

THE TIMELING: Volume 10, Issue 7 The Last Adventure

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for Ouros

Description

ANOTHER commission from Ouros, this one is based on his character 'The Timeling'. She's a superheroine with powers over time (hence the name) and enemies that imagine she'd look really good while being fucked up the tailpipe. But really, who wouldn't want to do that to her?

Anyway, these fellows sexually enslave heroines and make them work in superheroine porn. The Timeling thinks that's awful, and attempts to put a stop to it. I'll let you guess how that works out.

\$55.00 CAD budget on this one with a price-per-page of \$11.00 CAD, and it ended up being 4 pages long for a total cost of \$44.00 CAD.

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THE ROOM WAS dark save for a single bright light on the center of the round table. It was the perfect design to keep anyone at the table from identifying

anyone else, since all they could see was a dark silhouette through the bright table. It was not strictly needed; after all, the Council of Evil's membership was well known to both its members and the public.

It was more useful for the factor of intimidation. Hapless victims and captured heros who were restrained in the center of the table could be viewed by all while seeing nothing of their captors. At present, the Council was entertaining just such a guest.

Their recent success in releasing Cassioslutta VII had reminded the Society of Justice that they were still running amok, capturing heroines like poor Cassiopeia and using them as brainwashed bimbos in their porn films. It was proving far more effective than attempting to kill the heroines. Whenever they tried to kill one, others would arrive and save them—protected by *the powers that be*. However, mind control was not so protected. It was also more fun.

The Council was ecstatic to have their latest capture at their mercy. The Timeling had

finally fallen into the trap laid out for her at a simple bank heist. She was powerful, but not particularly clever. She had failed to ask *why* several fabulously wealthy villains had decided to rob a small Credit Union location. She had simply showed up there thirty minutes beforehand after she heard about it. Teleporting in, she found herself inside a small metal box being wheeled out the front door inconspicuously.

Ratman stopped the heist later, though the villains got away. It was not until the next day that the Society of Justice realized that yet another heroine was missing. Once again, they had lost one of their own. The panic in the Society halls did nothing for the Timeling, restrained as she was against the table and in the middle of a Council meeting about what to do with her.

The Blue Gargoyle was the first to speak, "I think we should throw her into the timeless pits, see how she can get free of them without her time travel!"

His partner, the Grey Gargoyle shook his head, disagreeing. "No-no-no-no, too close to killing her. You know we can't do that. *The powers that be* never allow it.

Dr. Kraken, the infamous biochemist and genetic engineer, agreed with the the Grey Gargoyle. "Yes. We do have the serums. I have a very good, well-tested, and precise version of cocksleve serum that is ready to go. You know the benefits it could bring."

The Kingpinner was the last to join the discussion, "We don't quite need more cocksleves, not enough to move on without considering our options. First, let's unmask her and then decide from there. Once her real

identity is known, we'll have a better idea of what to do with her. We want to make the most profitable choices."

Dr. Kraken was less sure, and he sighed, unhappy with the idea, "Unmasking is like killing. *The powers that be* don't allow it."

"Often." The Blue Gargoyle countered without a beat, "They don't allow it often. Deaths seem forbidden, but we unmasked the Mongoose as Jimmie Barklett, for example."

The Kingpinner nursed a wound on his arm. "Lots of good that did. He's still a pain to our operation."

Dr. Kraken was unhappy with the discussion eager as he was to try his new version of the serum, but he accepted where consensus was swaying. "We vote then. All in favour of unmasking the Timeling?"

Ultimately, the only no vote was her own. The Timeling struggled as Dr. Kraken's tentacles slowly encapsulated her arms and legs, pulling them away from protecting her fragile mask.

Vulnerable, she could not stop the villains from doing the deed. She was helpless. Before the cameras of the room, her mask came slowly away from her face, revealing her. Only idiots were surprised to learn on the news the next day that The Timeling was revealed as O——. There were only so many white dragons in the city, after all. Dr. Kraken sighed. \$50.00 he owed the Blue Gargoyle now.

The second vote for the fate of the screaming heroine was also unanimous. These votes always were. The poor heroine was to receive a cocksleve injection. Destroying her

mind and sapping her will with a permanent heat. Just a few days after her injection she would be nothing but a willing, eager slut for anyone who wanted.

Heroines made good whores. They were easy to pimp once broken, were hard to rob, and best of all, could keep going when normal women would break down. They had done more to end the sexual trafficking of regular people in the city as sluts and whores than they ever had while being heroines. Most got off to having this true value revealed.

