

# Super-Villain Academy, Class 307: Lab #12, Advanced Weaponry Workshop

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: A driven super-genius in training and two slacker jocks get assigned to upgrade a villain's mind control weaponry. Surprisingly, things do not go as expected.

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how realistic it may appear, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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This workshop was the last class of my junior year at the Academy, and my grade would determine whether I qualified for an internship with a real super-villain next year. Competition was fierce, and I needed an A to have a shot at an internship with one of the decent villains. No way was I going to risk my future with somebody second-rate!

The Seven Deadly Sins had brought in their SinMachines® in for an upgrade. The class got split up into teams, and each team got assigned to a SinMachine to overhaul. This was a really plum assignment, because the Seven Deadlies were really well-known in the villain world!

We weren't supposed to know whose SinMachine was assigned to us and we weren't supposed to compare notes with the other teams; a little healthy competition between classmates makes the assignments more fun. But obviously we got assigned WrathMonger's WrathMobile™ to rebuild--it was bright red, so it had to be WrathMonger's, and that was doubly cool, because WrathMonger was one of the team's heavy hitters. This would be a high-profile revamp for sure. We'd get tons of recognition after we aced this project!

The assignment sounded like a lot of work, but it didn't seem that tough. The only problem?--I'd been teamed up with a pair of idiots. Oh, sure, Zed and Daryl were friendly enough, but they didn't have the commitment required to be successful in the villainy business. They were neither disciplined nor interested in working for a decent grade. They looked more like football players than super-villain trainees: Daryl was tall, wide-built, and dark-haired, Zed sleek-muscled and blond. With their muscular bodies, they might have excelled if super-villainy were about physical fighting, but I'd have been willing to bet they couldn't have created a plan for world domination or a workable super-weapon if their lives depended on it. Neither of them seemed to have a functioning brain. Obviously they'd be better suited for roles as henchmen instead of full-blown villains. Although we were all twenty years old and hoping to become full-fledged super-villains in a few more years, we had nothing else in common.

We had until the end of the term to get the WrathMobile's reactor running, find a way to boost the output enough to power both the flight thrusters and the weaponry, and debug the onboard Emoto-Cannon. From the start, I was afraid we'd never accomplish even half the tasks. My two teammates jabbered away during our sessions while I did the bulk of the work, although Zed did lend a hand occasionally.

"Aren't you two going to do anything but bullshit?" I finally grumbled after weeks of listening to them yammer about nothing. Their conversations were about fifty percent sports and fifty percent whatever super-folk had been mentioned on the news recently. Frankly I was only peripherally interested in sports, and I found the endless rehashing of *what ifs* regarding super-battles to be boring.

Daryl grinned and slapped me on the shoulder. "We thought you were having more fun doing it on your own. You're doing a fine job--doesn't look like you need our help."

My jaw dropped. I didn't know what to say. Could he be serious? I ranted about how our futures depended on getting a good grade on this project. They just looked at each other and shrugged. But they must have listened, because both of them pitched in after that--and I immediately regretted having ever said anything! They never stopped asking stupid questions, getting in my way, and generally screwing things up. They kept right on with their banter and seemed to be having a great time.

By week four, I was beginning to fume. I was leaning over the front of the War Mobile and using a wrench to try to free an uncooperative bolt from the antimatter containment housing that we needed to remove and rebuild, when I felt a body pressing into mine from behind.

"Let me help you with that, buddy A little spray of bolt lubricant and some elbow grease ought to do the trick." Daryl, behind me, pressed his stocky torso against my back, his thick arms reaching around me. I was about to lose my temper and yell at him to get out of my way when I felt something hard against my butt. My mouth dropped open when I realized that Daryl had a boner and was shoving the thing into my butt crack. An extremely large piece of stiff flesh continued to jab at me while he sprayed the stuck bolt and began to yank on it with his big hands and a wrench.

"See? There it goes, nice and easy," he laughed in my ear, his body pressed against mine, his throbbing dick tight along my crack.

"Thanks," I mumbled, suddenly hot all over. After actually rubbing his dick casually into my crack as if by accident, he took his time moving away. I lost my focus, and I was further angered by a sudden slap on my bent-over butt from tall, blond Zed.

"Let's get this thing done!" he chuckled as if he were in charge of this team!

