

The Love Song of Doctor Diabolical

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, Hypno]

Synopsis: Doctor Diabolical, the super villain synonymous with brilliance and evil the world over, describes his latest plans to his boyfriend.

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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Hello, my dear Jason.

Congratulations!--Since you're viewing this message on the jumbo holographic screens, you've made what must seem a truly shocking discovery regarding the true nature of my scientific work.

Did my appearance onscreen startle you? If so, I apologize. The holographic projector is my own creation, and the image is quite lifelike, apart of course from the increase in scale. I chose the extra-large screens because I believe they lend a certain dramatic effect, don't you agree? I understand if the sudden appearance of this recording led to confusion or panic or laser blasts. Naturally--and I'm required by the rules of Super Villains Union Local 169 to say this--everything in this room, including the screens and the control panel, is both impact-resistant and reinforced against energy blasts.

Please forgive any dizziness you may be experiencing. As you understand, I had to take precautions, and one of those was retrofitting the Minion Master's mind control technology into a series of

projectors located around the room. No, no--don't try to fight it. I've made some improvements on Minion Master's Hypnotron designs, you see, and now the effect is quite irresistible. But you have my word--you're quite safe for now, so just relax and watch the screen and listen to my voice. That's a good boy. In fact, you're feeling very relaxed now. So relaxed and peaceful. So willing to watch and listen. No need to go smashing things. I'm told the effects of the Hypnotron feel quite pleasant--so, just relax. Yes. Every worry, every concern is just slipping away for now. So easy to just listen and let everything else slip again, isn't it.

Now, where was I? Ah, yes. I am recording this message because I've just given you your own key to my place. Even though we've had the "boundaries talk," sometimes these things do still happen. Best to be prepared for the inevitable, don't you agree? And since you're here, the inevitable indeed has come to pass.

In order for you to see this message, obviously the computer scans confirmed you're the one who entered my secret lab. If anyone else had entered my space, such as one of those buffoons from the Justice Brigade, the computer would have initiated the self-destruct mechanism with a five-second timer, and by now my lair and most of the city block would be a very deep crater. I confess, I've never understood why some evil geniuses go through the trouble of rigging up an explosive device and then give it a five-minute countdown--which just gives the hero time to wriggle himself free, stroll over to the control panel, flex his biceps a few times, maybe call one of his super-genius buddies for advice, and still manage to disarm the explosives in the nick of time. Flawed planning, if you ask me.

Indulge a bit of conjecture on my part. After I gave you the key, you must have come snooping in my apartment, perhaps innocently--if snooping can ever be considered *innocent*--to learn more about me. To get this far, you must have discovered the false wall in the back of the bedroom closet. You must have pushed aside the winter coats and rain boots, found the catch, and pulled it open to see the access shaft and the rungs leading downward to a mysterious space deep beneath the apartment complex. Did you hesitate before descending? Perhaps you may have assumed this was some sort of hidden maintenance tunnel--a strange explanation, but surely more plausible than what you found. When you reached the landing and discovered the elevator, you must have intuited a way to start it manually; I've always admired your resourcefulness under pressure at times like this. Then you would have had to guess the combination to the vault door; tricky, but of course you know your own birthday. Maybe then you realized where you were, as the vault door opened and the rush of escaping air ruffled your hair, and you crept inside, lips parted the way they do when you're anticipating something, your flashlight providing just enough light to see by, all your muscles tense and ready to respond at the first sign of an attack. Then you heard the electrical arcs sizzling and smelled the ozone and saw the strange inventions that cast a purple glow onto your face, and you must have had just enough time to realize you found yourself inside the secret laboratory of Doctor Diabolical, a.k.a. me. How long did you stand there, I wonder, before the purple light from the Hypnotron projectors entranced you? My test subjects lasted just a couple of seconds, but with special individuals the response times are sometimes a bit unpredictable.

Maybe this is for the best, you know? I think you should sit down--not on the glowing crystal!--sit on the floor. The Hypnotron glow makes you so willing to obey, doesn't it. Sit, and we can talk. Or rather, I'll talk and you'll listen. This may take a while but fortunately the Hypnotron projectors can run for almost half an hour before they need to be shut down to cool. Plenty of time.

