



**Claiming Supers**

## Part Two.

Sarah Putley, AKA Sally Putty, hero of New Avalon and founding member of the Ladies of Liberty, indulged in a big yawn as she drank in the morning sun.

People bustled past, utterly unaware that the young woman seated outside the cafe was a world-famous super. She didn't look the part in sherbet orange leggings, running shoes, and a baggy white sweater. Her limbs didn't extend like rubber noodles when she luxuriated in a stretch. Sally Putty's bob-cut was a verdant green, while Sarah's utilitarian ponytail shone reddish-brown.

*\*They had no idea.\**

That was the whole point of a secret identity. If Sally Putty craved the public eye, she could whip off the wig and slip on the spandex anytime. Plenty of heroes did. Patrolling in costume whenever their egos needed a boost. Civilians went gaga for that shit, snapping photos or live-streaming the moment they shared the pavement with a masked celebrity.

Sarah wasn't about that scene. She fought the good fight because it was the right thing to do.

Sure, the sponsorship deals were nice, but preventing evil was its own reward.

Knowing she'd saved innocents from harm gave Sarah more satisfaction than any front-page headline or nightly news report. If only her squadmates felt the same.

Colette certainly did, and Sarah respected their team leader for that. Silvejia was exiled alien royalty; the lavender-skinned speedster struggled with a cultural divide as vast as the galaxy, which excused her *\*faux pas.\** But Miranda...

Their duplicator was in it for sex, money and fame—partying like a rockstar between missions. Her real identity was probably the worst-kept secret in the city.

The tabloids regularly splashed pictures of her one-woman orgies in seedy gay bars. Then, there was that incident at an equality rally where her clones laid into the counter-protesters with shocking force. Or when she populated a Mardi Gras float with dancing copies barely clad in body paint and feathers, sans mask.

Corporate’s legal teams billed hundreds of extra hours after *\*that\** debacle. Damage control on that scale didn’t come cheap.

Miranda’s ratings had soared, though. She rated off the charts with young liberal and LGBTQ demographics, plus she represented diversity, basically rendering the buff brunette bulletproof against criticism from their higher-ups.

She was simply too... *\*marketable.\**

Sarah sighed, shaking away the exasperation. Miss Myriad was there when it counted, chewing gum and stomping baddies in numbers no other duplicator could approach. She was a walking army. The Ladies of Liberty were lucky to have her.

“Pardon me, is this seat taken?” Asked a chipper voice.

The elasticated girl’s head snapped up. A woman stood with a coffee in each hand, smiling brilliantly as she slid into the spare chair.

“Actually, I’m expecting a friend.” Sarah had received a priority transmission from Kinetica, requesting they meet in this cafe. Her team leader was light on the details but insistent. “Sorry, if you don’t mind—”

“Not at all!” The stranger exclaimed, resting her take-out cups on the small table. “This won’t take a minute.”

Sarah frowned, examining her.

A sparkly disco-ball dress snuggled the woman’s lush figure, entirely too showy for a weekday morning. A sweetheart neckline labored to contain overflowing cleavage, leaving her neck and shoulders bare. Blonde hair streaked with pink hung like a golden banner down to her narrow waist in dense waves while large round sunglasses obscured a classically beautiful face.

She looked like a silicone-padded pornstar, straining the teensy outfit at the bust, hips and thighs. Impossibly trim in some regions yet full to bursting in others—a sick caricature of feminine sexuality.

Sarah’s gut twisted in disgust at her mere proximity.

Women like this were the antithesis of everything the Ladies of Liberty represented. Her team was the pinnacle of female empowerment, a shining example for the next generation. Proof that girls could achieve anything through hard work and dedication without degrading themselves.

“My friend will be here soon.” Sarah sniffed, raising her nose. “There’s plenty of available seating. Bother someone else.”

“I’m not a bother, promise.” The cow-titted barbie giggled. Yeesh, what a bimbo. “Here, I even bought you a coffee. Double shot americano with almond milk, right?”

That brought her attention back to the intruder with renewed scrutiny. A single sachet of sweetener rested beside the cup. She had her coffee order down to the smallest detail.

“Who are you?” She asked, tensing for a fight. “I don’t appreciate stalkers, pushy fans, publicity agents, or headhunters. God help you if you’re some fresh psycho trying to make a name...”

“Sarah, relax. It’s me, Colette.” The blonde tittered, sipping her morning joe. “And Headhunter’s still in supermax last I checked.”

“Boss lady?” Mouth agape, Sarah reexamined the woman. Impossible... yet her fingers weren’t gripping the coffee. It hovered in her cupped palm. That level of nuanced control was irrefutable. “Wha—what happened? Who did this to you?”

“Oh, Sarah, I made a fantastic discovery. Unearthed a true treasure!” Colette leaned across the table, her enlarged breasts nearly spilling out. “An unregistered enhancer. You won’t believe how I found them.”

*\*An enhancer?!\**

Enhancers were rarer than eunuch dicks—supers who amplified others' power to greater heights. Every hero squad dreamed of recruiting one. Their services didn’t come cheap, and the most potent enhancers, those that give *\*permanent\** boosts, often vanished—spirited away by the military or more sinister organizations.

