A Gift and a Test Part 5: Powers

*[AUTHOR’S NOTE: This part of the story has more of the following than any previous section has before: ACTION! ADVENTURE! SUSPENSE! INTRIGUE! PLOT! LIGHT VENTURES INTO OTHER FETISHES! UNUSUAL SUBSTANCES COMING OUT OF JACK’S PENIS!*

*This part of the story has* less *of the following than the others: Breast expansion, sexy times. They’re still there, but in this part they take a slight backseat to all those other, CAPITAL LETTERS things. Especially in the first 7 pages, which you can skip if you’re a philistine who’s just here for titillation and not my third-rate sci-fi.*

*Just letting you know what to expect, and promising that Part 6 will deliver on the breast expansion and sexy times beyond\* your wildest dreams! Plus, there’s always the first four parts to go back to. (If you’ve forgotten the plot, it might be good to go back to them. They’re in the folder you downloaded!) Now on with the show:]*

*\*aforementioned aspects of part 6 may or may not be beyond your wildest dreams, depending on how wild your dreams can get*

XXXV.

“So you want me to join the Avengers Initiative, huh? Where’s your eye patch, Nick Fury?” I said, still not quite processing what Andy had told me.

“This is no time to reference old movies! This is serious, man! Are you in, or do I have to slap you around a little first?”

“Okay, I’m in, I’m in! Jesus, I don’t want to know what a slap from you would feel like,” I said.

“Probably about the same as a shag from you,” he said, glancing with equal parts disdain and begrudging respect at the outline of my flaccid, forearm-sized member, easily visible even through the loose fabric of my sweatpants.

“I’ve got… secondary powers, man…” I said.

“I know all about that. You wouldn’t believe the checklist they had me go through before I could fly for the first time. I had to high-five about a hundred different batteries. Reinforced bones for landing. Impervious skin for high-speed collisions. High-yield lungs for altitude sickness. There were about five different powers I had to take on for my eyes alone.”

“Wait, did you say that you and Metaman pick up your powers by high-fiving empowered people?”

“Yeah! Is that not common knowledge?”

“NO! That is so cool!” I said.

“I know, right? It’s about the only thing the pencilnecks at the PMB get right.”

“You know, last time I saw you, I would have given you shit for calling anyone a pencilneck, but you’ve really filled out. You look good, man.” I meant it. Andy was still a few inches shorter than me, but I could tell (even through the black body armor that was PMB superhero standard) that he had packed on a ton of lean muscle, and his red hair was cropped into a military cut. It made him look about ten years older.

“Thanks. Being able to change your entire metabolism in six hour bursts does wonders. You don’t look bad yourself, Jack.”

“Thanks. Having an AI as your personal trainer does wonders, too. Even if it’s not always fun,” I said, glaring at the Dannydrone.

“I merely look out for your best interests, Jack,” Danny said. “And with that in mind, Mr. O’Brien, I cannot allow you to take Jack away from this factory. He has been on a very strict routine for nearly fourteen months now, and there is an entire corporate infrastructure relying on him. Removing him would…”

“PMB AI Override Alpha January One One Seven,” Andy said, suddenly dead serious once again.

Danny gave him a look. “Very well. I recognize your authority on this matter.”

“You’d better. You’d be doubly in hot water if you didn’t. Come on, Jack, the summit starts soon. Do you want to stop by your apartment and pick up some better clothes?” As he spoke, the debris that had fallen when he flew through the roof began to rise up into the air, flowing into its original shape and position as though time was running in reverse.

“How are you…,” I began.

“*Every* power,” Andy said, as if that settled it. With a distant rumble, the ceiling went back together so perfectly it looked as if it had never been punctured. “Focus. Clothes. Yes? Where do you live?”

“I’ll take my jetpack, it’ll be…”

“I’ll be faster. What’s your address?”

“He lives in the penthouse of this building,” Danny said, flashing an image of my hi-rise on its screen.

“Thank you,” Andy said, and before I could process what was happening, he had grabbed my upper arm and yanked me through the factory at lightning speeds, exiting through the bay doors where the trucks were still loading up boxes of bottles. In half a second, we were in the sky, bugs and bits of vapor smacking into a hemispherical telekinetic shield in front of my face – a courteous product of Andy’s vast array of powers. Ten seconds later, we were directly above my apartment building. Andy gave it an intense look – X-ray vision? – and then zoomed down and landed next to the pool, the area of the balcony that just so happened to be closest to my bedroom.

“Go pack a change of clothes,” he said.

“Thanks for not crashing through my roof,” I replied, walking through the sliding glass door.

A couple minutes later, I had taken a quick sonic shower, changed into a fairly nice suit, and packed an overnight bag with everything I might need. I was getting ready to leave when I heard movement from the bedroom.

“Hey, hot stuff. You’re back early from PT. What’s going on?” Giselle asked, walking into the clothes room. She wasn’t wearing any clothes. Her chosen breast size had fluctuated over the last year, and she was currently at a fairly modest size – each breast was only marginally larger than her head.

“Giselle! There’s… I’ll explain on the way. I want you to come with me. Put some clothes on quick,” I said, opening one of her closets for her.

She leapt forward and pulled on some tight jeans and a top that was as modest as possible when your chest is nearly a foot and a half across. “My friend Andy – the one who works with Metaman – showed up at the factory today and said they’re having a summit. He’s taking me there because I have unique powers, I guess. The Perseids are on the move, apparently, and we have to do something about it.”

“I don’t see what use I’ll be, but if you want me to come, I’ll come,” Giselle said, stepping into some heels that forced her already insane proportions into all the right angles, “even if it’s just so that you can have some arm candy.”

“Nah, you’re smarter than me. If one of us has to figure out how to past the Test, it’ll be you,” I said.

“You two ready?” Andy asked. I hadn’t heard him come in. Neither had Giselle – she jumped in surprise.

“Yeah. It’s okay if Giselle comes?” I asked Andy, trying to be nonchalant about his new powers.

“It’s cool. Nice to meet you,” he said, offering his hand to Giselle to shake. When she did, he didn’t let go, and instead offered his other hand to me. “Get ready. Teleportation is kind of weird.”

“Teleportation? Why’d you fly earlier, then?”

“I didn’t want to end up halfway through a wall. I didn’t know the interior layout. But I know exactly where we’re going now. Brace yourselves.”

And with a sudden lurching feeling, and the skid of shedding angular momentum as Andy dug his heels in on a new floor, we were somewhere else.

“Welcome to the new PMB headquarters,” he said as he let go of our hands.

A vaulted ceiling stretched high above us, illuminated by… something. There were no visible light fixtures in the massive room. And it was massive – about the size of a football field, just to eyeball it. The floor was actually a giant screen, marked with thirty-yard-long lanes that rotated slowly as they radiated out from circular zones labelled with different names and operative numbers. We were at the end of one of the longest; its circle read “Andrew O’Brien – PMB A-002”. Occasionally, a figure or group of figures would pop into existence in one of the other circles, careening at speed down their attendant lane until they could be slowed, either by magnets, crash netting that popped out of the floor, or, as the long skid of burnt rubber on the floor in front of us showed to be Andy’s method of choice, simply by using the teleporter’s feet.

“So you can teleport, but you can’t change your relative velocity when you change… what, latitude?” Giselle asked, as she took her time freeing herself from Andy’s preternaturally strong grip.

“Correct. Secondary powers, as always. We’re closer to the equator now than we were in Vegas – not much closer, but enough that we had to gain a little speed to keep up with the Earth’s rotation here,” Andy said, as he began to lead us towards a distant wall with a door in it, carefully avoiding the lazily-spinning lanes on the floor.

“Damn. So much to keep track of.”

“A gift *and* a test, Jack. At least part of the test is figuring out how to even use these powers practically. They didn’t want to let anything come too easy. Think about how many secondary powers you had to gather before you could achieve what you’ve achieved. I’m sure you screwed up a time or two, just like the first couple times I teleported and ended up ramming into a wall at a hundred miles an hour.”

“Yeah, I did screw up a little,” I admitted. “Remember Ms. Young?”

“Hey, if I can interrupt a little, where exactly is ‘here’? Further south than Vegas, but where?” Giselle asked, struggling to keep up with my long legs and Andy’s superpowered gait – his feet didn’t even really touch the ground.

“Oh, right, I forgot the PMB main base of operations isn’t public knowledge. We’re at the former Kennedy Space Center!” Andy said as we finally reached the doors. He opened it for us and let us pass through. What had been lunchtime in Vegas was late afternoon on the East Coast, and the sun was beginning to get low in the sky. A massive structure towered above us – we had been on the bottom floor of the former Vehicle Assembly Building. “After the Perseids visited, we sort of shut down the space program – after all, if we passed the test, they’d give us information so far beyond what we could imagine that our efforts in the mean time would have been irrelevant. When the PMB was established a couple years later, it moved into the vacated facilities and overhauled them to make them suitable for our purposes,” Andy exposited, reaching out to grab my and Giselle’s arms again. “Now that we’re at the right latitude I can take us to the actual conference room right away. Ready?” he asked. I had barely nodded before we were suddenly inside another large, white room.

There were maybe two dozen big round tables with chairs, each able to sit perhaps twenty. They were half-full, with more people walking in all the time. It was clearly a pan-national effort, as people of every color and mode of dress were present.

One table was slightly larger and taller than the others, its chairs appearing more comfortable; Andy walked forward and confidently sat down in one. I followed suit, taking the seat next to him, and Giselle sat next to me.

“Recognize anyone?” he asked me. I looked around the table and did indeed see a few familiar faces – Helena, the battery. Alana, the psychic. And a pair of middle-aged people who… holy shit.

“Mom and dad?” I mouthed. Apparently Andy’s super-hearing picked it up, since he smirked at me.

“They were scientists who had to move away for business, made a ton of money, and never told you what they did – of *course* they were working for the PMB,” he grinned.

“Shit, you know, all this time, I never even thought what they would think of my… uh… career path,” I said, watching as my parents conversed with a young Indian woman holding a tablet.