You understand, this isn't the first time I've faced discovery. As I'm sure you can understand, secret identities are fragile things; they're an attempt at setting up a dividing wall in your life, but the balance is hard to maintain, it can collapse in an instant, and it can never be restored. You yourself have

already come close to my secret so many times, so close to stumbling into the clandestine global conflict that is my nightly career. The hero Captain Awesome came close to unmasking me in Michigan, before I lost him in the depths of Lake Superior. In Budapest I matched wits with super-detective Sherlock Einstein and barely escaped with my secret intact. But I've always known that you, Jason, would be the greatest threat to my world domination. In any case, as I am constantly having to remind people, this knowledge will do you no good.

Are you sitting comfortably, Jason? I hope you are. Perhaps you would be even more comfortable if you took off your shirt, or you tunic, or whatever you call it. Go ahead. Take it off ... Yes, that's a good boy. I wish I could be there to see your bare chest; it truly is impressive. But alas, I have other obligations.

I confess, I'm not good at this. Most of my explanations begin with facetious quips like, "Oh, do forgive my rudeness," as I initiate some unspeakably evil act or a villainous attack on whatever superhero *de jour*. I'll try to be more sincere this time, partly on the advice of our couples counselor Doctor Killjoy but also because, if I owe anyone on this terrestrial globe--which I shall shortly crush with the burning talons of pure science--an explanation, that person is you, Jason.

You see, as I look back, I see that I have much to apologize for. All the small inevitable, innumerable offenses--wet towels dropped on your bathroom floor, dinners missed, gestures of affection that went unmade when they were needed most. And, yes, I suppose I also must apologize for the mighty and terrible engines that must, even now, be warping through space toward our pitiful planet.

So many things, and only a finite amount of time. While you enjoy that nice Hypnotron-induced trance, let's get started, shall we? I, Doctor Diabolical, do hereby apologize to you, Jason, for the following.

First: The unavoidable deception.

(Do you like the extra reverb? I think it adds a dramatic touch, don't you?)

I'm certain you must be astonished to learn that the person you think of as your hardworking, decent, though perhaps a bit dull, fiancé is in reality the terrifying, fascinating, inexplicably attractive figure of Doctor Diabolical. My name is synonymous with brilliance and evil the world over. I made a point of mentioning this enough times during our many discussions of the physics of superheroes and villains.

I think--and I suspect our Doctor Killjoy would agree--this might be good for our relationship. You often spoke of a remoteness about me, a part that you simply couldn't reach. Maybe that was the reason you were attracted to me in the first place; maybe you sensed a mysterious, unknowable reserve that you couldn't find a way into. We shared our lives, our bodies, and our thoughts with one another, all the surface things, but on some level you surely guessed that I had hidden away the deeper parts of myself--my glittering machines, seething vats of chemicals, the mutation ray--all in a place you could never reach. People have levels. Engineering levels. Genetics research levels. Hydroponics ...

Except of course that you did reach them, didn't you?

Naturally, things didn't start out this way. In the beginning, everything was much as it appeared to be. I was a thirty-year-old physics professor with a hopeless crush on a brilliant graduate student, a

beautiful, well-built one at that. A romance between us should have been ridiculous, even if I weren't four inches shorter than your six-foot-two, even if I weren't perhaps the most socially awkward man on the planet. I would never have dared speak to someone as physically perfect as you outside of a classroom or laboratory. That first kiss outside the student center is still as miraculous to me as the sunrise must have been to our primitive ancestors, long before science simultaneously cleared everything up and made the explanations all the more confusing.

And what's strange is the very day of that kiss was also when I had the first bit of insight into the next phase of my career, and yours, that would ultimately lead us to this conversation. I knew two things: one, that I had made the Earth's greatest scientific discovery in a hundred years; and two, that I could never, ever tell you about it.

Second: Our date on the evening of January 25.

Yes, I was irritable and distracted at dinner, and I didn't listen properly to your story about the editor who had promised to publish your first scientific paper, whatever his name was, even though he could not understand a word of it. Your story was, I think in retrospect, more entertaining than I gave it credit for. That's not an excuse, but an explanation, because that was the day I completed my first prototype of a new device. I had discovered, you see, something unique about, in layman's terms, a gap in the world, found in the spaces between atoms, a gap I immodestly called *DiaboliSpace*. I had discovered how to control that DiaboliSpace, a scientific principle with virtually endless applications for the manipulation of matter and energy, and I designed my prototype to do exactly that. Of course, with endless applications come a nearly endless potential for destructive uses. My end-goal has always been, after all, conquest of the world, and only a fool would assume a goal like that can be accomplished by purely peaceful methods.