I put the incident out of my mind, unwilling to think too much about Daryl's big hard cock pressing into me. But that was only the beginning of a game the two of them began to play whenever they were around me. I can't describe it any other way. They would lean against me whenever possible and, since the area we worked in was cramped, they had ample opportunity. One or the other would drape his arm around my shoulders and squeeze me, winking. Or they would press against me with their bodies and their dicks. My concentration was blown to hell. Whenever I attempted to focus on the task at hand, one of them would rub his cock against my thigh or butt or side. I found myself staring at their crotches all the time, seeing hard bulges in their coveralls, or at least imagining I saw them. I knew things were bad when I nearly opened the antimatter housing without engaging the magnetic safety coupling, which would have blown us all to hell. Being blown to hell would have also blown our chances of getting an A on the project--but I guess being dead would have meant not caring about grades any longer.

I was obsessed with completing the project on time. I was also angry with the two of them for not doing their share of the work, angry at my inability to yell at them for acting like the morons they so obviously they were. Yet somehow, I also began to relish having their hard bodies pressed against mine, especially their hard dicks, stiff as a wrench. Strange, I had never before really thought much about cocks other than my own. Now I couldn't get theirs out of my mind. What would their cocks look like sticking out of their coverall flies? How would they feel pressing, naked and throbbing, against my hand, or my cheek, or my bare butt cheeks? Thoughts like these brought my own dick to attention, full-mast and aching in my coveralls. Thoughts like those made me even angrier.

"We aren't going to finish this by Friday!" I snarled one afternoon as our deadline quickly approached.

"Maybe we can come in and work on it at night," Daryl suggested, his bright green eyes sparkling as I glared at him. "Ms. Robotosaurus will let us, I'm sure."

"That's ...," I started before I really considered what he was saying, "... uh, that's not a bad idea."

"I'll ask her," he grinned. "I think she likes me. Have you seen the way she looks at me?--Like she can't decide whether to eat me or fuck me. I bet she'll let us work late if I ask her."

Yeah, well, when your workshop instructor is part sex-android supercomputer from the future, part cloned tyrannosaurus from the prehistoric past, and only a tiny remaining bit human woman, I didn't want to be the one to test how much of her look was *fuck* and how much was *eat*. That woman, or however she self-identified, scared the holy crap out of me! I knew the rumor about how the administration let her eat all the students she flunked was really just a rumor, but I still happily delegated the chore of talking to her to Daryl. He winked at me as he swaggered off to get Ms. Robotosaurus' permission. I wondered if I should have slathered him with barbecue sauce first. No, I reminded myself, encouraging an instructor to eat one of my workshop partners was probably a

violation of some Academy rule or something. "I still don't think we have a hope in hell of finishing, no matter what we do," I groused turning back to the reactor.

Zed was suddenly right next to me--fuck, I'd forgotten about him--and he was practically leaning over me and laying one beefy arm across my back. "Sure we can. How about we make a little bet: if we don't finish on time, I'll give you a blow-job; and if we do, you give me one!"

"What the--" I sputtered in shock, feeling Zed's dick against my thigh, hard as usual. I froze.

Zed just chuckled as I blushed. "Dude, you should see your face! You're so easy. Super-villains are supposed to be unshakable."

But he didn't pull away. I knew I should have done or said something, but the stiffness of his meat against my thigh once again blew my concentration. When I tried to push him back off me, my muscles didn't work right, and it came out more like I was pushing back against his body, almost rubbing my leg over Zed's hard bone. I was humiliated and angrier than ever. I blamed Zed and Daryl for my own uncontrollable feelings, feelings I did *not* want to admit having.

So, yeah, I admit: emotionally I was wound really tight from the stress of needing to make a good grade and a good impression with this project.

My brain felt like it was short-circuited. Finally, Zed pulled away and patted my ass in a jock-friendly manner, just as Daryl came trotting back with the news that he'd gotten us permission to work later that night after the classes were done. All of this made me still angrier! If they would just be jerks, I could justify washing my hands of them. But they were also nice guys, and I found them impossible to hate.

They stayed late with me too, without complaining. Around ten o'clock, we finally got the reactor running, but it was running hot; the temperature in our little work-bay was rising. Both the football-brained jocks had stripped their coveralls down to the waist, using the sleeves tied around the waists as makeshift belts--hey, even super-villain academies have rules against running around completely naked--and were busy doing a lot of mucking around while I barked out orders like a drill sergeant, trying not to look at their hard pecs and tight stomachs. We were getting some of the real work accomplished, but not nearly enough. They were still finding plenty of opportunities to fuck around. After a cock had been shoved against my butt for the fifth time that evening, I blew it.

