

Biggest Loser of the Year

By Terinas Tiger, For justacritic

“Thank you, thank you!”

PsyqueOut stood in front of a podium, drinking in the applause and the adulation of his audience. Gazing out upon the crowd, he saw a surplus of spandex, colorful capes, mysterious masks, and bodies of all shapes and sizes, including some that were mostly liquid. There was at least one cloud of gas crudely taking on an anatomically correct shape. “I do it every year for the love and praise of the audience!” The entire conference center had been reserved at gunpoint by the League of Villainous Exemplars, and gazing out at sixtyish supervillains of various shapes, sizes, and species, PsyqueOut could feel the LoVE in the air. In front of him at one of the nearby tables a fox in a purple mask clapped and laughed. A pair of gray wolves howled in excitement at his appearance on stage, their matching crimson costumes mirroring each other in design.

Standing at six foot five, PsyqueOut loomed over the podium, cloven hooves polished and adorned with a few sparkling gemstone studs. Though he still wore his typical dark gray mask over his muzzle, the tall alpine goat had abandoned his typical costume for a black tuxedo, accentuated with a crimson red bow tie and matching cufflinks. Flexing a bit in front of the crowd of cheering villains in front of him, he gave a laugh and stepped out from behind the podium to bow before them.

It wasn't until the applause died down to a dull roar that he lifted his arms up for the villains to stop. He was the man of the hour, and PsyqueOut drank it all up like a cheap mixed drink. “Ok! Ok! Thank you, thank you. But while we're having fun here tonight-” The applause kept going, as if no one was hearing him speak. Lowering his arms and narrowing his gaze, PsyqueOut coughed. “Um, you can stop now, ladies and gentlemen. I was saying that while we're having fun here-” No one was letting him speak. At this point it felt like they weren't even clapping FOR him, they were clapping AT him. The flesh under his right eye, under his mask, twitched.

In the blink of his eye, he'd pulled out a laser pistol he'd tucked into his pocket in case things got heated. “I SAID SHUT THE HELL UP!” Pointing it at the audience, he fired without care of what he hit. A purple beam of energy raced out to shoot through an onion ring someone was devouring and crash into an oversized margarita glass that Dragunner, a hulking green scaled dragon, had tipped up towards his lips. In an explosion of tequila and glass shards, the clapping finally stopped as the room grew almost silent. “Yes, yes, declare vengeance on me, we'll do the death tango later.” The ram rolled his eyes, tucking his weapon back away as he heard Dragunner cussing him

out. That washed-up wurm didn't keep going for long, though.

And honestly, it felt good to shoot at him.

PsyqueOut cleared his throat. "As I was saying! While we're having fun here tonight, I feel like after what we did to Giga Gator, we might be losing a bit of focus on why we're actually HERE." Rubbing his chin for a moment, the gray furred ram let his smirk grow from ear to ear. "We're here to show the *noble*, virtuous, **heroic** souls who sacrifice so much of themselves for the sake of the innocent exactly what we think of them. And what do we think of them again, folks?"

This time there was a resounding cheer from the audience that Psyque KNEW was for him and not at him. "LOSERS! LOSERS! LOSERS!" The chant seemed to grow louder with every single word.

Snapping his fingers with a flourish, PsyqueOut cackled. "That's exactly right, folks! That's the name of our game, honoring the biggest losers whom we humiliate time and time again! Because remember, Evil wins because Good is dumb!" The toned body of the ram turned around so he could trot back towards the podium. "And while the night's gotten a bit late, there's just one final award left to present!" Reaching out for an envelope resting on top of the podium, the supervillain held it up for his audience to see. Printed on the front in gold cursive filigree were three words:

"The Biggest Loser"

Circling around the podium, PsyqueOut held his arms out to either side of him. "Yes, it's finally that time of the night, when we honor the so-called superhero that was the most inconceivably idiotic, the first among fools, that laughable loser who we cannot all help but humiliate." He smirked, "With most of these chucklefucks, we had to actually WORK a bit to capture them so they could accept their rewards today. Heh." The villain licked his lips. "But THIS loser didn't even put up a fight!" The thought made PsyqueOut twitch his tail. "So, with that in mind, let's announce our contestants!"

Pointing both his arms up towards a monitor built onto the east side of the stage, the villainous ram read out a list of names as they appeared. "And our contestants are..."

"Moonbeam!"

"Helix Hare!"

"Cerberus!"

And...

“Prism Pride!”

