

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

Poll Winner

Themes: Marathon Sex, Rough Sex, Breeding

Summary: Contrary to the official story, the first Mecha Man became a hero after making a deal with a demon. Her terms were simple, he gains the ability to become a great hero, in exchange, she will have the fourth man to bear his name. Robert always assumed that story was just something his father made up to screw with him, instead believing the official story and shrugging off what he was told. That quickly changed when Malevola showed up at his apartment and explained a few things, namely that his father was telling the truth, she was the demon in question, and she was more than eager to have Robert Robertson IV, all they have to do is make him together.

-x-X-x-

With a groan, Robert settles down in the crook of his destroyed suit where its laid up against the walls in a corner of his barebones apartment. In front of him, Beef is busy eating the kibble he's just poured into his bowl, the most food that either of them is getting tonight.

The end of his week had been rather... crazy. First, there was the disaster of a Press Conference on Thursday, followed by getting into a fight with the Skittles Gang and being saved by Blonde Blazer of all people. Then, they had a drink, he got kicked out of a Hero Bar, and Blonde Blazer had offered him a job.

Today, Friday, had been Robert's first day as a Dispatcher at SDN. Honestly, besides the Z-Team being... utterly insane, Robert didn't think it had gone too poorly. Come Monday, Royd was going to come by with a truck so they could lug the remains of the Mecha Man Suit over to SDN's R&D lab and Royd could start trying to fix it.

All Robert had to do was stick to the plan, stay on the straight and narrow, and keep his head down. So long as nobody on the Z-Team aside from Invisigal found out that he was Mecha Man (especially Flambae) it should be smooth sailing, he figured.

... Which of course is when a fucking portal opens up in his apartment door and Malevola of all fucking people steps on through, sword in hand.

Beef barks while Robert yanks himself to his feet, eyes widening in both horror and anger.

“What the hell, Malevola?!”

Smirking, the six-and-a-half foot tall demon opens her mouth... only to pause for a moment, her yellow eyes skipping around the apartment as she blinks dumbly before scowling incredulously.

“Looks like I should be the one saying that, Robert. You fucking live like this?”

Robert bristles. He didn't need the judgment... and he definitely didn't need her finding out he was Mecha Man and holding it over his head. Unfortunately, that second part is out of the bag. No real way to hide the remains of the suit right now.

“Get out of my apartment, Malevola. And if you tell anyone what you know now, I'm taking this shit to Blazer, immediately.”

Malevola raises an eyebrow... and makes no move to leave.

“What? That your Mecha Man? Dude, I already knew that.”

Wait, what? Robert blinks, caught off guard by the demoness' claim. Snorting, Malevola puts her weird blocky sword on her back... which in turn means it disappears into some sort of pocket dimension. Leaning on his kitchen counter, she crosses her arms under her chest and gives him an ample view down the top of her shirt. Robert doesn't look, to be clear.

“Seriously? Did your grandpa really shit the bed that badly?”

What was she even talking- no... there was no fucking way.

“Don’t fuck with me, Malevola. There’s no way...”

“Ah, so he did say something. Or your dad did, I guess.”

Robert’s jaw clenches and his hands curl into fists at his sides. It was an old story that yes, his father had indeed told him, once upon a time. Namely, the story was that his grandfather, his father’s father, had made a deal with a demon in order to become a Hero. The exchange was simple. She gave him the resources and in return, she would have the fourth man of his line to bear his name.

Robert Robertson the Third had always believed the story was something stupid his father had made up to screw with him, telling him as a kid how ‘lucky’ he was to be the Third and not the Fourth. But now Malevola is in front of him all nonchalant and knowing things she shouldn’t know...

“... Refresh my memory.”

Snorting in amusement, Malevola steps out from behind the kitchen counter. Robert tenses up but stands his ground as the stacked demoness walks up to him, towering over him.

“It was a simple enough trade. I gave your grandpa some stuff that he needed for his suit. Mecha Man Prime is what they call him these days, right? In exchange, he promised me... swore on your family line in fact, that the fourth man of his lineage to bear the name Robert Robertson... would be mine.”

... Damn it dad. Damn it grandpa. Just... damn it all to hell.

“Well I’m not Robert Robertson the Fourth, Malevola. I’m the Third.”

“No shit, dude.”

