

Super-Villain Academy, Class 301: Lecture #8, Sex and the Superhero

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: That diabolical genius Minion Master teaches aspiring super-villains the proper way to use erotic mind control to subjugate populations and manipulate the hero.

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 are 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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Greetings, future super-villains. I am, of course, the Minion Master--I'm sure you've all heard of me--and I will be taking over as your instructor for the rest of the semester after Doctor Dastardly's ill-fated run-in with the Justice Brigade last night. I swear, why Dastardly insists on basing his "secret" lairs in one abandoned warehouse after another down by the waterfront is beyond me. Predictability is always an evil-doer's downfall. I can tell you confidentially: I intend to see that Dastardly's super-genius credentials are thoroughly reviewed after this latest incident. Once he gets out of prison, of course. But, I digress.

Those of you who have looked at your revised course syllabus will know that today's lecture covers "Sex and the Superhero: The Application of Erotic Mind Control Tactics to Subjugating the Population and

Manipulating Your Arch-Nemesis," but I'll have to apologize in advance for what I must do. In previous years when *I* taught this course--and with far more academic rigor than Dastardly, I surmise--I would have taken the whole class down to the gymnasium at the local university and conducted a workshop by mind-controlling whichever sports team happened to be in the locker room at the time. However, since the Super-Villain Academy registration office did not think to put a limit on the class size this semester--and since that new hero Graviton has been sighted several times recently around the university--we'll have to forego the usual workshop.

Now, now--keep it down. I know you're all disappointed, but I've arranged a demonstration that will make it up to you. We will be having a pair of--shall we call them "special guests"?--join us shortly, and they will be participating in demonstrations of some of the techniques as I lecture.

Ah, here they are now. Bring them in, minions. Drag--er, escort them right down here to the front. I should probably put in a plug for my colleague, Thunder Lord, who has so kindly donated these two hostages--er, special guests for today's workshop. Remove their hoods, minions, and let the class see who we have here today.

Ah, I see some of you recognize our young guests. Minions, hold them where the class can see them. Don't worry, class--you're quite safe. As you can see, our guests are safely handcuffed and shackled, and those inhibitor collars around their necks prevent them from using their powers. The man on the right in the red tights calls himself Minotaurus, and the man in the gold on the left is Sky Rider, two of the Justice Brigade's newest junior members. Strapping lads, aren't they? While their masks make estimating their exact ages difficult, even for one of my extreme intelligence, I'd put Minotaurus' age at approximately nineteen, and Sky Rider at twenty. Am I right, heroes?

Now, now, Sky Rider, there's no need for such language; perhaps we'll find a better use for that mouth of yours soon enough. And you, Minotaurus, settle down; struggling against your bonds will do you no good while that inhibitor collar keeps you from using your super-strength. Without your strength, those handcuffs are more than sufficient to hold you. Besides, it's considered quite rude for a hero to interrupt the super-villain when he is monologuing. Didn't the Justice Brigade cover this in your apparently woefully inadequate training? Honestly, what is this world coming to, when the new generation of heroes can't even respect the traditional rules of hero-villain interaction? The preservation of such rules is the very reason institutions like the Super-Villain Academy exist.

Class, Minotaurus and Sky Rider here made a mistake common to rookie superheroes: overconfidence. Rather than stick to tussling with lower-level villains more appropriate to their fledgling-hero status, they went up against an alpha-level super-villain. Yes, they attempted to interfere with Thunder Lord's plan to steal the museum downtown--yes, the *entire* museum, as most of you probably saw on the news--and got themselves captured. When Thunder Lord heard I needed subjects for today's workshop, he changed his plans to hold them for ransom and generously offered me the opportunity to make an example of these two, so that I can demonstrate today's techniques to you, class, while teaching these two junior heroes a lesson about tangling with villains who are most definitely out of their league.