The villainous goat gestured an arm up to the monitor, as it displayed a moving image of each hero as he read out their names. First there had been a purple furred rabbit who seemed to teleport around the screen. Then, a muscular, golden-furred hair in a green suit who flexed an arm and winked at the camera. After that was a black and red costumed jackal who flexed and posed. The final image displayed on the screen was a muscular lion with a rainbow mane, who winked and blew a kiss to the audience before splitting into seven differently colored lions.

The crowd was going wild. PsycheOut’s short stubby ram tail twitched as he watched them applaud. Biggest Loser was also the biggest draw of the year in the supervillain community, because everyone loved a good humiliation. Of course Biggest Loser’s “Winner” wasn’t voted in by a committee or decided by some arbitrary judge. There was no way a villain could get their arch-nemesis voted in. No, the winning loser was the one on the list who got captured, and all the runner-ups were the ones who almost met the same fate.

In short, it was the only fitting way to win the award.

As the applause he so loved died down to a dull roar, PsyqueOut walked around the podium, holding a small white envelope with a red wax seal on it for all to see. “Yes, yes, we can applaud the schlubs and schmoes all we want. But what you REALLY want to see is who this year’s winner is, don’t you?” The ram’s grin grew wicked. “And I’m not going to open this envelope until it’s good. And. Quiet. In here, understand?”

That silenced everyone. PsyqueOut chuckled. “That’s what I want to hear: Nothing! And the winning Biggest Loser is... Drumroll, please!” From nowhere, the audience could hear the noise of someone banging a drum rapidly. The ram on stage made a show of creasing the envelope and breaking the wax seal. Opening it slowly, he unfolded the slip of paper inside.

“Mass Manipulation!”

There was a loud crowd of boos from the audience. Nearly all of them were fellow villains an eagle in a business suit, Mass Manipulation, had suddenly mind-controlled to boo for him. PsycheOut tittered, before tossing the scrap of paper behind him. “Oh, I’m such a kidder! Forgive me, Massy, I just HAD to crack a joke!” Reaching up to adjust the microphone clipped to his tuxedo’s lapel, he rolled his eyes. “No, our Biggest Loser of the night, who doesn’t even deserve the dramatic reveal, is just Helix Hare.”

The artificial boos almost instantly turned into genuine laughter, as PsyqueOut reached into one of the pockets of his tuxedo and fished out a remote. “Now as it’s proven habitually difficult to get our ‘lucky’ winners to accept their award in the past, I’ve put a chip in Mr. Hare’s brain to make sure he accepts his award with both grace and dignity! I mean, he’s been mind controlled SO many times before, but you just can’t trust other villain’s ‘sloppy seconds’, am I right folks?” Reaching up to grab a joystick on the remote, PsyqueOut pushed it back and forth, grinning with sadistic glee as the crowd began to hear marching from behind the stage.

“I- ee- ooo-” Marching out onto the stage, each leg lifted up so the knee was almost parallel to his tight, taut tummy, was a rabbit with fur the color of daffodil leaves, a pale yellow color that grew more creamy and whitish along his muzzle. A small chocolate-brown patch of fuzz kissed his chin, bobbing up and down as the green-eyed hare’s face contorted into a scowl, his lower lip trembling. “Ugh... can’t think straight...” He mumbled. “I- er- where am I?” With each exaggerated step forward, Helix Hare tromped up towards PsyqueOut, who was using the joystick to steer the superhero’s progress. “W-what was I doing again?”

As he stood next to the supervillain, PsyqueOut just chuckled and reached up to pat Helix on the shoulder. “You’re here to accept an award, Mr. Theo Carter! On account of your stunning career as a superhero! A career that’s just...” the ram took a deep breath, his patting moving down the rabbit’s body until it rested on Helix Hare’s ass, groping him through the amazon green of his spandex costume. “Absolutely STUNNING.”

For a moment, Helix Hare’s golden eyes went wide. “H-hey! That’s private?!?”

The question earned him a roll of the eyes from the announcer. “Oh, never mind THAT, Mr. Carter! You’ve got an award to accept!” PsyqueOut swept an arm out to the audience. “In front of all your ‘loving fans’! Don’t keep them waiting, now!” He winked to the crowd, before his tone grew deeper and more breathy. “After all, we haven’t got all night to give you what you deserve...”

“But I don’t even know what I’m winning?” Helix said, tilting his head, long ears perking.

And the villain reached up to pat him on the head like a baby. “Don’t you worry your empty little head, bunny-boy! Just read your speech off the teleprompter! Here, I’ll help you with the hard little things.” Brandishing the remote control, PsyqueOut began working the joystick again.