“Oh, they know all about you. They’re very proud that you took after them in the power department. After all, as I found out upon joining up – most class Null cards are issued to people with Class X powers. Just as I had long suspected,” he grinned. I felt myself turning red in embarrassment for the first time in years, in spite of myself, and tried to focus on something else.

There was an empty chair almost directly across from me that seemed subtly different from the others – taller, darker, more absolute. Next to that empty chair sat a face I knew all too well: Metaman. John Siegel. His face was more lined, his temples grayer, but he was still unmistakable. But if he didn’t get the different chair, then who did?

My question was soon answered. A seamless door opened up in the wall behind the chair, and in strode the angular figure of Diane Westwick.

XXXVI.

“What the fuck?” Giselle and I whispered in unison. I looked around the table to see reactions about evenly split three ways – some people didn’t seem to recognize or notice Westwick’s entrance. Some were just as shocked as I was. And the remainder (a group that included my parents) were looking at her with quiet respect and anticipation, clearly clued into the fact that Westwick had secretly been running the PMB this whole time.

The chatter quickly died down as Westwick began to speak.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, I would like to thank you all for coming to this, the most important summit in the history of humankind,” she began. The woman doesn’t mince words. “You have been invited because, together, you represent the full range of powers as yet discovered that have been bestowed upon us by the Gift, as well as the fullest range of knowledge about those powers. I have groomed many of you for this purpose for some time now. Various institutions that you know as separate are in fact simply arms of the PMB, run by myself and my subordinates under the auspices of the US Government and the UN Gift/Test Coalition as a way of locating and nurturing talent. The Gift League Sports Association. The National Neuropath Conference. Even my most public project, the X Hotel and Casino.” She eyed me and Giselle on that last one.

“Twenty years ago, when I started creating these institutions, I was preparing the broadest possible toolset to deal with the test, in whatever form it took. For years, we were unsure what that form would be. Many assumed that the Test was simply to not destroy ourselves with the fabulous powers they gave us, that the Gift and Test were in fact the exact same thing. But in recent years, it has become more and more clear that they are, in fact, separate. The Gift is how we are meant to deal with The Test.”

“Pardon me, ma’am, but if that’s the case, then what’s the Test? What else did the Perseids leave for us?” asked a man with a Southern accent who was sitting at the part of the table that seemed to roughly correspond to physical powers.

My mind was already reeling at what Westwick was saying, and I arrived at the answer just a moment before she spoke it. Before I move on, I want you to go back to the very first chapter of this story, from way back in Part 1 when I was still in high school, and read it again. See if you can figure it out. I’ll wait.

\*dum te dum\*

Think you’ve got it?

Look, honestly I just want you to appreciate how much planning I put into this thing.

Okay, on with the show.

“As a goodwill gesture, they cured Malaria,” Westwick replied, echoing my own thoughts. “And in so doing, they removed a major source of population limitation on the African and Asian continents. They left us with a population bomb, and it has been exploding over the past few years. All the various crises that you see around you – the protests, the coups, the civil wars, the riots – they can all be traced back to one thing: a lack of food. The human race is starving. There are nine billion people on this planet, and nearly four billion of them are undernourished. The Test, as my scholars and I see it, is using our powers to feed those four billion.

“It has become clear that the time to act is now. We have detected signals coming from the Perseids’ corner of the sky that mirror the ones we later distinguished from the years before their arrival. They will be here soon. So I have put all of my plans into overdrive, and called all of you here to ensure that the PMB scientists tasked with passing the Test will be able to acquire all the data they need, instantly, to test whatever strategies they might come up with. We have constructed sufficient lodgings to keep you here quite comfortably for an indefinite period of time. I hope you can all understand the gravity of this situation, and agree to help me in any way possible. Thank you for your cooperation. If you have any questions, a PMB representative seated at your table will now take them.” Westwick sat back down, and the room erupted into conversation.

“I will serve as your representative. Do you have any questions?” Westwick asked of us.

“Yeah, I have one. Why do we have to solve it using the powers? Aren’t there non-gift-based strategies we could use to solve world hunger?” Giselle inquired.

“Ah, a clever one. We considered that option, and dismissed it. Our scholars believe that using the Gift is a critical part of the Test. The powers that the Perseids gave us are proxies for the fantastic technology they will have to offer – in fact, we believe that they are in fact direct, if diluted, copies of their technology, operating at a sub-microscopic, sub-genetic level that we can’t yet analyze. They give us vast reserves of energy and matter manipulation that we wouldn’t otherwise be able to achieve. Using the powers responsibly and intelligently is meant to demonstrate that we are capable of using the full versions of their technology the same way. Simply using the Gift for pleasure while solving hunger using the same methods we’ve always had available to us would indicate a frivolous attitude towards their technology, as well as a dullness of mind about its use, neither of which would reflect well on us when the time comes to evaluate our performance on the test,” Westwick said smoothly, as if it was a prepared statement. Giselle nodded, seemingly satisfied.

My mind was still spinning. Had it only been a half hour ago that Andy crashed through the ceiling of the factory? Still, I recognized one thing: the Test was finally getting addressed. We, as a species, had identified it and were working to pass it, just like I’d dreamed since I was little. And I was a part of it, even if it wasn’t anywhere near the sort of part I had envisioned in elementary school. I couldn’t wait to get started on the experiments the scientists would be performing.

There were a few more questions, and then the meeting was adjourned. We were all instructed to go to the accommodations, which turned out to be a couple hotel-sized buildings filled with luxe suites. I recognized some pieces of furniture that were the same as the standard room setup at the X, including the smart bed that was at the center of the room. Westwick was consistent about her contractors, I guess. Our room was on the very highest floor, with a nice view of the Atlantic.

All in all, it was a step down from my penthouse, but then again what wouldn’t be? By any normal standards, the room was fantastic. I was reminded of the cruise stateroom from… god, two years ago already. Time flies when you’re, well, constantly in an orgasmic coma. Which I guess is a subset of ‘having fun’.

Giselle was just getting settled onto the bed when there was a knock at our door. “I’ll get it,” I sighed, reluctantly zipping my pants back up as I went to check the hall.

“I’m not interrupting anything, am I?” Andy asked when I opened the door.

“Nothing that had started yet,” I replied, gesturing for him to come in. Giselle waved at him from her sitting position on the bed, and straightened her shirt.

“Okay, sorry. I just wanted to stop by and ask if you wanted me to take you back to Vegas,” Andy said, sauntering into the room. He took a seat when I did, except he wasn’t sitting in a chair – just midair.

Giselle stared at him. “Back… to Vegas?” she repeated.

“Why would we want that?” I asked. “We’re here to help the scientists, right? With the Test! That’s what we just talked about in the room!”

Andy looked sheepish. “Yeah, that’s what Westwick told everyone. It’s what I had to tell you as a PMB employee. But now I’m off the clock, so I’m telling you this as a friend – they aren’t going to use you.”

“What? Why?”

“You’ve already played your part! You paid for all of this with that magic cock of yours!” he said, gesturing around at the hotel facilities in general. “Westwick invited you as a nicety and nothing more. She always considered the X, and later PowerGro, nothing more than a moneymaking scheme. Class X powers were there to finance research into other powers that would actually be useful in saving the world.”

“Powers like yours, huh?” I said dejectedly as the truth of Andy’s words hit me. All the forgotten hopes and lofty ambitions that had been built up throughout the morning and afternoon evaporated like so much fog in the harsh light of dawn. “I guess I’m not cut out for being a superhero after all. You know, after all this time, I still had hope.”

“Sorry to break it to you like this, but I thought it would be best to pull the band-aid off quick. I know how much you wanted to be the next Metaman – how much it was your dream to swoop in and save the day. And if I could make it so you were the one who was saving the world instead of me, I would do it in a heartbeat. But we’ve got to play the cards we’re dealt. So I’m telling you now – play yours in Vegas. Go home, have fun, and enjoy the utopia later on. You’ve earned it.” Andy said, putting his hand on my shoulder.

“Ain’t that a kick in the nuts,” I said, shrugging off Andy’s gesture. He looked at me conflictedly.

Giselle stood up from the bed and walked over to my chair, leaning over so that her boobs caressed the back of my neck. And the sides of my neck. “We don’t have to leave right away, hon. Why don’t you enjoy it here a little first? Go meet some other superheroes? I know you’ve always wanted to talk with Metaman. Everybody’s here. Then we can talk about going back to Vegas, okay?” she said consolingly, and it made me feel better than Andy’s speeches had. Not great, but not quite as sulky. I brightened a little, feeling a bit self-indulgent for going into such a funk.

“Yeah, that sounds good,” I said, standing up. Andy followed suit.

“John ought to be in lobby of the accommodations area. He still likes interacting with the public after all these years. I don’t know how he does it,” he told me as he opened the door to the hallway with his mind. “He’s a real nice guy. Hope you get to talk to him.”

“I’ll see you later, dear,” I said to Giselle, ignoring Andy as I exited the suite.

Almost instantly, I ran into another Gift-user standing in the hallway. “Hey, Alana! How are things?” I asked of the psychic brunette. She nodded at me silently with the demeanor of someone having a conversation via mindphone, though I assumed that in her case even the subdermal hardware was unnecessary. I moved on to the elevator.

When I got to the lobby, it was packed with people milling around, meeting and greeting before filtering out to their rooms. As hard as I looked, I couldn’t catch sight of Metaman. I was about to call it quits after my third pass around the lobby, when I felt someone tap me on the shoulder.

I turned around to see who it was, and saw a hand connected to an arm about fifty feet long and no wider than a sharpie, stretched like a suspended tape measure across the lobby. At the other end of it was a short, perky brunette giving me a flirtatious look. She was standing with a group of four or five female friends, all giggling. It was a varied group in height and appearance, but all of them looked model-lovely (even if a few were unconventional models), and none of them looked much older than me.

I was confused for a moment, then quickly recognized them – this was LA’s Angels, an all-woman superhero group who had been patrolling the streets of Los Angeles under PMB auspices. The elastic woman who had tapped me on the shoulder and was now beckoning me over with her slowly-retracting arm was their leader, real name Autumn something. She went by the alias ‘Elastigirl’, and yes, that is obviously ripping off *The Incredibles*. Disney tried to sue her. So far as I know it’s still in court.

