get out on bail after Graviton foiled that bank robbery job of his last week." Ty looks at me with raised eyebrows. "You interested in buying one fer a dollar? First prize is one'a them big-screen TVs the kids looted from that electronics warehouse on their last field trip."

I take out my wallet and pull out a five-dollar. "Hell, give me five, Ty," I say. "It sounds like a good cause." After all, I was the one who green-lighted Evil Evan's proposal. A five-dollar contribution to his bail fund is the least I can do. Despite the rumors of an anonymous tip to the Hero Hotline, a hero like Graviton happening to be in the area at the time was just a freak coincidence no one could have foreseen. Had to be.

Ty flashes me a bright smile. His teeth gleam white in his tanned face. He really is a good-looking guy. "Thanks, Dan," he says. He hands me five tickets. "Wanna do Greek for lunch?"

"Let's do sushi." I say. I pat my belly. "My pants have been feeling a little snug lately. I have to start eating lighter."

Ty laughs. "You?--Putting on weight? You've got the body of a super-hero! I don't know how you do it.

If your pants are getting tighter, it's more likely from that anaconda in your basket. That thing's practically a weapon. Okay, sushi it is. I'll see you at noon." He glances at his watch. "Gotta go. Got a meeting with the boss." He ducks out of my cubicle.

I have a productive morning pouring over the hack-jobs these villains call master plans, making sure anything too cost-prohibitive or that strays from the Union guidelines winds up in the "Reject" box. Man, I love this job! It gives me such a feeling of ... well, purpose. Today being horny as hell makes me particularly driven, and before long I've worked my way through the last item in my "to do" box. I glance at my watch: not quite eleven o'clock. Too early for lunch.

I stand and stretch, then walk over to Mr. Kennedy's office. Stacy stops me at the door. "Mr. Kennedy is in a conference now," she says. "He gave specific instructions that he doesn't want to be interrupted."

"Now, Stacy," I say, smiling. "He has a box of surveillance tapes from the Justice Brigade's Chicago branch that need to be reviewed. I'll just run in and grab it." I give her a wink. "Just take a second." Before her processors can protest, I open the door to his office and walk in.

I'm not prepared for the scene that greets me. There's this weird purple light bathing everything. Ty is on his hands and knees on the conference table, naked from the waist down, his shirt unbuttoned. Mr. Kennedy, wearing this weird pair of goggles, stands with his thighs against the edge of the table and his dick buried in Ty's throat. Mr. Kennedy's head jerks up when he hears me enter. Ty doesn't react.

"I ...," I start, blushing, but I can't for the life of me think of what to say next.

Mr. Kennedy straightens up. "Ah, Dan--glad you're here." He smiles. "I was just thinking about calling you in to join us. You don't want to leave, do you. In fact, you want to come in and close the door behind you."

My head is groggy. Everything feels foggy and, well, *purple*. I can't think of a reason not to, so I do as he told me.

"We're testing Minion Master's new Hypnotron version 2.1," Mr. Kennedy says. "The man may be an idiot at fighting superheroes, as his arrest record shows, but he's a freaking genius as an inventor. I'm thinking of offering him a position as our R&D Director." Mr. Kennedy punctuates this last statement by thrusting another inch of cock into Ty's mouth. "This new version boasts better access to the subject's higher cognitive functions--less *obedient zombie* and more *willing thrall*, as you're no doubt experiencing for yourself right about now. A remarkable device, almost immediately effective against anyone who isn't wearing a pair of these protective goggles, wouldn't you agree?"

I can't think of anything else to say, so I say, "Yes."

Mr. Kennedy is stripped to his boxer shorts, and I take in his solid muscled body. I see Mr. Kennedy often at the Union fitness center, so I'm not surprised he's in such great shape: the broad shoulders, the nicely swelled pecs, the powerfully muscled arms. His chest is covered with a light dusting of grayish brown hair that trails down across his flat belly and disappears tantalizingly beneath the elastic waistband of his shorts. His dick juts out of the fly of those boxers and disappears into Ty's mouth again.

Ty's lithe brown body is a nice contrast to Mr. Kennedy's. If Mr. Kennedy is a bull, Ty's more of a cheetah: hairless, tight, compact, each muscle defined but not overdeveloped. His erection swings out under his body, still gleaming with Mr. Kennedy's saliva. For some reason the necktie that dangles from

his exposed chest strikes a note that feels almost unbearably erotic.

