

# Superhero

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# 1 Superhero: 1

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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## Discovered

I stared into the mirror, it was depressing. I was a geek. Nobody could ever love me.

I sighed heavily.

My grandmother called me to come down for dinner. “Victor,” she said, “you seem down, is everything going ok in school?”

“Yeah,” I said wistfully.

“Well I’m here for you if you want to talk ever.”

I finished off my dinner and then went upstairs and finished my homework. I logged onto Magic the Gathering: Online (MtG:O) and won three pick up games before shutting off the computer for the night.

The next day was Saturday and I figured I could go over to Paul’s house and hang out since my homework was done.

As I fell asleep I was dreaming of being a superhero like “Superman” or “Spiderman” and imagining my special powers. I must have drifted off to a deep sleep because my grandmother shook me awake barely two hours later because the house next door was on fire.

She got me to bundle up and we headed out into the street with our cat, Artemis. The blaze had caught so quickly that there was no time for our neighbors to evacuate, Paul and his parents were no more.

The fire fighters contained the blaze only after it damaged our roof and that of several other neighbors. We ended up having to go to my uncle’s house to spend the night.

He was eccentric and geeky himself. In many ways he and I looked quite alike. He reminded us not to “touch anything” and had me sleep on the couch and my grandmother take the guest room.

Artemis had other plans and quickly got himself tangled in some of my uncle’s gadgets. While untangling the cat, I knocked something over and got a whack on my head. I awoke

in the hospital.

The nurses helped me relieve myself and then explained that I had taken a bad blow to my head. My luck seemed to be at an ebb.

My grandmother showed up and said we had been able to move back into our house and that Artemis was fine. My uncle was nowhere to be seen.

My grandmother kept me home from school for several days but I noticed I was feeling odd. I did not say anything because I wanted to try to return to normalcy, but I found myself feeling “stronger”. I also would have sworn that I was starting to “hear” things.

The hearing part was more obvious on the bus as it seemed like I was hearing two of the bullies at the back of the bus talking as if they were standing next to me. Being stupid I turned and looked back at them and they mouthed they were going to “get me.”

Fuck!

The morning assembly overwhelmed me and I passed out and had to be taken to the nurse. When I started coming to I heard my grandmother and the nurse talking to the principal. Paul’s death came up. The principal remarked that he was certain I would get good grades and that I should take some time off.

My grandmother took me home and sent me right to bed.

I fell asleep dreaming of superheroes again but this time I was much clearer on what my powers would be: superstrength and telepathy. The telepathy would let me anticipate the bad guy’s moves and also get them to follow my instructions.

## **Hero Awakens**

The next morning geek Victor Webster was no more. On looking in the mirror I could see I was more muscular. I also started remembering strange electrical flashes. Perhaps one of my uncle’s gadgets had gotten me in my fall to save Artemis.

My grandmother talked me into going to see a doctor. In the office I started to realize that I was not actually “hearing” the conversations with my ears but rather more “intuiting” them inside my head.

The doctor gave me a clean bill of health after I insisted that I was doing fine. I got sent home and after two more days off, back to school.

Each morning though I was becoming more and more muscular. Also, I was finding that I could more easily read individual minds and tune out irrelevant conversations.

The first sign of my improved skills came when two bullies came to beat me up. I sensed them coming and was able to anticipate their moves and responded with my newfound muscles. The two bullies were flattened to the ground in no time.

The word of my triumph over the bullies spread like wildflowers.

I began working out more and more at a local gym. It was there that I began to notice a lot of guys taking an interest in my body. I even talked my grandmother into buying me some workout clothes from International Male.

With those I was drawing even more attention and I could tell some of the guys were definitely hot for me.

I resolved to stop at my uncle's and find out the truth about my abilities. I went directly from the gym to his apartment and asked him if I had been zapped or some such.

My uncle tried to lie, but my new found telepathic abilities let me know that I had been zapped by a device he had developed to enhance latent abilities. I had also broken the device beyond repair.

I left after some more pleasantries and resolved that I would start exploring the limits of my abilities further.

## Exploration

I had never had much luck with the ladies but that had never bothered me much since I was more one for the guys. With my newfound muscles I was feeling self-confident enough to go out to a gay club.

I snuck out of the house in my sexiest, tightest fitting outfit and went down to SBNY. I had to use my powers for the first time to distract the bouncer from carding me. I was a bit surprised it worked just like a Jedi-mind trick that Paul and I used to joke about, "These aren't the droids you're looking for." I basically did the same thing in the bouncer's mind, "This boy is old enough to enter."

Bang, I was into the club. Chalk one up to super powers.

I struck my eyes onto a hot guy in the middle of the dance floor. I could hear him thinking how hot he thought he was. I waited by the bar and talked the bar tender into serving me a vodka straight up.

I reached out into the air and made myself more attractive to the guys in the club. I was quickly swarmed by a small group of hot guys trying to get dates with me.

It worked. The gentleman at the center of the dance floor soon took notice of me. I drew him in gently working his ego telepathically. By the time he reached me, his prime was pumped. I sweet talked him into taking me home with minimal effort and he hailed a cab and we reached his house in no time flat.

His name turned out to be Michael and he was sexy. He had me out of my clothing quickly and was gentle with me. I had never had sex before, I was a virgin and now, my first time I was doing it as a telepath.

I could feel inside Michael as he pushed me onto my knees. Instinctively I knew what to do and also could hear exactly what he wanted. I knew as he said I was giving him the "best

blowjob ever” that he was telling the truth.

When he fucked me later in the evening I shot my load as he inserted into me. He laughed a bit but I could tell something quite similar had happened to him on his first time and he kissed me tenderly. I was under no illusions that he loved me or that I meant anything to him. He gave me cab fare to get home and I left him.

But it was on our way home that I met my destiny. We got caught in a massive traffic jam heading back into Brooklyn and I got out of the cab and started walking across the bridge when I came across the problem. The police had closed the opposite footpath and I was walking right into a hostage situation.

I reached out to the hostage taker’s mind and found he was insanely mad. For a second the intensity of his insanity nearly knocked me off my feet and over the side of the bridge. I could sense his hostage’s mind, she was in terror. There were also thirteen plus police officers moving in. But given all of the bridge traffic it was going to be hard for a sharp shooter to take him out.

I reached out further to the hostage taker’s mind and started bending it gradually at first. Then I pushed deeper. He collapsed to the floor of the walkway peacefully and was safely arrested. I felt good about what I had done and continued on my way home.

I snuck back into the house and my grandmother was none the wiser for my evening adventure.

## **Outfit**

As school finished up I was working out more and more regularly. I had made some preliminary sketches of an outfit I wanted to design also.

Meanwhile I was going out to the clubs more, but my grades were not suffering. My next adventure would be outside SBNY three weeks after the bridge incident.

I was hanging outside the club with a handsome black guy I had picked up. I was itching to have the guy’s massive cock inside me when I sensed some trouble down the alley.

I left Keith standing at the curb and ran down the alley at a breakneck speed. Two large guys were attacking a smaller guy and hurling homophobic epithets.

I slammed their minds with a telepathic blast I had been practicing and then followed through with some good old fashioned upper cuts to knock them on their asses.

I helped the young kid, Tom, up and carried him to the curb. Keith was looking at me impatiently and I asked him to call 911.

Keith left Tom and I with the police. A little bit of telepathy was all I needed to basically keep my name out of the police ledger and I ended up going with Tom to the hospital in the ambulance.

At the hospital I stayed with him until his parent arrived and then slipped away. I was

pissed at Keith for not caring about helping someone. But that hardened my resolve to start patrolling against crime.

I moved out of my grandmother's house after high school graduation and took a day job waiting tables in the theatre district and cruised by night. I found a decent loft to move into with a motley crew of actors and actresses from different plays. My grandmother disapproved but did not say anything.

One of my roommates did costume design and got totally into helping me make my superhero costume. Not realizing the full import of it. After he finished it, I use telepathy to make him forget that he had made it for me.

The outfit was snug fitting and allowed my now well developed musculature to show off. Also a mask was a part of the costume and it would reduce the chances of me being recognized.

## **Name**

I needed to pick a name next and that came more slowly. I found waiting tables to be strangely satisfying and managed to obtain large tips out of my patrons by gently using my abilities to make them feel more generous.

I suppose that a Boy Scout hero like Superman would have disapproved but it paid the rent.

I toyed with the name "Rage" from the American show "Queer as Folk", but discarded the idea as too trite. In seven weeks of living in Manhattan I had thwarted about three crimes a week and was starting to settle into a pattern. I was also completely anonymous still. Maybe I did not need a name.

Then *he* entered my life. I was in a knock down brawl with five gang members when suddenly a handsome dark haired guy about my size appeared and started hurling balls of lightning at the gang members. We polished them off quickly and he introduced himself as "Electro".

My brain stumbled and I settled on "Telag."

"Nice to meet you," but you should be careful you almost got your ass kicked.

I nodded, the gang members had been stronger than I expected.

"Let's get out of here before they come to," Electro offered and I followed him back to a beat up looking car and we headed up past Central Park to Harlem.

Electro was not wearing anything special except a hot leather jacket and patent leather Italian shoes. His only concession to secrecy was a Robin-style eye mask. When he removed it, his gorgeous face stood out.