Still, Sarah tempered her excitement. The extreme alterations of her friend’s physique were concerning. She had to tread lightly...

“Are you sure? Boss lady, I hardly recognized you. It’s not, um... on-brand.” She gestured at Colette. “Explain precisely what the enhancer did.”

“What *\*didn’t\** he do! I’ll admit the physical alterations were a surprise, and a new costume is in order, but he’s wholly altered my power set. I’ve leveled up! Isn’t it marvelous? I can’t wait to introduce the two of you.”

Hearing her usually even-tempered team leader wax lyrical over this mysterious *\*He\** deepened Sarah's sense of unease. The radical change in fashion didn't help either. Colette always favored a modest wardrobe; the bookish blonde concealed her ultra-fit form behind long skirts and loose blouses.

She didn't prance about in tiny club dresses and... were those silver high-heel sandals?

"Leveled up..." Sarah grimaced at the ambiguity. "How? Where did you meet this guy?"

"That's the best part. I already knew him!" Her friend clasped her cheeks like a love-struck schoolgirl. "Fate has intervened on our behalf, sending us the blessing we need to eradicate the filth from this city."

Sarah was reasonably sure Mistress Fate and her Holistic Avengers were battling Colonel Kismet for control of the Suez Canal. She'd read a report about the causality storms wreaking havoc on the isthmus yesterday.

*\*Frog plagues sounded disgustingly slimy.\**

"It's my beau. The fella I've been seeing." Colette whispered. "We met at his apartment for date night, but he was different in a way that resonated with my power. A primal calling. An irresistible attraction. We've taken things slowly—you know me—but last night? I was a freight train without brakes."

"And?" Sarah prompted, dreading the inevitable conclusion.

"He *\*enhanced\** me. It was glorious. Like I've never felt before. Imagine a cosmic infusion injected directly into your soul—getting drunk on pure pleasure, only to grow stronger. There's no downside! We can eliminate the rot infesting New Avalon by sucking and fucking a total stud."

Worst suspicions confirmed: the elasticated girl shoved to her feet. Colette—no, *\*Kinetica\** was compromised. She needed to retreat and warn the Ladies of Liberty. A grave threat loomed over everyone if their top-tier telekinetic had switched allegiances.

*\*Who could they call to subdue a powerhouse like her?\**

“Sorry, I’ve just remembered an appointment. Rain check?”

Kinetica’s brow furrowed, her expression cooling into icy disdain. She straightened into a regal posture. Spine stiff and chin lifted.

“You don’t trust me? After the hardship we’ve endured. I’m offering the chance of a lifetime, and you question my judgment?”

“Can you blame me?” Sarah hissed. “Listen to yourself. Look at what you’re wearing. This isn’t you, boss lady. I don’t know who this guy is, but he’s—”

“Sarah, I need you to *\*relax.\**”

The overtly curvaceous heroine tipped her sunglasses to reveal blazing amethyst eyes where there should’ve been amber. Their purple-pink glow and her command sapped Sarah’s strength. She sagged back into the chair, arms flopping uselessly at her sides.

Muscles unbunched, releasing all tension. Her flight-or-fight instinct receded as even her thoughts slowed their panicked pinballing into a calmer flow. She floated on a lake of zen, surrounded by tranquil waters.

The anxiety melted away, leaving the rubberized girl rested and... *\*relaxed.\**

A small voice inside her jibbered in terror but it was distant, difficult to make out.

“That’s good. Don’t you feel better? Now we can chat without the hysterics.” Kinetica sighed, sipping coffee as though nothing were wrong. “I’m disappointed in you, Sarah. I thought we were friends. Then you repay my kindness with betrayal? How do you think that makes me feel?”

“I-I don’t... we can’t...” Words were difficult to form through her flapping lips. Sarah’s thoughts moved slowly, the creases in her brain loosening like her limbs. “What... what’s happening?”

“You were about to flee and do something stupid. I used my new power—a power gifted to me by the world’s most wonderful, caring man—to save you from making a terrible mistake. Friends look out for each other.”

“New... power?” Saying that much was a chore. She was just so... *\*relaxed.\**

Sarah’s eyelids drooped, heavy as anchors. Pleasant warmth suffused her body and mind in a bubbly spa bath. Soothing and sleepy. Fingers clicked under her nose, banishing the drowsiness.

“No, none of that. Wake up, girl. You need to listen.” The beautiful blonde sitting across from her frowned, crossing arms under a prodigious bosom. “Ugh, you’d think this would be easier. Let’s walk and talk. Maybe that’ll keep you from nodding off.”

She stood, then helped Sarah up. The body-morpher staggered drunkenly until unseen hands steadied her and they strolled arm in arm along the sidewalk.

*\*That was nice; she appreciated the support.\**

“As I was saying, we’ve been granted a heaven-sent opportunity. An enhancer, can you believe it? A powerful one, too.” Her lovely companion murmured. “This is our chance to save New Avalon once and for all. But he must remain a secret. We can’t let anyone else get their grubby mitts on him, you understand?”



“...‘stand.” Sarah slurred, her limbs puppeted by an invisible force. The sun was too bright. The street was too busy. Everyone needed to... *\*relax.\** “Sounds good.”

