

A Bunny Ensnared

Being a hero certainly had its problems but one of the worst was the fundraising events she was required to attend. She liked adoring fans as much as the next hero but she was a hero and knew her place was out on the streets looking to protect the people.

But rules were rules and so the bunny Hero had to come to the Tokyo Mall for a meet and greet with fans. It made sense that she had drawn such a crowd as the number Five Ranked Hero.

The rabbit-eared hero shook hands with her fans, impatient for the time to go forward so she could get back out in the city to stretch her legs and bound around to fight villains. Her eyes glanced over to an assistant, hoping that word of an ongoing crime would go up on the police radios and give her the excuse to leave. But alas, the assistant was busy looking at her clipboard and didn't look up at her.

"Hrmm..." Mirko tried hard not to let her boredom show on her face. These people came to see her after all. She could stand toe to toe with some of the baddest guys in Japan, no way she'd let herself be beaten by photo ops and autographs.

"Oh wow, it's really you!" That was the 30th time Mirko heard that the last hour, tied in 2nd place with 'I can't believe it!'. "I'm your biggest fan!" And that was 1st place. "My sister's a hero too, I hope that you and her can work together someday, that'd be awesome!"

"Thank you for coming." Rumi didn't bother responding to the last remark and kept a fake smile on to keep the camera happy while posing with the girl that blended together with the other few hundred fans she had already gone through. Following her fan's lead, Mirko leaned forwards with a peace sign. She didn't really take any notice of the woman putting her hand on her own bare shoulder, it didn't really compare to how some guys tried to grab her ass and get a rabbit kick out of it.

Once the photo was taken, Rumi said goodbye to her fan and watched her disappear into the crowd. Yet as she walked away, the Hero rubbed her shoulder and rotated it slowly. For some reason the spot where the fan had touched her shoulder felt warm. She looked over at it and saw no signs of anything suspicious and chalked it up to her eagerness to get things over with.

"One more down. Four hundred to go..." she muttered under her breath before the next fan stepped up to give her the same line. And the next one...and the next one...and the next one...

Later...

Rumi felt lighter than a feather, jumping from rooftop to rooftop. The afternoon air was crisp, perfect for cooling off the bunny after standing in the hot mall cramped with people for hours. "Finally, fresh air! Now for some bad guys to kick and I can finally cut loose!"

However, something down on the streets caught her eye and she jumped down to investigate, landing on top of a lamp post to get a better look. People were fleeing down the street past her, many a mother covering their children's eyes. "Well, where there's fleeing people..." her eyes caught a figure way off in the distance. It was the only person who wasn't running. "There's villains."

The figure in the distance turned, entering a dilapidated warehouse. Rumi could sense that this was an obvious trap but knew she had to do something before this person decided to do real damage to civilians. She jumped off the lamppost and followed, but upon reaching the building, Mirko leapt onto the roof of the warehouse. If the villain thought she was going to use the front door, they were in for a rude awake-

-Age had done a lot to wear away at the stability of the tin roof. It couldn't take the force of Rumi's landing and collapsed the instant she contacted the metal, it broke and she tumbled into the factory.

Rumi was no cat but she managed to land on her feet, taking a battle-ready stance as she observed her surroundings. The old machinery that littered the factory floor was caked with rust and dust, the air stifling despite the cold.

"Well, well. Not exactly the most graceful of entrances," mocked a voice from the shadows. "Either you've never heard of a door or just like pulling debris out of your leotard."

"As opposed to you, who's going to have to pull my foot out of your ass. Now show yourself."

"As you wish."

Rumi braced herself as the figure stepped out of the shadows. When the villain, a woman, stepped into the light, the Hero couldn't hide the shock or the blush on her cheeks when she saw the villain's appearance.

If there was ever a personification of an X-rated villain, this woman was it. Her face was obscured by a domino mask, curls of black hair cascading down her back and shoulders. But that was about the only facet about her that was tame. The woman wore an outfit that made her look like she was ready to be the Sub in a BDSM orgy. Her black bra and panties were beyond skimpy, besides being connected by a crisscrossing mesh of thin black ropes, the underwear had holes in it that completely exposed her breasts and core. Her nipples pierced with gold barbells and privates stuffed with toys upon toys. Her black thigh-high boots clicked on the hard concrete

floor while she strutted her stuff, taking delight in the face Rumi made as the hero took in her appearance.

The two women circled each other, Rumi ready for whatever tricks this woman had up her sleeve. "I've heard of you. I've read reports of a perverted villain going around and attacking female heroes."