"Um, you forgot to drop me off," I said politely.

He shrugged and threw off the jacket and picked up a bottle of water from the counter and poured it over himself. It was cliché, but sexy. I took off my mask and sat down on his couch.

“So what’s your ability?”

“Telepathy,” I said.

“Cool, there are a few dozen of us in the New York City area these days, but it is always nice to meet someone new.”

“Us?”

“Yeah, formerly ordinary men and women with unusual abilities.”

I nodded, not that I understood really, but I was hoping he would share more details.

“You might want to ease back on the costume since you can’t fly,” he suggested casually. I had to admit my costume could be a bit much but I felt it gave me a certain edge.

“Is there a group?”

“Nah,” he said, “we are just a bunch of people who find ourselves trying to help others out. Real name is Forbes March. What is yours?”

“Victor Webster.”

“Well Victor, aside from breaking up gang fights what do you like to do?”

I noticed that he had sat down next to me on the couch and was extremely close. I did not need to use much telepathic skill to figure out he was putting the moves on me.

“I think we have a lot in common,” I said looking into his eyes deeply.

“Good,” he said as he kissed me.

My heart melted at that moment.

We did not go any further that night then kissing but the experience was like lightening bolts through my heart. The intensity of each kiss seemed to resonate telepathically. But the fact that he like being kissed by me, Victor Webster, made it all the better.

Forbes dropped me back at my apartment in the morning. We had not slept but he looked ruggedly handsome and ready for his day at the office. I quickly changed and went down to the restaurant to get things ready for the early rush.

All day I could not get him out of my mind. I ended up deciding to follow his advice and get rid of my more League of Justice/Superman style tights costume for a more street savvy outfit. After work I picked up a leather gunslinger type jacket and dark clothes. I also picked up a mask like the one Forbes, I mean Electro, liked to wear.

We had not exactly made plans for a second date or even to get together, but he found me at SBNY.

## Real Life

At SBNY he asked me if I could help him with a problem at his work. I agreed without really getting much in the way of background.

He led me out of the noisy club and onto the streets. We looked quite the pair. We ended up at the District Attorney's office for Manhattan. The sign on his desk read "Assistant District Attorney Forbes March". He turned on a light and handed me a case file. It was for a missing girl and a creepy child molester they had arrested.

"Something feels wrong about this case," he said.

I picked up the file and looked at the mug shot for the suspect. "Girl is still missing," I said.

"Yeah," no leads either.

"What you want me to do?"

"Tomorrow he is being arraigned in court, I want you to find out where the girl is."

I agreed.

I went back to his apartment and again we confined ourselves to kissing. Again it was wonderful. In the morning he put on a suit and I followed him to court. Forbes showed me where to sit so I would have a good line of sight to the suspect in the courtroom.

The case was the second one called. As soon as the suspect entered I started mind walking him. It was frightening, he had hurt a large number of children and never been punished for those crimes. But I could not find anything relating to the most recent kidnapping.

Without evidence linking the suspect to the crime, the judge released him.

Forbes pulled me aside after the hearing and we went to the cafeteria. "Wrong guy," I said, "but he should rot in hell."

Forbes nodded and kissed me in the cafeteria. It felt good to be loved so publicly and to know that Forbes did not mind being out. Forbes sent me home to work and suggested we try to do some digging that night to find the real perp.

I found it hard to focus on my day job waiting tables. In the evening I was at Forbes' apartment in my new crime fighting outfit.

We headed out in his car to a Staten Island neighborhood near the Fresh Kills Landfill. We put on our masks and snuck through the neighborhood towards an industrial building. "Tip," he said as he mentally signaled for me to take the back while he took the front.

I suppose I should have sensed someone inside but I still was not 100% on the scope of my telepathic abilities. There was nobody in the warehouse but we found the tattered remains of a girl's dress.

Electro had to fight shooting a burst of electricity into the building from anger. I kissed him and suggested we circle the outside looking for clues. Once outside I reached out in a wide circle for minds. I sensed something faint and took off at a mad dash into the landfill.



Electro followed me and helped me dig through an area of garbage. It was not long before we reached the girl. She was barely breathing and Electro gave her mouth-to-mouth to bring her too.

We took off our masks and went back to his car and called the police.

It was after two in the morning when we finished up. Forbes' DA credentials kept us from overly heavy questioning by the police and he ended up taking me back to my house.

For a moment I was afraid he was done with me. But instead he asked to come up. I mentioned the roommate situation and he said he did not mind.

My roommates were just coming in and razzed me for being with an older guy. We went back to my curtained off area and plopped onto the futon.

"Now I know what has been distracting you," I said. He nodded absently and began to undress me. I stopped him gently and teased, "How do you know I want to do more than just kiss?"

He laughed and kept stripping me naked. I guess he did not have to be a telepath to know I wanted to be fucked by him.

## **Electric Sex**

To say that the sex between us was electric was the understatement of the year. His tongue probed my mouth and seemed to be on fire with electrical sparks. I lay on my back as he lifted my legs.

He grabbed a condom from out of his wallet and slid it on fluidly in a single motion. A spark formed at the tip of his rigid cock head as he thrust into my waiting ass gently, but firmly. I gasped madly for air. Forbes was electrifying my body ever so slightly within my ass as he pumped in and out of me and we kissed passionately.

We also were tightly coupled mentally. He could hear me thinking to him as I could hear him. It was unreal.

With each thrust the intensity of the electrical shock within me grew stronger. It had my cock harder than I had ever imagined and then I shot a huge load onto Forbes' chest as he began to pump cum into my ass.

He stayed inside me and we kissed and kept connected telepathically for some time after the act. It was the best erotic experience of my life.

## **Routines**

My roommates could not believe the racket that Forbes and I had made the previous night and wasted no time taking up teasing me about it. Forbes and I were over ten years apart in age, but I knew from how intimately we had already connected that this relationship had

legs.

The next morning, news of the kidnapping of a second young girl set Forbes in rage. We parted company for the day and he left me with his house key to meet him after work to start our search for the kidnapper.

Forbes came home with a wealth of confidential information about the abduction that we poured over as we ate take out Chinese food.

When we finished Forbes suggested we try to meet up with other superheroes to crack the abductions. We geared up and took off in his car. We parked near the entrance to a ventilation building for the Holland Tunnel and walked to a nondescript doorway.

We were both wearing our masks when we entered and walked down into the bowels of the building and through a passageway that seemed to run into the sewers.

We seemed to be walking under Canal Street towards the subway station when Electro ducked into a passageway and I followed. He placed his hand on what appeared to be a solid stone wall and it opened to reveal a stylish bunker-type command center.

Inside there were a number of individuals attired in various types of disguises. Electro approached a female standing near the front of the room and then waved me over for an introduction.

She had created this command center using her inheritance and had gathered a number of other heroes together. She wore a cat-like outfit and a full cowl obscured her face completely. She called the ten or so people in the room to order and we sat down. Electro outlined the situation with the kidnappings and a few moments later everyone agreed to help.

Cathus (the female leader) then quizzed me further about my abilities. She seemed impressed overall and separated us up since she thought if I was able to fly over the city I might be able to sense the kidnapper or the girl.

Patronus, another female, with the ability to fly would carry me on her shoulders across the city. Electro would work with Cathus on checking out some of the less reputable places in the city.

It felt weird to be apart from Electro–Forbes—but I knew that a little girl’s life depended on us.

Patronus flew us at about 1000 feet over industrial areas of the city. She was careful to ensure that we would not be seen. At first the exhilaration of flying overwhelmed me but she scolded me to focus on finding the kidnapper.

I did my best to reach out my mind to the darkness of the city without any luck. When we all regrouped around 0400 in the room we had all struck out. Cathus promised that everyone would keep an eye out.

Meanwhile Electro and I unmasked in his car and headed back to his apartment.

We collapsed in each other’s arms that night in exhaustion. In the morning Forbes dragged himself to his office and I headed to wait tables. By evening the media was already blaming

the police and district attorney's office for incompetence in not catching the kidnapper.

Forbes was depressed when he came home and I ended up cooking dinner. We ate quickly and then took his car to Port Elizabeth, New Jersey, to check out some of the container farms on a tip.

We arrived and donned our masks and Electro blasted a hole in the fence to get us in. We crawled through. The containers were stacked four and five high in places. We ducked between two rows of containers as we caught sight of someone else prowling the port area.

We followed from a row away as the stranger walked down the row and then opened one of the end containers a row from us. I reached out telepathically and could not sense anyone else in the area. We waited till he left and then split up. Electro followed him and I checked out the container. There were the remains of a young girl. I was careful to shield my mind to avoid broadcasting my find to Electro.

Instead I signaled Electro to take the stranger down for questioning. About two minutes later Electro emerged with the stranger unconscious. I scanned the guy's mind and he was the one who had taken both girls.

We tied the guy up in the container and then scrambled before I called 911 from a pay phone.

## **Beginnings**

We made it back to Forbes apartment in time to receive the call for him to come down to make a call on going before a grand jury for an indictment for kidnapping and murder one.

He left me alone in the apartment and I found myself reflecting on my new life. I left a note that I was visiting Cathus and found my own way to the Canal Street subway station and then into the superheroes' meeting room.