“Glad you’ve seen reason. Now we’re a cohesive team again; I can take you to meet him. Isn’t that great?” Kinetica giggled; that was nice too. Happy and carefree. “Zay is amazing. He’s sensitive and hard-working and really cute with a giant dick that’ll drive you wild. I worried he’d split me in half but that won’t be a problem, right? You’re Sally Putty, the elasticated girl!”

“Mm-hmm...” Sarah agreed, saliva drooling from her slack lips. “That’s me.”

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“And this is from our third date when Zay-Zay took me ice skating. He wasn’t very experienced but remembered me talking about skating the frozen lakes back home as a child. We held hands the entire time. That dear man is a romantic at heart.”

Sarah stared dumbly at the image. It was difficult to miss since Kinetica shoved the phone in her face.

They were curled up on the telekinetic’s couch as she spooled through pictures of her boyfriend. He appeared kinda... plain. Unremarkable. Not exceptionally handsome or ugly. Just an average Joe.

Yet she harped on like she’d bagged a movie star.

“Uh... ‘kay.” Sarah mumbled, her tongue swimming in spit.

Swallowing took a lot of effort, and she was too *\*relaxed\** to bother. Easier to dribble.

“That’s all you have to say?” Kinetica scowled, checking the screen. “Well, this doesn’t capture his innate charm. You’ll see when he gets home.” Her brilliant

smile resurfaced. “We’re living together now, isn’t that wonderful? I asked him last night, and he moved right in! It’s a dream come true.”

Glancing blearily about the opulent abode, Sarah could see why.

She owned a nifty uptown brownstone—a comfy three-bedroom, two-bathroom affair with a courtyard and plenty of space in a desirable part of New Avalon.

It had cost a small fortune and still couldn’t hold a candle to the grandeur of Waterline Towers. She didn’t know shit about her team leader’s sponsorship deals, but the million-dollar views and designer furnishings were telling hints.

Her sluggish brain took in the information her eyes presented, then promptly filed it into the abyssal void labeled “too complicated.”

Such concerns could only disturb her *\*relaxed\** vibe.

“You’re drifting off again, Sarah. You need to focus and be at your best when he returns.” Kinetica pinched her arm painfully. “This is very important. I don’t know what I’ll do if he rejects you. I promised my man the finest, most deserving heroines to enhance. You’re not on your game today.”

“Sorry...” The rubberized babe hung her head, inadvertently ogling the blonde's enlarged cleavage. They were genuine whoppers crammed into that sparkly little dress. “I’m trying...”

“I know you are.” Slender arms dragged her into a hug, face buried in that fleshy valley. “I shoulder some blame, but you must try harder, alright? Get it together. Zay-Zay won’t be interested in a silly ninny.”

Shame burned through Sarah, even as she snuggled further into her friend’s chest pillows. There was a tantalizing scent...

“How about a different approach?” The cushiony softness disappeared when Kinetica pulled back to examine her. “Let’s play to your strengths as a body-morpher. You possess superhuman flexibility, durability and the ability to manipulate your form. How far can you push that power?”

Sarah blinked owlishly, struggling to concentrate before shrugging.

Her power came naturally, muscle memory replacing thought. Drawing in a long breath, her breasts ballooned until they matched Kinetica’s cantaloupe-sized knockers, filling her sports bra and roomy sweater to their limits.

Full and buoyant twin melons sat high on her slim torso like flotation devices—an apt description since they were mostly filled with air.

*\*Proper honkers.\**

Sarah beamed proudly, squeezing them. “Works better... with water. Adds... I dunno... um, mass or something?”

Strings of drool splattered onto her straining sweater as she spoke, soaking the white cotton translucent. Sarah didn’t care. Kinetica grinned too. Smiling felt nice.

It felt *\*relaxing.\**

“Fascinating. Will any fluid suffice?” The psionic heroine asked, toying with the low bodice of her pretty dress, making Sarah wish she’d picked a sexier outfit that morning. “I’m confident you can be more than a blow-up doll for my precious Zay-Zay.”

Sarah shrugged again, fixating on the blonde’s incredible rack. An elusive whiff of musk tickled her nose.

“I-I guess?”

“Good enough.” Kinetica purred, yanking down her neckline to reveal big, spherical boobies. They bounded free, milky droplets flicking from stiff nipples. She guided Sarah’s sloppy lips to her lactating bosom. “Here, drink as much as you can. I couldn’t bear it if you disappointed him. He means everything to me.”

*\*Drink her booby milk?\**

The elasticated girl wasn’t sure but couldn’t muster the will to protest. Then, a glistening droplet met her tongue in a riot of creamy flavor. Smooth and rich, the lactate flowed freely. A gentle suckle brought forth a thick stream that quickly filled her mouth. She had to swallow or choke.

Gulping, she let the warm liquid slide down her throat, spreading delicious warmth into her tummy. It settled around her core, radiating heat and sparking an unexpected reaction...

Pussy-dripping rousal.

Sarah squirmed, thighs churning as she slurped out more milky goodness, diverting the fluid mass to different parts of her body. The molten lust pooled in her chest, butt and thighs, infusing the flesh. That musky odor was everywhere. Adding another layer to her sensory overload.