"You fucking losers! We're never going to get through if you don't start thinking for once in your lives. Worse yet, you're liable to get us all killed or something. Zed, watch what you're doing with that thermal plating, or the reactor will melt down before we can get the output high enough to power everything."

Daryl was beside me. Rather than shouting back at me, he merely grinned and laid a hand on my shoulder. "Hey, bud, don't let it get to you. We're making good headway tonight. And even if we don't finish tomorrow, we'll finish next week, and we'll get a B or a C instead of an A. It's not the end of the world."

I stared back at him, my mouth open. "Don't you two care about anything but football and whatever? I don't want to get a B or a C. My future depends on getting an A. And weren't you two supposed to be at a football game tonight or something?" I gritted my teeth and turned back to work.

"Yeah, this was more important, so we decided to skip the game," Zed replied, looking down at the engine.

I was astonished. They had passed up one of their beloved football games to work on this project. I looked up at Zed, who wasn't looking at me, but Daryl was, his friendly smile completely lacking any condemnation.

Daryl read the look on my face. He laughed and clapped me on the shoulder. "Hey, just because you're a friggin' genius doesn't make us morons."

I was mortified. I turned back to work, biting my tongue.

By midnight, we had actually accomplished a great deal. We'd gotten the reactor squared away and running at peak efficiency; it was still running hot and throwing off a lot of heat that made the work-bay air stifling, but it was well within safety parameters. Once the WrathMobile got out of this cramped bay, the heat would dissipate and it wouldn't be a problem. Hell, somebody cold-blooded like Ms. Robotosaurus even might think all that extra heat was a good thing! Still, we'd only accomplished two-thirds of the assignment, and I feared we'd never complete the entire job by the end of the following day.

I should have never started on the Emoto-Cannon overhaul. I should have called it a night, and started again the next morning after a night's sleep. Instead I decided we could probably get in two more hours of work before calling it quits.

We opened the housing panel to get at the guts of it, and I wedged my torso into the fuselage. Zed wedged himself alongside me, making the tight space tighter. "I don't know where to start," I grumbled. "We're never gonna finish this in time ..."

Zed chuckled and whispered, "Then I guess I owe you that blow-job." He looked right at me, face only a couple of inches from mine.

I glowered at him. He had a lopsided grin on his face, and there was a twinkle in his blue eyes. Was he making fun of me?

"But before we admit defeat," he said, turning away from me and pointing at the innards of the cannon with a wrench, "I've been studying the diagrams. I bet if we just adjust this thingee here--"

I was too distracted by the feel of his grease-streaked arm alongside mine and the hard cock he was pressing against my thigh yet again to realize what he was doing before he whacked a particularly fragile-looking component with that wrench.

"Holy fuck!" I yelped, snatching the tool away before he could smack anything else. "Will you get out of here? Both of you. Just--just go stand over there or something." I hauled myself out of the access opening. "Go! Seriously--go stand over there and don't touch anything. I mean it!"

"Dude!" Zed complained, feelings hurt.

"Yeah, dude," Daryl groused. "Don't burn any bridges. You never know when you might need a super-villain team-up after graduation."

"Villains, my ass," I hissed. "You two meatheads will be lucky to get hired as somebody's henchmen. Hell, after we fail this course, we'll all be lucky if Ms. Robotosaurus doesn't eat us."

"Dude," Daryl complained to Zed, "that's just a rumor ... right?"

"Okay, okay," I muttered to myself. At the main control panel, I tapped a few icons and the cannon controls came up. "It's supposed to generate a directional electromagnetic pulse that causes everyone in its path to fly into a mindless rage. The hardware looks like basic Minion Master mind-manipulation tech, so it's probably just a matter of tweaking some frequencies or something, but this control interface ..." The user interface was--well, WrathMonger had obviously created a custom interface around his own idiosyncratic way of thinking, because it made little sense to me. I finally found the controls for adjusting the output frequency. Were these buttons for presets? I tapped one. Yes, the frequency setting changed, though the screens didn't tell me what the new frequency would do. But more importantly, this little box appeared onscreen, and numbers inside it started counting down.