Although word of our discovery was already on the news, I was more curious about learning about the origins of my powers.

Cathus was out but Patronus and a few other superheroes were hanging out. They high fived me for the work on tracking the girl down and I nodded politely.

Patronus took pity on me after a bit and sat down to talk with me. She had found her ability to fly as she hit puberty. Like most of us there was some scarring event before the powers came out. For her it was a rape. I thought back to the night my powers came out, the fire, Paul's death, the accident at my uncle's apartment.

It made a certain degree of scientific sense she explained as she showed me some of the research Cathus had conducted on the other heroes. I took some of my own time to scan the different records. When Electro's record came up on the screen. I pushed the file away, that was something I would let him tell me about when he was ready.

I returned to my own apartment for a few minutes and listened to a message from the restaurant complaining about my absence. I decided not to bother with work and packed a

few things and headed back to Harlem and Forbes' apartment.

I flicked on the television and saw Forbes on TV with the Chief of Police and the Mayor proclaiming how they had cracked this case.

When he smiled at the camera I somehow felt he was smiling at me. I fell asleep on the couch and when he did make it home many hours later he kissed me softly on the lips and asked me if I wanted to go to bed.

He lifted me off the couch and carried me to the bed where we lay with him spooned against me for the whole night.

In the morning he asked me to move in. I agreed and then headed off to get changed for work. My boss at the restaurant scolded me rudely for missing the previous day's work, but knowing that I was consistently liked by many regulars and a high tip receiver decided against firing me.

After work, I went back to my apartment and packed all of my belongings. There were not many and left a letter to my roommates announcing where I was moving to.

I then took a cab up to Harlem to my-our-apartment. Forbes was not home and I called my grandmother to tell her I had moved. She was not thrilled by my new address but did admit that she liked that there was only going to be one roommate now.

I ended up cooking dinner for Forbes and we ate slowly and enjoyed each other's company leisurely. We stayed home that night and he told me about how he had acquired his powers.

It had been on a tour of a hydroelectric dam near Niagara Falls when he was eight. "I was with my parents and we were walking amongst the turbines," he explained, "then an explosion sounded. There was no time evacuate. My parents died before my eyes and a bolt of energy hit me. Somehow I survived, but I was transformed."

Forbes held me tight so I could not turn and kiss him for comfort. I knew he was crying. I mindspoke that I loved him and he stopped and kissed the back of my neck. We fell asleep like that then.

The trial was rough on Forbes and we had almost no time to patrol. Somehow putting the girl's killer behind bars-actually under the needle-gave him a peace of mind. I was still working as a waiter for lunch. I managed to switch to a restaurant closer to Harlem, "Terrace in the Sky" which was near Columbia and where the higher prices meant larger tips.

It was not until the trial ended with a guilty verdict that Forbes stopped crying in his sleep. It was hard for me to deal with because he did not want to talk about it but I also had a hard time blocking out his thoughts.

After the trial, we started having a lot more fun. We would generally go out after dinner to a club and then prowl the streets to stop crimes for a few hours before heading home. All in all it was quite satisfying.

Also the sex between us stayed extremely hot and heavy and electric. Also, he had no problem being out at work and I was regularly invited to work functions and most of the

people in the office had gotten to know me.

## Moving Forward

We had been together for about nine months when my grandmother had a heart attack and died. Forbes was wonderful about comforting me. My uncle, Forbes, and I were the only attendees at the funeral and burial.

My grandmother had left the house and about fifty thousand dollars in savings to me. Forbes and I decided to move into it after a bit of debate. We would both have a trip into work, but if I switched to a restaurant closer to the DA's office it was relatively easy for us to get to Manhattan from Brooklyn Heights.

Several times I caught myself walking into my childhood bedroom instead our bedroom after we moved, but overall it was a good decision to move.

Forbes was making a bit over \$60,000 a year with benefits and I was making barely \$10,000 in reported wages and about the same in tips working lunches only. So my grandmother's money was a good excuse for us to take a vacation.

I planned the trip to Paris and Madrid for early September with Forbes' blessings. The morning we left for Paris he surprised me by getting on his knees and offering a platinum engagement ring to me. I accepted.

On the cab ride to JFK, he explained that he wanted us to be equals in everything in the relationship and that he had a lawyer friend drawing up documents. I agreed and asked if he wanted me to buy him a ring. He said he had actually bought a matching ring but was not sure how I felt about buying it for him. I said I would pay any cost and he smiled and handed me a jewelry box. Right there in the cab I gave him the ring.

I sensed the cabbie about to make a remark and I used my powers to distract him from our affections. We encountered our first problem at the metal detectors. I guess I had not thought through how Forbes hidden powers might set off a metal detector. He motioned me to keep walking but I stayed in line of sight with the guard frisking him and telepathically got the guard to let Forbes go even though the hand wand was still going off.

As we strolled to the gate, I mindspoke, "Fuck that was annoying."

He smiled back at me and thought, "wasn't so bad before September 11."

I nodded.

At the gate I sweet talked the gate agent into giving us a free first class upgrade. We got to board early and took some champagne to toast our engagement. I fell asleep shortly after take off contemplating what a wonderful change my life had taken in just a year.

We cleared customs quickly in Paris and took a cab to our hotel. After checking in I wanted to cover the whole city but Forbes clipped my wings and pulled me into bed.

We made out in the room until around 2000 and then hit some gay clubs. We did not really

know where to go and since we were staying in a “gay” hotel we just hit the gay bar in the ground floor of our hotel.

Although I did not speak French, I was surprised to find that my special powers enabled me to understand a good bit of what people were trying to say. We ended up leaving the bar to walk along the Siene at night.

We ended up just standing on the banks for a while when we were accosted by a man wielding a knife. Forbes blasted him to the ground with an electric blast quicker than I could blink and then I wiped his mind so he would not be going around about being hit by lightning. Nobody had witnessed the incident and we decided to leave without calling the police.

Back in our hotel room around 0200, we planned an itinerary for the next day and collapsed in each other’s arms.

The Louvre was our first stop. Forbes knew a surprising amount about art and history as he was actually a Columbia graduate for both undergraduate and law school. As a result he had been subjected to their (in)famous core curriculum. For me it was exciting and romantic that he knew so much about the paintings we were seeing.

I was surprised to see artists in the galleries reproducing some of the famous works since one does not generally see that in American museums. I also made Forbes promise to take me to the Met when we got back home.

Towards the end of our day as we were leaving, Forbes whispered, “Victor see that couple over there?” A handsome gay couple was walking out of the Louvre ahead of us. They paused in the courtyard and we approached and introduced ourselves.

The four of us went to an early dinner together. John and Thomas were from Philadelphia. They worked for the University of Pennsylvania and were celebrating their first anniversary together as well.

We ended up walking over to the Arc De Triumph and then back to the Marais district to hit a gay bar.

In a gay bar we all ended up dancing together for a few hours. They were staying at a hostel far from the Marais and so we ended up convincing them to come back to our hotel.

Thomas and John stripped naked and Forbes and I followed suit. Forbes checked in with me mentally, “you ok with this.” I spoke back to his mind, “yeah.”

Thomas and Forbes paired up and Thomas was on his knees sucking Forbes off in seconds. John looked at me, “hey Vic, can I?”

I nodded and John started sucking me off. It was a wonderful sensation. I had never really thought of myself as a “top” or a “bottom”. Forbes was the second man I had ever had sex with and I was more in love with him than anything. I supposed I had deferred to him because of his age and maturity.

It felt really good to have my dick sucked. John was sucking me hard as his partner Thomas was sucking my partner. I found myself putting my hands on John’s head to force him to

suck me harder.

## Four Way

Thomas and John were both handsome and it was hot to realize that there were four hot guys in our hotel room all having sex. I could sense that John wanted to be fucked so I grabbed a condom and pushed John into the bed, face down, and took him from the rear. I really wished I could shoot small amounts of electricity through him like Forbes, but contented myself with reaching into him telepathically.

I manipulated his mind to relax more completely and open his fuckhole to me. As he relaxed I made it so he found it intensely pleasurable. It felt good to use my dick to fuck someone and I drove John to three orgasms in close succession.

Forbes was still getting sucked by Thomas and we swapped off. Forbes pulled John off the bed and got him down on his knees as I took Thomas. Thomas had seen how intensely I had fucked John and just came out and asked to be fucked.

I put on a fresh condom and repeated the process I had used on John with Thomas.

Thomas relaxed easily and quickly and then I worked him into a sexual frenzy as I fucked him with my cock. It did not take much effort to force four orgasms out of his hot body.

Forbes then pulled Thomas' exhausted body off the bed and had him kneeling next to John on the floor so that the two of them were sucking Forbes' cock. I found the sight of my lover with two gorgeous gay men on his cock incredibly arousing and fought the urge to just shoot a load standing there.

I mindspoke him and we decided to have some more fun with the couple. We took them to our bathroom and I got them to shave one another below the neck completely. Forbes and I stood in the doorway to the bathroom watching them shave each other. It was quite a sight and the two of us kept our hard cocks pressed against one another and were kissing as we watched.

