

The Brutal Hero began her day with the usual routine; snorting a line of white powder off a prostitute's cock. Most people might try a coffee, but the Brutal Hero wasn't most people. As the hero inserted the small straw up her nose, she grabbed the dark-skinned man's monstrously long penis, holding it steady. The white powder she'd laid out along the length of his penis had been expensive; this particular morning pick-me-up was well over the average person's monthly paycheck. The Brutal Hero positions the straw, and then snorts hard, moving down the length of the huge penis with practiced ease. "Ugh...!" She groaned in pleasure, as she felt the drugs enter her system almost immediately. What a relief. Now, she just had to deal with her monstrous hangover.

It was the morning after a wild party, and her bedroom had been trashed. The Brutal Hero had spent the night partying hard, as she usually did every weekend. A dozen beers later, she'd dragged four men back to her room, and paid them a staggering amount of money to do their best to destroy every hole in her body. They'd done their best, but none of them had really made a dent in her.

Sighing in relief, the Brutal Hero laid back on the bed. She could feel dried cum all the way down her thighs and when she moved, a trickle of sperm spurted out of her. The three other prostitutes are snoring on the ground around her bed, utterly spent from their efforts. She'd ordered them to continue fucking her even if she fell asleep, which she had in a drunken haze.

As she felt the drugs kicking in, the Brutal Hero wished, not for the first time, that she could simply just drink a coffee or take a cold shower like a normal person. But her power didn't let her do that. She needed something stronger. A *lot* stronger.

Ugh... Her head was *killing* her. Drinking an entire bottle of Fireball Whiskey had been a bad idea. For most people, it would have been straight up lethal. The Brutal Hero groaned and rolled over, giving up. It was too bright and noisy to be awake right now. She decided to just sleep for another few hours. Maybe the pounding behind her eyes would go away...

Bzz. On the bedside table, the Brutal Hero's phone began to vibrate. The hero opened her eyes slightly and glared at the phone, willing grievous bodily harm on whoever's on the other end of the line. *Bzz.* Jesus Christ, was her phone *always* that loud?

The prostitute, who's cock she'd just snorted her happy powder off of, looked over at the phone. "It's... it's the Hero Federation..." He told her, his voice terrified.

"Shut your fucking hole..." She growled at him in a gravelly tone. "I didn't pay you to answer my phone, you walking penis." The prostitute cringed away from her fearfully.

Bzz. She tried to ignore the phone, closing her aching eyes. *Bzz.* Whoever's on the other side of the phone clearly isn't going to leave her alone. The Brutal Hero groans quietly to herself, and then sits up in bed, holding out her hand. After a moment, the prostitute gets the hint, and quickly hands her the phone.

With a tap, the hero answered the call. "What the *fuck* do you want?" She snarled into the phone.

"Uh..." On the other end, the operator didn't seem to have expected that. "Is this call sign 'Brutal'?" She asked, sounding confused.

"It is." The Brutal Hero rolled her eyes, and then immediately regretted it as the room began to spin slightly. "Ugh... make it quick. I got a hangover that's three miles long. If you called me for no good fucking reason, I'm going to rearrange your teeth and your colon..."

"S-sorry!" The operator stammered with barely contained terror. "There's an emergency, okay? Please don't hurt me..." It seemed that the Brutal Hero's reputation preceded her.

An emergency. Of *fucking* course there would be an emergency the day after she'd tried her best to wreck herself. The Brutal Hero groaned. She was hung-over and the drugs she just snorted probably weren't going fuck her up as much as she hoped. "I ain't fucking helping today. Too tired. Get someone else..."

"We can't!" The operator insisted, and the hero winced. "There's already been civilian fatalities! The heroes dispatched to the area can't..."

"Keep your fucking voice down!" The ringing in the Brutal Hero's ears was awful, and she felt her headache worsening. Civilian fatalities, huh? It must be really bad indeed if they were risking calling her at this hour. Covering the phone, the hero turned to the prostitute, who was still hovering nervously next to her. "Get the fuck out of my sight, and take your boyfriends with you." She growled, nodding at the men still snoring on the floor nearby. "Go. Before I castrate you with my bare hands."

The dark-skinned man didn't wait around to see if the Brutal Hero was serious or not. A wise move, considering that the hero hadn't been joking. Kicking his comrades awake, the prostitute drags them to their feet. Brutal Hero glares at them as the four men flee from her room. A few moments later, she hears the front door to her apartment slam shut.

Getting out of bed, the Brutal Hero looks around for a towel or something to start cleaning herself with. "Fine." She informs the operator. "But I want *double* my normal fee." If she was going to have to work when she didn't want to, then she at least wanted to make it worth her while.

"Deal!" The operator answered quickly. "Er, I mean... that would be acceptable."

Damn, that fast? Things must be going *really* badly. The Brutal Hero cursed internally, wishing she'd asked for more.

Dragging herself into the bathroom, the hero stared at the hot mess of a woman in the mirror. Her eyes were bloodshot, her hair had dried sperm in it and she had a couple of bite marks on her E-cup breasts. She looked like a pornstar after a nasty gangbang shoot. The Brutal Hero had to smirk at that, remembering back when she *had* been a pornstar doing nasty gangbang shoots. God, she missed the porn industry. But, 'with great power' and however the rest of the quote went. "Ugh... text me the location. I'll get there as soon as I feel like it."

"Please hurry!" The operator sounded panicked. "We need you to get there as soon as humanly possible! Every second costs more lives-" The hero cut off the call with a groan.

Staring at herself in the mirror, the Brutal Hero tried washing her face in cold water, and then did her best to clean up the sperm coating her thighs. Then, she took a long and leisurely piss, most of which was leftover cum from last night. Sitting on the toilet might have been relaxing, if it wasn't for the pounding inside her skull. The Brutal Hero groaned quietly as she covered her eyes, mentally willing the disorientation to fade away. God, she just wanted to crawl back into bed with a couple of prostitutes and a brick of drugs. But, she had a job to do. With her bladder empty, the Brutal Hero stood up unsteadily and glanced at herself in the mirror. Good enough.