Minion Three, is the Hypnotron ready? What? You're Minion Two? No matter. Is the ... It's what? Fucking hell!--Then power it up immediately, you fool. Honestly, class, while there's nothing more rebellious than an intelligent minion, I am beginning to think I made this latest set *too* stupid. Perhaps I should notch up the brain power in my next batch of minion clone DNA at least by a few dozen intelligence points.

What? It's ready? Then let's begin. Class, please put on your safety goggles. They will protect you from the Hypnotron's effects. Our two guests, of course, won't have the benefit of such protection.

Oh, stop, Sky Rider. You're just embarrassing yourself. I developed the technology in those inhibitor collars myself, just as I developed the Hypnotron and my minion cloning process. I assure you, you're quite powerless.

Class, do you all have your safety goggles in place? Excellent. Minion Thr--er, Two--lower the Hypnotron, please. Thank you. Where did I leave that remote control? Ah, here it is.

And there we go. That's it, heroes. Look into the bright white light. You're completely helpless and completely unable to look away. See how relaxing it feels? You can't help yourselves, can you? Can you feel it overwhelming your will? Yes? Every thought slipping away. Just look into the light. In another few moments you will be completely under the Hypnotron's irresistible power.

And there you have it, class: the practical application of mind control technology to turn even pesky superheroes into obedient slaves. Minions, I think you can release our guests from their handcuffs and shackles. Obviously they won't be giving us any trouble during the rest of the demonstration. They might even find they enjoy it, especially if my suspicion about that bulge in Minotaurus' tights is correct. No, don't remove their inhibitor collars, you fool. There's no sense in taking unnecessary risks. That sort of carelessness has been the downfall of far too many villains, and I'll not have it happening here in my classroom.

Now, class, whether you're applying mind control tactics to, say, the population of the small city of your choice or whatever super-nemesis has dared attempt to thwart your latest scheme for world domination, the real test of your super-villainy--what separates you from the riff-raff of everyday villains and wannabes--is what you do with the mind control once you've established it. And as you can see from our guests' blank stares, slack jaws, and limp arms, we have most definitely established it with Minotaurus and Sky Rider here.

Minotaurus, Sky Rider, if you would remove your costumes, please? See, class, how docilely they obey? The Hypnotron is a masterpiece of thought manipulation technology, if I do say so myself. Oh, I could patent it and make a small fortune, I suppose, but instead I've generously donated the blueprints to the Academy. You will all be able to begin building your very own Hypnotrons in the lab session tomorrow.

No, heroes, please leave your masks on. Remove the rest of your costumes, but keep your masks in place. You see, class, as I'm sure you've already learned in Lady Destructocrat's Super-Villain Etiquette class last term, the hero's secret identity is sacrosanct. From their youth, we might surmise that Minotaurus and Sky Rider here are college students. From their muscular builds, we might infer that they spend plenty of time in a gym, and perhaps they are even athletes on one of the local college teams. But we will stop there at trying to guess their secret identities--even though, enthralled by the Hypnotron as they are, all I would have to do is ask, and they would readily tell me their real names and home addresses, even their email passwords. But no, class. Even though you may have the hero at your mercy, you should never try to find out too many details about his civilian life, and you should never ever remove his mask. That would take away the element of dramatic tension and spoil all the fun of the hero-villain dynamic. Where's the challenge--the fun--if you find out where your nemesis lives and merely show up at his house and shoot him with your super-laser while he's doing something mundane like making a roast beef sandwich or dusting his super-heroics trophies? Why, that would defeat the whole purpose of hero hideouts and evil schemes and secret villain lairs. Though obviously your previous instructor, the ill-fated Doctor Dastardly, needed to put more effort into that last part.

While our heroes finish stripping--unfortunately, one of the side-effects of the Hypnotron's speed at entralling the target is its tendency to reduce the motor functioning to the level of your average zombie, so this may take a moment--I should say a few words on ...