"Glad to hear my work has reached your ears." The villainess made a mocking bow. "The name's Top Bitch. And guess who's going to be my next victim?"

"The lube store you plan to rob?" Crossing her arms, Rumi raised an eyebrow at the villain's scandalous attire. She'd seen her fair share of dirty outfits but this topped the list. "No wonder those moms were covering their kids' eyes."

"I figured that'd be one way to get your attention. Now then..." Top Bitch reached behind her and cracked a whip onto the concrete floor, leaving a mark. "You want to do this the easy way? Or the hard way? Oh please tell me you're going to do it the hard way." Her expression made her seem like she was going to climax at any given moment. "I do so love the hard way."

"Lady, I'm gonna have to swing by the hardware store because you've definitely got screws loose." Rumi wondered how the woman was even able to stand with those sex toys inside of her. A normal woman would be a writhing mess on the floor by now. She lunged forward with inhuman speed, her kick quickly knocking the whip out of her hand. "You want to get rough? Then I'll get roug-"

Rumi had been aiming a follow-up kick to Top Bitch's stomach, intending on ending the fight in one swift blow. But before the hero could manage with her second kick, her shoulder felt hot again...and then she let out a scream of ecstasy, as if her whole body was being assaulted with pleasure. "Ahhhhhhh!"

The bunny Hero dropped to her knees, ears twitching and struggling to stay up, hugging herself while a puddle started to form between her legs, an obvious wetness dripping from her leotard. "W-what the...what the fu-fuck?!"

Grinning over the downed heroine, Top Bitch leaned down to put her hand on Mirko's chin to make her look up at the standing woman. "Oh, didn't I tell you? I'm your biggest fan. Such a big fan that I stood in line for hours just to take a picture with you."

Rumi's mind reeled back to the photoshoots, one of the dozens of fans who touched her shoulder and made it feel weird. She could barely turn her head under all this stimulation and saw that a pink heart tattoo was now present. "What...what kind of Quirk is this?!"

“Pleasure Share,” explained the villain. “I mark my victim and everything that I feel is shared with them.” Her hand reached up and flicked one of the barbell nipple piercings. “How does it feel?”

“Nghhh!” Rumi clenched her teeth, sweat dripping down her body as she struggled to breathe. So much sensation swam through her body that she ran the risk of fainting from it all. Her breasts ached, feeling the metal piercings that the villain was sporting. She struggled to stand up, hoping that if she fled and put distance between her and Top Bitch the mark would fade. But her rabbit feet failed her and she slumped back to her knees.

“You’re as tough as your reputation suggests. Burnin had already climaxed twice by the time she knew what’d hit her.” Raising a hand behind her, Top Bitch promptly brought it down on her own ass, the smacking sound resonating throughout the factory.

“Nghhh! Ah! My ass!” Rumi bent forward, her hand going to her cheek, feeling the sting of a hard spank settle into her soft skin. But she wasn’t going to let herself lose to such a dirty power. Biting her lower lip, the Hero steeled herself and stood up. She threw her arm back to throw a punch at Top Bitch’s face, only for the villain to smile and hold up a remote that she had somehow hidden on her almost nude body, pressing a single button and bringing the heroine to her knees.

“Kyaaaaaaaa!” The electric buzzing assaulting her pussy and asshole increased to an immeasurable level, her mind going blank. Dropping back to her knees and bending over, the bunny Hero let out a scream before ecstasy took its toll. Her leotard became drenched as her pussy gushed, staining the floor beneath her while she shook, clawing at the floor.

“There we go!” Top Bitch, who was moaning and sweating heavily from the pleasure assaulting her own body, turned down the toys and smiled wickedly at the climaxing heroine. “Feels good, doesn’t it!? I bet you’ve never came that hard in your life, have you!?”

Rumi said nothing, merely laying on the floor and glaring up at the villain with what willpower she had left. Her body wouldn’t stop shaking and the heat in her loins wouldn’t go away.

“Oho! We’ve got a fighter. But I bet you were hoping that my power would fade when you got away. Well, sucks to be you, but that mark won’t go away unless I will it to. And we’ve only just begun.”

Top Bitch walked backwards away from the writhing heroine. She grabbed a sheet that covered a piece of machinery and pulled it back. “I hope you appreciate this. It takes a lot of effort to drag all this stuff in here and assemble it without anyone noticing.”

Still trying to fight the pleasure assaulting her sensitive spots, Rumi sat up and blinked in confusion when she saw the contraption Top Bitch had uncovered. "What...what the hell is that?"