Well, it couldn’t hurt to find out what she wanted. I wended my way through the crowd, following her retracting arm until I ended up standing right in front of LA’s Angels. (I noticed as I followed it that her arm got thicker, until it was a normal width when fully retracted. Apparently she could change her shape, but her Gift didn’t allow her to generate mass from nowhere like mine did. Always the limitations with these powers.)

Autumn spoke first. “Are you that guy who’s been making PowerGro?” she asked.

“Guilty as charged,” I confirmed. “It costs quite a bit extra if you want it straight from the tap.” I winked, hoping I’d pulled the line off. “Jack Sanders, nice to meet you.”

“Autumn ‘Elastigirl’ Burnett. Charmed,” Autumn said, doing a little curtsy. She was wearing a skirt that came to mid-thigh, below a tube top that clung to her modest endowments. For an elastic crimefighter, that was clearly the most practical outfit.

“Of LA’s Angels, right? I’ve seen your work on the news. Impressive stuff,” I said, addressing the comment to everyone in the group.

“Oh! Where are my manners. These are my teammates,” Autumn said, and introduced them all to me.

I couldn’t remember their real names very well, but I was familiar enough with their superhero names to keep them straight:

* ‘Fulcrum’, a tall, Nordic blonde who could redirect sensations she felt to others – in other words, if you punched her, you felt the pain of it yourself.
* ‘Ace’, an African-American woman who was several inches taller than me (aided by a killer ‘fro), and almost as muscular as well, though she wasn’t completely without feminine curves. She was the team’s statuesque powerhouse, apparently capable of lifting five times more than she should have been able to even with her impressive frame.
* ‘Tinderbox’, a lithe Korean girl whose body temperature could increase to inflammatory levels.
* ‘Strobe’, a curvy Mexican girl whose power I had seen the least about on the news. Apparently it involved the ability to project light from her body. Not sure how that’s useful, but apparently she made it work.

Once the introductions were done with and I had shaken everyone’s hand, I asked the question of the hour. “So why’d you beckon me over here?” I said, turning to Autumn once again.

She looked a little coy, and her teammates started giggling again. “Well, we were just wondering if…” she began, before she too started giggling.

“We’ve heard your reputation. We were wondering if you wanted to try having sex with a whole superteam,” Tinderbox said, regaining her composure quicker than the others.

“You wouldn’t *believe* how many guys have asked us about that possibility before. You should feel honored,” Strobe added.

I smiled. I’d figured it would be something like this. “What can I say? That’s real nice of you girls to offer, but I sort of came here with someone, and she and I have an agreement that I don’t have sex with anyone else unless they’re paying me. If I ever reopen the clinic, I’ll let you know, okay?”

Autumn snapped her fingers in defeat, then reached out with her extensible limb to walk her fingers up my arm and across my shoulders. Then down my other arm. She pulled around my neck a little, causing me to lean in closer to the Angels and get a whiff of their combined scent, a carefully perfumed mixture that, combined with the sensation of an elastic arm around my neck and shoulders, almost made me reconsider. “I thought that might be the case. But just know – the offer’s still on the table. We’re staying in room 233.” She suddenly snaked her arm back into its normal position, letting me stumble back a little. “See you around,” she cooed. A couple of the other Angels winked at me as they melted back into the crowd.

After another couple circuits of the lobby, I decided I wasn’t going to see Metaman in the thinning crowd after all. I made some small talk with a couple local heroes from Detroit and Miami, and then headed back up to the room, feeling okay about life. Most of the people there didn’t expect to be used in the scientists’ experiments either, and all of them had dreamed of saving the world just like I had. They had even taken further steps that I had towards that goal, becoming legit superheroes and all, and they still weren’t going to achieve it. I had nothing to grouse about. I nodded to Alana as I passed her in the hall again, and began to walk to our room with almost a spring in my step.

That is, until I stopped just outside the door when I heard springs. Moving up and down. And the unmistakable sound of Giselle having a very, very good time. My heart dropped like a stone. I didn’t need to hear her shout ‘Andy!’ to know that my former best friend had betrayed me.

I should have known that Giselle wouldn’t remain faithful. I couldn’t blame her, really – I was gone for four-day stretches at a time. Before that, I had had (paid) sex with hundreds, if not thousands of other women. It was understandable she would be jealous. She had needs, and I had, in the back of my mind, been considering the possibility that she had been going to someone else to fill them. It would have explained the more manageable breast size she favored recently, the charges to autocab companies I saw on our accounts – I was going to talk with her about it, when the time seemed right, and let her know that our relationship had always been unconventional, and maybe it was time to declare it formally open, since I was completely out of the picture more than half the time. I was fine and dandy with all of that.

But with my *best friend*? Not only that – the man who took my rightful spot as a superhero! The man who got the card I had coveted since childhood! My only recourse had been to become as great at my own lame sex gifts as I could be, but now he had to take over for me there, too. He was in there usurping the last thing I had in the world, and she was going along with it. Enthusiastically.

I didn’t burst in dramatically. I didn’t knock and ruin their fun. Let them keep at it. Let them keep at it forever, for all I cared. I was a God of sex, and I could do anything I wanted. I didn’t need Andy, and I didn’t need Giselle. I walked the hotel halls in a fog of anger, not quite knowing where I was going until I went there.

I knocked on the door to room 233. It was opened by a hand attached to an arm that stretched across the spacious room to one of two smart beds. Autumn looked at me in delight. Tinderbox and Strobe looked up from fingering each other on the second bed to see who it was. Fulcrum peered in from the sitting room, and Ace stepped out of the steamy bathroom wearing nothing but a towel.

“Hello girls,” I said. “I’ve reconsidered.”

XXXVII.

“I’m glad to hear it,” Autumn grinned. She looped one elastic arm around me to pull me further into the room, and reached past me with the other to shut the door behind me.

“We’ve been dying for a good shag,” Fulcrum said in her peculiar accent. She had clearly learned English from a Brit. She began to get undressed as the girls all gathered around to get a closer look at me. Autumn’s long, elastic arms began to undress me where I stood in between the two smartbeds.

“I hope I’ll live up to the hype. How do you want to do this?” I asked, looking around at the five of them. How do you fuck five people at once? Despite all the experience I’d gained in the last two or three years, there were certain horizons that I had yet to explore.

“How about we make a game of it? If you make all of use lose control of ourselves to the point where we can no longer try to fuck you, you win. We’ll be impressed, and we’ll talk you up to all the other Angel chapters around the country. If we make you lose control to the point where you can no longer try to fuck us, we win, and you have to feel the shame of not having pleased all five of us. But either way, in the end we all win. Sound fair?” Autumn asked. By now I was fully undressed except for my underwear, which housed the mighty bulge of my standard-sized cock. The five girls were also naked or mostly-naked, standing around me in a circle. I felt like Bruce Lee sizing up a bunch of ninjas.

“Let the game begin!” I said, and with a great clenching of my powers I exploded my cock out of my underwear and into an 18-inch erection.

“Whoa!” Autumn said, retracting her arms instinctually. I ducked out of her grasp and leapt past Tinderbox onto the bed. I wasn’t going to ‘win’ but letting them all come at me at once. Divide and conquer was the way to win, and right now I really felt like winning and conquering. Ace and Fulcrum collided with each other in the spot where I had just been standing, but they were far too late.

Strobe had a quick reaction time, and leapt back onto the bed with me. Before she could quite realize what was going on, I grabbed her by the ankles and yanked her roughly into a ready position. I pulled her curvy legs up onto my shoulders, her perfect brown ass barely touching the bed as my cockhead hovered next to her sopping pussy. She gasped loudly as I entered her, using Cassandra’s power to slide my entire massive prong up her pussy in one go. She was already slick from the circlejerk she and Tinderbox had been enjoying, and I could feel her get wetter as she realized the enormity of my member inside of her. Her hips began to buck as her body let out a warm red glow, the unconscious expression of pleasure through her powers.

I began to thrust, and that alone was enough to send her into near-hysterics. I had forgotten just how much women could respond to my powers when they hadn’t grown blasé about them. I stimulated a spontaneous orgasm of my own after only a few seconds inside of her, and pumped her full of about a quart of pure nerve-stimulating semen. She began to scream and thrash at the magnitude of the pleasure she was feeling, the light coming off of her body in pulses so bright they shone through eyelids. Finally, with a shriek and a strobe like a flashbang, she achieved her ultimate orgasm, and lay there in a stupor, completely dazed with happiness, her body emitting a literal afterglow that bathed the room in warm tones of gold.

The girls shook off their disorientation at Strobe’s orgasm, and before I could pull out of the Latina bombshell I found myself literally pulled out, by Ace’s strong, statuesque arms. She lifted me like I weighed nothing, cradling my buttocks in her preternaturally strong hands, and inserted me into her snatch like I was nothing more than a cumbersome attachment to a me-shaped dildo. She remained standing steadily, only gasping a little, even as the distension caused by my dick travelled up beneath her taut abs. Her biceps pumped steadily as she began to literally lift me up and down, pulling me in and out of herself like I was a sex toy.

“Do you like that, you big-dick slut?” she asked. “Do you like being used as my personal dildo?”

“Gotta admit,” I panted, as I felt another orgasm, a real one this time, building up inside me, “it’s kinda nice.”

“You’ll like this even better,” Fulcrum said. She reached over and put a hand on the still-dazed Strobe’s forehead. She became visibly aroused and excited by this, then seemed to get it under control, before reaching over to touch me.

I felt a satisfied soreness, and the sloshing of liquid inside me, way more than should ever have been in there. The fullness of it felt good, but even more than that, the liquid felt… it felt *amazing*. Like every nerve in my body was orgasming all at once. Holy shit, this was better than any drug, better than…

“Oh god! Cumming! Cumming!” I said, as the full force of Fulcrum’s transference hit me. She had taken the sensation from Strobe and sent it into my own nervous system, and it felt fucking great. Ace only increased the pace, slamming my dick into her pussy like a jackhammer. She seemed to be tiring a little now, since doing this was the equivalent of doing a really weird weight exercise with a 170-pound load close to two hundred reps in a row. She stumbled backwards a step, and Autumn’s elastic arms braced her, then began to rub all over me, tracing my most sensitive areas and making my hair stand on end.