Oh, they're ready? I see. I apologize, class; super-villain monologuing as you will learn next term can be quite habit-forming. Yes, our two junior heroes seem to be naked and ready now, but before we get on to the second topic on our syllabus for the day, Minotaurus, Sky Rider, please face the class for a moment. Class, I'd like you all to take a look at these young men and notice the details about each of them. As you recall, the topic for the day involves the application of erotic mind control, intended either to keep the civilian population docile and distracted or--and this is germane to our second topic--to manipulate the behavior of your hero-nemesis. A good villain learns from the specifics of any situation and adapts his plans accordingly. For example, what do you do if you were planning to encounter Midnight Warrior but Captain Solar shows up instead? You adapt. You issued a challenge of Lady Champion but Anaconda Moon crashes into your lair instead? You adapt. So let's take a moment and survey our heroes and see what we might learn from them.

Our heroes are probably quite handsome under their masks. Still, as I said, some things are sacrosanct and we aren't going to peek. A pity, isn't it?

Minotaurus, as you can see, is what I would call hirsute. He has a thick, dark growth of hair on his chest, thinning slightly as it descends along his stomach, and then it bursts forth into a thick pubic mat that dissipates only slightly as it continues down his legs. And if you'd just turn your back to us, Minotaurus--excellent--you'll all notice the thick covering on the back of the legs, a pleasant furring of the ass cheeks, and of course the dark shadow within the crack between his cheeks.

Sky Rider on the other hand is blond and has the smooth, hairless body common to most heroes. His public hair is carefully trimmed, and recently too from the looks of it. He does have some body hair of course, but since he's a blond, it doesn't show up quite so dramatically. Let me just feel down here a moment. Interesting. Sky Rider appears to have shaven his legs--his legs are quite smooth. Perhaps he is a swimmer in his civilian life. Once again, I regret that this class is so large. If it were smaller, you could all have come forward to get a feel, but as things are, you'll just have to take my word for it. Yes, our young hero here has completely smooth legs. If you'll turn around too, Sky Rider--thank you--yes, his butt cheeks are completely hairless too. Some of you near the front may be able to see that.

Very good. Now, Minotaurus, Sky Rider, if you two would face the class again and stand close together we'll see if any of the students can tell us what Doctor Dastardly should have covered about superhero body types in previous lectures.

You in the third row ... Yes, that's basically correct. Minotaurus is what we can refer to as the All-American Jock Type: approximately six feet tall; a solid body with well-defined muscles; thighs and forearms that are both thickset and layered with muscle; and as you'll note, this is all reflected in his cock which is plump and half-erect even before we begin, with the foreskin already partially pulled back from the glans. Such tumescence is a frequent side effect of the Hypnotron, as I noted earlier, and part of the reason I selected it from my arsenal of mind-control weapons for this demonstration. Minotaurus, please turn sideways--good, good--and now, class, you can see that Minotaurus has at least a four-inch differential between the back of the thigh and the outermost curve of the ass. Or as they say in the vernacular, he has a big, meaty booty.

You there in the fourth row, perhaps you'd care to stop snickering and share your thoughts with us on Sky Rider's body? ... Hmm, yes, that's astute, but I believe the preferred term for his body is Swimmer Type, not "twink with some muscles." He has slimmer limbs with long sinuous muscles which give him a sleek, more streamlined appearance. As you mentioned, his penis is flaccid, but even limp its length suggests that it might harden to a stature longer than Minotaurus', though Minotaurus' erection will likely be thicker. Sky Rider, please turn your back to us. See, class?--His ass cheeks are slightly smaller than Minotaurus' but they're firmer. They are what the more lurid websites would call "tight little buns."

And now I think we're ready to begin the second topic in today's lecture. Minion ... er, I've lost track. Which one are you? Honestly, class, if you ever decide to specialize in cloned henchmen, please do not repeat my mistake and make them all identical--you'll have a hell of a time telling them apart. Alas, identical hench-clones have become something of my trademark, hence my *nom de guerre*, so I cannot change at this juncture. At least they're handsome, aren't they? But I digress.