The Timeling was no different. Her body followed the exact same process as every heroine before her. First, the injection left her weak, making it difficult for her to escape even after she was locked up in a simple cell that most heros could escape from at least once an issue.

Trapped with her body weakened, she could not fight the slow and inexorable changes happening to her biology. A sex drive, heat, and fertility system designed to produce one clutch every 8 years went into overdrive, leaving her constantly horny, but too weak to pleasure herself.

The arousal in her body built rapidly, and without release it slowly addled her mind, breaking her spirit down slowly. The first day, she was desperate for an orgasm. The second day, she was begging profusely. The third day, she broke and begged her guard, one of the Kingpin's minions, to fuck her. He obliged, happily taking her and beating her afterwards to remind her of her place. The poor heroine did not even mind the treatment, as her head was so driven

by an unending, unquenched heat, that she could do nothing but beg for more over the coming weeks. The Timeling was utterly broken.

With the hard part complete, all the villains had to do was train the Timeling in her new role. The Blue Gargoyle—in particular—took an interest in her, educating her in every kind of perverted, strange sex he could think of. The other villains considered him a bit extreme, but they could not deny that seeing the Timeling moaning under a frustrated collie was very, very amusing.

It would have been the end of the Timeling if not for the intervention of *the powers that be* just a month after her capture. Her capture brought the ratio of captured and sluttified heroines up to 46%, a number that simply could not be ignored.

The powers that be, at the large summit between the Council and Society, made clear their demands. First, half of all heroines captured and sluttified had to be returned to the Society—though the Council did not have to undo the sluttification. That would be left for the Society to attempt¹. Second, those retained by the Council would no longer be considered captured heroines, but redefined as minions and henchmen of various Council villains. Third, *the powers that be* wanted a few heroines for themselves.

The support of the Council for the treaty was unanimous. The Society was split between heros (supporting the treaty) and heroines (opposing). *The powers that be* de-

¹They didn't.

nied the heroines who had undergone sluttification a vote, as they did not stop sucking dicks long enough to make their opinion heard.

So it was that just a few short months after her capture, the Timeling was sucking the musky cock of the Blue Gargoyle while Dr. Kraken enjoyed her pussy. The two were giving her a final goodbye before putting her in the warp-flux gate that would take her to the realm of Asta-Thoth, god of insanity, creature of darkness, and monster of eternal rape. She was going to have fun, they agreed.

Slowly, the air around her fluxed. She did not pay any attention, she was busy rubbing the dripping seed on her thighs back into her cunt in an effort to finally quench the heat in her belly. It did not do her any good, but it did make Asta-Thoth laugh as his soft, damp flesh slowly wrapped around her, holding her still.

The Timeling normally would have fought the eldritch abomination, but she was so horny due to the neverending heat that she instead focussed on the creature's phallic face and horns, and pressed her seed-stained lips to his own pair.

Asta-Thoth approved, he was a creature of pure sex and debauchery, and he liked the way the Timeling worked. He kissed her, sputtering musky preseminal fluids onto her face before thrusting his own face into her mouth.

She was a dragoness, and it was not hard for her to take even a head-sized shaft into her own throat, especially not with her current level of arousal. Her throat opened up

happily to accept the phallus into her. Asta-Thoth pushed deep, forcing her to suck on both his face-tip and his horns as he held her down.

She would have groaned, were it not for the massive shaft filling her mouth. Moments later, she found her ass opened by Asta-Thoth's suspiciously and unsurprisingly phallic tail and her pussy slammed wide by his cock—the one between his legs, at least. He came in all of her holes, and he kept going.

"Finally." thought the Timeling, "Finally I have a chance at *getting off*. Finally this heat will subside and I can...do something...to council...leave?" She stopped worrying about that and threw herself into sucking, groaning in pleasure as her body was wracked by orgasm after orgasm. "Wait...why leave. Sex is here."

That was the last concious thought that the sluttified Timeling had. By next year, everyone had forgotten the minor heroine with time-travel powers. Nobody wanted an exploded time-line, so nobody was time travelling. And most people found that alternate dimensions were quite easy to keep track of. Her brain-cleansing was not really needed.

She could have used it herself, being completely subservient to the dark god Asta-Thoth and his eternal rape, but she was far too overwhelmed with desperate pleasure to worry about that.