“Good girl. Good girl.” Kinetica crooned, removing Sarah’s auburn wig to comb fond fingers through her green tresses. “Keep drinking. Zay loves my milk. He fucks me the hardest while feasting on my breasts. It invigorates him. Let’s pack you to the brim. I’ve always got more.”

By the time they swapped to the other teet, the crotch of Sarah’s orange leggings was dark with wetness, and her drenched sweater frayed at the seams around her expanding tit-flesh.

*\*“Mmmph~!”\**

She was anything but relaxed when the first climax struck, her world flaring blindingly white. Then she felt very relaxed, melting into a gurgling puddle of bliss.

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Zane unlocked the door with Colly's fob and strode into the apartment carrying an armload of shopping.

It was his now. She'd signed over the lease, along with several fat bank accounts, no-limit credit cards, off-shore investments, and an impressively diverse stock portfolio.

He'd become richer than Midus overnight by banging the city's top superheroine senseless.

"It's all for you, Sugar." She moaned, plastering her phenomenal body against him while he reviewed the documents, lavishing kisses on his increasingly sturdy jawline. "Mere money is nothing compared to the potential you hold."

A small piece of Zane knew something was off. Personalities didn't flip like a switch. Neither did they surrender all their worldly goods and wealth after a single night of unbelievably hot, earth-shaking passion.

They'd fucked in every conceivable position.

Colly had gleefully ridden his glowing pussy-pounder on the white leather couch, howling with pleasure. She'd begged for his seed when he pinned her to the silk sheets of her king-sized bed, rutting like feral beasts. Zane had even hosed the gorgeous heroine down in their morning shower, watching her poreless skin absorb his iridescent jizz amid the steamy spray of water, cumming herself stupid.

It wasn't right. Zane wasn't a super or an enhancer, as Colly kept insisting. So he'd formulated an excuse to gain some breathing room—some room to think and reflect away from the sex-driven madness.

Colly arranged a limo service to ferry him around the city.

*\*She wanted what was the best for him.\**

Zane returned to his shitty downtown apartment under the pretense of retrieving a few sentimental possessions, only to war with an overpowering urge to burn the goddamn hovel to the ground.

How had he endured such squalor? Living in a human ant colony constructed of crumbling brick and concrete, the sheer injustice enraged him like never before.

Zane might not be super, but he could make a difference through Kinetica—his devoted girlfriend and respected heroine. Maybe even help out some downtrodden masses along the way.

Holding that conviction, he'd left the depressing slum in the rear vision mirror and gone shopping for new duds.

Nothing too extravagant. A Versace suit or three. Racks of Armani shirts and slacks. Serval pairs of Dolce and Gabbana shoes. Bags upon bags of designer clothing that showcased his developing physique to maximum effect. The price tags were staggering but hardly scratched his astronomical bank balance.

The retail therapy worked a treat. By the time Zane cruised home, sipping on a flute of Bollinger, he'd forgotten the unsettling episode entirely.

*\*He deserved the best.\**

“Stack the rest by the door.” He told the chauffeur, dumping his armload to peel a Benjamin off his billfold and tip the overburdened man. “Thanks, chum.”

“Thank you, sir!”

*\*Sir.\**

That had a nice ring to it. The only people who’d called Zane “sir” in the past were cops and passive-aggressive cheesedicks; neither used the address respectfully.

“How much have you had to drink tonight, *\*sir?\**”

Or...

“Step aside, *\*sir.\** You’re blocking my wife’s view.”

This sounded better. He tucked another C-note into the chauffeur’s jacket for good measure.

Stepping into the luxurious living room, Zane marveled at his reversal of fortunes—rags to riches, like a fairytale. Life had gone from a grizzly fight for survival to an utter breeze. He had a platinum-class ticket on the gravy train, and the next stop was Easy Street.

Zane hadn’t answered his manager’s calls, blocking the corpo-cunt instead. Kronos Industries could go fuck themselves. Who named their company after a villain of Greek mythology anyway? Zane would die before returning to that spirit-sapping cubical.

“Babe, I’m home!”

“Sugar!”

Colly appeared wrapped in a pink satin bathrobe. Her inflated breasts spilled from the insubstantial garment, which barely dusted the apex of her slender thighs. She looked gloriously tousled, gold and scarlet tresses falling in a sexy tangle down her side like a photoshoot model.

The gorgeous superheroine swooped into his arms, stealing a ravenous kiss. Their tongues danced, hands roamed, passion climbing at an alarming rate.

She tasted of cardamom and brown sugar.

Pulsating power ignited Zane's center—a second heartbeat throbbing at her close proximity. The magnetic attraction dragged them inexorably together. He cupped her sculpted butt under the tiny robe as she hooked long legs around his waist.

“I missed you something awful,” Colly whined when he squeezed her. “You were gone for hours that felt like days. Are you hungry?”

“Not for food,” Zane growled. The thrumming energy within him whirled like a dynamo gathering speed. “What else you got?”

That coaxed an impish chuckle from the lusty telekinetic. “I think I have just the thing. Let me show you.”