"An automatic spanking machine," explained the masochist. "Oh don't worry. I wouldn't dream of hurting that luscious ass of yours. Not yet, anyway." Walking to the front of the machine, Top Bitch got down on her hands and knees, sticking her ass up before she looked over at Rumi and grinned as she held up her small remote and hit a different button.

The spanking machine came to life and it went to work on the villain's ass. Rumi's eyes widened again and she started to howl, rolling around on the floor, her hands going to her ass while Top Bitch reveled in being rapidly spanked over and over again, her soft skin covered in red marks by the machine's fast pace.

"Ooooooh! Oh yes! You like it too, don't you? With my Quirk, every single drop of masochistic ecstasy that's coursing through my body is being shared with you. Feels great, doesn't it?" Thanks to the noirette's devious nature, pain brought her delightful pleasure. Thanks to her Quirk, her masochistic nature had become a cudgel that she can bring down on other women.

Tears stung at the corners of Rumi's eyes. Her ass felt like it was on fire and there was nothing she could do to stop it. And even worse, her mind was being crushed by the joyful rapture Top Bitch was sharing with her. Against her will, her body began shaking and tensing in preparation for another orgasm. Like with Top Bitch she was on her hands and knees, ass sticking up in the air. But it wasn't just the spanking that was getting to her. The constant smacks from the machine jostled the toys still embedded inside the villain, making them shift inside her holes and reaching deeper to make the woman moan like a siren.

It was only natural for Rumi to beat Top Bitch to another orgasm, her mind going blank as she squirted through her leotard again. "Fuuuuuuck!"

"Fuuuuuuck!" mirrored Top Bitch, sticking her tongue out lewdly and joining Rumi in climax, the machine continuing to punish her ass.

Mirko writhed on the floor, her ass stinging even after Top Bitch turned off the machine. Time seemed to drag as she lay on the cold concrete before she felt a hand grab her hair, dragging her away towards another machine hidden by a sheet. Top Bitch noticed the expression Rumi was making, her eyes glaring up at her, teeth clenched with rage, but she could only find it adorable to see how drool fell down her chin from the euphoria she was enduring.

"It really is just so cute that you have such spirit left in you. Even with your legs feeling so numb, you think you can stop me somehow." Top Bitch just brushed her thumb on the rabbit hero's head, smiling at the growl that came as a response.

“I think I have just the thing to let that flame burn out.” Revealing her other machine, it was far less complicated and far more direct than the previous one, a dildo on stick connected to a rotor. Correction; a *massive* dildo. Mirko didn't even know they came in sizes that big.

Unable to find the strength to move, while also still reeling in shock at the toy before her, Rumi didn't realize she was being leashed to the machine until she felt it secure around her neck.

“I was wondering which hole I wanted to get filled by my best friend, but I think it'll do better to give you the first go.” She pulled the leash tighter and shorter to the machine while she spoke. Mirko was less than an inch away, recoiling at the task before her.

With a press of a button, the machine turned on and pumped forwards. The massive multi-colored cock moved forwards and mashed against the heroine's lips. With her clenched teeth, it felt like she was punched in the face. Leaving her stunned enough for the next pump to make it past her weakened defenses.

While her mouth was being stretched to its limits, she could see Top Bitch smirking, one hand hovering over her open mouth while her tongue moved and a smile covered her face. She could feel the cock that Rumi was sucking and loved the way it felt.

The fake dick plunging into her mouth was something that made Mirko's skin crawl. The plastic toy having veins that her tongue was forced to press against and ridges that had brought Top Bitch to countless orgasms.

“I'm starting to get bored with how slow you're taking it, so let's see how you'll enjoy the higher settings.” At the terror covering her victim's face, it made it all the sweeter to press the button.

Before, it was a light thrust that moved about four inches in and out of her mouth every three seconds and while humiliating, still gave her more than enough time to breath and not be overwhelmed.

Now, the entire monstrous length of the dildo tried to fill her mouth and throat in one go, raming in and out without a seconds break between their motions. The leash was yanking and straining against the machine in a vain attempt by Rumi to break away, but she could do nothing but let her throat be completely and utterly fucked by the gargantuan silicon cock.

Top Bitch reveled at the feeling of her throat being pushed to its limit, all while keeping an eye on Mirko's, watching it bulge and shrink from her personally made toy slamming in and out of her body.