Helix Hare's right eye twitched, as a shudder wracked his whole body. His fingers on his left paw flexed and balled into a fist while his right paw went almost limp. "Guhaaaw..." His eyes glazed over for a moment as he started to march again, walking up to stand to one side of the podium. "I- oog- I'm excited to r-recieve this award for- huh?" He stared up at the teleprompter, reading "Biggest Loser" and for a moment his expression changed as lucidity returned. "I'm not a loser!" He scowled, stomping a foot like an angry toddler, before his entire body spasmed again, like he was being electrocuted.

"Whoops! Sorry there, folks!" PsyqueOut twisted a dial on the remote control he had. "Looks like our star attraction there still had a bit of light in that dim bulb in his head. Don't worry, we're dialing this thing up to eleven so it won't matter." The ram flashed the audience a wicked grin. "Don't worry, he's still FULLY AWARE of what's happening, but the brainless bunny will be quite incapable of controlling his own body, even his mouth!"

Helix Hare's body was trembling for a few moments, before a loud sigh escaped his lips. His muzzle contorted into a dumb, wide smile, a spark of awareness still behind his eyes, as he lifted his left arm and flexed for the crowd of super villains. "I'm so VERY excited to be winning this year's award for 'Biggest Loser'! There's nothing I like better than being reminded of how much of a dumb, pathetic failure of a man I am." Letting the bicep muscles on his left arm pop for the audience, he grunted. "I mean I was such a failure as a superhero, I'm much better off admitting how much of a pathetic loser cuck I am! It's exciting!" Inwardly, Helix Hare was raging. Some part of his mind was aware he was standing in front of some of his worst enemies, but he was powerless. His face was hot, a bright red blush tinting the yellow fur of his cheeks under a deep green-black mask. But in spite of how muscular and strong he was, in spite of how tight his pecs and rock-hard his abs were, he couldn't seem to control the body he'd spent so much time developing.

He felt his free arm reaching down to cup his crotch, fingers stroking at his bunny breeder slowly. "Let me show you, duh, how excited I really am to admit how much of a big loser I am!" He flexed with one arm, strutting and posing on stage, while he felt his cock hardening at his touch. Helix's blush grew deeper as he felt this newest humiliation: His very body betrayed him, as he felt his cock trembling and growing out to its full seven inches. Everyone watching him laughed as he teased his own cock through his outfit, a dark spot of precum forming on the crotch. It almost looked like he was peeing his pants, as the spot grew bigger and bigger, hare musk filling the air around him. "G-guh... I'm such a dumb himbo bunny..." he grunted, unable to control his own words as he read from the teleprompter. "Getting hard showing off how big and strong and dumb and pathetic I am!" At that moment PsyqueOut pushed a red button on the remote.

And Helix Hare thrust his pelvis forward, feeling the fabric of his costume sliding along his cock, leaving a wet smear. How was he this aroused? In his mind the dumb bunny felt so confused. Helix hated what was being done to him, but the pleasure filling his mind made it so hard to focus. Hard to fight the control. Hard to want to seize control of his body again. "I- Ooooh... guh... I'm soooo excited I proved what a dumb jock loser I am, you guys." He stroked at the growing wet spot on his spandex costume, cock trembling and spurting more precum to soil his clothes.

PsyqueOut cackled. "Helix, I can't believe you're doing this in front of your adoring public! You must really get off on humiliating yourself in public!" As if in response, Helix felt his flexing arm reaching over to start tugging his green costume down from the shoulder, ripping it in places as he pulled it off of him to reveal a creamy yellow-white fuzzy underbelly along his torso.

A chilly breeze hit his cheeks as he tossed the ruined costume away, baring his body for all to see. "Yes sir! Dummy Helix is such a loser he can't cum without reminding everyone how much of a brainless bunny he is!" The rabbit felt himself winking to the audience. At this point only his mask was hiding his shame, his face almost lit on fire with how hard he was blushing underneath it. "Just... gotta work out right here on stage, duh!" He grunted, turning his muzzle away from the audience as he mooned them, his bare fuzzy asscheeks flexing and his tail-tuft twitching. "Let's start with squats!" He grunted, bending at the knees to lower his ass down towards the stage. With his arms he reached around to grip each cheek, pulling them apart to flash his tailhole to the crowd. "One..." Helix let his rump touch the wooden stage, then pull back up. "Two..." Again he bobbed up and down. As the audience's laughter grew in intensity, Helix's mind was reeling. He hated every moment of this... didn't he?

But then why was his cock so erect that he was drooling precum onto the stage? Why did he feel a flash of pleasure every time he counted another squat, the number increasing as his body slowly and robotically gyrated against his will. "Ten...duh... what's after ten?" Helix said out loud, gazing up to PsyqueOut with a dreamy, vacant expression on his face. Standing back up, he turned to face the audience, his free paw pumping up and down on his fat, drooling seven inches of hare hardness.