He frowned when she flew from his possessive grasp, wiggling that supple ass in the air and beckoning him toward the master bedroom. Her grin held pure mischief.

“Babe, what have you been up to today?”

“A surprise. Come see.” Colly teased, darting ahead.

The hordes of Hades couldn't have hindered Zane's pursuit. By all accounts, they were still banished to the underworld after the *\*Dios de los Muertos\** fiasco last November and thusly unavailable to spoil anyone's fun.



That shit had been a literal nightmare.

He burst into the bedroom, crashing to a halt at the sight of not one but two mega-hot supers waiting on the large bed.

Colly had divested herself of the pink robe. She knelt beside a knockout with beach bunny proportions, enormous tits, and a very recognizable green bob-cut.

Their mouth-watering figures were identically attired in wispy lingerie. Teensy scraps of diaphanous fabric and decorative bows connected by crisscrossing lace concealed little while emphasizing every feminine contour to trouser-tearing perfection. The blonde minx clad in white, the other in red...

*\*It couldn't be.\**

“Sugar, meet Sarah, my teammate.” Colly slipped an arm around her companion’s waspish waist. “Sarah, say hi to Zay-Zay, the most magnificent man in the world.”

“Hi, hi!” Sally Putty chimed. She bore a dopey grin, dribble dripping from her chin. “Pleased to meetcha, mister.”

The rubberized woman looked drunk or high. Maybe both. Her eyes were unfocused and she swayed like a sailor on shore leave, relying on Colly to remain upright.

This wasn’t the brash, confident heroine from the television reports. Sally Putty didn’t sport spit-shined bazongas or a vapid doll-like expression. Zane recoiled in shock.

“Wha—what’s wrong with her?” He gasped, power and excitement ebbing.  
“Babe, what have you done?”

“Nothing sinister, I swear.” Colette cooed, fondly patting her friend’s cheek. “Sarah here had an adverse reaction when I told her about your incredible enhancer abilities. She thought I was compromised and would’ve exposed us. I merely calmed her so she’d listen to reason.”

“Calmed her? She’s drooling like a moron.” Zane backed away. This was wrong, far from the sexy threesome he had envisioned. “No matter your excuses, it’s not right to turn an ally into a-a brainless bimbo!”

“Not brainless... relaxed.” Sarah chirped, playing with her puckered nipples. “You’re cuter in person... get all tingly when I look at you.”

He flinched at her babbled nonsense, unsure how to proceed. Who could they turn to, and how would they explain whatever this was?

“Babe, this is fucked up. You can’t mess with people’s minds—”

“She’s still herself. Simply more pliant. Less volatile.” Colly soothed, her amethyst irises blazed, snaring Zane. “I’ve got her well in hand. *\*There’s nothing to worry about.\**”

For the second time in as many days, her words smashed into Zane’s psyche with the momentum of a runaway train. They etched onto his soul like letters chiseled on a stone tablet. Indelible and everlasting.

He wanted to scream in mental anguish when it abruptly ceased—whisking away the panic and concern.

Zane released a shuddering breath, reevaluating the situation from a fresh perspective.

Colly—his loving girlfriend and the city’s top female super—had everything under control. No one could gainsay her on the subject of powers.

*\*She only wanted what’s best for him.\**

He had clearly overreacted. Zane lacked context and didn't know what circumstances led to this situation. He was out of his depth in the heroing world.

And here were two drop-dead gorgeous super-hotties in his bed eye-fucking him. Only a great fool would turn down this opportunity.

Energy welled within Zane, pulsing like a second heartbeat. Arousal returned with a vengeance. Sickly yellow light formed an aura around him, making the women moan when it washed over them.

Still, one question lingered above the roaring passions...

"What could she expose?" He snarled, ripping open his Tom Ford shirt. It had cost over a thousand dollars. "We haven't done anything wrong."

Both women gasped at the display. Zane wasn't shredded like a gym rat or those dime-a-dozen WWII super soldiers who kept crawling out of the woodwork. However, his previous night gorging on Colly's magical milk while banging her silly had resulted in some definite muscle definition.

"Oh yes, Sugar, yes!" Colly simpered, trembling with panty-soaking anticipation. "Sarah would've spilled the beans regarding your enhancer abilities. I couldn't allow that. Someone would inevitably steal you from me. I did it for love!"

Of course, she did. Zane admonished himself for ever doubting Colly. Her motivations remained pure and true. She only had his best interests at heart.

*\*There was nothing to worry about.\**

"I-I'm sooo sorry." The green-haired heroine blubbered, clutching her team leader like a life preserver. Their lush bodies mashed together. "I didn't realize... his power... it's going to make me... oh, fuck!"

Another citrine wave inundated them when Zane shucked off his pants, releasing his luminous length. It jutted skyward, a meaty column challenging the heavens. They quailed and quivered, basking orgasmically under the strobing radiance.

He stood at the foot of the bed, letting it hang above their heads like the sword of Damocles. Colette stared worshipfully through half-lidded eyes before reaching and giving him a sublime stroke.

“What you’re experiencing is the least portion of his power.” She whispered in reverence. Licking her lips when a dewdrop of liquid sunshine beaded at the tip. “You need to taste him next. It’s unlike anything in the world. Here...”