10

9

Countdowns, where super-villain weapons are concerned, are seldom a good thing. "That can't be right," I muttered to myself. "Changing the frequency shouldn't initiate the firing sequence ..."

7

6

*Firing sequence?* And Zed and Daryl were standing directly in front of the War Mobile!

"Guys!--Move out of the way!" I yelled.

4

3

"Jeez, so bossy," Daryl fumed. "First he tells us to stand here and not move. Now it's go stand somewhere else ..."

Daryl: "Yeah, make up your--"

Me: "Guys, move!"

1

Zed: "Fucking asshole. That's the last time I offer him a--"

*Ping!*

"--blowjob."

I thought two things at once: *Since when do weapons systems go "ping"?* and, *Fuck, now I'm trapped here alone with two jocks driven into a mindless rage!*

Only ... rage didn't seem to be what Daryl and Zed had in mind.

"You offered him a blowjob?" Daryl cooed dreamily. "I could go for a blow-job right about now."

"A blowjob sounds good," Zed declared.

Their bare-chested, grease-stained torsos slammed together. Daryl slapped his hands on Zed's shoulders, and Zed dropped quickly to his knees, groping at the fly of Daryl's coveralls.

"Uh, guys--?" I called. I'd hardly got the words out before Zed fished out Daryl's stiffening cock and held it in one of his large paws. That dick was in his mouth in another second.

*Ping!*

"Guys!" I yelped again and looked around wildly. What if someone saw them? And fuck me sideways!--If I was reading this display correctly, the damned cannon was still on and generating electromagnetic whatever-you-call-it radiation, probably from where Zed whacked it. *Oh, fuck!* The shop was probably deserted, but I was petrified. *Oh, fuck!--Oh, fuck!--Oh, fuck!* Ms. Robotosaurus would devour them both for sure if she caught them having sex when we were supposed to be working!--And she didn't exactly strike me as the sort of villainy instructor who would stop with eating just the guilty parties!

I tried to keep my wits about me, but I definitely feeling the effects too. What started as a little buzzing sensation in the back of my head became a tingling in my balls, and seconds later spread to my fingertips, nipples, ass, and especially my cock, which hardened. I pawed at the control panel. I had to clear my head, had to think this through. There had to be a way to turn this off! But the cannon appeared to its firing cycle locked in--whatever pulse it was emitting would just have to run its course. I'd just have to fight the effect until it stopped. But damn!--the urge to just pull out my cock and whack it was almost overwhelming. Maybe I could just have a quick beat-off session while I watched them ... No!--I had to stay focused.

"Guys! Stop!" I yelled. By now Daryl was completely naked. Zed had his own coveralls around his knees and Daryl's cock buried in his throat. "Someone might--We have to--We--!"

*Ping!*

That's when I realized something: this wasn't WrathMonger's SinMachine we had been working on--it was LustLord's! I'd assumed it was the WrathMobile because it was bright red, but the Seven Deadlies must have rebranded their team color schemes!

But damn--knowing that didn't make the urge any easier to resist. Maybe I could just give my hard-on a quick little grope through my coveralls. Yeah. Oh, man, that felt good! No--I needed to fight it, find a way to shut this damned cannon off.

*Ping!*

"Oh, yeah," I moaned as I swiped at the control panel with one hand and gave my needy cock another thumb-stroke with my other. "Oh, fuck, yeah!"

That's when the other two seemed to notice me--and seemed to think *fuck yeah* was a great idea. "Dibs on his ass!" Daryl bellowed, pulling his cock out of Zed's mouth, and charged at me. Zed was right

behind him, though half-hobbled by his coveralls around his knees. I tried to run, but Daryl tackled me before I got halfway to the door. Dammit--all those football games with his buddies served him well, because he took me down hard and barely worked up a sweat.

Zed fell on top of me too. I felt his hard bone pressed against my leg as he groped at the buttons and zipper of my coveralls.

"I locked the door earlier," Daryl growled, somehow managing to articulate complete thoughts, which I was having trouble doing. "Relax--I wanna fuck you--It'll feel good!"