Tears were streaming down the face of Japan's number five hero, her eyes nearly rolling to the back of her head, her mouth locked open for so long that drool escaped and dripped down her body alongside the spit that flung back against her from the sex machine fucking her throat. It was humiliating, it was pain inducing, so why did it feel so fucking good? Before she could begin to explore that any further, the machine stopped in its tracks, still lodged deep down her throat.

Undoing the leash and ripping Rumi off of her best friend, Top Bitch promptly dumped the heroine onto the cold concrete, the bunny-eared woman panting hard. "What's the matter? Is that all it takes to tire you out? I go from sunset to sunrise on that thing so don't go passing out on me now," the masochist chastised.

As if to Rumi how it was done, Top Bitch took the heroine's place and leaned forward, giving the tip of her big friend a kiss before she hit the switch again. Rumi's hands went to her throat as she felt the toy enter Top Bitch's mouth, the villain relaxing her throat and taking the toy with ease, her eyes half-lidded and glazed while she worshiped the toy as it fucked her face. Her hand reached down to touch herself, making Rumi hiss as she felt her loins heat up again from their shared senses.

"Mmmmh! Mmmmmmmh!" Top Bitch hit the button again and the machine sped up, saliva dripping down onto her breasts as her throat was turned into a pocket pussy for the fake cock. "Gckkk! Gckkkkk!" Yet despite choking on the dildo, Rumi could feel the woman's joy and it made her want to have another turn on the machine.

The villain's eyes rolled into the back of her head as she climaxed just from the machine fucking her face, squirting through her panties and making Rumi roll on the floor in ecstasy as heat flourished in her loins. Turning off the machine, Top Bitch finished working the fake cock, she pulled her mouth away and smiled down at the bunny woman. "That's how it's done."

The heroine said nothing, her mind a complete blank while she tried and failed to process such raw ecstasy. Her senses, or what was left of them, came back to her when she felt Top Bitch unceremoniously tear the woman's hero suit to shreds, leaving the dark-skinned woman naked before her aggressor. "Mmmmh, you look so sexy," she purred before her hands reached for her panties.

"Nghh..." Rumi arched her back when she felt the dildo's slip out of Top Bitch's holes when she pulled her panties down, given a brief reprieve from the fullness and constant buzzing in her pussy and asshole. Looking up, however, she realized that the woman was far from finished, fashioning a leather harness to her crotch; and attached to the harness was the massive dildo.

Grabbing the bunny-woman's legs, Top Bitch pushed them back until Rumi's bunny feet rested next to her ears, the woman more flexible than the villain figured. "You...don't..." She stared at the toy aimed at her vulnerable pussy. The toy was so big she didn't think it'd fit.

“Oh don’t worry. You’ll learn to love it.” The masochist plunged her huge dildo into the bunny-woman’s pussy, bottoming out Rumi’s pussy in a single thrust.

“FUUUUUUCK! AHHHHH!” Rumi screamed as she felt her pussy be stretched by the toy and then some, having never felt so full in her life.

Top Bitch’s face twisted with lewd glee. She could feel the pain of Rumi’s pussy being filled to its limit; it was a painful experience for any woman no matter how tough they were. But for a hardcore masochist, the pain made her head fog up with unabashed delight. Her face twisted as she reveled in the pain in her own pussy, thrusting hard and fast into Rumi with as much force as her hips could muster.

“That’s quite a face you’re making. I see you’re becoming just as much of a bitch as the rest of the heroines I’ve fucked.”

Before she knew it, Rumi’s lips had twisted into a lewd smile, her eyes unable to hide the glee. Top Bitch had taken all of her pain and corrupted it into agonizing pleasure, turning it back on the heroine. Her toes curled and she threw her arms over her head, giving in at last to masochistic ecstasy. “Ohhhhh! Yesssss!” In addition to the sheer size of the toy, the ridges along the dildo’s sides hit every single spot in Rumi’s pussy, getting more of a reaction out of her.

“That’s a good girl. Now you’re getting it!”

Letting Rumi’s legs slide off her shoulders, Top Bitch wrapped her arms around the naked heroine’s waist and rolled backwards, letting the bunny woman top the villain. Despite being given a golden opportunity to turn the tables on the wicked slut, Rumi planted her feet on the ground and started to bounce hard and fast, throwing her head back as she started to ride Top Bitch’s dildo. Her smooth belly bulged from the insane size of the faux phallus ravaging her insides.

Rumi’s ass rippled and shook as it smacked Top Bitch’s hips. Her hands went to the masochist’s breasts, tugging at her piercings and groaning from the feeling in her tits. “Fuuuck! This feels so goooooood!” Orgasm came swiftly to the bunny woman yet her hips refused to stop.

