

Scion of the Minion Master

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: While the villainous Minion Master is away, the clones will play--a tale of secrets, superheroes, and butt-sex.

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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I was making my afternoon security rounds. The boss and all his other henchmen were out executing their latest daring daylight robbery attempt, with yet another meticulous plan that would no doubt fall apart soon after some costumed superhero or the Justice Brigade put in an appearance. The boss, better known to the world as the nefarious super-villain Minion Master, never took me on his capers. He cloned me to be a little smarter than most of his minions, and he put me in charge of running the mansion and handling security, tasks that needed some intelligence. Boring duty, and I was more than a little jealous of the other minions who went along on the boss' jobs, but I ended up with fewer bruises and broken bones. His other minions were cloned for muscle power at the expense of brain power, which probably explained why he went through so many of them.

So I made a quick phone call on the untraceable line and still had plenty of time left to complete my afternoon security sweep, feeling awfully damned proud of myself. I thought no one was in the mansion except me; but during my rounds, I heard a noise as I passed the door of the equipment room where the boss stored some of his more portable, less deadly inventions. The door was supposed to be locked, but

it wasn't--someone had shorted out the electronic lock with an oily liquid and had bypassed the alarm. I sniffed the liquid: hmm, coconut-y and familiar. I took a peek inside to confirm what I was dealing with. Just my luck: it was my boss' son.

He wasn't actually the boss' "son." He was the boss' clone. The Minion Master cloned "Ryan" from his own DNA because he wanted a successor he could train to carry on his legacy as a super-criminal, and who better to be his successor than a fresh version of himself? When I was cloned, the boss had made advanced combat skills part of my accelerated learning program, so part of my job was playing drill sergeant to make sure Ryan kept up the physical training and fighting prowess he'd need if he ever had to step into the boss' super-villain boots--and I did my job well ... when Ryan bothered to show up for our workouts, that is. Not being jealous of Ryan was difficult, since the pampered little prince had the best of everything: his own name, his own car, lots of free time, and everything he wanted. He was even getting an education at the local college. While he was probably smarter than his professors, the boss wanted Ryan to be exposed to the "real world" and develop social skills from interacting with his fellow students.

Ryan was standing in the middle of the equipment room, naked, whipping his hand up and down his very hard cock. His eyes were clamped shut, his cute face screwed up in concentration as his hand flew over his throbbing boner. His thighs were spread, and his pair of hairless nuts jiggled down beneath as he bobbed away at his beef. The sound of his breath in ragged pants bounced off the walls, which was one reason he hadn't heard me open the door.

The other reason was the open box on the floor beside him. He'd been snooping and stumbled upon the boss' Libido-izer, patent pending. As a mind-control device, that seven-inch rod was elegantly simple and devastatingly effective: it emitted a pulse that overwhelmed the target's mind and libido, to the point that the person stopped whatever they were doing and had sex or masturbated until they were sated. Ryan was doing the latter, frantically.

"Libido-izer" was, obviously, still a work-in-progress name. The boss, always more of a big-picture evil-doer, still needed to think up something catchy before he built a grand scheme around it to rule the city and get revenge on the Justice Brigade. Super-genius inventions require catchy names, preferably names not already trademarked by a competing super-genius. It's a cutthroat market. But for describing its effect on Ryan?--"Libido-izer" worked just fine.

I stepped inside and quietly pulled the door closed behind me, a wicked grin on my face. Two more steps and I stood directly in front of Ryan. The rich punk was totally oblivious to my presence, his sexy grunts of pleasure loud in the confined stillness. I inhaled his scent, a mix of sweaty funk and coconut-scented suntan lotion, and moved closer. I was almost touching him. I stared at the straining muscles of his hairless chest. He was blond and tanned, and his flat stomach tensed as he humped up and down with his hips and stroked his cock as fast as he could.

He had a big dick. Yeah, that kid was so much like his "dad."

His eyes opened, and he saw me there. "What the fuck!" he yelped, stumbling back half a step, but he couldn't stop masturbating.

I dropped to my knees and swallowed his bouncing boner before he had time to react. My lips stretched over the plum head, and I swirled my tongue over it as I shoved his hands away and circled his shaft-base with one of my own.