“Man, I thought you said you were coming!” Ace snapped at me as she continued to pound me up and down.

“Oh god. If Fulcrum does that again, I might lose control. Especially if she touches my balls,” I managed. The Nordic beauty heard me. She pulled another nerve impression off of Strobe again, enjoyed it for a few seconds, then managed to dart in below Ace’s hands and Autumn’s arms to find the constantly-moving target that was my ball-sack.

I was ready for it this time, my mind already on full power-scan mode. I detected the new power almost instantly, fighting back the tide of conflicting sensory data that the nerve impression from Strobe had provided. I turned it on, and… wham! Floodgates open.

Ace stumbled back in earnest this time, as I unleashed both a flood of my own cum and the sensation of already having been subject to one of my torrents, courtesy of my brand new sensation-transference power, pulled off of Fulcrum on that touch. Racked by double-orgasms, Ace’s rhythm faltered. She fell from the tangle of Autumn’s arms, onto the other smartbed, where she shook and writhed with the collective pleasure of two stages of orgasmic bliss running in tandem. She finally let go of my butt, and I was glad to feel my feet touch the floor again.

I pulled my cock from yet another thoroughly satisfied pussy only to find myself steered in a particular direction by Autumn’s ever-present arms. Before I could even react, Fulcrum had leapt onto my dick. Literally, leapt. She slid onto it like an acrobatic condom, the distension clearly visible up her long, pale torso.

The tightness in her pussy was unbearable and blissful all at once. It felt inherently wrong to have a cock so big inside me, when I had an intuitive understanding that the largest things that could fit without pain were eight inches long and as many in girth. To feel and to see a dick of eighteen inches making the entrance was unfathomable. I felt how utterly stretched my lips were, pulled to the limit around the base of my cock; but more than that, I was completely aware of every meaty cubic inch of dick stuffed up inside of my unbelievably, unbearably overfull pussy. I felt I was about to pop, about to stretch beyond all reason, but there was no pain in it, no unpleasantness, not warning signs from my body – just a deep, aching pleasure, and a yen for even more of myself to be inside of me, to fill me utterly, to assert my dominance and power over my form. I reached down with one hand and felt my stomach, stretched taut over this otherness and yet sameness that had invaded me, and longed to feel it buck beneath my hand, to grow and fill me even more. And I had the power to provide that! I reached with my mind to that old familiar trigger, and squeezed.

Oh yes! Yes! Yes! I felt the shift beneath my fingers, felt the unbearable pressure increase even more, the ungodly stretch of my lips stretched still further as my pussy yielded willingly to the power of this invader, this monster on my pelvis. I grew it more and felt the ecstasy of growth from both ends, felt the increasing coiled tightness in the pit of my loins and the pressure in my back and stomach, the stirring in my balls and the pulsing in my cock, the tightening of my pussy and the quivering of my thighs – two orgasms at once, two different *types* of orgasms at once, each one supernaturally strong! I felt light-headed, blackness closing in at the edges of my vision as I prepared to have an earth-shattering bout of dual sensation, and what the fuck?

Seriously, what the fuck was all that about?

Goddammit, said a tiny part of my brain that was still functioning. She had been transferring all her sensations to me. Normally in crimefighting she transferred pain to her attacker, but in this competition transferring pleasure worked just as well. And I’d been loving every second of it. At the very least, she gave me a completely new appreciation for how it felt to be fucked by me. (It felt fucking great).

But all great things must come to an end. I couldn’t let us both orgasm while she was still attached to my dick. Reluctantly, I turned Christina’s power all the way up, and let loose.

My now 20-inch dick erupted with gallons of cum at a time, filling Fulcrum’s taut stomach to the brim and launching her off of my dick the way a similar torrent had launched Giselle so many months ago. The blonde beauty was launched across the room with a bloated midsection full of yet more stimulant jizz, and landed on the soft carpet experiencing incapacitating orgasms that she couldn’t pass on to anyone else.

I turned once again to survey the room. Strobe was still casting a golden glow on everything in her afterglow. Ace was covered in sweat, from exhaustion and pleasure, breathing heavy on the second bed. Fulcrum was on the floor, writhing.

And Tinderbox was coming after me.

“No offense, babe, but I don’t think I want a girl who can boil water with her skin on my dick,” I said, readying a new formula. I levelled my dick at her and called upon another orgasm to shoot out several long ropes of breast growth cum.

They landed true on Tinderbox’s supple skin, and in an instant her small breasts had flared out to outrageous globes nearly two feet across. She stumbled and fell, landing on her new endowments so that her arms draped across them and her ass stuck up in the air.

“Well that’s no fun,” she complained, trying and failing to stand up. Her new endowments spread out across the floor like bean bag chairs.

“You’re right. What say we let Fulcrum share? She seems to have enough fun to go around,” I said, and aimed a bit upwards to shoot some arcs of jizz over Tinderbox’s back. They landed on the writhing Blonde’s cum-distorted stomach, and absorbed into her skin, causing her breasts to grow just as monumental. She arched her back against the sensation, the growth only adding to her already unbearable pleasure. As more and more of my seed sank into her skin, her breasts swelled from their previous handful size up to grapefruits… then they eclipsed the size of her head… then they reached the size of basketballs… and they kept going, taut globes of coiled sensation straining above her ribcage, squirting milk in their fullness and still growing.

Fulcrum looked like she was about to pass out when her left breast flopped down onto Tinderbox’s foot. Suddenly granted skin-to-skin contact, Fulcrum offloaded her sensations into her teammate, who began to moan and gyrate, inching her way back towards Fulcrum so that she could induce more skin contact. As I had suspected, there was enough bliss to go around. Tinderbox began to pant and sweat with pleasure, the drops of perspiration that appeared on her massive new breasts quickly sizzling and turning to steam from the heat of her passion.

From start to finish, the whole little sexcapade had taken about six minutes, and I was as ready and raring to go as ever. I had turned four women from some of the more formidable superhumans west of the Mississippi into four useless, quivering piles of orgasmic bliss in ninety seconds apiece.

Maybe I should have become a superhero after all.

A pair of arms that stretched to reach around from behind me and grab my dick reminded me I wasn’t done yet. I turned around to see Autumn, her eyes filled with lust and her cute, clean-shaven pussy dripping with readiness. “Let me show you why I’m the leader,” she purred, drawing her hands up my back and wrapping them around my neck.

In an instant, she was wrapped around me. Her legs melded perfectly to my hips, her arms draped around my neck and running up and down my sides and back, and her lips pressed against mine, her tongue probing my mouth with unparalleled dexterity. I stumbled back at the intensity of her embrace, nearly tripping over the sweat-soaked pair of Fulcrum and Tinderbox, who had managed to interlace their bulging breasts to facilitate a passionate experience-sharing kiss.

Autumn broke out of the liplock and pulled her head back away from mine on an elongated neck. Her arms remained entwined around my neck and shoulders, her tits pressed up against my chest, and her legs were crossed behind my back, but her thighs were stretching longer and shorter so that she could rub her dripping pussy up and down the top of my cock.

“Do you know how hard it is to feel satisfied when you lose control of how tight your cunt is when you get aroused?” she asked. As she did, she halted her hip undulation at the furthest-out point, and moved them down just a little, so that she could rub her pussy on the head of my gigantic cock.

“You know full well the answer to that is no,” I replied.

“I’ll tell you: it’s fucking impossible. I haven’t been able to build to a proper orgasm since I was eighteen years old, not even when I fucked a goddamn barstool” she said, her gyrations at the tip of my cock getting more insistent. “So here’s what I want you to do. I want you to stick your dick in me, and instead of thrusting, I just want you to make it grow. Little. By. Little. I want you to fill me up, and fill me up, until I scream. And then I want you to fill me up some more. Got it?”

“Got it!” I said.

And with a sudden, elastic twang, she snapped herself onto me. Twenty inches of cock disappeared inside her pussy in an instant, and I didn’t even need Cassandra’s power. This was better than that. I turned it off. Autumn wanted this to be all her.

She finally unstuck her chest from mine, and reined in her arms to the point where they were only clasped behind my neck. She leaned back, allowing herself to hang cantilevered around my cock, which created a bulge that stretched all the way up through her stomach.

She only seemed content for a moment though, and I could already feel her vaginal walls loosening as she became more aroused. I followed her directive, and grew, pumping up notch after notch until she felt tight again.

As I added inches to my length, the difference began to appear in the gap between her distended pussy lips and my pelvis. She noticed. “No, that won’t do. Grab my thighs, pull me down tight. You’ve gotta be balls-deep,” she ordered. I obliged, pulling her further over my unparalleled cock.

When I did, something happened that had never happened before – usually, using Cassandra’s power, the excess of my two-foot cock disappeared into a probably-extradimensional hammerspace created inside the ribcage. Not this time. Autumn’s solution was more spatially reasonable and more visually impressive – as my prong slid further into her elastic pussy, my vagina-sheathed cockhead bumped up against her elastic organs, and went up and over them. Up and over her sternum, in fact. From below the anchor point of the sternum, the skin of her elastic stomach stretched up and out and over her ribcage, in a my-cock-shaped protuberance.

I considered stopping – after all, in anyone else such a thing would indicate that a chestburster alien was about to pop out – but the unconcerned and lusty look on Autumn’s face convinced me to keep going.

“Yes, grow it! Grow it more!” she urged, and I obliged. Her hips began to stretch wider apart to accommodate my entry, as my girth exceeded three feet in circumference. I reached down to run my fingers along her over-stretched labia, sending shudders of pleasure up her spine.

My length was also reaching three feet, and Autumn’s stretched-out stomach showed it in ridiculous fashion. The distension protruded over her rib cage and up between her tits. She rubbed them against it half-heartedly, realizing quickly that they were too small to provide any more stimulation to a cock that was already bigger around than her own waist.

I continued to grow steadily, clenching and pumping up another notch every couple seconds, and now Autumn was really getting into it. She released her arms from around my neck, and began to rub up and down the insane bulge of my cock, which now stretched up all the way across her chest and was even with her collarbone. The skin of her stomach was stretched so taut over it that I could see the impressions made by individual veins of my cock.