They looked really sexy shaved and Forbes suggested that we shave their heads as well. I convinced them to sit in the tub and then both Forbes and I took turns using the clippers to get the bulk of their hair off.

Thomas started to object and I calmed him and assured him that he would be sexier when we finished. He quieted down and then we started working with razors to thoroughly denude them of their hair.

I found the process quite erotic and they definitely looked quite sexy when we finished with nothing but their eyebrows. "Victor, no," he said, but I had already removed John's eyebrows with the razor. Forbes followed suit with Thomas.

Now they looked quite shocking.

I had Thomas and John kiss and lick Forbes' and my bare feet as thanks for shaving and

fucking them. That felt really good and ultimately the four of us piled into bed for the night. In the morning they were both a bit shocked, but strangely pleased by their appearances. “Victor, you are quite good,” my boyfriend commented as we all headed down to the street to go our separate ways.

We enjoyed the Eiffel Tower and several other outdoor venues that day before heading to Madrid by train that night.

In Madrid we stayed at the five star Hotel Villa Real near many of the museums. I had found myself wanting to find another play toy, or toys, like Thomas and John here in Madrid.

“Victor,” Forbes said, “did you want to go to a museum?”

“That would be great,” I said as I kissed him on the mouth and slid my tongue in.

## Madrid

We headed to the Prado and I found myself rapt in attention to Forbes’ descriptions of the artworks. I noticed that a youngish, barely fourteen, year old guy was eyeing us.

“What’s the age of consent in Spain?”

Forbes shrugged. I winked at the guy and we left the museum. While we were in a cafe, I logged onto the Internet and checked it out: 13 from [ageofconsent.com](http://ageofconsent.com).

I debated going back to the museum, but we ended up hanging out people watching in the cafe for the rest of the afternoon. We lucked out though because the kid showed up again down the street and I called out to him, mentally.

He stopped by our table and sat down. “Mi nombre es Arxel”

I knew enough Spanish to get us by, “hola Arxel, my nombre es Viktor y el es Forbes.”

“De donde estas?”

“Los Estados Unidos–New York,” I responded.

“Quiero visitar los Estados Unidos.”

Forbes interjected, “do you speak English?”

Arxel shook his head. I knew that Forbes would not forgive me if I used even the gentlest telepathic techniques to score with Arxel. He was after all a “child” to my ADA husband.

But according to Spanish law he was old enough to make his own choices about sex. We took Arxel to dinner at the hotel and learned some more about his family.

Then we went up to our hotel room. Arxel though took the lead, he took a condom from his pocket and lined Forbes and I up face down next to each other on the beds. He was no innocent. He climbed on top of us and fucked both of us one after the other and then left us.



It was quite an experience.

When we had to come back to the States I felt sad. I had to trick the guards at security again to get Forbes through. I used some telepathic persuasion to score us first class tickets again back to JFK.

When we landed we took a cab back to our home in Brooklyn heights. Artemis, our cat, was indifferent at seeing us. We both still had one more day off and decided that we would spend it at home.

## **Home**

I was sucking Forbes the next morning when the phone rang. Against my better judgment Forbes convinced me to answer. It was our friends Thomas and John from Philadelphia who we had met in Paris. They had just gotten back to the states and wanted to hook up again.

They were on reduced work because of the summer vacation and took the train up to meet us. We met them at Penn station. They looked stark without their hair and we hugged in the station and took them back to our house.

Thomas could hardly keep his hands off me on the train and when I threatened to spank him if he did not control himself he got friskier.

Forbes did the honors as we got inside and bent Thomas over the back of the sofa and delivered several firm slaps to the shaved man's jeans covered butt.

There was a small amount of stubble on John's head already and I politely instructed Thomas to go up to the bathroom and remove the stubble. I reinforced the message with a telepathic push.

I consulted with my boyfriend and we decided that we would tie them up and take turns fucking them.

## **Write the Author**

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at [toplegal@yahoo.com](mailto:toplegal@yahoo.com).

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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## 2 Superhero: 2

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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### Cold Winter

“Victor,” Forbes shouted to me from the bathroom, “can you put on the radio, I want to hear if the police made any progress on that string of bank robberies?”

I rolled over slowly, Forbes’ energy could at times be infectious, but we had been prowling some of the darkest parts of New York City for five nights straight without any luck. With a push, I got the radio turned on and then rolled back into a ball.

“Thanks,” he shouted. I was tired but I could hear the reporter:

“Police still say they have no leads in the string of bank robberies that have left many afraid to visit their local banks. Assistant District Attorney Forbes March who has been reassigned from homicide to assist on this case refused to comment on the status of the investigation. One source in the DA’s office is claiming that the police and DA’s investigation is being hampered by Federal involvement. While another source within the police department says that the truth about the crime scenes is being kept secret.”

I reached out telepathically to Forbes and reminded him, “I love you.”

I felt him think solidly, “Likewise.”

The truth of the situation was that the crimes were unusual. The burglar was working with a small gang and was blasting holes right through safe doors as easily as most people might rip a piece of paper in two. The problem that was baffling police—and the FBI—was that there was no evidence of explosives.

The radio continued: “...we have Professor Katherine Landis from New York University on the line with us now to discuss the history of bank robberies.”

Forbes came out of the bathroom and crawled into bed and we snuggled and I lost myself in a quick orgy of kissing and snuggling.

I threw on my hero “outfit” and slid my eye mask into the pocket and headed downtown with Forbes. On the subway we sat across from each other and practiced talking telepathically to one another. Which really meant me talking into him and then reading back from him.

“What if someone with powers like ours used them for evil,” I thought to him, it was something we had discussed before and discarded four days and four brazen robberies ago.

“It is an old maxim of mine that when you have excluded the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth,” Forbes thought back.

“Sherlock Holmes,” I almost blurted out aloud.

Forbes nodded.

“So you think it could be a hero–villain I mean,” I thought back.

Another nod.

“I’ll go to the headquarters and see if Cathus has any leads,” I thought.

We had reached our stop and parted with a kiss as I headed towards secret passages that would lead me to the meeting room where other superheroes could be found.

## Meeting Room

When I arrived Cathus was hunched over a computer terminal and scowled at me on my entrance. She was clearly frustrated, “Even if the police catch this criminal they will not be able to safely contain him in any jail.”

“We have not done any better.”

Cathus turned back to the computer. She and I were alone and I logged in and looked over her work. She had done a workup of our criminal’s likely super powers. The summary showed something important: the criminal’s powers were limited to metals and metallized substances. I pulled up one of the crime scene reports from our (secret) link to the police database.

“What if we pointed something about this out to the police?”

She responded by getting up and turning into cat form and prowling towards me: “How exactly would we do that?”

“Just suggest a lexan shield or something?”

She pawed at my hand, scratching me gently. I had been scolded. I got up and paced around the room. Cathus turned back to human form and said, “Sorry I shouldn’t snap at you.”

We both left the headquarters, her for her “job” as CEO of a multi-billion dollar conglomerate and me for my job as a waiter.

I still had a few hours before I had to report for lunch and decided to head back home. On the machine there was a message from Forbes saying he would be home late.

## Quick Trick

I ended up sitting in my childhood bedroom and staring out the window. I found myself looking at the empty construction hole where Paul's house had been before the fire that killed him and his parents and unlocked my telepathic powers.

I noticed a handsome guy walking across the site. I reached out telepathically; he was the architect planning a new house.

I gently placed an order in his head: "Come ring my bell."

I could watch him scratch his head from my window and suddenly head for my door. After the doorbell rang, I answered and let him in.

The architect was in his late thirties and probably *not* gay based on the wedding band. We looked over the preliminary design plans and I set out some definite expectations I had which the architect was receptive to.

Not that the architect had a choice.

"I really need to go," the architect started to say as he stood up.

"Sit down," I said firmly and reinforced it telepathically.

The architect did.

"What's your name?"

"Roger."

"Roger, I'm Victor, and we are going to have a little bit of fun here, ok?"

"Sounds good Victor," Roger responded.

I leaned back in my chair and put my feet up.

Roger seemed unclear on what to do and I said politely, "perhaps you should undress?"

"Of course Victor," he responded as he got completely naked.

"Roger when we finish here today you will only remember that you came here to show me the blueprints, we talked and that you want to visit me again during the construction process."

Roger nodded. His naked body was nice. He clearly worked out regularly to stay in shape. Roger kneeled at my feet and removed my shoes and socks and began massaging my feet.

It was satisfying to the highly paid architect kneeling, naked at my feet.

"How much do you make in a year Roger?"

"\$150,000."

"You married?"

"Yeah, for 10 years and I have three kids."

I let my feet fall to the floor and opened my legs into a V. Roger turned and faced me with a smile. He was enjoying himself. I had told him he would. As I slowly unbuckled my belt his cock got hard.

“Ever sucked dick Roger?”

He hesitated and I reinforced the question telepathically.

“Yeah, a few times in the marines.”

“Then this will be just like the marines,” I finished as I let my cock fall out for his attention.

He moved up towards my groin, positioned his face in front of my hard cock and began to suck. He was pretty good at it. Roger was quite good. He brought me to orgasm in just ten minutes. I instructed him to swallow which he did. Then I instructed him to dress and wait for me.

