

Claiming Supers

By Menoetes

Part Three.

“Holy shit. I can’t believe you’re taking me on a tour of the Ladies of Liberty secret headquarters, babe!”

Zane hadn’t expected the elevator to keep going this deep, cleverly concealed behind a bookshelf in a forgotten municipal book depository, but the company was good.

The best, when he considered it. That distinction was important.

Colly, also known as Kinetica, pressed into his side. Her pillowy, spandex-covered cleavage enveloped Zane’s increasingly muscular arm as she tossed her dense mane of golden hair and preened prettily for him.

“Of course, sugar. You should familiarize yourself with the resources available if you’re going to join the squad.” Colette said, ostensibly leaning closer to straighten Zane’s tie while covertly caressing the ever-present bulge in his slacks. “Learn all the *ins* and *outs* of combating evil. Explore the many *bonuses* of life as a hero.”

God, she was gorgeous! The poster girl of crime-fighting. Zane couldn’t believe the cute but nerdy archive technician he was dating had actually been New Avalon’s top telekinetic superheroine in disguise the whole time.

“Um, can we even call ourselves the Ladies of Liberty if there’s a dude on the team?” Sarah, better known as Sally Putty, asked dubiously. Snuggled eagerly into Zane’s other side, the elasticated girl wasn’t shy about her intentions. She’d had a hand on his rear the entire trip. “Even if he’s not on the front line, the dick still counts, right?”

Colette and Zane gazed curiously at the green-haired super whose changeable body mimicked a silicone-stuffed porn star today. All tits and ass with thick thighs and narrow waist, warping her skin-tight costume in mouth-watering fashion. The green spandex strained to contain her immodesty like a miracle of science.

“What? I’m just saying.” She said defensively. “It’s a great dick. Fucking amazing for power-ups and, ya know, *fucking*. Dicks before clits, that’s my new motto. But the... whatcha call ‘em... sales geeks will have kittens if we flip the script without warning.”

They continued to stare in silence, making her squirm. “Hey, don’t give me those looks. You’re harshing my vibe.”

“Zay-Zay is an *enhancer*.” Colette spoke slowly, as though to a simpleton. Her soft hand gripped the lump in his trousers possessively. “A force multiplier. His contributions to the battle against injustice far outweigh complaints from the marketing department.”

“I was just saying,” Sarah repeated sullenly, before perking up with a ditzy grin. “Hey, who wants to bang in the Freedomobile?” She jabbed two thumbs at her over-inflated chest. “This girl! How ‘bout it, sir? Wanna bend me over the weapons system and dump a hot load in my pussy?”

The strange energy in Zane’s middle throbbed like a second heartbeat, ignited by Colly’s teasing touch and Sarah’s shameless proposition. His cock uncoiled like a rearing python, sickly yellow light seeping through his pants.

Both women gasped, affected by the strobing power. Clinging harder to Zane, their breaths quickening, bodacious breasts heaving. A minuscule part of him screamed something was wrong, but...

There’s nothing to worry about. Colly’s voice echoed in his mind.

“Are we there yet?” He growled, clamping onto their superhumanly perfect posteriors. “A romp in the freedomobile sounds like fun.”

“Sugar!”

“Oh, sir!”

The smooth hum of the descent had been uninterrupted for nearly a full minute, the reinforced glass panels showing a blur of descending white light strips in the shaft walls. When it finally stopped with a gentle hiss, the doors opened, and Zane stepped into another world, his fingers buried in the ass cracks of two world-class beauties.

The secret HQ of the LoL, New Avalon’s most vaunted defenders.

The corridor ahead curved like a crescent moon, its walls gleaming pristine white, with subtle azure veins running through them like circuits. The air smelled faintly of ozone and something sweetly floral—some kind of calming scent protocol, no doubt. Even the floor beneath Zane’s boots was immaculate: white ceramic composite interlaid with thin auric pathways that glowed faintly as they staggered down it, pawing at each other like horny teens.

The ceiling arched high above, framed by elegant gilded ribs that shimmered with soft ambient light. Holo-displays floated in the air here and there — mission summaries, current threat levels, encrypted messages written in shifting glyphs.

They passed by a semi-transparent digital mural depicting the Ladies of Liberty in action: Kinetica flying a schoolbus of cheering orphans to safety; Sally Putty wrapped around the many ankles of the forty-story-tall crustation called King Krab; Silver streak winning gold at the Super Olympics; Miss Miriad’s clones fighting back the replicant hordes of the Duchess Duplicanta.

The corridor led to a trophy hall.

The walls there widened, rose higher, and were lined with glass-fronted alcoves, each featuring a spotlight and a plaque.

Zane seized Colly in a ravenous kiss, shoving her back against a case holding a bizarre contraption that looked like the bastard child of a toaster and a saxophone. The plaque read: *The Sonic Scone Cannon — confiscated from The Crumpeteer.*

She moaned in Zane's mouth as their tongues danced, jacking his rearing length through the shrinking prison of his pants. Sarah pressed her massive melons into Zane's back, extending a serpent-like tongue to lick his ear.

Next, Zane spun to grab the green-haired heroine, groping her expansive figure as they crashed into a headless chrome warbot in a crimson cape — *Remains of Soviet Sentinel #7. Other iterations unaccounted for.*

It hit the floor with the sonorous clang of a funeral bell. Sarah didn't care, giggling as Zane dry humped her against the wall. His pulsing package rubbing the damp spandex covering her pronounced camel toe.

"Mmmm, that's it, sir. Take me right here." The elasticated bimbo husked, hooking a hyper-flexible leg behind her neck to give him more access. "Fuck me with that life-changing cock."

Zane grappled with his belt, prepared to do just that. The throbbing energy built inside him, demanding release. His irises took on an otherworldly yellow sheen. Sparks crackled at his fingertips, buried in Sarah's thick rump.

"Stop!" Colly/Kinetica's psychic command struck the amorously grappling duo like a hammer blow, freezing them in place. "Goodness, Zay-Zay. Exercise some restraint with your power. Please, sugar, it's overwhelming."

His girlfriend clutched a display case as if she'd collapse without the support. Under the glass, a diamond tiara resting atop a melted gauntlet, flanked by a shredded Victorian ball gown with an EverythingMart nametag pinned to the décolletage — *Relics of the Battle of the LoL vs. Monarch Retailia.*

Zane took a calming breath as her psionic hold loosened. The energy receded to a tolerable thrum, not gone but manageable.

He shot her a reproachful glare. "Babe, what the hell?"

"Yeah, talk about a clam jam." Sarah hissed, nuzzling his neck.

“I’m sorry, Zay-Zay.” Colly visibly wilted, lifting off the ground to fly to Zane’s side. “Remember where you are. Here, in the nerve center of justice. Didn’t you want the tour? There’s much I wish to show you, but your power is too distracting. Too intoxicating. The *best* heroes learn to control their abilities. Can you do that for me? Just for a few minutes. I promise to make it worth your while...”

Zane grunted, pushing Sarah away. Sighing regretfully, she uncoiled her snaking arms, which had looped like ropes around his burly torso. That was fine.

Zane wouldn’t—*couldn’t* settle for anything but the *best*.

That’s what Colly wanted for him, after all.

So he would become the *best* because that’s what he deserved.

Zane hungrily eyed the damp splotches blossoming on the front of Colly’s overtaxed uniform, right over the outline of her puckered nipples, before shaking off the insidious thirst.

Glancing about, he realized his surroundings weren’t simply high-tech pageantry. They represented history—a weird, absolutely glorious superhero history. He could practically hear the over-the-top theme music.

They moved further toward the center of the HQ, passing training arenas with shifting gravity fields, labs with humming crystalline matrices, and war rooms where the LoL likely debated strategy around oval-shaped tables.

Zane felt privileged to be there. He felt special and, though he wouldn’t admit it aloud, he was awestruck.

It wasn’t just the HQ of the mightiest all-female superhero squad on the continent but the cradle of legends. By some stroke of serendipity, he was strolling through the beating heart of justice with two such legends hanging off his arms.

“We’re almost there, sugar.” Colly purred, “I can’t wait to show you where the magic happens.”

“Uh, we don’t have any magic wielders.” Sarah pointed out, tugging Zane’s hand towards her crotch. “Unless by magic you mean fucking, then yeah. Let’s all have a magical fucking day!”