She lifted Sarah’s lolling skull, guiding her slobbering mouth to his bulbous crown. The hyper-flexible heroine panted and moaned, extending her tongue in supplication.

Colette looked to Zane, seeking permission. Without his explicit approval, she wouldn’t permit another to partake in his so-called gift.

“Do it.” He rumbled, power climbing to a critical pitch—dual heartbeats racing in his chest. “I shall grant her a sample.”

Slowly, delicately, she dabbed him on her friend’s outstretched tongue. The minutest amount of his glowing precum touched down, but that was enough.

“Oo-o-o-oooh... *\*FUUUCK!!*”\*

Verdant locks flailing, Sarah shook as though plugging into an outlet, spasming through rhapsodic seizures. Kicking and jerking, she flopped about like a landed fish. Zane watched with interest, not at all concerned for the convulsing beauty.

Colly crooned wordlessly, soothing her teammate until she stilled, those massive jugs heaving as she caught her breath. There was a moment of compassion, broken by a single ragged word...

“More.”

Zane nodded in satisfaction. Colly had been right, of course...

*\*There was nothing to worry about.\**

“Mooore...” The plea was more drawn out—more needful the second time.  
“Please, moooooore...”

Sarah’s eyes were pinched shut, but her mouth was open. She reeked of feminine arousal and something else. A smell that niggled at Zane’s memory.

“Please, Sugar. Don’t make the poor girl beg.” Colly floated up to his side, pressing her lingerie-clad splendor against him. “You don’t understand how it feels to taste paradise. Your power is immense, unbelievably potent. It would be torture to deny her now.”

“Torture, really?” Zane cocked a dubious eyebrow. “Be serious, Babe.”

“Deadly serious. How else could I describe the hopeless craving for your life-altering seed?” She husked, docking her soft tits around his bicep. “You’ve given a goldfish a glimpse of the lake outside its bowl—shown her freedom from the shackles of limitation. She’ll be desolate if you stop now. Miserable for the rest of her life, knowing her existence could have been far greater.”

He ruminated on that for a while, maybe a whole three seconds, during which Colly traced fingernails across his broad shoulders and Sarah sobbed...

“More, pleeeeeease!”

She sprawled out on the bed, her pretty face directly beneath his flashing fuckpole. Zane could angle his hips to aim at her parted lips and...

“Okay, since you asked so nicely.” He lunged forward, sheathing half his girthy length in Sarah’s welcoming gullet.

*\*”Mmmmlurp~!”\**

Her neck distended around him, an obscene protrusion pushing towards her clavicles. She was beyond tight, throat constricting and gripping like a pussy. Hot, slick mucus lubricating his entry.

“You don’t have to worry about hurting her, Sugar.” Colly purred, feathering kisses along Zane’s chin. “Sarah is like rubber. She can bend and stretch and tie herself in knots. She doesn’t technically have bones. You can play rough with her. She’d probably enjoy it.”

Zane wasn’t worried but he took her advice, regardless. Buttocks bunching and hips pistoning, he ravaged the elasticated girl’s sloppy mouth and throat from above.

A small part of him felt it was disrespectful, borderline offensive, to face-fuck a woman this way. To skewer a renowned heroine’s skull on his luminous mega-cock, plundering her sodden lips and esophagus like a sex toy. Positioned atop Sally Putty, trapping her beneath his bulk, left her entirely vulnerable.

A stretchy chunk of fuck-meat for Zane to chew up and swallow.

“Swallow... swallow, goddamit!” He growled, pumping faster, power churning. “Take every fat inch of my dick!”

*“Gluurk~!”\**

His hands found purchase on Sarah's bounding breasts. Her heavy teardrop-shaped orbs *sloshed* in Zane's greedy grasp. Stiff nipples raked his palms, trailing lines of moisture.

She didn't struggle or resist. Instead, the elasticated girl unhinged her jaw like a python to vacuum his swinging balls into her hungry maw.

"Jesus Christ!"

Zane plowed her slobbering skull into the bedding, mauling and yanking fistfuls of rubbery tit-flesh. They rippled and wobbled like vanilla puddings, lacking the firmness of natural tissue. White droplets flew from the teets, divulging the source of that familiar scent.

He turned to Colly in shock, "Milk... she's stuffed to the goddamn gills with your milk!"

"Surprise, stud." She smirked. The heat of her moist panties baked his skin. "It was her idea, mostly. She likes my milk almost as much as you do."

*\*Fuck, fuck, fuck fuck!\**

The mere notion of her nursing Sarah—holding the green-haired super-hottie to her bountiful breast—sent Zane into overdrive. The glow of his rampant ramrod became visible through the skin of her gulping gullet—the energy within rocketed to disastrous levels.

"Don't hold back, Sugar." Colly gasped, grinding against him. Wetness stropped his thigh. "Give her what she wants... what she needs! Grant her the blessing of your super spunk. Upgrade her so we can save this city from the forces of villainy!"

Suddenly, they were kissing, lips locked and tongues tangling for a common cause. Her sweet, spicy flavor infused Zane's tastebuds. Her arms drew him

into a passionate embrace, loving and adoring, as he bucked inside Sarah's cock-hugging throat.