You were the most important person in my life, the one who knew me most intimately. Why couldn't I tell you? I was afraid you would call me insane and contact the Justice Brigade. Or steal my ideas. Or both.

I've always been a little jealous of your brilliance, which in a few years might even rival my own. I was always afraid of you stealing my ideas and my inventions. But now I'm the one who has you right where he wants him. I'm the one in control. The Hypnotron projectors make sure of that, don't they. Are you sitting comfortably, my beautiful Jason? Go ahead and remove your boots. Go on. Take them off. That's it. You always follow the same pattern: the right one first then the left one ... That's a good boy. Wiggle your toes. Doesn't that feel good? Now lie back. That's it. Look up at the ceiling. There's a Hypnotron projector there too, shining its purple ray down on you. I've left nothing to chance, you see. Lie back. Stretch yourself out. Relax. I do so wish I could be there to see.

Maybe I knew you wouldn't choose me if you knew everything about me. And maybe being in love means you never get to be a whole person again. The moment we met, I became two people: the one I decided I could be with you; and the one made from the parts that were left over, the person I am when I am by myself, the greatest criminal genius the world has ever seen. At the time I marveled because I thought that you didn't have a hidden side, that you were the same all the way through. I was wrong, of course. Even someone as beautiful as you must have a hidden side. I know that now. How can any person not have a secret and glorious part of themselves that the world absolutely must not see? You surely understand that too.

In another week I had a working DiaboliSpace-powered blaster capable of burning through a concrete wall, and we met to see that movie at the Regent. I fell asleep on your shoulder, dreaming the genetic code for a race of dinosaur-human hybrids.

Third: The Pirates of Penzance.

I don't know how we each ended up thinking the other was a fan of Gilbert and Sullivan. The idea that all gay men like musical theatre is a gay cliché from before my time and certainly from well before yours. And in my defense, the review in the campus paper was quite positive--I think the word *rollicking* appeared several times.

That date was in the late winter; when we met outside the theater, your cheeks stood out crimson against your dark-gray coat. We left our coats on inside, and mostly what I choose to remember of the play was the feel of the stiff wool of my coat brushing up against your shoulder. Believe me, I cringed a trillion times as we sat together and watched undergraduate theater majors milk the comic material for cheap laughs. At least the shirtless pirates were nice scenery. Much like you right now, Jason--I expect the sight of you lying there bare-chested and bare-footed on my laboratory floor under those entrancing purple rays must be such exquisite scenery indeed.

Afterward, I walked you back to your dorm room, both of us knowing we were about to fuck for the first time. We lamely joked about how bad the production had been; and as we reached your dorm, I held back so you couldn't see the erection in my pants, or how flushed with excitement and arousal my face was.

Pausing on steps of your dorm, I looked up at the stars, clear and bright in the midnight sky, and I began to formulate the glittering digital architecture that would become Cyber Brain VIII. But I foresaw neither its first words, nor its tragic final act.

Fourth: The fate of your much-vaunted Sergeant Atom and that twelve-inch dildo.

Bwa-ha-ha-ha! No, on second thought, I won't apologize for that. The sanctimonious ass and his asshole deserved every realistically molded latex inch.

Fifth: My methods.

Crude, perhaps? Not as wholesome as you might prefer? You don't even understand the world I live in or the history and conflicts that formed it. I suppose you believe that putting on a spandex outfit and fighting crime gives the superhero a unique perspective. But trust me: the opposite is even more true. The moment a person commits a crime in a costume, he sees entirely new truths about the world. You probably think Cyber-Czar Khrushchev and his Iron Cabinet never reached the moon.

Consider this: Do you remember that weekend when we drove for four hours in a snowstorm to visit your brother and his wife? We went the last two hours without talking--not angry, just in a shared reverie as the world darkened and we felt like we were in the one warm, dry place in an infinite expanse of stark-white snow and black trees and wet, gritty highway. As we drove, I thought about how large a DiaboliSpace generator I'd need to power an orbital laser cannon satellite. I thought about what kind of treads a cyber-tank would require to cross this snowy terrain, and whether your brother was going to be a dick to me the entire weekend, and how many human skulls would be needed to make a really nice throne, and whether there was enough power in all DiaboliSpace to get me through

this weekend, and whether even Cyber Brain XII could untangle all that messed-up drama in your family.