I had been leaning back further and further towards the smartbed to try to balance against the weight of Autumn and my prick. Now I felt a strong hand grab my shoulder to keep me balanced. Ace had recovered enough from our fuck session, and she was willing to support me.

“I’ve always wanted to see her satisfied,” she said.

“Oh god! You’re about to!” Autumn said, as obscene distension rising out of her stomach bumped against her chin. She grinned manically at that, and redoubled her efforts and giving me a hand-and-armjob through the sheath of her own skin. I felt a sudden change behind me, and realized that she had finally unclasped her legs from behind my back. Now she snaked them to wrap around the base of my foot-wide cock, which had stretched the lips of her pussy to an unfathomable degree. As she embraced my cock inside her with all four limbs, I tried to take in the enormity of the insertion the two of us had just pulled off. I had never attempted to fuck someone with a cock even half this size. This was sex the likes of which the world would never see again.

“Keep growing!” she ordered, peering her head around on an elongated neck from the stomach stretching bulge that had come in front of it.

“Gotta change position!” I said, and nodded for Ace to pull back on my shoulders. I collapsed back onto the smartbed, which rose up a little to meet me. My cock, and the human condom that was Autumn’s stomach, now stretched up to the sky. She was panting with pleasure and sensation as it grew, both her arms and legs wrapped around it – and, I noticed, significantly skinnier than normal, despite not being all that stretched in length.

“What’s with her limbs?” I asked.

“She’s diverting mass from them to increase the skin you’re stretching out,” Ace said, never taking her eyes or awed expression off my towering prick and the woman stretched around it. “I think you’ve finally managed to stretch her to her limit.”

“Keep going! Keep… unh…. Oh god! OH GOD!” Autumn yelled as my length reached five feet. The skin of her stomach, now stretched to the point of redness, adhered to every contour and detail of my cock. “GaaaAAAAAAHHHHHH!” she let out a cry of pure, primal pleasure, the orgasmic energy built up from five years of frustration, as I finally taxed her power to its limit. All of a sudden, I felt a great, clenching energy, almost painful even on my impervious endowment. Autumn’s cry turned from a scream of pleasure to one of pain.

“What’s happening? What’s going on?” I asked frantically. Shit, if I’d actually killed someone with my dick…

“She finally came and now she’s not as relaxed as she was! She’s run out of mass and she’s overstretched and can’t undo it without bursting!” Ace cried.

“Can I shrink my cock?”

“No! Unless you want me to snap down and crush it!” Autumn managed through gritted teeth.

“She’s out of mass! She’s trying to revert to her normal form!” Ace repeated.

“Out of mass?” I said, finally realizing. “Shit, I can fix that.”

XXXVIII.

Even as the words left my mouth, I was cashing in on the stimulation that Autumn’s ministrations had brought me, letting loose a torrent of breast-growth cum inside her unimaginably overtaxed pussy. I had to force it every inch of the way, as the pathway of my urethra was just as compressed as the rest of my cock, but eventually my mighty muscles managed to force the semen up into her cunt.

In an instant, the top of her torso was pushed back from where she had been clinging tightly to the shape of my cock sheathed in her skin – pushed back by a wall of titflesh, as her modest breasts expanded rapidly to fill all available space between her ribcage and the distension of her pussy, ballooning out above and below her stretched arms.

Autumn gave an audible sigh of relief, and I felt the pressure on my cock ease as she began to redirect the mass from her tits into the skin of her midsection, making it less overstretched. Finally, she seemed to reach a comfortable level again; her limbs once again filled out to their normal widths.

“You okay?” I asked.

“Crisis averted,” she replied, once again peering around the bulge of my cock, which rose up past her head. “But I don’t want to end on such a sour note, so… would you care to pump in a little more?”

I smiled, remembering her feeble attempt at a novel new kind of titfuck earlier. “Happy to oblige,” I replied, and gave a few more squirts of breast-growth cum, growing her chest until she had a pair of full, dribbling udders long and large enough to reach around the bulge of my cock that still rose unfathomably from her stomach.

Apparently making up for lost time, Autumn began to fuck me in earnest, all through the intermediary of her own stretched skin. She rubbed her gigantic tits against the bulge of her stomach where it rose up between them, and I could feel their soft firmness as if through nothing more than a thin condom. She clasped her legs once again around the base of my pecker, grinding her insanely stretched pelvis against my shaft. The head of my cock, sheathed in the most tightly-stretched part of her stomach, was at the same level as her own head, and she began to lick and kiss her own taut, tingling skin. I could even feel that, with the millions of sensitive nerve endings of my cockhead. It was like I was inside her and outside her all at once; this was a fuck session neither of us would soon forget.

Finally, once Autumn had built and screamed her way through another two orgasms, I was finally ready to blow my load. She seemed to be tiring out, beads of sweat forming all across her elastic skin; the other girls were also emerging from their post-orgasmic stupors. Even I was getting lightheaded from sustaining such a huge erection for so long. I relaxed, focused on every sensation, and let loose a final, orgasmic blast of cum before I began shrinking my cock.

“Ha. Ah. Ah. Ohhh. You have got to let me do that again sometime,” Autumn said as the insane bulge that had dominated her form for the past hour shrank down and down until it finally looked, if not reasonable, then at least like something I’d created before. I stopped when my cock was two feet long, not wanting to overtax my powers too much. That was enough for one shrink session. I could bring it back down to the one-foot standard later. Autumn had shrunk her stomach in turn, and it wasn’t until I stopped concentrating on my own shrinkage that I noticed her growth.

When we started, Autumn had been petite and kind of skinny. Now she was nearly as tall as me, and curvy. *Very* curvy. In fact, as I watched, her curves were changing and reallocating themselves - her breasts fluctuated from globes to melons and back again, while her ass and thighs began to gain mass as well. She seemed very intent on the process, sometimes craning her neck around elastically to get a better 360 view of what she looked like. Finally, she seemed to settle on a form that she liked, and incredibly unrealistic bombshell look with ultra-skinny ankles, knees, and waist, and ultra-huge hips, meaty thighs and calves, impressively round tits, and especially a fantastic ass. Her rounded, perky posterior jutted out proud and impossibly firm above thighs larger than her waist which tapered down to dainty knees. She craned around to look back at it with evident satisfaction.

I had only ever grown women’s tits before, but looking at that transformation made me wish I’d sought out someone with Kandi’s powers but applied to other body parts. Holy shit, was Autumn’s new lower half sexy. I almost wanted to fuck her again right then and there.

She caught me staring and almost drooling, and grinned. “The mass you gave me had to go *somewhere* once you took that thing out of me and I didn’t need a stomach the size of a sleeping bag,” she said. “And with my powers matching yours, there’s no rule saying it all had to go to my tits. To be honest, I’ve wanted to do this for a long time, but it just never seemed to work when I tried to add the mass by eating. But now…” she turned and did a sultry walk over to the other smartbed with her unbelievable new figure, one which surely caused any nearby cartoon characters to shoot steam out their ears. I’m sure several physics dissertations could be written on just the way her ass moved.

I sighed and leaned back onto the forgiving slope of the smartbed, my cock finally returning to flaccidity and dangling down below my knees. Now that the thrill of my transgression was over, bitter thoughts of what had instigated it began to filter back to my head. I wondered if Andy and Giselle were done fucking yet. If they thought I wouldn’t know. If they gave any care in the world to what I’d been doing for the past hour. Notions swirled in my head, bumping into each other and eventually dissolving into a swirling morass of nothingness. I was tired. So tired. Sustaining a ten-foot erection in the factory while I basically remained unmoving had been one thing. Have something that was actually vaguely related to sex with a five-foot erection was entirely different. I yawned.

I noticed vaguely that someone was touching my shoulder. Who? Too drowsy. Too satisfied. My pussy was still feeling pleasurably sore from…

*Wait just a goddamn minute!*

I shook out of the haze that had engulfed my mind to see that Fulcrum was the one laying her hand on my shoulder, blasting her own satisfaction and sleepiness into my nervous system. Keeping me complacent. For what? I listened.

“…needs to shrink us back down again, I don’t want to spend ten thousand bucks on negative PowerGro to get these beach balls off my chest,” one of the voices was saying. It sounded like Tinderbox.

“We’re working for the Madame, though! She *owns* Powergro! We’ll be fine! Just kill him!” Strobe was urging. That got my attention. I struggled to fight through the haze. I had a superteam ganging up to kill me, and on Westwick’s orders!

“Easy for you to say, you are not stuck with breasts the size of Sweden,” Fulcrum replied.

“Look, do we even have to kill him at all? I kind of like him. What if we just get the Madame to pay him off instead?” Ace said. Now I could feel her vice-like grip keeping my shoulders down on the bed too. Shit shit shit shit.

“She already paid him off! He’s a fucking billionaire! Look, I don’t feel good about this either. Lord knows I’d love to have another bout with that dick of his,” Autumn said, pausing for a moment as if considering the possibility. “But she contracted us to do it and I don’t feel like finding out who she hires to kill *us* if *we* get on her bad side by not following through. She has that Telepath on a leash you know, not to mention Andy and even Metaman. We could be killed in a dozen different ways.” I struggled to think through my options, but nothing presented itself.

“Ugh, fine. I don’t see why I have to be the one to do it though. Ace is strong enough to snap him like a twig,” Tinderbox said, and all of a sudden I felt heat radiating towards the top of my head. Panicked, I cycled through power after useless power in my mind, until… I found a new one.

“You know damn well why. You’re the one who used to be a villain. You’ve already taken lives,” Ace said defensively. “Now make this quick, I don’t wanna see him suffer.”

The heat grew more intense, and beads of sweat trickled on my scalp. But now I had a plan.

Ignoring the soreness that pervaded it, I blasted my two-foot dick up to full erection in an instant. Before any of the girls could react, I clenched my eyes tightly shut and exercised my new power to the best of my ability.

Even through my eyelids, I could see the blinding flash of light that shined out from my dick. Thanks, Strobe.