As they stepped through a circular blast door, Zane had to stop and blink.

The Command Nexus was colossal — a vast underground chamber carved with cathedral-like allusions. The walls soared into vaulted arches, their snowy-white surfaces etched with glimmering lines of circuitry, like gilded vines, illuminated faintly with azure light. The ceiling was a seamless dome that projected a panoramic illusion of the skies over New Avalon — day, night, storm, or starfield depending on the hour or weather.

It felt like standing inside a futuristic temple dedicated to the gods of justice.

Upon a raised platform, four ornate chairs sat equidistantly apart, arranged in a semicircle—each sculpted from some lustrous white alloy and trimmed with gold and sapphire accents. They were thrones built for queens who preferred action to ceremony. Each bore the trademark insignia of a founding member of the Ladies of Liberty.

And parked just off to the side on a gleaming turnstile was the Freedomobile.

Zane took a step toward it, entranced.

It looked like a concept car designed by a futurist with a grudge. Sleek, low-set, and angular, with an aerodynamic silhouette broken only by hidden weapon ports and thruster vents. Wing-shaped spoilers swept back like something out of a dream, hovering just an inch off the ground, humming faintly in anticipation.

He whispered, “Whoa.”

Colly followed his gaze with a coy smile. “She goes from zero to Mach one in four seconds. And she can take a hit from a plasma mortar without losing radio.”

Zane tried to speak, failed, then just nodded.

Deep in his chest, he felt it: the sheer scope of what she was offering him. Not just wealth and the perceived prestige that came from owning expensive things. Not simply sex with the hottest, most adored superheroines in New Avalon and the fortifying effect of her miracle milk.

No, Colly was dangling power—*true* power—in front of Zane like a carrot.

The means to correct every wrong he'd witnessed in this rotten city.

To avenge every petty slight he had suffered in a life defined by ignominy.

Herein lay the reins of authority, if he was bold enough to seize them.

“She also has a wet bar, leather seats, and miles of leg space in the back,” Sarah added, draping herself over the vehicle like a car show model. She shot Zane a wink and expanded her copious cleavage another cup size. The green spandex stretched scandalously thin. “Plenty of room to get frisky, if you know what I’m saying.”

The energy within him spiked at the blatant invitation, and this time, Colly didn't object.

Instead, the gorgeous blonde engaged her telekinetic powers to unzip Zane's pants, freeing his glowing length, and melting against him as they all basked in the yellow radiance.

Zane's confidence surged. How could it not, with two inhumanly perfect superstars practically gushing for him? He drew Colly into a passionate kiss before spanking her toned rump and shoving her towards the elasticated heroine.

“Get over there, babe. We're gonna fulfill a long-held fantasy.”

Dr. Ruth Ruthless stood in the shadows of a ventilation shaft the size of a pedestrian tunnel, two hundred meters below New Avalon's smoggy skyline.

She had found it.

The ping on her sensor map—the alien signature of cosmic radiation—had led her here. Not to a crater, not to some irradiated corpse, but to the Ladies of Liberty’s hidden underground fortress. Their sanctum. Their sanctuary. Their smug little sisterhood’s shrine to conformity and self-righteousness.

Her emerald eyes sparkled, lips curling in a satisfied smirk. Her head was exposed, as always—she refused to hide her face behind metal. Her face was a weapon, after all. Elegant, composed, framed by a fall of impeccably styled crimson hair that no hero had ever mussed.

Ruth had honed her generic human body until it reflected the razor-sharpness of her genius-level mind. She employed the most merciless personal trainers in disciplines ranging from martial arts to CrossFit to extreme yoga. Her lean, muscular frame was a coiled spring of flexible strength while maintaining her femme fatale charms in the chest, ass, and hips.

Charms she’d enhanced when designing her cybernetic armor. Gunmetal gray nanopolymer hugged her breathtaking figure like a second skin, affixed with ballistic plates, miniaturized energy weapons, and other handy devices in places that wouldn’t detract from her overall sex appeal.

Like the peek-a-boob window showcasing the valley of her fulsome cleavage, in which Ruth concealed a lightning baton, small as a ballpoint pen.

"Let them see who bested them," she whispered to herself, almost affectionately. "Let them know *exactly* who brought their little dollhouse crashing down."

The psionic negator embedded in her armor hummed, generating a field that shielded her from psychic incursions— a deliciously paranoid bit of tech that would serve to nullify Kinestica’s frustrating attacks. Ruth had built it herself, of course, like everything of actual worth in her life. She’d crafted it with her own mortal hands. *Sans* alien DNA. Without the aid of mystic crystals. No divine birthright or freak mutations.

Just human ingenuity.

Simple *brilliance*.

Simply *Ruth*.

She dropped from the shaft with feline grace, her power suit muffling the impact, nanoclaws finding purchase in the HQ's sleek white walls. Her corneal implant painted the environment in layers — motion sensors, thermal readouts, sonic dampeners. It was all very pretty. Gold filigree, azure accents. Very... inspirational.

Oh, girls, she thought, slinking through a corridor past polished white statuary and trophies of bygone battles, *you've decorated your base like a spa for fascist pixies*.

She allowed herself a chuckle, recalling the utter ease with which she'd walked out of police custody days earlier.

Ruth had cooled her heels in a holding cell while her arsenal of legal eagles dismantled the charges and launched counter-suits. They quoted arcane precedents from trade courts, unearthed loopholes buried under decades of deregulation, and reframed her doomsday weapon as an... 'experimental energy array.'

The judge, brow furrowed beneath the weight of a thousand legal contradictions, had no choice but to let her go. The bail had been astronomical—obscene, really—but the tech billionaire paid it willingly, from a mutual fund she didn't even monitor anymore.

And now here Ruth was, strolling unseen through the sanctum of her greatest enemies, while the courts still debated whether she should be allowed to use her frequent flyer miles.

Her gauntleted fingers danced across a panel, then through it. A holographic projection. Child's play. The real mechanism behind the wall yielded to a hacked data signature from her wrist bracer; the blast door irised open with a pneumatic sigh of defeat.

She entered the central command nexus on silent grav-boots.

It was everything she'd imagined: enormous, shiny, buzzing with that nauseating aura of self-congratulatory vanity. Projected screens shimmered midair. Console stations blinked like Christmas lights.

Four would-be queens on thrones, Ruth mused, rejecting the empty seats with theatrical disdain. *Each of them bending the knee to one corporate entity or another. Embarrassing, really.*

She swept across the space like an avenging angel, utterly resplendent.

She didn't know who she was searching for yet. The *vessel*. Meat that had stood too close to glory during her failed demonstration. That ray beam, designed to facilitate her ultimate ascension, had instead fired down into the city and zapped some bystander in the milling herd like the finger of god.

And now that radiation sang to her, like a tuning fork across spacetime.

They didn't earn it. She thought, lips thinning. *They didn't build it, suffer for it, calculate its frequency across sleepless nights and neural fatigue. They just stood there. A nobody in the wrong place at the right time, and the universe gifted them the power I procured. I synthesized it. The glory of the cosmos, refined by my hand.*

Her wrist monitor flashed. The signal was close now. Meters away, maybe less.

Dr. Ruth Ruthless paused beneath the dome, exulting in the moment. The heart of their operation lay bare to her superior intellect. She could destroy it. She could corrupt it. She could reroute their communications to livestream poetry about their ineptitude.

But not yet.

First, she needed the vessel.

Then, she would take back what the universe had so rudely stolen.

And when the LoL came to stop her—and they undoubtedly would, trailing moronic repartee and media drones—Ruth would already be gone.

With the power. With the *future*.

She threw her head back and laughed.

"Let them come!" She cackled, shaking armoured fists in the air. "Let them try to understand a mind like mine! Let them chase me in their pretty costumes and capes. They will fall and shatter like their fragile egos!"

After all, what were queens compared to a human woman *who made herself a goddess?*

"The hell?! Who's there?"

The startled yelp came from behind the Freedomobile—a hideous conveyance of steel alloy and clit-measuring marianismo—slowly rotating on a raised platform off to one side.

A man's head popped up, staring at Ruth over the roof, face flushed and eyes wide. He was young, modestly handsome from what little she could see, and, most importantly, visibly emanating the telltale yellow glow of cosmic radiation.