From behind the bathroom door, the Brutal Hero grabbed her hero outfit; a black sports bra and a pair of short shorts. The heavy-duty sports bra was needed to hold in her breasts while on the job, the two watermelons on her chest had a bad habit of getting in the way otherwise. The short shorts weren't needed, but the Brutal Hero wanted to feel sexy. The hero would usually wear a pair of black panties that went over her hips in a whale tail, but she wasn't sure where they were, so she just gave up and decided to go without.

Pulling on her outfit with a groan, the Brutal Hero stared at herself in the mirror again. She looked like hammered shit. Dark rings line her eyes, and her black hair is arranged in a disheveled ponytail. Her muscles are still thick, though, and ready to crush anyone she wants. Good. She's in the mood to kill *someone*. Whoever was causing the problem that meant she had to get out of her comfy bed was going to get *fucked up*. When she was done with them, there wouldn't be anything left to bury, let alone stand trial.

Walking toward the front door of her apartment, the Brutal Hero picked up a heavy pair of sunglasses. Her headache was still marching through her skull, her eyes were stinging and the sunlight outside would be killer. The sunglasses would help, but the next couple of hours were going to suck. With a groan that bubbled up from the deepest part of her soul, the Brutal Hero opened her front door, and began to make her way to the crime scene.

But, she decided to stop and pick up a coffee on the way, of course.

"Fuck, we're getting torn *apart* out here!" Jane Hemingway screamed into her radio, as she took shelter behind a half-melted car. "We need backup, stat!" The older hero was in her late thirties,

having almost two decades of hero work under her belt. Even so, she had never been in such a terrible situation before.

“Please continue to hold out, ‘Hummingbird’.” The operator replied calmly, his voice steady. “Reinforcements are delayed.”

“Delayed?! People are fucking *dying* out here! I’ve *already* lost one of my team! Civilian fatalities are...” Suddenly, Jane sensed danger, and she ducked instinctively. A moment later, a glob of acid flew over the hero’s head. The acid splattered into a nearby shop window, and there was an acrid smell as the glass began to melt into goop. If she hadn’t been warned by her power, her head would be a molten pile on the ground, like so many others.

The slime girl they’d been sent to face had been classed as an ‘A-class’ threat, which the Hero Federation had apparently thought would be easy for Jane, a ‘B-class’ hero, and her five ‘C-class’ allies to handle. Jane had no idea why they’d thought that her team would be able to handle a villain who’s entire body was molten acid, but it had been a mistake. One of her teammates had tried punching the slime girl, and was now dissolving inside her transparent body.

There were bodies strewn in the street, at least a dozen. Well, what had *been* bodies. The civilians that the slime girl hadn’t slurped up and digested had been sprayed with the slime girl’s acid from a distance. They were best described as *puddles* of civilians now. Jane had watched a group of schoolgirls catch a glob of acid, and she could see their remains spreading across the street in a steaming puddle. Jane could also see half a dozen dark bodies dissolving inside the slime girl herself, unmoving and slowly shrinking. One of them was their former teammate.

Next to Jane, her eighteen year-old sidekick was hunkered down as well, staring at her mentor with desperate eyes. Melanie Brown was a beginner hero, barely out of basic training. Her callsign was ‘Coalsmoke’, but her ability to create smokescreens wasn’t particularly useful right now. Nearby, Jane could see two of her other fellow heroes taking cover behind an overturned fire truck. It was a better shelter than Jane and Melanie’s, but they’d need to run across open ground to get to it... Wait, where was the fifth hero?

Jane felt a lurch in her stomach, and she peered out from behind the half-melted car. Burbling laughter echoed across the street, as the slime girl cornered one of Jane’s comrades. ‘Redmist’ had the ability to render herself invisible for twenty seconds, but it seemed that her time had run out. The redhead had apparently thought that hiding under a car would keep her safe, but now the slime girl was going to make that mistake a fatal one. As the slime girl stopped beside the car, Redmist froze. With an evil snicker, the slime girl sent a wave of slime under the car, and Redmist screamed in terror.

For a moment, Jane considered trying to save the poor girl, but the slime girl was already coating the redhead’s lower legs, hissing steam pouring out from underneath the car. She was already dead, the older hero knew. Even as the young hero let out a horrifying scream of agony,

Jane turned away. They had an opportunity now. The slime girl couldn't hurl acid while she was digesting Redmist. Looking at Melanie, she pointed at the firetruck. "Go! Redmist's bought us a short window!" It would take the slime girl a few minutes to digest their comrade, Jane knew from unwanted personal experience.

"You want us to *leave* her?" Melanie demanded, horrified. "We can still save-"

"She knew the risks!" Jane lied, knowing full well that Redmist certainly hadn't. But the truth wouldn't motivate Melanie. "Just go!" Thankfully, her sidekick shut her mouth as their comrade's screams continued to rise in agony.

A few minutes later, Jane and Melanie were safely behind the firetruck, having regrouped with their two other comrades. They were a good distance from the slime girl now, and the firetruck was sturdy enough to properly protect them from any acid spits. As relatively secure as they were now, though, it was hard to feel safe.

"Oh *fuck*..." One of the other heroes, a young brunette who barely looked out of high school, was panicking. "Fuck, we gotta get outta here!" Jane didn't know her real name, but the girl's callsign was 'Vega', and she could create a dazzling screen of light to blind an enemy. Not much use in this situation, of course. "Redmist and Sugarcane are dead, we're gonna be next if we don't get the fuck outta here!" Redmist wasn't quite dead *yet*, from the sound of her screaming.

"We're *not* retreating!" Jane snapped at her, alarmed at the girl's cowardice. "We're all that stands between this villain and the civilians. We've been able to stall her so far." It had come at the cost of two heroes, but the slime girl had already managed to slurp up two hundred civilians by the time they'd arrived. "If we retreat, she'll just continue her massacre!" Jane couldn't afford for that to happen.

"The Hero Federation's gotta send someone stronger, right?!" The other hero, 'Lightning Rod', was a more veteran hero, dark-skinned, tall and stoic. Even so, her usually calm face was beginning to crack under the pressure. "We could retreat, and let them take care of it..."