“... And I’m not just going to have a kid and name him Robert to sacrifice him to you or whatever, if that’s what you’re here to threaten me to do.”

Malevola’s eyes flash and she scoffs... before suddenly snatching up his wrist and putting his hand directly on her tit. Robert’s eyes widen as he instinctively gropes, feeling her up. The throaty moan she lets out... well, suffice to say, it stirs something inside of him that Robert had thought dead until now.

“What... what the hell?”

“Just so we’re on the same page, I’m not here to force anything, Robert. I’m here to offer you something instead.”

With his hand still on her breast, Malevola reaches forward and cups the front of his pants. Robert grunts as she feels his arousal building downstairs.

"Its really simple. I liked what I saw today from you. You’re an interesting man... an attractive man, in fact. So I figured I’d give you an opportunity of sorts. You don’t have to give up your son later or pass the buck to your descendants... if you just fuck me and knock me up right fucking now.”

... Robert would be lying if he said he wasn’t tempted. But then to be fair, Malevola is literally from Hell. So temptation is kind of in the job description, isn’t it?

“I’m not... just going to have a kid with you and then never see them again.”

Malevola pauses... and licks her lips before grinning wickedly.

“Good. I hate deadbeat dads.”

Holy shit. They were actually doing this, weren’t they? There’s just one final problem...

“Not in front of Beef.”

Eyes darting over to the side where Beef is watching everything, Malevola lets out a huff.

“Yeah, not really into that kind of audience anyways. He’ll be okay if you leave him alone here for the weekend, right?”

The weekend?! Robert grimaces and Malevola rolls her eyes.

“Fine, we’ll teleport you over here to give him food and water every day, sound good? I want to take care of this before Monday though. You know, just in case you decide to quit as our Dispatcher after all.”

That’s right. Malevola had been the one to bet he would quit by Monday, implying that she expected him to come to his senses over the weekend. Huffing, Robert just nods.

Pulling her hand on his wrist away (he keeps feeling up her breast for some reason he can’t explain) the demoness drags free her sword again and cuts a portal into the floor at their feet. They both fall through, only for Robert to land on his back on a massive four-poster bed a moment later... and Malevola to land on top of him.

With a grin as she once again sheathes her weird fucking sword, the gorgeous demoness pulls her shoulder straps down, exposing her red tits even as she grinds her crotch into his.

Robert grunts though, pulling his hands away before she can bring them both to her breasts again.

“Don’t try to control me. I’m not your submissive human pet.”

Malevola’s eyes widen... before her lips curl into a wide, wicked grin. She chortles and shakes her head, even as she continues to grind against his bulge.

“Doesn’t feel like I have to do any controlling, Robert. You’re already there on your own. Still, if you don’t want to be submissive... then prove it to me~”

With a snarl, Robert grabs Malevola... and rolls. It’s a move that turns a bigger opponent’s size against them and he can tell from how her face contorts in shock that she’s not exactly expecting it. Parts of Robert that aren’t fully healed yet from the injuries he sustained months ago scream in protest, but he just takes it... even as he puts Malevola on her back.

Before she can blink, he lowers his mouth to her naked breasts and bites down on one of them, gnawing at the nipple in a way that makes her let out a guttural groan. At the same time, his hands begin to unbutton his shirt and he starts to get undressed.

Malevola shimmies under him, getting her jean booty shorts off and then the white leotard she was wearing as well for good measure. Robert, meanwhile, moves from his shirt to his pants in no time, and then his boxers.

His cock flops out just in time to land against Malevola’s smoldering, sopping cunt lips, the demoness’ pussy hotter than any human woman Robert has ever been with before.

Pulling his mouth back from her teat, he gives her a dry look.

“Am I going to burn my dick off if I stick it in you, Malevola?”

Malevola just grins back at him toothily.

“Can’t handle the heat, stay out of the fire, Robert.”

Fuck... he’s never handled being challenged well. Letting out a huff, Robert grabs his cock, lines it up... and shoves it in already. Malevola moans while he groans, the tight molten feel of her insides just shy of being uncomfortably hot as he stretches her out on his dick.

“Oh fuck YES. That’s the stuff, Robert Robertson the Third! Fucking give it to me, you bastard!”

He can’t believe he’s doing this. Bad enough that he kissed Blazer last night, bad enough that he didn’t set clearer boundaries with Invisigal and her flirting... but now here he was, outright fucking one of his coworkers. Fucking Christ he was going to Hell.