Minion One, was it?--push that cot out here, please. Good. Our heroes here are going to practice routines that the Justice Brigade probably never covered in their training sessions. As long as the Hypnotron is on, Minotaurus and Sky Rider here will happily do whatever I tell them, no matter how humiliating, as I go through my lecture notes. Heroes tend to put great stock in "free will," so they often find its removal by a device such as the Hypnotron and the resulting acts they are ordered to perform, of whatever nature, to be quite shaming. Erotic mind control allows you to use this shame, and the hero's body if you're so inclined, to your advantage. Afterward, the hero will surely think twice about crossing you again!--unless, of course, he vows revenge and becomes your arch-nemesis, but even so that works in your favor. Part of your success in the field of super-villainy will be measured by the number and range of arch-nemeses you accrue over the course of your career. I myself lost count of my arch-nemeses years ago. I believe you can find an up-to-date list on the Academy's wiki pages.

Sky Rider, please lie down on the cot--on your back, if you will. Good. Class, when one thinks of the types of behaviors associated with erotic manipulation, one often thinks of anal intercourse--fucking and getting fucked, as they say. Anal intercourse is, though, but one of the tools you can employ when you take control of your nemesis and teach him a stern lesson about crossing you. No, one of the first considerations for erotic manipulation is ... the tongue. Your hero may be completely enthralled like these two, but he will remember what he is made to do. The judicious use of the tongue can produce significant results: first during the act itself in enhancing the sexual activity; and then later too when the hero is able to remember and thinks back with horror on being made to slowly, gently run his tongue over his partner's body--it might be your body if you choose a hands-on approach, so to speak, or in this case, it might be his teammate's body. So we'll begin with licking. Minotaurus, let's begin with you licking Sky Rider.

It really doesn't matter where you make the hero start, but experience has taught me that if you have him begin at the bottom you won't make it up much higher than the waist, so I suggest you have him start at the shoulders. Yes, Minotaurus, please begin now and just follow along with me. Work your tongue over Sky Rider's shoulder. Not too close to his inhibitor collar--we don't want that to short out, do we? No. Now get under his arm. Good. That's the way. As you can see, class, neither Minotaurus nor Sky Rider can resist my instructions while they are under the sway of the Hypnotron. Minotaurus, please lick a line down his belly, but--careful--not too far down. That's far enough. Circle his navel and then trace a line with your tongue back up to his chest. Squeeze the half-moon of muscle under the nipple and then pinch and slightly twist the nipple itself. You're doing a fine job, Minotaurus. Already, class, you can see the effect this is having on Sky Rider. In the tightening of his balls and the slow rise of his cock, we have the evidence of his arousal. Minotaurus too appears to enjoy this, as his dick is fully erect now.

Let's have you move down, Minotaurus. Skip the crotch area. Work up from his feet. Don't neglect the toes, especially between and under. That's right. Lick them slowly and carefully, covering every bit of the skin. Feels good, doesn't it, Sky Rider? Now, Minotaurus, begin working your way up his legs, a squeeze to each calf and just a light touch behind the knees as you lick the front of them. You're ready for his thighs. Lap at them like a lollipop. Use plenty of saliva--get them nice and slick with your spit. Now, Minotaurus, just give him a tickle behind the balls with your fingers, lick at the sack--that's it--and then cup his sack in your hand. Use a gentle pressure and stroke down several times. That's the way. Class, see how Sky Rider's body responds? His cock is fully hard now; he is fully aroused. Minotaurus, use a slightly tighter grasp and let the whole sack snap back at the end of each stroke. Very good,

Minotaurus. Class, this can be repeated as many times as you like and can then be finished off with quite a hard squeeze when you're ready to move on to the next erogenous zone.

You in the back; you have a question? ... Well, yes, it might be a little painful, but at the same time it'll feel quite pleasurable, as you can see from the expression on Sky Rider's face right now.