"What are you doing, you fucking minion? Get back to work," he bleated, though despite his protest he wasn't moving away. In fact, he was shoving his cock deeper into my throat. "You're not supposed to be in here--oh, shit!"

He wasn't supposed to be in here either, I wanted to say, and he definitely wasn't supposed to use his genius-level intelligence to figure out ways to bypass the electronic lock and alarm system with suntan lotion. But I couldn't say any of that with my mouth stuffed full of clone-cock.

But we both knew the time for conversation was over as I slid my other hand up between his parted thighs and dug my fingers into his crack. I found his puckered hole and finger-strummed it rapidly in rhythm with my twirling tongue over his fat cock-head. That halted his protests, and his grunts got louder.

I grinned around his big cock in my mouth. He was right, though. I was a minion. If something happened to me, the Minion Master would just dump another batch of DNA into his cloning machine and in a week there'd be a replacement me, fully grown and ready to be ordered around. Unlike Ryan, I didn't have a name; I was just a minion clone--all I had was a number. But unlike the other minions, I was bred for intelligence; I stood a little straighter, looked a little less thuggish, which made me easy to distinguish from the rest. The Minion Master had given me muscles, yes, but also dark good looks and a charming manner. He must have liked my looks because he had trained me to suck cock like a vacuum cleaner, a service I provided often when helping him in his lab. Ryan sure seemed to appreciate my cock-sucking skills too. Good--it was about time he gave me some respect!

I'd been there six months ago when Ryan stepped out of the cloning machine, already age-accelerated to the level of physical and mental development of a healthy eighteen year old. Definitely a healthy eighteen year old's libido, I was thinking as I pulled him down to his knees and then pushing him onto his back while continuing to polish his knob and tickle his rectum. I straddled his head and pulled his knees toward me and down against his chest--similar to fetal position, except on his back. I pulled his knees toward his head, which lifted his hips and brought his cock and ass up into the air where I had ready access to them. He was shaking all over by then and put up no resistance as I pressed his thighs down and leaned into him, which effectively pinned him to the floor with his ass crack aimed at the ceiling and wide open. I jerked my shoes off quickly and fumble-shoved my pants down and off with one hand so that I was nearly as naked as he was. My skintight minion uniform shirt was all I had on--and that somehow got shoved up and bunched around my armpits and chest, right above my nipples.

I bobbed my head up and down over his twitching cock, tasting pre-cum and sucking more of it out with vacuuming cheeks and slurping lips. Although I was intent on sucking the rich punk's hard meat, my eyes were open and I noticed the tube of suntan lotion lying beside us on his discarded towel. Ryan spent a lot of his leisure time swimming or sunning himself by the pool; he must have been on his way back from there when he decided to do some snooping. I scooped up the lotion with one hand and flipped the lid open with forefinger and thumb. A second later I was squirting a stream of coconut-scented goo down Ryan's upended butt crack.

I dropped the tube and ran my hand back and forth along Ryan's lubricated crack. It was hairless and satin-smooth. The crinkled slot fluttered, the lips distending and gaping. He wanted this, and he wanted it badly. I fingered his hole, teasing it while I engulfed his cock to the root.

"Oh, fuck! Fuck, that feels so fucking good! Stick your fingers up there! Please!" Ryan fussed in his demanding, rich-punk voice.

I smiled. The spoiled brat always got what he wanted, and I understood perfectly what his body wanted.

I'd give it to him. I knew exactly how overwhelmingly horny the Libido-izer made Ryan feel, because the boss had zapped me with it as a test when he first developed it. Poetic revenge: that's what this was. Yes, I'd give the boss' little punk what he wanted. In fact, I'd have him begging for it. But not just yet.

Hey, I was cloned by a super-villain. I was *supposed* to be an evil bastard, right? The Henchmen's Union rule book said so.

I sucked noisily on Ryan's cock, bobbing up and down, licking around the head. But I didn't poke at his quivering butthole. No, instead I ran my fingertips over his twitching entrance, tickling the sensitive rim with rapid, flickering strokes, teasing him, driving him crazy with anticipation. His dad liked when I did this, and so did Ryan--Ryan fucking loved it. He groaned, he moaned, and he squirmed his tight butt back against my hand in an effort to catch those tantalizing fingers and make them slide up inside his hungry asshole. While I gulped down his hard cock, I rubbed my fingers over his slick and spasming hole, teasing it with tickles and strokes.

