

Brain Dead

“Well?” Domina asked with a sinister glint in her eye. “How do I look?”

She said and cocked her hip in front of her captive. For a brief moment, she knew, he looked at her with adoration, before that hero guise came back over his face. In the bright light of her laboratory, he could see her clearly, but refused to react to anything the villainess threw at him.

“Like a slut.” He said through gritted teeth. She rolled her eyes in amusement and sauntered over to his tied up figure, hips swaying with every step as her violet hair fell over her shoulders. Though Cripto Man barked at her taunts, he could not do much but accept the fact that she did in fact look stunning. He only hoped that he would not be a part of her decorations this year, that he would hold on for long enough for his friends to save him.

Domina walked around him, the sound of her nylon clad outfit wooshing as she passed him by, the click of her heels chiming against his mental fortitude.

“And here I thought going as Poison Ivy this year would be considered sexy by you heroes.” She scoffed with amusement. “Oh well, that is what your friends thought as well, last year. And the year before. And do you know what happened to them in the end?”

She asked, whispering into his ear as she lifted his chin gently. Cripto Man felt the hairs on the back of his head stand just as she pulled away. Even his cock grew stiffer in the cool breeze of her lab. He fought against the restraints he was in, but the neon, metal bindings held him tightly to the chair. His chin still tingled from the touch of her nylon glove.

“I won’t succumb.” Cripto Man seethed as he tried not to look at her again.

“I broke them.” She cooed before standing in front of him again, this time, he took her in fully. A nylon, light green catsuit, made her perfect figure even more alluring and hypnotic. Sating gloves and sharp stiletto heels completed the outfit of the villainess, as she stood proudly, confidently... victoriously in front of her captive. “And do you know what they begged for in the end? Before I put them up on display in front of my domain?”

She grinned so evilly that Cripto Man felt sick to his stomach... and horny as fuck.

“For me to keep them after I was done using them as decorations. Of course, you know I didn’t. I have no need for broken toys.” She rolled her eyes in irritation but continued to smile at him knowingly. “And your mind, well, I need it broken most of all. You cost me quite a lot of money in the previous year.”

“Fuck you.” He barked as memories of his friends flashed before his eyes. “You ruined so many lives last year! I will never forgive you! I’m only sorry I didn’t manage to completely ruin your finances and get you arrested!”

With the grace of a ballerina, she closed the distance and now stood an inch away from his spread legs. Their eyes locked, she leaned in closer to him and whispered.

“Do you know what Poison Ivy does with her kiss?” Domina said huskily.

“What? You’ll kill me?” He said dryly.

“Didn’t I just say I will break you?” She said and her confident, cool voice resonated with something deep within him and, for the very first time, Cripto Man felt a sudden shudder of pleasure wash over him. Domina leaned in and planted a gentle kiss upon his dry lips and even *he* did not try and move away from it. Sizzling, soft, mind melting bliss tingled upon the tips of his lip and tongue, before slowly, with each breath, it spread into the rest of his body. “It’s a new concoction and you’re the first guinea pig I’ll be trying it on.”

She gleamed in honest excitement as his blood rushed into his cock, his cheeks becoming hotter and hotter and Domina, becoming irresistible.

“It’s supposed to make you fall in love with me in such a way that the mere thought of not having me around will start causing you to panic. You will become feverishly dependent on serving me until you break and serving me becomes the only thing you think of.”

Cripto Man gritted his teeth and spat.

“This won’t break me.”

With a smirk, Domina lifted her heel and gently pressed down upon his cock. It was now stuck between her sharp stiletto and the wood of the chair he was tied to, dripping precum upon the floor of the lab.

“Your break getting mushy?” She asked sweetly, reveling in the power she had over him. It was. He could hardly think of anything by the nylon clad goddess in front of him and the hypnotic allure of her dominance she had over him.

“No!” He said but there was very little defiance left in his tone of voice. Cripto Man tried to think of his ruined friends, of what she had done to them, what happened to them afterwards when they were separated from her after last year’s Halloween. But those images slowly turned from vile to something he wished to feel for himself. It was as if every fiber of his being was slowly melted and then molded into something he could hardly describe as himself. Still, it was not something he disliked. Far from it and with his cock cruelly held by her foot, his resistance was slowly becoming mush.

“All of that pleasure, little he-ro” she mocked. “Came from one single kiss. What do you think would happen... if I did it again?”

His heart skipped a beat in anticipation as she leaned in again and, this time, kissed him in earnest. All of his being was set aflame with lust and submission, every nerve in his body melted into bliss. But she didn’t stop, not for a moment.

Her soft, sugary lips held on to his, whilst her tongue brushed against the insides of his mouth. In every aspect, both physical and mental, he was being dominated by the villainess and the longer it lasted the more he loved it.

By the time she finally let him go, he was completely numb and his head was utterly empty of any thought. Domina, though, didn't step back. Her heel was still pressing down upon Cripto Man's cock whilst he looked up at her and drooled. Still tied to the chair, his body sagged against her leg while she chuckled at his predicament.

"What's wrong stud?" She teased. "Cat got your tongue? Don't worry, next year, I might dress up as catwoman for your friends."