"We can't retreat." The older hero nodded at her sidekick, and Melanie pulled out her phone, holding it up for the other two heroes to see. "The Federation's been tracking the villain's path, and they've figured out that she's trying to get to the city's water supply. If she can disseminate herself into the city's drinking water, she'll be able to melt anyone who takes a drink. Civilian fatalities could run into the hundreds of thousands!" The older hero carefully explained, trying to sound convincing.

Both Vega and Lightning Rod paled in horror at Jane's words. "How... how long until she reaches the water supply?" Vega asked fearfully.

Jane nodded at the building just down the street. "You tell me!" She cracked her knuckles. "The four of us are the last defense between this villain and a complete massacre. Are you willing to live with that on your conscience?" She couldn't let them run. There would be no chance of her stopping the villain on her own.

"Eh..." Vega seemed to be considering it.

"Hey, you lot the ones who need help?" A gravelly voice came from behind Jane, and the hero spun around. A tall woman was standing behind them.

The Brutal Hero adjusted her sunglasses, wincing as the sun flashed in between the skyscrapers as she approached the four terrified heroes. There was a large coffee in her hand, still steaming hot.

"Huh?" Melanie squinted at the Brutal Hero, looking more than a little baffled. "Who the fuck are you?"

"Nice way to greet the 'S-class' hero who got dragged outta bed to save your sorry asses." The Brutal Hero glared at Jane's sidekick and grimaced. It was too early in the day for her to be dealing with a shitty little bitch like this.

"What the *fuck* took you so long?" Melanie exploded at the hero, her cute face turning a little red from anger. "We called for backup *ages* ago! She ate a dozen civilians in that time! Two of our teammates have *died!*" She seemed to notice what the hero was carrying. "Wait, did you fucking stop for *coffee!*!"

Taking a long sip of her coffee, the hero sighed. "What, you want me to clean up your mess without waking up properly?" She asked, pushing up her sunglasses. In the distance, Redmist's death wails were making her ears ache. "Geez, is someone fucking *dying* or what over there?"

"Redmist... One of our teammates got caught by the villain." Jane explained quickly, glancing guiltily behind her, as the dying girl let out another wail. She hadn't expected the slime girl to take this long to finish Redmist off. Clearly, the villain was taking her time. A small ray of hope appeared in the older hero's chest. "You... can you save her?" One team fatality would be better than two on her record.

The Brutal Hero groaned and then leaned out from behind the firetruck.. "Nah." She replied after a moment. She didn't bother to elaborate further. As another wail of agony split the air, the Brutal Hero winced again. "Fucking hell, is it too much to fucking ask that someone dies *quietly*? It's too fucking early to be dealing with someone *squealing* like that."

"Wha... it's *mid-afternoon!*" Melanie was clearly in a huff, so Jane decided to step in.

“That’s *enough*, Coalsmoke!” Jane looked the hero up and down, taking in her shockingly revealing outfit. She had never met an ‘S-class’ hero before, and she’d expected some towering paragon of justice and freedom. The hero in front of her was wearing short-shorts and a sports bra, with only a jacket and sunglasses to complete her look. The Brutal Hero looked like she’d just walked off a porno shoot, given her outfit and hung-over appearance. Jane had to admit that the Brutal Hero had an *impressive* set of muscles though. Even as the tall woman sipped her coffee, Jane could see her arms *bulging* with muscle. Not to mention the eight-pack nestled under the Brutal Hero’s shockingly large breasts. In any other situation, Jane would have been rather attracted to her.

Jane and the other heroes were dressed in brightly covered leotards that were *meant* to be made of protective material, but never seemed to do much, especially in the face of acid. They were uncomfortably tight too, and Jane had never liked how much of her body’s outline was visible through her leotard.

Underneath the car, Redmist’s screams finally ended, as the slime girl’s acid reached her mouth. In a matter of seconds, the slime girl was inside her skull, happily melting the young hero’s brain into a gray paste. As the redhead was brutally put out of her misery, the Brutal Hero let out a sigh of relief. “Fucking *finally*, some peace and quiet.” She adjusted her sunglasses again, and then waved a hand at Jane. “Okay, big tits, give me the rundown.”

“Big...! How fucking *dare*—” Melanie tried to shriek in fury, but her mentor put a hand over her mouth.

Ignoring the casual insult, the older hero wondered where to even start. “Uh...” She jabbed a thumb behind her, and the Brutal Hero leaned over to peer around the firetruck at the slime girl melting the former hero. “That’s Hana Tetsuya, formerly an ‘A-class’ hero, up until a few days ago. Her superpower was acidic skin, but it seems like her power evolved rapidly overnight.” An ‘A-class’ hero, turning to villainy. Jane couldn’t help but feel a deep sense of personal disgust at that. She’d worked so hard to get to ‘A-rank’, but this young girl had just thrown it away for nothing.

“Slime girl. Seen ‘em before.” The Brutal Hero shrugged, seeming unfazed at the sight of a human being melting into sludge. “Go on.”

“Er...” Jane tried to remember everything that the Federation had told her in the mission briefing. “We believe that she digested her two roommates last night, and then went on a killing spree in the early hours of the morning. When the peak hour of traffic arrived this morning, she snuck aboard a train and worked her way down its length, killing about one-hundred and fifty people before they reached the next station and escaped. Since then, she’s been rampaging around, attacking and digesting civilians.” Jane grimaced. “My team and I were dispatched to capture her, but we haven’t been able to do anything to her other than slow her down...”

“Dangerous villain, useless heroes, got it.” The Brutal Hero sighed in irritation, staring at her coffee. “Dammit, I *told* them to make this as strong as possible. Is this the best they could fucking do for a coffee?”

Jane’s eyes flicked over to Vega and Lightning Rod, and saw the same disturbed expression in their eyes. The Brutal Hero didn’t seem to care about all the destruction and death around them. “Uh...” Lightning Rod ventured nervously. “You know people have... *died*, right?”

