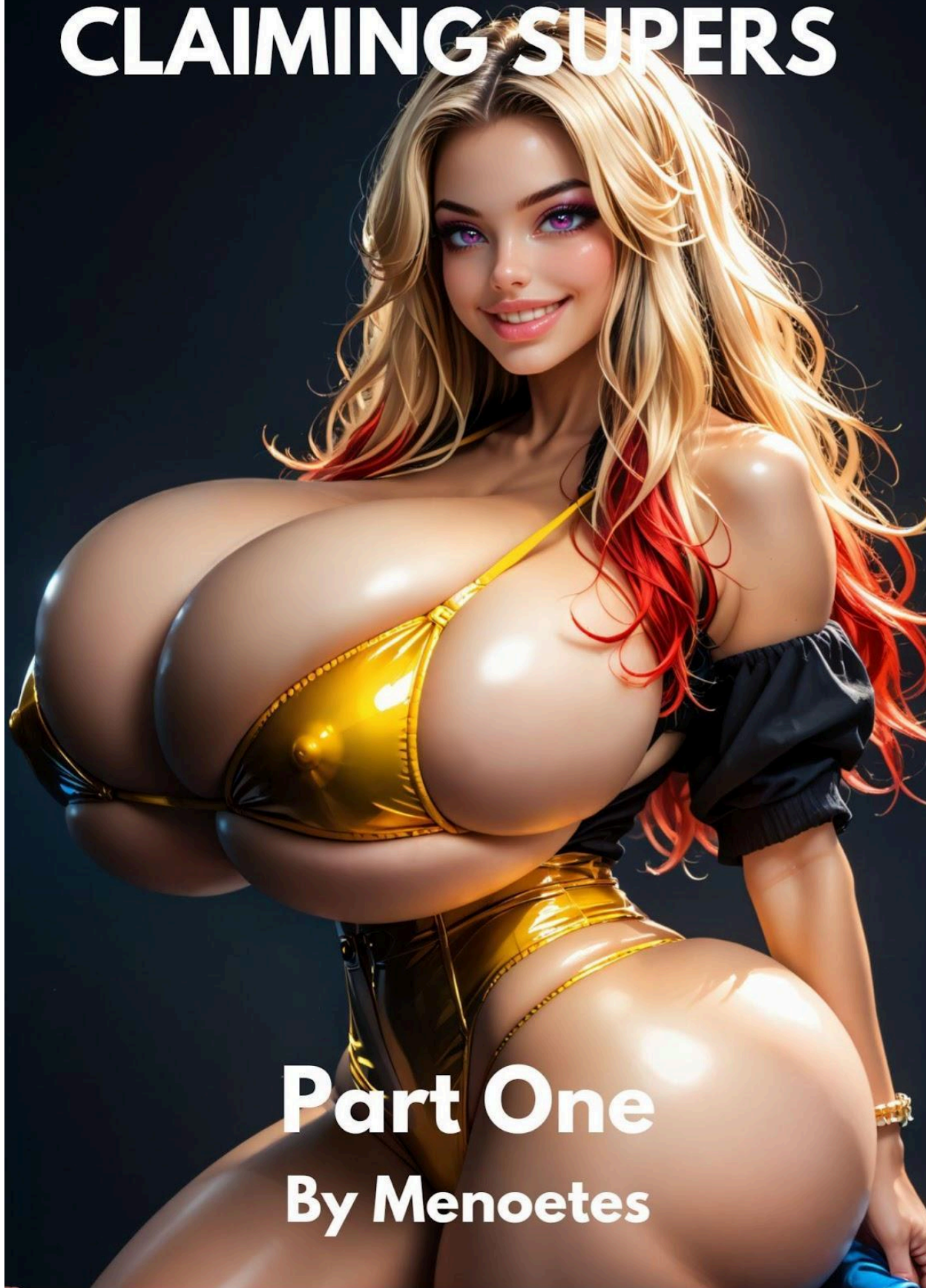


CLAIMING SUPERS



Part One
By Menoetes

Claiming Supers

Part One.

Kinetica's cape billowed in the wind as she blasted the roof of the penthouse lair apart with a psionic blast. Her all-female crime-fighting squad; 'the Ladies of Liberty,' had already infiltrated the skyscraper headquarters of billionaire tech genius and villainess Dr Ruth Ruthless and engaged her cybernetically enhanced goons in a climactic smackdown brawl.

"Ah, I see the jewel of the city has come to stop my nefarious schemes! Well, you are too late, Kinetica. My latest invention will spell your DOOOOOM!!" The iniquitous heiress cackled, covered head to toe in futuristic power armor that, for reasons unknown, had a boob window over her bountiful chest.

Kinetica sighed.

Sad to say, it was simply another day in New Avalon. The metropolis attracted supers and villains alike to its grimy streets. Something about packed population centers with sprawling infrastructure and a significant wealth divide was irresistible to all and sundry.

Gangs, mobsters, petty crooks, and anyone with a lick of superpower (well-intentioned or otherwise) flocked here to seek fame and fortune. Crime and vigilante justice were a major problem, not to mention the shady mega-corps that moved in after the entire city was zoned as a tax haven to stimulate economic growth in what amounted to a small-scale warzone.

And the Ladies of Liberty were the premier protectors of said warzone. They each had a role to play, especially since corporate sponsorship of superheroes became a reality.

"Halt, villain!" Kinetica cried, deflecting an arcing bolt of electricity with a steel strut held in her telekinetic grip. "Your days of evil-doing are at an end!"

Below, Silver Streak raced at impossible speeds, disarming the mad scientist's cyborg minions too fast for their advanced weapons systems to track. The slight, lavender-skinned Xeno's gauntleted fists smashed shoulder-mounted cannons and cracked skulls in a metallic blur.

Miss Miriad's clones followed closely behind. Pouring out of the stairwells, her duplicated brunettes dogpiled the mechanical hybrids *en masse*, raining punches and kicks that shattered reinforced bones.