Let's move on to his cock, Minotaurus. As you can all see, Sky Rider's cock is now fully erect. Take a good look at it because I want you all to notice what a beautiful piece of meat the Swimmer body type can produce: long, firm, and topped by that silky-smooth helmet. Notice too how completely the Hypnotron has instilled obedience into our heroes. Minotaurus is completely cooperative in following my orders, and Sky Rider is completely accepting of the attention, regardless of the objections some part of them is no doubt screaming in the backs of their heads right now. Give a few feather-light strokes to the underside of the shaft, Minotaurus. See how he obeys, class? Lick his cock, Minotaurus--go right from the base to the tip and then back again. Flicker your tongue on his shaft like a butterfly's wings as you do this, light little flicks. That's the way. And do the same to the sides. Good. And now the top and then all the way around the crown. Next, run your tongue in a delicate circular motion to the tip itself. Under again. Both sides. Keep one hand on his ball sack. Tug it a little. A gentle milking motion--up and down, up and down. Keep your tongue on his cock. Under. Sides. Top. The head. Keep it circular. One hand on the balls, the other around the shaft. Long smooth strokes as you lick the tip. Back and forth. Right over the swollen head. Give it a light twist. Stroke back and forth. Right back to the base and forward again.

Keep it ... Freeze, Minotaurus! Yes, you in the back--you're right. It's lucky you yelled out or we'd have had an orgasm on our hands--or should I say on Minotaurus' hands. Did the rest of you notice the way Sky Rider's balls began to retract? That's a sure sign it's time to move on because we don't want Sky Rider to cum just yet. Not when we have so much more still in store for our heroes. In fact, Sky Rider, you should be the one to control this. Since you feel you're getting close to the threshold, you should simply turn over, and that's the signal for Minotaurus to begin work on your back. That's it. Turn right over.

Minotaurus, you should begin at his neck and shoulders. Massage a little with your hands as you work your tongue from his neck and down between his shoulder blades. That's the way. Get your tongue under his arms and down the sides of the body; nice, firm tongue licks and kisses all the way. Down the middle of the back. Use your hands to separate his ass cheeks. Here's where you can use a fairly heavy grip to massage those thick muscles. Good thing the inhibitor collar keeps your super-strength limited to normal human levels, isn't it? Keep massaging and licking. That's it. Give his ass cheeks a real workout and reach around to the sides of his hips too. Squeeze again, and now up to his ass cheeks once more. Get your tongue down into his ass crack and keep licking. Use your hands to push the ass cheeks apart so you can get your tongue up in there. You want his ass crack to be nice and wet with your spit. Reach one hand down between his legs and underneath to find his ball sack. Just a gentle tug.

Now both hands on his ass. Massage those cheeks. That's good. Give them a good working-over. Each one by itself and then together.

Now, Minotaurus, you're ready to focus on his asshole. Here's some lubricant. It's my own special blend, with pleasure-enhancers that will ... well, enhance his pleasure. Sorry--I got distracted by his ass. It's really quite a pretty ass, isn't it? So smooth and firm and rounded ...

Okay, let's push on, Minotaurus. Apply plenty of lube to your middle finger. Good. Keep your other hand underneath to apply gentle pressure on Sky Rider's balls. Use your lubed hand to caress his crack. Use your middle finger to search for his hole. There, have you got it? Good work. Your finger should be

nice and slick with all that lubricant, so work it gently around that hole as Sky Rider relaxes. Start pushing your finger at the hole itself. Those pleasure-enhancing additives will help his sphincter relax; they'll make what comes next easier for you and more enjoyable for him. Just keep pushing your finger into his hole. Not too fast; not too hard. That's it. You should be getting farther and farther in, and now while you're there you can work back and forth a bit 'til you find his prostate. Believe me, Sky Rider will let you know when you've found it. Rotate your finger and press down. That's the way. Feel it there? Just a slight bump? Apply a little pressure now and move your finger back and forth. There--see?--I told you Sky Rider would let you know. Go ahead and groan or yell if you like, Sky Rider. This isn't one of those classes where everyone has to be quiet. Class, you can continue this phase of the manipulation as long as you like and you might even experiment with increasing the penetration to two or even three fingers. However, we want to move on so, Minotaurus, if you'll pull your finger out and wipe off the lube with this towel. That's good. Trade places, heroes.