“I see a lotta death.” The Brutal Hero shrugged. She was usually the cause, of course. “Look, if she’s eaten *that* many people at this point, why not just let her eat her fill and capture her when she’s resting? There’s not much difference between ‘two-hundred’ and ‘two-hundred and fifty’, media-wise.”

“Yeah, that’s not a bad...” Vega began, but Melanie cut her off.

“Wha... what the *fuck* is wrong with you?” The sidekick demanded furiously. “Are you a hero or not?”

Jane soldiered on, ignoring her sidekick. Maybe an ‘S-class’ didn’t have to worry about that sort of thing, but Jane’s couldn’t afford to have that many deaths under her command. “We... we think she’s headed for the water supply.” She explained, gesturing to the building not far down the street. “If she reaches it, there could be hundreds of deaths!”

“What? Why?” The Brutal Hero snorted. “Come on, the city’s not gonna let people drink acid water, moron. They’d just turn the taps off. Or fucking *warn* people. Not even the Hero Federation’s *that* dumb. What’s the *real* reason?” She lowered her sunglasses and narrowed her bloodshot eyes at the suddenly quiet older hero. “What’s your angle here?”

Jane blushed deeply, realizing that her lie had been uncovered. “Er... if she reaches the water supply, there’ll be a colossal cost in damages to the city’s infrastructure...”

“And your hero rating will drop.” The Brutal Hero lowered her sunglasses and glared at Jane. “Right?”

“You... Hummingbird’s a *hero*! She doesn’t care about *ratings*, you bitch!” Melanie retorted furiously, to Jane’s embarrassment.

Aware that Vega and Lightning Rod were eyeing her angrily, Jane couldn’t manage to admit the truth. “Ugh... yeah. I don’t care about my rating...” The older hero lied. “I just... wanna save civilians.” Of course, that’s what she’d *claimed* when she’d volunteered her team to take down the slime girl, hoping to possibly salvage her reputation. Jane deserved that ‘A-class’ ranking, she just knew it. If she failed today, she’d be looking at a ‘C-class’, if not lower. A lower rating meant less jobs and less money. Jane couldn’t bear to have her paycheck decrease any further.

“Bullshit.” The Brutal Hero snarled, and Jane flinched. “I remember you. You’re... ‘Hummingbird’ or some shit, right?” Jane flinched, as she realized that the tall hero knew who she was. “You were an ‘A-class’ up until a few years back, but you got demoted over that whole ‘orphanage’ debacle.”

The older hero groaned, her face reddening in shame. She’d hoped to keep that a secret from the others, especially Melanie. The young girl had been the only person in a *long* time to actually look at her with respect. Now, Melanie was looking at her in confusion. “N-no, it’s not what it sounds like, Coalsmoke...” She began, but the Brutal Hero wasn’t known for her mercy.

“Yeah, you totally got knocked out, and that villain cleaned out the whole orphanage, right?” The Brutal Hero snorted with dark amusement. “What was he called? ‘Brain-Eater’, or some shit?”

Yeah, that was it. The name had been pretty accurate, unfortunately. Those furious parents and funeral costs had cost Jane her ‘A-class’ ranking. “Look, is it *really* important that we discuss this *now*?” Jane asked, trying to change the subject. “I mean, we’ve got an active villain right over there...”

The Brutal Hero leaned out from behind the firetruck again, and then shrugged. “Nah, she seems pretty busy melting your teammate. Y’know, someone else you failed to save?”

Lightning Rod gave Jane a look of disappointment. “Jesus, I’d *heard* of that, but I didn’t know that was *you*. No fucking way I’m staying on this team after this if you’re still in charge.” Beside her, Vega seemed to be suppressing a grin of amusement. Jane could sense all the respect she’d tried to cultivate with them draining away.

But there was something worse. Beside her, Melanie stared at her, stunned. “You... you lied to me?” Melanie asked, stunned. Jane couldn’t look the girl in the eyes, ashamed of herself. The girl was young and idealistic. She didn’t understand how the world worked. That’s what Jane *liked* about her. “How could you?”

“I didn’t *lie* to you, Coalsmoke!” Jane hurriedly answered, desperately trying to keep the girl’s respect. “I just... it’s ancient history, really. No-one really cares anymore.” The older hero hesitated, and then tried her usual tactic. “You trust me, right?”

“I... I do.” Melanie replied, and the hesitation in her voice was a little alarming to Jane. “I just... I don’t know why you didn’t tell me...”

To be honest, Jane had been hoping to take advantage of Melanie’s respect and naivety. The young girl was cute, and the older hero hadn’t had a proper romantic relationship in years. She’d already spent a lot of time trying to groom the barely-legal girl into being attracted to her.

To Jane's alarm, she could see Melanie's eyes dim in disappointment. "O-okay..." Melanie looked away from her mentor, and the older hero could sense all her work grooming the young girl falling apart. Winning the young girl's love was *probably* a lost cause now.

"Oh, *enough!*" The Brutal Hero interrupted, waving her hand in irritation. "Fuck's sake, I don't fucking care about your shitty little drama. I got dragged out of my bed to help you incompetent fucks, and I wanna do that as quickly as possible, so I can go back to my bed." She jabbed a finger at Jane. "You can go and be *poor* on your own time, don't fucking waste *mine*."

Jane shivers at the fury in the Brutal Hero's tone. "O-okay..." The leader of the hero team stammered, cringing in fear. "I think we should..."

"Oh, spare me your ideas, you brainless fuck." The Brutal Hero snarled at her, and Jane wisely shut her mouth. "You've already screwed up this much, you're really dumb enough to think you should be giving out orders? If I was in charge of recruitment at the Hero Federation, I'd tell you to go back to being a stripper, with tits like those." She clicked her fingers at the others. "We're doing this in two teams. Big tits, Tall bitch and the third one, stay here. Noisy little bitch, you're with me."

Jane nodded quickly, and turned to Vega and Lighting Rod. "Just... do what she says, okay?" The two other heroes didn't need much encouragement, and Jane doubted they were willing to follow her orders anymore anyway. She turned back to Melanie. "Um... go with her, Coalsmoke. She's an 'S-class', she knows what she's doing..."