Sally Putty made a dynamic entrance by stretching her hyper-elasticated body between two pillars and launching into the melee like a rubber band—the green-haired heroine tangled groups of attackers in her elongated limbs.

Pitched battle consumed the now roofless laboratory, the villainess's army of defenders crumbling under their decisive assault. Not that the woman noticed or cared. She was busy grandstanding for the swarm of news drones recording the fight. Standing at the center of a raised circular platform between buzzing Tesla coils, the despicable Doctor gestured towards what appeared to be a twenty-foot death ray aimed directly at herself.

"This seems like an overly elaborate suicide attempt, Ruth." Kinetica said glibly. "Never fear. We've arranged a nice padded cell with your name on it."

"Mwahahaha! Fool, behold my brilliance. By harnessing the cosmic radiation released during last year's interdimensional incursion, I have created an energy beam that will invest me with powers untold. You have arrived only to witness my ascension to godhood! Mwahahaha!!"

Kinetica had to admit the woman had an excellent evil laugh, booming from the speakers in her armor. But monologuing, really?

A seasoned pro like Dr Ruthless should know better.

With a flare of power, the hovering heroine wrapped the needle-shaped device in telekinetic force. It was the size of a naval gun and twice as heavy. Metal creaked but didn't shift, firmly anchored to the floor.

Truthfully, Kinetica could have tossed it into orbit with a flick of a manicured fingernail. She was the nation's strongest psionic. However, the publicity agents their squad's sponsor employed demanded theatrics in front of the camera.

Theatrics raised viewer numbers. Raised viewer numbers meant higher brand visibility. Higher brand visibility led to increases in sales and stock value.

She missed the old days when they just arrested the bad guy. But the public wasn't interested in a ten-second battle where the hero turned up and stomped the antagonist flat in a single blow, and Kinetica had bills to pay like everyone else.

So, reluctantly, she engaged in... dramatics.

"Hnngh! I... will not... allow you.. to hurt... this city!" She pretended to struggle under the non-existent strain. "Sally, help me divert the beam!"

"Roger Dodger!" The elastic girl shouted, extending a hand that inflated to the size of a bouncing castle to latch onto the weapon's barrel. "Ready when you are, boss lady!"

"Lift on my command." Something about the otherworldly energies thrumming the device felt strange to Kinetica. An odd reverberation echoed back along her mental bonds. "Now!"

With far more force than she intended, the whole array flipped out of its cradle, spiraled in the air, and discharged a sickly yellow ray into the city below.

Whoopsie...

“Noooo! My greatest triumph. You stole it from me!” Dr Ruthless shook her armored fists. “My schemes... ruined at the last second! Damn you—”

Kinetica wasn't listening, staring pensively down at the streets while her squad subdued their foe.

“Ugh. Press conferences are the worst.” Miranda complained, shrugging on a leather jacket. “What a bunch of lounge chair quarterbacks.”

“Why are you bitching?” Sarah laughed, tucking her green hair under an Auburn wig. “You always send a double. The rest of us have to attend in person.”

They were in their private locker room, changing into civilian clothing. Kinetica admired her teammates. They were the best of the best and looked the part. Four ass-kicking lycra-covered super-hotties whose figures ranged from the whip-thin quality of Silvejia's alien beauty to the ultra-fit sports model physique Miranda maintained.

Sarah's changeable form didn't count. Technically classified as a body-morpher, she could shrink, expand, or stretch her hyper-flexible body into various configurations. Presently, the rubberized babe was sporting the lean yet busty figure of a beach volleyball player with legs for miles and a spectacular ass.

“At least you two get asked sensible questions.” Silvejia deadpanned, fiddling with her holo-emitter bracelet. “The men of this world are obsessed with my dating life more than any heroic exploits.”

Light distorted around the Xeno speedster, fuzzing momentarily, replacing lavender skin with dusky flesh and turning plum-colored hair black. In her human disguise, she resembled a high-class Indian fashionista—devastatingly

slim and tall, with regal features. Even the diamond mindstone fixed to her brow (a symbol of noble lineage) warped into a red bindi.

“It ain’t every day they get to slobber over alien royalty.” Miranda hoisted a heavy duffel bag as though it weighed nothing. She didn’t possess enhanced strength but trained rigorously, so each copy of her was in peak fighting condition. “They’re only men, after all. Let me take you on the town, hot stuff. I’ll show ya a real good time. Just you, me and me and me.”

The buff brunette shot her a lascivious wink, which Silvejia studiously ignored. It wasn’t the first time such passes had been made. Their duplicator was a loud and proud icon of the LGBTQ community who wasn’t particularly shy in her advances, especially toward her squadmates.

And why wouldn’t she? Kinetica mused, peeling off the skin-tight gold and black leotard that was their uniform. As a flyer and team leader, hers included a shiny blue cape for added, ugh, theatrics. *None of us are less than perfect specimens of one physical archetype or another.*

It wasn’t pride nor vanity driving that opinion. Extensive market research, online surveys, and data-mined metrics proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that the Ladies of Liberty were considered the hottest, sexiest crime-fighting quartet in the northern hemisphere.

Their merchandise flew off the shelves faster than a speeding bullet. Figurines, t-shirts, posters, body pillows, and even a poorly conceived WebFlix mini-series featuring the hammiest acting imaginable proved popular with the star-struck masses.

And Kinetica was their crowning jewel.

Brilliant blonde tresses tipped in scarlet cascaded over her shoulders. She was cheerleader trim, gifted with a flawless, expressive face that could light up city blocks with a smile. The tabloids named her ‘America’s Sweetheart.’ She

dominated the front page, fighting kaijus or giant robots in a figure-hugging outfit that showcased her youthful body's smooth lines and sensual curves.

Frankly, all the attention made Kinetica uncomfortable.