Mr. Kennedy looks at me and smiles. "So, you like what you see, eh, Dan? Good," he says. "The party's just begun. Come over here!"

Maybe it's just the Hypnotron's effect, but I cannot resist his invitation. Even if I wasn't feeling so utterly compliant, I'd still be into this, especially after how horny I've been all morning. I walk over to join them.

"Ty, help Dan strip down to his underwear. That's a good lad."

Ty climbs off the table and starts pulling off my clothes, unbuttoning my shirt, unzipping my slacks. I'm not wearing underwear, so in only a matter of seconds I'm completely naked.

"Kiss him," Mr. Kennedy says. I don't know whether he is talking to me or to Ty, but that doesn't matter. Ty and I pull each other closer and kiss, tongues pushing deep into the other's mouths, while Mr. Kennedy kneels and starts sucking on my dick. His lips slide up and down the shaft, and he twists his head from side to side, sending sensations through me that make my knees tremble violently. "Jeez, Dan," he gasps. "You have such a great dick!"

I can barely say, "You ... great head ..."

Mr. Kennedy looks up at me and grins, his hand wrapped around my erection. "How the hell do you think I got to be the boss?" He stands up and pulls off his boxers. A smile creases his handsome face. "Okay, boys," he says, "let's shift this party into high gear." Naked, he walks over to his desk and opens the top drawer. "I'm sure you gentlemen will be happy to indulge me in a little fantasy play. Of course you will. I want you two to tie me down to the conference table."

Part of my head is trying through the purple fog to process of the idea of what we'd use to tie him, but Mr. Kennedy is way ahead of me. He reaches into the drawer, then withdraws his hand and holds it up. His fingers are clenched as though holding something, but there's nothing in his hand. "This," he says, "is Princess PrimaDiva's magical rope, recovered by our Damage Control department from that collapsed building after her battle with ThunderLord last week. Naturally, you can't see it because it's invisible. I want you to tie me up with it. This way we can all enjoy the concept of control without all three of us having to fall under the sway of the Hypnotron. Somebody's got to call the shots, and it might as well be me, don't you agree?"

Ty and I say, "Yes."

"Excellent, boys. Let's get to it."

Mr. Kennedy pushes his hands at mine, and I feel ... Well, I can't see it, but my hand closes around something that sure feels like rope.

I pass one end of the rope to Ty as Mr. Kennedy climbs onto the table. He lies down on his back, his arms and legs dangling over the edges. Ty starts tying down one of Mr. Kennedy's wrists as I work on the other. In addition to being invisible, Princess PrimaDiva's magical rope can stretch infinitely, so there's more than enough for the task at hand. Before long, we have Mr. Kennedy's arms and torso securely lashed to the conference table.

Mr. Kennedy looks at the two of us, his arms and legs splayed across the table, his thick dick hard and twitching, his balls hanging low between his legs. "Let's start by the two of you coming over here and fucking my face good," he growls. "Cram both your dicks in my mouth at the same time."

I climb onto the table on one side of Mr. Kennedy's head, Ty on the other side. We try to shove our fat cock heads into his mouth at the same time, but we're not thinking clearly and we can't find a way to make the logistics work: either Mr. Kennedy's head is turned too much toward Ty or too much toward me, or a hip is in the way, or somebody's dick dislodges the other as it tries to horn in.

Mr. Kennedy looks frustrated. Finally he says, "Let's try something else. Ty, come fuck my face. Dan, you'll find condoms and lube in the top drawer." He nods toward his desk. "Get them, and then I want you to fuck my ass."

Getting my dick tubed and lubed takes a minute. I work on that task while Ty, situated on the other end of the table, squats down, his balls swinging just above the boss's face.

"Lose your shirt, Ty," Mr. Kennedy says, "but keep your tie on."

Ty pauses for a moment, as if working through the instruction in his head, then he pulls off his open shirt and tosses it aside, leaving his necktie around his neck. Fuck, he looks so damned sexy!

"Tell me to lick your balls," Mr. Kennedy growls. Damn, who knew the boss had such a dark fetish side?

Ty, with his back to me, squats a little lower over Mr. Kennedy's face. "Give my balls a tongue-bath, pardner," Ty growls, his Texas accent stronger now.

Mr. Kennedy cranes his neck and sucks Ty's balls into his mouth. Ty rolls his head back and closes his eyes as Mr. Kennedy tongues his sack.