Melanie gave her mentor a look that was somewhere between disgust and pity. "I... no way, boss." The girl replied, and part of Jane died inside when she realized that her sidekick had just lost faith in her completely. "I'm not going with... Urk!" She tried to say, but the Brutal Hero grabbed the back of her neck and dragged her away.

"That wasn't a *request*, bitch." The Brutal Hero began to drag the girl away effortlessly, sipping her coffee with her other hand as Melanie feebly tried to struggle out of the hero's iron grip. "You three, don't fucking move. I'm coming back for you when I'm done with Slimer over here." She called back to Jane and the two others. With a tired groan, the Brutal Hero wished she was back in her comfy bed, snorting more drugs. "Fuck, being paid *double* wasn't fucking enough to deal with with shit..."

With a satisfied burble, the slime girl dragged Redmist's corpse out from under the car, her acidic body rippling as the melting hero was sucked up into her abdomen. Reforming her body into a vaguely human shape, the former hero took a long moment to savor the half-dozen bodies inside her, all of which were melting and becoming one with her. She was slowly getting bigger and bigger from each human she digested, and her appetite wasn't close to sated yet.

“Hana Tetsuya, right?” A gravelly voice called out to the slime girl, and she turned to look. Or rather, her body flowed in that direction. Two heroes were approaching her, a huge girl with big muscles and a small girl in a yellow leotard. Normally, the slime girl would have just attacked them on sight, but the apparent lack of fear intrigued her. At least, from the huge girl. The small one looked utterly terrified.

The Brutal Hero looked up as the slime girl drew herself up to her full liquid height, towering over both heroes at just over three meters tall. The Brutal Hero narrowed her eyes, though it was more out of pain from the fact that the sun was shining on her face now. As the slime girl sneered down at them, Melalie shuddered in terror. The Brutal Hero just took another sip of her coffee, staring disinterestedly at the slime girl’s transparent face.

“We no longer use that name.” The slime girl answered after a moment, an expression of cruel excitement on her face. “We are the Unwilling Union now.”

“You...” Melanie shuddered again. “You used to be a hero, didn’t you?”

The slime girl rolled her eyes, a movement that was a holdover from back when she’d been human a few days ago. “I was... but I evolved. And when I evolved, so did my beliefs.” She smirked, imagining with quivering joy what the small girl would taste like. “I gave in to my hunger, and became an *apex* predator. You delicious humans should kneel at my...” The slime girl smirked again. “Well, you get my meaning.”

“Yup.” The Brutal Hero swilled her coffee for a moment. “Typical villain bullshit. You get these types every now and again.” She said to Melanie. “Hero Fed probably should have just culled you when they had the chance.”

The slime girl felt another corpse inside her collapse into slime, and she shivered in delight as she absorbed the entire biomass into herself. “Yes, they should have tried to forestall my ascension. But they were foolish.” She gestured to her stomach. “Now, I have begun my great campaign to absorb this entire city.”

“Why?!” Melanie wailed, staring in horror at the dark shapes inside the slime girl. One of them had been Redmist, her former comrade. “You believed in justice once, didn’t you Hana?” The sidekick didn’t seem to notice the Brutal Hero rolling her eyes. “What would drive you to *kill* people?”

“Are you serious?” The slime girl burst out laughing. “Killing people is *incredible*. You have no idea how good it feels to melt someone, and feel them clawing at you in utter agony. It’s better than *sex or drugs*.” Honestly, to the slime girl, digesting someone was a combination of both of them.

The Brutal Hero rolled her eyes. "God, I could go for some drugs right now..." She took off her sunglasses and rubbed her bloodshot eyes, as Melanie and the slime girl stared at her in shock. "Okay, I grant you that killing people feels amazing." The Brutal Hero agreed, placing her sunglasses back on. "Hell, I do it all the time myself. It feels fucking erotic as hell..."

"Are you going somewhere with this?!" Melanie interrupted, looking horrified. "Who... what the fuck kind of hero *are* you?"

The Brutal Hero shot the girl a murderous glare, and Melanie wisely shut her mouth. "Look, my point is... would you just fuck off somewhere else?" The hero asked the slime girl, in a tired voice. "It'd be the easiest and fastest solution for me. I can't save the people you already ate, and the Fed's not gonna blame me for them anyway. So, just slither off into the sewer, call it a day, and let me go back to sleep, okay?" Ooh, the Brutal Hero could really go something *hard* after this. Something strong enough to kill her if it wasn't for...

The slime girl pretended to consider the offer for a moment. "I think... no." She sneered down at the two heroes. "The only reason I've kept you alive this long is that I was curious about why you two were *dumb* enough to approach me. And that I like playing with my food." She pointed a dripping finger at Melanie. "Hmm... I'll melt *you* first..."

Melanie paled, and looked desperately at the Brutal Hero. "You... you've got a plan, right? You came over here for a reason, you picked me because of my power, right?" Her voice began to rise in pitch as the slime girl slithered closer. "You... what are we doing?!"

"Hmm?" The Brutal Hero shook her head for a moment, taking a deep breath. "What? I was half-asleep, did you say something?"

"The plan!" Melanie shrieked in terror, gesturing wildly at the murderous villain splashing toward them at a luxurious pace. Even if they turned to run now, the slime girl could easily just fire a wad of slime at them, and then *drink* them afterward. Even still, the sidekick began to take a step backward.

The Brutal Hero reached out and grabbed Melanie's arm. "Stand *still*, you little fuck!" She snarled, and then turned to the slime girl. "Okay, you big jellyfish. Come and melt us if you like."

As Melanie flinched in terror, the slime girl's eyes widened in amusement. "Mmm, really?" She giggled, a sound like a stream of water cascading over smooth rocks. "I'll make sure it *hurts*."

"Do your *best*." The Brutal Hero sneered, tossing away her empty coffee cup. "I could use some oblivion right about now." Ugh, anything to cure this fucking hangover...