“You okay, boss lady?” Sarah inquired in her midwestern accent, “Can’t help noticing you're awfully quiet. Something on your mind?”

“The beam weapon that misfired,” She asked. “Did anyone check where it landed?”

“Police cordoned off the entire area.” Miranda waved dismissively. “Let the ground pounders sort that shit out. What else are they good for?”

“A troubled mind only leads to troubled rest,” Silvejia agreed sagely. “Trust in New Avalon’s law enforcement. Those brave men and women are heroes, too.”

“If you say so.” Miranda snorted.

“Out, out!” Sarah shooed them away, waiting for the door to shut then stretching over to massage Kinetica’s shoulders. “Don't mind them, boss lady. They're all about the hero lifestyle and sometimes forget why we fight.”

The blonde heroine melted under her friend's relaxing touch. Smiling at the reminder of what she personally fought for...

A quiet, humble life away from the glitz and glamour with the people she cared for.

As if reading her mind, Sarah asked, “Say, isn't tonight date night with that fella of yours?”

“It is.” She said, reaching for a pair of jeans. “Thanks for the pep talk, Sarah. Pass me my glasses?”

Zane staggered up the stairs to his apartment, pain dogged every step.

He was not having a fun day.

Moving to New Avalon had been exciting. The famed metropolis was the financial hub of the East Coast, packed with employment opportunities for fresh college graduates. It was also home to a lively music scene, countless museums and cultural centers, some of the finest dining in the world, and, best of all, superheroes.

Masked demigods who walked amongst the common folk, defending them from the many threats which plagued humanity. They defeated villains, protected the weak, foiled evil plans, and locked up criminals.

Walking the street could mean bumping into the likes of Professor Plutonium or The Human Hammer in their civvies. Never knowing he'd brushed shoulders with legends.

What a thrill!

That was four years ago. Before Zane had been mugged in his first week, landed an entry-level position at the soul-eating Kronos Industries, and witnessed the horror of an actual super battle during the Groundling Uprising. Those sewer-dwelling mutants terrorized the city for over a week!

The destructive fallout had been eye-opening. Collateral damage was nearly as high as rental rates after landlords increased their prices to extort displaced citizens. Organized crime was rampant, the traffic terrible, and the rat race was downright cutthroat.

He imagined most people boarding the subway in an *ordinary* city didn't whisper a silent prayer for a safe and uneventful commute to work every morning, free from mad bombers or sentient insect swarms.

Zane had already encountered both.

Today though... Today was the closest call yet. He'd been walking downtown, minding his own damn business, when the top floor of a nearby skyscraper exploded in superpowered conflict. Broken glass and debris fell like rain which he miraculously survived, sprinting for cover like everyone else when *something* blasted Zane from above and sent him tumbling across the sidewalk.

He awoke to find a paramedic checking his pupils with a penlight amidst the devastation. After declaring him healthy, minus a few cuts and scrapes, they ordered him to vacate the area, moving to the next casualty.

Unlocking the door, Zane stumbled into his shoebox apartment. The dingy single-bedroom abode reeked of the Chinese food from the restaurant across the street. His stomach growled. Their orange chicken was fucking dynamite.

Honestly, other than bone-deep soreness and an empty belly, he felt exhausted. Flopping face-down onto his goodwill couch, Zane passed the hell out.

An indeterminate period later, loud knocking penetrated Zane's slumber.

"Zay-Zay, are you home?" Enquired a sweet voice. "I brought dinner."

"Five more minutes." He groaned, then bolted upright, recognizing the caller.

That was a mistake. Zane's head spun, and a throw pillow stuck stubbornly to his cheek. Swatting the damn thing away, he hurriedly straightened his wrinkled shirt and sniffed an armpit.

Colette was here for date night. He'd forgotten entirely after the trouble downtown. Judging himself passable, Zane checked the apartment for stray socks or dirty dishes, then answered the door.

Beyond it waited an angel with take-out bags in hand.

She was quite tall, standing five feet ten in sensible flats. Rust-blond hair with faded red highlights was pulled back in an unruly ponytail while big horn-rimmed spectacles rested upon a button nose, magnifying her bright amber eyes. Kissable cupid-bow lips beamed all the warmth of summer at him, before pinching in concern.

"Sugar, what happened? You're hurt!"

Even worried, she remained unfairly attractive. Her modest work attire, an olive calf-length skirt, white ruffled blouse, and loose brown cardigan, obscured a firm figure that Zane had discovered after some heavy petting.

Colette worked as an archive technician for the state library and dressed the part. A demure, muted beauty hidden amongst the stacks. The type of girl a guy could take home to meet the parents. A flower he yearned to pluck...

A peculiar sensation pulsed in Zane's middle. Like a second heartbeat, yet somehow not.

"Z-Zay? Uh, may I come in?" She asked, suddenly bashful. Color dusted her sharp cheekbones. "We should tend to those injuries."

"What? Oh, yeah... sorry, Colly. It's been a rough day."

Stepping aside, he accepted the food and ushered her in. Wobbled unsteadily, she tripped on the threshold, collapsing against him.

"Oops," Colette gasped, draping arms around Zane's shoulders and nuzzling his neck. "How clumsy of me."

“I’ve got you.” He replied. Her breasts squished into him through their many layers of clothing. Full and springy. His heart skipped a beat. “Come on in, babe.”

Something was... different.

They’d been dating for several months and taking things slow. Colette was polite, kind-hearted, and as conservative as her sense of fashion suggested. She enjoyed long walks and holding hands in the park. The bookish blonde became flustered over public displays of affection, though she proved to be an excellent kisser in private.

But Zane had occupied second base for longer than he liked.

And Colette wasn't without eccentricities of her own. She had an odd habit of disappearing at the damndest times, only to turn up again hours later, sheepish and apologetic. The girl could get lost in a paper bag, given how often she arrived late for a date—or sometimes not at all—because of her professed inability to navigate the congested city streets.