The iniquitous villainess's genius mind dissected the situation in an instant. She identified and catalogued visual data, extrapolated probable scenarios, assessed risks, and formulated contingencies in a fraction of a millisecond.

He was unarguably the prize she sought.

Dilated pupils, increased respiration and heart rate, and heightened blood flow to his epidermis indicated excitement. If his presence in the LoL's secret HQ wasn't warning enough, the dishevelled state of his clothing clearly signalled he wasn't alone.

Even as Ruth's defensive measures and weapon systems activated, the man shuddered, the rolling of his broad shoulders denoting more rigorous movement out of sight below.

Quick as a whip, she aimed two forearm-mounted molecular disrupters at him, wary of whichever superheroine was hidden from view and, presumably, up to mischief.

“Stop whatever you are doing and step away from the vehicle,” Ruth ordered, her tone laced with steel. “If you and your... lady friend come easy, and I won’t have to get nasty.”

She waited for the fear to flash across the man’s face, for the shock of recognition. Instead, he looked down at something and groaned. The noise wasn’t one of fright or despair. He sounded pleased, indulgent, and the yellow glow pulsed brighter.

“Ha, yeah. I’m coming easy, alright.” He grunted, not concerned in the least. Totally ambivalent to the deadly threat aimed in his direction. “Gonna need a few minutes, though. Nice getup you’ve got there. Do I know you? You look familiar.”

Ruth glared at the mouth-breathing meathead. If she’d possessed eye-beams, he would’ve been burnt to cinders.

Did he know her?

HER?!

Dr Ruth Ruthless, scourge of the boardroom and world governments alike. She, who held nations hostage and menaced high society with her cybernetic abominations and cutting wit. An untouchable, mature beauty that haunted the front pages of tabloid media and law enforcement’s most wanted posters.

Humanity’s loudest proponent. Ardent advocate for the inherent potential of mankind. Mastermind of... of...

That throbbing energy—the cosmic radiation emanated from her target like ripples in a pond—tugged at Ruth. Pulling gently but insistently at something in her brain, derailing her chain of thought.

An odd, tantalizing scent tickled her nose...

“I said stop! Whatever you’re trying to do, it won’t work.” She barked, gritting her teeth. “Feeble tricks will not fool me. I am Dr Ruth Ruthless. Obey or be crushed like the worthless worm you are!”

Her demands caught the guy's attention. His brow creased, not with worry—he seemed immune to that, but in agitation. The pulsating power intensified, confounding her constant calculations.

What was that smell?

Dank and musky and dangerously enticing.

Condensation prickled Ruth's neck. Her power armor could accommodate volcanic heat and the freezing vacuum of space, yet she felt warm. Uncomfortably so.

A diagnostic sweep concluded that her equipment was performing at peak capacity. A possible biochemical or airborne contaminant, then?

She slowed her breathing, recalibrating her suit's scanners to detect foreign elements in the surrounding atmosphere. It didn't help. The persistent hook in Ruth's skull twitched, burrowing deeper.

"Dr Ruth Ruthless?" The man snarled, blaring out waves of yellow energy. Ruth shuddered under the battering assault. "The cunt who blew up a building downtown two days ago, almost killing me and dozens of civilians?"

His voice was harsh, packed with vitriol. Lips curled back to bare teeth, he hunched over something out of sight, moving repetitively. Ruth performed a lightning-fast cost/benefit analysis of killing the petulant peon on the spot.

But that energy pulled at her, and his strange, alluring scent was triggering a physiological reaction most troubling...

Was it pheromones?

A laughable gambit to attempt on the bastion of self-control that was Ruth Ruthless. She allowed herself a snigger. It came out light and girlish, more of a giggle, really.

This ape thought she'd fall for such a clumsy ruse? Ruth straightened, lifting her chin imperiously. The pose pushed out her armored chest, nipples stiffening in the sweaty confines.

“Yes, indeed. The sanctimonious LoL’s meddling destroyed my lab that day. But I, Dr Ruth Ruthless, Champion of humanity's superiority, cannot be caged!”

The snail-pace spinning of the vehicle platform would shortly bring her target into full view—enough perfect time for a quick villainous monologue.

“I shall recover the stolen power you bear, then use it to show the universe what mankind is truly capable of. The heights to which we can ascend through ambition and struggle, defying the odds! Proving that overcoming weakness is our greatest strength and—what the shit?!”

Ruth’s eyes nearly bugged out when the Freedomobile’s enormous spoiler moved out of the way to reveal Kinecta. Her archnemesis was utterly naked and kneeling, hungrily gorging on the cretin’s hard dick like a fat camp escapee at a buffet.

“Urgh... Ack... Hurk!”

The heroine’s cascading golden locks and arresting features were unmistakable, while the rest of her famously svelte, graceful figure had been warped beyond belief. Giant breasts, fat and creamy, bounced like buoyancy aids on her trim torso. Flaring hips and a globular bubble butt highlighted Kinetica’s pinched waistline, creating the exaggerated hourglass silhouette of an overinflated fuckdoll.

Ruth staggered, rendered momentarily insensible by the crude spectacle of Liberty City’s noblest defender reduced to a cock-gobbling whore.

“Fuck yeah, babe. That’s it. Suck me deep. I wanna feel you choke on it.”

The man’s voice was rough, commanding. Hoarse with desire. Kinetica gurgled in ecstatic accent, hands buried between her thickened haunches, delving her awe-inspiring thigh gap with frantic fingers.

She didn’t seem so heroic now, Ruth noted, blushing like a woman half her age.

However oafish he first appeared, her target was certainly putting Liberty City’s lead defender through her paces. His open shirt and lack of pants

exposed a panoply of dense, defined muscles that flexed with each punishing thrust. Well-shaped glutes and thick quads bunching as he plundered the peerless superheroine's gagging throat.

Who would have believed that proud, upstanding Kinetica was such a submissive little slut?

Ruth giggled with wicked delight, stepping further into his flashing field of fluorescence. Bathing in the invigorating effect of the power she sought—that she'd personally gathered and distilled. It felt incredible, even second-hand—the final puzzle piece for her Machiavellian machinations.

Armored thighs clenching, the nefarious heiress slowly lowered her aim to witness Kinetica's shameful performance.

"Glack... Urk... Mnnnph!"

She looked so damn *stupid*.

Tears streaked the blonde bitch's cheeks, bruised lips sealed tight around the big lug's pistoning member. He was really giving her the business, nailing Kinetica's skull against the passenger door with zero regard for her comfort.

Ruth watched that long, girthy dick sawing back and forth, mesmerized. Heat dripping in her center. He was *hung*. She gave the grunting degenerate due credit. Kinda hunky too. More handsome up close.

Not that it mattered. Superficial attractiveness meant nothing to her. Dr Ruth Ruthless's supreme intellect had evolved beyond such base distinctions.

Still... the way he took and owned the dumb whore's mouth tickled Ruth's sinister sensibilities. She had dreamed of bringing the uppity Ladies of Liberty to their knees. Drowning them in their arrogance.

She'd plotted and schemed, bribed and coerced, invested billions into weapons development with the singular goal of beating them at their own game.

And though this fall from grace wasn't of her devising, it was still imminently satisfying.

A flutter of movement winked in Ruth's periphery, so fast she almost missed it. Her suit's proximity alarms barely pinged. She tore her eyes away from the lurid scene to follow it when the man spoke.

"Think you're hot shit, huh? Treating regular folks like stepping stones because you've got a trust fund and a superiority complex? How can you fit through doorways with that massive chip on your shoulder? Rich narcissists like you are the worst."

Huh?

Seething with rage, Ruth spun to confront the face-fucking beefcake, oozing contempt for his naivety, only to catch a full force blast of cosmic radiation.

It struck her core like a metaphysical wrecking ball, electrifying something dormant. The persistent tugging on her mind became the dragging of a tow rope affixed to a truck.

Pain.

A thousand ice cream headaches hit at once. As though giants wielding pickaxes were hewing at her grey matter, digging violently to unearth the priceless diamond that was her brilliance.

Ruth dropped to her knees, stifling a scream and clutching her temples. The system monitoring her vital signs blinked red alert warnings. Her power armor attempted to shield her from the influx of power. But even through the cerebral agony, the mad scientist could sense herself changing.

"Don't fight it." Whispered a seductive voice. "Open yourself to the possibilities..."