"Your power will save us, right?" Melanie begged her, as the hero held her arm in an iron vice. "You've got, like, a shield power or..." The slime girl towered over them.

Then, like a wave breaking over the shore, the slime girl turned herself into a wall of blue liquid, crashing down on the two heroes in a burning wave. The acid completely engulfed them, and the slime girl tasted their supple flesh. "Hah... yes..." She moaned, her whole body no longer even resembling human form. The slime girl had willingly abandoned her humanity, in exchange for the power to do *this*. With a chemical fire, she unleashed the acid into the two heroes. "Die slowly, heroes!" The slime girl screamed in triumph.

Melanie... suffered. That was the best way to describe the next, and final, ten seconds of the beginner hero's life. Boiling acid was pressed against every possible surface of her body, and the girl tried to scream as absolute agony ripped through her nervous system. In a matter of seconds, her face was gone, reduced to a blood haze. The slime girl tore through the girl's leotard, hungrily digesting her vulnerable vagina and reproductive organs. They were her favorite parts of her meals, after all. Once she'd digested all of the still-living sidekick's skin, the slime girl raked acid across the girl's exposed nervous system, quite literally the most painful thing a human being was capable of feeling. She then digested her eyeballs and then forced her way into Melanie's skull, eagerly tasting the girl's brain. Melanie Brown had the rare experience of actually feeling her own brain melt in a nightmarish haze of pain, before she finally gave one great final shudder and died horribly inside the slime girl's embrace.

"Yes..." The slime girl moaned, savoring the taste of the young girl. Her brain had been rather lacking, but her womb and ovaries had been absolutely delectable. And her face had been rather tasty as well. As the sidekick was slurped into her abdomen alongside Redmist's rapidly dissolving corpse, the slime girl turned her attention to the Brutal Hero. "Now your turn, fool... wait, what?!"

Somehow, despite having acid poured all over her, the Brutal Hero didn't seem to be struggling at all. She didn't even seem to be in pain. "Have you started yet?" The slime girl felt, rather than heard, the hero ask in a bored tone. "Come on, I've had whiskeys that burned more than that!"

"You!" For the first time in her rampage, the slime girl felt a twinge of fear. "You... just die, you fucking *whore!*" Redoubling her efforts, the slime girl turned up the power of her acid, enough to render even metal into molten liquid.

Even still, the Brutal Hero didn't seem bothered. "Ahh... that's a shame." The hero sounded genuinely disappointed. "You talked so big, I thought you might finally be able to make me feel *something* good. But you're just a small fry after all."

There's a strange feeling coming from the Brutal Hero. The slime girl had never felt such a thing before. It felt like... she was being eaten? No, that couldn't be right. She was the Unwilling Union! She was literally *made* of acid! "You... what are you doing?!" In terror, the slime girl pulled away from the Brutal Hero, releasing her from the burning embrace.

The Brutal Hero was completely naked, her clothes having not been able to withstand the acid. However, the hero herself seemed completely unharmed, aside from a slight redness on her

arms and legs. All the slime had been pulled away, apart from a long, viscous trail leading up to her mouth. The slime girl stared in horror, as she realized that the Brutal Hero was drinking *her*. “W-wait, stop!” She cried out, unable to pull away from the hero’s powerful mouth. “Please, I surrender!”

“Nuh-uh.” The Brutal Hero shook her head, wincing as the sunlight flashed into her now exposed bloodshot eyes. “I gave you the easy way out, bitch. But you made me do *this...*” She gestured to the trail of slime being slurped into her mouth. “Oh God, this is gonna fuck me up real bad if I get a chemical reaction with that coke I sniffed when I woke up...”

“H-how?!” The slime girl felt more and more of her body being slurped up, as if the Brutal Hero was finishing off a mostly-gone milkshake. “I’m the Unwilling Union! I’m *acid*! How could you *possibly...*”

“Because I’m the *Brutal Hero*.” The hero answered. “Ever heard of me?”

If the slime girl could pale, she would have. “N-no, you can’t be...” Everyone, hero or villain, had heard of the woman who was invincible to harm. “I thought you retired! Or died, or something!”

“I *wish*.” The Brutal Hero rolled her eyes. Even through a mouthful of slime, she had no trouble speaking. “What, you didn’t recognise me?”

The slime girl tried to think. She’d *seen* the Brutal Hero before, in pictures. The woman had been a paragon of strength, the one who’d killed the entire Heathglow crime family in one night. This dishellevelled shell couldn’t *possibly* be that legendary woman.

“Ugh... you really didn’t recognise me?” The Brutal Hero groaned, and then swallowed another thick glob of slime. “Guess spending the last half-decade trying to fuck myself up has changed my look a little bit...” She sighs. “Whatever. Time to die, bitch.”

“N-no! Please, have mercy!” The slime girl saw the Brutal Hero’s mouth open wide. “Nooo!”

The next few minutes were filled with the sound of sizzling acid and wet slurping, as the slime girl was ruthlessly drunk down by the Brutal Hero. Not a single droplet of slime was spared, as the Brutal Hero’s muscled belly began to expand, swelling to an alarming size as it was filled with acidic slime.

In a last ditch effort to escape, the slime girl tried to attack the inside of the Brutal Hero’s body, hoping that she’d find something less tough to melt. But her hopes were in vain. As she was drained into the hero’s stomach, the slime girl could feel even more powerful acid melting *her*.

Even the dissolving bodies inside the slime girl didn’t slow down the Brutal Hero, as she swallowed them down without difficulty. Redmist and Melanie’s corpses were deposited inside

the Brutal Hero's stomach, and the pressure inside the hero's guts made them fall apart almost instantly.

Finally, all that was left was the slime girl's humanoid head, sticking out of the Brutal Hero's merciless lips. "No, not like this! I'm the Unwilling Union! I'm a *god*!" Then, the Brutal Hero unceremoniously gulped her down.

Normally, a hero might make some clever quip right about now, but the Brutal Hero's head was still pounding from the whiskey she'd drunk last night. Somehow, she seriously doubted that the slime girl she just drank was going to help matters. "Fuck..." The hero groaned as she felt her stomach rumble ominously. "This bitch is gonna sting on the way out..."