Fiery flames of jealousy blazed within him at the mere thought of such a woman ever looking at another man. That jealousy turned into rage and then cataclysmic fear as he remembered that he is to be broken, used and then discarded. Cripto Man lifted his head but her eyes were already there, waiting for him.

"Got anything to say?" The villainess said mockingly.

"I-I..." He began but quickly fell silent. She cocked her eyebrow.

"What?"

"N-nothing I..." He cleared his throat. "Nothing... I shall not fall..."

"Alright." She said with an exaggerated sigh and lifted her leg from his cock. He whined, missing her touch the moment he stopped feeling it. "I guess you really are as mentally strong as I had heard."

Domina twirled on her heel and sauntered towards the door to her lab, swaying her hips as she did. His eyes were glued to her nylon clad cheeks, drool dripping, mixing upon the floor with his precum. Even his cock shuddered and twitched in her absence.

"W-wait..." He whimpered.

"It's my loss he-ro..." She said mockingly, not looking back towards him. "I'll have someone free you. We'll probably never see one another after this. You did defeat me after all..."

"No-no... please... it is me who has lost..." He whimpered after her. "I lied, I wanted to cum all along!"

Domina turned around, her face passive. The violet of her flowing locks, fell across her cool eyes.

"Why did you lie then? I don't believe you..." She said though her eyes began shining with glee.

"I-I'm a Hero... I could not just give up... but please I see my mistake now..." He said as tears ran down his cheeks. Tongue out, eyes wide in horror of being abandoned, he looked like a pathetic mutt begging for his owner.

In an instant, her distant demeanor changed and morphed into a feral grin.

“Good, now we can begin our game in earnest.”

Domina snapped her fingers and a tentacle tube lowered from the ceiling, attaching itself to his cock while she walked towards him. He looked at her with adoration and love, with a needy, addicted infatuation that she had implemented deep into his DNA.

She straddled him as a machine hummed to life somewhere deep within her lab. The tube began sucking on his cock just as she leaned in for another tender kiss. This time, his brain went haywire.

The wanton lust within him had been turned into a black hole which would never be filled, his thirst for masochism and lust, unquenched for an eternity. She had completely rewired his brain, corrupted his soul and broke his spirit. Cripto Man, had been turned into nothing but a drooling mutt.

Orgasm after orgasm was sucked out of his tortured cock through the tube while Domina continued kissing him, eroding his brain with her poison coated lips. Pump after pump, he was drained of everything that made him whole and kiss after kiss he was filled with nothing but love and fluffy worship of his new owner.

The images of him strung up in front of her lair became wild, carnal fantasies and him worshiping at her feet a fetishized dream for which he would do anything. As those thoughts became all that was known to him, his naked skin clung to her nylon catsuit of light, toxic green and he whimpered for more of the silky, smooth material.

By the time the pumping had stopped, he was naught but a shell of a person whom the people called Cripto Man.

Domina unshackled him and let him fall upon all fours in front of her. Naked and shivering, he looked utterly pathetic compared to her form of a goddess, dominantly standing over her conquest. Her heels clicked away from him whilst he absently drooled upon the floor, not really existing while she was away. The moment her green heels came into view, what little sanity he had returned and he panted like a doggy for his owner.

She attached a collar around his throat and the tightness of it made him orgasm in an instant. He shuddered and squealed, barely being able to let a sound out of his mouth that did not appear to be of a Neanderthal.

“I see you are well and truly broken doggy.” She chimed confidently as she held the leash to her newest acquisition. He just nodded wildly whilst trying to lift his gaze towards her but not quite succeeding. Instead he just lowered his head between her heels and waited for her orders. “Good boy he-ro.”

Domina taunted him again before she yanked on his leash lightly, giving him a signal to follow her.

“You may only look at my heels. The rest is for slaves far more important than you.”

HALLOWEEN EVE

Villainess TV flashed upon each and every monitor in the city, as it always did on Halloween. Hacked by the minions of The League, the rest of the citizens, along with the heroes, would be forced to watch a talk show of villainesses as they cackled and chattered away about their victims in the past year. It was like New Year's eve, only this one was meant only for evil.

Around a dozen of them sat in a semicircle, each lounging upon a piece of human furniture. Among them sat Domina, imperious in her Poison Ivy costume of nylon and silk, legs crossed as men of the city felt warmth between their legs. Men and, well, even some of the women.

“So who were some of the heroes you captured for this year's party Domina?” The one they called Loreline asked with girlish enthusiasm. Though most did not recognize her, she looked like a witch. Clad in a Leotard of leather and shimmering, smooth pantyhose with patterns of spider webs upon them.

Domina threw her violet hair back and laughed.

“Cripto Man if you would believe.” She began as the camera switched to a monstrous looking building, clearly her lair, with dozens of men and women tied in humiliating poses upon other Halloween decorations. The camera zoomed on one of them, bronze skinned and naked, he was hanging upside down from a cross, gagged, his eyes darting wildly all over the place. “Look at him. I honestly thought he would not be as pathetic as he was. Oh well.”

Domina mocked as the camera returned to her.

“As always the Eldritch Institution for the Insane will be getting a donation from me as soon as the festivities are over, all of my victims will be transferred there.” She added with a smug expression as the rest of the villainesses cackled away, whilst the rest of the hero community could do nothing but watch in horror.