Listening to his question the ram cackled with glee as he reached into one pocket. "Oh you silly stupid loser! After you get to ten reps..." He pulled out a thick black silicon dildo, almost the same shape as Helix Hare's own cock, attached to a suction cup. Bending down, he affixed it to the stage right underneath where Helix's ass would go, before applying a layer of lube to make it shine and glisten. "-You start over again with

increased intensity.”

“Huh! Oh yeah!” Helix said dumbly. Part of him wasn’t even fighting anymore. One of his paws was stroking at his cock while he listened to PsyqueOut, and the constant low grade of pleasure was making it almost impossible to focus. The muscular rabbit grunted. “One...” He bent down on stage again, his tailhole kissing the head of the dildo, and he hesitated. “Uh-”

Before PsyqueOut just laughed. “You have to do the squats right, Theo! Otherwise you’re not really showing everyone how much you love being such a pathetic loser!” He pushed another button on the remote.

And Helix’s whole body shuddered for another moment. “Duh... oh yeah!” He grunted, before the press of a button made him push a thumb under his costume’s mask, ripping it off and tossing it out to the crowd like a performing stripper. The burly bunny pushing his tailhole down onto the dildo. It hurt for just a moment, before the whole thing slid in. He could feel it sliding along his prostate, and the hare lifted his head and gave a lewd, needy moan. “I- duuuuuuhhhh...” He lifted his rump up off the sex toy, before squatting down again to impale himself on it. “Two... haw...” Each squat made his body shudder. It was hard to tell what he really wanted anymore. He was so horny, he just wanted to cum right there, in front of all his worst enemies. “Three... ooh!” Baring it all like a stripper, debasing himself as he gave up every ounce of control over his body. “Foooooooooooooooooh! F-four...” He grunted, squeezing and stroking his cock while everyone laughed at him. Another wave of heat washed over him. Could it be he was getting off while showing everyone how out of control he was? Like he was...

Like the Biggest Loser around?

Standing back up and feeling his balls churning, Helix Hare groaned in needy, horny desperation. “F-Fivaaaah!” He squatted back down, letting the silicon cock slide into his hole again. He couldn’t hold his climax back much longer.

Standing nearby, PsyqueOut the villainous ram just pushed another button on the remote.

Helix felt his left arm curling up, flexing and letting his biceps pop once more. As he rode the dildo up and down, he groaned and shuddered.

The audience gasped as they watched his fat dick twitch, before spurting out a white, creamy, heavy load of bunny cum forward all over the stage.

Helix couldn't believe how much he'd enjoyed it. His thoughts were splintering as he drooled in front of the crowd, jaw agape, face a mask of blissful, empty-headed pleasure. "I'm soooooo excited to be t-the Biggest Loser, you guys. Thank you for reminding me how-aaaah- dumb and pathetic I am."

The crowd erupted into applause, with flashes of photography hitting Helix Hare's eyes. People were taking pictures of him at his most pathetic.

And gods help him, it was impossible to resist how much his body was telling him he liked it. He squeezed his cock, trying to milk every drop of cum out, before his jaw dropped and his tongue flopped out in an expression of brainless bliss.

PsyqueOut clapped for a few moments as well, before walking around the exhausted superhero. "How about it, fellow LoVErS? Hasn't Helix Hare proven himself to truly be just the BIGGEST LOSER around?"

From the audience, there was loud cheering and cries of affirmation.

And once they had died down, PsyqueOut smirked. "This is the part where I'd give out a trophy like we did the other awards... but you know what-" The smirk grew wider. "-would be the most fitting trophy of all for the Biggest Loser around? Himself!"

From the ceiling, a panel slid down. A laser of some sort, crackling with a green energy, pointed down at Helix Hare.

Who blinked. "Wait, WHAT?!?" They were the first words he'd said of own free will since he got on stage.

And they would also be the last.

As PsyqueOut smiled to the gathered League of Villainous Exemplars, Helix Hare's body started to harden, his fur going from a distinct daffodil color to a bright, burnished metallic hue. He gleamed in the stage lighting, standing there rigidly as a statue made of solid gold. His final position being mid-squat, groping at his own dick.

With a villainous cackle, PsyqueOut patted at the rabbit statue's head. "How's THAT for an ending, folks?!? Enjoy being your own award, Helix Hare!"

And then, wasting less than a moment, he smirked. "Now then, fellow LoVErS, what

price am I bid for the trophy of the Biggest Loser of the Year, Helix Hare? Do I hear two million?"

THE END!