"Guuuurk," I said, which was my brain jumbling up *Get off of me* and *Fuck me*, because I couldn't decide what I wanted. My heart was racing. I had no idea what to expect, and I knew there was no way I'd get away from these two lust-crazed jocks. I was pretty much lust-crazed myself. They were practically tearing my coveralls off me--and, two against one, there wasn't much I could do to prevent it. Hell, I was starting to want them to get me naked. Their muscles and bare skin against mine had the inevitable effect: My erection went ballistic. Zed's lips slid over the head of my dick, and he had slurped the entire thing inside the wet cavern of his mouth. *Oh, fuck, yeah!* I knew what I wanted now! I wanted to get my dick sucked. I wanted to cum. I surrendered and let his mouth work my meat. Yeah, maybe I wasn't crazy from some lust-blast like these two, but now I sure needed to fuck too—I couldn't fight it anymore. The need to get off was all mixed up with the tension that had been dogging me since I'd first laid eyes on these two handsome studs. I'd wanted them, but I hadn't respected them--or maybe I couldn't handle their easy good looks and charm. Their relentless cock-teasing had been driving me mad, I had to admit, and now everything was coming to a climax. Zed's mouth was on my cock; that was the reality. He was really sucking my cock. I wanted it. Daryl was shoving his cock at my mouth. And I wanted it--wanted it bad--wanted them both. I opened my jaw and let his big, thick erection push inside.

*Ping!*

"Mmmm, mmm," Zed moaned around my cock. I pulled my mouth off Daryl's rod and looked down at Zed, whose eyes were straining upward to gaze into mine. He had a huge smile on his face. He removed his mouth for just an instant, letting the stiffened shaft of my dick slip out into the open air. "Yaaah!" he laughed incoherently, "I knew he'd be into it!" Then he slurped my dick back into his hot, wet mouth. When Zed began to fondle my nut sack too, I started to shake all over. I groaned and shoved my hips forward and dug my cock into the back of his mouth. Incredibly, it slid even deeper into the tight channel of his throat. We were already far beyond anything my feeble imagination could ever have conjured. I knew I wanted it. I was craving the feeling of their dicks against me, in me, anywhere they wanted to stick them. But I still feared voicing those feelings. That would be the final admission I was afraid of.

Daryl was behind me now, rubbing his cock into my butt. I was so engrossed in the feeling of Zed's mouth over my prick that I didn't pay much attention to Daryl at first. Until he hauled my ass into position, that is, and rubbed his rod right in my butt-crevice as he prepared to mount me with one of the biggest dicks I'd seen in a while. Somehow, he'd managed to pause long enough to put on a condom--which showed more presence of mind than I was capable of right then!

"No--I can't take your dick up my butt!" I protested. But I didn't move away. They wouldn't have let me anyway. "Lube," I hissed, shoving Daryl back. The only thing nearly that was remotely suitable was a grease gun. I grabbed it and aimed it Daryl's crotch before he count pile onto me again. I got off



a squirt or two, and I sure hoped at least one shot had managed to hit that bat of his--or else this was gonna hurt!

"Hot butt," Daryl grunted. He was barely articulate: "You hot little ass is driving me crazy!"

This was exactly what I'd been wanting and I'd hardly realized it until now: his hard cock going into my naked butt. Daryl fumbled as he lined up his cock-head and my hole; he was more intent on burying that thing in me than on any kind of finesse. His hips pushed hard, sliding his cock-head deep in my ass. I yelped. Fortunately it seemed I had managed to hit that thing with some lube after all. It probed deep into my ass. My body responded so many different sensations, all bombarding me at the same time. I didn't know what to say or do--all I could do was just feel everything they were doing to me. I realized I was gripping Zed's shoulders hard; his smooth flesh was hard, powerful, sweaty. I slid my hands around his bulging deltoids and down his chest. He moaned when I teased his taut nipples and caressed and flicked the nubs. His chest was flushed with lust. I loved the way my dick slid in and out of his mouth, his lips gaping then closing over my staff. I shuddered when he licked the shaft with his tongue and rolled my balls in his big hands.

*Ping!*

Working together, they had me naked on my back and on the hood of the SinMachine. My legs were in the air, and Daryl pushed his cock into my ass, while Zed's golden head dropped into my groin and swallowed my hard dick. I grabbed Zed's head and tangled my fingers in his hair. With the delicious feel of that suctioning mouth, I was moaning at once, my protests of a moment ago forgotten. Daryl grunted with each thrust of his cock into my butt. I looked at Daryl standing between my spread thighs. His hair glinted in the garish light, and his skin blazed with the sexual flush of his exertions. These guys were hot for me! Why should I be afraid to confess I was hot for them?