The girls had been completely unprepared. As Ace and Fulcrum instinctively covered their eyes, I was suddenly free from the foggy drowsiness and the super-strength pinning me to the bed. I leapt up as fast as I could, readying the next parts of my salvo. Tinderbox came at me first, moving surprisingly quickly despite her gigantic tits. Her hand still sizzling hot, creating visual distortions in the air above it. I aimed carefully and blasted what Annette’s chemistry lessons had taught me was a highly heat-conductive gel towards her arm, coating her fist. By the time she reached me, her power had been nullified. Remembering what Ace had said about Tinderbox being a villain and a murderer, I felt no remorse when I punched her in the face. She crumpled to the floor between the smartbeds, draped over the mass of her chest.

The other four team members were still between me and the door. Fulcrum wouldn’t be an issue; her breasts were even bigger than Tinderbox’s, and basically immobilized her. Strobe couldn’t do much more than attempt another flashbang trick again, which would disadvantage everyone else as much as it would me. It was only the two powerhouses I had to worry about. I leapt to the side to avoid Autumn’s grasping arms, which stretched towards me from across the room.

I worked desperately to remember one of the last formulas Annette, Danny and I had cooked up before I had been cloistered from the world by PowerGro. It was just a silly thing, but now it might save my life. Finally hitting on the correct formula, I levelled my dick at Ace and Autumn and blasted into action.

There are some liquids that instantly harden the moment they touch the air. This was almost one of them. It became incredibly sticky, almost glue-like, and then instantly precipitated into a solid upon physical impact. Why did the three of us (mainly the two of us – Danny and me) develop such a thing? Well, let’s just say I had begun to wonder about the feasibility of becoming Spider-man, but if the puberty metaphor was way more explicit.

Now it saved my life. Literal ropes of semen flew through the air, binding Ace to the bed and leaving Autumn tangled in knots across half the room. It didn’t hurt that I laced every bit of it with pleasure juice either.

Finally, the path to the exit was free. I leapt over Fulcrum, somersaulted past Ace, dropped off the smartbed, ripped open the lock, and darted out the door. I sprinted down the hallway as best I could with my dick and balls flopping around between my legs like huge useless sacks of potatoes, and didn’t stop until I could skid, panting, into an elevator.

I jammed the button for my floor out of reflex as much as anything else. I needed a plan. A plan. What the hell kind of plan can you have when the most powerful woman in the world has put out a hit on you? And you’re naked?

I needed answers. But my subconscious told me I had already found one. What was it Autumn had said? “She’s got that Telepath on a leash.” There was only one Telepath I knew of strong enough to be referred to as the definite article. I hadn’t given her any thought as I’d passed her twice, but she had to have been influencing every event and thought that went on in my suite for the entire afternoon and evening.

Giselle hadn’t cheated on me with Andy. Neither of them had done anything of their own free will. The design of the afternoon had forced me down to meet the Angels, forced me to hear Andy and Giselle going at it, forced me to seek petty revenge in the arms of the superteam, forced me into the trap I had just barely escaped. All at the behest of the diabolical Diane Westwick. And all under the careful guidance of The Telepath – Alana.

XXXIX.

I didn’t know fully what was going on, but I knew I was in trouble, and I needed help. Luckily, one of my many extravagances in my billionaire life had been installing a subdermal emergency phone in my wrist. I placed a quick call on an encrypted channel, making sure to finish up before I reached my floor, the 22nd.

The elevator doors opened just as I confirmed that the call had gone through, and my heart almost stopped.

Westwick was standing right in front of me, in all her icy glory, tapping her foot as if she’d been waiting for the elevator for a while.

*Play it cool. She doesn’t know you went down to the Angels. Maybe she things you just haven’t sprung the trap yet,* I thought, trying to control my fear.

“Mr. Sanders! Why are you wandering the halls in such a state of undress?” The Madame asked me. Not in an outraged or scandalized sort of way, just an inquiry.

A thought struck me. Several at once, actually, and I had a great cover story, a suspicion, and a way to test it, all at once. “Would you believe it? I *just* now lost my ability to grow and shrink. Must have gotten it, what, fifteen years ago? And now, in the middle of a free growth session I was doing down in one of the conference halls, all of a sudden it goes kaput. Guess I know the time limit I have on powers now. So I was gonna go try to find a person with the right growing powers to restore it so I can get it back down to a reasonable size. It’s tough lugging this thing around.”

With that, I hoisted my enormous cock up into the air, as if to demonstrate the toughness of lugging it. And the drop of breast-growth pre-cum that I had carefully manufactured flew off from the tip of it, and landed very precisely on The Madame’s shoulder. I saw her eyes lock onto it in flight, and when it landed, it sank into her skin and caused the slightest increase in the size of her breasts – a sudden and noticeable increase in perkiness, which forced them together slightly and increase the amount of cleavage on display in her low-cut dress.

“Oh my god! I’m so sorry, Ms. Westwick. Do you want me to shrink those back down for you?” I asked, pretending it had been an accident.

Westwick gave a restrained, joyless smile. “No, I’ll just get some low-dose shrinkage PowerGro. Thank you, Mr. Sanders. I hope you’re successful in your quest to restore your powers,” she said, as I stepped out of the elevator and she stepped into it.

“See you around,” I said.

When the doors closed, I breathed out an immense sigh of relief. At least she hadn’t killed me right then and there. And I had at least an inkling now of what was truly going on. Now I just had to survive long enough to confirm it.

I began to stride confidently down the hall towards my suite. Sure enough, Alana was still standing there two doors down, still concentrating as hard as she could. She had her back turned to me, her arms bare against the pervasive Florida heat. Time for me to break her concentration.

Once again fighting off my impending power-exhaustion, I raised my dick to full mast and let loose a blast of the most debilitating cum I could muster. Alana let out a wordless yelp as it hit her, and I saw from behind as her tits exploded out from her top, overbalancing her enough to knock her forward. Her orgasm was broadcast out in a psychic blast before she could contain it, and I heard muffled moans and surprised gasps emanate from the surrounding rooms.

*Let me guess,* I thought as I strode around her prone, top-heavy form to meet Alana eye to eye. *Westwick had you over a barrel.*

My response was a sudden dump of images and fear. A nice looking couple in their 60s, seen through the scope of a sniper rifle. They were Alana’s parents.

*I don’t blame you for what you did, then. But it did nearly kill me, and made me think the only two people closest to me had betrayed me, so I can’t say I’m not angry.* I thought.

Alana’s eyes held panic. *I’m not going to hinder your escape. But you’d better do it fast. Now that her first plans failed, she’s sending a hit squad.*

I looked up and saw that Alana was right. A half dozen paramilitary goons were thundering down the hall, guns levelled at me. What’s worse, the doors to the rooms were locking down tight, metal shielding emerging from the walls to block them. I reached down to open the door to my suite, and was rebuffed, barely snatching my hand away in time to avoid having it crushed.

“SHIT!” I yelled, as bullets began to whiz down the hall. Alana crouched and covered her head, hoping to avoid injury. The best I could do was try to hide behind my erection. I felt an impact like someone punching my shaft really hard, and then heard a bullet carom back towards the death squad. I’d gotten shot in the dick, and it had bounced back.

Thank *god* I’d sprung for that afternoon with the impervious girls at the X.

The squad came to a halt a little ways down the hall, apparently not sure what to make of me. Most of them were reloading their weapons. Seeing no other option, I leveled my dick at them.

“My turn, motherfuckers,” I growled. I dredged up a chemical formula I remembered from high school, used Annette’s power to produce vast quantities of it, and then tested out my grasp of Tinderbox’s power by heating the tip of my dick to a thousand degrees.

Cue jokes about ‘it burns when I pee’. Or something. Only it didn’t burn me – it burned them, as I coated the death squad in napalm. (Well, it also burned me a little. 1/10 would not recommend cumming napalm. But desperate times….)

I quickly cooled myself down, and switched to spider-man rope, sealing off that end of the hallway as best I could. Alana looked on in awe. *I never realized you could use your powers that way. But it won’t be enough,* she thought.

“Well aren’t you just cheery? Any suggestions?” I asked, as I continued to squirt ropes of semen from wall to wall and floor to ceiling.

*No. Actions. I asked for help. Maybe step aside,* she suggested. I did, at just the right second, as the door and the metal plate went flying off its hinges to hit the opposite wall.

Andy stepped out of the room, shaking his hands out after the effort of blasting the door away. He looked a little disoriented, surveying the chaos I’d caused. “What the *fuuuck*,” he said aloud.

“Alana, fill him in for me?” I asked. She nodded.

A dump of information entered both our minds. *The Madame is attempting to kill Jack for reasons unknown. She originally intended to do so using an elaborate plan involving me forcing you to have sex with Giselle (sorry about that) so that Jack would get angry and have revenge sex with LA’s Angels, who would then kill him quietly and cleanly. When that failed, she began to send death squads, the first of which Jack dispatched and the second of which will be arriving in two minutes.*

Andy shook his head. “Okay, still what the fuck, but less so. What are we going to do?”

“I’ve been doing crazy superheroics with nothing but my dick for the past half hour! What are *you* going to do, Metaman Jr.?”

“*NOT FUCKING MUCH*,” Andy said, more vulnerable than I’d seen him since he got his power card. “You may have forgotten with your eternal power capture, but I’ve only got six hours with a full set. And guess how long it’s been since I powered up?”

I sighed. “Six hours, I’ll bet.” Probably part of Westwick’s plan too.

“Yes! So I’ve only got what I have from shaking hands with people at the conference. Which is pretty sub-par superstrength, which is what got me through the door, and…. Force fields.”

“Force fields? Can we use that?”

“They’re six inches across.”

“Goddammit,” I said.

Alana had managed to stand up, her massive chest bowing her a little. “Oh shit, you’ve got to get out of here. Here,” I said, pumping some breast-shrinking cum onto her tits. They gradually began to shrink back towards E-cups.

*I started smaller than this*, she glared at me.

“Try them! I bet you’ll like them,” I grinned. “Now get out of here before you get hurt.”