Sixth: Any inconvenience I may be causing you.

Yes, well, you see, I haven't mentioned this but you may be staying here quite a while, even after the Hypnotron trance wears off. Don't try to escape. But feel free to explore, though, as long as you don't smash any of my equipment or push any red buttons.

I don't like to boast, but I'm really proud of this place. I broke ground on the first chamber and an initial ventilation system while you visiting your mother in Chicago, but since then it's expanded quite extensively. Once the construction robots really got going, the layout just spiraled: the plasma containment lab, the panopticon, the xenoquarium, the emergency launch tubes. Oh, and one more thing: The catacombs below the lower level seem to be naturally occurring, but I've never quite gotten to the bottom of some odd seismic readings; so you'd best not get too curious down there.

Go ahead and slip off your pants--or leggings, or whatever you call them. Lift your hips and slide them down your legs. You have such nice legs. Slide them all the way to your ankles. That's the way. Pull your feet out of them and toss them aside. Good boy. Now lie back again and just relax.

Did you manage to get a good look at my lab before the Hypnotrons took control of your mind? If not, you can look around later. My lab, my inventions, my experiments--what you'll be seeing is who I really was during the better part of our life together. We'd see a movie or go to a nice restaurant for dinner or just stay in and fuck like bunnies; then, around two a.m. I'd come back here to my apartment, get into costume, and duck into the secret passageway down to the lab. Sometimes I'd still be spacey and distracted for a while, but eventually I'd shake it off and spend three or four hours adjusting the nutrient fluid for the dinosaur-human hybrid clone embryos. (If you decide to go exploring on Level Three, check them out. They're quite impressive, and you might be interested to know I used your D.N.A. for the human side of the hybridization. You remember the first night we fucked, when you noticed the condom you'd used wasn't where you left it, and I said I'd already taken care of it? Well ...) Or I'd be blearily trying to tune in the exact broadcast frequency of an exploding star, or laying the plans for another sub-basement. I'd get the robots started on the next phase, then emerge through one of the secret exits to watch the sun coming up. I'd get a cup of coffee, then hurry through the quad to introduce freshmen to the basic equations of matter and why the universe behaves the way it does. Then, home to sleep, and wake up in the afternoon to see you again.

Our affair was perfect in many ways. I'm saddened that it's over.

Keeping my secret from you wasn't easy. I went through more last-minute costume changes than I can count. We'd meet for coffee, and I'd be shaking off the effect of a stun-ray, or waiting for the news reports of my latest heist. The heroes knew for a fact that I lived in this area. Sergeant Atom even came snooping around our department at the university, asking whether anyone kept strange hours, had strange ideas, or perhaps little interest in social activities. We're an academic physics department, for crying out loud--*all* of us kept strange hours, had strange ideas, and little interest in social activities that would distract us from our research. Still, accusing eyes might have obviously fallen on me if only the heroes had been looking for a real person--but they were looking for a stereotype. My precautions were effective, but I think you were the real reason they never picked up on who I was. Everyone knew we were dating, even if I was a professor and you a grad student, and dating is by definition a social activity.

I liked being your boyfriend. The most absolutely blissful moments a person could have were when I left my lab and knew I'd be having dinner with you. When we held hands in the street, walking back to your place to fuck, I'd check whether people were watching. I wanted to make sure everyone knew how lucky I was.

And then, of course, other times our relationship felt like being trapped inside a collapsing star--which, trust me, is no fun at all--and I felt like I'd made the most awful mistake in the world. I know there must be some way to have a relationship that truly works, and I have faith that, with your understanding--and the aid of my Venusian allies--we can find it.

More on them presently.

Seventh: What our couples therapist considers inadequate effort at communication, the breakup, and my reaction to same

I understand why you broke up with me that time. The sex was terrific; our problems were always *outside* the bedroom. You knew something was lacking, and I knew it too. I just couldn't tell you. A hundred times I was on the brink of telling you. I tried to say the words out loud. I knew you are as fascinated by physics as I am, but I didn't think you'd be into the rest of it--power and evildoing. Those parts were too strange. And I admit: I also worried that, if I told you about it, the secret part of me would disappear.

And it's too complicated now. If I'd just told you at the very start, maybe you could have understood, but now? After the digging and arch-nemeses and attempts at conquering the world ... If I started now, I'd have to explain how I came to speak Russian with a Danish accent and what happened to my original eyes. It's gone a little far. Neither of us has that kind of time.