"Fuck me! Suck me!" I begged, finally admitting my lust for them.

This was too hot! Daryl had no finesse in my ass, his need to fuck overwhelming any hope of technique. I had to shoot! I grunted like a speared animal, rammed my dick deep into Zed's throat, and creamed it. Zed swallowed, amazingly. I writhed between the twin sensations: my stretched asshole and my well-sucked dick. With that orgasm, I felt any remaining inhibitions oozing out of me, with every spurt of my orgasm draining my juice and my resistance.

I was spent but they weren't. I felt them tugging at me, repositioning us. Zed straddled me. Before I had a chance to protest, he had sat right over my face, and poked his huge stiff cock at me. I opened my mouth to say something, which was a mistake--the head of his prick drove past my gaping lips and skidded across my tongue. I fought the urge to gag, closed my eyes, and opened my mouth wider. The fatness of Zed's dick felt jut right; the most perfect pleasure I could imagine was just realizing that the stud's cock was finally inside my mouth and I was sucking on it. Zed poked his cock in and out of my mouth, all animal need, and I sucked on the bulbous head as best I could. I gave in to my own deepest desires as Zed gave in to the need to fuck my mouth.

At the other end of me, Daryl was busy again trying to get his cock back inside my ass. What Daryl was doing to my butthole interfered with my ability to cope with Zed's thrusting at my mouth. Daryl was still hard, still needing to fuck, and he was intent on fucking my butt again! I couldn't think of a reason to resist, so I gave in, relaxing around Daryl's fat invader, allowing my body to go limp. It worked. Both dicks slid inside me simultaneously--Zed's deep in my throat, and Daryl's in my guts. I gagged and grunted and flopped beneath the two hunks. I let go, my limbs flailing, my will

nonexistent. I wanted their dicks in my mouth and up my asshole. Speared from both ends, my mind lost all focus and I floated into a state of extreme lust. My dick bounced and slapped against my belly. I was aware only of the cock in my mouth, the taste of it, and the cock up my butt, the aching pleasure as it penetrated deeper and deeper, massaging my nerve-endings with slow thrusts, and my own cock vibrating against my stomach as these two jocks humped against me.

I had cum already, but my dick ignored that fact. It remained erect. My body felt like it was on fire, inside and out. I gobbled at the dick in my mouth, hearing only my own loud snuffling and Zed's constant moans.

I relaxed between them, sprawled against the SinMachine we'd all been working over for weeks. I slid my hands in turn over Daryl's thick chest and Zed's slightly leaner one. All three of us were drenched in sweat and grease. I just wallowed in the sensation of sucking and getting fucked and thought of nothing else--no grades, no fears--only the warm, rocking sensation of sex and sweat and dick in my mouth and in my asshole.

Orgasm welled up in me once again. I gritted my teeth, reached higher up Daryl's chest and squeezed his tight nipples, which made him throw back his head and groan. Letting my asshole open wide, I rode the fuck right to the end. I felt a river of sperm rocket out of my cock-head and across my belly, probably hitting the back of the jock straddling my face.

"Cumming!" Daryl choked. He yanked his dick out of my ass and spurted his nut-juice across my ball sack and thighs.

Zed whimpered. He pulled his cock from my mouth and pumped it in my face. His mouth screwed up in concentration. He huffed and grunted, and his dick erupted. The goo splattered my cheeks and lips.

I sagged like a limp rag against the SinMachine. Zed collapsed on me; I loved the feel of his heavy weight on me as I drifted in my afterglow of floating euphoria. Daryl was still between my legs, sliding his thick hands all over my thighs and crotch and stomach. "Fuck, yeah," I sighed, and they both moaned their agreement.

I came slightly to my senses. At some point, the cannon had cut off, and its emotional manipulation effect also worn off. I realized all three of us were naked and sweaty and dripping with cum. Literally dripping. Before I had the chance to return to my previous uptightness, Daryl leaned over and kissed me on the lips, with Zed crushed between us. It was such a sensual thing to do, so gentle and warm, and such a passionate feeling. I felt myself blushing.

Inspiration stuck. "Guys, all we need to do is put more shielding around the cannon, replace that thing Zed broke, and rewrite the user interface to make the controls more intuitive to use. If we pull an all-nighter, we can get it all done by the deadline and still have a shot at an A ..."