"What, no snide retort? Where's witty banter? I thought that was how these things went." The brute scowled, yellow eyes blazing like the sun at noon. Ruth considered how the angry expression emphasised his strong, lantern jaw. "You're supposed to be a big, badass villainess. Not some simpering MILF in a cosplay costume."

“I-I-I won’t be... defeated so easily.” Ruth tried, sounding uncertain as her discordant thoughts scrabbled, desperate for any purchase. “You will... regret this.”

It was weak repartee, she had to admit. But even as invisible talons ripped at Ruth, she could feel something awaken within.

The awful hurt was peeling away extraneous layers. Breaking down mental barriers. Removing the blinders and unharnessing her stunning intellect. She was on the verge of a breakthrough. The galaxy, with all its complexity and infinite mysteries, awaited just beyond the horizon. The answers to *everything*, almost within her grasp...

Her bleary gaze landed on Kinetica again. She appeared completely stoned. Baked out of her skull. Slurping and slobbering like a stupid slut on that impressive throat-plugging prick.

Fire ignited in Ruth’s apex—an inferno of primal desire that burned dimly beside the greater, more conceptual enlightenment offered. Yet, when she reached for the knowledge, Ruth found herself tethered.

Barred from ascending right before the finish line.

“Disengage your armor. Take what is offered.” The sultry voice murmured. “Soak in the power and accept your fate.”

Ruth shivered as warm breath coiled around her ear like a serpent.

Her fingers trembled against the controls of her power armor, the sleek ballistic plates humming faintly as they responded to her hesitation.

Disengage your armor.

The command echoed in her mind, seductive and insistent, as if it knew every secret corner of her psyche. Impossible. Ruth’s psionic negator blocked such incursions.

Accept what is offered.

She couldn't. She *shouldn't*. This was a trap, a ploy to strip Ruth of her defenses and leave her vulnerable. But the heat churning low in her abdomen, the way her thighs clenched involuntarily, made it hard to reason clearly.

Her gaze flickered back to Kinetica, the once-proud bitch now reduced to a moaning, trembling mess. Her golden hair clung to flushed cheeks, lips swollen and drooling.

The sight was... *arresting*. Ruth couldn't look away.

"You're holding back." Her studly target growled, his voice low and gruff, cutting through the haze. His supernova eyes bore into her, unforgiving. "You're so used to being in control, aren't you? Never giving two shits about anyone else. Always scheming, always planning."

He was angry. That much was dreadfully apparent in the way he hate-fucked Kinetica's mouth. Venting his fury on the kneeling, gagging skank. Distending her slender neck with his prodigious fuckpole. Hammering her skull against the Freedomobile with every vicious thrust.

"But what happens when you let go?" Husked the voice in Ruth's ear. "How would it feel to surrender for once?"

"I don't—" Ruth started, voice uncharacteristically shaky, but the words caught as a fresh detonation of cosmic energy blew through her. "I-I-I... *Ahhhhh~!*"

It wasn't pain this time—it was *need*. A desolate, clawing hunger that made her knees weak and her heart race. Her armor's systems flickered, the HUD sputtering as her fingers danced on the controls.

"Let go." The voice whispered again, softer now, almost tender. "You've battled long enough. A clever tactician understands there's value in surrender. You're clever, aren't you? Stop fighting and let yourself feel..."

Ruth's armor hissed as the seals released, weapons and plates detaching with a series of mechanical clunks. Cool air kissed her skin, raising goosebumps along her arms and legs. She was exposed now, wearing nothing but a sleek black bodysuit, the form-fitting nanopolymer hugging the mature curves of her ultra-toned body.

She felt... *naked*.

Vulnerable in a way she'd never allowed before. Her heavy breasts heaved, puckered nipples visible in stark relief. A slick patch darkened the material coating her firm thighs, shining wetly in the bright light.

Stripped of her protections, the pulsating energy struck Dr Ruth Ruthless with the unstoppable force of a tsunami. Roiling. Rending. The power threatened to reduce her to atomic dust while she came apart in a colossal, earth-shaking climax.

“AAAIYEEEE!!”

Ruth wailed in ecstasy and would have collapsed if not for invisible bindings, which ensnared her arching, quivering body. Immediately, she was trapped, unable to move an inch, and didn't care.

“Took your sweet time, babe.” The yoked-out hunk growled. “Why the delay?”

A second Kinetica swooped into view from behind Ruth, indistinguishable from the one stuck face-first on his pistoning prick but clothed in her signature costume of black, gold, and blue. The skimpy spandex outfit was stretched to the limits over her extravagant curves; long blonde hair flapped like a banner as she flew.

“Sorry, Zay-Zay.” Kinetica purred, addressing the skull-fucking aficionado. “Ruth had a psionic negator. My powers couldn't touch her until she willingly deactivated the blocker. Happily, your sheer machismo cooked her goose.”

“Whatever, I'm close to finishing. Join Sarah down there if you want your share.”

“Mmmm, thank you, sugar.”

Then there were two Kineticas kneeling side by side like mirror images, one barely clothed, the other completely naked. The built hunk gave the bare-ass twin a couple more harsh thrusts, then pulled out with a growl to jack himself off.

“Here it comes, babes!”

His erect cock was a remarkable specimen, by Ruth's groggy estimations, ranked in the top ninety-sixth percentile—a rare find. A prime example of peak masculinity. Moreover, it was flaring like a beacon in his pumping fist, clearly the source of the strobing energy waves that came faster and faster.

Ruth sagged in her unseen bonds, climaxing on a constant loop, her pussy on fire as every nerve in her body sang with toe-curling euphoria. Each orgasmic uppercut shook the villainess's bones, knocking her for six to the Nth degree, bombarding her with sensual stimuli.

Then he was cumming, fountaining vast volumes of energy-infused semen into both Kineticas' gaping mouths, alternating back and forth. A superhuman quantity flowed out of him, painting the interchangeable blondes' smiling faces, glossy tresses, and indecent knockers in glowing goop.

They clung to each other, quaking through rapturous fits of their own. The last sight Ruth saw was his cosmic seed rapidly vanishing as it soaked into their shiny skin before succumbing to welcoming darkness.

"It's getting worse." Zane muttered. "The thing inside me that fuels these changes. It's growing in strength. Shouldn't that worry me? Because it doesn't."

He'd wedged his muscular bulk into Colly's command throne. The seat, designed for a more petite, lithier frame, creaked under his weight. His girlfriend sat in his lap, his unflagging hardness nestled in her silky thigh gap, while Sarah lounged at his feet like an adoring slave girl in a Frank Frazetta painting.

The rubberized girl had returned to her original state after the wild threesome. A heightened level of control over her morphable body allowed for some outlandish bedroom play—like Zane's desire to fuck identical super-twins.

"You're coming into your power." Colette explained, wriggling contentedly against him. "There's no cause for concern. All heroes go through it. Like puberty, except yours is happening at an accelerated pace. Count your blessings, sugar. I accidentally flattened a dumpster during my first period."

Hormonal teenagers with superpowers. What a nightmare. There were special academies full of trained teaching staff for them to terrorize.

And while Zane was sure that leaking radiation like a breached nuclear reactor couldn't be safe, but Colly said it was fine, *and she only wanted what was best for him.*

There was nothing to worry about.

His brow twitched when Sarah began licking his knee, giggling and humming tunelessly. He shook her off.

"Alright, what about her then?" Zane gestured towards the limp form of Dr Ruth Ruthless, billionaire menace, dangling in the air several feet away. "Surely *that* represents a problem."

That... When had he started dehumanizing people? Thinking of them as obstacles or assets rather than individuals. Even deranged mental cases like Ruthless had rights, didn't they?

The malevolent redhead hung helplessly in her disarmed bodysuit. The black matte material hugged her slender limbs and ripe contours. She was a stunning creature. The classic wicked seductress from which the stereotype was derived. A bit older, yet no less attractive. Her crimson curls were coiffed into bounteous waves, cascading in a stylish side part that exposed her swan-like neck.

"Hmmm, she does present a conundrum." Colly mused, tapping her chin. "Ruth's been a thorn in the LoL's paw for years. Her humanity-centric ideology, extraordinary wealth, and superior intellect make the dear Doctor a wily foe. She ties the law in knots and confounds the courts, thus eluding justice."