I tried to channel my hurt into my work. Without you, I no longer needed to sleep or take breaks except for my missions and to fulfill my teaching schedule, which I'm proud of having kept up. It's harder than you think for a man of pure scientific evil to hold regular office hours.

You remember the day I asked you to take me back? You can thank super-detective Sherlock Einstein for that humbling moment. The night before, I had picked the ridiculously simple cyber-lock on his office door and was busy dusting his things with nanotech powder--nothing major, just little microscopic machines that would get inside his body and make him hallucinate. Einstein caught me. He'd been unable to sleep, so he came back to the office. He stood in the doorway, looking especially seedy, a gray wool coat pulled on over his pajamas, a bottle of decent Scotch in one hand, the stun-gun steady in his other. That's when I realized something: Einstein is such an obvious asshole that even his do-gooder allies feel sorry for him. He honestly thinks living alone and playing drunk chess on the Internet all night makes him a tragic hero.

Seeing him there with his sad little grin, I realized something worse: He thought he understood me. He actually thought we were melancholy companions and rivals locked in a long dance of good versus evil, law and order versus chaos. And seeing him, I felt I was indeed looking into a kind of mirror, only I was looking into a mirror that showed my future, how I was turning into a pathetic cliché. I realized that the person I am with you is also part of the person I am.

The next day I showed up at your study carrel in the library and told you I'd changed, and for once I was telling the truth. I even agreed that we should see a couples counselor. I know you don't want our

renewed relationship to get too serious again too soon, but I have a few things I think you should consider.

Eighth: That dinner with Chris

Do you remember the time when we were forty minutes late to dinner with your ex-roommate Chris and his new boyfriend--what was it?--Bryan?--and you didn't speak to me the whole ride over to the restaurant except to remind me that Highway 60 was a toll road and you didn't have any change? I hated you so much right then; and I'm sure you hated me, though I bet not as creatively.

Of course the moment we got to the restaurant, you were all smiles, and I joined in as much as I could, thinking, *damnation, relationships are a grotesque charade*. No one had a bad time even though the conversation was warped by Bryan's inability to leave even marginally ambiguous statements unclarified, and we were there maybe three hours. By the time we left, we weren't fighting anymore--not for any reason in particular, we just weren't. I remember hoping things will work the same way once I subjugate this planet's military forces.

Speaking of subjugation, go ahead and slip off that jockstrap you wear under your pants, tights, or whatever you call them. Slip it all the way off and toss it aside. There. Isn't that more comfortable? Now you're naked except for your ... Ah, but don't worry--we'll get to that soon enough.

Ninth: The subtle, yet nefarious means by which I lured you here.

Surely you don't truly think I gave myself away by accident, did you? Would an evil genius of my caliber be that sloppy? You saw the laser burn on my jacket lapel a few days ago. You caught the millimeter of costume poking out from beneath a shirt-cuff at the department alumni dinner--I know you did. All carefully calculated to catch your interest, I assure you. Then I gave you your own key to my apartment, and I left the secret door open just a tiny crack, just enough for light to leak out.

I knew you'd find me eventually, darling Jason.

Titanium steel bolts have slid into place to secure the vault door behind you. Don't be alarmed, and please don't break anything. I've been decent so far, and I've taken your abilities into account. You won't be able to escape, not even after the Hypnotron effects wear off.

I suppose now it's time to talk about what happened three weeks ago.

You were away delivering a paper at one of those tedious academic conferences, and I took the occasion to do a little more digging. Cyber Brain XVI and I were supervising the digger-bots on a new excavation on the south side; nothing serious, just laying in more server space and another heat sink, you know. These days, drafting plans for world domination requires a lot of processor power--so many superheroes and so many variables. Then we uncovered a power line that wasn't shown on the city maps. We dug around, followed it a few hundred feet until we struck a wall of reinforced concrete. We looked at each other, then I cut into it, making a cylindrical opening, and stepped through into an air-conditioned, well-lit corridor.

We'd found an underground complex.

I explored further, ready for anything except what I found. That's right, Jason, or should I say ... Captain Awesome? I should have known it was you under that cheap spandex disguise. The way you smell when I lean close to you, like no unenhanced human could. I suppose I should have guessed a

connection between the brilliant graduate student doing research into the properties of hard light constructs and the superhero who claimed he used hard light to give himself super-strength, laser blasts, and other powers.