I ran upstairs and got changed for work. When I came downstairs Roger was dressed and standing relatively at ease.

“Roger,” I said, “what do you recall about being here today?”

“Came over to show you blueprints, had fun, will visit again.”

“Great,” I said, “oh one more thing Roger, when you go home tonight you will make passionate love to your wife.”

With that Roger walked out and headed back to his routine and I returned to mine.

## **Prowling**

After work I went straight onto the prowling and took the subway to one of the earlier banks that had been robbed. I used a pass Forbes had given me along with my telepathic skills to weasel my way to the blown away vault.

I decided to try a technique of feeling the inanimate vault for telepathic resonances. I had never really tried the technique because it seemed like a lot of cheap psychic voodoo. But the smoothly blown away vault edge gave up an image. I could clearly see a black-clad figure reaching out his hand and simply manipulating the metal into oblivion.

My reverie was disrupted quickly though by a thoughtless bank employee, “This is a crime scene.”

“I’m with the district attorney’s office,” I said lifting up my pass.

“Oh, sorry,” he said but I found my mind connected with his mind and trapped him. For a moment I could sense something that seemed relevant to the case and then the bond snapped and he was in my face and angry. It was as if he had sensed me digging in his mind.

“GET OUT,” the employee screamed at me.

I decided to leave rather than cause a scene but the incident had aroused my curiosity.

I went back to the superheroes hangout hidden in an underground area near canal street and quickly started searching for the bank employee I had encountered in various databases. Our connection to the FBI databases was slow since September 11, but we still had one. The match I was looking for was not there, but rather in the Department of Defense personnel system.

The bank employee was a reject from special forces with an attitude problem. “No shit,” I muttered aloud to the empty room.

The missing link was an accident in Dessert Storm where he had been trapped near a burning refinery for hours. The trigger.

I flagged the data for Cathus and decided to try and find Forbes/Electro for help in tackling our robber.

## **Take Down**

Security at the Manhattan District Attorney’s Office was tighter than usual. Even though the guards knew me I got the hand wand. Forbes was in conference with the District Attorney but I was invited to sit in his office.

One of the more junior Assistant District Attorney’s he worked with came into the office and introduced herself. “I’m Sarah,” she said sticking out her hand which I reciprocated.

“Victor,” I said.

“Forbes just adores you,” she said as her eyes moved towards the picture of the two of us from Paris on Forbes’ desk.

“I like the guy ok,” I said nonchalantly.

She laughed, “he is in with the detectives and the DA trying to sort out these bank robberies. Quite different from homicide prosecutions.”

“Is he being set up for a fall?”

Sarah gasped but reaching out I knew I had nailed the internal rumor. Unable to answer me to my face she left the office flustered.

I debated storming into the conference room with the DA to Forbes’ rescue but instead shut the door and reached out my mind. If I could talk to him from close then a couple hundred feet might not be a problem.

“Forbes, it’s Victor, I’ve got a good lead that will make you look good,” I thought.

“Go,” he shot back, I could feel his warm electrical energy.

“There’s a bank employee who is ex-special forces and has a record that might suggest he could be behind it. Get your guys to start running checks of insiders starting with the first bank.”

“LOVE YOU,” was what I got back along with an image of him kneeling, sucking my dick. It was another half hour before Forbes came in, “you are a life saver.” I stood up and kissed him.

“I thought they liked you,” I said aloud in the elevator on our way down to the street. He looked down at the floor. “What about the police, I mean why blame an Assistant District Attorney?”

“I’ve made some enemies on my way to being head of homicides,” he said.

We headed to the superheroes headquarters and there were about six of us total assembled there: Telag (me; telepathic special powers), Electro (Forbes; electrical special powers), Cathus (able to assume the form of most felines), Patronus (able to fly), Mbizi (water special powers, male), Keezheekoni (fire powers, female).

Of the assembled group, only Patronus could fly, the six of us piled into a modified Lincoln Navigator that Cathus had equipped with some high end equipment. Mbizi was driving and we reached the bank employee’s house in Connecticut in about thirty minutes.

Cathus said, “Telag see if anyone is home?”

I reached out, nothing, “nope.”

“If more than two of us go we will attract attention, Telag you go with Patronus since she can always fly you out.”

Patronus and I jumped out of the SUV and headed towards the front door. Nobody was paying any attention to us. There were no alarm stickers visible and we walked around to the back door and Patronus picked the lock cleanly and we entered.

The basement was a goldmine: piles of cash were strewn everywhere. We focused on looking for documentation of the crime sites and hit pay dirt with a map of Manhattan filled with push pins.

One was on a bank which had yet to have a report of a robbery.

We flew out of the house and back to the SUV. Based on the timing of the other robberies we had about thirty minutes at most to intercept him.

In the car, Patronus and Mbizi decided to fly and survey the target bank. Forbes and I camped at the suspect’s house and Forbes placed some calls to the police and a judge for search warrants.

That left Cathus and Keezheekoni thundering back to the city in the Navigator. It took about forty minutes for the local Connecticut police and the NYPD detectives Forbes was working with to show up. An administrative snafu meant there was no search warrant yet.

Events turned in our favor as the suspect pulled his car around the corner and into the cul de sac. Since the police were standing around he did not immediately suspect that we were there for him and he pulled up and parked in his driveway.

“What’s going on,” he shouted out to one of the officers.

The officer shouts back, “The New York DA has some questions for you.”

The suspect darted for the house but one of the police officers intercepted him. “Sorry, cannot allow you into the house, evidence tampering and all.”

“Why are you picking on me?”

Forbes spoke up, “Mr. Sand, nobody is picking on you, but signs point to you being the bank robber.”

Sand lunged for Forbes and one of the Connecticut police officers tackled Sand. Cuffs came out and Mr. Sand was placed in the back of the police car. This was a bad decision and I tried to warn Forbes. But barely two seconds had passed before the entire back half of the police car looked suspiciously like the destroyed bank vaults.

The police sprang into action but Sand was—like most of the other superheroes—quite strong and the police were confused by his escape. Finally one of the officers tried his gun—no effect.

“Shock him,” I thought to Forbes who I screened from the officers and created a telepathic cover as he blasted Sand with a massive dose of electricity. Sand was only stunned though and quickly got up as Forbes needed to recharge. The police however were more successful in shooting a stunned Sand dead.

That chapter was closed and we drove back to New York with the detectives.

## Philadelphia

The next weekend I talked Forbes into going to Philadelphia to visit Thomas and John, our two love slaves. They were glad to see us and were doing a good job of keeping their heads and entire bodies shaved.

I had picked up some sex toys as well as some tight fitting spandex singlets for them to wear. I put Thomas in a black Adidas singlet with blue stripes and John in one with red stripes. Before putting the singlets on, I inserted a large metal butt plug (about 7 1/2 inches long and 2 1/2 inches in diameter) into each of their butts.

The sight was breathtaking, two young white boys; shaved totally; clad only in spandex; and with their cocks erect from the plugs in their asses.

Forbes and I were dressed fairly casually, it was a brisk evening so I let both boys put on raincoats and then all four of us headed out for the Bike Stop. From where they lived at about 16th and Pine it was about eight plus blocks to the bar.

It was fun having the two shaved boys walking ahead of us. When we reached the Bike Stop, we had the boys check their coats and then led the boys down to the “Pit Stop” in the basement.

Philadelphia being a bit more conservative than New York, or San Francisco, things would stay tame. But the boys had rock hard cocks whose outlines were visible in their tight spandex singlets.



I posed Thomas and John to stand facing sideways, butt against butt and instructed them to stay still. Forbes and I were a few feet away but the shaved boys quickly attracted a lot of attention.

Forbes broke the silence, "Victor, can you grab me a vodka straight up."

I nodded and kissed my lover and then approached the bar. At the bar the bar tender served me the vodka and I headed back over to Forbes. A middle-aged man was examining Thomas and John closely without touching them. I could sense how uncomfortable they were but I sent reassuring telepathic messages that everything was ok.

Forbes encouraged me to take a sip of the vodka before I handed it off to him.

The middle aged guy introduced himself to Forbes and I, "hey I'm Jason."

"Victor," I said sticking out my hand. He had a firm grip as he shook and then Forbes followed, "Forbes."

"Nice boys," Jason commented eyeing Thomas and John with an intense amount of lust. I sized Jason up telepathically: 34, born in Philadelphia, raised in Philadelphia, worked as an architect, into kinky sex.

Forbes pitched in, "we've been working on training them since we met them a few months ago traveling in Europe."

Jason nodded approvingly and then moved his hand close to Thomas' crotch, "may I?"

Forbes nodded.

Jason placed his hand on Thomas' crotch gently allowing the palm of his hand to fall on top of the erect cock and then he made a gentle rubbing motion as if he was rubbing the younger man's belly. Thomas fidgeted slightly as he clearly responded to the attentions. Jason laughed approvingly and then stopped.

"I've got a cool private place a block or two from here," he offered.

Forbes nodded and the four of us followed Jason out of the Bike Stop. I grabbed the checked raincoats but Jason insisted that the boys did not need them since it was, "Not that cold."

We followed Jason up Walnut Street about ten or so blocks. Thomas and John were getting quite embarrassed by having to walk on the streets in the singlets. The fact that the butt plug was keeping their dicks hard undoubtedly contributed to the embarrassment.