Top Bitch sat up, grabbing at Rumi’s peachy ass while smashing her lips against hers, enjoying how the proud hero was succumbing to desire. Their breasts pushed together for a long moment as they made out, swapping saliva as Rumi’s hips moved with the fervor of the sex machine.

But the fun ended when Top Bitch decided that she’d let her victim have enough fun taking the lead. She unceremoniously pushed Rumi off of her, making the long-haired woman

pant and groan from her empty, gaping pussy. Top Bitch mounted her from behind, both women moaning when the villain's toy filled Rumi's pussy again. "You like that?"

"Ah! Ah!" Rumi was beyond coherent words. She was suffering an endless orgasm. As soon as she felt her own bliss start to subside, Top Bitch would cum and the pleasure brought her to another climax, both women feeding into each other's ecstasy.

Finally, the villain pulled out of the heroine's pussy and removed the strap-on toy from her soaking wet pussy, tossing the soiled toy aside and flipping the heroine onto her back. Rumi blinked when she saw a large ass hovering over her face, the name TOP BITCH tattooed across both of her phat asscheeks. Smiling down at the nude bunny woman, the dark-haired masochist sat down on Rumi's face.

As Top Bitch's wet pussy rubbed against her face, Rumi stuck out her tongue and eagerly started to lick the woman's cunt, her own pussy tingling as if she were eating herself out. Top Bitch spread Rumi's legs and focused her attention on the woman's unabused hole while grabbing at one of the toys she had discarded only a few minutes prior.

"Mmmmh!" Rumi's body instinctively arched when she felt the toy push against her tight ring but her asshole quickly yielded, Rumi moaning into the villain's cunt while Top Bitch toyed with her asshole. She knew she wasn't going to walk straight for a year but didn't care anymore. The pleasure was too good to resist now and she wanted the masochist to keep toying with her.

The toy inside Rumi's asshole started buzzing, spurring Rumi to eat out the woman faster, their shared pleasure boiling over. Rumi came first, spreading her legs as wide as possible as she was forced to cum again, her asshole gripping the toy. Top Bitch felt the number five hero's climax course through her veins like lightning and it compelled her to cum all over Rumi's face.

Top Bitch got off of Rumi, leaving the heroine on the floor naked, her pussy and asshole gaping and her face covered with love juices with a huge smile on her face. Smirking down at her victim, the villain grabbed a camera. "Smile for your fans, Mirko."

Seeing the camera, Rumi smiled lewdly, sticking her tongue out while making a peace sign with both hands, the hero gone full slut with the picture as proof.

"Well, this has been fun. I never go after the same girl twice but you just might be the exception. I'd better skedaddle. All that moaning and screaming will have attracted attention if it hasn't already. Later, Bottom Bitch. I'll be sure to tell my sister you said hello."

Later...

Closing the door behind her, the dark haired woman entered her apartment with a long dark coat covering her body and a big bag in her hands. Casually putting her keys in a bowl and

entering her empty home, she dumped the bag on the floor, a few toys getting their switches flipped and turning on. She was too tired to deal with them now, she'd just change the batteries when they eventually die.

Grabbing the TV remote, she turned it on to see the news broadcast. Not sharing almost any detail outside of Mirko having been found 'defeated', the biggest and highest profile target hit by the same mysterious villain that had done the same to Mount Lady, Cow Lady, Burnin, and Ms. Joke.

It was always nice to see her work broadcasted by others.

Reaching her computer, the woman began uploading files from her phone before it began to ring.

"Hey sis, how's it hanging?"

"Not too great, Sayuri. I take it you haven't seen the news?"

"Nope." She lied and smiled at the footage on screen.

"It's... something happened to Mirko, there's someone out there targeting female heroes, and I just want you to be careful. We don't know if they could swing around and go for civilians too." Her voice was thick with concern.

"Come on, Sis. All the victims are still alive. What's the worst that can happen?" With a small ping, the files finished their upload.

"Sayuri, the victims...the state they're left in, I wouldn't wish that even on my enemies."

"Nemuri, you don't have to worry about me," she said, putting her foot down while she added the pictures to her personal collection. She really should post these at some point, maybe when she learned how to use the dark web.

"Okay. Just be careful. I'll see you when I'm done with patrols."

"Oh, you're on the job? Alright, Midnight, see ya later."

Reclining in her chair, Top Bitch smirked as she brought up a list of heroes on the registry, marking off Mirko.

"So then...who's next?"

The End