Pulling her phone out from between her breasts, the Brutal Hero effortlessly hefted her bloated gut, which was still squirming as the slime girl inside feebly tried to escape. Luckily, the criminally expensive device was safe inside her cleavage while the rest of her clothes were being melted away. Calling the Hero Federation, the Brutal Hero burped loudly into the microphone. "Urrp! Ugh... This is 'Brutal'. The situation's fucked, but I got her. Villain's neutralized."

"Thank *god*..." The operator sighed in relief, and there was the sound of cheering in the background. "What's the status of the other heroes, Brutal?"

The Brutal Hero barely suppressed another burp. "All deceased." She lied, wondering where the closest drug dealer was to her.

"R-really?" The operator stammered in surprise. "Because we still have life signs for three of them..."

"*All. Deceased.*" The Brutal Hero snarled. "You got that?"

"U-understood, Brutal!" The operator caught her meaning. "We'll... we'll turn off the recording equipment for the next few minutes..."

Smart girl. The Brutal Hero didn't bother thanking her. She was *owed* this, after all. Disconnecting the call, the hero stuffed her phone back between her breasts, and turned back to claim her prize.

As the Brutal Hero awkwardly made her way back to the overturned fire truck, Jane and the other two heroes stepped out to meet her. "You... you *drank* her!" Jane half-yelled, stunned. She gawked at the Brutal Hero's hideously full gut, which was now churning loudly as the slime girl was turned into soup. The victorious hero didn't seem to care that she was now stark-naked, her heavy breasts completely exposed.

"That was *rad*!" Vega yelled out excitedly. "You totally tricked her stupid blue ass!"

“Not so loud...” The Brutal Hero winced, and Jane shut her mouth quickly. “Your dumbass sidekick didn’t make it, by the way.”

“Yeah, we fucking *saw*, you bastard!” Lightning Rod snapped at her. “You held her in place! You *deliberately* got Coalsmoke killed!”

“Yeah, so?” The Brutal Hero growled at the tall woman, cracking her knuckles. “You got something to complain about?”

The tall hero glanced at the hero’s fists and paled. “N-no, just... just saying...”

“Now, now...” Jane moved between the two heroes. “Look, all’s well that ends well, right?” She folded her arms, a nervous expression on her face. “Melanie... I mean, Coalsmoke, heroically sacrificed herself to save us, okay? Everyone’s happy with that, right?” She glanced at the Brutal hero nervously. “You can... keep quiet, Coalsmoke can get a medal of honor, and I can get a new sidekick. One that doesn’t...” She licked her lips, and the Brutal Hero saw a flash of humiliation in her eyes. “...know I’m a failure.”

Yes, Jane could live with that. She’d hoped to trick Melanie into having sex with her, but the odds of that had gone down the toilet when this cunt of an ‘S-class’ decided to show up and ruin everything. Whatever. Jane would be submissive now and quietly blame the Brutal Hero for as much as she could later. She could hopefully pick up a new sidekick, too. She’d spent way too much time trying to coerce Melanie into saying ‘yes’. This time, Jane would simply make sure that the next young girl couldn’t say ‘no’.

“I guess that *could* satisfy everyone...” The Brutal Hero was a little torn. Part of her wanted to drag her guts back to her bed and digest the villain inside her. But she had the perfect chance to engage in her favorite pastime, *and* blow off some much needed steam. “But I have a craving...”

“Craving?” Jane repeated, looking confused. “What kind of cra-” Suddenly, she felt a flash of alarm, her power warning her that she was in danger-

The Brutal Hero reached out with both hands and grabbed both sides of Jane’s head. Then, with a brutal and sudden twist, she snapped the lead hero’s neck.

Jane barely had a second to register what happened, before her nerveless body crumpled to the ground. Her power had warned her, but it had been meaningless without the ability to actually get away. Her eyes rolled up into her head as the world faded away. She was dead before she hit the asphalt. Jane Hemingway died without even registering that she had been killed.

Both Vega and Lightning Rod watched in shock as their leader’s corpse sprawled on the ground, her body still twitching violently. It had happened so fast, the two literally did not have

time to process what had happened before their leader was dead. When they finally did, both heroes flinched backward in horror. “Oh, *fuck!*” Vega screamed, staring at Jane’s corpse in disbelief.

“Ooh...!” The Brutal Hero moaned out loud, her blood pulsing in the *best* way. Only murder could turn her on this much now. It was the *only* true pleasure she could feel anymore. Drugs, sex, whatever it was paled in comparison to the feeling of killing another human being with her bare hands. It made her feel so alive, every other moment felt like living death. “Fuck, that was good...” Finally, her day was getting better.

“S-shit!” Lightning Rod’s stoic face broke into an expression of sheer panic. “Stay back! Don’t...!”

Beside her, Vega had a sharper instinct. Holding up her hands, the hero summoned her power. A shimmering wall of lights exploded in front of her, glittering like a constellation of stars. “R-run!” She called out to Lightning Rod, as the Brutal Hero groaned in agony as her already ailing retinas were seared by blinding light.

Vega turned to flee, but she was far too slow. Blinded or not, the Brutal Hero wasn’t going to be escaped so easily. Lashing out with her foot, the hero kicked Vega’s right leg and heard a satisfying crunch of bone. The ‘C-class’ hero shrieked in agony, crumpling to the ground.

Lightning Rod had shielded her eyes, having predicted her comrade’s lightshow. Recovering quickly, she looked around for an escape. But the Brutal Hero was already recovering herself, and the dark-skinned hero knew she only had one chance of escape. “Die and get raped in Hell, you scum!” Conjuring a lightning bolt, the hero fired it at her enemy.

There was a colossal *bang* as the air was fried by the electricity. The Brutal Hero’s hand shot out, catching the bolt in one hand. With a powerful grip, she crushed the electricity in her fist, dissipating it easily. “Ow, my fucking *ears...*” She complained, and then punched Lightning Rod in the gut.