We entered a ground floor unit of a much taller high rise through a private entrance. Jason turned on the lights and we could see a stunningly appointed apartment. He had Thomas and John stand on his coffee table and then invited Forbes and I to sit down on the couch.

"Coffee," Jason asked casually?

"Espresso for me," Forbes said, "Victor probably wants an herbal tea."

I nodded and kissed Forbes.

Jason disappeared into the back and I could hear noises in the kitchen but also I knew using

my telepathy that he was changing into more of a leather top outfit.

When he reappeared about fifteen minutes later Jason was wearing body hugging leather from head to toe and carrying an espresso cup in one hand and a tea cup in the other. Forbes took the tea first and handed it to me, and then he took the espresso for himself.

Jason took John down from the coffee table and stripped him of the singlet. Jason examined John closely using both his hands and eyes to do an inspection of the younger man. Upon discovering the butt plug, Jason looked at Forbes and I and smiled broadly. Then he took it out.

John was then placed back onto the coffee table and Jason then repeated the inspection process with Thomas. At the end both of our slave boys were naked on the coffee table.

“Quite nice,” Jason commented, “and extremely well trained since they have not objected to my handling at all.”

Forbes said, “Victor can be quite persuasive for a nineteen year old.”

“Apparently, I’ve been in this city all my life and traveled quite widely and cannot recall encountering such well behaved slaves.”

“What did you have in mind?”

“I would love to just leave them standing there for a day.” We all laughed and Jason sat down on the couch and wedged himself between Forbes and me. Jason then turned and kissed me deeply. I reciprocated eagerly and then Jason and Forbes kissed deeply as well.

“I was interested in enjoying them for a few days in private,” Jason explained as he took a check out of his outfit and handed it to Forbes.

“Deal. You should explain your needs to Victor so he can talk to the boys before we leave,” Forbes said.

Jason turned to me and kissed me. I did not really need it explained to me verbally, the boys would be tied up, whipped, fucked, bound, gagged, pissed on, and more. “The most important thing Victor,” Jason explained as he twisted around so he was on top of me on the couch and his lips were against mine, “is that your boys enjoy everything about the next few days.” As I opened my mouth to speak Jason dived his tongue into my mouth and kissed me for over a minute.

“I think you know exactly what I plan to do,” he said as we kissed more passionately than before. I did. The minute we left Thomas and John would be brought to his bathroom for a series of enemas. Then they would be placed into sleep sacks for some isolation treatment over night. In the morning, disoriented, they would be fucked then spanked over and over again until Jason was spent. From Jason’s mind I could tell that he was taking some chemical cocktails that would keep him from cumming easily. The result: hours of fucking and spanking.

By evening they would be given another set of enemas and then placed back into the sleep sacks. That was his ultimate fantasy: multiple guys subject to his need to bind them up for

long periods and then fuck and spank them.

The second day would feature more intense corporal punishment. I had no doubt that the boys would return with some visible whip marks.

Our kiss ended and I realized that part of Jason's payment was that he was going to let Forbes fuck him. Jason left the room and I knew that Forbes was giving him a quite electrifying sexual experience. I telepathically cued Thomas and John to look forward to their two days with Jason.

When Forbes reappeared we headed off taking the boys' raincoats. Back at their apartment he showed me that Jason had written each of us a check for \$9,000.

Forbes and I fucked like bunnies with each other for the next two days at the boys' Pine Street apartment. Jason returned Thomas and John during the day and they had to walk home in their singlets, cocks erect.

Within a minute of getting them in the door Jason had them stripped naked and standing on their own coffee table. Whip marks were visible on both of their backs and yet both seemed quite content.

Jason came directly to me and kissed me passionately, "You are the luckiest man alive Victor. Your husband is amazing and you have two wonderful slaves at your disposal."

I kissed Jason back and suggested perhaps in a few months he might want to borrow Thomas and John again. After Jason left, Thomas and John shared that they had really enjoyed being with Jason and that they were really enjoying all of the public humiliation of walking around in the singlets.

Forbes and I had talked about bringing Thomas and John back to New York with us, but against it. So we left Philly the next morning leaving behind Thomas and John to keep exploring visits to the Bike Stop in their "outfits."

## **Write the Author**

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at [toplegal@yahoo.com](mailto:toplegal@yahoo.com).

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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### 3 Superhero: 3

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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#### Jason's Fantasy

I was playing Magic Online on the computer before I had to go to work when an email arrived. Ninety-nine percent of my email is spam, I do not give out my address often and my job as a waiter hardly generates killer email.

The message was short:

From: ArchitectJason@hotmail.com To: victorwebster@yahoo.com Subject: My perfect guy

Victor:

I very much enjoyed meeting you and Forbes this past weekend. I am going to be attending a professional meeting of architects in Manhattan next month and would very much like to spend some time with you.

I was thinking you might help me meet the perfect guy and train him.

Keep your eyes peeled, someone young and a touch obnoxious, in need of a spanking, like that guy Ben Curtis who plays the Dell Dude, would be perfect.

Master Jason

I looked at the clock on the computer and decided to head to work before responding.

At work I found myself more distracted than usual. Since the incident at in Connecticut with Sand, Forbes had been a bit down on the whole patrolling the city for bad guys. Additionally, he had quite accidentally catapulted himself into the political spotlight. Instead of the bank robberies ruining his career, Forbes had come across as a level headed Assistant District Attorney who followed clues carefully, a sort of modern Sherlock Holmes.

The shots of me next to him and raised his profile in the gay community as well.

All in all, he was now one of the least popular guys at work. The behind the scenes cabal that had stuck him on a bank robbery instead of a homicide prosecution to throw him to the lions had returned to the shadows but was still pulling strings. Forbes had not been reassigned to a case since closing the bank case.

I managed to get through lunch without spilling anything but my lowest tip take ever showed I was not performing.

After my shift I called Forbes, he was depressed since there was a homicide that was up for assignment but had been given to a more junior ADA. I suggested he talk directly with the District Attorney over dinner, perhaps with me discretely a few tables away. He agreed to give it a shot.

We ended the call and I headed back.

As I went to log back onto Magic Online I remembered the email from Jason. And started composing a response:

Intriguing challenge; I take it a Backstreet Boy-like Nick Carter or 'N Sync-type Lance Bass would do as well? :)

If you haven't already made hotel reservations you can stay with us and take the subway to your meeting.

VW

I logged into the Magic Online server and was searching out a tournament when another email arrived:

Those two would do as well: young and in need of spanking and fucking.

Love to stay with you, hate hotels at this point in my life.

Would you be my date that Saturday?

I checked in with Forbes, dinner with the DA would be on Friday, he was also fine with me being Jason's escort.

## **District Attorney**

I arrived at the Ritz Carlton dining room a half hour early. A small amount of persuasion with the Maitre d' was all it took to arrange for the DA and Forbes to be seated near a window with a good line of sight to me. I sensed Forbes before I saw him or the DA.

I could sense the DA was about to complain about the table but I gave a gentle nudge to make him relax. No complaints, sitting in my direct line of sight.

I had already finished eating and had telepathically cued the waiter and busboys to leave me alone for an extended period. The DA and Forbes did not talk much but generalities for the first forty minutes, but that allowed me to get some baselines from the DA and also to get a sense of where he stood on the whole Forbes issue.

Things looked good overall, and so I clued Forbes in on my findings and suggested that the biggest issue to diffuse was the “Forbes as future political rival issue.”

Forbes nodded agreement and began talking to the DA. He did fine all by himself and by the time dessert arrived the DA agreed to get him back into the main homicide beat. The dinner had the nice side effect of boosting Forbes into the DA’s eyes directly without the interference of people intent on knocking Forbes out of power.

## Patrol

For the first time in weeks I convinced Forbes to go on patrol. We managed to put a stop to an armed robbery at an ATM and a liquor store robbery. Not bad for a night’s work.

At two am we headed back to our house and made passionate love.

I was able to focus on work more the next day and had record tips. Seems like a happy husband, a good patrol, and nice sex leads to great on the job performance.

On my way home from work I stopped at a Macy’s and purchased some clothing for the party.

My email had two items a PayPal payment from Jason to cover my suit and a note:

When I am visiting perhaps we can hit some leather bars in the city and maybe we will come upon my own “Dell Dude”?

I was thinking if you are successful with me you could perhaps have a side business of Slave Training.

I will talk business terms with Forbes but I would expect to pay you about \$100,000 for your efforts on my behalf.

The dollar amount sent me reeling. Also the thought of running some sort of gay sex slave training had a certain erotic appeal to it. I pulled my cock out of my pants and began to stroke it gently. I pulled up a website with mind control stories: <http://www.mcstories.com/> and browsed the male-male selection.

It took me a few minutes to find one that got me going, “Purple Boots.” The idea that an article of clothing could be imbued with enough telepathic power to enslave a man to another man set me afire. I stroked myself to orgasm and then responded to Jason:

Interesting idea, but Thomas and John are willing participants, not “slaves.”

My phone rang and I picked it up, "Victor?"

"Yes, who is this," I asked.

"Jason," he responded.

"Do you work?"