Daryl thumped my chest with a finger. "This is better than an A," he whispered in my ear. "Don't you agree?"

Somebody's fingertips stroked lazily down my abs, toward my cock, which started to stir again. "Mmm," I moaned contentedly.

"Yeah, something tells me he agrees," Zed giggled from between us as his tongue found and lapped at the head of my cock.

Daryl chuckled, and then Zed started giggling again too. For the first time since this damned class began, I actually shared their laughter. How could I act superior now that I'd been fucked and sucked so thoroughly?--And enjoyed it thoroughly too, I had to admit it. But we had work to do. My cock could wait. Still, as I slid out from between them and reached for my coveralls and started stepping into them, I had to have the last word: "Bet you don't mind missing that football game now--right, guys?"

"Yeah, about that--" Daryl began.

"--We didn't exactly skip," Zed finished as I started pulling my coveralls up my legs.

Daryl: "Ms. Robotosaurus told us if we don't pass this assignment, we fail the class and we're kicked out of the Academy—"

Zed: "—And she'll probably eat us too."

Daryl: "I'm pretty sure that's just a rumor. Anyway, that's why she partnered Zed and me with you, mister big brain. She told us to put in extra time too, no matter how long it took."

Zed grinned big. "So while you were all obsessed over getting the reactor running, we've been staying late for a while already to get the new weapons systems ready to go."

Daryl nodded. "Yeah. You're not the only genius in class. Weapons are kind of Zed's specialty."

Which, I guess, I hadn't bothered to ask.

"But ..." I was confused. "That Emoto-Cannon ..."

"That piece of shit? That tech is so last year," Zed smirked. "I deactivated that piece of crap days ago. I've got a brand new one built and ready to install. We were gonna do it tonight after you left, once you had the reactor running, and then we were gonna surprise you tomorrow with everything being done."

"On time too." Daryl's time to smirk. "Oh, and we have one more surprise for you. Show him, Zed."

Zed scampered for his discarded clothing. He pulled a small silver remote control box out of a pocket. No wonder he'd kept his coveralls on so long. "The new cannon is directional, with pinpoint accuracy." Another shit-eating grin. "Just point and click, and you can automatically target who gets hit with that libido overload effect LustLord loves so much. We upped the output levels too. 'Course, it's not up to full strength yet, not 'til we get it hooked up to the reactor. It's more like a little teaser dose right now. But it's still more than enough to do the trick."

They'd known all along this wasn't WrathMonger's SinMachine?--And they hadn't corrected me? Those fucking assholes!

But wait ...

"Uh, directional?" I asked.

Zed: "Yup."

Daryl smirked. "Only one person here was hit by the libido ray, and it wasn't Zed or me."

I realized what that meant. "Me?"

They nodded.

Well, that sure explained why Daryl had the presence of mind to put on a condom before fucking me. I'd been way too wasted to have done the same if our positions had been reversed. Then I realized something else: "Hold on!--You zapped me with an untested sex-ray? Of all the fucking irresponsible--!"

Zed blushed. "Not untested. We definitely tried it out on each other first."

Daryl said, "Zed and me, we've been fuck-buddies for weeks. It's not like we needed a ray to get our sex on."

"Yeah, Daryl's up for it any time, any where."

"But we thought you might need some help loosening up. Show him again how it works, Zed."

Zed pointed that little box at me.

"Wait!--Wait a fucking minute--!" I yelped as I back-pedaled.

*Ping!*

Holy crap! That buzzing in the back of my head--and my balls--my well-fucked asshole--my cock getting hard all over again ... I couldn't get my coveralls off again fast enough.

"I think he likes it," Daryl leered, his cock already stiffening too.

"Oh, yeah," Zed said. "But this time, I get his ass."

"You got it," Daryl laughed, dropping to his knees and aiming his mouth for my cock-head.

My to-do list needed some reordering: Install the cannon. Get Ms. Robotosaurus to inspect our work and give us our A for the project. But first, Daryl had my cock in his mouth, and Zed was sauntering my way with a hard-on of his own, and that damned libido ray had all my brainpower rerouted to thinking up ways to get their cocks into my mouth and ass, and my cock into their mouths and asses, in as many combinations as we could manage before dawn. This was going to be a long, hard all-nighter!

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