The tall woman felt all the air driven out of her lungs, and she collapsed to the ground. Gasping for air, she looked up in horror as the Brutal Hero stood over her. “P-please, don’t kill me!” She begged, pointing at the groaning Vega nearby. “K-kill her! She’s a much bigger bitch than me!”

The Brutal Hero ignored her. “Oh fuck, I gotta shit...” She groaned, rubbing her bloated gut. Already, it was starting to shrink, as the slime girl was reduced to nutrients inside her. “Jesus, *already?* Fine...” Staring down at the dark-skinned hero, the Brutal Hero sighed and then crouched down.

A moment later, Lightning Rod was staring deep into the hero’s naked asshole. As the Brutal Hero let out a fart, the dark-skinned hero felt horrific heat billow onto her face. “Oh God... God in heaven...” She seemed to realize her fate, as the Brutal Hero’s anus began to open up.

“Ahh...” The Brutal Hero moaned, as she began to shit out the remains of the slime girl. Her meals had never taken particularly long to travel through her guts, but the slime girl had set an olympic pace through her digestive system. Not all of the villain was ready to come out, but there were quite a lot of remains to expel.

“Arrrgh!” Lightning Rod screamed in agony, as a torrent of boiling, acidic shit splattered all over her face. Opening her mouth turned out to be a *truly* bad idea, as the inside of her mouth and throat soon found out. She reached up, clawing madly at her face in a desperate attempt to get the fatal liquid off her face, but only succeeded in melting her hands.

The Brutal Hero continued to shit for about a full minute. After a little while, she awkwardly shuffled forward, making sure to coat Lightning Rod’s entire body. The hero was spasming wildly underneath her, steam rising from her skin as she sizzled.

Finally, the torrent began to end, and the Brutal Hero stood up with a groan, rubbing the bridge of her nose. Her headache was still there, but at least she didn’t need to shit anymore. Ugh, she wanted to go home and sleep so badly...

Wandering over the overturned fire truck, the Brutal Hero picked up a fallen firehose. She glanced down at the groaning Vega, who was still clutching her broken leg.

The hero stared up at her, the girl’s eyes full of pain and hatred. “You *monster*... why?! You’re a hero!”

The Brutal Hero groaned. “You ever tried being invulnerable? It’s awesome. No-one can hurt you, no-one can beat you...” With a wince, she inserted the entire fire hose up her anus, pushing it in so that it was stuck deep inside her colon. “Sounds good, right? Now try living like that for over two decades...” She sighed, looking down at her hands. “At a certain point, you start to miss pain, y’know?”

Vega didn’t look like she was missing pain, judging by the paleness of her face. “The Hero Federation...” She muttered, fighting hard to speak through the pain. “The Hero Federation won’t let you get away with this... They’ll label *you* as a villain...”

The Brutal Hero snorted. “Yeah, I doubt it. What, you think you lot are the *first* group of heroes I’ve massacred? They cover it up for me!” With a roll of her eyes, she reached out and twisted the handle of the hose. Amazingly, it still worked. The Brutal Hero shuddered in pleasure as what felt like a fist of water punched her right in the colon, cleaning out her asshole in an instant. Still didn’t hurt as much as she’d hoped, though. Smirking at Vega, the hero turned off the handle and pulled the hose out her ass, a torrent of water pouring onto the ground from her gaping asshole.

“W-why?!” Vega demanded, wincing as her leg spasmed. “Why would they do that?!” Nearby, Lightning Rod was still shuddering as her body sizzled loudly, struggling in vain against her imminent death.

The Brutal Hero gestured to the carnage all around them. “Who else are they gonna call for stuff like this? Your team’s sorry asses? No, they *need* me.” She walked toward Vega, glaring down at her menacingly. “Because of me, only a handful of third-rate heroes died, not *thousands* of civilians. So, they pay me a king’s ransom and look the other way when I have my pleasure. I need it.” She groaned again, rubbing her forehead. “It’s the only thing that can make me feel good anymore...”

“I’m... I’m going to hunt you down...” Vega snarled, glaring defiantly up at the Brutal Hero. “I’ll... find out how to kill you, and I will...”

“God, I *wish*...” The Brutal Hero sighed wistfully. “Do you know how *good* it would feel to finally *die*? To actually get hurt and die, like you’re about to? God, it’s the only thing I masturbate to anymore. Y’know, apart from murdering people.” The slime girl had been right, this *was* better than drugs.

Nearby, Lightning Rod reached the inevitable climax of her struggles. With one final muffled cry, the hero let out one last shiver and then went limp. Her body continued to sizzle, the slime girl’s gooey remains still just as acidic as she had been alive.

The Brutal Hero turned back to Vega. “Whatever. Time to die.” She hesitated for a moment though. “Try not to choke on your revenge, bitch.” She quipped, like the hero she was. Then, as Vega opened her mouth to respond, she roughly shoved the hose into the young hero’s mouth, much deeper than anything should usually go.

Standing up, the Brutal Hero watched Vega try in vain to pull the hose out of her throat, a muffled choking sound coming from the girl’s throat. She watched in horror, as the Brutal Hero reached for the handle... and then turned it on.

The Brutal Hero watched for a few moments, as Vega flailed about, her lungs filling with high-pressure water. It was rare to watch someone drown internally, but it wasn’t as interesting as she’d hoped. Perhaps she should have just snapped Vega’s neck. There was something just so erotically visceral about doing that. Losing interest, the Brutal Hero didn’t bother to stick around to watch Vega’s watery demise.

Behind her, she left a job well done, in her opinion. The Hero Federation didn’t have anything to complain about. A villain was dead, and a group of shit-tier heroes had been cleaned off the roster. The city was a little safer because of the Brutal Hero’s actions. She’d earned a good rest, twenty-four hours at least.

Tomorrow, she'd spend the money she'd earned today. A brick of white powder, to start. And a few more bottles of that *awful* Fireball Whiskey. And she'd call over those big-dick prostitutes again to rape her. No, she'd make them bring over some baseball bats and *really* try to fuck her up. The hero shivered in excitement.

Yeah, the Brutal Hero thought to herself. The city was lucky to have a protector like her.