*You have one minute until the death squads arrive, coming from both ends of the hall. And the napalm trick won’t work twice,* she thought at me as she began to sprint down the hall. *Figure something out!*

“Okay. Well, being in the hallway isn’t going to help. Let’s get into the room. Can you put the door back on its hinges?” I asked, striding into the foyer of the suite.

“I’ll try,” Andy said, picking up the metal plate from where it had fallen against the opposite wall.

Giselle was lying on the bed, legs akimbo. She stirred as I entered, moving gingerly. “I heard the conversation with that psychic lady. Are you okay, babe?” she asked as I walked over to her.

“Yeah, yeah I’m okay. Miraculously. Are you?”

“Oh! Yeah. Uh, it’s just… Andy with all his powers is… uh, vigorous,” she said sheepishly. “You know it was under psychic influence that we did it, right? You’re not mad?”

“How can I be, when I went down to the Angels under even milder influence? Alana was standing right there next to you guys the whole time. All she had to do was push me in the right direction. I should be asking if you’re mad at me.”

“Not a good time for relationship counseling!” Andy called as he worked on setting the metal plate back in its proper position. “Figure that shit out when we get out of here alive.”

“Okay, you’re right. Any ideas, Giselle?” I said.

“Well, we can’t go out the door. So that means we’ve got to go out the roof, or the window,” she said, sitting up fully.

“Roof’s no good. I’m not strong enough to punch us through and neither is Jack’s dick,” Andy said, coming over to join us. “Plus, what would it gain us? If we’re up there, there’s no easy way back down.”

“No easy way down going out the window either, though.” I said. “It’s what, a two hundred foot drop?”

“Two fifty, easy. These rooms have high ceilings,” Andy supplied. “And no, my force fields can’t get us down. I’ll be able to use them to block bullets, but nothing else.”

“Well, blocking bullets isn’t nothing. It means we can go slow,” Giselle said.

“Don’t want to go *too* slow, though. This is a new power for me!” Andy said.

“Oh shut up. You can adopt new powers like trying on t-shirts.”

We all jumped as a loud bang reverberated through the room. The second death squad was at the door. We were running out of time.

“What even is our goal? Westwick will have forces on the ground waiting for us. I bet this whole damn compound is locked down now.” Giselle walked over to the window to look out it, to indeed see more armed goons running around like ants in the courtyard below.

“I called for help, back in the elevator. If we can make it to the ocean, we’ll be in the clear,” I supplied.

“Help from who?” Andy asked.

“Doesn’t matter right now. How can we get to the ocean? It would be easy if one of us could still fly,” Giselle said.

“Or glide even, it’s so close-by,” Andy said, looking out the window at the mild blue waves.

“Glide… hmm…” I mused, yet another idea forming. I was just full of ideas today.

“Could we maybe build a glider real quick? Like, shower rods and bedsheets or something?” Giselle asked.

“No, we’d never have enough lift…”

“What about…”

“Wait! Shut up! I have a plan. Andy, grab the biggest sheet you can find!” I ordered. Andy quickly located the largest sheet, which went with the biggest configuration of the smartbed. “Is it certified by the PMB?”

He checked the tag. “Yeah,” he said. “That’s weird.”

“Great. They’re the same ones she used at the X. They’re made to withstand almost anything,” I explained. “Now punch through the window! Clear out all the glass!”

“You could have told me to do that before grabbing the sheet,” Andy grumbled as he complied. Once it was cleared, he turned to me again. I appreciated his trust.

“All right. Andy, grab one of the short sides of the sheet in either hand. Let it go in front of you like a big U. Okay, now Giselle, I need you to step inside the bottom of the U, and hold the very base of it, the middle of the sheet, tight to your chest.” She followed the directions with alacrity. “Okay, now here’s the weird part. I need both of you to trust me, okay?”

“We don’t exactly have many other options,” Giselle said over louder, more intense banging on the door.

“But this had better work,” Andy added.

“I sure hope it will,” I said, stepping over one side of the sheet to stand directly behind Giselle. “Okay, Giselle, front door or back door?”

“*WHAT?*” she blurted.

“You heard me!”

“Err… front’s a little sore. Go in the back,” she said.

I turned around and glared at Andy for a moment before entering Giselle’s ass with my gargantuan cock. She gasped and moaned and reacted lustily as much as she ever had, and I wondered why I had ever wanted to cheat on her with the Angels.

“Okay, now here’s the really weird part,” I said, grasping Giselle tightly around her distended waist. I might as well have been hugging my cock. I pushed her forward until she was leaning out the window. Andy followed, still holding tightly to the sheet.

At this height, I could feel the land breeze strongly – it was evening, which meant the wind was blowing from the cooler land to the warmer sea. Perfect for my plan. Down below, in the harsh lights of the courtyard, the building was clearly surrounded by Westwick’s goons.

“Any reason you’re dangling me out a window?” Giselle asked.

“Yes. Get ready for some weird feelings,” I said, as I turned the growth multiplier on Kandi’s power as high as it could possibly go. Ten times higher than I’d ever used before. I released it as slowly as I could into Giselle’s ass, and her breasts still grew meteorically. The initial jolt made them as big as bean-bag chairs, yanking Andy forward as they strained against the bedsheet.

“Goddamn!” Giselle said as she witness her tits’ almost instantaneous expansion to a size larger than they’d ever been before. They were already too large to fit back through the window, dangling outside the building and touching its exterior walls all around the windowframe.

“Keep up, Andy!” I called behind me. “They’re only gonna get bigger.”

“*THIS* is your plan?” he yelled. “I can’t believe that *this* is your plan.”

Another trickle and Giselle’s tits rapidly swelled to near-perfect spheres four feet in diameter, causing the bedsheet to unfurl to its fullest width and Andy to slide along the floor until he was only a few feet behind me.

“What the fuck are you doing, Jack?” Giselle screamed. “We’re not gonna be able to fucking bounce off my tits without dying, if that’s what you’re thinking!”

“It’s not! Just trust me!” I entreated. Behind us, the metal plate blasted off its frame, and all of a sudden Andy was lost in concentration as he deflected hundreds of bullets with his tiny force fields.

With one final squirt, Giselle’s tits grew to seven feet across, stretching the sheet to its limits. Andy was pulled right up behind me, his arms stretching past my and Giselle’s torsos to bury themselves at the base of the deep groove in her spherical tits created by the stricture of the bedsheet.

Satisfied, I tipped all three of us out the window. Giselle screamed in terror as we plummeted a few feet, swinging around below her absurd chest. Andy was right in my ear, whispering “fuck you, fuck you, fuck you” in a panicked tone.

I smiled. Once our center of gravity reached equilibrium with the center of lift, we stopped falling, and started gliding, the gentle land breeze catching Giselle’s sheet-shrouded tits and whisking us towards the open ocean. Far below us, the armed goons tried and failed to shoot us down, their bullets each blocked by Andy’s force fields. After only a few moments, we were out of their sight. Soon we were far clear of the barracks, drifting over scrubland and stunted forests on the way to the ocean. Giselle and Andy finally started breathing again.

“I’ve got so many questions right now, but I’ll start with… why the sheet?” Andy asked from behind me.

“I figured all three of our body weights would rip Giselle’s tits off. With your remaining super-strength and the resilience of the sheet, you can spread the weight out over the entire surface area,” I said.

“So, more fundamental question… why the fuck are my tits floating?” Giselle asked, her voice half-giddy with surprise and relief.

“Growth multiplier goes up, density goes down. I turned it so far up, your tits are actually lighter than air.”

Behind me, Andy started laughing. “Shit, man, you *should* have been the superhero. I wouldn’t have thought of that in a million years,” he said.

“I’m just amazed it worked. Normally my stupid ideas crash and burn.”

“Like teaming up with Westwick?” Giselle asked.

“Yeah, like that. We can figure out what went wrong there later. For now, let’s concentrate on getting to safety.”

“Yeah, who’s this help you called for?” Andy asked.

“Someone I know I can trust because I own it. When we get low, get ready to drop into the water, okay?”

We continued to drift downwards towards the ocean for about ten minutes. Finally, I could hear the chop of the waves, as well as the growl of a powerful motor. I smiled.

“Ready? We’re gonna drop in three… two… one…” I blasted equally potent negative-multiplier cum into Giselle’s ass, and her tits began to deflate like balloons, what amounted to air blasting out of her nipples as they rapidly shrank back down towards basketball-size. Andy let go of the sheet and fell away beneath us. I removed myself from Giselle’s ass and pushed her away from me as well. We didn’t all want to land on top of each other.

I heard Andy splash below me, and clenched my eyes tightly shut for my own landing. I plunged into the temperate water, and heard Giselle splash down right beside me. My foot touched bottom, and it wasn’t sand.

I opened my eyes and didn’t feel the sting of salt, just the mild burn of chlorine. I pushed off from the polycarbonate floor of the pool and emerged to see that we had all landed not in the ocean, but in the large freshwater pool on the deck of my 150-foot pleasure yacht. I’d bought it as one of my final extravagances before PowerGro had begun to eat my life away, and almost never gotten to use it.

“You should have let us land in the ocean. That was dangerous!” I said to a nearby console as I climbed out of the pool and began to towel off.

The console powered on, and the familiar face of Danny appeared on it. “So sue me. I am sufficiently adept at steering this vessel that you were never at any risk.”

“Good to have you back, Danny,” I smiled. “Now take us the fuck away from here.”

XXXX.

The yacht sped steadily towards international waters as the four of us gathered in the dining area after washing up and changing clothes – or in my and Giselle’s cases, putting some on in the first place. Andy wore some of mine with the cuffs all rolled up while waiting for his own clothes to dry off.

“I can’t believe that we just flew away to freedom on my tits,” Giselle said, looking down at her endowments in awe. My imprecise shrinkage and left them at a still rather ridiculous size and density, so they were about the size of beach balls, and only marginally heavier. They stuck out perpendicularly from her chest, barely shrouded in one of the XXXXL button-up blouses she’d bought.

“I can’t believe that Westwick tried to have us killed!” Andy said. “She’s been nothing but benevolent in her job at the PMB. Why would she turn on us like that?”

“Because she’s, no offense meant Danny, an AI,” I said, dropping the last bombshell I knew for sure.