"Goddamn corpies." Zane grumbled, cock throbbing angrily. "She demolished a building and didn't even spend a week behind bars. How's that fair?"

"It isn't Zay-Zay. You and I know that. *She* knows that." Colly cooed, gently caressing his mountainous shoulders. "The system is broken. But together, we can eradicate the cancer that infests our city. With your growing enhancer

ability and the upgrades you've given us, we can change everything... starting with *her*."

She canted her head towards the defeated evildoer.

Zane stared at his girlfriend, a perplexed expression on his face. Then the dark implications of her insinuations dawned on him like a solar eclipse.

"We-we can't!" He gasped, horrified. "Babe, what you're suggesting—"

"—is a slight moral realignment." Colly smoothly interjected. Her dainty hands dropped to his engorged knob, tickling the tip. "Think of it as enforced rehabilitation without decades of court-ordered therapy. We'd be doing the world a favor, turning Ruth to our side. She is a super-genius after all."

Super-genius?

That brought Zane up short. Dr Ruthless's whole schtick was predicated on her disdain for superpowers and the heroes who wielded them. Discovering she possessed superhuman abilities was akin to finding Vicki Vegan and the PETA Patrol working part-time in an abattoir.

"That can't be right." He groaned as Colly's clever fingers worked sinful magic. Her lycra-coated legs rhythmically squeezed his shaft. Pure heaven. "Her supporters would crucify her if the news ever got out."

"It's the gospel truth, Zay-Zay. Your enhancer power wouldn't have affected her otherwise." Colly moaned, languidly grinding against his turgid base.

"Consider the evidence. My psionic abilities were nullified, but your... what to call it—your *aura* completely bypassed her safeguards. You're like catnip for supers. Once Ruth caught a whiff, she was hooked."

"Intriguing as that is, it doesn't justify brainwashing her. Circumventing free will is tantamount to enslavement."

Zane's voice was steady, unlike his convictions, as he eyed the milk trickling down his girlfriend's swaying chest. White droplets beaded on the stretchy fabric covering her stiff nips, before carving creamy rivulets across her considerable cleavage.

He badly wanted to dive into those hefty hooters. To suckle and feast on her lactic libations. His lurching cock spurted its approval while Sarah returned to tongue-bathing his calf.

“Brainwashing? Nothing of the sort, sugar.” Colly crooned, kissing Zane’s collarbone. Her immense tits pancaked against his solid pecs, dribbling milk. “*Correction* is a better term. Dr Ruthless represents a significant threat to society with a well-documented history of violent crime and destructive tendencies. She almost *killed* you, only to be released from police custody days later. I will not tolerate anyone capable of harming my man to go unpunished.”

Her amethyst eyes gleamed, backlit with misty pink illumination. She trained them on Zane’s face like rose-tinted spotlights. He couldn’t look away, pinned in place by her laser-focused attention.

“Jesus, babe.” Zane gasped. “You’re doing that thing again—”

Were those love hearts in her pupils?

Colly peered lovingly up at him with candy-colored peepers that projected obsessive adoration directly into his soul. The weight of her affection was crushing. All-consuming. Leaving no room for doubt.

“Do you trust me, Zay-Zay?”

He fought to break free of her influence. Zane was big, much larger than his girlfriend. Physically stronger too, thanks to her special milk. He’d visited Colly’s home gym that morning and, in the interest of tracking his unbelievable gains, easily benched seven hundred pounds, no sweat.

Now, looming over the uber-voluptuous heroine, Zane was trapped in her mesmerizing gaze, paralyzed.

“Of course I-I do.”

“Thank you, sugar. That means the world to me.” She hummed, laying sweet kisses on his jaw. The heat of her slick pussy lips bled into his raging rod.

“Relationships are built on trust, and I want you to know, no matter what you decide today, I trust you implicitly.”

“Wha-what I decide?” Zane croaked, humping her divine thigh-gap. “Dr Ruthless’s fate is in my hands?”

“Unquestionably. My man’s decisions are final. How could they be otherwise?” Colly moaned, tossing her lustrous golden mane as she arched enticingly, offering her magnificent melons to his parched lips. “You are the key to our success. Our ace in the hole. My only regret is we didn’t connect sooner. Imagine the good we could have accomplished together. The innocent lives we could’ve saved. The villainous schemes we might have thwarted...”

“All the mind-blowing sex we could’ve had.” Sarah added, her head appearing over Colly’s shoulder by way of a freakishly elongated neck while her lush body remained wrapped around Zane’s leg. She glanced down at his cock protruding from the other woman’s flexing leg-lock. “Are you sucking that, sister, or can I?”

“And what if I don’t want the burden? It seems like a lot of responsibility, babe.” Zane objected weakly, valiantly ignoring the rubberized girl’s hungry stare. “Who the hell am I to make the hard choices?”

“You’re a hero, Zay-Zay. *My* hero.” Colly insisted, unclasping the bodice of her costume, spilling out her awe-inspiring tits. A spritz of milk lathered his chin. “I understand your reticence. Being a hero means making tough calls and living with the consequences. Often, there isn’t a right option, only a less wrong one.”

Her high-beam eyes augered into Zane as her mouth-watering cream streamed down his chest. Internally, he dithered. Seesawing like a car wreck hanging off the side of a bridge. For someone so small, her presence felt as implacable as a mountain.

Zane wanted to appease his lover, *she only wanted the best for him*, but the guilt and culpability that could result from a simple mistake in a fraught situation...

“I get you two are having a moment,” Sarah said, snaking her face closer to his jutting manpole, “but I’m not hearing a hard ‘no’ to the cock sucking.”

Zane was stretched thin between two diametrically opposed positions.

Part of him—the *old* him—was horrified by the concept of so much authority and control resting in a single entity's hands, even if those hands were his own. There had to be checks and balances, safeguards against the tyranny of would-be autocrats.

Absolute power corrupts absolutely.

The rest of Zane—the parts that were savoring the carnal ministrations of two super hotties, parts that were bigger, stronger, *harder* than ever, parts that could demolish the sniveling weakling he'd once been with a goddamn pinky finger—listened attentively.

“How do you do it?” Zane blurted, curiosity piqued. “How do you shoulder the blame if things go bad?”

“Oh, sugar. Things go bad more often than you think.” Colly lovingly cupped his rugged cheeks, broadcasting sympathy. “Villains don't fight fair, and they're rarely stupid. They scope the angles, load the dice, and stack the deck. Look at Dr Ruthless over there. She's a prime example. So monumentally rich and canny, she literally gets away with murder.”

He did look, viewing the crimson-haired femme fatale from a fresh perspective. Suddenly, she was the embodiment of injustice. The avatar of inequity. Everything Zane hated about hierarchical privilege.

“Heroes are always playing defence, always stuck on the back foot. But you can change that. With your special power, we finally have the opportunity to return the favor.” Colly breathed against his lips. Pink fire flared in her enthralling gaze. “You've got the makings of a fine hero, sugar. Seize destiny and summon your courage. *Be bold. Be daring.*”

Her words landed like an atom bomb in Zane's soul at the exact moment Sarah distended her lips into a puffy nozzle, suctioning onto his corpulent crown.

“AAAUURGH!!”

A turbulent storm of sensation scrambled Zane's very sense of being. He hovered outside himself, ripped from the material plane into somewhere more

spiritual, more conceptual. Devoid of emotion or attachment, he observed a blinding yellow corona explode out of his physical shell, spreading throughout the command nexus in a slow-motion shockwave.

It was born from his core, which shone within his chest, an incandescent star beating like a second heart. Out-of-body Zane could *see* the energy in his noncorporeal state.

Colly and Sarah brimmed with it too. Fully charged from regular infusions. The saffron hue traced their circulatory systems, stemming throughout their hyper-feminine figures. The majority of Colly's flowed towards her preternatural brain, while Sarah's infused her muscles, bones, and sinews as she sucked ever more out of his dauntless dick.

Turning to Dr Ruthless, Zane could see a glimmer nestled in her skull like a lost diamond ring catching the sun on a sandy beach. A latent potential that begged to be unleashed. A spark which, if fanned, could ignite an inferno of inhuman ingenuity.

Be bold...

Half measures had fallen short regarding the red-headed villainess. Her inheritance and nascent power had gifted her further affluence and influence, elevating her above the common rabble, out of reach of the law. Rather than bettering society, she'd made a lethal nuisance of herself.