"Sometimes," he said and chuckled. "Can I give you a reading assignment before we meet next? It is about love maps and sexuality?"

Curious I agreed, "sure, title?"

"It is en route for next day delivery to you already," Jason responded.

I shivered slightly; Jason's cocksureness had a certain creepiness. I laughed silently, he wanted someone like himself: a bit arrogant but sexually submissive. "Can you give me the Cliff notes on this book?"

"It is simple he theorizes that each of us has a 'map' that describes what we will find sexually exciting that is etched into them. Two people will be compatible if their love maps are compatible. If you have valleys where your partner has hills."

"Interesting, and the relation to my new business as a gay slave trainer?"

"Some people want to be slaves, but are too inhibited to let go. If you can help those people let go of some inhibitions then they can go on to enjoy the lives they truly want."

"So I am like some gateway drug for repressed gay bottoms?"

"Precisely," Jason said, "you appear to have a knack for unlocking people's sexual passions. I could see that in the way Thomas and John behaved. They had always fantasized about being on very public sexual display but were unable to get past some basic inhibitors before meeting you."

"So I am the gay version of cupid for S-and-M relationships?"

"Thomas and John are very visible demonstrations of your skills," Jason said calmly. I really wanted to reach across the phone and spank his arrogant ass. My consolation was that he did not understand the mechanism to my powers. "I'll take your silence as an agreement to at least consider getting into the match making business." He ended the call.

The book arrived the next day, John Money, "Gay Straight and in Between"; I read it cover-to-cover after my shift. I found the theories intriguing but still was not buying that I was some S-and-M cupid.

## Escort

Forbes seemed to find the sight of me heading out in a suit with Jason quite funny. I arrived with Jason at the Annual Architects' something or other and we had an extremely fun evening. Jason was reasonably well known in circles and being seen with me did not

seem to hurt his reputation in the slightest.

In fact, I detected intense jealousy from more than a few people we met. Some were ex-sex partners, others were jealous of my youth; I found the experience surprisingly exhilarating.

We left the party early and changed into more suitable attire for a club and met Forbes at SBNY. Inside, the club was packed with scantily clad men and boys dancing the night away. I sensed Forbes near the bar and guided Jason with me over there.

Forbes was drinking top shelf vodka and Jason ordered a Scotch, neat. I got a cranberry juice and started scanning the crowd. There were plenty of young twinks in the crowd but I realized that to satisfy Jason's kinks we would need to find a kinkier locale.

We decided to take a cab over to the Eagle and we got in without a problem. I scanned the crowd and my eye quickly zoomed in on an unusually young man standing in the corner, doing his best *not* to be seen.

He really was a perfect starting point; in fact for all intents and purposes he could have been Ben Curtis—the Dell dude. I left Jason and Forbes at the bar and approached the young man. As I neared I sent a gentle, reassuring telepathic signal to him, “Everything is ok, you are interested in meeting Victor.”

I stuck out my hand, “Victor.”

“Ben,” he said. I suppressed a giggle.

“Nice to meet you Ben.”

“Thanks, this is my first time here, everyone is so,” he started but seemed at a loss for words.

I nodded approvingly, “yeah, they are very ‘into’ the scene.”

“You seem pretty normal,” Ben said.

“Thanks,” I said as I laughed politely.

“I mean you know under 300 pounds, no beard, just clean cut.”

“Thanks, you aren't too bad yourself Ben.”

Ben blushed.

“How old are you Ben?”

He looked down for a minute and said, “Twenty-one.”

“What year were your born?”

“1983.” He tried to correct but I put my hand on his shoulder reassuringly and said, “I'm nineteen myself.”

He relaxed.

“So what brought you to a leather bar instead of a twink bar?”

“I guess I was just looking for something more interesting,” Ben said.



“Has anyone ever mentioned you look a lot like that Dell dude?”

He looked down and nodded.

“I won’t hold it against you,” I said as I moved closer to him and screened him from the rest of the bar so he had to focus on me.

“You been with a man before?”

He smiled, “when I was fourteen for the first time.”

“Cool, I only came out for the first time this past year.”

“Really,” Ben said, “you seem way more at ease than me. I have been getting into the bars for a few years now but never had the nerve to come to a leather bar.”

“Till tonight...”

“Exactly,” Ben said, “but my favorite video is a copy of Spare the Rod that I bought a year or so ago. Every time I watch the video I get turned on by watching the guys get spanked.”

I nodded approvingly for him to continue.

“That’s it, I just thought if I came here I might find someone.”

“To spank you,” I asked.

He blushed. I was now just inched from his face and I was now hugging him. He was very relaxed.

“Ben, where do you live?”

“I’m living with a bunch of people in the theatre district and working part time as a waiter.”

“I know that drill,” I said as I kissed him gently on the lips. He returned the kiss. “Can I introduce you to some friends of mine?”

“Sure,” he said eagerly. He was a bit arrogant I noticed. Jason would be very pleased. I led Ben over towards Forbes and Jason. Jason’s face lit up visibly at the sight of the young Dell-dude look-alike.

“Ben, let me introduce you to my boyfriend Forbes and our mutual friend Jason.”

Ben shook hands with both Forbes and Jason. He was a touch confused, but I kept a reassuring hand on his shoulder and guided him out to the curb with Forbes and Jason in tow.

We took a cab back to Brooklyn and inside the house I took him to my childhood bedroom and fell asleep with him spooned against me. In the other room I could sense Forbes using his electrical abilities to force several involuntary orgasms out of a spread-eagled and blindfolded Jason.

In the morning Ben stirred awake and realized he was in my arms. “Hey there,” I said as I kissed him.

“We didn’t have sex?”

“No,” I just wanted you to relax, I knew Jason had a few spanking videos with him for jack off purposes. I encouraged Ben to go take a piss and then put a spanking video into the VCR in the room and left the room.

The video did its work, when I could sense that Ben was jacking off to the video I sent Jason into the bedroom. A few minutes later the video spanking sounds were supplemented by grunts of a young man getting a well deserved spanking.

Jason led his young friend down to the kitchen with only a T-shirt to show off the young man’s well spanked butt. “Ben looks like you had some fun,” I commented.

Ben smiled and said, “quite.”

Forbes poured some orange juice for Ben and offered to make an omelet. Ben accepted and Forbes started cooking. Jason headed out and returned with his bag packed.

“Ben,” Jason said, “I’m sure Forbes and Victor will be happy to have you stay here for a bit.”

I sent Ben a reassuring affirmation and encouraged him to be excited about staying with Forbes and me.

“I need to head back to Philadelphia,” Jason explained, “but I will be up every weekend to visit you until you are ready to come live with me, ok?”

Ben nearly creamed himself and jumped up and said “yes.” Jason kissed Ben deeply and then headed off.

## **Training Ben**

Jason had ordered about two-dozen spanking videos for me to show Ben. They arrived on Tuesday. I set them up in his room and explained to Ben that he should try to watch at least one video a day and fantasize about being the bottom in the videos. I assured Ben that he would find the videos to be more erotic that way.

The other element of the video collection was recordings of Ben Curtis as Steve the Dell-dude. Jason wanted arrogance-and-in-need-of-a-spanking. Given the real Ben’s appearance, the Steve persona was perfect. I encouraged Ben to model his behaviors on Steve’s persistence, minus the Dell-angle.

By Thursday I had married the two elements together. Ben would have to watch a Dell-dude commercial. Play-act the part for an hour for me and then I would tell him that he needed a spanking and he would watch one of the spanking videos.

On Friday he went shopping with Jason’s credit card and we attired him in Dell-dude style clothing. When Jason arrived Saturday morning the transformation was more than half complete.

Ben greeted Jason in a way that led to an immediate, bare bottom spanking in our living room. Ben was clearly enjoying the punishment, but also was chastened. The two disappeared to the guest bedroom and I could hear non-stop spankings for the better part of six hours.

When they re-emerged Ben's buttocks were deep red and covered with welts. Jason hugged Forbes and I goodby and reminded Ben that he would be back the following Saturday.

During the second week, there was no need to show Ben the Dell-due tapes, he was "acting" the part non-stop. Heck, half the time either Forbes or I wanted to spank his arrogant blonde butt.

On Monday I began the sleep-sack training. This was a bit harder than the spanking training since it was completely new to Ben, but he adapted to "make Jason happy."

I stayed with Ben the first night to make sure he was calm and relaxed in the confining sack. In the morning before I woke him, I jerked him off and drained him of a load of cum. Right out of the sack I then fucked him and spanked him. He loved it.

During the second week of training, I had selected the videos very carefully. Each day the spanking video showed ever more intense spanking, or whipping, scenes. Ben faithfully jerked off to the tapes and I could tell he was looking forward to seeing Jason. He was acutely aware that Jason planned to do everything shown on those tapes to him and more.

I left Ben in the sleep sack until Jason arrived around 11 on Saturday. Jason went upstairs and quickly Forbes and I heard the sounds of a thorough whipping. Around six, they came out. Ben was naked and his entire backside from his knees to his shoulders was a mess of red, welts, and whip marks. He also had a smile wider than Texas smacked across his face.

"Good work Victor," Jason commented as he showed Ben off to Forbes and me.

"Thanks," I said, "but Ben has done all the hard work."