It was simultaneously frustrating and cute as hell.

So when Zane's shy, reserved girlfriend started pawing at him as he half-carried her to the couch, it triggered alarm bells. Anything was possible in New Avalon.

“Are you feeling alright, Colly?” He asked, easing her onto the cushions. “No weird happenings or anything today?”

“Nope, nothing special.” She clung to his hand, unwilling to let go, sniffing profoundly and then perking up. “Oh, did you hear the Ladies of Liberty took down Dr Ruthless? Talk about exciting!”

Zane almost developed a facial tic at the mention of the incident. Colette was a massive fan of the LoL (an unfortunate acronym for a group of dead-sexy

heroines who wanted to be taken seriously), obsessively soliciting his opinion on the squad, and especially her idol; Kinetica.

“Yeah, I think I caught a bit of it.” He said meaningfully, itching at a fresh scab. The pulsing in his center intensified. “Maybe a little more than was strictly healthy.”

Her face became ashen at the implication, eyes widening in dismay. The grip on his hand tightened. “Oh no, you were there? Sugar, are those cuts a result of... their actions?”

Assigning culpability in life-or-death circumstances wasn't simple; and was a mire in which Zane didn't wish to get bogged. Heroes had the unenviable task of making hard decisions in critical situations. For better or worse, they fought for the greater good. Sometimes that meant paying the butcher's bill with a few innocent lives to save countless more.

“They blew the top floor off that building as if it were made of Lego. Did anyone consider the bystanders down below?” Apparently, his tongue wasn't so forgiving. The words tasted bitter. “Sure, I'm still kicking, but others aren't.”

Tears gathered on Colette's cheeks, and regret stabbed his gut. She wasn't to blame...

“Oh Zay-Zay! I'm really sorry you were hurt.” The normally bashful blonde bawled, pulling him into a rib-crushing hug. Jesus, she was strong! “Wait here. I'm going to fix everything.”

She darted to the cramped bathroom, returning with the first-aid kit she'd given him on their one-month anniversary. It had been such a Colette gift, symbolizing her caring, nurturing nature.

After four years of courting death by merely residing in New Avalon, Zane had all but wept at her thoughtfulness.

“Ta-take off your shirt, please.” She stammered, settling onto the couch again. “I need to ch-check your injuries.”

She was blushing up a storm, yet her expression was determined. There was iron in that gaze. He removed the blood-stained business shirt, grimacing in pain. Blood flowed where the cotton had staunched his abrasions.

“Oh, Sugar...”

“It’s not as bad as it looks.” Zane hissed when she dabbed antiseptic on a nasty scratch above his sternum. Her touch was wonderfully gentle. “The paramedics wouldn’t have discharged me if—”

“You shouldn’t have been there in the first place.” Colette sobbed, her eyes misty. A delicate hand alighted on his trouser leg, perilously close to somewhere intimate. “The police were supposed to surround the building, keeping the public out of harms way.”

He didn’t disagree, choosing to sit in silence while the peculiar pulsing within him escalated to pounding as his manhood stiffened at her proximity. She always smelled great, like a forest breeze in autumn. However, Zane detected a different note to her scent today. A musky hint that was undeniably feminine and incredibly arousing.

“Sure, I guess?” He was rock-hard already, confused by her unusual scent and nearness. “Don’t know much about police procedure.”

Colette gilded soft fingers across his unremarkable torso. Tending to the damaged flesh, often leaning in to kiss a bruise or scrape. Quiet, affectionate mewls escaped as her hand on his thigh drifted higher.

Zane jerked when she licked his nipple. Circling her tongue before stropping her face against his chest. Inhaling him like a junky.

“Ah, Colly?” He gasped when she located his turgid shaft. Dainty digits curled around the bulge, stroking it through his pants. “Are you sure this is—”

“Shhhh... Zay-Zay. Let me take care of you.” Colette cooed, trailing smooches down Zane’s belly, unzipping his fly. “I want to balance the scales between us. You were hurt today because...” She faltered, shocked by his engorged length as it sprang free, “Jesus, you’re huge!”

His rigid tool loomed like an obelisk casting a shadow over the blonde’s bespectacled face. Zane stared in amazement at its obscene dimensions. Vulgar and crude, his impossibly girthy dick extended well above her head, leaking viscous precum from the bulbous tip.

“What the—?!”

The preposterous prick in her small hand was not the one Zane was intimately familiar with. It was immense—ludicrously so when compared to the rest of his body. A veiny, meaty fuckpole rearing skyward.

It was also very sensitive and... glowing?

Zane blinked.

No, he wasn’t hallucinating. His gigantified boner emitted a barely perceptible yellow aura that thrummed to the phantom beat in his center.

Colette hadn’t seemed to notice, which was surprising since she was basically eye-to-eye with his spunk-bubbling urethra, which drizzled white onto her glasses as she stroked him.

“Uh, Colly.” Zane warned through the bolts of pleasure her touch induced. “I don’t think—”

“Your cock smells so delicious, Sugar. I never knew you were hiding something this extraordinary from me.” His girlfriend wetted her plump lips, and the scent of her sharpened. “May I take a tiny taste? Just a little lick, please?”

She had slipped into a partially crouching position on the floor, her head in Zane’s lap. It looked uncomfortable, being half-bent over his knee, but the entreaty in her amber gaze and the way she was stroking him...

“Ah, fuck. But only a little, okay?” He relented.

“Thank you, thank you! *Mmmmnph~...*”

Colette pounced with the eagerness of a hungry lioness. Extending her tongue, she swirled it around his corpulent crown, gathering up his pungent spend. In an instant, her pupils dilated to the size of saucers, and the once-demure blonde started to tremble.

“Shit, babe, are you okay?” Zane panicked, steadying her by the shoulders. “Speak to me!”