Hindsight makes everything seem so obvious, no? Love isn't just blind--it's also blinding.

Go ahead and remove your mask now. I know that seems like a big step--the grand unmasking of the hero--but we both know you can't fight the Hypnotron effect. Besides, I already know who you are underneath it, don't I? Makes the unmasking a bit anti-climactic, perhaps? The Super Villains Union has a thick policy manual governing when and how to reveal a hero's identity, which is a really big step in the hero-villain relationship as you know, but I can make the case that the policy doesn't apply here since your secret identity is already known to me. So, we'll ignore the reams of paperwork I'm supposed to fill out in advance, shall we? Go ahead and take off your mask and toss it aside. One of the maintenance-bots--cute li'l things aren't they?--will collect your things shortly and take them away, but don't worry about that. Just lie back again, like you were before, completely naked now and completely under the Hypnotron spell.

Don't fret--we're coming to the good part, in three ... two ... one ...

Tenth: Any momentary discomfort you may have suffered just now.

The rearrangement of one's molecules is never a pleasant experience. The discomfort will fade presently. This is all part of my preparations for when the Hypnotron effect wears off. As much as I might like, I cannot keep you entranced here forever. Sooner or later the Hypnotron projectors will need to be shut down lest they overheat, or you'll shake off the effects somehow. Yes, my equipment is reinforced against your powers, but reinforcement only goes so far. Can't have you running amuck and smashing my delicate machinery with your super-strength or blasting my inventions with those laser bursts of yours, at least not until my plans are well underway and it's too late to stop me. Besides, you might inadvertently injure yourself if you cause some random explosion, and I don't want that. So I've taken away your powers and your ability to do anything with your body except as I order you. Please, be patient for a few more hours until your powers return. Then, if you choose, you can absolutely start smashing things, if that makes you happy.

I could have zapped you with the depowering ray the moment you entered my lab, but I'm told its effects are somewhat agonizing. I didn't want you to experience any pain, Jason, so I used the Hypnotrons to entrance you first. I hope the pleasurable feeling from them kept the brief exposure to the depowering ray from being too uncomfortable? Some of my test subjects found the Hypnotron effect quite ... ah, I think *arousing* was how they described it. Are you feeling aroused, Jason? Perhaps the mighty Captain Awesome is getting an erection as he lies naked on my lab floor? I admit, your cock is quite awesome, Jason. Especially when it's hard and throbbing and needing to cum, as it surely must be now. Are you hard, Jason? Do you need to cum? Let your cock get hard, Jason. Let it throb. You have my permission to stroke it, slowly, gently. Just tease it a little. But don't cum yet. Stop stroking any time you feel yourself getting close to the edge. Be patient. We'll get there soon enough.

In the meantime, I need to feel that I am being heard, as Doctor Killjoy would say, on a few final points. I want to give you time to consider what I have to say.

Eleventh: That fight we had the other day.

I'm sorry we both got angry. I shouldn't have even been robbing that stupid museum. I was having a bad day, and I needed a little activity, a little rush of adrenaline, to clear my head--to put things in perspective, you know? I'm glad we got that opportunity to talk, even if it was just a *Curse you, Captain Awesome* and *You'll never get away with this, Doctor Diabolical* thing.

Twelvth: The Venusians.

Okay, time to address the elephant in the room. No, not the dinosaur-elephant hybrid on Level Two--that was one of my early proof-of-concept tests, and not an entirely successful one. What I mean is, let's return to the topic I raised earlier.

I for one choose to welcome our new Venusian friends and overlords, and this is a personal choice I hope you'll be able to respect. Believe me, I know how unpopular this particular stance is going to make me, but I don't think we should bring politics into our life together. Just because two people are in a relationship doesn't mean they have to agree on every political matter. Besides, *overlords* is such a loaded word these days, and I know that's hard to get past. But you know what else is hard to get past? A glowing, invulnerable Venusian force field. Also, political views are, from my perspective, of secondary importance once you've seen an ant grown to a thousand times its normal size.

Speaking of things that grow, I hope you're still stroking that big, hard cock of yours. Doesn't it feel good, teasing it with your hand like that?--Taking yourself to the edge of cumming, backing off, heading to the edge again. We'll get to the inevitable soon enough. Why don't you play with your balls too, for a bit of variety. And perhaps those perky nipples of yours; I've always liked the way they harden into two little diamond points.