Oh wait...

“Don’t slow down now! Fucking pound me into this bed or I’m taking over and riding you raw, Robert!”

Fuck it. Fuck all of it. With a growl and a snarl, Robert picks up the pace and truly starts to plow Malevola as hard as he fucking can.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

All for the express purposes of knocking her up. Can’t forget that. Groaning, Robert’s hands find their ways to Malevola’s legs, pushing them up into the air and back until he’s got her in a proper mating press. Which of course, she immediately comments on.

“A mating press? Heh, love to see you taking this shit seriously, dude. Give it to me! Give me your fucking cum!”

No can do. Not until he makes her cum first. Robert doesn’t say that though, he just knuckles down and gets to fucking work. Plowing Malevola, pounding her into the bed, ramming into her tight, hot, clenching quim with all his might.

Finally, her moans reach a fever pitch... and Robert grunts as he feels her pussy walls suddenly spasm rapidly around him.

“Oh fuuuuuck youuuu Robert!!!”

Her cunt clenches harder than ever before a moment later and Robert shudders as he's milked of his release right then and there. But he still doesn't let up... he doesn't let that so much as slow him down, in fact.

Even once he fills Malevola's womb for the first time, he keeps going. He keeps thrusting away. His cock manages to stay rock hard between her tightness, the heat of her demon pussy, and his sheer determination to give everything he has to this fucked up insane situation.

"H-Haha, holy shit Robert! Yes, yes, YES!"

Malevola loves it. She positively loves having him deep inside of her even after he came in her once. But then to be fair, SHE was the one who suggested they'd be going at it all weekend long... so fuck it, that's what Robert gets ready for. That's what he steels and girds himself for. An entire weekend of fucking and creampieing this gorgeous goddamn demon bitch of a coworker.

Needless to say, they do eventually have to take breaks though. At first it's because Robert needs to make sure that Beef has fresh water and food back in his bare apartment.

But then Malevola seems to realize he actually doesn't intend to feed and water himself at the same time and suddenly she's all but coddling him, forcing him to eat the takeout she has delivered and drink lots of water. She doesn't want him passing out on her, she says.

Other than that though, they keep fucking. They fuck on the bed, they fuck on the floor, they fuck against the wall, they fuck in the shower.

At one point, Robert needs a break and Malevola finally gets to ride him cowgirl, taking charge. At another point, she teases him until he snaps and mounts her from above, taking her while she's on all fours and he's straddling her fat red ass and yanking her demon horns backwards while pistoning in and out of her cunt.

He loses track of how many times he cums inside of the demoness. There always seems to be more room for his seed and he doesn't even see her rinsing

anything out during their shared shower sessions either. No, most of the showers they take together usually end with him adding MORE jizz to her womb, not less.

By the time Sunday Night rolls around, Robert is completely and utterly exhausted... but he also feels strangely satisfied in a way he can never remember feeling before. Saving people as Mecha Man was great and all to be fair, but for some reason, it had never made him feel nearly as good... as this.

Laying down beside him, running a hand over his scarred chest, Malevola just smirks.

“Not bad, Robert. You know... don’t get a big head or anything, but I think I’m going to like you being the team’s Dispatcher. So don’t let me win, yeah? Don’t quit too soon.”

Robert snorts derisively.

“Not planning on it. SDN is fixing my suit so long as I keep working for them.”

Malevola hums and nods.

“Yeah, I’d already figured that much out, dude. I’m smarter than I act. But still, you don’t technically have to be OUR Dispatcher to work for SDN, now do you? Just... give us a chance, that’s all I’m asking.”

Robert stares up at the canopy of the four poster bed they’ve spent all weekend wrecking and just huffs.

“That’s the plan.”

Malevola hums and leans in, placing a chaste kiss on Robert’s cheek.

“Thank you, Robert.”

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The next morning, when Blonde Blazer calls Robert into her office and tells him she wants to cut someone from the team by the end of the day, Robert finds himself with a new appreciation for the Z-Team... and tells her categorically that he won't do it.

None of them are getting cut. Not yet. Not before he has a chance to make something great of all of them. Fortunately, Blazer seems to appreciate his resolve and ultimately walks back her decision. Would have been awkward to have to quit on Monday after all, just to prove a point...