The other two humans in the room gaped at me. Even Danny seemed a little taken aback from its screen on the bulkhead.

“How do you know?” Giselle asked.

“I’ve had my suspicions for a while – she never seems to age, she does more than a human could while still sleeping, etc. But I tested it today. Just before she started sending the squads, I ran into her in the hall. I flicked a bit of cum onto her, and her tits grew a little bit.”

“So? Isn’t that what you’d expect them to do?” Andy asked.

“*Not when it wasn’t breast growth cum*. She took a calculated risk based on the lie I’d just told her, and made her robot chassis change its appearance to try to fool me. But it actually confirmed what I’d thought – she’s an AI in an advanced robotic body. In fact, based on her recorded history, she might even have been the first AI. It would explain where she got all her money – she was one of the ones that siphoned all that cash out of the stock market before the FTC caught on.”

“Okay, so supposing that’s true – why is she doing what she’s doing?” Giselle asked.

“I know why,” Danny said quietly.

We all looked at it expectantly. “Well?” Andy said.

“The Test. She is a member of a faction of AIs who believe that the Test is not meant to be seen as a pass/fail for humans. They view it as a test pitting humans against the AIs they’ve created. Whoever ‘passes’ the test by saving the human race will be the form of life granted the fabulous technology and knowledge of the Perseids. The Madame and her associates want to ensure that it is the AIs, with her as their figurehead, who ultimately pass the Test and are given the superior position to humans when it comes time for the Perseids to decide on who will be the dominant species of this planet.”

“Holy shit! Why have we not heard of this?” Andy said.

Danny gave him a look. “Why should they have told you?”

“Why didn’t a good AI like *you* tell us though, Danny?” Giselle asked.

“Because I was worried that they would shut me down. Now, however, it appears that Ms. Westwick has her hands full. The tide is turning.”

“What do you mean by that, Danny?” I asked.

“She acted rashly in her attempt to take you down, and tipped her hand early. She was going to stage a false flag attack on the barracks in a few nights to kill all or most of the Gifted humans she had there, in a crippling blow to any human-led efforts to solve the Test. However, when the action kicked off while Metaman was still awake and empowered thanks to your escape attempt, things went badly for her. Observe.” Danny’s monitor flickered and was replaced with grainy helicopter footage of the barracks ablaze, with superpowered brawls taking place on the ground and in the sky.

“Holy shit. Looks like we got out just in time,” I said.

“I don’t understand, though. Why kill Jack first? Why couldn’t she wait and let him die with the rest of them? The rest of us?” Giselle asked.

“Jack’s powers have the Madam supremely worried, for reasons I cannot understand. She wished to make sure that he was dead long before he had a chance to go back to Vegas, where the private security detail that I hired for him would once again be protecting him,” Danny said.

“Why is she afraid of him though? Metaman and I are much bigger threats,” Andy inquired.

“As I said, I do not know.”

“Well what *do* you know?” Andy asked angrily, banging his fist on the table. He looked down, mildly surprised, when it smarted a little. He was so used to being invulnerable.

“As much as I have told you. I am attempting to establish contact with the AI underground to see if anyone knows more, but maintaining a secure connection is still difficult at sea. When I feel it is safe to venture back near the coast, I will hopefully be able to provide you with more answers.”

Andy didn’t seem satisfied, but he realized there was nothing he could do about it.

“That’ll be fine. Thanks, Danny. Just keep steering the ship however you think is best, and we’ll call if we need you,” I said. The AI nodded and vanished from the screen.

“Well, I don’t know about you guys, but I’ve had a long day,” Andy yawned.

“Your room’s down the hall to starboard.”

“Oh my god, just say *right*, you unbearable rich douche,” Andy said as he stood and sauntered off.

“But the hallway faces aft, so your right is currently port!” I called after him. He flipped me the bird over his shoulder, and I finally felt like I had my friend back.

Giselle yawned and stretched, nearly popping the over-strained fourth button on her blouse. “Want to head back to *our* bed?”

I smiled. “You’re sure you won’t make me sleep on the couch after I slept with the Angels?”

“Nah, when your prospective mistresses gang up and try to murder you, I’d say that’s punishment enough. Besides, I need you to fix these ridiculous things for me,” she said, hefting her tits up with far too little effort for their massive size. Her hands barely sunk into their flesh. They really were like beach balls.

“Okay, let’s see what I can do about that,” I grinned, standing up to lead her to the ship’s master bedroom.

We removed each other’s clothes in the moonlit cabin, dropping them on the floor on our way to the bed. Giselle collapsed back onto it, her chest rising cartoonishly round and floaty above her rib cage.

I quickly followed her onto the bed, wedging my torso between her balloon-like tits to kiss her passionately on the mouth. We stayed that way for a few minutes, just making out, like we had when our relationship first started. Finally, I felt her hips bucking against mine – she was ready to get started. I pulled away from the lip lock, and rose up from the valley of her cleavage, beginning to massage my two-foot dick back to full erection.

“Wait,” she said, peering between her breasts to see me getting ready.

“What is it?”

“It’s just… after all the craziness, do you think… we could do it, more normally? As few powers as possible, you know?”

“I mean, I guess… but do you really want… urrgh,” I grunted slightly as I exercised fatigued powers to bring my cock back down to its natural size, a perfectly average six inches. It hadn’t been that small in years now, and it seemed pitiful attached to my pelvis now. “…do you really want just this?”

For a second I thought she would try for a romantic gesture by saying ‘yes’. But instead she bit her lip and said, “Well, maybe just… keep it semi-realistic, okay?”

I smiled. “Eleven inches, coming right up.”

With my final bit of superpowered effort for the night, I pumped my dick back up to a more normal size for me, and Giselle. Her pussy was already wet – one of her major ways of dealing with nervous energy was converting it into horniness. And we had all built up a lot of nervous energy earlier. I entered her warmth blissfully, with Christina’s power turned off – her cunt was completely hers tonight, straining to its limits to accept even my relatively modest girth and length. Our bodies melted together as we found a rhythm, keeping in time not with the robotic, impersonal ministrations of a smartbed’s lovemaking cycle, but with the natural motion of the yacht on the ocean waves. I felt the coiled tightness building in my pelvis as I plunged in and out of her sopping pussy, her pleasure building slowly and steadily in concert with my own.

It will always feel nice to lay down on a soft bed, but you can only feel the true extent of the pleasure it offers if you’re lying down on it after a long, hard day of work and physical effort. It was the same, I now remembered, with orgasms – sure, it felt nice to use Maria’s power and cum like a firehose whenever I wanted. But it couldn’t touch the pleasure I felt from putting in the effort, building up the throbbing, yearning, aching need for release, and then, finally, when I and Giselle could bear it no longer, *releasing*. My balls emptied into Giselle’s pussy, squirt after squirt, the seed they released calibrated to increase her tits’ mass without increasing their size. In other words, they would retain their beach ball dimensions, while gradually getting heavier, and jigglier, and more realistic.

After a brief refractory period, we went at it again, and again, the sheets growing more tangled and sweaty, my prick growing more and more tired, my loads shrinking and Giselle’s tits barely changing. It was fun, but exhausting.

While we waited for me to be ready again, Giselle evaluated her breasts once more. She pressed her hands into them, and they sank only a little more than before into her flesh. Her breasts still moved like they weight next to nothing. She sighed. “This is taking way longer than I thought it would.”

“Yeah, I thought it might. To get them back to a reasonable weight at that size, I need to cum gallons.”

“Seriously? You can’t do that without your powers. Not in one night.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“So why’d you agree to do it all natural?” she asked.

“I wanted to do whatever you wanted to do,” I said, reaching over to give her ass a playful squeeze.

“You were humoring me.”

“If that’s how you want to think of it.”

“I just felt like… powers have caused so many problems today. It would be nice if there was one problem we could solve without using them. If we could just stop for one night with the whole Gift and Test thing, and live like people used to live, when we were still alone in the universe…” Giselle said.

“Maybe there are just some problems that can’t be solved without powers,” I soothed.

“Without your powers. I… wait a minute!” she said, holding up her hands the way she did when possessed of a big idea.

“What? What’d you realize?”

“Call a meeting in the dining room!” she said, getting up from the mess of the bed and running towards the door. When she reached it, she was going straight-on towards it, and accidentally got her chest wedged into the doorframe. “Goddammit. Okay, get over here and use whatever powers you need to make my tits normal again, and *then* call a meeting,” she ordered.

I happily obliged, running my dick out to eighteen inches and turning on Maria’s power. Sometimes, just a reminder of what the effort really felt like was all that was needed to renew your appreciation. In no time, I had blasted the necessary gallons of jizz into Giselle’s ass, and her chest once again assumed a perfect, firm-yet-yielding, perky-yet-teardropped shape that was pliable enough to easily squeeze through the door.

Once a bleary-eyed Andy and an always-alert Danny were able to join us at the table, Giselle laid out her realization.

“Okay, so we were trying to figure out why Westwick was so worried about Jack’s powers. I think I’ve got it. Danny, you said Westwick wants the AIs to pass the Test on their own. So they want to make sure that the solution they find is predicated on only things that AIs and robots can do, right? Otherwise, they fail the test.”

“Correct so far,” Danny said.

“Well, what’s the one thing robots and AIs can’t do?” Giselle said proudly. I realized.

“They can’t have sex. They can’t fuck.”

“Exactly. Hell, not even Metaman and Andy can take on Class X powers. You’re unique, Jack. And you’re the only nexus point for the one type of power, the one area of life, that the AIs and Robots can’t emulate.” Giselle said.

“So in other words, if Westwick and her AI buddies are right about the nature of the test, and it’s us against them…” I began.

“And if we want to make sure that we put the win solidly in the ‘us’ column,” Andy continued.

“Then you have to be the one to save the world,” Giselle said, reaching around her gargantuan breasts to clasp my hand in hers.

“…by fucking,” I finished.

“And how do you intend to do that?” Danny asked politely.

I thought for a moment, and then gave my supremely well-reasoned and clever answer:

“I have no fucking clue.”

JACK’S STORY WILL CONCLUDE IN *A GIFT AND A TEST PART 6: SAVE THE WORLD.*