The turbulent energy within Zane's core peaked—a melt-down event imminent. He groaned into their kiss, then exploded.

A torrent of power and semen blasted out of him like a busted hydrant. It blew into Sarah, who arched in a silent scream of ecstasy around his muzzling width. Milk sprayed liberally from her slapping hooters as they swelled, and a yellow radiance encompassed her flexible form.

“Aww, *\*shhhiiiiitt~!*”\*

Time lost all meaning for Zane; a thousand years of blissful toe-curling release passed in a few seconds, which dragged into minutes. He became absently aware that he was still moving. Still plugging elasticated girl's howling pie-hole. Still kissing Colly as he rode the cresting carnal waves to his eventual relief.

A brilliant corona of light broke Zane from his stupor, momentarily blinding everyone and ruffling their hair. On shaky knees, he withdrew from Sarah's mouth to examine their combined handiwork.

The green-haired heroine lay prostrate on the soiled sheets, sporting a dopey grin. Her pale skin was luminous with the faintest lingerings of citrine energy. Any imaged flaws or imperfections were erased, leaving swaths of silky skin, but otherwise, she remained unchanged except for an ephemeral allure.

Sally Putty had always been stunning, a true showstopper—all the LoL were—yet now she somehow possessed *\*more\** of that undefinable quality, and it wasn't her enlarged cup size.

“You did it, Sugar!” Colly squealed, staring in wonder at her teammate. “You amazing, magnificent man. *\*Mmmwah~!*”\*



She hopped up to plant a kiss right on his smoocher. Zane wasn't sure what he'd achieved beyond a light show and boosting the blissed-out heroine's sex appeal.

"I-I did? Can you explain what exactly?" He wiped at a line of lactate on his chest. The stuff had got everywhere after Sarah turned total milk-canon. "I'm not seeing it."

"You *\*enhanced\** her, silly." Colly laughed, crushing him in a rip-creaking embrace. "Even I felt the power transfer. Gosh, the only time I've cum harder is when you were splitting me apart on that magical monster dick."

"Glad to hear it." Zane wheezed, tapping her elbow. "Air, Babe, I need to breathe."

"Whoops, sorry." She said, grinning like a loon. "I'm so excited. This is the start of a new age of justice, all because of you!"

It *\*was\** because of him, wasn't it?

The old Zane might have dithered over their actions. Colly had used her new ability in a morally gray fashion, apparently *\*relaxing\** Sarah's mind to the point of docility, and he'd *\*possibly\** taken advantage of that fact, but didn't the ends justify the means?

Ultimately, he wasn't concerned...

*\*There was nothing to worry about.\**

And Colly was Kinetica, the city's most valiant defender. She could navigate these ethical waters in her sleep...

*\*She only wanted what's best for him.\**

So Zane banished his doubts, gazing down at the drowsing bombshell with renewed interest. She was assuredly one of the best. Colly snuggled in close, whispering hotly as she resumed stroking his unyielding stiffness.

“The deed isn’t done yet. You know what comes next.” Her hands were buttery soft, lavishing every pussy-soaked inch. “She needs the complete package. Namely, this big... hard... enhancer package to fight at full strength.”

“Hmmm... wazzat?” Sarah stirred, eyelashes fluttering open. “Was having the loveliest dream. Power feels different... weird. Oh, hi! Is that dick for me?”

She spoke in whole—though short—sentences again. Zane took comfort in that. However, her comment about her power sounded intriguing.

“Weird, how?” He asked.

“Dunno,” She shrugged, refocusing on his pulsating prong with a lecherous leer. It seemed improper on her refined features. “Can experiment later. Wanna fuck, mister? That’s a huge cock. Bet it’ll feel amazeballs deep in my puss-puss.”

“It will, I promise.” Colly enthused, beaming at her teammate. “Let’s get you two sorted, then we’ll discuss future plans. Turn around, Sarah, scooch to the edge of the bed, and remove those panties. He’ll tear them off, given the chance.”

“Okay!” She eagerly complied.

“Ruining my fun, Babe?” Zane asked, between kisses with the tittering blonde.

“Saving my wardrobe, Sugar. You’ve been hell on underwear lately.” She moaned, guiding him into Sarah’s sodden snatch. “A girl needs to protect her modesty in public. If the wind blew up my skirt, we couldn’t risk a lesser, unworthy male glimpsing what is yours. I’d have to kill them on the spot.”

That statement should've rang alarm bells, but it didn't. Zane simply enjoyed Sarah's elated cry when he slid inside her.

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"Pound me harder. I'm gonna cum again! Grab my fat titties, squeeze 'em 'til I fucking squirt!"

"I'm undecided if we should design a costume for you now or wait." Colly spoke over Sarah's wailing, scrolling on her tablet. "Mine is black and gold with a blue cape. Matching themes could be fun. Like couple's outfits. Isn't that cute?"

"Why. Do I. Need. A Costume?" Zane huffed between cunt-crushing slams of his hips.