I have my own orders, though. Now that my dick is condom-sheathed, I climb up onto the table between Mr. Kennedy's raised legs and push them higher. I lean in and pry apart his ass cheeks and generously lube up his hole, inserting a couple of fingers. Mr. Kennedy groans, voice muffled by Ty's balls, which must feel good because Ty throws his head back again and groans. I rub my dick-head around Mr. Kennedy's sphincter, poking against it without penetrating, teasing him. Mr. Kennedy squirms his hips, squeezing and relaxing his ass in anticipation. His arms and legs strain against the invisible ropes.

"Oh, fuck," Mr. Kennedy whimpers after he releases Ty's balls and tilts his face toward me. "Are you going to fuck my virgin ass with that--that battering ram? Are you going to fuck my tight puckered hole hard until I scream?"

Part of me manages to think, *Oh, please!--Somebody needs acting lessons!* But the rest of me pays no attention to his corny monologue. Grasping his hips with both hands, I proceed to impale Mr. Kennedy, pushing my dick in inch by inch. Mr. Kennedy moans piteously. I start pumping my hips.

"Yeah," Mr. Kennedy gurgles, "plow my ass good! Jack me off, Dan, while you plow my fucking ass!"

Ty shifts his position, rotating until he faces me and he's got his dick crammed into Mr. Kennedy's mouth. Mr. Kennedy sucks on it noisily, and Ty plunges deep down his throat. Somehow managing to embellish his orders, Ty leans over Mr. Kennedy's chest and tugs on the boss's nipples, squeezing them

hard between his thumbs and forefingers, which makes Mr. Kennedy's body buck hard like a bronco against the restraints. Meanwhile, I have a lube-slicked hand around Mr. Kennedy's dick, and I'm stroking it, sliding up and down the thick shaft, as my dick glides in and out of his ass. Between the two of us, we're working the boss over but good.

Ty's face is just inches from mine, and he leans further forward and kisses me, pushing his tongue between my lips and into my mouth. After a moment, I find the initiative to return the kiss with equal enthusiasm. We settle into the choreography of sex: me plowing Mr. Kennedy's ass while stroking his dick; Ty fucking Mr. Kennedy's face while working his nipples; Ty and me tonguing each other's mouths above Mr. Kennedy's body. Somehow we match our rhythms and fall into sync, moving our bodies in unison like the parts of a well-oiled sex machine. Each thrust, suck, and stroke pushes us all closer to the edge. The room is filled with our grunts, groans, sighs, and moans. Perspiration beads on Ty's forehead and trickles down his face. I taste it when I slide my tongue over his cheeks, his lips, his chin.

I pull back to get a better view of Ty, drinking him in with my eyes. His body is truly beautiful--dark, muscled, and lithe, gleaming now with a sheen of sweat. We hold each other's gazes as we plow Mr. Kennedy's respective orifices, and I can almost feel each of Ty's thrusts myself, as that magnificent thick dick of his is shoved down Mr. Kennedy's throat, pulled out, then shoved in again. Ty grins at me and winks, and the joy in his face makes me slam Mr. Kennedy's ass harder. I make a mental note to check Ty's calendar and set up an afternoon meeting with him soon, and I sure hope I'll remember that mental note once the Hypnotron's effects wear off.

Mr. Kennedy spits out Ty's dick. "Ty, sit on my face," the boss says. "I wanna eat your ass." Ty compliantly squats over his face. I watch as Mr. Kennedy enthusiastically laps at Ty's ass while Ty beats off, fucking his fist with quick, short strokes. Ty's eyes are glazed with mind-trance and pleasure; his balls are pulled up tight, and I know he will be shooting before long. I'm getting the hang of embellishing my compliance too, so I reach over and twist Ty's nipple. That twist that does the trick. With a loud groan Ty cums, his load gushing out and splattering against Mr. Kennedy's chest. Squirt after squirt of it shoots out and, every time I think he's finished, damned if more doesn't ooze out. Ty's body spasms and jerks, and his mouth is pulled back into a grimace of ecstasy. When Ty's finally done, Mr. Kennedy says, "Kiss, men," and Ty grabs me by the back of the neck and presses my mouth against his. I kiss him back--it starts hard and demanding but evolves into something almost tender, my lips working against his.

Mr. Kennedy groans louder with each thrust of my dick up his ass. His body is drenched with sweat, and his dick throbs in my hand, hard as a steel rod. I think about the promotion I'm up for and decide to give him an orgasm he won't forget. After all, I need something to counter the stain of the recent Evil Evan debacle on my performance review.