“Am-ambrosia... nectar of the g-gods...” The words came out slurred as Colette swished the creamy load like mouthwash and swallowed. “Need more, Zay. Please, g-give me more...”

“This is bad. We should stop,” he began when suddenly an invisible force slammed down, pinning him to the couch.

“Nooo, can’t stop.” She whined with a deranged gleam in her eyes. Zane’s struggles proved futile against the unseen bonds. “You can’t cut me off after one teensy sample. Please, Sugar. I promise you’ll enjoy it.”

“Jesus, Colly! Wait, something is wrong—AAAH!” He yelped as his pants were ripped away in a flurry of broken stitching to fly across the room.

Unimpeded, Zane's seemingly possessed girlfriend returned to gobbling his monster-cock. Everything melted under the slobbery assault of her lips and tongue. The will to resist evaporated as she slurped and gurgled loudly, fucking her pretty face on his unreasonable rigidity.

Months of pent-up precum boiled out of him, which she sucked down like a thirsty pilgrim lost in the desert. Shaking and moaning whorishly before resurfacing for air. Her silky-soft hand never stopped jacking him.

"Mm-hmm, that's the stuff." Colette gulped another mouthful. Shuddering in apparent ecstasy. "I'm going to make you cum so hard, Zay-Zay. I'm going to get you off with my tight lips and throat, then drink every drop of your incredible seed."

The smell of her was everywhere. A spicy tang that kept Zane standing stiff at attention—his uber-hung dick strobing yellow light in her pumping grasp. A detail she was clearly too out of her mind to notice.

"I can feel it inside me. Doing things to me. Altering me in ways that feel unbelievably good and somehow right." She continued, laying a loving smooch on his angry tip. "You want it as much as I do, don't you? To fill my empty belly with your scrummy load? Wanna see how wet you've made me?"

Not waiting for a response, Colette's frumpy clothing disintegrated in a cloud of shredded fabric. Her cardigan, blouse and long skirt were whisked away in tatters to join his pants in a corner.

Despite the abject insanity, Zane's breath hitched.

She was gorgeous, more than he dared dream on the loneliest of nights.

Taut and toned as a top collegiate athlete, her plain white bra and boyshorts did nothing to detract from the sensual wonderland that was her jaw-dropping figure. Full, high breasts capped a slender torso while her narrow waist, round hips, and peachy rear sent Zane's heart rate through the roof.

The boyshorts were soaked translucent, and her three-inch thigh gap glistened with free-flowing juices. That pervasive, primal scent inundated Zane's nostrils anew.

"Like what you see, Sugar? Mmmm... I love how you taste on my lips. You're going to give me an oral fixation." Colette shook out her rust-blond ponytail, letting the pink-tinged locks tumble over her shoulders. "Now relax. Let me take care of this perfect cock."

Zane's thoughts and emotions were scrambled when she took him into her mouth again. Warm and wet, her tongue was a spongy causeway guiding his stupendous shaft down her throat. Cheeks hollowing, she gazed adoringly up at him, taking him deep. Jerking his base, she gagged and gulped around his width.

That's when he saw her eyes change. Bright amber irises shifted to pale, luminous amethyst, shining as though lit by LEDs.

"Colly... oh hell, Colly." Zane wheezed, clinging to his last vestiges of reason. "Your eyes!"

Those same purple-pink orbs sparkled, the corners of Colette's lips twitching in a pleased grin before she suctioned him straight into her esophagus. Velvety heaven welcomed his throbbing length. Over a foot of thick-cut manmeat distended her slender neck, yet she handled it like a born cocksucker, humming and moaning lewd encouragement the whole time.

The storm of power within Zane graduated to a category-five hurricane. Hanging by the thinnest of threads, he could barely think while his bombshell girlfriend vacuumed the final dregs of sanity out through his donkey dick.

She bobbed at a furious pace, making happy noises and playing with herself, fingers buried in her drenched underwear. Firm young breasts slid back and forth, titty-fucking his knee as she engaged every part of her show-stopping body to drag him towards a crucial climax.

“Shit–fuck! Babe, I’m gonna... I’m gonna...”

“*Hmmmmh~!*”

The invisible bindings holding Zane abruptly vanished and his hands immediately flew to clasp the sides of her suckling skull, yanking her stunning face down while roughly thrusting upwards.

This girl–no, this incorrigible minx had driven him into a mad frenzy. She’d pretended to be nice, nerdy and sweet, then turned the tables at the first sign of weakness.

Zane didn’t feel weak anymore, throatfucking this sublime specimen of feminine sexuality. He was strong. Defiant. Not a victim anymore. Heart hammering, balls churning, he slammed his giant cock into Colette’s constricting gullet and unleashed the tempest directly into her flat stomach.

“Ugh, I’m fucking cumming!”

Crackling yellow energy burst forth along with a torrent of sticky spunk. She wailed around his suffocating girth. Gargling and hacking as copious seed and power flooded her core. Rapturous paroxysms reduced the breathtaking blonde to a blissful puddle, crumpling to the floor with a gusty sigh.

“Tha–thank you, sugar.”

He wasn’t done. Zane’s world spun when he stood, his mega-meat spouting a deluge that painted Colette’s supine form with pearly ropes. More jizz than he’d ejaculated in a lifetime slathered his semi-conscious girlfriend, splashing against her flawless flesh and trim figure. Seeping into her skin.

...her *glowing* skin.

Radiant skin that absorbed his tremendous load like a beach bunny soaking up sunshine before she exploded in a corona of yellow light. Zane shielded his vision from the glare, peeking through shaky fingers to watch Colette change.

Her glasses blew away, and her mussed hair brightened, the faded tresses turning a vivid golden blonde with scarlet tips. Her upturned face was the picture of divine rapture as even the hint of blemishes vanished from already superb flesh, which tightened and smoothed to inhuman perfection.

Then, with an elated shriek, certain parts of her began to swell...

“OOOHMAFUUUCKINGGAAAWD!!”