Be daring...

But what if (with a minor attitude adjustment, just the slightest tweak) that insidiously brilliant mind could be turned to helping her fellow man instead? Redirecting the time and money she spent opposing the Ladies of Liberty and impeding justice could benefit her fellow man immeasurably.

And if her genius brain was level up? Boosted by Zane's enhancing mojo? The altruistic possibilities were limitless.

There was nothing to worry about.

He'd have to fuck her, of course, but after surveying that magnificently sculpted bod—a showstopping masterpiece of slender lines and sumptuous

curves coupled with her refined, mature beauty—Zane could stomach the sacrifice.

For the greater good... *obviously*.

Zane slammed back into his body, gasping when time and reality reasserted their hold. Colly's pillowy tits were in his mouth, spraying milk. Her succulent thighs gripping his base, while Sarah's snake-like throat constricted around his turgid tip.

They moaned and mewled, randier than a pack of stoats hopped-up on amphetamines. The unremitting pulses of Zane's alien energy had driven them wild.

Sarah's rubberized torso was folded like a taco shell around Zane's leg, her inflated tits bumping his knee as she slid up and down his calf. The sensation was... *moist* and the pitch of her gurgling sounded decidedly excited as she gobbled him whole.

Dismissing that peculiarity, he swallowed Colly's galvanizing cream, then pushed her away to check on Dr Ruthless.

"Zay-Zay, what's wrong?"

The malevolent MILF stared back from beneath luxurious lashes, her emerald eyes gleaming with malicious intent. Promising retribution, even as she sweated like the Abominable Snow Bros in July.

That winter-themed crime duo didn't cope well in Liberty City's muggy summer months. Resorting to holding up ice hockey rinks and whacking people with snowboards while calling them 'hosers.'

Canadians, eh?

Somehow, Zane could still sense that spark in Ruth and smelled her arousal. She was ripe fruit for the plucking; he only needed to *be bold*.

"Okay, babe—uh, Kinecta. Do it." Zane grabbed his hovering girlfriend by the pussy, making her squeal. "Correct the good Doctor's wrongheadedness and turn her to the side of justice. I'll take care of the rest."

“Y-yes, sugar... oh yes!” The bodacious blonde quivered deliciously on his fingers. “Anything you say. Y-you won’t regret this, promise!”

Zane was sure Colly was right.

She only wanted what was best for him.

Ruth floated like a dandelion seed through bubblegum mist. Two amethyst suns shone faintly in the sky above as she drifted lazily on intangible wind currents.

The pink fog dulled her cutting-edge intellect and rapier-like cunning. The deadliest weapons in her considerable arsenal, smothered beneath a heavy, hazy blanket.

Submit.

The word reverberated in her mind as though spoken by a deity. The twin suns flared, bathing Ruth in rosy radiance, even as she balked at the command.

Dr Ruth Ruthless bowed to nobody! She spat in the eyes of enemies and allies alike. She was her own master. A demagogue of humanity. A self-made—

Submit!

The order rattled her ephemeral skull like thunder, almost bringing Ruth to her knees. Except she didn't have knees in that phantasmic state. Still she resisted, bobbing unsteadily on the twisting eddies and flows.

A pair of grinning lips materialized in the heavens, just below the blazing purple stars, creating an eerie Cheshire countenance.

My, my. Your mind is well fortified against incursion. Even without your high-tech doodads. Should have guessed this wouldn't be easy.

Never. Ruth screamed silently, lacking a voice. She would never go easily.

Oh, and why not? A tendril of mist gently brushed her ghostly cheek, inspiring a tantalizing tremor. *There is pleasure to be found in submitting oneself to*

another entirely. Joy to be had in relinquishing control. You've felt some already, was it not to your liking?

Ruth had, and it was—it really, really was, but therein lay the trap...

Really? You expect me to kneel and become a dumb, airheaded tramp for the sake of a few orgasms? She scoffed noiselessly, ignoring the tickle in her nonexistent center. *No thanks. I'm not fucking stupid.*

Nobody ever called you stupid, dear Doctor. En contraire, my beloved Zay-Zay admires your dizzying intellect and possesses the means to... boost your cognitive ability by orders of magnitude.

You're misusing that term—

—and that's why we need you, Ruth. May I call you Ruth? I want us to be the closest of friends. Boon companions. The amethyst suns dimmed in sympathy. *I can't imagine you have many, considering how much smarter you are than everyone else. It must chafe, being constantly surrounded by lesser minds.*

The face in the sky was right on the money again, and the disembodied villainess was feeling unaccountably agreeable as more wispy tendrils stroked her ethereal form.

Sometimes. She conceded, acting aloof. *It comes with the territory.*

A life of genius was plagued by solitude. Her seat atop the mountaintop was, by nature, lonely. Not that Ruth sought the company of her inferiors, with their moronic prattle and snivelling abasement.

She'd never craved the arms of a lover or a shoulder to cry on. Who needed a warm body by their side when the cold light of scientific discovery kept them up at night?

Those long, empty nights in the lab, running on fumes and a grudge against supers. Desperate to prove a point... but at what cost?

The spectral caresses felt good, a comfort Ruth had never afforded herself despite possessing staggering wealth. Callous ambition rang hollow, and pride eroded under the novelty of a tender touch.

It was confounding, as was the hint of musk tinging the bubblegum haze. That dank odor from before...

You've built yourself into a fortress on an island, set apart from the humanity you vaunt. A mighty edifice to be sure, but an isolated one, too. The purple-pink suns blazed anew, foggy tendrils stroking like feathers. You yearn to interact with equals, then battle those who would be your peers. Where's the logic in that, Ruth? Such actions seem quite contrarian.

That... That's different... ah! Ruth trembled when a ghostly appendage touched her apex. *They're not... human...*

And you are? Think again, good Doctor. Self-deception is below you. Shall we peek behind the veil together?

Wha-what?

Then she was flying again, spinning madly on disparate breezes, reflective of her inner turmoil. The wet towel shrouding her keener faculties stuck fast while the rest of Ruth's mind whirled at the insinuation.

Her, a powered? Ridiculous.... right?

Not so ridiculous when you consider the facts objectively. The voice answered her unspoken objection. *Super-intelligence is more conceptual than, say, flight or invulnerability. Difficult to define and nearly impossible to detect in the manifold ways it can manifest. A mathematical savant isn't necessarily super, but you're a different kettle of fish entirely.*

Ruth didn't know how cookware or seafood factored into the equation and didn't like where the discussion was heading.

Her unembodied form was alive with sensation. The cherry mists swaddling her spirit like the softest, fluffiest comforter while stropping her center. Purient pressure gathered there, clamoring for release, and that pervasive musk intensified, the source drawing closer.

Please, you can't... ohhh! Let me go... I-I can't handle any more...

We're almost there, Ruth. You've come so far. Done so well. The miles-wide lips spread beatifically, as though smiling at a child. Just a little bit further, and all will be revealed. Don't you want to learn the truth?

The nefarious redhead wasn't sure what she wanted, but the truth wasn't high on her priority pyramid. To escape this cotton candy madness? To cum her goddamn brains out?

She didn't know anymore.

And we have arrived. Welcome to your subconscious, Ruth. The repository of your darkest desires and hidden secrets. Found it on my first try, yay me!

Ruth took in an aerial view of a meticulously organized warehouse. Towering shelves were lined in countless rows, packed with securely sealed metal crates, ferried by automated droids on rails. The space was huge, vanishing over the horizon in every direction. Even hovering ten stories above, her feet barely cleared the uppermost stacks.

My, you are an orderly sort. Look at this place. The voice mused, coming from beside her. *What's in this one?*

A crate hissed open a few feet away, releasing an image of ten-year-old Ruth berating her science teacher for stupidity until the man fled in shame. Smug glee mingled with the magma churning in her core.

The early signs are there, but let's cut to the chase. Time is short, and he doesn't like to be kept waiting. Let's see... Ah, that seems promising.

Before Ruth could question who *he* was, she was yanked through the facility like a kite on a string, swooping between shelves and dodging robots at terrific speeds, stopping abruptly in front of a building-sized vault door that would have put Fort Knox to shame. Two of her later model Death-o-matic Doombots stood sentry on either side, bristling with high-yield ordinance yet unmoving as the entrance was unbarred in a lengthy sequence of magnetic locks uncoupling.