"Come on, minion! Quit fooling around! Please! You're driving me fucking nuts," Ryan whined oh-so-pitifully as he writhed beneath my five-fingered assault on his asshole. I followed up with a firm yank on his scrotum, loving the fullness of his nuts and the way my pressure made him moan.

Driving him nuts? I intended to do exactly that. While I slobbered at his cock-head, I stroked his asshole at the same time, pulling away before he could squirm up against my fingers and capture them with his snapping butt-lips. I repeated the action, strumming his hole and working the slippery suntan lotion all around it, even rubbing the center with three big fingers but stopping short of inserting them. I yanked on his ball-sack again and felt him squirm.

Ryan shoved up against my tormenting fingers, his knees up against his chest and his ass wide open. His ass-lips gaped and trembled like a hungry maw. He was pushing out with all his might, desperate to suck in the three fingertips I held poised along his quaking slot. I sucked his cock to the root and suddenly shoved. All three fingers drove knuckle-deep into his gooey butt.

"Oh, fuck!" he gurgled. His body rose up and slammed against my digging fingers. He practically inhaled those three fingers with his asshole. Yeah, he wanted this, all right--and it wasn't just the effects of the Libido-izer: Ryan really wanted to get fucked! I shoved my three fingers as deep as possible, twisting and digging around inside his quivering cavern. Ryan groaned somewhere deep in his throat, and then his body tensed, and I felt his cock pulse and expand in my mouth. A gusher of warm jizz flooded my tonsils. I swallowed and swallowed, sucking him dry while working my fingers in circles inside his clutching asshole.

I pulled off his cock and looked up at him. His eyes had rolled back, and he huffed for breath as he rode through the last of his orgasm and into the afterglow. His chest rose and fell like a bellows. I grinned. His climax might have ended the effect of the Libido-izer, but I wasn't through with the rich snot yet. With the taste of jizz still on my tongue and lips, I crawled over him and straddled his face with my hips.

"What do you think you're--" he muttered groggily just before I crammed my hard poker into his open mouth.

I straddled his face, my cock buried between his lips. I was facing his feet and butt; my fingers were still buried up his asshole. I twisted my digits and pulled out on his butt-rim at the same time. He rose up and writhed against those fingers, his cock oozing more liquid. He managed to swallow my cock at the same time, slurping it down into his throat while rubbing at the base with his tongue. He gurgled over my

cock as I thrust down into his mouth, his hands coming up and gripping at my hard muscle-butt. He swallowed my meat noisily and kneaded my ass with wild hands as I continued to three-finger-fuck his butthole.

His ankles were in the air, unrestrained. He was holding his own ass open for me. He had turned out to be quite the slut, and this definitely wasn't his first fuck. I stared down at his wide-open crack. The suntan lotion coated the pale cheeks. It oozed out of his violated hole. Three of my fingers were buried up there. His cock was growing limp on his flat stomach, leaking little dribbles of leftover jizz every time I shoved my fingers deeper up his hot quim. I felt my own balls roiling, and knew I wouldn't last much longer with those sweet lips wrapped around my meat and that tight throat massaging it. I rammed my fingertips way up his asshole, feeling for and teasing his walnut prostate. His cock lurched and started hardening again.

Then my eyes fell on his discarded swimsuit and towel, and there lay the Libido-izer. The seven-inch gleaming black rod looked obscenely phallic, more like a vibrator or dildo than a weapon. That was it! I'd teach the rich punk a real lesson. Leaning over, my cock still buried in Ryan's gurgling mouth, I scooped up the device. One end of the black rod was smooth and rounded. I held it by the flat end and poked the rounded tip against Ryan's gaping asshole.

"Feel this up your ass," I laughed nastily just as I shoved.

Nearly the entire length of the black rod disappeared up Ryan's ass. Only the flat base-end protruded from his trembling butt-lips. Ryan lifted his ass in the air and snorted around my cock in his mouth. But he took it and he loved it. I laughing again as I gripped the base and dug the body of the Libido-izer in and out of Ryan's slurping butthole.