Quaking and clawing at the carpet, Colette thrashed in orgasmic throes, feeling her perky handfuls expand, straining the simple bra as soft tit-flesh overflowed satin cups. Spreading hips humped the air, squirting pussy juices from between slightly thicker thighs while her ass plumped and lifted, dragging the sodden boyshorts into a deepening butt crack.

Zane’s disproportionate prick lurched at the unbelievable sight, granite-hard, despite his recent, ridiculous ejaculation. Colette looked like a Greek goddess in repose. A carved idol of sex and fertility.

With that signature hair color and all-star cheerleader physique, she looked a lot like a pornified depiction of...

“Kinetica?!” He gaped, finally connecting the dots. This explained why his girlfriend was always absent during city-wide emergencies and world-threatening events. “No fucking way!”

“Mmmm... fucking is right, Sugar.” The super-heroine purred, arching to show off her enlarged cleavage. The yellow glow had disappeared, leaving a sultry Aphrodite at his feet. “You face-fucked me so good. Totally throatated me into a new dress size. What are these now? Double D-cups?” She groped her buoyant

chest, amethyst eyes glinting. “But the cherry on top is the unexpected power boost.”

“Wait, stop. Hang on a second.” Zane reeled at the revelation, his surge of confidence faltering. He, a complete nobody, had been dating one of the hottest female supers on the planet? “There’s no way this is possible. Power boost? Has to be a mistake.”

“What mistake, Zay-Zay?” Colette—no, *Kinetica* crooned, propping herself up on an elbow, majestic tits swaying hypnotically. “You’re a good man, Sugar. The type of guy I’ve dreamed of meeting since I was a little girl and, it would seem, an enhancer to boot! You never told me you were a super.”

Zane tried to protest. “I’m not—”

“But it makes sense now I think about it. Very smart, actually. Enhancers are extremely rare and highly sought-after. You wouldn’t know a moment of peace if word got out. Especially one of your caliber.” She mused, hands exploring her lush new contours. “The side-effects are... interesting, but there’s no denying you’ve unlocked greater abilities in me. Oh Sugar, it’s as if your amazing cock busted open a door in my mind and upgraded my power with your cum!”

Kinetica climbed to her knees, wobbling until she found a center of balance in her acutely top-heavy form, and reverently grasped Zane’s throbbing shaft. Shocked, he stared at the famous heroine stropping a face so awe-inspiring it graced billboards and magazine covers worldwide along his steely length.

This was real. Colette was Kinetica’s secret identity, and there she was. America’s Sweetheart in all her disheveled glory, winding up to suck him off again. Trailing her tongue along his sensitive underside. Tickling his balls with long fingernails. Parting those glistening lips to...

“Holy shit. You’re really her.” Zane collapsed onto the couch. “So you’re, what? Slumming it here with me; a grind-to-five desk jockey with limited career prospects and a premature dad bod?”

“Zay-Zay, no!” She objected, gripping him possessively, almost painfully. “You’ve always been more than that to me. Even before this... unforeseen development. You were my rock. A safe harbor amid all the politics and superhero bullshit. My moral touchstone lest I forget my humanity. You keep me sailing straight and true.”

Their gazes met and the pink glow in hers intensified. “You’re precious to me. ***I only want what’s best for you.***”

The words resonated with power, slamming into Zane like an eleventh commandment from the Almighty.

What’s best for him?

Thoughts and desires swirled in his mind. Fickle daydreams and darker fantasies, previously dismissed, gained inescapable gravity. They tugged and hauled at his confused psyche. Celestial bodies vying for attention, astronomical in their sudden import and tearing him apart...

Zane’s soul released a silent scream, commended to the afterlife, when something hot and wet encompassed his delirious dick in a skin-tight cocoon of pure nirvana.

Reality reasserted itself. Weight settled on his lap while a puckered nipple was pushed into his mouth. Fluid spurted from that blessed teat. Creamy and delicious and invigorating. Zane drank deeply, his inner turmoil reduced to a simmer.

”Mmmmph~!”

“Sorry, Sugar.” Colette whimpered, hugging him to her bountiful bosom. “Still getting a handle on the new ability you granted me. Don’t know why, but my tits are full to bursting. It drives me crazy when you suckle them.”

She was brilliantly naked, underwear gone, her pristine cunt squeezed and massaged Zane’s enormous fuckstaff. She slowly rode him like a bucking bronco. Hips swiveling, tits jostling, tucking in her smooth tummy to grind him against her sweet spot.

“Gosh, you're huge. Nearly too big. If I weren't a super, you'd probably break my poor pussy.” She groaned, kissing Zane’s brow as he nursed on a milky teat. “I can feel you stirring my insides so good. Feeding on my breasts while reshaping me on your massive dick.”

They moved together in a carnal dance. Colette gasping a symphony of erotic sounds. Zane glutting himself on her delectable lactate. Every swallow was rich and energizing. His appetite for more became voracious—more milk and more of the walking wet dream straddling his crotch.

She cooed when he clawed at her bubble butt, spreading firm cheeks for easier access.

She chirped in delight as he grew bolder, raking teeth over her raspberry nips before slurping again.

She moaned gutturally when he started to thrust up into her clingy cunt, finding the strength to bounce that mouth-watering figure on his manly pole.

What’s best for him?

The words echoed in his cranium.

Well, fucking one of the most captivating ultra-hotties who ever lived probably counted. Railing a mega-star who reportedly got paid millions in endorsement deals and headed New Avalon’s premier team of sexier-than-sin heroines was

certainly up there. Making *the* Kinetica yelp and squeal while he hammered that prissy snatch hard enough to bruise surely qualified as ‘best,’ right?”

Zane’s muscles flexed and bulged. The revitalizing milk sloshed in a belly that shrank from a forming gut to something tougher with suggestions of definition. His limbs swelled—not a lot—but his biceps, triceps, quads, and calves grew marginally thicker. More pronounced. Slick with perspiration, he drove to his feet, lifting the blonde goddess, who shrieked in excitement.