A surge of dread washed through Ruth as the thirty-ton door swung open. She couldn't face what awaited within. The awful reality of what she truly was.

Noooo, I-I can't. Please... haaa! We-we can just fuck. I'm ready. Please don't make me go in there...

Everyone has to confront their demons eventually, Doctor. Yours aren't so bad. I mean, you've committed heinous crimes against mankind and multiple atrocities, but this? The voice giggled, unconcerned. *This is simply a festering wound. You'll be better once it's cleansed. Then you can make amends for your misdeeds. Won't that be nice?*

Inside, the vault was empty except for a giant metallic sphere, suspended in heavy chains from the cement ceiling and walls. The surface was polished to a mirror shine, creating a fisheye reflection of Ruth, who was transparent as an apparition.

Here we are. This is where you trap thoughts, feelings, and truths you don't dare examine. Let's take a closer look.

A ripple of pink danced across the convex exterior, replacing the ghostly image of Ruth with a memory. Her eight-year-old self sat with her parents in a psychologist's office.

"Your daughter's scores are off the charts in every conceivable test." Reported a balding man in a tweed suit. "We cannot assign her an accurate IQ because we have no idea of how far past the standard scale she falls. Mr and Mrs Ruthless, I'd like to refer your daughter to a powered learning facility where she can—"

"A super school? Absolutely not!" Her father interrupted. "My daughter isn't one of those... *freaks*. How dare you? Do you know who I am? I should buy this place, then have you fired."

"Buy... my office?" The psychologist asked, bewildered.

"Our Ruthy is a very special girl. Gifted, definitely, but not a filthy abomination." Her mother stood indignantly. "We don't have to listen to this slander. Come on, honey. We're leaving."

One thing's for sure: you didn't get your smarts from your parents. Their privilege and prejudices, almost certainly, but not their brains. The voice purred as the memory faded.

How did I forget that? Ruth wondered.

Classic repression. You were young, and their opinions warped your outlook. That can't have been the only time they displayed such intolerance.

The sphere flashed through dozens of moments where her parents expressed anti-super and xenophobic sentiments. More often than not, Ruth's father, a wealthy industrialist, would air his self-important point of view, which was then supported by her socialite mother.

What else is in here? Hmm... The surface rippled pink again. Weird sex dreams—wow, probably shouldn't unpack any of that, relationship trauma, buried insecurities, lots of unhealthy urges... um, how about this?

The end of a super battle played on the orb. Sir Swole, in his tight-fitting orange spandex, was banging the three heads of a cerberus cyborg together. A mid-twenties Ruth stood back, watching her latest creation get whalloped while nibbling a fingernail, drinking in the play of the uber-jacked hero's muscles.

The way his perfect smile caught the sun, the width of his enormous shoulders, the immaculately styled brown hair, the unmistakable bulge down below...

Present-day Ruth didn't need extra libido fuel. She was already frying.

Oooh, attraction to a hunky super! We've all been there, sister. But it's different for you. There's shame and guilt attached to this memory. Pity, Swole's a really chill guy after a beer or three. Cooks a mean barbecue, too.

"You're headed for the slammer, Ruthless. And I don't mean these fists." The strapping super declared, slapping cuffs on younger Ruth's wrists. "Justice prevails!"

"Unhand me, you pinheaded mook!"

She had trembled with excitement when he manhandled her into a police transport.

She was trembling again now. Overheating.

The musk—that perplexing perfume was everywhere now. Cloying at Ruth’s olfactory and getting under her insubstantial skin.

What’s the point of this torment? She wailed soundlessly. You haven’t proven anything. End this farce already!

Just one more and we’re done. It’ll have to be a quickie. Zane’s growing impatient.

Who—?

The scene that appeared was a recent memory. *Very* recent, in fact. Ruth stood in the LoL HQ, being buffeted by panty-melting waves of cosmic radiation while a hulking beefcake skullfucked Kinetica into a boneless puddle.

Even here, echoes of the pulsating energy pushed the mad scientist to the edge.

There, you can see it! My man’s enhancer ability isn’t visible to, nor does it affect, non-powereds. Use that big brain of yours, Doctor. Connect the dots. This view is from your own two eyes. You can’t deny seeing the power! You’re a super!

Of course, she could see it. Ruth had personally hunted down every contaminated scrap and chunk of wreckage from the previous year’s interdimensional incursion, smelting and refining the base materials to create her ultimate catalyst.

It had been easy. The municipal clean-up crews didn’t recognize the treasure they were shoveling into dump trucks. They hadn’t seen the tell-tale yellow shine...

Wait... Oh god. No, it couldn’t be true!

The massive sphere thrummed pink one last time, rattling the chains that suspended it. Two blazing, captivating amethyst eyes and a plump pair of lips grinned victoriously at Ruth.

Bingo!

Then the orb exploded.

Ruth howled as Zane ravaged her superb MILF body. The shredded fuckstud groped her shapely rump hard enough to bruise, plowing her entitled cunt in a standing position.

“Yes, yes! Give it to me!” Ankles crossed behind his pistoning hips, she dug in her boot heels like spurs to urge him on faster. “Don’t you dare stop... *Yaaah!* Don’t you dare... fucking stop!”

Nobody could say Dr Ruth Ruthless wasn’t a pragmatist or slow to capitalize on an opportunity. She hadn’t built a tech dynasty on worthless sentiment, and procrastinators didn’t ransom the UN.

Upon awakening, she’d immediately partitioned the psychic backlash of her ego collapse. Compiling and evaluating all new data, Ruth reassessed her current circumstances, calculated the variables, weighed the odds, and extrapolated the most advantageous outcome within defined tolerances.

That had taken all of 0.013 of a second. Practically an eternity. Then she’d thrown herself at the enhancer named Zane like a groupie at a rock star.

It wasn’t a difficult choice; his hyper-muscular frame and rugged good looks appealed to Ruth’s tastes. She’d had a nasty itch that needed scratching, and he had the right tool for the job. Thick, stiff, and lengthy.

“Bossy bitch, ain’t ya?” He snarled, thrusting harder, deeper. Beaming cosmic radiation like a lighthouse. “You’re gonna get it!”

Not the most eloquent conversationalist amidst the throes of passion, but he compensated for the lack with raw vigor, formidable strength, and, most importantly, *power*.

Already, Ruth could feel Zane's pre-ejaculate fluid seeping into her reproductive tract as his huge member breached her cervix. The energy condensed in every drop was intoxicating. She was steamrolling headlong towards climax as he plundered her dripping depths.

"Fuck me like I'm *your* bitch." She growled, gnawing her bottom lip like a chew toy. "Own my nasty pussy. Stretch it out and make me yours!"

He was big. Nearly too big.

Ruth wasn't an overly sexual creature, unlike many of her villainous contemporaries who got down and dirty with their henchpersons and archrivals alike. She'd cultivated an austere persona with just a dash of spice to capture the public eye.

A hint of cleavage here. A glimpse of bare leg there. Nothing too racy.

Now, though? The billionaire technologist yowled like a cougar in heat.

Her ecstatic cries echoed throughout the command nexus, rebounding off the flashing consoles and displays, drowning out the beeps and dings of read-outs.

Zane bounced her fit yet curvy body on his glowing fuckpole as though she weighed nothing. Biceps big as footballs bunched and washboard abs rippled each time he pounded into Ruth's spasming cunt. She could have admired the extraordinary muscle-to-fat ratio of his boulder-esque shoulders and slab-like pecs for days, mapping each flexing fiber and throbbing blood vessel under the skin.

He was more herculean than the Greek demigod himself, who'd recently made tabloid news after two-timing Athena and Aphrodite with Eros and a damn narwhal.

Editorials described the marine mammal as 'horny.'

"Do it, sugar. Rehabilitate her on your incredible cock. *Fix* her with your magical seed." Kinetica crooned, floating beside Zane in a tattered costume. The hulking bruiser had torn the Lycra outfit down the middle to feast on her ripe, creamy melons. "Show the good doctor the error of her ways and *correct* her."

The blonde heroine didn't appear the least bit bothered by her man rage-fucking a renowned villainess. If anything, she seemed proud, combing adoring fingers through Zane's hair and lavishing him with kisses as he nursed hungrily at her teet.