Sky Rider, now that Minotaurus is face-down on the cot, we'll get you to work on him. Kneel between his legs--just push his legs apart and get up there between them--and lean forward over his ass. Rather than penetrate his ass with your fingers, you will put your tongue to work. You should massage those tight hairy cheeks a little more and then spread them to expose the crack. Perfect. Now move in with your tongue and use little flicks to draw a circle all the way around. That's right. Around again, and make the circle a little smaller each time until you're right in the center, right over his asshole, and then go for it. Push your way in, man. Dig for it. Use the lips too. Apply a little suction. Chew out that ass. Chew it. Great work. Work your way into that hairy hole. Push it in, hero!

Sorry, class. I do tend to get a little carried away with some of these sections. But to go on, Sky Rider, you can lick Minotaurus' ass crack again. With all that hair, you'll know when you've gotten it nice and wet. That's the way. Keep working him until he's all slicked up. That's good. Here, Sky Rider, here's a condom and the lube. You know how to put on a condom, don't you? Well, go ahead and put it on your dick now. This will just take a moment, class. Good. Apply plenty of my special lube to your cock, Sky Rider. Now, reach up and under Minotaurus' torso so you can grip his pectorals and squeeze really hard. That's it. You should squeeze and twist at the same time while Minotaurus wiggles his ass and presses those cheeks right back into your groin, Sky Rider. Can you feel his cock along your ass crack, Minotaurus? Good. It should be sliding right up the crack of your ass. Hump your ass up and down, Minotaurus. Up and down. Twist around a bit. Can you feel that helmet-head of his poking at your hole? Sure you can. Well, reach back, Minotaurus, and pull your ass cheeks apart for him. That'll help open your hole up a bit now, just a little 'til Sky Rider's cock catches. Got it in? Now, Minotaurus, you just be still a moment while Sky Rider eases his cock into you. Easy now. Push in, Sky Rider. Easy, Minotaurus. Sky Rider's got a pretty long pole there so just lie still and let him fill you up. Feels good, doesn't it?

Can you push yourself up to your hands and knees, Minotaurus? Good. That's the way. Now, Sky Rider, get your hand all lubed up, then reach around and get a grip on Minotaurus' cock. Slide your hand down his shaft and up again. Go right down and nudge those balls. Stroke that cock. Start pumping your dick in Minotaurus' ass now. In and out. Easy--not too fast. Just keep it moving. In. Out. In. Out. Deeper this time and grind around a little on the in-stroke. Keep that cock moving. A little faster now if you want. Keep everything moving.

From here on, class, it's up to you. You could go ahead and complete the orgasm quickly, or you stretch it out and make the erotic manipulation last for hours. You could elect to switch positions. You can even continue in another room of your secret lair. If you get a question about this on the final exam, you may discuss finishing it off in any way you like, so long as it sounds reasonable.

Since we're just about out of time today, let's have Sky Rider and Minotaurus switch places. Two heroes

equally fucked equals two heroes equally schooled, I always say.

Sky Rider, assume the hands-and-knees position on the cot. So now it's up to you, Minotaurus. Get in there and mount him like a bull. That's the way. Squeeze those buns; sure, that's okay too. Reach under and pump that cock. Now, spread his ass cheeks. Good work. Bite that ass. Chew up those gorgeous blond cheeks. Go ahead. Dig those teeth in. And the tongue now. Tickling at first. Make him beg for it. Around the edge. Now the center. That's it. Wedge it in there. Chew up that ass. Fuck it with your tongue.