Fucking this spoiled punk's mouth and dildo-fucking his ass proved too powerful for me. I felt his hot hole spasm around the rod and my fingers. He whimpered around my dick as his cock started spurting another good spray of cum and his ass jiggled wildly. I was staring at that tight ass held wide open for me and that jizz-oozing cock throbbing on Ryan's belly. My cock bored deeper into Ryan's snug throat. I spewed.

Jizz filled his gullet. He swallowed and snorted, and I pulled out to spray his gasping lips. I stumbled to my feet, still cumming. My jizz rained down on Ryan's quivering body. The rod protruded obscenely from his slick asshole.

I chuckled. He looked so stunned and embarrassed now that the Libido-izer's effect had worn off--he also looked sexy as hell lying there covered in cum, though, my cum and his own.

He knew the equipment room was off-limits. He knew he had been caught flaunting the rules. "I know you," I said, intending to call him a meddling kid, a little slut, a clone like me, whatever insults I could think of to lord it over this little rich brat who thought he was so much better than me just because the DNA he was made from was the boss'. I had a news flash for this privileged punk: except for the DNA that went in, he and I had stepped out of the very same cloning machine. "Yeah. I know exactly who you are."

His eyes went wide, and his jaw dropped, and he gasped, "You know I'm Gravitator?"

Well, *that* was a surprise. I kept my expression carefully blank, something I'd practiced thousands of times when the boss was ranting about this invention or that evil plan or those meddling superheroes.

And Graviton was a superhero.

I couldn't help narrowing my eyes, though, and Ryan seemed to interpret that as confirmation of his worst fears.

"Fuck!" The little punk barked, scuttling away toward the far corner. "Please don't tell--I--Fuck!"

Okay, this information was definitely going to take some time to process.

I picked up my pants and shoes. "And fix that damn lock you shorted out," I growled before I stalked out and left him there.

For the next several days, he avoided me. I meandered around the mansion grounds pretending to water the shrubbery, ordered more supplies for the boss' laboratory, and actually got some work accomplished around the place. Minion Master had gotten himself and his other minions captured when his last villainous plan failed, thanks to an anonymous tip phoned in to the Hero Hotline, so there wasn't much to do while the lawyers haggled with the judge to get him out on bail. That left no one was around the mansion but Ryan and me, so Ryan didn't have much trouble avoiding me. I couldn't get the images out of my mind: Ryan's round pale butt stuffed with the black Libido-izer, the cum on his lips and belly, or the few grainy photos of Graviton I'd downloaded after his revelation. My dick was hard nearly all the time.

I returned to the equipment room often, breathlessly checking the new lock, opening the door, peering in. Nothing. A week of that followed while I grew hornier and hornier. I glimpsed Ryan's tanned body here and there, going for a jog or in the pool, his hair gleaming in the sunlight. I gritted my teeth and nursed a boner at the sight of his tight butt encased in shorts or trunks. I thought I had taught him a lesson, but I was the one jerking off every night while fantasizing about his ass.

I did some research too. Graviton was one of the newer heroes, and not much information was available. I made a list of reported sightings--times and places, which mostly seemed to be centered around the local university--and I cross-checked the list against the security logs of Ryan's comings and goings, particularly the location tracking chip in his car. Every time Graviton was sighted, Ryan had been away from the mansion, usually "at class."

The photos I'd found of Graviton weren't that clear. He wore a mask that covered his hair and most of his face except for his mouth and chin, so the facial similarities weren't immediately conclusive. But he matched Ryan's general height and weight, and the body under those tights was closely resembled the naked one I'd sprayed cum on in the equipment room. Plus, that belt Graviton wore with his tights looked an awful lot like the gravity manipulation belt Minion Master had invented a while back and set aside, planning to come back and perfect it later. It had been painted a different color, but it sure looked like the same belt. Which, when I checked, just happened to be missing from the equipment room.