“Yes, Zay-Zay, YES!! Do it... *Hyaa~!* Ruin me forever!” Kinetica howled, wrapping mile-long legs around Zane’s broadening midsection. Fingernails dug into his shoulders as she mashed their lips together in a fiery, tongue-fueled kiss. ”Hmmm...”

The taste of cardamom and brown sugar pervaded his mouth. Saccharine yet fragrant—assuredly, the ‘best’ flavors. Like chai tea, his favorite morning beverage.

He pounded his superhero girlfriend mercilessly. Relishing the sensation of her ecstatic pussy welcoming him in with each upstroke, only to clench when he pulled back as though scared she might lose him. Creamy lactate spilled down their humping bodies, white rivulets splashing when they crashed together.

Humidity fogged the windows of the poorly ventilated apartment; her maddening musk blanketed everything.

Zane seized Kinetica’s neck, forcing her backward. Plowing her stellar body at a forty-five-degree angle. Needing to hear it, needing to know...

“Am I the best, babe?” He snarled, pumping her along his pulsating prong like an inflatable fuckdoll. “Tell me I’m the best. Say it. Say it!”

“You’re the best, Sugar!” Kinetica wailed, clamping tight as a vise around him. Girly nectar splattered everywhere. “The bestest fucking ever!”

“Nnnnuurgggh!”

The confirmation was a lightning bolt striking Zane’s center. He slammed her to his base and erupted. Delivering a tsunami of roiling baby batter directly into her womb. It washed out of him in bone-shaking waves, sapping more of his strange yellow energy. Soon, Kinetica’s cum-stuffed belly glowed from within as if she’d ingested a spotlight.

The radiance quickly spread until her entire body shone in Zane’s arms. It was happening again; he could feel it. Heat poured off the blonde super as she transformed on his spunk-spouting immensity.

Her spasming pussy shrank into a strangulating cock-sheath around him, and her tits surged, spraying precious lactate across them both. She grew taller, torso and waistline slimming as her already plush curves expanded further like a time-lapse of ripening fruit. Shoulder-length hair extended—increasingly glossy and voluminous—down to the middle of her spine in a gold mane tinted red that swung like a cape above thickening asscheeks custom-built for clapping.

“Ooo-oo-ooh, Sugar.” Kinetica’s voice hitched after the glow, and their climaxes subsided. She curled into a ball of contrasting firmness and softness, snuggling in Zane’s embrace. His unflagging rigidity remained lodged in her clutching depths. “That’s a very potent ability you’re packing. No wonder you kept it under wraps.”

“Sure. Under wraps.” He agreed, mind swamped in a post-coital daze. “What you said.”

“Do you think...” Her gorgeous face lifted to beam adoration at him. “Would it be okay to let a few others in on the secret?”

Zane frowned; it sounded like a risky proposition. He wasn’t an actual super. Certainly not an enhancer, whatever that meant. But part of him yearned to concede to the irresistible creature in his arms and damn the consequences.

She only wanted what was best for him.

Kinetica caught his hesitation, her expression growing concerned.

“Not just anyone, Zay-Zay. People we can trust. Friends who will use your special gift in the pursuit of justice!” She implored, peppering kisses along his neck and jaw. Her tenacious twat squeezed him. “You could make a real difference for the residents of this city and the rest of the world. Imagine how much we could accomplish with the power of... *Mm-hmmm~...* your incredible cock!”

Fuck, she was out-of-this-world levels of sexy and snug as a glove around Zane’s unyielding hardness. They were coated in sweat and milk, yet she couldn’t get enough of him. Being the sole focus of such a woman’s carnal desires did things to the male ego.

She was already working herself up to another soul-shattering orgasm, he observed. The fluttering of her lashes and ragged breathing as she rocked and contracted on him with micro-movements of her perfectly rounded hips.

And ultimately, Kinetica was part of Colette or vice versa. It didn’t matter, his girlfriend was still in there. This was simply the wilder, more free-spirited side she’d suppressed for the sake of laying low.

It had to be given how impassioned she was behaving and what she was suggesting...

Enhancing other supers. Presumably, through banging whichever powered females Kinetica deemed trustworthy.

Zane could think of at least three top-tier beauties she worked alongside. She gasped when his cock lurched inside her.

“I’ll give the idea careful consideration.” He said, spanking her juicy rump. “Good people? The *best* people?”

That seemed of utmost importance.

“Nothing but, Sugar.” She purred, wriggling eagerly. “Only for you, I swear.”

Zane was done accepting last place in life. If he’d somehow unlocked an exceptionally rare ability, it would be steak, lobster, and caviar from here on out.

Luxury cars. Penthouse accommodations. The finest wines. Even finer women. World-class eye candy decorating his arm and bed. Primo pussy begging to be bent over and remade on his empowering prick.

Speaking of beds, his dinky old twin mattress wouldn’t cut it anymore. The squeaky box springs played a discordant tune while he slept, and the previous owner had left stains that the meanest detective wouldn’t inspect too closely.

“What about money?” Sponsored heroes made bank. Zane craved a slice of that pie. His dick wasn’t a charity. He’d make out like a rock star, get his show on, and get paid.

“You won’t need it. I’ve got plenty. Millions in corporate contracts, treasury bonds, and short-term investments.” Kinetica whimpered, gnawing her bottom lip. “Then there’s my extensive stock and real estate portfolio...”

“Real estate?” Damn, she’d been holding out on him. Zane spanked her again. “What real estate?”

The punishment coaxed a slutty moan from the writhing superwoman, causing her cunt to convulse. He repeated the action, reveling in her visceral response.

“High-end properties across the city. Plus business fronts, parking garages, and my squad's secret headquarters. *Hnnnh~!* Please, please, *please*, Sugar. Suck me again. You like my big fat titties, don’t you? I want to cum while you feast on them.”