Here comes the lube. Let me drizzle it down his crack for you. That's it--work it into the hole with your finger. Slide your other hand down and under; squeeze those balls. Straighten up now. Put your cock-head up to his asshole. He has a tight one, doesn't he? Push in. Good. Push in deeper. Grind your cock in there. In you go now, all the way in, slick as a greased fist. Good. Get your hand around Sky Rider's cock and stroke him while you fuck him. In. Out. In. Out. Great work, Minotaurus. Give that ass a real workout. Shove your cock in there, man. That's it, Sky Rider--grind your howling cheeks back into his groin. Beg for it.

I'm sorry, class--normally I'd prefer to keep an air of strict decorum about the classroom, but I really can't resist. And I've always said that a super-villain should never be afraid to take a more, ah, personal approach. Let me just open my codpiece ... Yes, Sky Rider, that's a nice, big hard-on I'm brandishing in your face, isn't it? Lick the head. That's it. I told you we'd find a better use for that mouth of yours. Lick my cock while Minotaurus fucks your blond ass. Good. My dick looks like a real mouth-splitter, doesn't it? Put your mouth over the head. Don't worry if the shaft is too thick and you can't take it--I'll jack my shaft while you focus on licking and swirling your tongue around the head. That's it. Oh, yes! I'm going to cum soon. I can't ... Uh! Uh! Uh! ... Aaah ... Yes, well--now that I've gotten that little indiscretion out of my system, class, we can continue the rest of the lecture in a more professional manner. And I think my cum glazing Sky Rider's lips and cheek adds a nice touch to the visual appeal, don't you, class? Even little details are important to the big picture, I always say.

Keep fucking his ass and jacking his cock, Minotaurus. Squeeze your hole around his dick invading your ass, Sky Rider. You're almost there now, heroes. Minotaurus, pick up the rhythm just a bit. In deep. Out again. Again. And again. Look at those balls slamming around, class. You're there; you've got each other cumming. Look at Sky Rider's cum fly. I should harvest some of that for my next batch of minions. Class, watch the muscles in Minotaurus' hairy ass pump, like his glutes are helping squeeze out his cum and send it spurting into Sky Rider's ass. I sure hope the condom doesn't explode from all that cum! Great work, heroes. I almost wish I could be there when your trance wears off and you both remember what you've just done. I'd love to see the expressions on your faces when you ... But I digress.

Minions, please haul these heroes downtown and dump them in front of City Hall. The effects of the Hypnotron will last a couple of hours and it's only a twenty-minute drive, so they'll be docile the whole way. Class, can you just imagine it? Think of the public relations nightmare for the Justice Brigade when two of its junior members are found entranced, naked, freshly fucked, and covered in cum right in front of City Hall! Think of the pathos we have just added to these two's "tormented hero" back-stories! The Brigade will be so outraged, they'll start a city-wide manhunt for the vile villain responsible for this.

Which reminds me. Minions, put the hoods back over our heroes' heads so they can't see any incriminating details that will help the Brigade find their way to us.

Where was I? Oh, yes--the vile villain responsible, blah-blah-blah. The Brigade will stop at nothing until they find the culprit responsible, which will of course be me, the Minion Master. Perhaps Captain Solar will be the first to find me, and I'll be waiting with my trusty Hypnotron. I've always thought he was as

incandescently hot as his namesake. I've always wanted to get my hands on his--

Ah, sorry. As I said, super-villain monologuing can be quite habit forming.

That's all the time we have for today, class. I hope you were able to get that all down. I apologize if I went a little too fast, but sometimes it's hard to pace these things. Before you go, remember that you'll be building your own Hypnotrons in the lab session tomorrow, so be sure you familiarize yourselves with the blueprints I've handed out. I will probably call on some of you to demonstrate your Hypnotrons on your classmates, so please come prepared.