Jason smiled, "like I said, you are just cupid. Can I stay the night with Ben?"

"Sure," I said.

He took Ben upstairs and they returned with Ben dressed and took him out. Ben had a house key so Forbes and I hit SBNY by ourselves and then patrolled for a while.

When we returned Jason was in the living room.

"Victor, he is almost perfect, he just needs another week or so of polishing and a bit of obedience reinforcement," Jason said calmly as he handed me a check for \$50,000.

I nodded and Forbes and I headed up to our bedroom. When Jason left Sunday night, I had already posted 20x30 inch pictures of Jason on all of the walls with the word "Obey" printed on them.

Ben had a new routine. Stare at the picture then open an envelope which contained a note "signed" by Jason indicating that Ben had been disobedient and needed to be punished. Ben would then have to stick in one of the videos that featured whipping and watch it.

The program was quite effective. Although Ben was getting more “spankably” arrogant each day, he showed a greater and greater obedience for Jason.

Jason arrived on schedule at 11 Saturday morning and quickly took to working Ben over up in the bedroom. I listened in telepathically as Jason impotently fucked Ben for seven hours straight taking breaks to brutalize Ben’s backside. Ben arrived downstairs at six: naked and red.

Ben sat on the kitchen chair gingerly and looked less spankable for the first time in a week. He was extremely respectful towards Jason, but an amazing amount of smarminess still radiated from him.

“Victor, you are doing a great job, Ben and I agreed that he would come home with me next weekend,” Jason announced.

“Great,” I said, “I’m so glad things are working out for the two of you.”

“It has always been so hard for me to find someone who really enjoyed spanking as much as I did,” he said.

Ben chimed in, “Dude, I love Jason so much.”

Ok, so much for not looking spankable.

The last part of the training was going to be making it very hard for Ben to live without Jason. The pictures of Jason stayed on the wall in the room where Ben was staying but the slogan “Obey” was supplemented with “Fidelity.”

Each day during the next week I worked on Ben so that he had to imagine what he would feel like if he left Jason. Immediately after I would slam him with a wave of horrible self-loathing until he kissed the pictures of Jason and begged the picture to keep him. Only then would I release the pressure and leave him with a sense of total love.

I dolled Ben up the following Saturday morning. He was standing naked on our coffee table with a bow tied to his cock and a butt plug in his ass when Jason arrived.

Jason handed me another check for \$50,000 and then got Ben dressed for a trip back to Philadelphia.

## **New Line of Business**

That day, I got out of the table-waiting business. I started working more days fighting crime and with Jason’s help started an Internet site: [mygayslave.com](http://mygayslave.com). The tag line was, “Where men of discerning interests meet like minded men.”

Jason registered the site in the name of a Bermuda corporation and routed all of the communications very discretely to me.

My first inquiry actually came in person from Jason. An attorney friend of his in Philadelphia had visited him his house and been quite impressed with Ben’s training. The attorney was

into extended bondage sessions but had generally struck out at meeting like-minded guys, let alone forming relationships.

I went down to Philadelphia without Forbes to interview the attorney. The attorney was older than Jason, probably fifty, but still looked quite handsome. We met at his office in Center City Philadelphia.

The conversation was quite direct, "Interesting, a young guy like you finds and warps other men's minds."

I nodded politely, "What are you looking for?"

"Someone to be a companion who also enjoys being tied up for extended periods."

"Any particular looks, age, so forth?"

"No."

"There is the matter of my fee..."

"Jason assures me you are worth the money, here is \$20,000 for expenses," the attorney said while handing me a check.

I left the office and headed back to New York. In Penn Station I stopped a mugging before getting on a subway back to Brooklyn. Forbes was busy again at the DA's office and I started reading up on bondage on the Internet.

A couple of hours later I had found two leads from Internet personal ads. I decided to follow them up using another web site Jason had helped me create: <http://matchmakergay.com>:

To: bondagedude007@yahoo.com From: matcher@matchmakergay.com Subject: Interested Client

Brad:

I am writing on behalf of a client of our service who I think could be a good match for you. Our service is extremely discrete as we only work with shy, but wealthy individuals of the most discerning tastes. I am quite certain that my client can make you quite fulfilled.

If you are interested in meeting me so I can see if you will be a good match, please email me your number.

Regards Match Master

A similar letter went to the other lead. I would also have to follow up in the clubs as well. But I felt particularly good about Brad. His personal ad suggested that he had been unfulfilled by inadequate bondage. He had a deep-seated need to be restrained intensely and anything less than total bondage that went on for hours was a disappointment.

Three hours later I had a response from Brad with a phone number and a request to meet him at a Starbucks near his work site in Queens that evening.

I called the number and got a voice system, “This is the Match Master, I will meet you at the Starbucks, I will be wearing a white T-shirt and jeans.”

At five, I was sitting in the Starbucks when I sensed my quarry walk in. He was apprehensive, but also quite aroused. I guided him towards me gently and he was seated without really having had a chance to take me in.

“Victor,” I said introducing myself.

“Brad,” he responded.

“Brad, I have a client who I think would be very satisfying for you to meet if you are for real.”

“How so?”

“Well your ads are at bondage sites, but sometimes people are not as interested in those things in real life.”

“I am totally into it.”

“Good, then I assume you won’t mind coming with me so I can test that for myself?”

Flabbergasted he said, “yes,” before realizing that what he had agreed to. He followed me out of the Starbucks and to my car willingly.

At my house he started having second thoughts but I relaxed him and guided him to the bondage dungeon. Any resistance melted away at the sight of a few thousand dollars of bondage equipment.

I had Brad lay down on the bondage table naked, face up, and then laced him down to the table quite tightly from toe to head. When I reached his head, I applied a hood with hooks to help restrain him to the table better.

Once he was firmly attached to the table I removed the door under his butt and inserted a plug, then I attached a hose to his cock to allow him to piss freely without messing my table. I inserted a drinking straw into the hood so he could sip some water.

“Ok,” I said, “I have to go run some errands so don’t go anywhere.”

He said something that got muffled by the hood as I left the room. Forbes came home and I had dinner cooked. I checked on Brad telepathically before we left the house for patrol.

Cathus had found out a bit about my business and heaped some scorn on me but ultimately decided that it was fairly benign. Then she and I headed out to go hunt down who was breaking into a military base on Long Island and stealing spent ordinance.

Forbes stayed at the headquarters. We did not make much progress on the case and by the time I got back to the house I decided to check on Brad directly.

The urine bag was slightly full and the water pouch was half-empty. I was careful not to touch Brad or talk to him so he could remain lost in the sensations of the bondage. Satisfied that he was actually quite content, I left him for the night.

In the morning, I went in and detached the urine bag and water tube first. Then, with Brad still tightly bound to the table, I stroked his cock off. My client was on hand too. I left the room for the unveiling. Brad's first sight would be his new master. I sent gentle telepathic signals to encourage Brad to be interested in the attorney.

The attorney took off the hood and examined Brad. Brad was disoriented but was excited to see the handsome attorney. The attorney kissed Brad. The attorney left Brad tied up and left the room, "he's perfect."

I re-entered the room and explained that I thought it might be good if Brad moved into the house with me. He was excited that he was going to be living with the attorney soon and readily agreed. I untied Brad slowly and led him to the bathroom for an enema.

After the enema I took Brad back to the bedroom. I had amassed a series of bondage videos for Brad to watch along with a locking rubber suit. I put Brad into the rubber suit, locked it, and then locked him in the bedroom with the videos and a small tray of food.

Brad knew he was to watch the bondage videos day and night. The frustrating part was that in the locking rubber suit, he really could not get enough access to his dick to really masturbation. Watching the videos though was exciting him tremendously though.

When I came around five to tie him to the bondage table he begged me to let him jerk off. I a restraint around his neck and locked his hands in it before removing the rubber suit. I led him to the bathroom for another enema and a piss.

I fed him dinner like a young child and then bound him to the bondage table.

That was the schedule of Brad's days for the next four weeks. The attorney did no visit, but there were posters of Brad's master all over the room as the weeks went by. In fact Brad would have to lick a picture of his master on the floor and beg in order to be allowed to get his dinner.

Brad loved every minute of the training. He was living his deepest fantasy.

After four weeks, I delivered him to the attorney's home in Bryn Mawr. The attorney paid me the full \$100,000 in a check and then proceeded to bring Brad to the basement where he fixed the boy to a post.

"I have some friends in San Francisco," the attorney said as we were leaving, "who could benefit greatly from your services."

## **Old Friends**

We stopped on our way home to visit Jason and Ben. The two were quite happy. Ben's backside was not quite as red as during the weekends of training, but it was distinctly blistered and spanked.

Ben was wonderful to see and clearly quite happy. Jason was quite happy as well. We left finally to spend the night with Thomas and John.

Both of them were ecstatic to see us after about three months without a visit. They were now regular items at the Bike Stop and loving it. We all talked a bit longer and agreed that they were “ready to stand on their own again now.” And the next morning the four of us parted ways as two couples again. Thomas and John would never quite be the same for their time with Forbes and me, but were also quite pleased for the new more erotic lives.

## **Write the Author**

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at [toplegal@yahoo.com](mailto:toplegal@yahoo.com).

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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