Mr. Kennedy's body trembles, and I immediately press down hard between his balls. He arches his back and cries out as the first geyser ejaculates out of his dick. I shove my dick hard up his ass, against his prostate, grinding my hips, and Mr. Kennedy cries out again, even louder. I imagine the office outside is getting quite an earful. Fortunately receptionist-bots, like wife-bots, are programmed for absolute discretion.

Mr. Kennedy is spewing a veritable fountain of jizz, arcs of it splattering against his chest and belly, body still writhing against the invisible ropes that bind his wrists and torso to the conference table. I give another savage thrust up his ass, and that's all it takes to push me to the very edge. "Gonna--"

"Pull out, Dan," Mr. Kennedy barks. "I want to see you shoot!"

I quickly pull out and whip the condom off, and a few rapid hand-strokes take me over the brink. Ty is watching all of this with bright, appreciative eyes. My moans mingle with Mr. Kennedy's, my tenor to his bass, as he comes down from his orgasm and I roar into mine as my own load spews out. When we're finally done, Mr. Kennedy is a dripping, oozing swamp of spunk, all three of our combined loads puddled together on his body in all their spermy glory.

Mr. Kennedy tells us to untie him and we do, which is trickier than it sounds since we can't see the knots we're untying. When we're done, there's a moment of silence, broken only by Mr. Kennedy's sigh of satisfaction. He reaches for a remote control, presses a button, and the purple glow fades, leaving the office lit with the usual boring fluorescents. I blink as Mr. Kennedy pulls off his protective goggles. The three of us exchange glances and then burst out laughing.

"Such a remarkable device," Mr. Kennedy says of the Hypnotron 2.1, shaking his head and grinning broadly. "Damn! Mind-control sex just doesn't get any better than that!"

"Yee-haw," Ty agrees under his breath.

Just remember that when we discuss my promotion next week, Mr. Kennedy, I think as I grope around to find one end of the invisible rope and start coiling it again.

That's when we discover the most nefarious part of the Hypnotron 2.1. My phone and Ty's ding simultaneously. We dig our phones out of our discarded pants and discover the Hypnotron has hacked into our email and spammed us with a *Rate Your Mind Control Experience* survey form--which I feel compelled to answer with a full five stars. That Minion Master truly is an evil bastard!

The three of us get dressed. Mr. Kennedy smears our jizz into his chest, making no effort to clean it off. "I have a budget meeting with the division heads this afternoon," he says. "I want to feel your dried loads on me while I'm discussing the quarterly cash flow."

Ty and I exchange looks. He slaps me on my back. "I think we have a date for some sushi," he says.

"You boys get out of here, then," Mr. Kennedy chuckles. "Let the old man get back to his work. Oh and, Dan, I'm green-lighting Minion Master's production plans. When he unleashes the Hypnotron 2.1, the Justice Brigade won't stand a chance!"

When I get home that evening, Alice greets me at the door and I give her a big kiss, just in case anyone is watching. "How was your day today, dear?" my wife-bot asks, smiling, as she closes the door behind me.

"Just great!" I say. "I foiled seventeen idiotic plans for world domination, prevented billions of dollars in property damage, and saved untold thousands of civilian lives--and had great mind-controlled but consensual sex with the neighbor's kid, my boss, and a coworker in the process. I dare any other superhero to say he had a better day!"

"That's just wonderful, dear," Alice beams. She helps me take off my coat. "I made a special treat for dinner tonight. We're having sushi!"

Oh, well, I think. *No day can be completely perfect.* "Swell," I manage to say.

While washing my hands in the upstairs bathroom, I look out the window at Billy's house. His bedroom

light is on; he's probably doing his homework or tinkering with his Brain Blaster. Ever since Billy confessed recently that he's been having trouble getting his device working, I've been thinking of ways to help him. Maybe after dinner I'll offer to show him the plans for the Hypnotron 2.1 that I "borrowed" from the office server ... before I forward them to the Hero Hotline along with a tip about the whereabouts of Princess PrimaDiva's missing rope--though of course I won't tell Billy about those last parts. I make two mental notes to make sure my Junior Hypnotron is fully charged, just in case Billy needs more first-hand experience with its effect for inspiration, and to bring along plenty of condoms. I dry my hands and whistle a cheerful tune as I head down to dinner.