She sounded desperate, her movements driven by burning lust. Pleading him with her drooling lips and snatch. There was a touch of insecurity in her expression when he didn't immediately comply. Zane liked that. Liked the way she clung tighter to him, babbling incoherent promises.

"It's yours if you want it, Zay-Zay. Take the money. *Yaaah~*... You're far more important. We can get more if that's not enough. I'll sign everything over to you. Just share this wondrous gift for the betterment of humanity and fuck me!"

He felt powerful. Reducing this legendary avatar of feminine might to a sobbing, needy wreck was intoxicating. His balls throbbed like a bassline when Kinetica smooshed her porn-worthy knockers together under his chin.

"Alright, Colly." Zane growled, nipping a nipple. "Since you asked so nicely."

She squealed when he shoved her back against the wall. Sucking and pounding away at that immaculate, superheroine body. Wondering what effect another serving of his glowstick dick would have and getting buzzed on her invigorating milk.

"Holy shit. This is where you live? Why the hell did we waste time at my shithole?"

Zane stared around the well-appointed living space. Colette (they agreed to use her birth name while out of costume) encouraged him to explore the two-thousand-square-foot high-rise apartment while she cleaned up.

Waterline Towers was so prohibitively exclusive that the mice probably wore top hats and monocles. Not that there were any. A small army of uniformed staff kept the premises spick and span. Colette used a fob to enter the ritzy two-story foyer, explaining the building had three separate gyms, an indoor pool, squash courts, two beauty spas, and several restaurants.

The bayside skyscraper housed c-suite execs, trust fund babies, the diamond elite, and, apparently, superheroes.

His girlfriend's white leather couches, designer furniture, and media center alone cost more than his annual salary. Floor-to-ceiling windows afforded million-dollar views of the ocean where distant ships floated like bath toys on the sparkling water.

"I like your place, Sugar. Keeps me humble." She called from one of the three bathrooms, each as large as his entire apartment. "Reminds me how the other half lives."

"Humble. Right." Zane muttered, stepping around a hand-woven bamboo silk rug to inspect the kitchen.

Corinthian marble countertops, shiny steel appliances, and two double-door refrigerators greeted him. A glass sliding door in the back led out to a tiled balcony lined with flourishing garden boxes featuring a Parisian outdoor dining set. The circular wrought iron table and four matching chairs looked inviting.

Every millimeter of Collete's home screamed luxe. Everything was of the highest quality—the *best* quality.

That was good.

Zane only wanted the best.

Finding a six-pack of craft beer in the first fridge, he helped himself, skipping the bottle cap across the zebra wood floor. Wandering back into the living room to plonk down on the fancy couch and put his feet up on the sintered stone coffee table.

Last night had been intense and enlightening in equal measure.

The sex had been wild, not slowing when their neighbors banged on the walls and yelled threats. Colette was an insatiable lover, and—as she kept feeding him her cock-hardening, stomach-rumbling lactate—Zane had risen to match her horny appetites.

He'd been the one to cry uncle... eventually. Swearing off further milk after spraying his eighth or ninth luminous load in a dramatic facial that glued her amethyst eyes shut and dripped from her flushed cheeks. Her skin had quickly absorbed it, redirecting most of the over-abundant payload to her ballooning chest.

A frankly prodigious chest Zane had thoroughly fucked.

But the milk was too much of a good thing—it got him too hard to think clearly and did... *things* to his body. Zane wasn't unaware of the weight loss and muscle gains he'd miraculously achieved overnight. Neither was he a fool who'd chalk it up to a marathon fuckfest being effective cardio.

He was stronger. A smidge taller, maybe? His trouser cuffs no longer covered his ankles...

“Getting comfortable, Sugar?” Colette's head poked out of the bathroom, split by an impish grin. “You may wish to put down the drink. There's something I'm dying to show you.”

“Nah, I'm fine.” Zane waved the beer bottle at her. “What've you got, babe?”

It was Kinetica who swept into the room in all her glory. Azure cape flapping in an imaginary wind, she was clad in a skimpy, figure-hugging gold and black leotard that even a blind moleman would recognize.

“Ta-da! Look, it still fits!” She giggled, hovering a foot in the air.

That was debatable. The lycra outfit obviously had a lot of give, as evidenced by how it stretched over the blonde heroine's much-inflated physique.

Succulent boob-flesh bulged out of every side of the metallic bodice, distended under the pressure until it resembled an undersized bikini top fighting a losing battle.

Her lower portion fared better. Kinetica's caboose had lifted and plumped, but nothing compared to her sweater puppies. Even so, the backless leotard dug into her ass crack like a thong, leaving that slappable booty out on display.

It was indecent. Borderline fetishwear. It didn't matter if the rest of the costume fit perfectly. The black off-the-shoulder sleeves and arm guards weren't about to garner public attention when America's Sweetheart was a shallow breath away from a wardrobe malfunction.

Zane's dick unfurled at the sight. Stiff and demanding.

Kinetica noticed, smirking as she swooped into his lap. Perching her thick butt on the lump growing there.

"Does my big, handsome man need something?" She cooed in a lilting girlish voice. Pouting playfully as she dry-humped him. "I'm just a silly super who's helpless in the face of your all-powerful pussy-pounder."

Wet spots darkened the golden fabric concealing her raspberry nips, beading into white droplets. Zane licked his chops; his forgotten beer fell to the expensive rug.

"I thought we would discuss who you wanted me to enhance?" He croaked, suddenly parched. Greedily groping and kneading her cushiony cleavage.

"Mmmm, Sugar. I adore how rough you play with my titties." Kinetica moaned, unfastening his pants with a flick of psionic power. "We can talk business once we're done taking our pleasure. I'll make sure everything works out, you'll see."

Her purple-pink eyes blazed as she fished out his steely girth. “You are going to change everything.”

End of Part One

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