I spotted Ryan in the swimming pool late one afternoon. I watched for a while, peering through the shrubbery, then slipped into the quiet house and into the equipment room. My dick tented my pants. I yanked them down and began to pump. I stared at the slightly ajar doorway and thought of Ryan. He'd have to pass the door on his way back to his rooms, and he'd be curious about why it wasn't shut and locked ...

My heart pounded as the door opened farther, and there he was, wearing just his swimsuit. There I was too, with my hard dick in hand, facing him. Suddenly I knew how he'd felt when I caught him jerking

off. For a breathless moment we stared at each other, my hand on my cock and him dripping wet in the doorway.

Then he grinned and jumped forward. Suddenly he was on his knees, swallowing my dick to the balls. I shook from head to toe when I felt him pushing me with his hands. I dropped to my knees, his mouth still on my cock slurping noisily. I had never been so hard.

Then he pushed me backward until I felt the wall against my shoulder. Somehow we sank to the floor. He lifted my knees and my ass was in the air, his hands tearing at my pants.

That's when I felt the rounded end of the Libido-izer pressed against my naked buttock, and a second later--*bzzt!*--the familiar buzz as he fired its pulse up into my body.

What a fucking punk!

Suntan oil eased the way, but I was lust-crazed, squirming like a horny slut and grunting like a stuck pig as that hard metal rod stretched me open. Knowing the Libido-izer was making me feel this out of control with lust wasn't the same as fighting it--and I definitely didn't want to fight it! My prostate throbbed as Ryan pushed the device deeper and twisted. His lips suctioned and slurped. The heat of his mouth over my cock matched the throbbing pressure of the rod crammed up my ass. I squirmed and wiggled, but he held me in place with his free hand wrapped around my vulnerable nut-sack.

I was being skewered and sucked simultaneously. The memory of Ryan spread-eagled with that Libido-izer up his ass as I fucked his mouth with my dick returned to haunt me. That's when I shot my load between his sweet lips--with that same Libido-izer shoved up my ass.

Ryan sucked me dry, working that metal rod in and out relentlessly. I groaned and shook, but loved every second of it. Ryan finally spat out my cock and rose up to kneel over me. While fucking my aching ass with that device, he jerked off a creamy load all over my stomach, smirking and huffing.

Afterward we lay together. He said, rousing me out of a light doze, "I was afraid you'd tell my dad that I'm Gravitor. Thanks for keeping my secret."

"Your secret identity's safe with me. I'm not the manipulative type. But I'm putting the Libido-izer into a more secure storage vault where it can't cause any more mischief."

"Dad doesn't suspect, does he?--About me wanting to be a hero instead of a villain like him?"

"As far as I know," I said around a comfortable little post-sex yawn, "he doesn't have a clue. Just because he's a super-genius doesn't mean he's super-observant." We chuckled over that.

"Dad will have us both melted down for scrap protein if he finds out I'm Gravitor and you knew all along ... or, uhm, if he finds out the anonymous phone calls to the Hero Hotline have been coming from our security office," he observed, drawing a circle on my forearm with his finger.

Well, well--so the little punk had been checking up on me too. "Kind of puts us in the same kettle, doesn't it. But first he'd have to invent some sort of supersonic atomic death-trap kettle, and a grand scheme to lure Gravitor to his doom high over the city. Minion Master's a super-villain--he does that sort of thing. The man takes a lot of pride in his work."

That got a laugh from him. "You know, if you have some free time, I've heard a rumor that Graviton might be looking for a minion. I could, uhm, put in a good word for you. We'd have to think of a name for you, though."

Yes, he was a punk, but he was a punk made from the boss' super-genius DNA. If he was smart enough to work out the bugs in Minion Master's gravity manipulation belt, he was probably smart enough to whip up one for me too. Since I ordered the supplies around here, I could get Ryan the parts, and the boss would never know. Plus, spandex tights weren't any more revealing than my skintight minion uniform. The kid could probably use a slightly older, more experienced mentor to watch his back when he was on anti-crime patrol--and to fuck his ass after.

I wondered whether the boss would notice if I let my Henchmen's Union membership expire.

I tweaked Ryan's nipple. "Hmm, tempting offer, but tell Graviton I see myself as more of a partner type than a minion type."

Graviton and Graviton were partners from that day on.