"Yeah, give her the goods, sir." Sally Putty giggled, glued against his broad back. "Then do me again! It's been, like, *ages* since you last dumped a spunky load in my puss-puss."

The upgraded body-morpher had grown an additional set of ridiculous tits directly beneath the original pair and four arms. Two of the rubbery limbs snaked around Zane's waist while a third was buried in her pussy, and the fourth—tipped in a moist, tongue-shaped appendage—teased his asshole.

"You were fed less than thirty minutes ago." Kinetica admonished her squadmate who was eagerly humping Zane's muscular butt. "Don't get greedy."

"But I *waaaaant* it!" Sally bawled, clutching him closer.

Their childish bickering would have amused Ruth if she weren't riding the cock of a lifetime. She'd have enjoyed their petulant squabbling from atop her high horse, sneering down at the lauded Ladies of Liberty.

But that part of her was gone. Swept clean after her psychological safeguards were destroyed, laying bare every insecurity, shameful secret, and vulnerability she had locked away.

Now, they were exposed to the cold, clinical scrutiny of her rapidly expanding intellect, Ruth could admit she'd been flawed. Marred by an unkind childhood, tainted by parental preconceptions, and willfully ignoring her own superpower despite the glaring evidence.

What remained was a purer iteration of herself, not driven by irrational emotions or hate-guided whims. A Dr Ruth Ruthless who relished the giant bitch-breaker grinding against her sweet spot and swamping her in potent cosmic energy.

"Yeeessss! Yes, yes, yes! Don't hold back! Cum in me... cum *meeee~!*"

“Everyone, pipe down.” Zane barked, milk spilled from his stubly jawline, giving his chiseled chest a polished sheen. “I don’t need help fucking this MILF pussy.”

He sure didn’t. Ruth’s uterine walls contracted around his galvanized girth, as her vulva swelled and her Bartholin’s glands gushed fluid. She’d attained an unheard-of sense of proprioception, tuned into her own physiology on a cellular level.

And every iota of that wondrous new ability was laser-focused on their riotous intercourse.

“We know, sugar. But you get us so worked up. Our hard-fucking studmuffin.” Kinetica moaned, cramming her squirting nipples back into Zane’s waiting maw. “Mmmm... that’s right, drink deep. I’ve always got more milk for my big, strong provider.”

“We can’t... *ahhhh~!* C-can’t help ourselves.” Sally Putty panted, her form softening like her namesake, melting onto him. “We cum when you do... *gah!* Oh, sir!”

Another blast of yellow energy rocked all three superwomen like the proverbial hurricane.

Ruth noted that the radiation emissions were increasing in frequency and intensity as the male’s arousal grew. She fared little better; the vascular flow to her engorged clitoris was quite distracting, and Zane’s pre-ejaculated output had risen, dousing her clenching insides with concentrated cosmic power.

The dual effects of both sources were glorious, like basking in the sun while imbibing liquid starlight. It burned, but it was a *good* burn. A fiery baptism that scoured away mortal weakness and useless inhibitions.

She wanted—no, she *needed* more!

Deciphering Zane’s use of contemporary vernacular, her brilliant mind calculated a new avenue of attack.

MILF /mɪlf/

Noun. Vulgar slang.

A sexually attractive woman who has children or is in early middle age.

Ruth gasped, arching into his punishing thrusts as a plan quickly formulated. Factoring in their age gap, a dash of Freudian theory, and the primal male imperative to sow wild oats...

“C’mon, sweetie. Don’t hold back.” Ruth urged in a low, husky tone. “Give mommy what she wants. Today’s not a safe day, and we’re not using protection. Please cum inside mommy. Give her a baby.”

“Holy shit!” Zane’s meaty immensity lurched violently in her convulsing cervical channel. “What the absolute fuck?”

For a nanosecond, Ruth thought she’d misstepped. But no, Zane’s heart rate and temperature skyrocketed as he staggered over to a support column. Slamming back against the cold surface knocked the wind out of the redheaded reprobate and drove his heinous hardness deep into her uterus.

“Yes, Sweetie... *Hnnmph~! Yeeesssssss!!*” She pleaded, locking her legs around his waist like a bear trap. “Harder! You can fuck mommy harder, can’t you? Fuck her ‘til she can’t walk straight or think of anything but chasing more of your hot sweetie spunky!”

“Jesus—fuck! That’s so messed up, it’s actually turning me on.” Zane snarled, his whole body strobing with yellow light. Kinetica and Sally Putty had dropped to the floor, watching while frantically pawing at each other. “You want it? Well, you’re gonna get it. I’m about to fill this slutty mom bod with a truckload of baby batter.”

“Do it, sugar.” Kinecta moaned, writhing on her teammate’s lapping tongue-hand. “Enhance the evil bitch and make her yours...”

“Do it, sir.” Sally echoed, drooping like warm candle wax as the psionic blonde strummed her clit, which inflated large as a tangerine. “Then do me again, too!”

“Fill mommy, sweetie!” Ruth cried, feeling him throbbing on the cusp of release. She soaked in his radiant energy as her vaginal walls clamped around him. “*Pleeeease... stuff mommy’s empty womb so full she leaks for days!*”

Zane let out an inarticulate roar, burying himself to the hilt in her clenching cooch before erupting. The power of the multiverse spewed into Ruth on a river of irradiated seed, and her tortured mind blossomed like a Kadupul flower...

Epiphyllum Oxypetalum or Queen of the Night. An ephemeral epiphytic cactus blossom. Born amongst prickly needles, the night-blooming cereus was highly prized by anthophiles. The symbology was aptly analogous.

Her cognitive abilities unfurled, tendril-like petals extending into hitherto undiscovered realms of logic and reasoning. Billions of new synaptic connections sprouted in Ruth’s frontal lobe, boosting her computational capacity to exospheric heights as every memory, action, and emotion since birth crystallized with perfect clarity.

The shock was so abstruse, so extreme, the felonious femme didn’t realize she was climaxing again until the hormonal payload carpet-bombed her hypothalamus. Monstrous amounts of oxytocin and dopamine flooded the ‘feel-good’ neurotransmitters, overloading the reward center of her brain.

Untold secrets of the universe revealed hints of their boundless complexity to the MILF scientist like coquettish debutants flirting with impropriety. Letting her glimpse beneath their skirts, flashing an inkling of garter as she went completely supernova.

“SWEEEEETIEEE!!”

The unimaginable scale of *everything* stripped Ruth bare. Her place in the infinitely bigger picture was beyond *minuscule*.

She was the tiniest ant contemplating the Himalayas. A single grain of sand on the ocean floor. An utterly insignificant mote of dust dancing in a sunbeam for a fraction of a second before vanishing.

Ruth wouldn't register as a blip on the galaxy's radar. But with enough of the superlative power streaming into her from the hunky enhancer's snatch-smashing mega-dick, she would be soon.

Surrendering to the delirious rapture, the quaking villainess howled in harmony with her fellow supers, reveling orgasmically together in his brilliant radiance for a blissful eternity.

When it was finally over and the room stopped spinning, Ruth let out a quiet burp. Goodness, she felt bloated! Her pooched belly glowed softly as though she'd swallowed a lightbulb. Still, Zane remained rigid as an adamantine rod inside her double-stuffed pussy.

Muscle-bound proof of the Coolidge effect, sandwiching her against the column. Ruth purred with pleasure, sure they could... come to an accord. With these kinds of perks, Zane would find she could be *most* agreeable.

"Is she done?" He asked Kinetica, and the blonde heroine cackled as though he'd said something hilarious.

Ruth laughed along with her, dragging Zane's attention back to her. Squeezing her kegel muscles, she landed a light jab on his stony jawline—just a little love tap. It was like punching a concrete block, provoking no reaction beyond a flat stare.

"Oh, you've captured the tigress, sugar. But she's not house trained yet." Kinetica giggled, hugging the shapeless mass that was Sally Putty's post-coital form. "Maybe ask her?"

"Huh?"

"She means you haven't banged the wickedness out of mommy yet, sweetie." Ruth smirked, digging her heels into Zane's rear. "But a couple more rounds might do the trick."

End of Part Three.

If you've enjoyed my silly smut, why not support my smut writing aspirations by [joining my Patreon?](#) All donations go towards high-octane coffee to keep me writing and treats for my two adorable furballs.