They were in the kitchen, breaking in the marble countertop. The elasticated girl had wrapped her elongating legs *\*three times\** around his waist, locking them together. He twisted and molested her whopping melons as requested, shooting jets of intoxicating lactate onto the ceiling. She quaked like a magnitude nine on the Richter Scale, screaming and spasming around his hammering manpole.

"Yes, yes! God, yes! Keep fucking me!"

"You raise a valid point." Colly tapped her chin contemplatively. She'd donned the little silk robe again. "Any unregistered super who appears in public wearing a costume is flagged as a vigilante or villain depending on their behavior. You're not a combatant class either, not yet. Do you need more of my milk, Sugar?"

Zane couldn't possibly drink another drop. His gut no longer existed—shredded washboard abs had replaced fat—but he was full to bursting with her cream. He wasn't stupid; Colly understood her breast milk's effect on his physique and consequently tried to accelerate the process whenever possible.

Zane's limbs were corded with fresh muscle, bulging and bunching with every movement. His torso became a sculpted masterpiece of masculinity. He could throw Sarah around as though she weighed nothing, smashing the rubberized nympho into the furniture and walls as they rutted like bunnies hopped up on MDMA.

"Oh yeah, ride me harder! You're so fucking big it hurts... *\*hyaa~!\** Make me your bitch!" The green-haired heroine keened, raking nails across his toughened skin. "Don't stop... never stop!"

They'd shattered the dining room table—hand carved from a single piece of ancient elm—and he'd barely felt a twinge upon impacting the floor. Zane possessed durability and stamina far beyond the common man, yet Colly didn't deem him ready to fight at her side.

That was frustrating.

Zane didn't consider himself the violent sort, even as he lifted Sarah to pummel her uber-limber body against the dented refrigerator door, manhandling her by the neck. Cookware and appliances littered the tiles, smashed into unusability. He wasn't some psycho spoiling to brawl, but he wasn't a weakling anymore.

Still, Colly was the expert.

*\*She only wanted what's best for him.\**

He could wait. Fucking the city's hottest, most admired superheroines while growing mighty on their transformative milk. His time would come.

"Cum! Cum deep inside me, sir... *\*Aaahh!\**" Sarah pleaded, squeezing him with her cock-sheath snatch. "P-pull my hair and spray my w-womb! Please, sir..."

*\*Sir.\**

Zane really liked that—it made him feel important. Respected. He couldn't recall feeling that way before. Things were going to change...

“That's right. Beg for it, you slut.” He snarled, raising a hand to slap her careening cleavage. “Look at these indecent tits! For shame,” he slapped again. “You're nothing but a dumb whore addicted to my dick!”

“YEESSSSS!!”

“Goodness, Sarah. I never pegged you for a screamer.” Colly remarked, resting against the countertop with a hand down her tiny panties. “Stop playing with your food, stud. Give her what she needs.”

She was the picture of angelic perfection brought to life. Zane stared at her—utterly enthralled by her unearthly beauty and debauched curves as his balls rumbled like thunderheads, storming with pent-up energy.

The dam breached under the mesmerizing gaze of those amethyst eyes. Sticky spunk and potent power gushing out in a geyser. Sarah shrieked, devolving into a boneless mass, face sagging and limbs drooping like melting wax. Only her pussy remained, a strangulating receptacle for his enhancing seed.

Zane kept cumming as the now-shapeless body-morpher sloughed onto the kitchen tiles in a roiling ball of glittering green slime attached to his ejaculating length by a gelatinous, suctioning nozzle.

“The—the fuck?!” He cried, reeling in horror. “What just happened?”

Suddenly, the ball surged upwards. The slime took on an indistinct feminine shape, kneeling before him. A head, shoulders and arms sprouted from the mass. Smiling lips formed, latched around his shaft as Sarah reincorporated.

Soon, she was back, natural color bleeding into her skin and hair like rendering in a video game, solidifying into her cock-sucking self with a hungry moan. The throat swallowing Zane's last few spurts felt hot and snug as ever.

“How marvelous, she level up!” Colly molded her dynamite figure onto his back, peering over his shoulder. “You enhanced her shaping ability, Sugar!”

“He sure did. Thank you, sir.” Sarah confirmed, releasing his turgid tool with a loud *\*pop!\** “Geez, you weren’t kidding, boss lady.” She giggled, still sounding half-baked. “ This is going to be *\*soooo~\** much fun!”

Zane was beyond confused but not worried. Especially after the heroine inflated her pillowy chest large enough to smother his meaty immensity completely. They were massive, soft and slick with her copious drool.

“Oh, shit. You’re not wrong.” He grunted when she squeezed them together. Her hands buried to the wrists in the abundant boob-flesh. “Happy to assist the Ladies of Liberty.”

“Gosh, sir. You really have! My power feels all gooey... like my cunny. Wow, how are you still so hard? Is smashing puss your superpower?”

“Might as well be.” Colly purred, feathering kisses along Zane’s shoulders and neck. He could feel warm milk running down his back where her breasts pancaked between them. “With him on our team, we’ll end injustice and bring a new dawn to our fair city. My man is the *\*best.\**”

She husked the words in Zane’s ear, sending an electric shiver up his spine.

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*\*End of Part Two.\**