I have new friends now, you'll be happy to know. Lots of them. My experiments with DiaboliSpace were what led them to contact me originally, and they've been quite upfront with their plans, sensing in me a kindred spirit devoted to pure science. They're an old civilization. While we humans were evolving from the mud and learning to make fire and seek shelter in caves, they watched us from filigreed palaces on their homeworld, sitting under musical crystalline trees and writing sonnets about supernovae. We have long conversations about real stuff: love, philosophy, anti-matter weapons, how to laser-proof a secret lair. I would have let you in on this before, but I've been rather busy.

Maybe this will be hard for you to accept right now, and I can deal with that. I'm not sure I have room in my life at the moment for someone who is just another friend. In time, yes, I think you will regret whatever insolence you might feel when the Hypnotron trance wears off. Possibly on the asteroid I have picked out, where you'll be mining sodium, if you need a time-out. No rush--you and I can clear up this this affair between us later, once my Venusian friends and I have set up the benevolent world government we're planning, imposed world peace, ended hunger, and--oh, I don't know--cured cancer? Oh, yes, you and your Justice Brigade super-buddies will be in the minority soon enough.

I've worked hard on making this Venusian thing happen; and now that I've gone on record, I know the question will be: Do I, Doctor Diabolical, expect special treatment? I think the Venusians will naturally want to call upon the people who have understood them from the beginning as they consider candidates for positions like--I don't know--reagent of North America, or perhaps even managing director of planet Earth. Honestly, that's not for me to say. But if you think they're not listening right now, Jason, you're kidding yourself.

Here's what I'm saying: Maybe this matter isn't about me at all, but it should be. The brave one who knew the stories humans tell themselves about alien invaders were all based on fear and supposition,

the one who was the first to stand up and say, *Hey, call me crazy but I think we can make this work*. And maybe this is a lost cause, but right now that doesn't seem to be the case to me, so we'll just see who wins this one--fair fight and no regrets. Don't judge; you don't know what's going on in those saucers. It could be pretty great.

Thirteenth: What is about to happen.

Well, I suppose this part is the most predictable, isn't it? It's a *political transition*; I think that's the most civilized term. Not nearly as scary as *world domination* or *overthrow of every human government*, don't you agree? And there's a place for you. I got quite specific with them on this. Their ideas on gender roles aren't what one might call progressive, but then, they have four sexes and dozens of genders, so their system is difficult to apply to humans. That's exactly what a policy of engagement drives. A two-way communication, right? Cultural exchange.

You know, their reproductive systems work in a completely different way from humans'. The Venusians, they don't have the concept of masturbation. So that big, hard cock that feels so good in your hand right now? The hot, tingly pleasure your cock makes you feel as you get close to the edge of cumming again, Jason--that's a completely Earth thing. Don't worry; they won't begrudge us a little self-pleasure once in a while. They might even encourage it. Would you like that, Jason? Would you like to be able to stop whatever you're doing and pop off a load, any time of day, no matter where you are? Would you like to cum now?

Go ahead. Tighten your grip on your erection. Stroke it faster. Would you like to play with your ass too? Or perhaps your nipples? Go ahead. Do whatever feels good. I was always spent after one or two good orgasms, but I remember how you liked to cum three or four times before our lovemaking sated you. And I've always liked watching you masturbate. A pity that I can't be there to watch you now, but more pressing concerns, you know? I wish I could watch you tug on your ball sack, press your head back, arch your body upward, and bit your lower lip. I wish I could see you tremble as the intense pleasure runs through your nervous system. Stroke it, but don't cum yet. Hold back until I tell you.

The universe is a mysterious place, and some of the mysteries are right here within our bodies. Knowing how the sexual response works, knowing how all the biological parts work, how the act of friction against skin and nerve endings creates sensation--none of that lessens the sheer mystery of watching you masturbate. I can't explain it. I could talk about your beauty--and you are quite beautiful, especially out of those slightly unfashionable clothes you wear in your workaday world disguise and that silly, garishly colored spandex gear you wear as Captain Awesome. Or I could talk about your intensity--the way you screw your eyes shut in passion but still whisper my name to let me know I'm the one you're thinking of in whatever images are running through your head. But none of that reduces the wonder of watching you in action: the way your big cock arches upward, the way your hand slides up and down along its length like two parts of a machine working in perfect harmony to bring you bliss.

You've been stroking for a while; by now you've settled into a good jacking rhythm. You're probably quite close to release, needing it. Are your ass cheeks clamping?--That's one your best tells for when you're about to climax. Your thighs are so tense they're practically vibrating, aren't they? Your chest is constricting; your face is getting flushed. Your heart is racing. Your nuts are pulling up. Your cum is churning, practically boiling. Your breath is ragged. So close! Getting closer! Your dick is drooling. Your toes are curling. Your balls and cock are getting ready to fire. Are you there? Yes, you're right there, ready to cum, ready to shoot your cum the moment I say. Keep stroking. Faster now--your hand

must be practically a blur. Harder. Longer strokes. Tug on your ball sack. So close! Right at the edge. Play with your nipple. Right there! So ready!

Cum!

Cum, Jason! Cum! Cum hard! Shoot your sperm high in the air. Feel it shooting out of you. Feel it splatter, wet and hot, across your chest and abs. Cum! Shoot it all out, and feel your orgasm racing through your body, through every nerve and muscle. Cum hard!

Good boy. Now just lie back and relax and enjoy that pleasant afterglow. Feel how loose and limp your body is now. You're probably still panting, and that's okay--your breathing will return to normal soon. I hope you had a good orgasm. You probably feel calmer and more relaxed now. That took some of the edge off, didn't it? Excellent. Good boy. Now perhaps you can listen to the last part with a clearer head.

Oh, and the uniform. I've laid out some stuff for you to wear after the Hypnotron wears off. Your Captain Awesome costume won't do at all. You'll need a whole new wardrobe. Probably you'll think the new uniform is going too far; but, if you're into it, it's traditional where they come from. I know it's a little, uhm, skimpy but we'll be altering the weather on this planet soon. I have two-sided tape someplace, if you have trouble keeping the codpiece attached to your bare groin. And the helmet is one hundred percent optional. Don't worry--unlike the headgear we will be distributing to the masses, yours does not contain any of the behavioral modification technology that we will be using to, ah, quiet a few of the more rebellious parts of the human psyche. The choices you make, Jason, will always be your own.

Fourteenth: Everything, the fate of the entire world, and whatever.

I won't feel bad about the conquest of Earth. I won't feel bad about the destruction of the Capitol Building, nor the White House; nor tripods stalking through the wheat fields; nor the sodium mines or the humiliation of your superhero friends and Earth's primitive military forces; nor riding my robot steed triumphantly up Broadway to Times Square where I will personally accept the surrender of every member of the U.N. Security Council. I'm just sorry you and I have wasted so much time that we could have spent together.

I know we don't discuss the future much, but I have a proposal to make. You and I have talked to Doctor Killjoy about models for an adult relationship; but, Jason--my sweet, naked, cum-covered Jason--I think those discussions were a bit ... unimaginative. So I have a proposal of my own. Actually, I have *two* proposals, if you feel you need a choice.

Here's the first: What a terrible turn of events if someone were to find the equipment in my secret laboratory. Maybe he would be brilliant enough to comprehend my plans in time to stop me. The perfectly understandable course of action would be for that person to appropriate my own inventions and use them against me. Such a person would earn my undying enmity! Moreover, I would be forced to consider him my arch-nemesis, and we'd engage in hero-villain battles on a regular basis.

We could be everlasting arch-enemies on a post-invasion Earth--or, and here's my second proposal: we could be co-regents of the North American province of the Greater Venusian Solar Empire.

The choice, Captain Awesome, Jason, is entirely yours. The Hypnotron projectors are shutting down now, and the trance effect will be wearing off shortly. I won't use the Hypnotons to influence your decision, and I don't want you to feel obligated; but, yeah, I'm putting myself out there.

I could really commit to this, you know? Long-term. Neither choice is the relationship you imagined for us, I suppose, but be honest: Wouldn't you have been disappointed with anything else? The sex was great, but shouldn't there be something more to a person than what he does in the bedroom to make you cum or what you see walking around every day?--an alternate self, a secret identity, or two, or twenty. We've all had the dream where you find another room in your house that you never knew about before; if you found it, what would be in there? I've thought hard about what that might be, and I've done my best to give it to you--every single day--something really cool, something scary and brilliant and mysterious all at the same time.
